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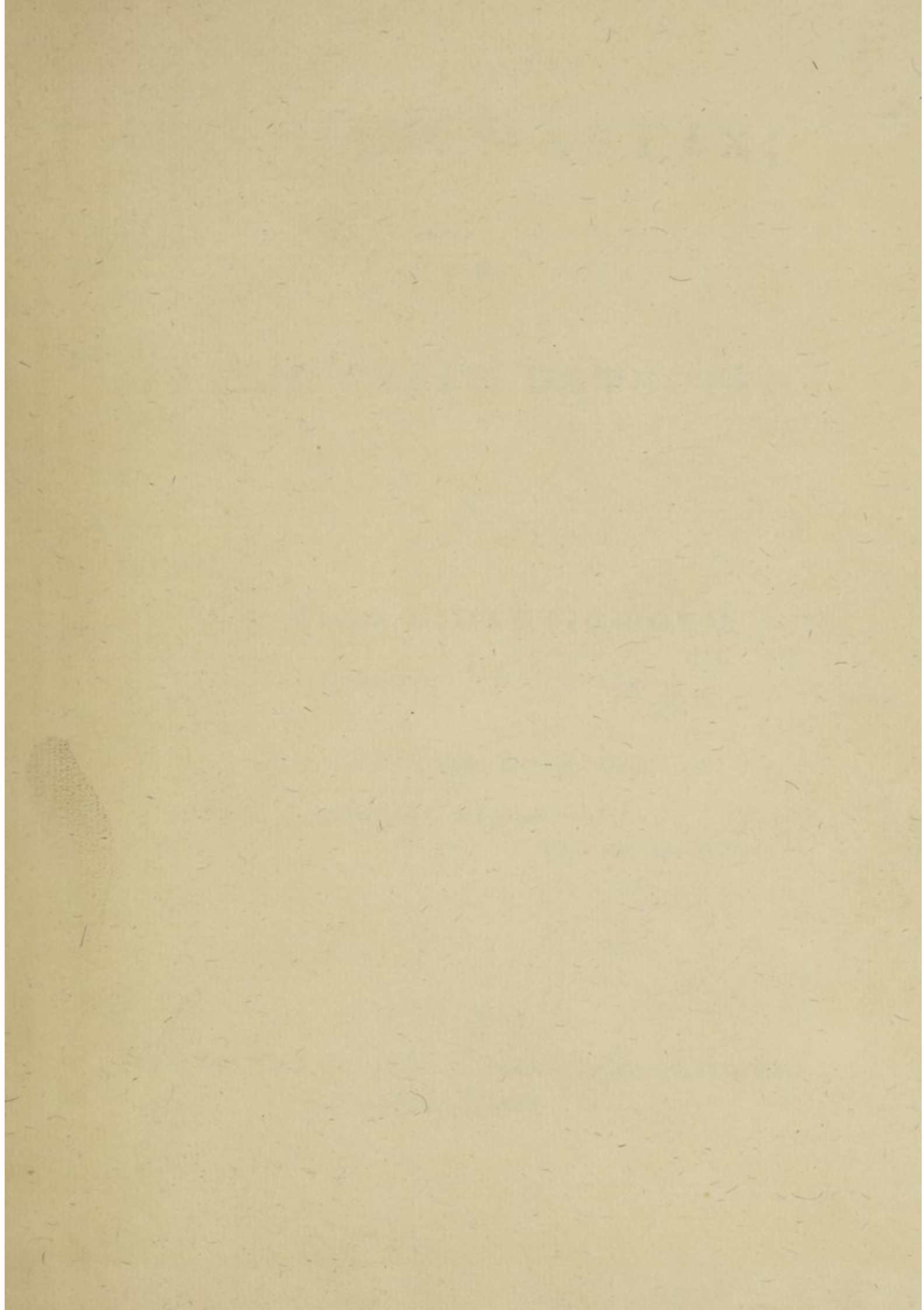


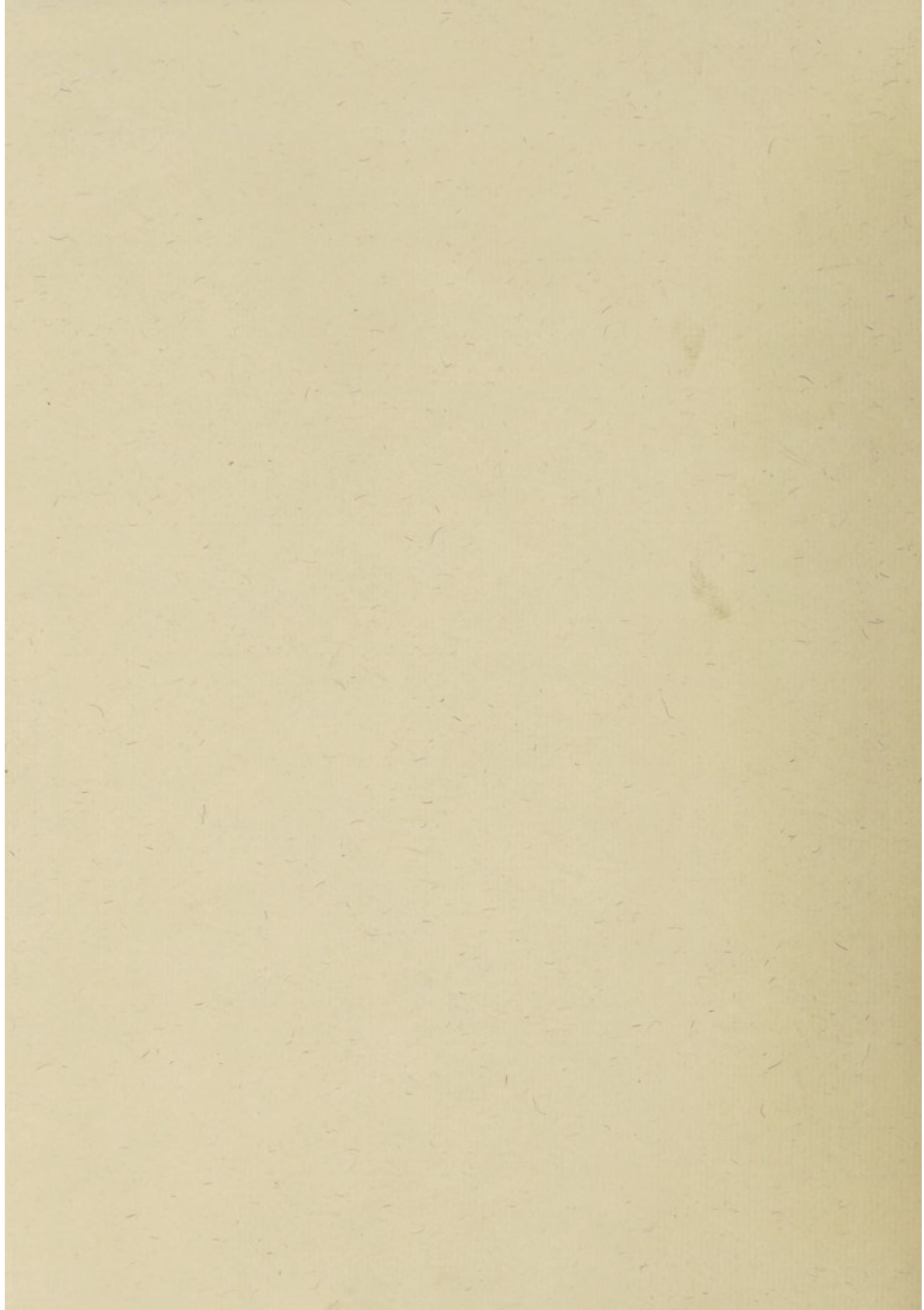
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MEDICO MASTIX;

O R,

PHYSIC CRAFT DETECTED.

A

SATIRICO DIDACTIC POEM.

[Ralph Schomberg].

Why, let the stricken Deer go weep.

The ART is the thing to be studied and not the CRAFT.

CLIFTON'S State of Physic.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, NEAR YORK BUILDINGS, STRAND.

M DCC LXXIV.

MEDICO MASTIX;

O R

PHYSIC GRAFT DETECTED.

A

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The Art is the thing to be feild not the Grant.

Gravon, R. of P. 11

L O N D O N :

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To the PRESIDENT, CENSORS, and FELLOWS of the  
ROYAL COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS of LONDON:

GENTLEMEN!

THE great father of Physick, the divine HIPPOCRATES, has, in the fullest, and in the most satisfactory manner, described what a *good Physician* should be:— In those early dawnings of the *Art*, unassisted by the lights of *natural* and *experimental philosophy*, of *Anatomy*, and of the laws of the *animal œconomy*, he sensibly took *Nature* for his guide; he studied Diseases, observed their various changes, and attentively watched every symptom and its consequences, under so *faithful* a *Conductress*, and after such a diligent and unwearied research, his practice could not but be *safe*, *successful*, and *honourable*; and indeed his writings to this day (if it be not too presumptuous an expression) are almost the *gospels* of Physick.

How changed is the scene! in the full blaze of scientific improvements, men, in these times, study not how to improve—but how to get practice, they boldly ascend the medical ladder by the most illiberal and unwarrant-



able steps, heedless of that very excellent precept—

χρη γαρ οστις μελλει ιητρικης ξυνεσιν αντρεχεως αρμοζεσθαι των δεμιν επιβολον γυνεσθαι φυσιος· διδασκαλις· τροπε ευφροος· παιδομαθις· φιλοπονης· χρονου· &c. &c.

Empiricism assumes the character of knowledge; and the ignorant coxcomb by artful insinuations, obtrudes himself upon a weak and credulous multitude.

Filled with a just indignation against such illiterate intruders, the *Author* humbly presumes to offer the following little poem to you, GENTLEMEN, who are the GUARDIANS of health; and in whose hands are lodged the indisputable rights of vindicating the honours of the Profession, which has been so shamefully sullied by these *saucy pretenders*, and prostituted to the meanest purposes.

Exert that authority with which the laws of these realms have invested *you*, and rescue your fellow subjects from the destructive poison which lurks at every corner of the town, under the shape of *hand-bills* and *pompous advertisements*.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your most faithful Brother,

And obedient Servant,

St. Luke's Day, 1773.

The AUTHOR.



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# M E D I C O M A S T I X.

SHOULD FOTHERGILL exchange his formal Bob (a)  
For pompous Tie of sermonizing LOBB;  
Or prating FUSCUS strut in Solitaire,  
Wou'd it not, think you, make the *Fellows* stare? (b)  
Such is the man who lost in airy dream (c)  
Tries every shape, and shifts from Scheme to Scheme;  
To day a Fidler, Mountebank, Projector,  
Next puffs a Doctor, and then spouts an Actor.  
What! have not Doctors all a like pretence (d)  
To write prescriptions? — Yes, if writ with sense:

(a) Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam——

(b) Spectatum *admissi* risum teneatis amici?——

(c) —— Velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
Fingentem species——

(d) —— Pictoribus atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas  
Scimus——

B

But



But when strange, jumbling, combinations meet  
*Salts with mercurials, or with bitters, sweet.* (e)  
 Can I behold such contradictions blended  
 And not confess with justice I'm offended?  
 When such unletter'd wretches dare prescribe  
 And mix audacious with the learned Tribe;  
 Say, shall the Bard forbear to lash their crimes,  
 Nor mark their insolence, in honest rhimes?  
 He will: do thou, celestial TRUTH attend  
 To guide his pen with thy assisting hand,  
 So shall the bubbled world again be wise,  
 And *Panacea* vanish from its eyes;  
*Shop, and Ship-Doctors, Quacks,* shall shrink away,  
 And once more shine the *Æsculapian* day.

Wou'd you succeed in Learning and in Arts,  
 First try your Genius, and consult your parts. (f)

(e) Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia——

(f) —— Verfate diu, quid ferre recufent  
 Quid valeant humeri——



Talents, alike to all, are not allow'd,  
 This man *prescribes*, who better far had *plough'd*;  
 Full many a Doctor in his chariot rolls  
 Unfit for any cure—but mending soles—  
 See up the pulpit smart *Toupee* advance,  
 He shou'd have taught, young, flippant mifs, to dance :  
 Thus *Inclination*, *Genius* we mistake,  
 And this man *brews*, who shou'd have learnt to *bake*.

'Tis said, a noble Peer, to BUSBY's care,  
 Entrusted once his only Son and Heir ;  
 Spite of correction and the smart of switch,  
 Callous in every part as well as breech,  
 The Youth remain'd a blockhead to the end ;  
 My Lord remonstrates ; How comes this my friend ?  
*George* makes no progress : No, nor ever can,  
 Replied the venerable, learned Man,  
 This broomstick, Sir, implant in richest soil,  
 Bestow whate'er expence, whatever toil,



In spite of all your labor, all your skill,  
You'll find at last—will prove—a broomstick still.

There are, the whole *Galenic* art who place (g)  
In the significance of dull grimace ;  
Others again in foppery of show—  
This man affects the *Sloven*, that the *Beau* ;  
Some to *Virtú*, and *Knick-knacks* seem inclin'd,  
Yet all is pompous fraud—to gull mankind.  
'Tis not the dress, or consequential face,  
The Chariot rolling swift from place to place,  
The blazing gem, or amber-headed cane  
(Those taudry trappings of th'empiric train)  
One single spark of knowlege can dispense ;  
But *Application* join'd to manly *Sense*.  
Shame be to such—on vile deception bent :  
Not so the man of worth and fair intent,

(g) Decipimur specie recti ———



With *attic* and with *Roman* knowledge fraught  
 Weigh well your studies with attentive thought ;  
 So shall *Reflection* cheer the tender root,  
 And your fair blossoms mellow into fruit.

PHILOSOPHY, thro' all her windings trace,  
 Nor shun abash'd, the labors of the chace ;  
 Tho' arduous first---pursue her to the last,  
 She'll well reward you, for your labors past.

Sound *Learning*, like a mighty river strong,  
 Moves with a silent majesty along ;  
 On *shallow shores* tumultuous billows crowd,  
 And all is *foam* and *froth*---tho' *bursting* loud.  
 No fine spun systems *Science* will impart  
 (The scum of *Sophistry*, the froth of *Art*)  
 She'll lay her riches fairly to your view,  
 And teach you only what is *just* and *true*.

C ————— Thus



Thus happily, your first foundation's laid,  
 Behold *Man's frame*---how wonderfully made!  
 Each well-connected *part*, each *fibre*, *juice*,  
 Has its allotted *function*, *motion*, *use*;  
 See how the *Chyle* transforms itself to *Blood*,  
 And the strong *Heart* sends forth its crimson flood;  
 How the sharp *Bile* transfus'd, digestion aids,  
 Or with deforming taint its tincture spreads:  
 These be your studies---these with caution mark,  
 All else is intricate, confused and dark.

(b) Drawn from such streams, your knowlege must be pure,  
 And future practice, honest Fame secure.

Visit the *Wood*, the *Mountain*, and the *Field*,  
 See what a rich variety they yield!  
 Is there a *Plant*, an *Herb*, a *Root*, that grows,  
 On which kind NATURE not her gift bestows?

(b) Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si  
 Græco fonte cadent —

HYGEIA dwells in ev'ry painted flow'r,  
'Tis we call forth their pain-relieving pow'r.

Investigate with care the *chymic* skill,  
Watch the *Alembic*, and attend the *Still*;  
Closely apply each process to its use,  
What will with this, and what with that infuse;  
Thro' every trial, every various change,  
However wonderful, however strange,  
Proceed with caution, and a prying soul,  
You'll see 'tis NATURE—she directs the whole.

Symptoms the COAN first from NATURE drew (*i*),  
For NATURE lay all open to his view---  
Disease he trac'd thro' each progressive stage,  
And check'd the thirsty *Fever's* burning rage;

(*i*) Res gestæ regumque ducumque et tristia bella  
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.—



Visit the mansions of the sick and lame,  
 These lead securely to the gates of Fame :  
 There close survey Diseases' puzzling maze,  
 And follow NATURE thro' her secret ways,  
 Consider *Man* in wretchedness of state,  
 And learn to save him from impending fate ;  
 Observe each rising symptom, and its cause,  
 So shall you gain a grateful world's applause ;  
 Mark'd for distinguish'd merit, foremost stand,  
*Physician, Scholar, Gentleman, and Friend.*

PART



## PART THE SECOND.

THERE was a time—(and happy were those days!)  
 When Physick shone in full meridian blaze;  
 When SCHOMBERG, PLUMPTREE, and a MEAD prescrib'd,  
 No patients *flatter'd*, and no Nurfes brib'd;  
 When FREIND sagacious, and when learned SLOANE  
 Reflected honors on HYGEIA'S throne;  
 When LETHERLAND—a name for ever dear!  
 Bid men the *Art*, and all her *sons* revere.

There still are those—who grace th' *Hygeian* name,  
 And live distinguish'd in the front of Fame;  
 Shall not the *Muse* her HEBERDEN record,  
 And crown his *Pythian* labors with reward?  
 Nor CLARKE, \* high favor'd of the *Delphic* God,  
 Who long the paths of honest practice trod?  
 The *Smintbean* PHOEBUS for experienc'd REEVE,  
 Pleas'd, shall his brow-encircling honors, weave.

\* *Dr. Matthew Clarke.*



Shalt thou, prefiding LAWRENCE, not exact  
 What's due to Science!---homage and respect?  
 Praise cannot, ADDINGTON, enrich thy name,  
 Nor add importance to establish'd fame.  
 Lo! where the silent Muses droop their head,  
 The gloom how awful, where such tears are shed!  
 For thee, lov'd GREIVE, those tears, for thee, they flow,  
 And round thy tomb shall sacred laurels grow.  
 Thee, travell'd TURTON, shall the Muses sing,  
 Who lov'd to drink of *Aganippe's* spring:  
 APOLLO smiles, each *Muse* a gift bestows,  
 And gives to WARREN all that Physick knows.  
 Tho' last, not least in *College Annals* grac'd,  
 \*SCHOMBERG stands forth---the man of sense and taste.  
 ARMSTRONG of *Health*, and all her blessings sung;  
 Well might he write---his harp APOLLO strung.  
 Tho' from the bustle of the world retir'd,  
 Can we forget when WILMOT was admir'd?

\* ISAAC.

When



When gentle NICHOLLS taught the studious youth  
 Each hidden path which leads to *Coan* truth?  
 The bard impartial, nor forgets your names,  
 GREEN, PETIT, HINCKLEY, THOMLINSON and JAMES.  
 Shall THOMAS, JEBB, or RELHAN pass unknown,  
 Whom PHOEBUS favors, and the Muses own?  
 Nor must, PITCAIRN, thy merits be untold,  
 Long in the list of learned seers enrolled.  
 From *Cam's* fair treasures, and exhaustless store,  
 BATTIE and ASKEW drew their attic lore.  
 Judicious PRINGLE's healing hand restor'd,  
 More than died glorious by the hostile sword.  
 All pale and numb'd within the dreary cell  
 The raving, and the melancholly dwell!  
 Where shall distress like theirs assistance find?  
 Or who shall calm the tempest of the mind?  
 Who wake the soul, relume the ray divine?  
 That task, MONRO, that happy task, be thine.  
 If dight experience fair report secures,  
 That fame so well deserv'd, be, LAYARD, yours.



Instructive MATY, read from tend'rest age,  
 In foreign schools, the *Epidaurian* page ;  
 From flow'ry *Science* gather'd treasur'd arts,  
 And, all her sweets to ALBION's sons imparts.

There are again---who thrive by low grimace,  
 Dulness of parts, and impudence of face.  
 Roll your gay-varnish'd coach from street to street ;  
 Cringe, puff, give *Claret* and *good things to eat*,  
 Salute with courtly nod the fools you meet :  
 It nought imports—the multitude you please,  
 They'll pay light compliments—with weighty fees.

Engag'd at dinner, or abroad at play,  
*John* knows his cue--- the Doctor's call'd away ;  
 Return'd --- scarce seated --- *John* again attends  
 Hard! we in peace cannot enjoy our friends !)  
 Whispers aloud---Sir, you are wanted strait ---  
 My Lord is ill---the chariot's at the gate.

Ladies

Ladies, you see---they will not let me rest,  
 This curs'd profession, is fatigue at best ;  
 Morning, noon, night, it ever is the same,  
 But in good truth---I only am to blame ;  
 Bus'ness I'll quit in time---I have enough---  
 We know you have---replies a servile puff ;  
 But why o'erwhelm the suffering world with grief ?  
 Great were the loss of so profound a chief !  
 Such are the tricks by which these coxcombs rule,  
 And gain the confidence of every fool.

High in his car, significantly big,  
 Behold *Evethes* in his spruce-dress'd wig ;  
 Seeming intent he reads, and drives along,  
 And thus imposes on a gaping throng ;  
 But let me tell you, Sirs, *Evethes* cheats,  
 'Tis true he reads---but what ?---transcrib'd *receipts*,  
 These right or wrong, at random he retails,  
 And who shall blame the Doctor---if he fails ?



For healing every malady that's nam'd,  
*Pomposo*, by his own report, is fam'd ;  
 He not distributes *hand-bills*---but a *scout*  
 He lodges every where the town about,  
*Living advertisements*---a set of men  
 Who blaze his cures perform'd---no matter when :  
 For him, at routs, old maids and matrons ply,  
 And praise their *sweet, dear Doctor*---to the sky---  
 Minstrels he feasts, Pimps, Milliners, and Dancers—  
 He knows by good account---his end it answers.

From beating mortars, and dispensing flops,  
*Soto* draws all his knowledge from the shops---  
 Oily in speech, the courtly Doctor knows,  
 To lead his pliant patients by the nose ;  
 He flatters, bows---a supple cunning wight !  
 Pockets the guineas---does not *Soto* right ?

Unstu-

Unstudied in the gentle arts to please,  
*Argurio* thinks of nothing---but his fees.  
 His books neglected, rest on dusty shelf,  
 Learning and Physick centre in---himself.

*Accipe dum dolet*, is his golden rule,  
 Refuse an offer'd fee!---who'd then be fool?

In brewing caudles, and in cooking fops,

*Pocus*, the whole fraternity out-tops;

With these he furnishes each goodly Nurse ----

*Probatum est*---it helps to fill his purse.

With plumbs, *Philerio* bribes each pretty miss,

And tips the Nurse a guinea---and a kifs.

Her Grace, with news, pert *Tattle* entertains,

Then orders draughts and juleps, for his pains.

*Phledon*, who scarcely dipp'd into the Greek,

Or knows a *Wedgwood* from a true antique,



Still talks of *books*, of *statues*, and of *arts* ;  
 The Ladies all applaud his wond'rous parts,  
 Such pow'rful interest secures his plan —  
 And *Phledon*—is the *fashionable man*.

*Akestor* touches (he is surely clever)  
 And makes the family his own, for ever ;  
 Deep in the art of Adulation read,  
 Full well he knows the side his craft is spread ;  
 Old dames, old prudes, old nurfes puff his skill,  
 Thro' *Wapping*, *Aldgate*, up to *Ludgate-Hill*.

The weather, *Panphron*, measures by the scale,  
 And tells you a long *Canterbury* tale  
 Of *moist*, and *dry*, and *hot*---when *cold* will pinch,  
 Or *how much rain falls downward to an inch* ;  
 Of diff'rent changes of the year he'll babble,  
 Conjectures so profound ! must please the rabble.

Yet

Yet all his skill --- (to set the matter right)  
Derives not from himself---but---*Fharenheit*.

*Sophos* can judge by *hydrostatic* laws,  
Not only your distemper---but its cause,  
Weigh to a grain the *blood*, the *sweat* and *urine*,  
The art of analyzing so secure in !  
Ay, and what months (prophetically tell)  
The bills of dire mortality will swell !  
Now, who can say that *Sophos* knowledge lacks !  
—But *Sophos* chiefly steals---from *Almanacks* :  
His store of Physick draws from musty books,  
The crude, dull Works of *Housewives* and of *Cooks*.

By such device these men engage your hearts,  
But such device is scorn'd by men of parts ;  
By liberal ways they mean to gain success,  
And not by mummery of air and dress.

Our



Our laws mysterious and our art divine,  
 By *Phæbus* cherish'd, and the *Virgin Nine*,  
 Change not like fashions, or the whim of fools,  
 The sport of system, or the trick of schools,  
 But fix'd on *Reason's* firm foundation stand,  
 At once the *grace* and *safety* of the land.

The love of novelty too much prevails,  
 And willing listens to the gossip's tales;  
 Each public avenue, each gate behold  
 Stuck round with votive tablets as of old:  
 Observe implicit groups together flock  
 To wait on F---n, T---n, and R---,  
 L— and N— to *themselves* write thanks,  
 And look with scorn on R—g and on F—.  
 Shall cobblers, porters, and lac'd-jacket fops,  
 Dispense their *Pills*, their *Tinctures*, and their *drops*,



Unpunished by the fons of *Warwick Lane*?  
Have they not pow'r?—and shall they not complain!

Good Sir, the world is not so weak and blind  
To think that *Physic* is alone confin'd  
To OXFORD or to CAMBRIDGE: 'tis confest,  
(Tho' sure of all academies the best)  
Nor care I, where you chuse to fix the scene,  
At *L---n*, *E---gh*, or *A---n*.

'Tis not the *manner*, the *degree* or *place*,  
So you but act with dignity and grace;  
Ev'n in her *chamber*, *Genius* gathers knowledge,  
The *dunce* will be a *dunce*—tho' cap'd at college.

At *Batson's* once two brother doctor's met,  
And sipping coffee, fell into a chat:  
Pray Sir, quoth *Crito*, how comes it to pass,  
That you (whom all the college knew an ass)



In spite of dullness live, and loll at ease,  
 And fatten—whilst I starve for want of fees?

*Amathus* thus replied :—Mankind are tools,  
 The *wise* you visit—I attend—the *fools*.

*Merit* in rags still walks—*empirics* ride  
 In all the pomp and insolence of pride ;  
 Blush, *Learning*, blush, hide your diminish'd light,  
 Or boldly dare assert your honest right ;  
*Genius* reward, encourage men of parts,  
 And flourish ever with your sister Arts.

F I N I S.



