

A letter from the facetious doctor Andrew Tripe [pseud.] [i.e. W. Wagstaffe], at Bath, to the venerable Nestor Ironside. With an account of the reception Mr. Ironside's late present of a Guardian met with from the worshipful Mr. Mayor, and other substantial inhabitants of that ancient city. To which is added, a prescription from the doctor, by way of postscript, exactly suited to his distemper.

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LETTER

From the Facetious DOCTOR

Andrew Tripe,

W. WAGSTAFFE AT
BATH,

To the Venerable

Nestor Ironside.

WITH

An Account of the Reception Mr. IRONSIDE's late
Present of a *Guardian* met with from the Wor-
shipful Mr. Mayor, and other substantial *Inhabi-*
tants of that Ancient CITY.

To which is added,

A Prescription from the Doctor,

By Way of POSTSCRIPT,

Exactly suited to his DISTEMPER.

The Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the Middle. Hud.

Parte tamen Meliore mei super alta perennis
Astra ferar; nomenq; erit Indelibe nostrum. Ovid.

London, Printed for J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall, 1714.
Price 6 d.

LETTER

From the Famous Doctor

Andrew Tipton

AT

BATH

To the Venerable

Nestor Ironside.

WITH

An Account of the Reception Mr. Ironside's late
Present of a Guardian met with from the Wor-
shipful Mr. Mayor, and other substantial Inhabi-
tants of that Ancient CITY.

To which is added,

A Prescription from the Doctor

By Way of POSTSCRIPT.

Exactly suited to his DISTEMPERS.

The Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle

is sung, but breaks off in the Middle. Hud.

Particulars Melrose met paper also contains

Alva fern; mosses; etc. Inhabits noxious. Ovid.

London. Printed for J. Johnson near St. Martin's-Hall, 1714.

A
LETTER

FROM THE

Facetious Dr. *TRIPLE*, &c.

Right Venerable,

THAT *Aggregate* Philosopher, Mr. *Isaac Bickerstaff*, of most memorable *Countenance*, does, I remember, in several of his *Moral Aphorisms*, make very honourable Mention of himself, for such of his *Essays*, as were levelled at the general Benefit of Mankind; and, upon this Head, does fairly give himself the Preference to all the Learned, his Contemporaries, from Dr. *Sw--ft* himself even down to Poet *Cr--spe* of the *Custom-House*.

This, with due Respect to his Memory, favours somewhat more of Self-love, than cou'd be well expected from so *unbiass'd* a Philosopher: For I can see no Reason, nor do I believe he himself cou'd, why the elaborate Productions of those who sweat hard to rescue the laudable Actions of the Town, or Corporation, where they either were born, or of which they were *Inhabitants*, from the Jaws of Oblivion, and transmit them with Decency to Posterity,

A should

shou'd not deserve, at least, an equal *Encomium*.

Upon this Consideration I have, with unwearied Application and no small Expence in Coffee and Tobacco, perused all the *Neotographical Tracts* as well Foreign as Domestick, lately published by those painful and accurate Penmen, the *News-writers*, as the Vulgar term them, that I might thoroughly inform my self, what Account they gave the World, of the Magnificent Reception, which the Inhabitants of this Ancient and Noble City of *Bath*, gave to the *invaluable* Present, which you did them the Honour lately to make them; And see whether they handled so important a Point, with that Nicety of Truth, and Majesty of Style, that the History of so solemn a Ceremony required. But, to my great Astonishment, and much greater Concern, I found 'em all, (to their Discredit be it spoken) as Silent upon the Matter, as if such a Thing had never been, *in rerum Natura*; or at least, had happen'd in the dark Days of *Popery* and Ignorance.

'Tis true, it his hard to condemn so Numerous and so eminent a Body of *Learned* Men, in some whereof, 'tis possible, it might be unpremeditated Omission: But in Others, especially those of Our own Island, I cannot forbear thinking it was downright
Spleen

Spleen and Envy : And (God forgive me) I have a strong Suspicion, that my very good Friend, the indefatigable and judicious Mr. *Abel*, whom I look upon to be the *President* of all the *Hebdomadal Writers* of this *Century*, has a great deal to answer on this Head. In Love therefore to the Town of *Bath*, to which I have the Honour of being *Physician in Ordinary*: And, out of my most profound Respect, Sir, for your Venerable Person, (whose unparallel'd Bounty, I would gladly see perpetuated to all succeeding Ages) I have diligently consulted Our *Publick Records*, and with utmost Fidelity transcribed from them the following Copy.

‘ Sometime about the latter
 ‘ End of *October*, Anno 12 *Reginae* *Regist. Ann.*
 ‘ *Annae*. As Mr. Mayor, Mr. Re- *12 Reginae*
 ‘ corder, the Facetious Dr. *Andrew* *Annae. Fol.*
 ‘ *Tripe*, (meaning your most *36.*
 ‘ humble Servant) Mr. *Lenitive* the Apo-
 ‘ thecary, and several other worthy Citi-
 ‘ zens, were, one Afternoon at the Coffee-
 ‘ house, gravely discoursing of Politicks, and
 ‘ were insensibly fallen into a Polemical
 ‘ Argument, upon this intricate and im-
 ‘ portant Question, *Whether, in Case the*
 ‘ *Pope of Rome shou’d have a Fancy to alter*
 ‘ *his State, and take unto him a Wife, An*
 ‘ *Act of Parliament wou’d be either, a neces-*
 ‘ *sary, or a Sufficient Warrant for his so*
 ‘ *doing?*

‘ *doing* ? While the Point was discuss’d with
 ‘ that Solidity of Learning, and Maturity
 ‘ of Thought, that cou’d be expected from
 ‘ a Company of such *bright* Men, especial-
 ‘ ly upon so ticklish a Subject, who shou’d
 ‘ come in, but Mr. *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Intelli-
 ‘ gencer General of the Town, by whose
 ‘ earnest Looks, and violent Panting for
 ‘ Breath, they soon perceived, that he was
 ‘ big with some Occurrence of Moment,
 ‘ of which he wanted to be immediately
 ‘ delivered.

But, before I proceed any further in this great Undertaking, I find my self obliged, *Most Learned Sage*, by the Rules of Method, to make a small Digression in order to give you a cursory Description of the Person, Parts, and Profession of Mr. *Isaac Bickerstaffe*, because I conceive it to be a Preliminary absolutely requisite towards the right Understanding of this great History, and because without such Digression (according to Agreement with my Bookseller) this my *Letter* would not make so considerable a *Figure* as to reach the Price of Six Pence, which however, as it is *Inter nos*, I desire may remain a Secret between *me* and my *Reader*.

Mr. *Isaac*, you must know, Sir, is much about your own Age and Size, and, if I may credit those who pretend to know you, not
 unlike

unlike you in the Face. He is of a *Saturnine* Complexion, not without some visible Indications of suffering much by the Obstructions in the *Hippocondria*, from whence heavy and Caliginous Fumes continually ascending to the Region of his Head, do powerfully invade the Territory of his Brain, where, meeting with little Resistance, through the too much Natural Imbecillity of the Part, they make a most sad Havock in the *Glandula Pinealis*. This renders him anxious all the While he is awake, disturbs him when asleep, and makes him dream of Nothing else but *Chains, Gallies, Gibbets, Raw-heads* and *Bloody-bones*, by the terrifying Relation of which, he often frightens many of the Children of Her Majesty's good Subjects from their Bread and Butter.

He has naturally a downcast foreboding Aspect, which, they of the Country hereabouts, call a *Hanging Look*, and an unseemly Manner of Stareing, with his Mouth wide open, and Under-Lip propending, especially when any Ways disturb'd; which is a vehement *Diagnosis*, that there is a great Relaxation in the *Optick-Nerves*, by which their Communication with the *Pia Mater* is become unactive, and the Poignancy of the Intellects render'd Obtuse.

He

He takes a great Deal of Pains to persuade his Neighbours, that he has a very short Face, and a little flat Nose, like a diminutive Wart, in the Middle of his Visage, because he was told once by a *Dutch Fortune-Teller*, that high hook'd Noses were very ominous, and denoted Cowardice, whereas that other Simmetry was an infallible Indication of Choler predominant, which he hopes, may upon Occasion supply his Natural Want of Courage.

His Eyes are large and prominent, too big of all Conscience, for the Conceited Narrowness of his *Phiz*, and have been for some Years very Subject to an Infirmary, which We Doctors call the *Gutta-Serena*; and though he has been often told of the wonderful Cures lately perform'd by the Famous *Ophthalmist* Dr. *Henrick*, all over the Kingdom, he will not be persuaded to make use of him, but calls him Quack, at the same Time, that he knows full well, that the honest Doctor is allow'd by the *College* to practice, after a most rigorous Examination.

His Back, tho' not very broad, is well turn'd, and will bear a great deal: I have seen him my self, more than once, carry a vast Load of Timber. His Legs also are tolerably substantial, and can Stride very wide upon *Occasion*; but the best Thing about him,

is a handsome Pair of Heels, which he takes special Pride to shew, not only to his Friends, but even to the very worst of his Enemies.

As to his Parts, he sets up for a *Virtuoso*, a *Philosopher*, and what not! And does not only believe it himself, but has perswaded others too, that he has a *Monstrous* Wit: One Day, he gave Bills about for Folks to come and see it, but unadvisedly demanding *Two Pence* a Piece, he was hiss'd, and hooted at, in a most unbecoming Manner. This made him afterwards be somewhat Cautious, how he ventured abroad with it; And it is observed that, almost ever since, all his Discourses have been gravely dull, without the least larding of Wit.

Notwithstanding this, Men of as profound Parts as himself do really allow that he has not only a *Genius* naturally adapted to Schemes and Projects, but was actually the first Inventer of Certain surprising *Paper--Machines*, which, by only looking upon 'em, make People almost as wise as they were before, to the great Wonder and Satisfaction of all the Beholders. It was he also, that first discover'd that the Chin of Man was a Musical Instrument, and taught Boys how to play upon it; a Harmony indeed altogether unknown to

Anti-

Antiquity. And I am credibly inform'd, that he has now almost brought to Perfection a System, for fixing the Moveable Feasts, after so wonderful a Manner, that from this present Year *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirteen*, to the Year *Seventeen Thousand and Twenty Four*, inclusive, *Easter Day* may always fall on a *Sunday*; which must needs be, of vast Use towards reconciling the ill natur'd Difference so long maintain'd betwixt the *Julian* and *Gregorian* Account.

He has moreover an exquisite Faculty in finding out the Harmony of *Monosyllables*, by the Help of which, he can easily muster, upon Occasion, a Power of pretty Sounding Words, Signifying Nothing. This he calls his Art of *Lerology*, that is, of saying a great Deal to little Purpose, and designs it for a perpetual Fund to pay his Debts with.

It is reported by some, that he has attain'd the *Menstruum* of *Hermes*; and can make the basest of *Dutch-Coin* pass for true *Sterling*. Others will have it, that he *Dreams* with his Eyes open; can dissolve Ice by the Help of Fire, and tell Boys by looking in their Faces, if their Noses stand awry; for which he has been reputed a *Necromancer*. But his Master-Talent lies in picking up, and retailing of Threadbare Stories: And it is to his wonderful

derful Sagacity herein, that we of this Town owe the first Hints of the Death of that worshipful Knight, Sir *Roger de Coverly*. But there is a dreadful Misfortune attends him, that as he seldom speaks Truth, so he is seldom or never believ'd ; and as he not only will invent most *unmerciful Relations* of Matters here and there transacted, so he has another Property, that for the Heart's Blood of him, he cannot tell a Story as it is told him, but let it be never so often repeated, will be sure to endeavour to adorn it with his own Flourishes, and the *gentle Reader* is often disappointed, when he thinks himself sure of knowing Something ; which, whether it proceeds from any Lesion, or Defect in the *Cerebellum*, from a Natural Dulness of Apprehension, or a *Deceptio visus* of his Memory, will appear one of these Days, when his Brains come, after a *decent Execution*, to be *dissected* at *Surgeon's-Hall*.

Altho' some invidious Persons have endeavour'd, by oblique Hints, to suggest, that he is no Scholar, it is a most malicious Insinuation, for, to my own Knowledge, he went sometimes to School, when he was a Boy ; and I can solemnly affirm, that, besides a curious Dissertation which he has lately publish'd upon the *Liberty and Property* of the Three great contending Rivals,

C

W H O,

WHO, THAT, and WHICH; and the entertaining Dialogues betwixt the *Watchman* and his *Goose*: This very individual Mr. *Isaac Bickerstaff* has actually in the Press, a most *Elaborate Treatise*, which must needs be of unconceivable Emolument to such of the Inhabitants of this Island, as can neither read, nor write; of which, I am told, the Generality of his Subscribers consist. In this learned Piece, 'tis said, he has demonstrated, almost Mathematically, with what Brightness and Vivacity he can abstract *Acts of Parliament*, and, that, to the no little Mortification of some *Nocturnal Pains-Takers* about the *Temple*, he has made as great a Proficiency in the *Law*, as ever he did in *Physick* or *Divinity*, or any other Art or Science.

His *Elocution* is not what ought to be least admired: And, bateing that he is very apt sometimes to mistake one Thing for another, I know no Man alive will talk more of Matters altogether beyond his Reach: Which I take to proceed from hence, that having had his first Education in a *Coffee-house*, where such *Bright Men*, as *You* and *I* did usually resort, and heard them frequently discourse of the *Interest* of *England*, *Ballance* of *Europe*, *Exorbitant Growth* of *France*,
Danger

Danger of Popery, Prerogative of the Crown, Rights of the People, Power of Parliament, Magna Charta, Religion, Liberty, Property, Commerce, Navigation, and the like, he was so charm'd with the Sound, that without troubling his Head in the least, about the true Meaning of those Terms, he got a reasonable Quantity of 'em by Heart, which he repeats at Random in all Company : And has in a great Measure perswaded himself into a Belief, that his being so often in the Room where these Gentlemen used to talk, is Reason enough for him to understand the Matter as well as they did. Like Bessus the Centurion, of whom a certain Author of great Antiquity, writes, that he fancied himself to be unmeasurably valiant, because he happen'd once to march along with an Army of Fifty Thousand gallant Lacedemonians. Or that other extraordinary Person, I think his name was Rhodomontadoides mention'd somewhere by Strabo, who having but a bare promise once of seeing the Roman Senate in a full House, it so tickl'd his Fancy, that he already believed himself wise enough to prescribe Laws to the whole Empire.

I must not undertake, O wise Man, to inform you exactly, what Religion he is of ; for though he'll shake the Par-

Parson of the Parish familiarly by the hand; make him a reverend Bow as he passes by, and follow him sometimes to the Church, yet he declares publicly, that he cannot be reconcil'd to the *Church-Wardens*, for Suffering the *Pulpit* to stand too high, or rather for suffering the *Pew* to stand by the *Pulpit*.

Prophaness, and Immorality are what he cannot justly be tax'd with: For he has a discreet Woman to his Wife, who keeps a very strict Hand over him, and by giving him now and then due and wholesome Correction, makes him live within decent Bounds: For which, tho' he dares not mutter a Syllable within her hearing, for fear of the *Strapado*, he rails most bitterly at *Petticoat Government*, behind her back; and says, it is a burning shame, that *Women* shou'd be suffer'd to have so great a sway, when there are so many *Good Men* in *Germany*.

One thing I had like to have forgot, and that is, his most profound Skill in the Rules of Motion, especially that Branch of it, that relates to *Dancing*, which he defines, *An Epitome of all human Learning*. And I am told by an Intimate of his, that he has now ready for the Press, several curious Essays upon the several Parts of that truely Noble, and Comprehensive Science, wherein he
proves

proves by Arguments *Phisical*, *Musical* and *Mathematical*, that *Dancing* is not only the *Primum Mobile* of all Arts and Sciences; but that the Motion of the Sun, Moon, and other Celestial Bodies, is but a sort of a *Cheshire Round*, which they dance to the Musick of the *Spheres*. And moreover, that the Principal feat of human Souls, especially those of the fair Sex, is in the Heels, of which he gives this as an experimental Demonstration, that whenever you take a Woman fast hold by them, 'tis ten to one but her Soul is your own; Besides several other new and valuable discoveries, too many to be inserted here, which I pass *Euphoniæ gratia*, to come to his Profession.

This was lately, what, in some Sense, might be term'd *Martial*; for he was a Sergeant in the *Militia*, and in a fair way of mounting in time to the Dignity of *Provost*, but having a natural Aversion to that *French* familiar Way of hitting one another most Ungentleman like *Blows*, too frequent amongst Military Men, he judiciously laid aside his *Halberd*, and is now saluted by the Name of *Doctor*.

I cannot omit inserting here, that some have industriously spread a report, that he formerly had got his living, as his Father had done before him, by Subverting,
and

and New Modelling the Antient Constitution of *English Beards* in Church, and State; And was, what we vulgarly call, a *Barber*, from the Latin word *Barba*, which, according to some Authors of Note and Antiquity, Signifies, you know, that portion of hair, that grows upon humane Faces. But I do *Bona Fide*, look upon this part of the story to be altogether *Apocriphal*.

As to his present Circumstances, I can vouch for him, that he is above all such Calumnies, and in a fair way of soon having the Whip hand of all the Malignants that oppose him; For he has not only a Prospect of being *Beadle* of his Parish, if the *Church Wardens* will but approve of his Election: But has already a Magisterial *Recipe*, with which he does not doubt, if if you believe his *printed Bills*, to cure all such of our Countrymen, as are troubled with the *Heart-burn*, and *Grumblings* in the *Gizzard*, provided, they will but religiously abstain from mentioning the two fatal Words, *Nantz*, and *Bourdeaux*, which, with immense labour and study, he has lately discover'd, to be impregnated with an occult Quality highly destructive to the *English Commerce*.

He

He extolls to the very Sky his new Method of preparing *Steele-Pills*, with which he proposes in Time to open all the obstructed *Spleens* of this Nation. This is also a *Narcotick* and a *Nostrum*: But his *Arcanum Magnum* is, his *Emplastrum pro Nucha*, which, I am fully satisfied, is a *Specifick Catholicon* for all Distempers if rightly applyed, and tyed on *Secundum Artem* under the left Ear. This he has studied *ex professo* for the present ease, and relief of such of his Friends as are not very well in their Minds; And I hope they will find the Benefit of it: It is a Noble Preparation of *Hemp-seed*, which he holds to be that true Seed of the right *female Fern*, so mightily cryed up by Modern Philosophers.

All these great points thus duly premis'd it is not improbable, but that in the Frontis-piece of a well bound Book, You may one of these days, meet with this Great Man's *Vera Effigies*, handsomely cut, and underneath it, his Name *Isaacus Bickerstaffius* printed at full Length with an *Anno Ætat.* &c. and the additional Title of *Medicus*: Which he may very well do, if what a modern Critick of stupendious Erudition observes in his *Annotations upon Horace*, be true, that the Words *Medicus*, and *Madicus* were antiently

antiently usurp'd by most of the *Arabian* Writers, to signify the self same thing, tho' of late Days they are quite of a different Acceptation.

Having thus far, *most Venerable Sage*, trespass'd upon your Patience, and given you succinctly such *Items* as were absolutely necessary, I think my self oblig'd to acquaint you what Opinion some Persons have conceived of you and of your late *Behaviour*, and *Correspondence* with the *Inimitable Mr. Bickerstaff*.

There are, I can assure you, who with Confidence have reported, That your new *Acquaintance* has debauch'd your *Principles*, and since his declaring himself of the *Profession*, he has given you some bewitching *Philter*, by which he has gain'd an absolute *Ascendant* over your *Will* and *Understanding*, and instill'd such *Notions* into you as are altogether *Heterodox*, *Antimonarchical*, and unworthy of your Character. It has been spread Abroad, that like Sir *Sydrophel* of old, he has perswaded you, that the *Clouds* were enchanted *Castles*, fill'd with *Arms*, *Ammunition*, *Magick Spells*, and *Sorcerers*, and that with *Squibs* and *Crackers*, and *Stink-Pots*, you have attempted to *Demolish* them. I wish I cou'd recount all the Stories told concerning you; how many ridiculous Pamphlets you have wrote; what Pranks
you

you have plaid, what Goods you have dispos'd of, how many Sorts of Strong-Waters you are used to drink in twenty four Hours, and who has been forc'd to *pay the Reckoning* ; what *Deliriums* you have run into ; how you have asserted, that every Man in *England* is *accountable* to you, and, as the *Representative* of the whole *British Nation*, have drawn up *Memorials* concerning Her Majesty's *Male Administration*, and in the *Name* of all Her *Subjects*, demanded *Justice* of Her against Herself. One Thing, Sir, I more particularly remember they said of you, and which is scarcely possible to be believ'd, that you attempted to make an *Englishman* of Teague. It is strange, says I to some Gentlemen who were talking after this Manner, how one Man may be mistaken in another. I remember this old Man, he was one of my *Patients* ; but little did I think he was such a dangerous Person as you have represented him ; he always appear'd to me a good-natur'd, sociable, facetious Gentleman, and indeed I took him for one of those old *Wits*, who are naturally very *costive*, such as I have often met with in the Course of my Practice ; for besides his being subject to a *Fistula* and *Flux* of the *Hemorrhoids*, the *Spincter* of the *Anus* was broke with the immoderate Use of *Suppositories*. An Hu-

D

morist

morist he was indeed, 'tis true, and somewhat too tenacious of his own *Opinion*; but, setting that aside, I don't know I have met with a Man of late Years, which seem'd to be more entertaining and inoffensive Conversation; especially, says I, in the back Room at *Button's*.

I told them, how you had seen King *Harry*, the last of that Name, in Hanging-Sleeves; of your first Appearance in the *Commonwealth* of *Learning*, about *March* last; and how at these Years you had consecrated your *Studies* to the Service of the *Ladies*: In short, *Sir*, I conceal'd nothing that would tend to your Advantage, or take off the Calumnies that I was conscious were the inhospitable Endeavours of wicked Men to blacken you; and I now must beg your Leave to proceed regularly, and to knot the Thread of my Story where I broke it off in the Beginning.

‘ Mr. *Bickerstaff* was scarce seated, when
 ‘ turning himself abruptly to the Company;
 ‘ Gentlemen, says he, This is a wonderful
 ‘ Age we live in, and a great many most
 ‘ surprising Things are daily to be met with
 ‘ in it, which escape the Observation of
 ‘ us, that are Learned, and yet are taken
 ‘ Notice of by the illiterate People of *low*
 ‘ Life. Mr. *Sly*, the Attourney, is just arrived from *London*, and has put me in
 ‘ mind

' mind of two most remarkable Things,
 ' which, tho' I have rid that Way above a
 ' dozen Times, I never reflected on before.
 ' The one is, that, by exact Calculation, he
 ' has found the Road from *London* to *Bath*,
 ' to be every whit as long, as that from
 ' *Bath* to *London*. The other, that, let
 ' the Weather be never so uncertain, the
 ' Weathercock, for the most Part, points to
 ' that Corner that the Wind blows from.

' A third Thing he likewise told me,
 ' and indeed the most Material of all ; but
 ' I made such haste to come and acquaint
 ' you with it, that I vow and profess,
 ' I have quite forgot what it was : And
 ' yet, if my Memory does not fail me, it
 ' was of the greatest Consequence to this
 ' City of *Bath*, of any perhaps, that has
 ' happen'd since the Revolution. But alas !
 ' *Memoria hominis* is but a leaky Vessel :
 ' And it was the Saying of a very wise
 ' Statesman, that *it is but bad walking in*
 ' *Slippery Weather* : However, it is no
 ' small Comfort, to be able to recollect
 ' what is not possible to be remember'd.
 ' But it is not given to all Folks, I find,
 ' to be as wise as some, for this substantial
 ' Reason, That the longer we live, the
 ' older we grow. In short, Gentlemen,
 ' *Quod dixi, dixi* ; I told you my Author,
 ' *Hiscæ Oculis audivi*. You may ask him,

‘ he is of Age, and an *Attorney*, who wou’d
 ‘ no more tell an Untruth, than any one
 ‘ of his Profession.

‘ The World, I hope, will allow that I
 ‘ am a *Learned Man*, and a *Wise Man*; and
 ‘ will always, I believe, lay that Stress up-
 ‘ on my *Sayings*, as not to put any other
 ‘ Body’s whatsoever in *Competition* with
 ‘ them, without the least Detriment to
 ‘ *Characters*, or *Professions*. Besides, *dato*,
 ‘ *sed non Concesso*, that I have forgot it, the
 ‘ most you can make on’t, is, that such ex-
 ‘ traordinary *Wits* as mine, are generally
 ‘ attended with the Want of Memory, for
 ‘ which however, that of *solid* Judgment
 ‘ does always make ample Attonement.

And now perhaps, Sir, when this *Letter*
 comes to be printed, it may be expected,
 that I should make good my *Promise* in the
Title Page, concerning the *Reception* of
 your *Present*, and what *Answer* the *Compa-*
ny return’d to this more than *common Rhe-*
torician. Pardon me, O courteous Reader, for
 already detaining thee so long; it is better
 for both you and me to be at Rest, af-
 ter we have travel’d lovingly together
 for so many tedious *Pages*. If I have Time
 and Opportunity, I may once more per-
 haps, to the Satisfaction of us both, un-
 case my *Spectacles* to peruse the *Records*,
 which,

which, according to the late *Canto*, may afford us

Fit Matter for another Song.

I am not, I am sensible, the first *Modern* who has fell short of his *Title Page*; diverse and fundry *Examples* have I before my Eyes, of *Poets*, *Criticks*, *Commentators*, *Philosophers*, and *Politicians*, who have play'd the same *Game* in all *Places* and in all *Ages* of the *World*. Several *Precedents*, most *Learned Sage*, could I deduce out of your own *Works*, and the *Lucubrations* of Mr. *Bickerstaff*, of Matters begun, but never ended, done and undone, to the Surprise of all your *Readers*; of *Acts of Parliament*, prov'd unalterable, by the same *Power* that made them, in an *Advertisement*, and dropt, because it was *High Treason* to assert it upon the Publication of the *Crisis*.

Thus far, O *Wise Man*, with much *Labour* and *Diligence*, have I brought this great *Work* to the wished for Conclusion, and by carefully comparing the *Coffee-House Oration* with the *Original*, do find, that it is Religiously exact. Come, I therefore to appeal to your own *Learned Self*, whether the Great *Bickerstaff* was not too partial, in ascribing such *Pre-eminence* to those *Speculations*, which he writ, filed, and polish'd at his own Leisure: Where-
as,

as, the Time, which I employ'd in gathering Materials for this valuable Performance, was stolen from the Hours of my Natural Rest; after having, for the Good of my Country, spent all the *live-long* Day, as the *Poets* express themselves, *In Triviiis, & Quadriviiis*, delivering my salutiferous *Instructions* to all *Comers* and *Goers*, and expos'd to the Rigour of the *Seasons*, under the wide *Canopy* of *Heaven*. But as I have this Comfort, that I underwent this great *Fatigue*, purely to rescue the City where I generally reside, from the *Imputation* of *Ingratitude*, which otherwise it might be liable to; so I may, without *Vanity*, say, that I have, *Uno Ictu*, purchas'd to my self by it the *Veneration* of the *Learned World*, my own private Satisfaction, and the Thanks of my *Fellow Citizens*; whose hearty *Acknowledgments* likewise, as well as my own, I return you, most *Antient Sage*, for your desirable *Present*. And, as I do not question, but you will, for the *Publick Good*, and your own *Credit*, be at the Charges of Reprinting this *Authentick Monument* of your *Liberality*, so I desire, there may be *Copies* enough to furnish every *Family* in *England* with one. And because other *Nations* may also reap the Benefit of your *Labours*, I have not only prevail'd with my *Learned Acquaintance*,

Mr.

Mr. Griffith Evans ap Rice, Professor of the *Cambrian Tongue* at Oxford, to translate them into *Welch*, but have sent also Copies of them into *Ireland*, to the renowned Antiquary Cormack O Cuillinane, and to old Gillaspick Mackintosh, chief Chronographer of the *Highland Clans* of Scotland; from whom I have lately receiv'd some curious *Memoirs*, with which I may perhaps, one of these Days, oblige the *Commonwealth* of *Learning*. And as I am well satisfy'd of the *Place* which I have gain'd in your most wise *Esteem*, by this my vast *Undertaking*, so I beg Leave to assure you, that I shall be ready, upon all Occasions, to let the *World* know of your great Merit, and how much I am,

Learned, Wise, and Venerable Sir,

Your most Humble,

Bath, Nov. 16.

1713.

And most devoted Servant,

A. Tripe, M. D.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Had no sooner finish'd my *Letter*, most *venerable Sage*, but reflecting on the *Happiness*, which we that are *Learned*, do now enjoy, by living in the same *Age* with you, I cou'd not but be pleas'd to think, that when *Posterity* shall peruse your *Learned Productions*, and enquire who were your *Contemporaries*, what a handsom *Mention* will be made of my self, upon the Account of my Correspondence with you. This, as it cou'd not but be a most sensible Satisfaction to me, so it naturally led me into the melancholly Thought, of what an *irreparable Loss* the *Publick* wou'd sustain by the *Death* of so *valuable a Person*; and remembering, that I heard of your being lately afflicted with a continual *Dizziness* in your *Head*, and a sudden *Dimness* in your *Sight*, I immediately writ to my two worthy Friends, Sir *William R---d* and *Cornelius a Tilb-rg*, who, as they were formerly the *Ornament* of the *Stage Itinerant*, so now they are an *Honour* to the *Profession*, and beg'd of them to send me a full Account of the *Causes*, *Nature*, *Rise* and *Progress* of your *Malady*. They acquitted them-

themselves herein with a great Deal of *Generosity* and *Erudition*; and from their learned *Observations* I immediately comprehended, that the chief *Origin* of those *Chronical Distempers* proceeded from your immoderate *Feeding* upon *Sallads*; not only such as were *pick'd* and *prepar'd* by Master-Cooks, as *Sidney* and *Lock*; but likewise those that were hastily dish'd up by the *Unskilful*, *Tutchin* and *Ridpath*, &c. which creating too many *Crudities* in the *Stomach*, do continually transmit to the *Upper Region* a strange *Chaos* of *black*, *heavy*, and *indigested Vapours*, that do not only over-power the innate *Imbecillity* of the *Brain*, but also obstruct the *Passages* of the *Optick Nerves*, from whence those stubborn *Affections* of your *Head* and *Eyes* do naturally follow.

Hereupon I zealously apply'd my self, *Night* and *Day*, to consult the most valuable *Nostrums* of all our *Celebrated Oracles*; and with Joy and Satisfaction have excerpted from them a *Medicine* of the greatest *Virtue*, which, in the Name of the *Worshipful Mr. Mayor*, and the Rest of his *Brethren*, I have sent you by the *Carrier* in *Three Gallipots*, as a grateful *Return* for your late *Present*.

E

This

This, by the *Natural Antipathy* of the *Ingredients*, will work powerfully upon the *Crudities*, correct the *peccant Humours*, and you will soon find the powerful *Effects* of it. It is a *Sudorifick*, *Diaretick*, *Carminative*, and a *Soporifick*. It immediately puts all the *Humours* in a *Ferment*, separates the *Good* from the *Bad*, attracts to it self, by an *occult Sympathy*, all the *Rebellious Particles*, dissolves them in a *Thrice*, and scowers all before it like a *Scavenger*. Take the Quantity of a *Nutmeg horis Medicis*.

Outwardly, you must apply to the *Region* of the *Heart*, a *Plaister* of the *Rubrum Henrici*, and wash your *Eyes* twice a *Day* with the *Ophthalmick Water* I prescrib'd to you, when at *Bath*.

But in case your *Distemper* shou'd prove so obstinate, as not to yield to these most *sovereign Remedies*; your last *Refuge* must be, a *Cataplasm* of *Hemp*, apply'd *Cravat-wise* to your *Neck*, which, tho' in its *Operation* it be somewhat violent, yet it is an *infallible One*, if *rightly used*; according to that *celebrated Observation* of one of our *Learned Predecessors*.

This with a *Firk* will do your *Work*, and
cure you o're and o're;
Read, Judge, and Try, and if you Die,
never believe me more.

Let

Let your *Dyet* be regular, and drink good *Wines*, and of the best *Growth*. But, by all Means, you must renounce *Holland Geneva*, and *Brunswick Mum* : For one corrupts your *Lungs*, and the other stupifies your *Intellects*.

If you observe exactly the *Method* of these *Prescriptions*, as I hope you will, I don't doubt, but that in a little Time, you will be generous enough, to acknowledge, that our *Present* is a *Match* for your *own* ; and that whatever *Advantage* you may have over us in *Years* and *Learning*, you have none in the *Point* of *Liberality*.

Yours,

Ut supra.

F I N I S.

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*Agitur enim Nihil aliud, Quirites, quam ut
nullum sit posthac in Republica Publicum Con-
cilium, Nulla Bonorum Consensio contra Im-
proborum Furorem & Audaciam, Nullum ex-
tremis Republicæ Temporibus Perfugium &
Presidium salutis.* Tull.

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