Gideon's fleece: or, the Sieur de Frisk. An heroick poem. Written on the cursory perusal of a late book / [by Gideon Harvey], call'd The conclave of physicians. By a friend of the Muses [i.e. T. Guidott].

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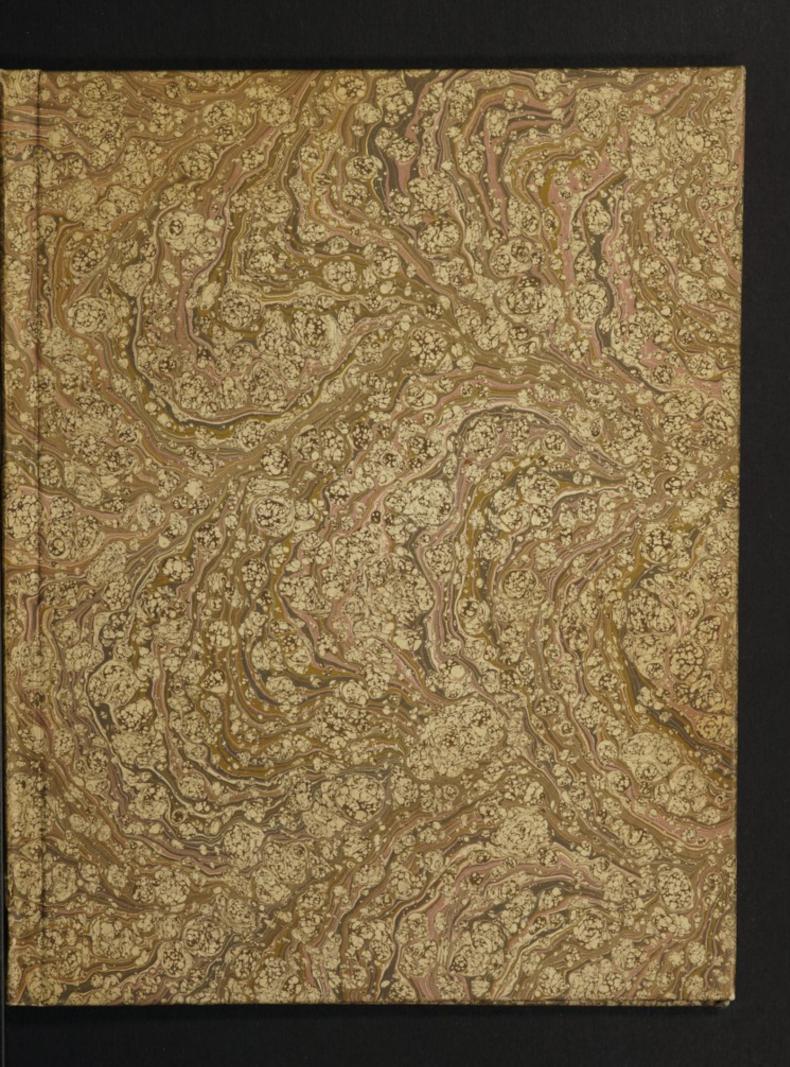
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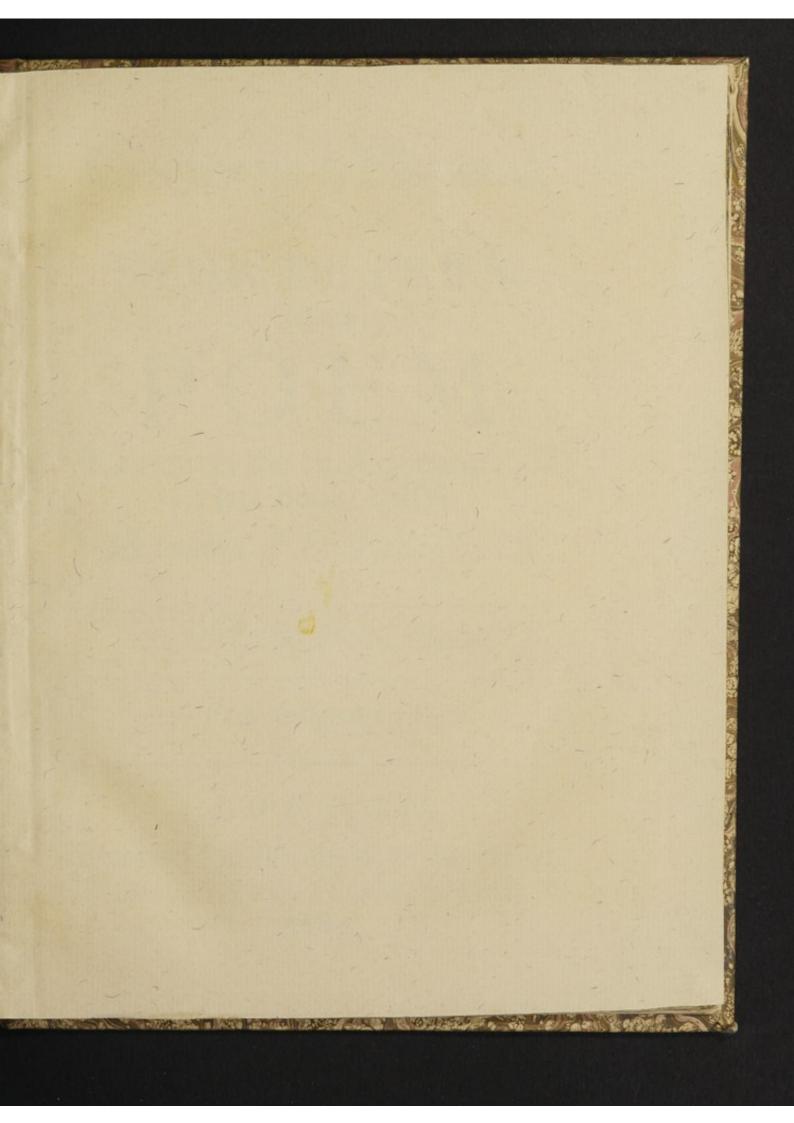


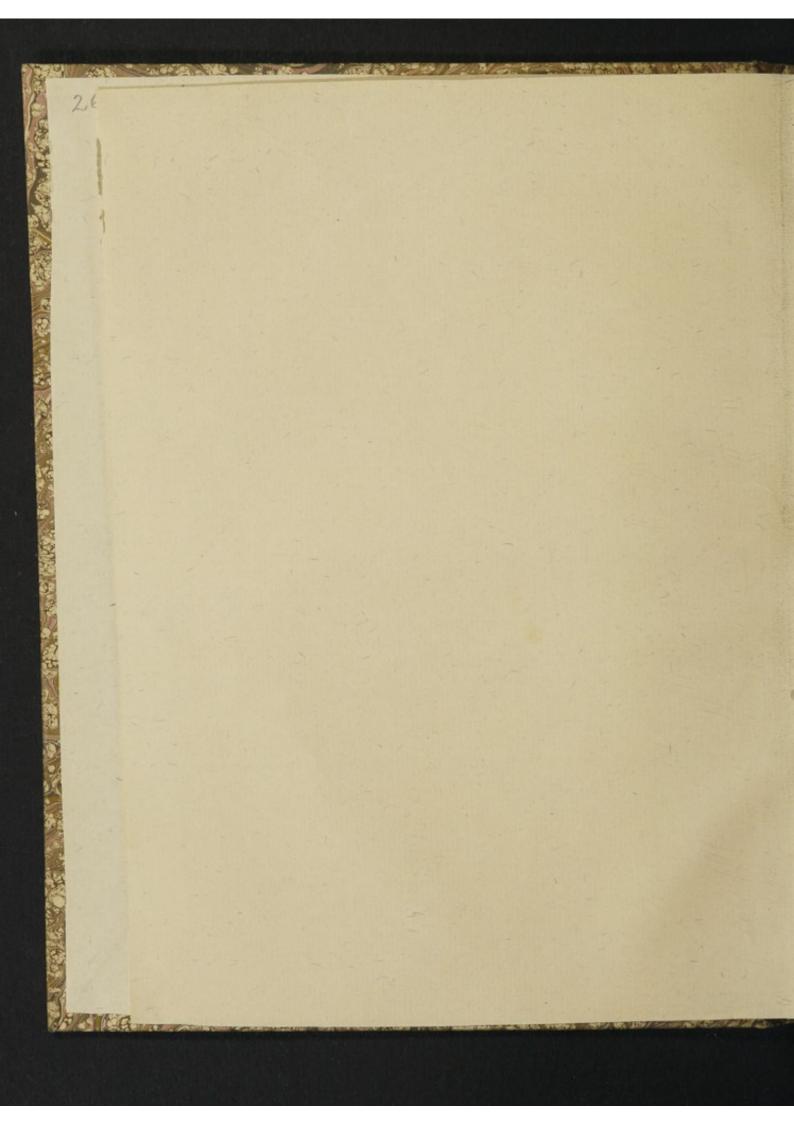




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Thomas GUIDOTT





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Gideon's Fleece:

OR, THE

SIEUR DE FRISK.

AN HEROICK

POEM.

Written on the cursory perusal of a late Book, call'd

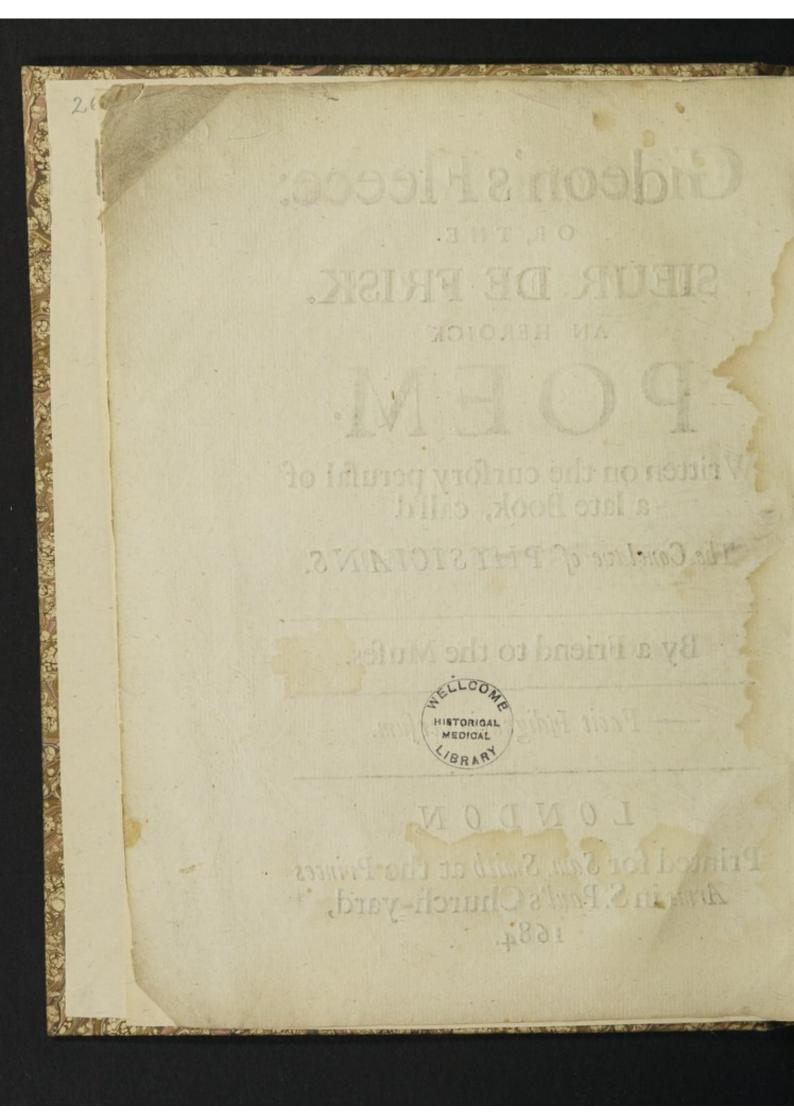
The Conclave of PHYSICIANS.

By a Friend to the Muses.

-Facit Indignatio versum.

LONDON,

Printed for Sam. Smith at the Princes Arms in S. Paul's Church-yard, 7 1684.



PREFACE

TOTHE

READER.

Courteous Reader,

Omeing accidentally to a Friends House in the City, a Worthy Member of the famous College of Physicians in London, among other things, I was entertained with a Book Intituled, The Conclave of Phylicians, Written by a Doctor of Paris, and Physician in Ordinary to His Majesty, as he there styles himself.

Hear ing my Friend read, and perusing it a little, we were both surprized to find a man, that pretended to the highest Degree in Physick, and the Umbrage of his Majesty, fall so foul on a Society of Men, that ought to be, and generally are, men of the best Education, Parts, and Practice in a Nation, founded on his Majesties Grace, encouraged by his Favour, conven'd and insti-

The Preface

tuted by Royal Authority, continued, supported, establish'd, and endowed with all the Power and Priviledge, the Supream Court of Judicature of a Nation, then

thought fit to afford.

Finding also under feigned Names, easily intelligible, and in a Parisian Scheme Calculated, or rather clandestinely Design'd for a Meridian nearer home, gross Reslections, as generally apprehended, on many Worthy Men now living, and some dead; (Fecit indignatio versum) the horror of the thing extorted the ensuing Poem, which, as it is, I freely commit to thy perusal, desiring thee to consider, if in some words and expressions, I have been a little keen and severe, that in this Case, and Thing especially so Circumstantiated,

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

We did then also not a little admire, how a great and stately Fabrick so far East, cou'd so privately, and soon, be conveyed to the West; or how the Presidency, and Censorship of a * Coll. cou'd so cunningly be vested in one Man, who rudely, maliciously, and sawcily exercises more Magisterial Authority, and Correptive Furisdiction over the Prescripts, and Receits of its Celebrated Members, then ever That did over the greatest Empirick, or unauthoriz'd Physitian.

But considering that in the Opinion of some fort of Men, there is not a pin to chuse between a Conclave, and a College, it may not be dissibll to apprehend how so absurd a thing shou'd happen, especially if we take in the Heiser of Envy to solve the Riddle of Malice, the working with which but a very little while, like another

Sphinx, will unfold the Ænigma.

A Low Condition in the World, I account a great un-

* p. 148.

to the Reader.

happiness, but no disgrace, being what Infinite Wisdom, in an unquestionably prudent Series of Providence, thinks fit to determine; provided it be accompany'd with an bumble, industrious, and submissive mind, satisfied for the present, and patiently expecting better things when God shall see fit; but an impatient, restless, and turbulent necessity, that does cogere ad Turpia, such a Poverty as good Agur prayed against, that makes men steal, invade Property, and Common Right, break the Bonds of all Societies, and Laws, and turns men into Banditi, Pirates, and High-way men, such an Envious mean Condition, and no other, I would be thought to expole.

As to what relates to Practice, for which this Capricio seems so much concern'd, those Famous, Learned, and Worthy Men of the Parisian Conclave, whose Repatation, 'tis more then probable, is maliciously pelted, through the Crape and Tiffany of an envious disguise, if it be not thought, as I presume it will, too mean an undertaking, when it comes to their Knowledge, are better able to make a Defence; from which both their occasions and Dignity, may well excuse, in regard nothing material, but is here sufficiently, though succincily answered, in sense, or in kind; from whom no other answer can justly be expected, then what a Learned Man gave an Antagonist be contemn'd: Audio contra me Scarabeum quendam scripsisse, cui respondere nec dignitatis est, nec otij.

One thing more I would have thee understand, Reader, That what is here said in Just Vindication of the Members of the Conclave, that are concerned, is no way Derogatory to the known Worth, and great Eminence of the Cardinals Exempt; for as the Reach went, the Cloud, brake, and the Conclave, like the Israelitish Ground, was partly wet, and

partly dry, but both so inconsiderably, that neither the

moistures improves, nor the drought impairs.

And here I thought fit to mention, That as I never yet had the Honour to be a Conclavist, so * I do protest, I never yet saw either Pope, Patriarch, or Cardinal; much less can be suspected to have had any encouragement from them, otherwise than the Satisfaction of my own Fancy, and the doing that good Office for others, which they may well think (as mentioned before) too mean for themselves, as knowing the best answer to Ca-

Convitia spreta exolescunt.

lumny is filence, according to that of the Historian,

Wherefore, if in this product of a few spare and drolling hours, that now ensues, any Service be done to the Living, any Justice to the Dead, or the least Divertisement given Thee, Reader, is the uttermost aim and ambition of the Author, and thy Friend

Philo-Mufus.

To

To the AUTHOR of the

ADVERTISEMENT.

ble of Quotations, the places in the Conclave alluded to, or answer'd, are Paged in the Margin, to which the Reader, if he please, may have Recourse.

ERRATA.

Page 12. line ult. read Naiades. 1. 19. r. evene. p

To the AUTHOR of the CONCLAVE.

TOUR Bolt is gone, and only in this wife, That you so long about it did advise; 'Twas not foon shot, the Malice was prepense, And therefore justly gave the more offence; But a mild Judge, that all things calmly hears, At this time spar'd your Neck, and cropt your Ears. If you scape greater scouring, by a trick, You'r fitter for the Conclave of Old Nick; It is his Trade the Brethren to accuse,

*Quevedo's And, as the * Vision says, Torments a Muse; Yet while time lasts, the Muse protesteth, That p. 235. She will Torment both Satan and his Brat.

Melpomene.



BRRATA

But how can't from a H. T. Magree, As great a Sunrier, and A. H. T. is fite, It's Bank obnovious be, the a new Falkion

Introduction.

Ome fierce Orbilius, and inspire my Rage,
To scourge a Medicaster of this Age;
A nasty Bird, that his own Nest defiles,
The Wise pay him with Scorns, the Fools with Smiles;
An Alien from those Tents, whose Rules are fit
To teach him better Manners, and more Wit.
A gnawing Cubb, that tears Dams Bowels out,
Inform, raw, shapeless, swoln as with the Gout;
Hence tho his Satyr style in Gall does wallow,
His Railings are unfledg'd, his Curses callow.
But can that Name, fam'd for Bloods Circulation,

Turn Holocaust to Spleen, and Emulation?
Bold Heterodox, of prostituted Fame!
Cease to be Physicks-Zoil, or change thy Name,
Degenerate Mome, born to consute that Theme,
None of Great Harvey's Blood circles in him;
Whilst with Self-sancy'd Names thou Courts our Eyes,
Thine own is a meer Vizard and Disguise;
But see what Venom in his Heart does lurk
(A Renegade, is worse than Nat'ral Turk)
No Vertues can be seen by Jaundice Eyes,
Where Malice holds the Glass to prejudice:

Fool

The Introduction.

Fool that thouart! what ails thy fruitless spight? Bark on, the Sun still shines with his own light.

But how can'st Thou and Jesuit disagree,
As great a Snarler, and Make bate as He,
Is a Bark obnoxious be, tis a new Fashion
To sheath up Argument, and draw forth Passion.
What on this Head thou hast Material urg'd,
Wee'l then consider, when thy Spleen is purg'd.

Ome fierce Orbilim, and infiire my Rage, To founge a Medicafter of this Age; A nafty bord, that his own Nest deales.

The Wife pay aim with Scores, the lies with Smiles;

White with Self-fancy'd Manes then Courts our Eves.

An Alven from those Tents, whose Rules are fit to teach him better Manners, and more Wit.

A guarantee table that tears have showed out.

Hence the his Sarya fly le in Gas' does wallow, His Railings are nuffedy'd, his Curfes callow,

Thing one is a meer Vizerd and Disguile; -

No Vertues can be feen by Janualice Eyes, Where Malice holds the Glass to prejudice:

Gideon's

Gideon's Fleece:

AN

HEROIC POEM.

Hen Isr'el had done Evil in God's fight, And he his Scourge had made the Midianite; When fev'n years Yoke and Bondage, heavy grew, Enough to break the stiff neck of a Jew: Then Gideon, alias Ferubbaal, liv'd, One of Manasse's Tribe, that then was griev'd, And by the hand of Midian fore opprest, Despair'd of safety more than all the rest. Poor in his Family, and he the least over slows Of all his Fathers House, that made a Feast Of Broth to treat an Angel, to whose lot Did fall the Present of a Porridge-pot, A Present well accepted, 'twas the Mind was acciously More than the Gift, the Angel made fo kind. A Thresher not profest, but out of need, all was Foash his Son, of Abiezer's breed. A mean Estate good Gideon did confine, Is apt to make a bad one more repine, Fret, that defert, and learned men do thrive, When he scarce, with the P, knows how to live, Twas There

'Twas Naboth's Vineyard Ahab did invite, And Envy mov'd this spiteful Benjamite, To rail at Isr'els mighty Men, when he A Mushroom is, and ever like to be.

Had the wise whining Telper been but quiet, Minded his Broth and Porridge pot, his Diet, His picque and malice then had ne'er been known. Or that no slesh remained on his bone, But since he loves the word, Unmask'd, the same Dress does become both Venus, and his Name.

Twas Wheat was thresht by Gideon Isra'lite, But men are so by Giddy Benjamite, Men, whom the world deservedly admire, And cannot by so blunt a Tool, expire, Men in the threshing put to so much pain, As Giddy speaks a Thresher, not in grain; Romantic, frantic, antic giddy brain, Ne're did the like, nor e're can do again, An Andrew that wou'd well become a Stage Had he more Wit, and less of Spleen and rage.

But 'tis what's natural in Spleen-difease
To have a dullness on the Body seise,
And those have sits of Frenzy, and of Folly,
That are opprest with Flatus-Melancholly,
Spiteful, Complaining, ne're content with what
God's Providence designeth for their Lot;
Malicious, Envious, self-conceited, proud,
Do their own Praise, and Folly sound aloud,
Peevish and fretting at anothers Good,
The true Effects of salt, and sower blood,
Morose, revengeful, sullen, sierce, elate,
Still grudging at anothers prosp'rous State;
Vain-glorious, truculent, puss'd up with pride,
Think they know more, than all the world beside.

Thefe

Gideon's Fleece.

These Fruits grow on an Hypochondriac man, His Temper brings 'em forth, do what he can; The Cure is Consultation, 'tis too great For any Hocus to do fuch a feat, Tis the concern of skilful men, well read,

To touch This Hydra's or Medusa's head, And he that but Pretender is to Art, Had better to a Conclave Griefs impart, Than vent fo much scurrility and pride,

And think he does behind a * Curtain hide, Who wou'd effect the Cure by Hellebore,

And fend him to Anticyra for more.

Can any think but Sieur de Frisk is frantic, When he condemns another for * Romantic? Or can that man excuse him from a fiction, That well observes his * Manner of adstriction? Can't his Vulcanian Courle, Philosophie Of Staples, Stakes, and Pipe-staves mention'd, * vye

With any part of Monsieur Scudery? As if an Atome, or part minimal, Cou'd be a Wyth, or Stake, at any call; Or what determin'd was to humane shape Cou'd be a Monkey, or his Jackenape. Of what dimensions must that Atome be Whose Figure with a Staple does agree, What was fo long impenetrable known Is foften'd now, and flexible is grown.

Figures immutable, what makes the Change Not less intelligible, than 'ris strange? Simples, I mean, of which Compounds partake,

Must be of certain Form, and pristine make.

And I should think that it were easier far For any Child to bend an Iron Bar,

Than for an Atom to be turn'd, or bent,

By any force, less than Omnipotent.

Must not the Staple alway so endure,
What can agen its streightness reprocure?
You'l say, the same force crook't it first with ease
Can make it streight again, when e're it please;
Pretty! but here is doing and undoing,
Much like a former Matrons formal wooing,
Backward, and forward, pro and con, you see
In Vulcans Shop the Chast Penelope:
And I shou'd think the Staple must stand bent,
Altho', perhaps, the salt-stake may relent.
Here better may be said, * risum teneatis?

If you can dance, the Fiddle you have gratis,
And if the Pipes sweet melody but aid

*p. 196. Here better may be faid, * rifum teneatis?

If you can dance, the Fiddle you have gratis,

And if the Pipes fweet melody but aid,

Stiff-stakes will caper too, I am afraid.

But should I harken longer to this Musick

I should forget Philosophy, and Physick,

Smiling a little while I now proceed

Upon this doughty Champion's doughtier deed.

Can any read this weak Mechanick prater,

*p. 199. And not fay, that he is the * Innovator,

* p. 196. * Will with a Wisp, whose blazeing light intices

*p. 186. Out of the common way with strange * Caprices, Which if you follow, more truth will be mist,

* p. 197. Than any other * Fatrosophist.

Is this the man will not be lov'd but fear'd,
That plucks the hair off a dead Lions beard?
Drivels as if he still were chewing Mastic,

* P. 194 Moisture as Excremental, as * Phantastic?

Is this the man, or rather Gut Jejune,

To set all mankind right and into tune?

* p. 120. * Can Rules and Remedies of Physick put

(As Homer's Iliads sometime in a Nut)

Into one Sheet, on which all men (no less)

With

Gideon's Fleece.

With greater fafety, speed, and good success, May more depend, securely more rely, Than best pretenders to Anatomy? Is this the ancient * Method up to cry, To pinion Method, that shou'd freely fly? Or the Dogmatic Curer to affift Against a Quack, or * Pseudo-methodist? * p. 100 That is, that will not travel in his way * b. 186. * Novel or antique (antick I shou'd say.) * Good God! with what a bold, and brazen-face, Do some men labour others to disgrace, Make any Method of that Brat the Father, That is not Method, but is Quacking rather; And yet these men to Method can pretend, But tis no longer than 'twill ferve their end, Be down-right Quack, and Methodist together, As rain, and storm, in Sun shine; twisted weather. Is this the man that does so * featly prate Of what will purge, fix, and precipitate, All in a breath? a Febrifugue so fine, So much a Pearl, too good for Conclave Swine, * Ducklings can laugh, at what will purge and fix, And may precipitate, but down to Styx. Ducklings a better name can never lack, Duckling the best, because a Duck crys Quack. But to return, and here a little write, To do an absent man a job of right, Famous at home, abroad almost ador'd, Who do's for praise an ample field afford. Can any think fo mean of Doctor Willis But one that's meaner much, and much more fully is, That he shou'd lay so great a stress upon * Two cases, in a great Phonomenon? As for the Mothers, and the Daughters sake, Fix To raife in his own Spleen an Ague-cake?

* . 193.

Fix that Disease on Principles unsound, That with one Frisk are tumbled to the ground, * And this on Hear-say? no man can dispense With so much Malice, and so little Sense. Did not this Great man often ponder, when He thought of any thing he had to pen, Cast much about, consider many Cases, Take Practic turns, joyn'd with Theoric-paces? Confer and lay up many things in heap, First whet his Sythe, and then begin to reap? Who knew him better, had a longer knowledge, Than one that spent a small time in a Colledge, Will fay, 'twas fo, and no man took more care Good workmen, and Materials to prepare: 'Tis true he did Compose, and Set alone Wou'd hear another, that confider on, But that he was Romantic, or was Rash, No man can fay, but who deserves a Lash Well laid on by one of his own Profession,

8. *As learn'd a Schoolmaster, as good Physician.
But what if this be all the Daughter owns,

(Who speaks with honour to the Doctors bones,)
That she was once his Patient, that he gave
Her Mercury, but never digg'd her grave;
That she did slumber, far from her last sleep,
The very noise of which had made her weep,
Had discompos'd her in a high degree
And that from blame she thought the Doctor free.
What if the Mother prove much more averse
To what her dead Physician may asperse?
Both ill resent, and both do much Condemn,
Who private speech will make a publick Theme,
Heightn'd with all the aggravations can

Proceed from an enrag'd, ill-natur'd man,

Was

Gideon's Fleece.

Was not this (thus against their wills) a rape, Who both did thus (through mercy) death escape. These are the Cases, credit if you please, Thus doted on, in a perplext disease.

* In nomine Domini, can this be the same To Honesty and Conscience * lays such claime? Whose sentiment was so far in the right, When three Physicians were mistaken quite; And one shou'd tell him so, that if he wou'd Subscribe to them against the Patients good, And his own knowledge, he shou'd get so well, As he can't there express, nor e're should tell. Where's Monsieur Scudery? One of those stories, In which an honest, but no wife-man, Glories. An honest man may keep an honest Wh-And Conscience tell one L—but never more. The great Sidleian Star whose glorious ray Was as the Sun, enough to make a day, Whose shining lustre fil'd an orb it made, Tho' now he bee, (as all men) dust and shade, Set in a Clime from Noxious Vermin clear, And shineing bright in Empyrean Sphear, Enough to teach an Envious man to rest, For envy never haunts a Soul that's bleft, Painful, and pious, Searching each recess Of Nature, and the art he did profess, Endow'd with fuch a Soul, that made up all Defects cou'd e'r upon a Body fall; Candid, and Tender of anothers Fame, A good Example still to do the fame, Deserv'd much better Language. But the sport Encourag'd all, expected from the Court, And disappointed. Thanks my Muse do's Sing To both a Gracious and fagacious King, That quickly found, dislik't, pluck't out the sting.

* . 100

* p. 75.

* p. 159.

* Ir wray

Kne,

Knew tho' the word, Associate, on that score Be in Contempt, as some have been before, In an opprobrious way, I hat to apply Unto a Royal learn'd Society
Was arrogance, attemptible by none

But once a Waspe, and now a stingless drone.

The radiant beames are by reflex divine,
Like Moses Face, that make the Conclave shine,
May fright profaner men, defend till death
From Uzzahs touch, and Shimei's stinking breath.
Who Vilisies what stands on Royal Grace,
Striking the Child, slyes in the Fathers sace.

The Golden Chrysostome, whose mouth and Tongue Is one well made, and to'ther sweetly hung, Or rather the experienc'd Vlyss, Who's Tongue is tipt with better speech, than His is, Words than the purest oyl much smoother are, And than the sweetest butter softer far, Leaves the drawn sword to him whose arrows sly, Like plagues, in darkness and with secrecy. To good effect That spent abroad some time Saw Men, and Customes, in another Clime, Brought back the Vertues of a forreign nation, At home well used in a higher station,

* 1. 11c. Must be traduc'd by Nick-name of * DETATTLE

As if discoursing wisely were to prattle:
Ver'st in assairs at home, and things abroad,
Must undergo a Pædagogian Rod,
Learned, and well accomplisht, whose great soul,
Some may abuse, but (justly) none Controul;
Learning well manag'd is a double grace,
'Tis a good band, and 'tis too a good face.

lound, dillik t, plack t out the

And here I can't but cast a sheepish eye Upon the Vervex in Anatomie,

A

A double Vervex makes a heavy Busse,
Like Janus bisrons, or the Biceps muscle:
*Nabal a Belweather, by a mischance,
Where Fate, not Merit, Cattle do's advance,
Is here discharg'd, to pick up crumms with Mus,
And should love Majestie, as well as Puss.
Nabal no Belweather, but a sierce Ram,
That butts the flock, and runs at his own Dam.

Gideon to Vervex ever lent an eye,
That made him pray, his Fleece might once be dry,
But here 'tis as the Butcher ey'd the Goat,
To bind him first, and then to cut his throat.

Is the right legg on which an Art do's stand A mark of Ignominy, or a brand Of vile reproach? That Art must be but Lame, If it can any way deserve that name, That wants this help to aid, and crutch the same.

The famed Circle that the blood doth make,
The Circuit it do's round the body take,
A Circuit that is but a Visitation,
To help each part, and keep it in its station,
Discoverd by a man, whose very name
To haters of Anatomy's a shame,
We justly owe to this Industrious art,
Declares the blood comes from, slows to the Heart.

Next to the Circulation I may place
Whats near of kin, and much of the fame race,
That do's promote the motion of the blood,
A Muscle not yet throwly understood,
Protrudes it to the place where 'tis design'd
Arterial blood to Venal must be joyn'd,
Eases the thought, with what prodigious art
The blood can move so soon to every part.
The Pusse that (heretosore) sate in the throne,
Cannot in this affair (now) act alone,

But

But must admit this helper to assist, Discover'd by a late Anatomist: Whose greater pain and care, he best can know That fuch Fatigues agen shall undergo: Whose busie head and most industrious hand Much greater commendation do's command. Haveing that firm, and fure foundation laid. Art will admire, and only Quacks upbraid. This Mulcle does the arterie invest. And fuffers not Arterial blood to rest, Which by this means is ever onward prest, Was never brought to light, till fearch was made Into what lay to long obscure in shade By one yet living, ready to maintain What's shew'd in Cutts by Willis of the brain, Or lungs, or Stomach, arterie or vein, Chiefly togive the Fabrick of each part, Expects additions from the men of Art. That Knife, and Glass, the voyage first began That first did pass those streights of Magellan, Don't yet despair to shew where more things lye Cannot displease Friends to discovery, Glass Pylades, Orestes was the Knife, In Products Anatomick, Man and wife.

The Milky veins, contain the Chyle that feeds. And fresh supplies, of blood and spirit breeds, Supports the Fabrick that wou'd soon decay, Did not new still recruit, what slys away.

The dust conveys the Pancreatick juyce,
Of such necessity, and so great use,
Into the Gutts, sierce Choller to allay
That else upon those tender parts wou'd prey.

The limpid Liquor, where the Nymphs do sport: And all the water-deities resort, Of Naides, and Hyades the Court;

The

The Nerves, and whence the branches do commence To every part those Spirits to dispense, That quicken motion, and excite the sense, Keeps Nature in the frame, it should be in, And shews the hand that moves the work within.

These, and besides much more a numerous train Of parts that make, and wait upon the brain For natures Seeret Service, and command, Are products of an Anatomick hand. Who can this noble, useful art defame, Whence such advantages already came? And what may more, 'tis he alone can tell That knows the work, he made himself so well. What is * Superfluous, 'tis hard to know, Good Plants among so many weeds may grow, That he the weeds must move, that has a mind But one good plant of better fort to find. Can such an one *a Killing Idol be?

If e'r was Alexicacus, tis he. Much greater Ideots then * at Paris are Fools of the first rate, any man may swear, Who do expect to run a race, or go Without a leg, without a foot or toe, Without this Art, who wou'd Physicians be Shall pass for Fools, or Lunaticks for me. * A yellow cap becomes his head the best, And better much then where 'tis rudely plac'd Instead of Velvet on the learned Crown Of one of fo much honour, and renown. But nothing is too fawcy for a Prag, Bespatters men, and thinks he plays the wag, Is neither Horse, nor Ass, but (both) a mule, Heady and filly, whom the bit must rule, Bridle Command and Whip too must correct, Who to defame another doth affect.

* p. 30.

* p. 8.

* p. 19. 30

* b. 6d.

A:

A Chymist only makes poyl'nous projection,
A Tomist pleas'd with none but Vive dissection:
Launces, or rather butchers men alive,
Thinks that alone can make a poor man thrive.

To Vervex Iunior something to apply
That stanches blood from Jugular do's sly,
Intended to do greater mischief far
But is but what a Plethora, can spare.
'Tis Manual Operation is the Bud
Contains, wrapt up within, the greatest good,
Succeeds in Practise, to a man of Art,
Who knows the whole, can better mend a Part.
Physician, or Chyrurgion can't be bad,

That's skil'd in this, and fuch great help has had. What if in Practile some do chance to dye? Was it because the Monsieur was not by: Or if a Tendon punctur'd be or Nerve, (Which yet needs Faith, and credit must deserve) Can fuch an accident that happens ill Blanch or defame an able Surgeons skill? 'Tis real Knowledge, maugre all disaster, Will make a Scholar much out-do a Master. But what if what do's for ill Puncture pass Be nothing but an Erysipelas? On which a Gangreen may, perhaps, fur'vene, And turn about the flory quite and clean; No Nerve, nor Tenden wounded, or no pain, What then was punctur'd was the Median Vein; And fo acknowledg'd by * the man of Art, The first did to a Vein, that word impart. Is not a Surgeons Credit punctur'd thus, Assassin'd by a scattering Blunderbuss?

Charg'd with as many Bullets as might kill Twelve men, if manag'd with more wit and skill,

* p. 43.

Bnt

But now less hurtful then a single Bugg, And all may well concenter in one Slug. Rather look home, and fay thus, Pater Nofter, Forgive the daily Blunders I do foster, Stiffe and keep from publick view, and fight, Tho' others here with faults I charge in spight, Give Food, and Raiment to a man has none, And when I ask for bread, give not a Stone, Tet if a Stone should slip into my gut, I know to whom to go to have it cut, To one, I hope, (tho' him I did abuse) Will not a Patient penitent refuse. Charge not Male Practife on my younger Age, Nor on my riper years Malicious Rage, From Hatred, Envy, Malice, and the Curfe, Of want of Charity, deliver us.

This is a Christian Part, and not to fly On Places gawl'd, or strike men in the eye. The Bell founds loud, and rung will never break, Much better plac'd, then on an Emp'ric's neck: That's now in middle State, twix't fear, and hope,

Is a Vatinius to a Mirescope,

Yet when he please, of That pretends the use As some atonement for a grand abuse.

A Bawble, in another's hand, in His

Omnipotent, and a Creator is.

Wou'd Par-boile, Bake, wou'd dry, and roast enough, But that another man must find the stuff, Wou'd have the benefit of his own lash, Cou'd he reach further then a poor Calash.

Those that are better drawn about in Coaches Are objects fitted for the worst reproaches;

But n'er the worse for Rabshake's great rant,

A Poor Physician, and a weak Gallant.

Had

Had he but what the Fleece deserv'd, all men
Of idle scrible wou'd abhor his Pen,
A thing of such a foul Prodigious Genus,
As far exceeds both great and little Venus.
But as a Guerdon, for his Clerkly Pains

* 1. 13. More wit may be transfus'd into's * Calfes brains.

*p. 188. * Shagrin of this concern may take the care,
And Frisk be plagu'd materialls to prepare.
Of what great use the Microscope has been,
To all Ingenious men is plainly seen;

And he that laughs at so great help as that,

Needs not it's aid to magnifie a Bat. * FÆIUS, the Glory of his Alma Mater, Buoy'd up with fame in Practifes High water, A Sea-mark, which no Pilot but must see, And by his means escape much misery, Made for the good of others, and well may Be pitcht upon by every bird of prey: Who the' thereon he drops his dung, no hurt Comes to this Pillar, high enough from dirt; What e'r is thought of Fætus, that's the Child That has himself, and his own Bed defil'd, A hopeful bird, as ravenous, as great, a he ple Like a foul Harpie, dungs upon his meat. He that obliged has all human kind, By labouring mans Original to find, His rife, and growth, and how that Little can Was once a Point, in time become a span, That span a Child, and then that Child a man: Whose modest skill into those secrets fearcht, That Nature, like a Hawke, kept mew'd, and pearch't, Must meet with men inhuman or more plain, With Brutes that rudely will reward fuch pain :

A Book.

A Book of greater worth, I here engage,
Than all the Quacking Scribble of an Age,
Venus with all her wandring Train, can't dare
With this fixe Star, Lustre, or Light compare.

Another Scene of Mirth must be * Morbilli,

Sober, and Grave, that calls to mind Barzillai;

Aged, and true, who Complements his Art,

As loth from it, and it from him, to part;

At the same distance from a * western Bumkin,

As is a Good Musk-melon, from a Pumkin.

Would bring * the Queen, o're Fordans stream, but that His Feet can hardly go at such a rate;

Wishes her well, and prays no Ill may come By open Violence, or secret Doom;

Uleful to many, whose great Fame and Skill, His Neighbours longer eares, do vex, and fill.

Mus absent, in his place cannot appear, His Deputie's, * the Monsieur le Docteur.

Sieur Plegmatick, now in his Grave, must be Digg'd up again, hang'd in Efficie:

* Branded with all the marks in Head and Hand,

Fancy can Forge, or Envy can command:
Made the Chief Butt for Arrows were most tipt

With Pett, and (more) in Malice double dipt.

Of whom, what here is fitter to be faid,

Is, That a Learned Sober man is dead;

Ought to have Right, and Priviledge of Rest,
The Magna Charta of all Men deceast;

Great in his time at Court, and in the City, Stanch in his Judgment, though not madly witty.

His Epitaph, made by a Man of Fame,
Whose Nature flatly contradicts his Name,

Pictor and Poet, does him greater right, Is the best Antidote, expels the spite, * p. 8.

* Medici-

M4.

* p. 135.

p.110. Uc.

There

There best are read his Parts, and Charity,
How far from Base, and Sordid Actions free:
Grandeur, and Candor, if you please to hear,
Marble can speak, and Stone will make appear,
To him that both together shall compare,
What Contumelies on his Ashes lye,
Sacredard Dear, to all Posterity

Sacred and Dear, to all Posterity.

If whipping Cat of Ninetails, or Strappade,

Anointed well with Oyl of Bastinado,
Be justly due to a true Renegado,
What will become of them, that cross the Seas,
To purchase Doctor-ship at greater ease,
And, at return, affirm their Mushrom Skill,
Can cure the Men, that greater Art would kill?
Turn tail to every thing where they were born,
And think That nothing can deserve, but scorn,
Compar'd with what the Braggadocio prates,
Is had beyond Sea at much cheaper rates.
Vaunt their own great Accomplishments, and Art;
As if to all they Science cou'd impart.
These wou'd be Bell-meathers, but that 'tis found,
The Bell is crack't, or has a crasty sound.

These wou'd be Bell-weathers, but that 'tis found,'
The Bell is crack't, or has a crafty found.

Short horns best suit such mischievous shrewd kine,
That nothing humane have, much less Divine;

*Do's such a false, and idle Tale rehearse,
As shames his Prose, and ill becomes my Verse.
To give the Painter his true Colours then,
The Doctor was desir'd, or call'd, 'tis ten
To one; or on the old ones tir'd Back,
A new Disease might come, with fresh attacque;
Carus, or Apoplectick sit may smite,

*p. 75. And that might make the Painter say, * Good night, When all the fault upon the Jesuit lies,

* p. 135. * Good man and true! without him no man dies,

But

To whom 'tis malice to affign this Function, To close up Eyes, or funge in * extream Unction. * Who can report fix grains of Sale of Amber, Can, but by Frisk be thought, to fill a Chamber-Pot of a Kilderkin? Perhaps, more may Bring Water in great quantity away, So this may ferve another to expose, The matter was not much, what was the Dose: This was enough to raile the Cry, * Oibo! 'Tis Conclave Cardinals make Urine fo, The Dogs without, and * Dock-tail'd Currs, do miss, When they hold up their Crippl'd Legs, to pils. The same Untruth and Malice, you may find, In other things: I hast to what's behind. To shew this Monsieurs picque is general, Spares none, but like to death attacqueth all, Opens at all, falls foul upon a Brother, And wou'd, if she cou'd be a man, his Mother, Sheds Venom on a man of * Bouncing Fame, A man of great, and yet without, a name; 'Tis not material, some body was meant, What he most Fancies, whether Dort, or Trent; Trojan or Tyrian, 'tis no matter which, The man must scratch, if Envy does but itch; Yet from himself he draws the greatest Blood, And that way, if a witch, may be withstood; But 'tis no Conjurer, the greatest need, Is from a Calenture he has to bleed, Passing the line, distemper'd he is grown, Else he the Conclave wou'd have let alone. The thing's too plain for any to pals by, The foul Harangue of a fine Butterfly; * A famed Norw. Doctor, that shou'd scour Unto his Patient, in a Coach and four,

But for a Butterfly, made such a halt,

As made soft Fire (he says) make stinking malt;

But what a pretty * answer is there said,

By the new widow, to the Doctor made,

Such as is deeply dipt in a Romance,

And savours much of A-la-made a France.

And lavours much of A-la-made a France.

7. 198. * Who to their Institutes a Conclave lends,
Shou'd see that Truth Intelligence attends,
That he be well inform'd, and not asperse,
The living Gown, or the descased Herse,
That samous Person was too great, too high,
Too wife, too solid, to regard a fly
Domitian-like; when great concerns were near,

Domitian-like; when great concerns were near,
Then unconcerned, and childish to appear;
But grant 'twas so, the Patient might have dy'd,
Before his Wise his Quackship cou'd have spi'd,
Cubb'd in Calash, or on a Winged Steed,
What e're his haste was, or how great his speed;

Since it did so evene, I may so say,

And not predestinate mens lives away;

Unless this may perhaps be in your mind,

To frustrate means the Fly was then design'd;

But did not Politick's Divinely erre,

That Monsieur was not destin'd to be there?
Who wou'd have scorn'd the Coach, and been the Fly;
Put on his Wings, before the Sick should dye.

And since I name his Quackship, 'tis but right,
To bring some of his Virtues into sight,
His Craft, and his Technologie, to get
The Fish that will not bite, into his Net.

* First he before him sendeth out a Scout,

To make his way, and bring the thing about;

Instructs his Emissaries, sends before

Such Cattle, then himself knocks at the Door;

p. 61.

But

But first (defir'd) his Scout prepares the way, And what an Artist this man is, does say, Has cured fuch and fuch, that were deplor'd, And by his Speech, makes him almost ador'd; Then does the woodcock fall into the Trap, And lives or dies, as good or ill shall hap. Works off the former * Phyfick-man, that he, To kill, may have the greater Liberty; Is petulant, and feldom will confer About the Case of any * Sufferer, Without Affront, or Huff, will take a care The man he meets, be just of his own hair, No joyning elfe, elfe no way to comply, But Discord is the greatest Harmony. Such Rascal Deer do oft outly the Pale, And are not much concerned in the Tale; But if they wanton, or too fat do grow, The Keeper then must use his Gun or Bow. * The Nail well CLENCHED on the other side; Fast rivetted, will ever so abide, Cannot be drawn, untill his Pincers come, That for another left so little room; to suo all bak A Nail that's driven with so great a stroke, As might one of the Brother-hood provoke; Isma'l, contentious Member, rotten Limb, Conclave, and Quack, are jointly met in him: To whom I wish a Temper free from stealing, Less of the Quack, and more of fairer dealing; Or, if he wants an Office, I'd prefer To be the Conclaves Annual Scavenger, Provided he himself did well demean, Not make more foul, the place he should keep clean? * The next Physician to the House that's best, In spacious Paris, sacred in the west, Must:

Must have a slap of Reynards stinking Tail, Tho' it to hurt him nothing does avail 'Twas nothing but because he was not there, Had he but come, h'ad cur'd the Pewt. But being not call'd in, the man was flain, Unhappy much, beyond a Country Swain; 148. Two Planets (* Saturnine) presage his Death, When he alone propitious was to Breath; Cou'd give the Lease of Life a longer date, Cou'd parly Death, and give a check to Fate,

Cou'd be the best directing Gynosure,

And knew the thing, did never fail to Cure. Were * Russia Discipline now used here, He wou'd his share of Justice have, I fear, Whose longer Practise ne're can Maiden be, As an Affize from Execution free. Had such a Custom been in England, then He never now had rail'd at better men; Had been a Sufferer by Lex Talionis,

And no body had taken out de Bonis. This only wou'd notabile have been, And he out of a constant course of sin. But fince he lives to cast that in the Dish Of one, has greater Fame than he cou'd wish, I hope all Men will laugh, and no man vex At the fly trick of such a Carnifex.

A fatal Error, there, perhaps might be Unknown to him, caus'd that Catastrophe, Or time appointed, which God only knows, Without a Fault, the Patients Eyes might close, Which here I leave to men of Art that know What As'rum Roots, and Buckthorne Syrup do ;

Only fuggest Scammoniats, and Mercurials,

Have made more Slaughter, and procured more Burials.

Thefe

These are the marks this Monsieur levels at, Too free in Censure, ever to be fat, In scribling spends himself: Thus Rabbits play, Much rain, and frisking washes Fat away.

If any more his venom'd Arrows hit, For I did only cast an Eye on it; Never have Patience Libels to peruse, That Learned Men, and Worthy do abuse: Never approve in Poetry, or Profe, To hang a man, unless 'tis by the Nose, He that lets loofe a Bull-dog pen on man, Will cut his Throat, when e're he fairly can. Credit is next to Life, nay, greater Blis, A better Being, than bare Being is: Who, unprovok't, another fets upon, 'Tis ten to one is scratcht, if not undone. To any toucht, if I have not done right, I will next time Tarantula does bite, Next Caper's cut, or the next frisk is made, And now retire from Sun shine into shade, To meditate upon a Hackny Fade. First from the Worthier men their Pardon crave Beneath desert, if treated em I have.

Here Gemini the Constellation shines,

Simeon with Levi force together joyns;

* Simeon the Doctor does in Van appear,

Levi the Surgeon marches in the rear,

Commanded by de Frisk, all three attaque,

And joyntly leap upon anothers back.

Had not this Doctor better staid at home,

Then come abroad to carp, and play the Mome;

Whose Haunches wou'd much better fill a Chair,

Then play such pranks, scarce here accounted fair,

Beneath

Beneath the worth and place of a Professor, To favour Trigg, or Culpeppers Successor.

Levi the younger Tribe, and much more dull,

Famous for little Brain, and a thick Skull;

Who shews his Teeth, that are too blunt to bite,

And hates what he should be, an Isra'lite,

The Junior Vervex is the likeliest man,

Levy's full inch-thick Granium to Trepan,

Vhere can no danger be of hurt to Brain,

Much like a Rabbets, when the Moons in VVain.

Levi the Curfed Cow with her short Horns,

May cure a Pensil wart, and cut mens Cornes,

But if you look for one of greater Art,

Gideon can tell where Vervex keeps his mart.

And here I may both Profe and Poem joyn, Embarked in almost the same design, Profane, Traducing, Dull, in every line; was of Profe without Grace, and Poems without Wit, Are like a rotten Nut has nought in it, 1990 1234 When Magot has devour'd the Kernel, then won but The Empty shell is not fir Food for Men. Were I to chuse what man I thought the best. And among Poets Saul above thereft; I ne're should think a self-conceited thing Cou'd be of very Poetasters King; I rather like a Modest Muse, that hears, What others fay, and at them pricks her ears. Then a damn'd Porcupine, whose venom'd quill. Can shed the Blood of whom he please to kill. Is't Wit or Wile, I'd ask a fordid Muse, In Profer, or in Poet, to abuse? Here now my Muse, wou'd take a little rest, Claiming what others want, quieta est. (After a little Pause.)

She's

She's now refresh't, and travels on before ye, Into some other parts of Sacred Story.

When Isra'l was to try the mighty band Of his Almighty Sovereigns Command, To cause the force of Midian to retreat, And with 300 a great host defeat; Then Gideon pray'd, a Fleece, if dry, might be A Signal promise of a Victory; His suit was granted; Fleece was dry; on all The Ground about a mighty dew did fall.

'Tis now no miracle, the Fleece is dry, Gideon can shew't without a Prodigy. And to its dryness you may add, 'tis light, With Pores well stufft with Drollery, and Spite: Who ought of Argument in it can meet, Had need of Eyes that are not dim to fee't. No Vein but railing, and of Nerves not one Is to be found in this dry Sceleton: The Viscera are all become one Spleen, Nought else but That, and Lungs are to be seen ? Nought else does fill the Cavity below, Except that part whence bitter Gall does flow. Fejunum does appear the greatest Gut, Ileon, and Colon, are in Cacum put, Cecum's the Babies Rectum too, the Blind Gut is so cramm'd, it leaves a stink behind, A stink does to the Infant most adhere, Who does himself with his own Dung besmere. The Brain so little, and its bulk so small, Is next of kin to what is none at all; And easie 'tis to think, a thing that's dull Can come from none, but from an empty Skull. Yet that which greatest therein I do see, Is what is call'd Rete mirabile.

Ę

A Net well bird-lim'd, spred with a Design To hasten work, and multiply the Coin.

This was a Voyage for the Golden Fleece, Attempted by a flock of gaggling Geefe:
Not such as lav'd Romes Capitol from harm,
But such as Colches were resolv'd to storm.
A Crew of Sea-men, strong and lusty Louts,
And Jason there, Chief of the Argonauts.

But stay-

'Tis not the taking some Outlandish Air, Can make a man accomplisht home repair, Unless the Root be in him, no good Fruit Can be expected; 'Tis a better Brute, A Stallion dreft with Ribbon, fo well bred, To leape a Common Brain, and Vulgar Head. A pair of whiskers, and the Sieur de Frisk, Make Art no greater, tho' the man more brisk; Some Transmarine, tho' Hospital Physicians Have no more Skill than Vagabond Musicians; 'Tis Judgment to the Mill that brings the Grift; The Butcher fees more than th' Anatomist; Things too familiar feldome will grow big; A Grocers Prentice scarce will touch a Fig; And tho' the Traveller the Cogg more mind, The home-bred dufty-pole more Corn will grind.

Physick, and all the Care of It is vanish'r, Out of that Breast wou'd have Physicians banish't;

* Writes Bodin, Sueton, Seneca say thus,

Quintilian also, and Herodotus;
If they a Barb'rous action but relate,
The same is laudable in his wisepate;
And what in Foreign parts inhumane was,
Must every where as practicable pass,

" p. 114

Because

Because Some suit not with a peevish mind, To All in general he'l prove unkind, Taking a Pet (perhaps) at Two or Three, Extend his Rage to all the Faculty: Ripup the Bowels, that himself have born, And Nero-like, expose to view and scorn: But this does too great Honour to him lend, Med'cin no Viper is, nor bare this Fiend; An Afiatick Monster, Meager, Slender, Got where wild Beafts come down to Drink, and Gender. 'Tis best this way an Artist to become, And this the best Anatomy to Some. Who, if they bring this Custom into fashion, Should be the first are banisht from the Nation; Were all like him to Physick did pretend, Most wou'd be plea'sd it might have such an end. Can any think this probable can be;

* New Observations in Anatomy
Shou'd be discovered more by one than all
The num'rous Conclave, Pope, and Cardinal?
And yet this man Dissection to pursue,
With all the Malice to a Caitiff due;
Here's a plain Surfet taken of a Knife,
Too much of Pride, too little of a wife

Perverteth Judgment, and Debauches Life.

Herostratus, a Temple did instante,

To see if that way he cou'd raise a name:

And 'tis the Province of a sneaking Drabb

To lend sometimes Authority a stabb:

'Tis a great step to an Egregious Knave,

At one time to attaque a whole Conclave:

And tho' the care be great of Guard and Welt,

The blow may be, when unexpected, felt.

E 2

erebes it further, than I can rehearies

A Suburb-Cat should mind no City-Mice & Distemper'd Persons need the most advice, A Name so great, so famous, cease to wear, Or to abuse his Conclave, Quack! forbear ; And that of Gideon evermore decline, Or, under meaner Fortune, cease to whine. He that would live in Calm, and rest in Shade, Must not anothers Name or Fame invade; For who an ill Aggressor once is found, Is ever plagu'd still to make good bad Ground. Who loves to contradict anothers fense, May that way Doctor Singular Commence, Live an uneasie Life, and when he dies, Have this Inscrib'd, * Doctor of Contraries. But to go on with a brisk Gale and Tyde, And after Safely at an Anchor ride; Breath of good men, not to usurp, but gain, Saluted Admiral upon the main, Top and Top gallant, Pendant, Streamer wear, Is that which Contradiction cannot bear. Roughness one Creature claims as a true mark, And curs may have a property to bark, Shapeless is one, and snarling is the other; Diff'rent in kind, in rudeness each a Brother. Honour is not in him that does receive, But better plac'd in him, that does it give; He is the Fountain whence Respect does flow; The Man is but a rivulet below, Damn'd up, or stopp'd, by every wash, or fall Of a great Tide, or of a rotten Wall. The best advance is by Humility, And none can make so great a Leap, as he That first retreats, and then comes on more fierce, Fetches it further, than I can rehearfe.

P. 135.

Ine're the better am, if ten be bad,
Nor can one Vertue in their Vice be had.
I may a bitter envious mind express,
And thereby make my self so much the less
But if I wou'd August and Great appear,
I'd not deserve, or no mans Censure fear:
Censure but sew; not count my self the best,
He that Connives is sooner at his rest.

To take all men he meets with by the Throat;
Expose with all the foulest Play he had,
VVhat, with a fair Construction, can't be bad;
VVere all due Circumstances weigh'd and clear,
The Charge wou'd not so terrible appear:
But when one so much envious freedom takes,
Censures but what himself observes and makes;
Tis ill to bring such Mormo's into sight,
And then with them himself, and others fright,
Lay Death and Slaughter at anothers door,
That is as far from that, as being poor.
First make a Body of Absurdities,
Then cloth it with malicious disguise.

Tis no good Nature, much less any Skill,
To fave the Patient, but the Doctor kill,
Endeavour, by all means, such to expose,
Are others Friends, and only are his Foes;
Made so by Crossness, and a Peevish Frame,
That will allow none else to have a Name.

Envy's the worst Companion e're can be,
Embracing, Jvy-like, it kills the Tree;
'Twas Lacus did wittily Torment,
And with such VVit was into Torment sent;
There made a Hellish Judg, sit for the place,
Some still remain of Lacus's Race:

But:

Gideon's Fleece.

30

But I can ill allow it to be wit, Folly enough may be observ'd in it; Folly the wit has so much overgrown, That wit from Folly hardly can be known. Some wore their Eyes abroad, the Story tells, At home were Beetles, Moles, and Dotterels. Candour becomes all men of greatest Art, Not to be too Severe, or madly Tart; Who makes a Burning-Bull for others fame, Perillus like, must perish in the same. A Tyrant can't but this just Sentence pass, Since both are hot, and both are made of Brass. Heel find two things, whoever shall be there, To be a Patient, and a Sufferer: In heat Tormenting that must suffer still, Let Patience, or Impatience work its will. The Conclave ne're will need, nor fear that Fiend, That in Reproaches does his Talent spend; But in Contempt, and plain Defiance stands * p. 107. With Envious Quacks, and boafting * Scharlatans.

: sonl a way Et to minmer

To the READERS of this FOEM.

A Smiter wou'd let none pass by,
Without a Blow or Calumny,
And those upon their Faces found,
He jobbernowl'd against the Ground,
To give an ease was general,
* The Cynick hung him on the Wall
Of Æsculapius Temple, where
Before that God he did appear,
And all Spectators present, saw
A Rayler, an Anathema.
Believe not me, believe your Eyes,
A smiter is made Sacrifice.

* Vid. Diog. Laert. iu vita Diog. p. 388. Ed. Steph. 1593. ubi hæc verba: Tã 'AGNAMAI- ã à vé nae wanalu.

PHILIATRUS.

FINIS.

To the READERS of this TO THE OF M.

A Smiter would let none pals by,

You those upon their Faces lound,

He jebbernous's egainst the Ground,

To give an ease was general,

The Cynics hung him on the Wall

Of Affashesias semple, where

Before that God he did appear,

And all specificars present,

Believe not me, believe your Eyer,

A Smiter is made Stenise.

* ITA. Diin win Elin win Elcol. 5.388.
Ld. Supb.
1598. ubi
hac verbr: Tü
hac verandreneand

PHILIATRUS.

FINIS.

