EX LIBRIS
MEDICIS
VIRTUTE
ET
NUMINE
D.C.
1789
E.C.
1824
H.K.C.
1851
E.F.C.
1883
H.W.C.
1895

Garth, S.

200 B

THEATRUM CUTLERIANUM
M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

THE

Disſpenſary:

A

POEM.

In Six *CANTO'S.*

Quod licet, libet. Garth

The Third Edition, Corrected by the Author.

LONDON

Printed: And Sold by *John Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1699.

TO

Anthony Henley *Esq*;

A *Man of your Character can no more Prevent a Dedication, than he wou'd Encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most discover'd, when it labours most to be conceal'd. 'Tis hard, that to think well of you, shou'd be but Justice, and to tell you so, shou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate your Modesty, I must be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratifie One good Quality, do wrong to a Thousand. The World generally measures our Esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart, can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expressions; but when They reflect on your Readiness to do Good, and your Industry to hide it; on your Passion to oblige, and your*

Pain

Pain to hear it own'd; They'll conclude, that Acknowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to a Person, who even seems to receive the Obligations he conferrs.

But tho' I shou'd persuade my self to be silent upon all Occasions; those more Polite Arts, which, till of late, have Languish'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear under their present Advantages, and own you for one of their generous Restorers: Insomuch, that Sculpture now Breaths, Painting Speaks, Musick Ravishes; and as you help to refine Our Taste, you distinguish your Own. Your Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much, as what you write your self: But you are resolv'd to forget to be a Critick, by remembring you are a Friend. To say more, wou'd be uneasie to you, and to say less, wou'd be unjust in

Your Humble Servant.

THE PREFACE.

SInce this following Poem in a manner ſtole into the World, I cou'd not be ſurpriz'd to find it uncorrect: Tho' I can no more ſay I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the Publiſher's Precipitation in doing it: For a Hurry in the Execution, generally produces a Leiſure in Reflection; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftneſt. However, the Errours of the Printer have not been greater than the Candour of the Reader: and if I cou'd but ſay the ſame of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Juſtification againſt the Cavils of ſome Furious Criticks, who, I am ſure, wou'd have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults.

Their

Their Grand Objection is, That the Fury *Diſeaſe* is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of preſent Writers: But tho' I had the Authority of ſome *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel Inſtances, to juſtifie the Deſign; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that ſeem'd inconſiſtent or hard, I ſtarted this Objection my ſelf, to a Gentleman very remarkable in this ſort of Criticiſm, who wou'd by no means allow that the Contrivance was forc'd, or the Conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a *Fury* as well as *Envy*: She is imagin'd to be forc'd by an Incantation from her Receſs; and to be reveng'd of the Exorciſt, mortifies him with an Introduction of ſeveral Perſons eminent in an Accompliſhment He has made ſome Advances in.

Nor is the Compliment leſs to any Great Genius mention'd there; ſince a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forc'd to confeſs how happily They've all ſucceeded.

Their

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monſieur *Boileau*. I muſt own I am proud of the Imputation; unleſs their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough: But he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of *Moleſſe*, *Canto* II. and in one in his Firſt *Canto*; the Senſe of which Line is entirely his, and I cou'd wiſh it were not the only good One in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material Objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe Gentlemen, That for ev'ry Fault they pretend to find in this *Poem*, I'll undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious Perſons does me the Honour to ſay, He approves of the Concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe 'tis upon no other Reaſon, but becauſe 'tis the Concluſion. However, I ſhou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Ex-

cellent in an Amuſement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſie to be loſt; its Purſuit is painful, and its Poſſeſſion unfruitful: Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the Animoſities amongſt the Members of the *College of Phyſicians* encreaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy Preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to Rally ſome of our diſſaffected Members into a ſenſe of their Duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd ſo unreaſonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Obſervance of the Statutes by a Bond, which ſome of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the cuſtomary Oath; like

ſome

ſome that will truſt their Wives with any body, but their Money with none. I was ſorry to find there cou'd be any Conſtitution that was not to be cur'd without Poiſon, and that there ſhou'd be a Proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful Method than Reaſon and Perſuaſion.

The Original of this Difference has been of ſome ſtanding, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Exceſs till the time of Erecting the *Diſpenſary*, being an Apartment in the *College* ſet up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever ſince with an Integrity and Diſintereſt ſuitable to ſo Charitable a Deſign.

If any Perſon wou'd be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of ſo Pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatiſe ſet forth by the Authority of the Preſident and Cenſors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd *A ſhort Account of the Proceedings of the College of Phyſicians*, London, *in relation*

to the Sick Poor. The Reader may there not only be inform'd of the Riſe and Progreſs of this ſo Publick an Undertaking, but alſo of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the moſt, as well as the moſt Ancient Members of the Society, notwithſtanding the vigorous Oppoſition of a few Men, who thought it their Intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a Deſign.

The Intention of this Preface is not to perſuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being cenſur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the *Satyr* may appear directed at any particular Perſon, 'tis at ſuch only as are preſum'd to be engag'd in Diſhonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, againſt the Dignity of their own Profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe Characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give no body Offence.

The

The Deſcription of the Battel is grounded upon a Feud that hapned in the *Diſpenſary*, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and ſome of the Servants that attended there, to diſpence the Medicines; and is ſo far real: tho' the Poetical Relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the Author Scurrilous thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the Miſcarriages of others. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my Reader: But ſome Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own. I confeſs thoſe Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour; but while they deſign an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall Performance exceeds ſome others, They convince the World how far it falls ſhort of Theirs.

The Copy of an Inſtrument Subſcribed by the Preſident, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Phyſicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

WHereas the ſeveral Orders of the College of Phyſicians, London, for preſcribing Medicins gratis to the Poor Sick of the Cities of London and Weſtminſter, and parts adjacent, as alſo the Propoſals made by the ſaid College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of London, in purſuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furniſh the Poor with Medicins for their Cure at low and reaſonable rates: We therefore whoſe Names are here underwritten, Fellows or Members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a Charity, by the Counſel and good liking of the Preſident and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige our ſelves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the ſaid College, the ſum of Ten Pounds a-piece of Lawful Money of England, by ſuch proportions, and at ſuch times as to the major part of the Subſcribers hereto ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: Which

Which Money when received by the ſaid Dr. Thomas Burwel, *is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicins to the Poor at their intrinſick Value, in ſuch Manner, and at ſuch Times, and by ſuch Orders and Directions, as by the major part of the Subſcribers hereto, ſhall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpoſe. In Witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of* December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Præſes.*
Tho. Burwell, *Elect and Cenſor.*
Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
Rich. Torleſs, *Elect and Cenſor.*
Edw. Hulſe, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Cenſor.*
Will. Dawes, *Cenſor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
Joh. Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, *Jun.*
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylveſtre.
Cha. Morton.
Walt. Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.

John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
. . . . Norris.
George Colebrock.
Gideon Harvey.

The Design of Printing the Subscriber's Names, is to shew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of a College Act; and that 'tis not a Project carried on by Five or six Members, as those that oppose it, wou'd unjustly insinuate.

To

To Dr. G---*th*, upon the *Diſpenſary*.

OH that ſome Genius, whoſe Poetick Vein,
Like Mountague's, *con'd a juſt Piece ſuſtain,*
Would ſearch the Græcian *and the* Latin *Store,*
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt Oar.
In laſting Numbers praiſe thy whole Deſign,
And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line.
Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit
Do's only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit;
Who're gravely Dull, inſipidly Serene,
And carry all their Wiſdom in their Mien.
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtrip'd of their Diſguiſe,
None will again Admire, moſt will Deſpiſe.
Show in what Noble Verſe Naſſau *you ſing,*
How ſuch a Poet's worthy ſuch a King.

When

When Sommer's *Charming Eloquence you Praiſe,*
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble Muſe is as unfit
To Praiſe, as Imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhould venture to Commend
What D—is *can't Condemn, nor* D—en *Mend:*
What muſt, writ with that Fire and with that Eaſe,
The Beaux, the Ladies, and the Criticks pleaſe.

Dennis

C. Boyle.

To

To my Friend the Author, desiring my Opinion of his Poem.

ASK me not, Friend, what I Approve or Blame,
Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn;
I can be Pleas'd; and I dare own I am.

I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye,
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.

Criticks, and aged Beaux of Fancy chast,
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,
Must judge by Rules what they want Force to Taste.

I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistress, try,
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;
But by some Nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy.

The Nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchil's [*Charms,*
If with resistless Fires my Soul she warms
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.

Such

Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine,
Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line;
We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine.
Where all is Juſt, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar Air.
Loſt in our Pleaſure, we Enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffeild, Mountague.
And yet 'tis thought, ſome Criticks in this Town,
By Rules to all, but to themſelves, unknown
Will Damn thy Verſe, and Juſtify their own.
Why, let them Damn: Were it not wondrous hard
Facetious M---- *and the City-B*---- [Blackmore]
So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill?
Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,
And hope the Motly Piece may Rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their Malice, and their Toil,
Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.

Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to pleaſe the Beſt,
Whoſe Judgment, and whoſe Friendſhip is a Teſt.
With Learned Hannes *thy healing Cares be join'd,*
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe *to his inmoſt Mind:*
Unite, reſtore your Arts, and ſave Mankind.
Whilſt all the buſie M-----ls *of the Town*
Envy our Health, and pine away their own.
When e'er thou wou'dſt a Tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious Walſh *can beſt direct her Rage.*
To Sommers, *and to* Dorſet *too ſubmit,*
And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit.
Conſenting Phœbus *bows, if they Approve,*
And Ranks thee with the foremoſt Bards above:
Whilſt theſe of Right the Deathleſs Laurel ſend,
Be it my Humble Buſ'neſs to Commend
The faithful, honeſt Man, and the well-natur'd Friend.

Chr. Codrington.

To my Friend Dr. G---*th*, the Author of the *Dispensary*.

TO Praise your Healing Art would be in vain,
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now Admire,
The dazling Rays of your Poetick Fire:
Which its diffusive Virtue does dispense,
In flowing Verse, and elevated Sense.

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish Verse,
Which Poetasters ev'ry where rehearse;
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Tast,
And gather up th' Applause they threw in Waste.
The Playhouse shan't Encourage false, sublime,
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhime.

The Satyr of Vile Scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves severe:
While yours Contemns the Gall of Vulgar Spight;
And when you seem to Smile the most, you Bite.

Tho. Cheek.

To my Friend, upon the *Diſpenſary.*

AS when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They ſee the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night:

Thus We, who lately as of Summers Heat
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit;
Once fear'd, Apollo *would return no more*
From warmer Climes, to an ungrateful Shore.
But You, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Luſtre ſhine;
Our Night have chang'd into a Glorious Day,
And reach'd Perfection in your firſt Eſſay:
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,
Faces the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Skie.

Others

Others proceed to Art by ſlow degrees,
'Awkward at firſt, at length they faintly Pleaſe;
'And ſtill whate'er their firſt Efforts produce,
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muſe:
Whilſt yours, like Pallas, *from the Head of* Jove
Steps out full grown, with Nobleſt Pace to move.
What ancient Poets to their Subject owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it Little, but have made it Great;
They could Deſcribe, but you alone Create.

Now let your Muſe riſe with Expanded Wings,
To Sing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;
Great WILLIAM's *Victories ſhe'll next rehearſe,*
'And raiſe a Trophy of Immortal Verſe:
Thus to your Art proportion the Deſign,
'And Mighty Things with Mighty Numbers join,
A Second Namur, *or a future* Boyne.

H. Blount.

THE
Diſpenſary.

CANTO I.

SPeak, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis Thou that beſt [canſt tell;
How ancient Leagues to modern Diſcord fell;
Whence 'twas, Phyſicians were ſo frugal grown
Of others Lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a Journey to th'*Elyſian* Plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that moſt celebrated Place,
Where angry Juſtice ſhews her awful Face;

Where little Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in ſtate;
There ſtands a Dome, Majeſtick to the Sight,
And ſumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;
A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
Seems, to the diſtant Sight, a gilded Pill:
This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim,
Rais'd for a Uſe as Noble as its Frame;
Nor did the Learn'd Society decline
The Propagation of that great Deſign;
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd, they ſtill purſu'd.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
Here, ſhe's too ſparing; there, profuſely vain.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life:
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And ſlender Trains of twiſting Fibres makes.

And

And how the Viſcous ſeeks a cloſer Tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into Bone;
While the more Looſe flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return;
How, from each Sluice, a briny Torrent pours,
T'extinguiſh feav'riſh Heats with ambient Show'rs;
Whence their Mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim,
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame:
How the ſame Nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt Pleaſure, and the greateſt Pain.
Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
T'extend its recent Form, and ſtretch to Man.
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Cæſar*, and the Great *Naſſau*.
Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.

Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.
All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, fire,
Why *S*——*rages to survive Desire.
Whence *Milo*'s Vigour at th'*Olympick*'s shown,
Whence Tropes to *F*——*h*, or Impudence to *S*——
Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe,
Why *M*——*n* muddy, *M*——*gue* why clear?

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous Cause to find,
How Body acts upon impassive Mind.
How Fumes of Wine the thinking part can fire,
Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire:
Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
And how the Passions in the Features are.
How Touch and Harmony arise between
Corporeal Substances, and Things unseen.
With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

But

But now thoſe great Enquiries are no more,
And Faction skulks, where Learning ſhone before:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæan*'s Beams with fading Luſtre ſhine.
No Readers here with Hectick looks are found,
Or Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains,
That nothing there but empty Silence reigns.

This Place ſo fit for undiſturb'd Repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his *Aſylum* choſe.
Upon a Couch of Down in theſe Abodes
The careleſs Deity ſupinely nods.
His leaden Limbs at gentle eaſe are laid,
When *Poppies* and dull *Nightſhade* o'er him ſpread;
No Paſſions interrupt his eaſie Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain.

But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs bedew his thoughtless Head.

As at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay,
Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away:
A spightful Noise his downy Chains unties,
Hastes forward, and encreases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn Flint engage, *The building of the Dispensary.*
Till urg'd by Blows, it sparkles into Rage.
Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move;
These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.
Here Phyals in nice Discipline are set,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this place, Magazines of Pills you spy;
In that, like Forrage, Herbs in Bundles lye.
While lifted Pestles, brandish'd in the Air,
Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.

Loud

Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick [rend,
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires aſcend.

So when the *Cyclops*, o'er their Anvils ſweat,
And their ſwol'n Sinews ecchoing Blows repeat;
From the *Vulcano*'s groſs Eruptions riſe,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obſcure the Skies.

The ſlumb'ring God amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down agen.
Then, half erect, he rubb'd his op'ning Eyes,
And faulter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead bleſs'd, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful Negligence, and Eaſe from Care.

Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with-held
The *Northern* Monarchs from the dusty Field.
How have I kept the *British* Fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.
Hibernia owns the mildness of my Reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
I Swains to *Sylvan* Solitudes convey,
Where stretch'd on Mossy Beds, they waste away,
In gentle inactivity, the day.
What marks of wondrous Clemency I've shown,
Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face.
How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin.
Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.

No

No learn'd Debates moleſt their downy Trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous Ignorance:
But undiſturb'd, they loiter Life away,
So wither, Green, and bloſſom in Decay.
Deep ſunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
Avoid th'Inclemencies of Morning Air,
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of [Pray'r.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deni'd.
And, in return, I ask but ſome Receſs,
T'enjoy th'entrancing Extaſies of Peace.
But that, the Great *Naſſau*'s Heroick Arms
Has long prevented with his loud Alarms.
Still my Indulgence with contempt he flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.
Nor Skies, nor Seaſons his Reſolves controul,
Th'*Æquator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.

From

From Clime to Clime his wondrous Triumphs [move,
And *Jove* grows jealous of his Realms above.

But as the slothful God to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull Mist, and thus went on.

Sometimes among the *Caspian* Cliffs I creep,
Where solitary Bats, and Swallows sleep.
Or if some Cloyster's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore;
Still *Nassau*'s Arms a soft Repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since he has bless'd the weary World with Peace,
And with a Nod has bid *Bellona* cease:
I sought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,
Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell;

That

That Reſt might paſt Tranquility reſtore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

'Twas here, alas! I thought I might Repoſe,
Theſe Walls were that *Aſylum* I had choſe.
Nought underneath this Roof, but Damps are found,
Nought heard, but drowzy Beetles buzzing round.
Spread Cobwebs hide the Walls, and Duſt the Floors,
And midnight Silence guards the noiſeleſs Doors.
But now I find ſome enterprizing Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſie Reign.

With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his fault'ring Lips this Meſſage falls.

Since Mortals will diſpute my Pow'r, I'll try
Who has the greateſt Empire, they or I.

Find

Find Envy out, some Prince's Court attend,
Most likely there you'l meet the famish'd Fiend.
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets Pennyless confer.
Or in the Senate-house at *Westminster.*
Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane.*
And what th'Event, unless her Care enclines
To blast their Hopes, and baffle their Designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden Vapours rise,
And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

THE Diſpenſary.

CANTO II.

SOon as with gentle Sighs the ev'ning Breeze
Begun to whiſper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
And Night to wrap in Shades the Mountains [Heads,
While Winds lay huſh'd in Subterranean Beds;
Officious *Phantom* did with ſpeed prepare
To ſlide on tender Pinions through the Air.
He often ſought the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the hollow of ſome blaſted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
The hiſſing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Be-

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Ewe,
That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
There crawl'd the meager Monster on the Ground,
And breath'd a livid Pestilence around:
A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.
Down her wan Cheeks sulphureous Torrents flow,
And her red haggard Eyes with Fury glow.
Like *Ætna* with Metallick Steams oppress'd,
She breaths a blue Eruption from her Breast:
Then rends with canker'd Teeth the pregnant [Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls.
And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
Each Scrap did some immortal Action tell.

This

This ſhow'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* ſtood,
That, the fam'd Paſſage of the *Granick* Flood.
The *Julian* Eagles, here their Wings diſplay;
And there, all pale, th'expiring *Decii* lay.
This does *Camillus* as a God extol.
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol.
How *Cochles* did the *Tyber*'s Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Perſians* join,
And, there, the Glorious Battel of the *Boyn*.

As th'airy Meſſenger the Fury ſpy'd,
A while his curdling Blood forgot to glide.
Confuſion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.
At length, aſſuming Courage, he eſſay'd
T'inform the Fiend, then ſhrunk into a Shade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt Event of ſuch an Embaſſy.
She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,
So Lightning glides the unrelenting Storm.
Then ſhe: alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at thoſe noble Ills the Fates deny:
Within this Iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs Mind?
Good *Te---ns* Celeſtial Piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the Sacred See.
S---rs does ſick'ning Equity reſtore,
And helpleſs Orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pem---ke to *Britain* endleſs Bleſſings brings;
He ſpoke; and Peace clap'd her Triumphant wings;
Great *O---nd* ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With Blazes of Hereditary Light.

The noble Ardour of a Loyal Fire
Inſpires the generous Breaſt of *De*——*re*:
And *M*——*ld* is active to defend
His Country, with the Zeal he loves his Friend.
Like *Leda*'s radiant Sons, divinely clear,
P——*land* and *I*——*ſey* deck'd in Rays appear
To Guild, by turns, the *Gallick* Hemiſphear.
Worth in Diſtreſs is rais'd by *M*——*gue*,
Auguſtus liſtens if *Mæcenas* ſue.
And *V*——*ns* Vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat
The happy Enterprizes of the Great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferiour things;
And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

bind an apothy

She said; and straight shrill *Colon*'s Person took,
In Morals loose, but most precise in Look.
Black-Fryar's Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall.*
And, when so dignifi'd, he'd not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Cholicks ease, and makes the Ladies fair.
In starch'd Urbanity his Talent lies,
And Form the want of Intellects supplies.
Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.
In haste he strides along to recompence
The want of Bus'ness with its vain Pretence.
The Fury thus assuming *Colon*'s Grace,
So slung her Arms, so shuffl'd in her Pace.

On-

Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where *Horoscope* invokes th'infernal Gods;
And reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run
T'increase their Ills, and throng to be undone.

This *Wight* all Mercenary Projects tries,
And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wise.
By useful Observations he can tell
The Sacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell.
How Gold makes a *Patrician* of a Slave,
A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Thersites* brave:
It cancels all Defects, and in their Place
Finds Sense in B—w, Charms in Lady F—
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly *Horoscope* its Virtue knows,
To this bright Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;

And fancies, that a Thousand Pound supplies
The want of Twenty thousand Qualities.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to Prescribe, and busie to Apply.
His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With foreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys.

Here, *Mummies* lay most reverendly stale,
And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o'Mail;
Not far from some huge *Shark*'s devouring Head,
The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread.
Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung,
And near, a scaly Alligator hung.
In this place, Drugs in musty Heaps decay'd,
In that, dri'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.

An

An inner Room receives the numerous Shoals.
Of ſuch as Pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes ſtand by Globes, Volumns on Volumns lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuſe the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Eaſe,
To promiſe future Health for preſent Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, ſolemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks, how ſoon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will ſtrike 'em off.

[Wrong,
Some, by what means they may redreſs the
When Fathers the Poſſeſſion keep too long.

And some wou'd know the Issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can sodder up its Flaws.
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave;
And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son.
Whilst *Iris*, his Cosmetick *Wash*, must try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers dye.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philtres choose
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans loose.
Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name
In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia*'s Arms.
And old *Lucullus* wou'd th'*Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Bleak

Bleak *Envy* these dull Frauds with Pleasure sees,
And wonders at the senseless Mysteries.
In *Colon*'s Voice she thus calls out aloud
On *Horoscope* environ'd by the Crowd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease,
Thy *Wood-Cocks* from their *Gins* a while release;
And to that dire Misfortune listen well,
Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, Thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The Great *Alcides* of our Company.
When we with Noble Scorn resolv'd to ease
Our selves of all Parochial Offices;
And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care,
And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger:
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didst express,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Success.

Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Prowess past,
Be what thou shou'dst, by thinking what thou [wast.
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Design,
If not to Storm, at least to Undermine:
Their Gates each day Ten thousand Night-caps [crowd,
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud.
If they shou'd once unmask our Mystery,
Each Nurse, e're long, wou'd be as Learn'd as We;
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaisance to us, would dye.
What if We claim their Right t'Assassinate,
Must they needs turn *Apothecaries* straight?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.
'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command,
To purge the troubl'd Air, and weed the Land,
And dare the *College* of *Physicians* aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?

Crabs

Crabs Eyes as well with *Pearl* for Uſe may try,
Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie:
So *Glow-worms* may compare with *Titan*'s Beams,
Or *Hare-Court* Pump with *Aganippe*'s Streams.

Our Manufacture now they meanly ſell,
And ſpightfully th'intrinſick Value tell:
Nay more, (but Heav'ns prevent) they'l force us [ſoon,
To act with Conſcience, and to be Undone.

At this fam'd *Horoſcope* turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In Silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State.
The Crowd in great Confuſion ſought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.
Whilſt in his Breaſt the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then ſought her Cell, and reaſſum'd her Form.
Thus from the Sore altho' the Inſect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Diſguiſe.

Offi-

Officious Squirt in haste forsook the Shop,
To succour the expiring *Horoscope.*
Oft he essay'd the *Magus* to restore,
By Salt of *Succinum*'s prevailing Pow'r;
But still supine the solid Lumber lay,
An Image of scarce animated Clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
Bethought th'Assistant of a Urinal;
Whose Steam the Wight no sooner did receive,
But rous'd, and bless'd the Stale Restorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utensil.

So when the Great *Pelides*, *Thetis* found,
He knew the Fishy Smell, and th'Azure Goddess
[own'd.

THE

THE
Diſpenſary.

CANTO III.

ALL Night the Sage in Penſive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more,
Of what ſhrill *Colon* ſpoke the Day before.
Cowſlips and *Poppies* o'er his Eyes he ſpread,
And *S*——*d*'s Works he laid beneath his Head.
But all thoſe Opiats ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies.
Tumultuous Cares lay rouling in his Breaſt,
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage expreſs'd.

Oft

Oft has this Planet roul'd around the Sun,
Since to conſult the Skies, I firſt begun:
Such my Applauſe, ſo mighty my Succeſs,
I once thought my Predictions more than Gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This Faith, there can be no Miſtake in Gain.
For the dull World moſt Honour pay to thoſe
Who on their Underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf:
He loaths the Subſtance, and he loves the Show,
Tis hard e're to convince a Fool, He's ſo:
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And ſtill the Pleaſure lies in the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye
Which no Exiſtence has, but in the Eye.

At

At distance Prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desart Rocks, and fleeting Air.
From Stratagem, to Stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon, despise at Night:
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,
And Health, for want of Change, grows a Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superstitious Fear.
They Councel others, but themselves deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd still, they still believe.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight
Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite:

Who

Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
The dark Recesses of the Universe,
Be Passive, whilst the Faculty pretend
Our Charter with unhallow'd Hands to rend?
If all the Fiends that in low Darkness reign,
Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain;
That Project, the * *Dispensary* they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

* *Medicines made up there, for the use of the Poor.*

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora*'s Eyes,
Shoots thro' the Crystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous Loads reel [home.
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' Azure Waste are [spread,
And Miss from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid.
The Sage transported at th' approaching Hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor;

Offici-

Officious *Squirt* that moment had access,
His Trust was great, his Vigilance no less.
To him thus *Horoscope*.

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
Which is more Light, since you assume a Share;
Fly with what hast you us'd to do of old,
When *Clyster* was in danger to be cold:
With Expedition on the Beadle call,
To summon all the Company to th'*Hall*.

Away the trusty Coadjutor hies,
Swift as from Phyal Steam of *Harts-horn* flies.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile Terms of Art to some Infernal Pow'r,
And draws Mysterious Circles on the Floor.
But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright,
Ascends to blast the tender Bloom of Light.

No

No myſtick Sounds from *Hell*'s deteſted Womb,
In dusky Exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an Altar He decrees,
To that devouring Harpy call'd *Diſeaſe*;
Then Flow'rs in Caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring,
With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,
The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*.
And on the Structure next he heaps a Load
Of *Saſſafras* in Chips, and *Maſtick* Wood.
Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
And with Preſcriptions lights the ſolemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumſie Wings aſpire,
And ſmoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.
With Sorrow he beheld the ſad Portent,
Then to the Hag theſe *Orizons* he ſent.

Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe ſoft Indulgence we perceive each Hour;
Thou that wou'dſt lay whole *States* and *Regions* waſte,
Sooner than we thy *Cormorants* ſhou'd faſt;
If, in return, all Diligence we pay
T'extend your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
From *Kent-ſtreet* end to fam'd St. *Giles*'s-*Pound*;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auſpicious Light break through the Pile.

He ſpoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay-Leaves and Viper's Hearts, and thus he ſaid;
As Theſe conſume in this myſterious Fire,
So let the curs'd *Diſpenſary* expire;
And as Thoſe crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Veſſels burſt, and Glaſſes fly.

But a sinister Cricket straight was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* descends in sable Streams,
To wash his sooty *Naiads* in the *Thames*;
There stands a * Structure on a rising Hill, * *Apothecaries Hall.*
Where *Tyro*'s take their Freedom out to kill.
Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,
How, by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell;
And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,
That cou'd in *Æson*'s Veins young force renew;
How sanguine Swains their Amorous Hours re-
[pent,
When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.

Sobn

Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
Th' Assembly *Diasenna* thus address'd:

My kind Confed'rates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some serene Design,
And on no other Bus'ness but to Dine;
The Faculty had still maintain'd their Sway,
And Interest had taught us to obey;
Then we'd this only Emulation known,
Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,
Which threatens with mad rage our *Halcyon* hours:
Mists from black Jealousies the Tempest form,
Whilst late Divisions reinforce the Storm.
Know, when these Feuds, like those at Law, are past,
The Winners will be Losers at the last.

Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we ſeek Renown,
To Fire ſome hoſtile Ship, we burn our own.
That Jugler which another's Slight will ſhow,
But teaches how the World his own may know.
Thrice happy were thoſe golden Days of old,
When dear as *Burgundy*, *Ptiſans* were ſold;
When Patients choſe to die with better will,
Than live to pay th'*Apothecary*'s Bill.
And cheaper than for our Aſſiſtance call,
Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon* Spring and Fall.
But now late Jars our Practices detect,
For Mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th'Effect.
Diſſentions, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill diſ-join.
'Tis therfore my Advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.

As he revolving ſtood to ſpeak the reſt,
Rough *Colocynthis* thus his Rage expreſt :

Thou Scandal of the mighty *Pæans* Art,
At thy approach, the Springs of Nature ſtart,
The Nerves unbrace : Nay, at the ſight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, th'Itch a Leproſie.
Coud'ſt thou propoſe that we the *Friends* o'Fates,
Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and diſpoſe of Lives,
Whilſt *Ruſſel*, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives;
Shou'd e'er ſubmit to their imperious Will,
Who out o'Conſultation ſcarce can kill ?
The tow'ring *Alps* ſhall ſooner ſink to Vales,
And *Leaches*, in our Glaſſes, ſwell to *Whales* ;
Or *Norwich* trade in Implements of Steel,
And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal :

The Sick to th' Hundreds sooner shall repair,
And change the *Gravel-Pits* for *Essex* Air.

No, no, the Faculty shall soon confess
Our Force encreases, as our Funds grow less;
And what requir'd such Industry to raise,
We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
Thus they'l acknowledge, to Annihilate
Shews as immense a Pow'r as to Create.
We'll raise our num'rous Cohorts, and oppose
The feeble Forces of our Pigmy Foes;
Whole Troops of Quacks shall join us on the [Place,
From Great *Kirleus* down to *Doctor Case*.
Tho' such vile Rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest Prize.
Such Poor Supports serve only like a Stay;
The Tree once fix'd, its Rest is torn away.

So Patriots in the time of Peace and Eaſe,
Forget the Fury of the late Diſeaſe:
Imaginary Dangers they create,
And loath th' *Elixir* which preſerv'd the State.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call,
Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the *Seſſion* ſeem'd to give conſent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.
At length, the growing Diff'rence to compoſe,
Two Brothers, nam'd *Aſcarides*, aroſe.
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like Pretence,
But th' Elder gain'd his juſt Pre-eminence;

Then he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.
But let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppose th'unthinking Faculty unvail
What we, thro' wiser Conduct, wou'd conceal;
Is't Reason we shou'd quarrel with the Glass
That shews the monstrous Features of our Face?
Or grant some grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent, what rashly they begun,
Tho' Projects please, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties must this Success expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect:
If things of Use were valu'd, there had been
Some Work-house where the *Monument* is seen.

Or

Or if the Voice of Reaſon cou'd be heard,
E're this, Triumphal Arches had appear'd.
Then ſince no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th'appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'reſt prudently to Oaths prefer.
Our Friendſhip with a ſervile Air they court,
And their Clandeſtine Arts are our Support.
Them we'll conſult about this Enterpriſe,
And boldly Execute what they Adviſe.
But from below (while ſuch Reſolves they took)
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the *Fabrick ſhook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

* *The Room th' Apothecaries meet in, is over the Laboratory.*

So

So when at *Bathos* all the *Gyants* strove
T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
Soon as the *Ass* of old *Silenus* bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in confusion fled.

THE

THE Diſpenſary.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that moſt famous Theater,
Where wandring Punks each Night at five repair;
Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And Rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
Where *Bently*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,
And *Briſcoe* lately was undone by New:
There triumphs a *Phyſician* of Renown,
To ſcarce a Mortal, but himſelf, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more luckily than He,
For th' Exerciſe of ſuch a Myſtery.

When

When *Bur--ss* deafens all the listning press
With Peals of most Seraphick Emptiness;
Or when Mysterious *F----n* mounts on high,
To preach his Parish to a Lethargy:
This *Æsculapius* waits hard by, to ease
The *Martyrs* of such Christian Cruelties.

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,
To blend and justle into Harmony.
The Politicians, of *Parnassus* prate;
And Poets canvass the Affairs of State;
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.
The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito*'s,
First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose.

The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.
And in the Cloiſter penſive *Strephon* waits,
Till *Chloe*'s Hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th'ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly
More fatally than from a ſparkling Eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh. —— Dr Gibbons
Th' *Apothecaries* thither throng to Dine,
And want of Elbow-room's ſupply'd in Wine.
Cloy'd with Variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
Each Hero a tremendous Air put on,
And ſtern *Mirmillo* in theſe Words begun:

'Tis with concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.

'Tis

'Tis plain, my Int'rest you've advanc'd so long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
And in return, tho' I have strove to rend
Those Statutes, which on Oath I should defend;
Yet that's a Trifle to a generous Mind,
Great Services, as great Returns should find.
And you'l perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandish Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,
By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in Hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.
Some fell by *Laudanum*, and some by *Steel*,
And Death in ambush lay in ev'ry Pill.

For

For save or slay, this Privilege we claim,
Tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same.
What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a Friend.
Into the Right we err, and must confess,
To Oversights we often owe Success.
Thus *Bessus* got the Battel in the *Play*,
His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day.
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its desert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.
Physicians, if they're wise, shou'd never think
Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink:
But th' Enemy, at their Expence, shall find,
When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said; and seal'd th' Engagement with a Kiss,
Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris*;

Who

Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundless Friendship owe,
Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show.
Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilst poor Pretenders trifle o'er a Case,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace.*
O that near *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* first *Achaian* Fury felt,
The Flood had curs'd young *Peleus*'s Arm in vain,
For troubling his choak'd Streams with heaps of slain.
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raise,
Their ten Years Toil, you'd finish'd in ten Days.
Fate smiles on your Attempts, and when you list,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist.
Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success,
No Labours are too hard for *Hercules.*

Our

Our military Enſigns we'il diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where Courage leads the way.

To this Deſign ſly *Querpo* did agree, Dr Stow
An angry Member of the Faculty;
His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A Conventicle fleſh'd his greener Years,
And his full age th' envenom'd Rancour ſhares.
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o' prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Grave *Carus* next diſcover'd his intent, Dr Tyson
With much ado explaining what he meant.
His Spirits ſtagnate like *Cocitus*'s Flood,
And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood.

In his chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his sable Brows.
When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile Books besieg'd around.
The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprize,
Consulting less their Reason than their Eyes.
And He perceives it stands in greater stead,
To furnish well his Classes, than his Head.
Thus a weak State, by wise Distrust enclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
So Fools are always most profuse of Words,
And Cowards never fail of longest Swords.
Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat.
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-lax* &c.

And up these shelves, much *Gothick* Lumber climbs,
With *Swiss* Philosophy, and *Danish* Rhimes.
And hither, rescu'd from the *Grocers*, come
M---Works entire, and endless Rheams of *Bloom*.
Where wou'd the long neglected C----s fly,
If bounteous *Carus* should refuse to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this score,
He'll find some *Carus* still to read him o're.

Nor must we the obsequious *Umbra* spare,
Who, soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
But when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.
Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

With Him, the preſent ſtill ſome Virtues have,
The Vain are ſprightly, and the Stupid, grave.
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppiſh neat;
The Lewd are airy, and the Sly diſcreet.
A Wren's an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;
C——olt a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, R——ow.

Heroick Ardour now th' Aſſembly warms,
Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.
For future glory, while the Scheme is laid,
Fam'd *Horeſcope* thus offers to diſſwade;

Since of each Enterpriſe th' Event's unknown,
We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown.
Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long,
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
Which way He pleaſes, he can mould a Cauſe,
The Worſt has Merits, and the Beſt has Flaws.

Five

Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day,
And ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.
Cato Pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
Or ford ſuſpected, D uncomb innocent.
Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Mony, ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd *Diſeaſe* by Charms
T'aſſiſt, and be propitious to our Arms;
Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her *Grott* aſcend.

As *Horoſcope* urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*; Sir Richd Blackmore

In vain your Magick Myſteries you uſe,
Such ſounds the *Sybil*'s Sacred Ears abuſe.

These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise,
Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

" Arms met with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions clash,
" And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash.
" Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriors raise,
" And hideous War o're all the Region brays.
" Some raging ran with huge *Herculean* Clubs,
" Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs
" Of Cynders bore.——
" Naked and half burnt Hulls, with hideous wreck,
" Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's back.

" High Rocks of Snow, and sailing Hills of Ice,
" Against each other with a mighty crash,
Driven by the Winds, in rude rencounter dash.

" Blood, Brains, and Limbs did the high Walls distain,
" And all around lay squallid Heaps of Slain.

As

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her [Weight.
A noyſom Rag her penſive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips theſe Accents ſound.

Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch Lines addreſs
My awful Seat, and trouble my Receſs?
In *Eſſex* Marſhy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and driſling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And ſhiv'ring Quartans ſhake the ſickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent Hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute Phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The Diſſonance of ſuch unequal Verſe.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to riſe in Senſe, and ſink in Sound.

Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel,
Read *W------y*, consider *D---den* well.
In one, what vigorous Turns of Fancy shine,
In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.
If *D---sets* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft desire,
And little *Loves* confess their amorous Fire.
The *Tyber* now no courtly *Gallus* sees,
But smiling *Thames* enjoys his *No-----bys*.
And gentle *Isis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *A---son*.
As tuneful *C---greve* trys his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains;
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.

And

And *Britain*, ſince *Pauſanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
When *St[illegible]ny* paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *P[illegible]r* ſings:
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention ſhow,
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such juſt Examples carefully read o're,
Slide without falling, without ſtraining ſoar.
Oft tho' your Stroaks ſurprize, you ſhou'd not [chooſe,
A Theme ſo mighty for a Virgin Muſe.
Long did *Appelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his laſt Deſign.
'Tis *M[illegible]gue*'s rich Vein alone muſt prove,
None but a *Phidias* ſhou'd attempt a *Jove*.

The

The Fury said; and vanishing from Sight,
Cry'd out to Arms; so left the Realms of Light.
The Combatants to th' Enterprize consent,
And the next day smil'd on the great Event.

THE

THE
Diſpenſary.

CANTO V.

When the ſtill Night, with peaceful Poppies [crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady Pinions o're the [Ground;
And ſlumbring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the ſoft Virgin's [Theme.
The Surges gently daſh againſt the Shoar,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.
Sleep ſhakes its downy Wings o're mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch, it Flies.
He finds no reſpite from his anxious Grief,
Then ſeeks, from this Soliloquy, relief.

Long

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Glutted with Fees, and mighty in Renown.
There's none can dye with due Solemnity,
Unless his Pass-port first be sign'd by Me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd,
I give Reversions, and for Heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State support;
But I, to make it easie, make it short.
I set the discontented Matrons free,
And Ransom Husbands from Captivity.
Then shall so useful a *Machin* as I
Engage in civil Broyls, I know not why?
No, I'll endeavour straight a Peace, and so
Preserve my Honour, and my Person too.

But *Discord*, that still haunts with hideous [Mien
Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,

O're

O're-heard *Mirmillo* reas'ning in his Bed;
Then raging inwardly the *Fury* said;

Have I so often banisht lazy Peace
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Recess?
Have I made S----- and S----- disagree,
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity?
And does my faithful F----- profess
His Ardour still for Animosities?
Have I, *Britannia*'s Safety to insure,
Expos'd her naked, to be more secure?
Have I made Parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous Leagues of amicable Spight
T' embroyl their Country, whilst the common Cry,
Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Ministry*?
And shall a Dastard's Cowardise prevent
The War so long, I've labour'd to foment?

No,

No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the *Hag* approach'd *Mirmillo*'s Bed,
And taking *Querpo*'s meager Shape, She said;

I come, altho' at Midnight, to dispel,
Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.
I dream't, but now, my Friend, that you were by;
Methought I saw your Tears, and heard you sigh.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But sure I find
Grief in your Looks, and Tempests in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
That shakes your Soul, and troubles your Repose.
Erroneous Practice scarce cou'd give you pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne're complain.

What

What Looks discover, said the Homicide,
Wou'd be but too impertinent to hide.
My Stars direct me to decline the Fight;
The way to serve our Party, is to write.

How many, said the Fury, had not split
On Shelves so fatal, if they ne're had writ!
Had *C---b* printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the *S--fold* o' the Town.
Asses and Owls, unseen, themselves betray,
If These attempt to Hoot, or Those to Bray.
Had *We--y* never aim'd in Verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.
Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall,
A *Codrus* shou'd expect a *Juvenal*.

Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
To set off, and to recommend the good.
So *Diamonds* take a Lustre from their Foyle;
And to a *B——dly* 'tis, we owe a *B——yle.*

Consider well the Talent you possess,
To strive to make it more wou'd make it less;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To those whose Party you abandon now.
To Them you owe your odd Magnificence,
But to your Stars your Penury of Sense.
Hasp't in a Tombril, awkardly you've shin'd
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.
But soon, what They've exalted They'l discard,
And set up *Carus*, or the City *Bard.*

Alarm'd at this, the *Heroe* Courage took,
And Storms of Terrour threaten'd in his Look.

My

My dread Resolves, he cry'd, I'll straight pursue;
The *Fury* satisfy'd, in Smiles withdrew.

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* spent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight.
At length gay Morn smiles in the Eastern Sky,
From rifling silent Graves the *Sextons* fly.
The rising Mists skud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The *Chaunter* at his early Matins yawns.
The *Vi'lets* ope their Buds, *Cowslips* their Bells.
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.
As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn descries,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies,
And finds the Legions planted at their Post;
Where *Querpo* in his Armour shone the most.
His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame,
By *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromigham*.

A Foliage of diſſembl'd *Senna* Leaves,
Grav'd round its Brim, the wondring ſight de-
[ceives.
Emboſt upon its Field, a Battle ſtood
Of *Leeches* ſpouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.
The Artiſt too expreſt the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave *Phyſicians* at a Conſult met;
About each Symptom how they Diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of Fee.
And whilſt one *Aſſaſſin* another plies
With ſtarch'd Civilities, the Patient dyes.

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright *Querpo* ſhone.
Himſelf an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.
A Peſtle for his Truncheon led the Van,
And his high Helmet was a Cloſe-ſtool pan.
His Creſt an * *Ibis*, brandiſhing her Beak,
And winding in looſe Folds her ſpiral Neck.

* *This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it ſelf a Clyſter with its Beak.*

This,

This, when the Young *Querpöides* beheld,
His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd.
Then peep't, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd [play,
But as the Monster gap'd he'd shrink away:
Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes Fear;
And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

But *Fame* that whispers each profound Design,
And tells the Consultations at the *Vine*,
And how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch,
If *Winnington* but plead, or *Osbaldy* preach;
On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
And what the Enemy intends, declares.
Disorder'd Murmurs thro' the College pass,
And pale Confusion glares in ev'ry Face.
In hast a Council's call'd, th' Occasion's great,
And quick as Thought, the summon'd Members [meet.

Dr Goodall

Loud *Stentor* to th'Assembly had access,
None aim'd at more, and none succeeded less.
True to Extreams, yet to dull Forms a Slave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With Indignation, and a daring Air,
He paus'd a while, and thus address'd the Chair.

Sir Thos Millington

Machaon, whose Experience we adore,
Great as your matchless Merits, is your Pow'r.
At your approach, the bafflʼd Tyrant *Death*,
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing [Teeth;
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day,
What you command, your Vassals must obey.
If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
We'll send to Treat, and stifle the Design.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To scatter our audacious Foes, or die.

What

What *Stentor* offer'd was by moſt approv'd;
But ſev'ral Voices ſev'ral Methods mov'd.
At length th'adventrous *Heroes* all agree
T'expect the Foe, and act defenſively.
Into the Shop their bold *Battalions* move,
And what their Chief commands the reſt approve.
Down from the *Walls* they tear the *Shelves* in haſte,
Which, on their Flank, for Palliſades are plac'd.
And then, behind the Compter rang'd, they ſtand,
Their Front ſo well ſecur'd t'obey Command.

And now the Scouts the adverſe Hoſt deſcry,
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly:
With unreſiſted Force they urge their Way,
And find the Foe embattel'd in Array.
Then from their levell'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volley of a miſſive Show'r.

Not Storms of Sleet, which o're the *Baltick* drive,
Puſh't on by *Northern* Guſts, ſuch Horrour give.
Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous Stroak.
So when *Leviathans* Diſpute the Reign,
And uncontrol'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,
And Iſles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.
Such watry Stores from their ſpread Noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the ſtagg'ring *Braves*, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.
Each ſeizes for his Shield an ample *Scale*,
And the *Braſs Weights* fly thick as ſhowrs of Hail.
Whole heaps of Warriours welter on the [Ground
With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd;
And th' empty Veſſels the Defeat reſound.

Thus

Thus when ſome Storm its Chryſtal Quarry rends,
And *Jove* in rattling Showrs of *Ice* deſcends;
Mount *Athos* ſhakes the Foreſts on his Brow,
Whilſt down his wounded Sides freſh Torrents flow,
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er ſpread the Vale below.

But now, all Order loſt, promiſcuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows.
From *Stentor*'s ſinewy Arm an Opiate flys,
And ſtraight a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus*'s Eyes,
Chiron hit *Siphilus* with *Calomel*,
And ſcaly Cruſts from his maim'd Forehead fell.
At *Colon* great *Japix Rhubarb* flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung;
And with a dauntleſs and diſdainful Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen,
Scribonius a vaſt *Eagle-ſtone* let fly
At *Pſylas*, but *Lucina* put it by.

And *Querpo*, warm'd with more than mortal Rage,
Sprung thro' the Battel, *Stentor* to engage.
Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,
Both cou'd not vanquish, Neither wou'd retreat.
Each Combatant his Adversary mauls
With batter'd *Bed-pans*, and stav'd *Urinals*.
But as bold *Stentor*, eager of Renown,
Design'd a fatal Stroak, he tumbl'd down;
And whilst the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood,
With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* su'd.
When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die;
Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.
But to the lost, if Pity might be shown,
Reflect on young *Querpoides* thy Son;
Then pity mine; for such an Infant-Grace,
Sports in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.
If he was by, Compassion he'd create,
Or else lament his wretched Parent's Fate.

Thine

Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
To Thee the lov'd *Diſpens'ry* I reſign.

The Chief at this the deadly Stroak declin'd,
And found Compaſſion pleading in his Mind.
But whilſt He view'd with pity the Diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd * *Signetur* writ upon his Breaſt.
Then tow'rds the Skies He toſs'd his threat'ning [Head,
And fir'd with mortal Indignation, ſaid;

* *Thoſe Members of the College that obſerve a late Statute, are call'd by the Apothecaries* Signetur Men.

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a *Quietiſt*.
La Chaſe ſhall with the *Janſeniſts* agree,
The Inquiſition wink at Hereſy.
Faith ſtand unmov'd thro' *S*-------s Defence,
And *L*----*k* for Myſtery abandon Senſe.

With

With that, unsheathing an Incision Knife,
He offer'd at the prostrate *Stentor*'s Life.
But while his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.
The Chief great *Pæan*'s golden Tresses knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* I've seen
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,
Sowrly dispute some quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in [Blood.
But at the first appearance of a Fare
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe so his Enterprise recalls,
His Fist unclinches, and the Weapon falls.

THE

THE Dispensary.

CANTO VI.

WHile the shrill clangour of the Battel rings;
Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephir*'s Wings;
She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than Air, more gay than morning Light.
A Charm she takes from each excelling Fair,
And borrows *C------ll*'s Shape, and *G---ton*'s Air.
Her Eyes like *R---gh*'s their Beams dispence,
With *Ch---ill*'s Bloom, and *B---ley*'s Innocence.
From her bright Lips a vocal Musick falls,
As to *Machaon* thus the Goddess calls.

Enough

Enough th' atchievement of your Arms you've [ſhown,
You ſeek a Triumph you ſhou'd bluſh to own.
Haſt to th' *Elyſian* Fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
Where *Harvy* ſits among the Demi-Gods.
Conſult that ſacred Sage, He'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt terminate theſe woes.
Let *Celſus* for that Enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the Shades ſhall be my care.

Aghaſt the Heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A Form ſo heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear,
Celſus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies marſhal'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War againſt th' invading Cranes;

The

The Poppets to their bodkin Spears repair,
And ſcatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.
But ſoon as e'er th' imperial Bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes, the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Strimonian* Squadron ſeeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddeſs with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement ſtrike; and ſtraight at her Com-
[mand
Th' obedient Surface opens, and deſcries
A deep Deſcent that leads to nether Skies.
Higeia to the ſilent Region tends;
And with his Heav'nly Guide the *Charge* de-
[ſcends.

Within

Within the Chambers of the Globe they ſpy
The Beds where ſleeping Vegetables lie,
Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Pancies* trick themſelves in various Hew,
And hence *Junquils* derive their fragrant Dew.
Hence the *Carnation*, and the baſhful *Roſe*
Their Virgin Bluſhes to the Morn diſcloſe.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens aray'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.
And hence on *Daphne*'s verdant Temples grow
Immortal Wreaths, for *Phœbus* and *Naſſau*.

The Inſects here their lingring Trance ſurvive:
Benum'd they ſeem, and doubtful if alive.
From Winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder Skies and ſofter Air.

Down

Down to these Cells obscener Reptils creep,
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizzards* sleep.
Where shiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and slide in State.

Now, those profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Oar.
Here sullen to the Sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then with bright and burnish'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
To th' Arms of those more yeilding Metals flyes,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.

So

So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymiſt's Fire.

Near Theſe the Delegate with Wonder ſpies
Where living Floods of Merc'ry ſerpentize:
Where richeſt Metals their bright Beams put on,
While Silver Streams thro' Golden Channels run.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean Cells,
Where wanton Nature ſports in idle Shells.
Some *Helicoeids*, ſome *Conical* appear,
Theſe, Miters emulate, Thoſe, Turbans are:
Here Marcaſites in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true Metallick State:
Till Drops that from impending Rocks deſcend,
Their Subſtance petrifie, and Progreſs end.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindl'd Sulphur flow;
And, whilſt enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow:

Con-

Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rise,
Which hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noisy Cave;
Where with hoarse dinn imprison'd Tempests [rave:
Where Clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their [Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,
Where scarce one cheerful Glimpse their Steps [befriends.
Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
And undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps.
A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;
An awkward Lump of shapeless Anarchy.
With sordid Age his Features are defac'd;
His Lands unpeopl'd, and his Countries waste.
Here Lumber, undeserving Light, is kept,
And *P---p*'s Bill to this dark Region's swept:

Where Mushroom Libels silently retire;
And, soon as born, with Decency expire.
Upon a Couch of *Jett* in these Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Consort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess, with Terror they survey,
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;
In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
Where *Goblins* frisk, and airy Spectres rove,
Yawns a dark Cave, most formidably wide;
And there the *Monarch*'s Triumphs are descry'd.
Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.
Febris is first: The *Hagg* relentless hears
The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the Infant's Tears.

In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery *Meteors* reign;
And reſtleſs Ferments revel in each Vein.

Then *Hydrops* next appears amongſt the *Throng*;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But, like a Miſer, in Exceſs ſhe's poor;
And pines for Thirſt amidſt her wat'ry Store.

Now loathſom *Lepra*, that offenſive Spright,
With foul Eruptions ſtain'd, offends the Sight.
She's deaf to Beauty's ſoft-perſuading Pow'r:
Nor can bright *Hebe*'s Charms her Bloom ſecure.

Whilſt meager * *Phthiſis* gives a ſilent Blow;
[* *Conſumption.*
Her Stroaks are ſure; but her Advances ſlow.
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Aſſaults are ſhown:
She ſtarves the *Fortreſs* firſt; then takes the *Town*.

Behind ſtood Crouds of much inferiour Name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
The Vaſſals of their Monarch's Tyranny:
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celſus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
The ſilent Region of the fleeting ſhades.
Where Rocks and ruful Deſarts are deſcry'd;
And ſullen *Styx* rouls down his lazy Tide.
Then ſhews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Paſſage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no Paſs-port to demand our Aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon* ne'er refuſes their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Conſort owe
To them the Peopl'ing of their Realms below.

Then in his ſwarthy Hand he graſp'd his Oar,
Receiv'd his Gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddeſs and her Charge prepare
To breathe the Sweets of ſoft *Elyſian* Air;
Upon the left they ſpy a penſive Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief ſate heavy on his careful Look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celſus* ſpoke:

Tell me, Thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burſt from your Breaſt, and Torrents from your Eyes:
And who thoſe mangl'd *Manes* are, which ſhow
A ſullen Satisfaction at your Woe?
Since, ſaid the Ghoſt, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm *Guiacum*, once your valu'd Friend.
And on this barren Beach in Diſcontent,
Am doom'd to ſtay till th' angry Pow'rs relent.

Those *Spectres* seam'd with Scars that threaten
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are. [there,
They vex with endless Clamours my Repose:
This wants his Palate; That demands his Nose:
And here they execute stern *Pluto*'s Will,
To ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celsus* thus: O much lamented State!
How rigid is the Sentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former Air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you [were!
If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs cou'd bend;
Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd send.
But since no human Arts the Fates dissuade;
Direct me how to find bless'd *Harvy*'s Shade.
In vain th'unhappy Ghost still urg'd his stay;
Then rising from the Ground, he shew'd the way.

Nigh

Nigh the dull Shoar a ſhapeleſs Mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful Frown ſurvey'd the Flood.
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
No friſking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddeſs try'd,
And *Celſus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th'Aſcent thus conquer'd, now They tow'r on [high,
And taſte th'Indulgence of a milder Sky.
Looſe *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreſhing Sweets perfume the way.
Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as They paſs, their painted Banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles [there.

The *Delegate* observes, with wondring Eyes,
Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise.
Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove.
The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,
Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.
Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
And Willough Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

His Mistress here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent Ground:
Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She seem'd the mournful image of Despair.
How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring,
Till the Greensickness and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless Arms th' unhappy Maid.

Cold

Cold and confus'd the guilty Lover ſtood,
The Light forſook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An icy horrour ſhiver'd in his Look,
Then ſoftly in theſe gentle Words, He ſpoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence ſuch anxious [care,
Your Looks diſorder'd and your Boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping Flow'r,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome unfriendly ſhower.
Your pale Complexion your late Conduct tell,
O that inſtead of Traſh you'd taken Steel!
Then as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting *Fair*,
His empty Arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive Air.
From his Embrace the unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her Eyes.

They

They haſten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bleſs'd remain:
Where *Harvy* gathers Simples to beſtow
Immortal Youth on Heroes Shades below.
Soon as the bright *Hygeia* was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Preſence knew.
Thus He——

[Pow'r,
Hail, blooming Goddeſs! Thou propitious
Whoſe Bleſſings Mortals next to Life implore.
Such Graces in your heav'nly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in Chains, or anguiſh in a Crown.
With juſt Reſentments and Contempt you ſee
The mean Diſſentions of the Faculty;

How

How sick'ning Physick hangs her pensive Head,
And what was once a Science, now's a Trade.
Her Son's ne'er rifle her Mysterious Store,
But study Nature less, and Lucre more.

I show'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the *Meanders* of their refluent Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits by mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cause.
Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Ent*, and *Glisson* lie
In the Abyss of blind Obscurity.
But now such wondrous Searches are forborn,
And *Pæan*'s Art is by Divisions torn.
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How Physick her lost Lustre may regain.

Haste,

Ld Chancellor Haste, and the matchless *Atticus* Address,
From Heav'n, and great *Nassau* he has the Mace.
Th' oppress'd to his *Asylum* still repair;
Arts He supports, and Learning is his care.
He softens the harsh rigour of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and cuts their Harpy [Claws;
And graciously he casts a pitying Eye
On the sad state of vertuous Poverty.
When e'er he speaks, Heav'ns! how the list'ning [Throng
Dwells on the melting musick of his Tongue.
His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' serene;
And when the power of Eloquence, He'd try,
Here, Lightning strikes you, there, soft Breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your Charter claims Him as your Visiter.

Your

Your Wounds he'll close, and sove'reignly restore
Your Science to the height it had before.

Then *Nassau*'s Health shall be your glorious Aim,
He shou'd be as Immortal as His Name.
Some Princes Claims from Davastations spring,
He condescends in pity to be King:
And when, amidst his *Olives* plac'd, He stands,
And governs more by Candour than Commands:
Ev'n then not less a Heroe he appears,
Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears.

Wou'd but *Apollo* some great Bard inspire
With sacred veh'mence of Poetick Fire;
To celebrate in Song that God-like Power,
Which did the labouring Universe restore;
Fair *Albion*'s Cliffs wou'd Eccho to the Strain,
And praise the Arm that Conquer'd to regain
The Earth's repose, and Empire o'er the Main.

Still

Still may th'immortal Man his Cares repeat,
To make his Blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confess
They've strove for Ruin long without success.

Had some fam'd Hero of the *Latin* Blood,
Like *Julius* Great, and like *Octavius* Good,
But thus preserv'd the *Latian* Liberties,
Aspiring Columns soon had reach'd the Skies:
And whilst the Capitol with *Io's* shook,
The Statues of the Guardian Gods had spoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd pursue,
He paus'd; and *Celsus* with his Guide withdrew.

FINIS.

Date Due

JUN 3

FEB 6 1960

YALE
MEDICAL
LIBRARY

Demco 293-5

YALE
MEDICAL LIBRARY

HISTORICAL
LIBRARY

Accession no. HC

Author Garth, Sir S.
The dispensary.
3d ed. 1699.

Call no.

17th CENT.