

The dispensary : a poem in six canto's [sic] / [Anon].

Contributors

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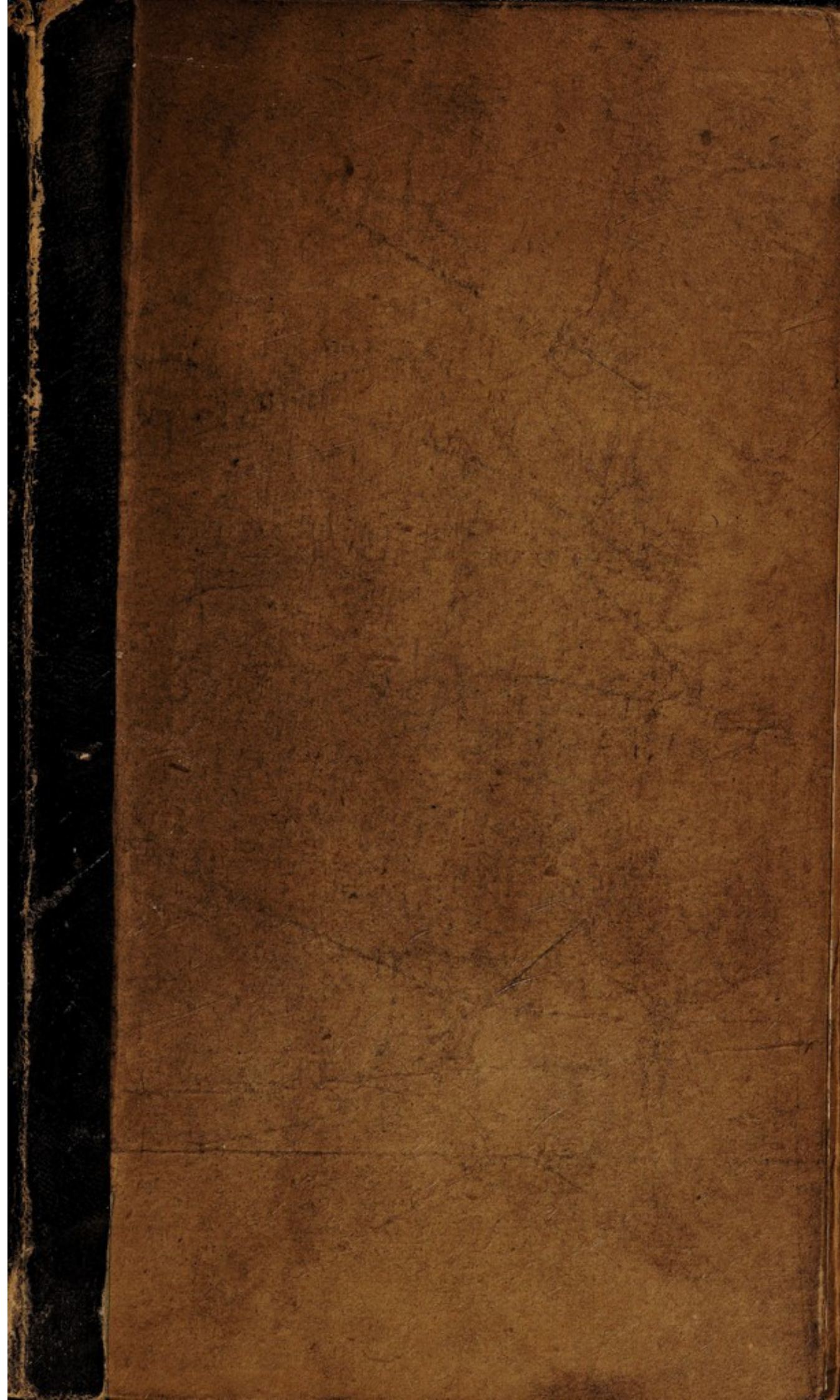
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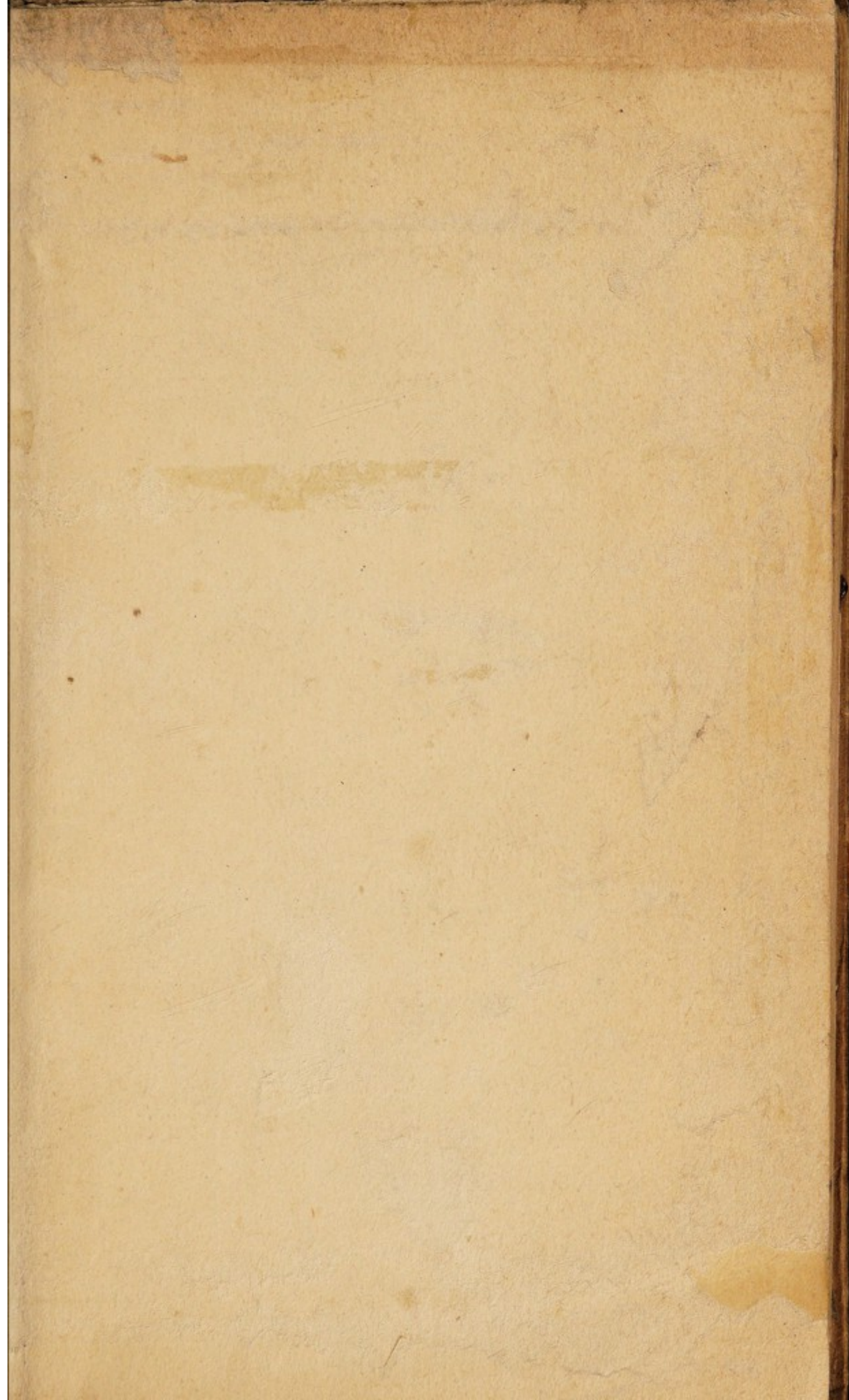


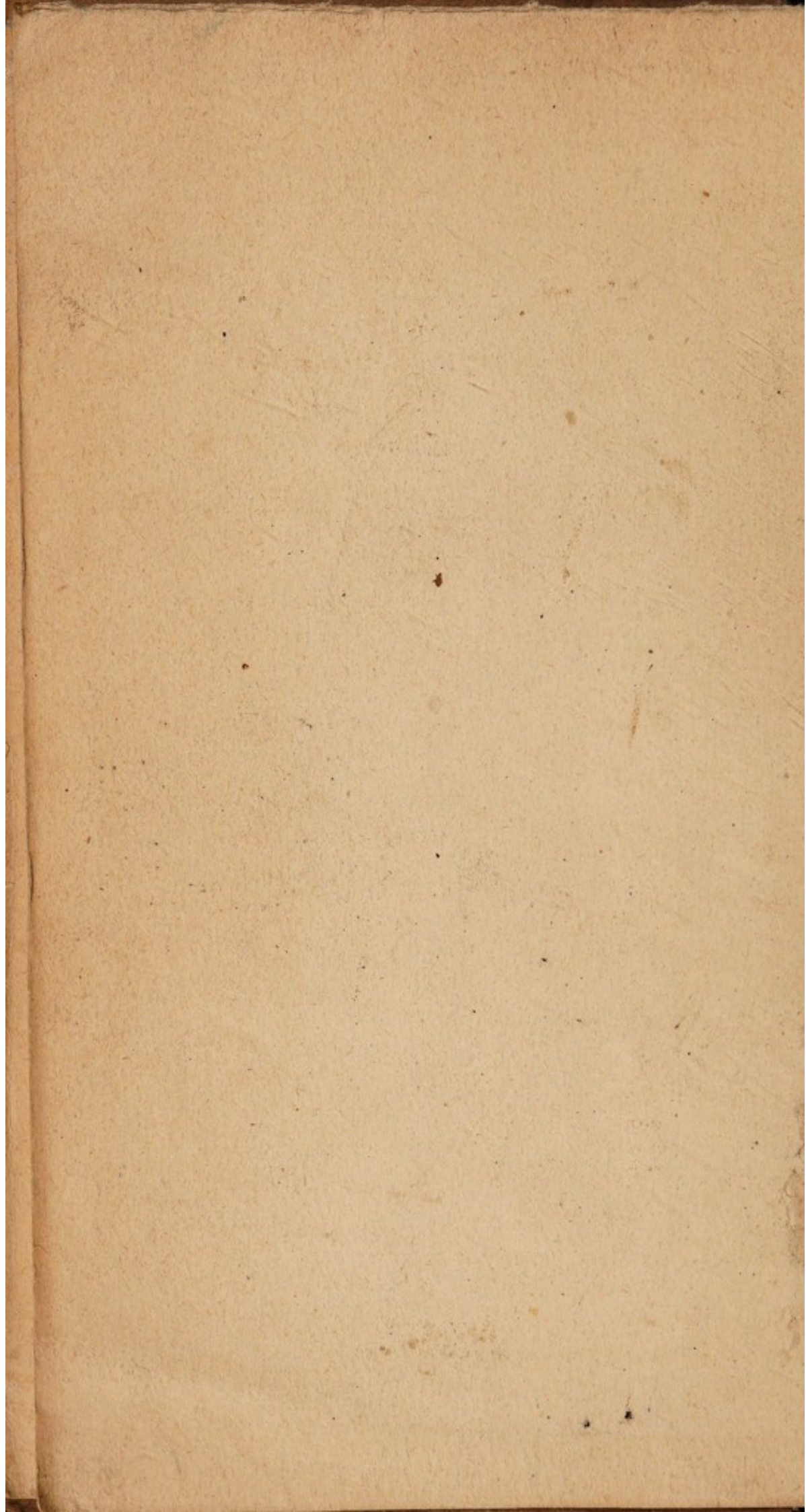
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GARTH (Sir Samuel)





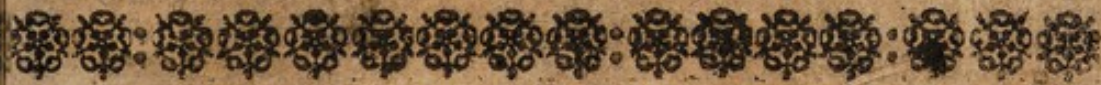
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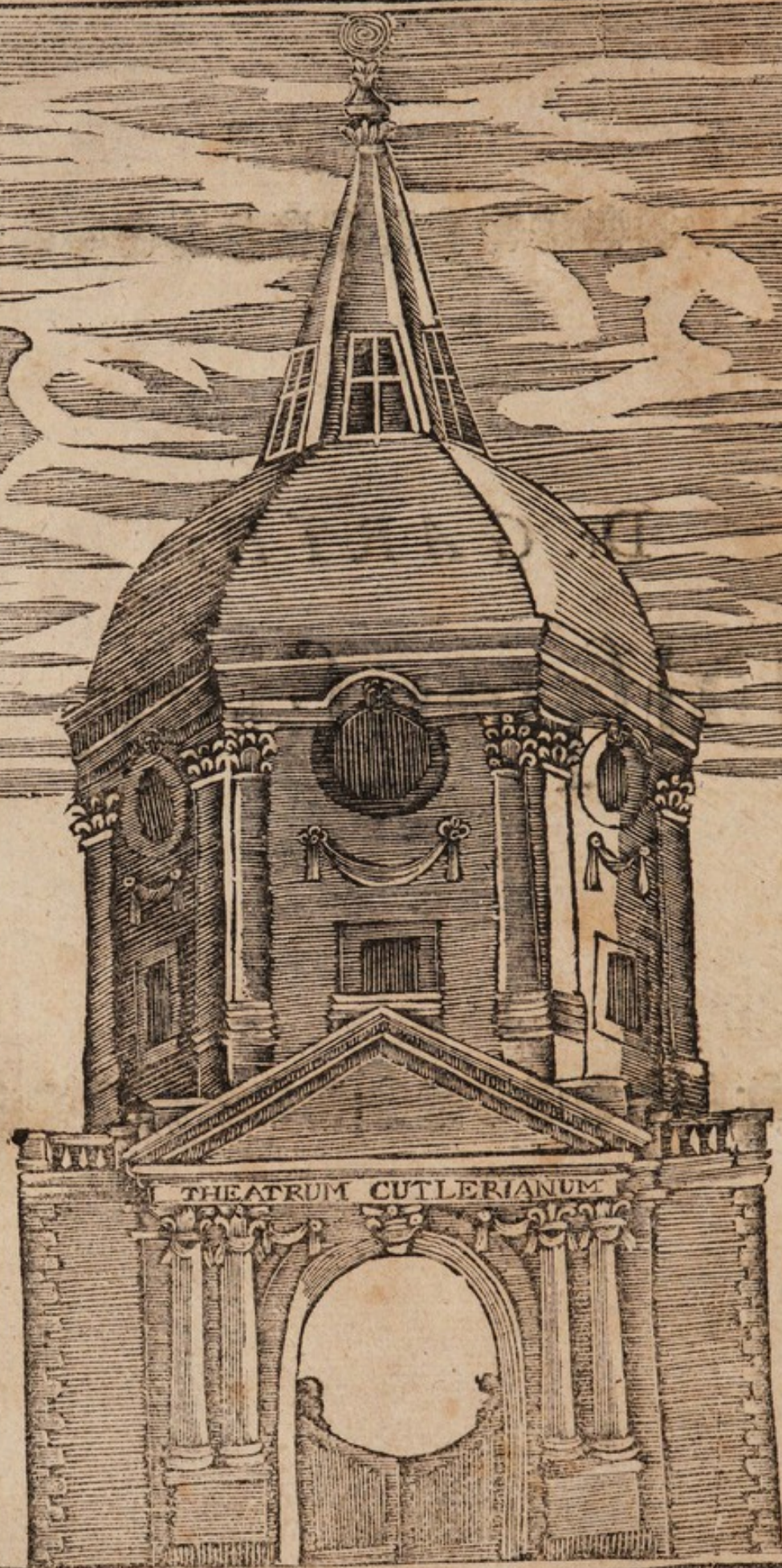


Dr. GARTH's

Dispensary.



23/6/10



THEATRUM CUTLERIANUM

THE

25156. (1)

Dispensary.

A

POEM.

In Six CANTO'S.

Quod licet, libet.

To the READER.

HAVING seen an Edition of this Poem, printed by H. Hills in Black-Fryers, I had the Curiosity to Compare it with one I had in my Study, and upon Examination, found near 200 Lines omitted, which had been added by the Author to a later and better Impression; with several Errors Corrected through the whole: Which to oblige the Publick, I lent to the Printer of this Volume, being entirely satisfied it is a much more Correct and Authentick Copy than any hitherto printed; besides having the Advantage of the Key to Explain the Persons therein hinted at, and a Solution of every Thing that seems difficult to understand.

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. Bradford in Fetter-Lane; and Sold
by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1709.

Anthony Henley, Esquire.

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

But tho' I shou'd perswade my self to be silent upon all Occasions; those more Polite Arts, which, till of late, have languish'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear under their present Advancements, and own you for one of their generous Restorers: Insomuch that Sculpture now Breaths, Painting Speaks, Musick Ravishes; and as you help to refine Our Taste, you distinguish your Own.

Your Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much, as what you write your self: But you are resolv'd to forget to be a Critick, by remembering you are a Friend. To say more, wou'd be uneasie to you, and to say less, wou'd be unjust in

Your Humble Servant.



THE PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

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

I have spoke to the most material Objections I have heard of, and shall tell these Gentlemen, That for ev'ry Fault they pretend to find in the Poem, I'll undertake to shew them two. One of these curious Persons does me the Honour to say, He approves of the Conclusion of it; but I suppose 'tis upon no other Reason, but because 'tis the Conclusion. However, I shou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again. Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its Pursuit is painful, and its Possession unfruitful: Nor had I ever

ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the Animosities among the Members of the *College of Physicians* encreasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy President to the contrary) I was perswaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to Rally some of our dissaffected Members into a sense of their Duty, who have hitherto most obstinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd so unreasonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Observance of the Statutes by a Bond, which some of them would not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the customary Oath; like some that will trust their Wives with any body, but their Money with none. I was sorry to find there could be any Constitution that was not to be cured without Poyson, and that there should be a Prospect of effecting it by a less grateful Method than Reason and Persuasion.

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

If any Person would be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of so Pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatise set forth by the Authority of the President and Censors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd *A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the Sick Poor*. The Reader may thence not only be inform'd of the Rise and Progress of this so Publick an Undertaking, but also of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most Ancient Members of the Society, notwithstanding the vigorous Opposition of a few Men, who thought it their Interest to defeat so laudable a Design.

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

The Description of the Battle is gronnded upon a Feud that hapned in the *Dispensary*, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and some of the Servants that attended there, to dispence the Medicines; and is so far real: tho' the Poetical Relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the Author Scurrilous through the whole, who being too liable to Faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the Miscarriages of others. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my Reader. But some Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess those Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour; but while they design an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themselves; and by saying how much this small Performance exceeds some others, They convince the World how far it falls short of Theirs.

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

W Hereas the several Orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing Medicines gratis to the Poor Sick of the Cities of London and Westminster, and Parts adjacent, as also the Proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no Method hath been taken to furnish the Poor with Medicines for their Cure at low and reasonable Rates: We therefore whose Names are here under-written, Fellows or Members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a Charity, by the Counsel and good liking of the President and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and a-part, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige our selves to pay to Doctor Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the said College, the Sum of Ten Pounds a-piece of Lawful Money of England, by such Proportions, and at such times as to the major part of the Subscribers hereto shall seem most convenient: Which Money when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicines to the Poor at their intrinsick Value, in such Manner, and at such Times, and by such Orders and Directions, as by the major part of the Subscribers hereto, shall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose. In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Præses.*
 Tho. Burwell, *Elect and*
Censor.

Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
 Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
 Rich. Torless, *Elect & Censor.*

Edw. Hulse, *Elect.*

Tho. Gill, *Censor.*

Will. Dawes, *Censor.*

Jo. Hutton.

Rob. Brady.

Hans Sloane.

Rich. Morton.

John Hawys.

Ch. Harel.

Rich. Robinson.

Joh. Bateman.

Walter Mills.

Dan. Coxe.

Henry Sampson.

Thomas Gibson.

Charles Goodall.

Edm. King.

Sam. Garth.

Barnh. Soame.

Denton Nicholas.

Joseph Gaylard.

John Woollaston.

Steph. Hunt.

Oliver Horseman.

Rich. Morton, *Juni.*

David Hamilton.

Hen. Morelli.

Walter Harris.

William Briggs.

Tho. Colladon.

Martin Lister.

Jo. Colbatch.

Bernard Connor.

W. Cockburn.

J. le Feure.

P. Sylvestre.

Cha. Morton.

Walt. Charlton.

Phineas Fowke.

Tho. Alvery.

Rob. Gray.

John Wright.

James Drake.

Sam. Morris.

John Woodward.

— Norris.

George Colebrock.

Gideon Harvey.

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

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

OH that some Genius, whose Poetick Vein,
Like Mountague's, cou'd a just Piece sustain,
Would search the Græcian and the Latin Store,
And thence present thee with the purest Oar.
In lasting Numbers praise thy whole Design,
And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line,
Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit,
Do's only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit.
Who're gravely Dull, insipidly Serene,
And carry all their Wisdom in their Mien:
Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their Disguise,
None will again Admire, most will Despise.
Show in what Noble Verse Nassau you sing,
How such a Poet's worthy such a King.
When Somer's Charming Eloquence you Praise,
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raise!
But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit
To Praise, as Imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to Commend
What Dennis can't Condemn, nor Darden Mend:
What must, writ with that Fire, and with that Ease,
The Beaux, the Ladies, and the Criticks please.

C. Boyle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine,
 Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line;
 We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine.

Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
 Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air.

Lost in our Pleasure, we Enjoy in you
 Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Mountague.

And yet 'tis thought, some Criticks in this Town,
 By Rules to all, but to themselves unknown,
 Will Damn thy Verse, and Justifie their own.

Why, let them Damn: Were it not wond'rous hard
 Facetious Mirmils and the City-Bard,
 So near allay'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
 Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill?
 Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,
 And hope the Motly Piece may Rival thine.
 Safely despise their Malice, and their Toil,
 Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.

Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to please the Best,
 Whose Judgment, and whose Friendship is a Test.
 With Learned Hannes thy healing Cares be joyn'd,
 Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmost Mind:
 Unite, restore your Arts, and save Mankind.
 Whilst all the busie Mirmils of the Town

Envy our Health, and pine away their own.
 When e'er thou woud'st a Tempting Muse engage,
 Judicious Walsh can best direct her Rage.

To Somers, and to Dorset too submit,
 And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit.
 Consenting Phœbus bows, if they Approve,
 And Ranks thee with the foremost Bards above:
 Whilst these of Right the Deathless Laurel send,

Be it my Humble Bus'ness to Commend
 The faithful, honest Man, and the well-natur'd Friend.

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

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

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

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

Tho. Cheek.

To my Friend, upon the Dispensary.

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

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

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

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

H. Blunt.

The Dispensary.

C A N T O. I.

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

* *Old Baily.*

Not far from that most celebrated Place,
Where angry * Justice shews her awful Face;
Where little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in state,
There stands a † Dome, Majestick to the Sight,
And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;
A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
Seems, to the distant Sight, a gilded Pill:
This Pile was, by the pious Patron's Aim,
Rais'd for a Use as Noble as its Frame;
Nor did the Learn'd Society decline
The Propagation of that great Design;
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
And as she disappear'd, they still pursu'd.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
Here, she's too sparing; there, profusely vain.
Now she unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life:

† *College of Physicians.*

How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes.
And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone,
By just degrees to harden into Bone;
While the more Loose flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return;
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise,
And dart in Emanations through the Eyes.
While from each Sluice, a briny Torrent pours,
To extinguish feav'rish Heats with ambient Show'rs;

Whence

Whence their Mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim,
 How great their Force, how delicate their Frame:
 How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest pleasure, and the greatest Pain,
 Why bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,
 And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run,
 How the dim Speck of Entity began
 T' extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man.
 To how minute an Origin we owe
 Young *Ammon*, *Cæsar*, and the Great *Nassau*,
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
 And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.
 Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.
 All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, fire,
 Why *Somers*, rages to survive Desire,
 Whence *Milo's* Vigour at th' *Olympicks* shown,
 Whence Troops to *Finch*, or Impudence to *Stone*;
 Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe;
 Why *Methwyn* muddy, *Mountague* why clear.

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

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

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
 The God of Sloth for his *Asylum* chose.
 Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes
 The careless Diety supinely nods.

His leaden Limbs at gentle Ease are laid,
 With *Poppies* and dull *Nightshade* o'er him spread;
 No Passions interrupt his easie Reign,
 No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain.
 But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
 And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.

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

* *The Building of the Dispensary.*

First, some to cleave the stubborn * Flint engage,
 Till urg'd by Blows, it sparkles into Rage.
 Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move;
 These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.
 Here Phials in nice Discipline are set,
 There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
 In this place, Magazines of Pills you spy;
 In that, like Forrage, Herbs in Bundles lie.
 While lifted Pestler, brandish'd in the Air,
 Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.
 Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend,
 And Aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend.

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

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

How impotent a Deity am I!
 With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
 Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly share
 A grateful Negligence, and Ease from Care.
 Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with-held
 The *Northern* Monarchs from the dusty Field.
 How have I kept the *British* Fleet at ease,
 From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.
Hibernia owns the mildness of my Reign,
 And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
 I Swains to *Sylvan* Solitudes convey,
 Where stretch'd on Mossy Beds, they waste away,
 In gentle inactivity, the day.

What

What marks of wond'rous Clemency I've shown,
 Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
 Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
 Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face.
 How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mein,
 When big they strut behind a double Chin.
 Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
 Aspiring to be venerably dull.
 No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
 Or discompose their pompous Ignorance :
 But undisturb'd, they loiter Life away,
 So wither, Green, and Blossom in Decay.
 Deep sunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
 Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air,
 And leave to ratter'd Grape the Drudgery of Pray'r.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
 Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
 And, in return, I ask but some Recess,
 T' enjoy th' entrancing Extasies of Peace.
 But that, the Great *Nassau's* Heroick Arms
 Has long prevented with his loud Alarms.
 Still my Indulgence with contempt he flies,
 His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies,
 No threatning Seasons his Resolves controul,
 Th' *Æquator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.
 With Arms resistless o'er the Globe he flies,
 And leaves to *Jove* the Empire o' the Skies.

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

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

Since on the world his Blessings he bestows,
 And with a Nod has settl'd a Repose.
 I sought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,
 Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell ;
 The rest might past Tranquility restore,
 And Mortal never interrupt me more.

'Twas here, alas ! I thought I might Repose,
 These walls were that *Asylum* I had chose,

Nought

Nought underneath this Roof, but Damps are found,
 Nought heard, but drowzy Beetles buzzing round.
 Spread Cobwebs hide the walls, and Dust the Floors,
 And midnight Silence guards the noiseless Doors.

But now I find some enterprizing Brain
 Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
 And labours to dissolve my easie Reign.

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

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

Find Envy out, some Prince's Court attend,
 Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend.

Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,

Or where ill Poets Pennyless confer,

Or in the Senate-house at *Westminster*.

Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,

Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*.

And what th' Event, unless the strait enclines

To blast their Hopes, and baffle their Designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden Vapours rise,

And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

The DISPENSARY.

C A N T O. II.

SOON as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze
 Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
 And night to wrap in Shades the Mountains Heads,
 While Winds lay hush'd in Subterranean Beds;

Th' officious *Phantom* did with speed prepare
 To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.

He often sought the Summit of a Rock,

And oft the Hollow of some blasted Oak;

At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,

He found, by th' hissing of her Snakes, the way.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,

That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;

No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,

But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;

There crawl'd the meagre Monster on the Ground,
 And breath'd a livid Pestilence around :
 A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head ;
 The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.
 Down her wan Cheeks sulphureous Torrents flow,
 And her red haggard Eyes with Fury glow.
 Like *Ætna* with Metallick Steams oppress'd,
 She breaths a blue Eruption from her Breast :
 Then rends with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
 Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls.
 And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
 Each Scrap did some immortal Action tell.
 This show'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* stood,
 And that, the Passage of the *Granick* Flood.
 The *Julian* Eagles, here their Wings display,
 And there, all pale th' Expiring *Decii* lay.
 This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
 That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol.
 How *Cochles* did the *Tyber's* Surges brave,
 How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
 Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Persians* join,
 And there, th' immortal Battel of the *Boyn*.
 As th' airy Messenger the Fury spy'd,
 A while his curdling Blood forgot to glide.
 Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
 And falt'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.
 At length, assuming Courage, he essay'd
 T' inform the Fiend, then shrunk into a shade.
 The Hag lay long revolving what might be
 The blest Event of such an Embassy.
 She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,
 So Light'ning gilds the unrelenting storm.
 Then she : Alas! how long in vain have I
 Aim'd at those noble Ills the Fates deny :
 Within this Isle for ever must I find
 Disasters to distract my restless Mind :
 Good *Tennison's* Celestial Piety
 At last has rais'd him to the Sacred See.
Somers does sick'ning Equity restore,
 And helpless Orphans are oppress'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endless Blessings brings ;
 He spoke ; and Peace clap'd her Triumphant Wings.

Unshaken is the Throne, and safe it's Lord,
 Whilst *Marlborough*, or *Ormond* wears a Sword;
 The Noble Ardour of a Loyal Fire,
 Inspires the gen'rous Breast of *Devonshire*.
 Like *Leda's* Radiant Sons, divinely clear,
Portland and *Jersey* deck'd in Rays appear
 To Gild, by turns, the *Gallick* Hemisphear.
 Worth in Distress is rais'd by *Mountague*
Augustus listens if *Mæcenæ* sue.
 And *Vernon's* Vigilance no slumber takes,
 Whilst Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

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

She said; and straight shrill **Colon's* Person took;
 In Morals loose, but molt precise in Look.

* Lee, an
Apothecary,

Black-Fryar's Annals lately pleas'd to call
 Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall*.
 And, when so dignified, he'd not forbear
 That Operation which the Learn'd declare
 Gives Cholicks ease, and makes the Ladies fair.

In vain formality his Talent lies,
 And th' empty Heads defects the Band supplies,
 Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords
 A barren Superfluity of Words.

In haste he strides along to recompence
 The want of Bus'ness with its vain Pretence.

The Fury thus assuming *Colon's* Grace,
 So flung her Arms, so shuffled in her Pace.

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

† Dr. Bern-
nard.

This *Wight* all Mercenary Projects tries,
 And knows, that to be Rich, is to be Wise.
 By useful Observations he can tell
 The Sacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell,
 How Gold makes a *Patrician* of a Slave,
 A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Thersites* brave.

It cancels all Defects, and in their Place
Find Sense in *Brownlow*, Charms in *Lady * Grace*,
It guides the fancy, and directs the Mind;
No Bankrupt ever found a fair One kind.

* Lady
Pierpoint.

So truly *Horoscope* its Virtue knows,
To this bright Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies, that a Thousand Pound supplies
The want of Twenty thousand Qualities,

Long has he been of that amphibious Fray,
Bold to prescribe, and busie to Apply.

His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With foreign Trinkets, and domestick toys.

Here, *Mummies* lay most reverently stale,
And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o' Mail;
Not far from some huge *Shark's* devouring Head,
The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread.
Aloft in Rows large Poppy heads were strung,
And near, a scaly Alligator hung.

In this place, Drugs in musty Heaps decay'd,
In that, dry'd Bladders; and drawn Teeth were laid.

An inner Room receives the numerous Shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes stand by Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.

The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, solemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

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

Some, by what means they may redress the wrong,
When Fathers the Possession keeps too long.
And some wou'd know the Issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can solder up its Flaws.

Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave:
And *Portai* old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son.

Whilst *Iris* his Cosmetick Wash, wou'd try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers dye,

Some

Some ask for Charms, and others Philtres choofe
 To gain *Corinna*, and their Quirtans loofe.
 Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name
 In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame :
 Cloy'd with defire, and surfeited with Charms,
 A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia's* Arms.
 And old *Lucullus* wou'd th' *Arcanum* prove,
 Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

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

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease,
 Thy *Wood-Cocks* from their *Gins* a while release;
 And to that dire Misfortune listen well,
 Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell.
 'Tis true, Thou ever wast esteem'd by me
 The Great *Alcides* of our Company.
 When we with Noble Scorn resolv'd to ease
 Our selves of all Parochial Offices;
 And to our wealthier Patients left the Care,
 And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger :
 Such Zeal in that Affair thou didst express,
 Nought cou'd be equal, to't but the Success.
 Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Prowels past,
 Be what thou shou'dst, by thinking what thou wast,
 The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Design,
 If not to Storm, at least to Undermine:
 Their Gates each day ten thousand night-caps crowd,
 And Mortars thunder their Attempts aloud:
 If they shou'd once unmask our Mystery.
 Each Nurse, e're long, wou'd be as Learn'd as we;
 Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye;
 And none, in Complaisance to us, wou'd dye.
 What if we claim their Right 'Assassinate,
 Must they needs turn *Apothecaries* straight?
 Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
 To croud with new Inhabitants your Sky.
 'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command,
 To purge the troubl'd Air, and weed the Land.
 And dare the *College of Physicians* aim
 To equal our Fraternity in Fame?

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

Our Manufacture now they meanly sell,
 And spitefully th' *intrinick* Value tell:
 Nay more: (But *Heavens* prevent) they'll force us soon,
 To act with Conscience, and to be undone.
 Whilst we, at our Expence, must persevere,
 And, for another World, be ruin'd here.

At this, fam'd *Horoscope* turn'd pale, and straight
 In Silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State.

The Crowd in great Confusion sought the Door,
 And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.

Whilst in his Breast the fury breath'd a Storm,
 Then sought her Cell, and re-assum'd her form.

Thus from the Sore altho' the Insect flies,
 It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Disguise.

Officious Squirt in haste forsook the Shop,
 To succour the expiring *Horoscope*.

Oft he essay'd the *Magus* to restore,
 By Salt of *Succinum's* prevailing Pow'r;

Yet still supine the solid Lumber lay
 An Image of scarce animated Clay;

Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
 By *Squirt's* nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;

The wight no sooner did the Stream receive,
 But rous'd, and bless'd the Stale Restorative.

The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
 Such Zeal he had for that vile Utensil.

So when *Pelides*, did Blew *Thetis* see,
 He knew the fishy smell, and own'd her Deity.

The DISPENSARY.

CANTO III.

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

Oft has this Planet rou'd around the Sun,
 Since to consult the Skies, I first begun:
 Such my Applause, so mighty my Success,
 I once thought my Predictions more than Guess.
 But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
 This Faith, there can be no Mistake in Gain.
 For the dull World must Honour pay to those
 Who on their understanding most impose,
 First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
 Thus others Cheat him not, but he himself:
 He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show,
 'Tis hard e'er to convince a Fool, he's so:
 He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
 And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.
 So Meteors flatter with a dazzling Dye,
 Which no Existence has, but in the Eye.
 At distance Prospects please us, but when near,
 We find but desert Rocks, and fleeting Air.
 From Stratagem, to Stratagem we run,
 And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
 The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
 New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
 And what they like at Noon, despise at Night:

They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,
And Health, for want of Change, grows a Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superstitious Fear.

They Counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd still, they still believe.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight
Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite :
Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
The dark Recesses of the Universe,
Be passive, whilst the Faculty pretend
Our Charter with unhallow'd Hands to rend?
If all the Fiends that in low Darkness reign,
Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain ;
That Project, the * *Dispensary* they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

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

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes,
Shoots thro' the Crystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous Loads reel home,
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' Azure waste are spread
And Miss from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid.
The Sage transported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiously thrice thundred on the Floor ;
Officious *Squirt* that moment had access,
His Trust was great, his Vigilance no less.
To him thus *Horoscope*,

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

Away the trusty Coadjutor hies,
Swift as from Phyal Steam of *Harts-Horn* flies.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile Terms of Art to some Infernal Pow'r,
And draws Mysterious Circles on the Floor.
But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright,
Ascends to blast the tender Bloom of Light.
No mystick Sounds from *Hell's* detested Womb,
In dusky Exhaltations upwards come.

}
}

And now to raise an Altar he decrees,
 To that devouring Harpy call'd *Disease*.
 Then Flow'rs in Canisters he hastes to bring,
 The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring,
 With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,
 The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*.
 And on the Structure next he heaps a Load
 Of *Sassafras* in Chips, and *Mastick* Wood.
 Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
 And with Prescriptions lights the solemn Pile.

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

Disease! thou ever most propitious Pow'r,
 Whose kind Indulgence we taste each Hour;
 Thou well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree
 Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
 In gilded Palaces thy Prowess reigns,
 But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.
 To you such Might and Energy belong,
 You nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong.
 The Purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,
 And are to us your Vassals only kind.
 If, in return, all Diligence we pay
 To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
 For as the Weekly Bills can reach around,
 From *Kent-street* end to fam'd *St. Gile's-Pound*;
 Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
 And let auspicious Light break through the Pile.

He spoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
 Bay-Leaves and Viper's Hearts, and thus he said;
 As these consume in this mysterious fire,
 So let the curs'd *Dispensary* expire;
 And as those crackle in the flames and die,
 So let its Vessels burst, and Glasses flie.
 But a sinister Cricket straight was heard,
 The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.
 As the fam'd Wight and Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* descends in sable Streams,
 To Wash his footy *Naiards* in the *Thames*;

There stands a * Structure on a rising Hill,
 Where Tyro's take their freedom out to kill.
 Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,
 How, by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell ;
 And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,
 That cou'd in *Æson's* Veins young Force renew ;
 In healing Tears how *Myrrha* mourn'd her Fall,
 And what befel the beautiful Criminal.
 How *Mentha* and *Althea*, Nymphs no more,
 Revive in sacred Plants, and Health restore.
 How sanguine Swains their Amorous Hours repent,
 When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent ;
 And how frail Nymps, oft by Abortion, aim
 To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.

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

My kind Confed'rates, if my poor intent,
 As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
 We here had met on some serene Design,
 And on no other Bus'ness but to Dine ;
 The Faculty had still maintain'd their Sway,
 And Interest then had taught us to obey ;
 This only Emulation we had known,
 Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.
 But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,
 Which threatens with mad rage our *Halcyon* Hours :
 Mists from black Jealousies the Tempest form,
 Whilst late Divisions re-inforce the Storm.
 Know, when these Feuds, like those at Law, are past,
 The Winners will be Losers at the Last.
 Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we seek Renown,
 To fire some hostile Ship, we burn our own.
 Who e'er throws Dust against the Wind, desc'ries
 He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.
 That Juggler which another's Slight will show,
 But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden Days of old,
 When dear as *Burgundy*, *Prisans* were sold ;
 When Patients chose to die with better will,
 Than live to pay th' *Apothecary's* Bill.
 And cheaper than for our assistance call,
 Might go to *Aix* or *Bouillon* Spring and Fall.

Then Priests increas'd, and Piety decay'd,
 Churchmen the Church's Purity betray'd ;
 Their Lives and Doctrine, Slaves and Atheists made. }
 The Laws were but the hireling Judge's Sense ;
 Juries were sway'd by venal Evidence.
 Fools were promoted to the Council-Board,
 Tools to the Bench, and Bullies to the Sword.
 Pensions in private were the Senate's Aim ;
 And Patriots for a Place abandon'd Fame.
 But now no influencing Art remains,
 For *Somers* has the Seal, and *Nassau* reigns.
 And we, in spite of our Resolves, must bow,
 And suffer by a Reformation too.
 For now late Jars our Practices detect,
 And Mines, when once discover'd, lose th' Effect.
 Dissentions, like small Streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run :
 So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
 More they advance, the more they still dis-joyn.
 'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,
 And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.
 In vain we but contend, that radiant Pow'r
 Those Vapours can disperse it rais'd before.
 As he revolving stood to speak the rest,
 Rough *Colocynthis* thus his Rage exprest :
 Thou Scandal of the mighty *Pæans* Art,
 At thy approach, the Springs of Nature start,
 The Nerves unbrace : Nay, at the sight of thee,
 A Scratch turns Cancer, Itch a Leprosie.
 Cou'dst thou propose that we the *Friends* o' Fates,
 Who fill *Church-Yards*, and who unpeople States ;
 Who baffle Nature, and dispose of Lives,
 Whilst *Russel*, as we please, or starves, or thrives ;
 Shou'd e'er submit to their imperious Will,
 Who out o' Consultation scarce can kill ?
 The tow'ring *Alps* shall sooner sink to Vales,
 And *Leaches*, in our Glasses, swell to *Whales* ;
 Or *Normich* trade in Implements of Steel,
 And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal :
 The sick to th' Hundreds sooner shall repair,
 And change the *Gravel-Pits* for *Kentish* Air.

Our Properties must on our Arms depend:
 'Tis next to Conquer, bravely to Defend.
 'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harsh appears;
 The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To Die, is Landing on some silent Shoar,
 Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar: }
 E'er well we fell the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.
 The Wise thro' thought th' Insults of Death defy;
 The Fools, thro' bless'd Insensibility.
 'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;
 Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave.
 It eases Lovers, sets the Captive free;
 And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

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

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

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

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

Thus

Thus he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once Invaded, Honour bids us fight.
But e'er we once engage in Honours Cause,
First know what Honour is, and whence it was:

Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave,
The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the noisie Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exists by Hope, and by Despair.
Angry when e'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But when his Safety he consults, it dies.
Bigotted to this Idol, we disclaim
Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unvail,
What we, thro' wiser Conduct, wou'd conceal;
Is't Reason we shou'd quarrel with the Glass,
That shews the monstrous Features of our Face?
Or grant some grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent, what rashly they begun,
Tho' Projects please, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties must this Success expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect:
If Reason cou'd direct, e'er now each Gate
Had born some Trophy of Triumphal State.
Temples had told how *Greece* and *Belgia* owe
Troy and *Namur* to *Jove* and to *Nassau*.

Then since no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'rest prudently to Oaths prefer.
Our Friendship with a servile Air they court,
And their Clandestine Arts are our Support.
Them we'll consult about this Enterprize,
And boldly Execute what they Advise.

But from below (while such Resolves they took)
 Some *Aurum Fulminans* the * Fabrick shook.
 The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
 Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.
 So when at *Bathos* all the *Gyants* strove
 T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
 Soon as the *Ass* of old *Silenus* bray'd,
 The trembling Rebels in confusion fled.

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

The DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented Theater,
 Where wand'ring Punks each night at five repair
 Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
 And Rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
 Where *Bently*, by old Writers, wealthy grew,
 And *Briscoe* lately was undone by New:
 There Triumphs a *Physician* of Renown,
 To none, but such as rust in Health, unknown.
 None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
 His known Experience, and his healing Art.
 When *Burgefs* deafens all the listning Press
 With Peals of most Seraphick Emptiness;
 Or when *Mysterious Freeman* mounts on high
 To Preach his Parish to a Lethargy:
 This *Æsculapius* waits hard by, to ease
 The *Martyrs* of such Christian Cruelties.

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,
 For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
 All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,
 To blend and juggle into Harmony.
 The Criticks each advent'rous Author scan,
 And praise or censure as they like the Man.
 The Politicians of *Parnassus* prate,
 And Poets canvass the Affairs of State;

The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
 How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.
 The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito's*,
 First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose.
 The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
 He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.
 And in the Cloister pensive *Strepson* waits,
 Till *Chloe's* Hackney comes, and then retreats;
 And if th' ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly
 More fatally than from a sparkling Eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.
 Th' *Apothecaries* thither throng to Dine,
 And want of Elbow-room's supply'd in Wine.
 Cloy'd with Variety, they surfeit there,
 Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
 'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
 Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
 Each Hero a tremendous Air put on,
 And stern *Mirmillo* in these Words begun :

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
 No Grievance you can know, but I must share.
 'Tis plain, my Int'rest you've advanc'd so long,
 Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
 And in return, tho' I have strove to rend
 Those Statues, which on Oath I should depend;
 Such Arts are Trifles to a generous Mind,
 Great Services, as great Returns should find.
 And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
 Can brandish Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,
 By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbers fell.
 Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,
 I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day :
 With Pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
 I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.
 Some fell by *Laudanum*, and some by *Steel*,
 And Death in ambush lay in ev'ry Pill.
 For save or slay, this Privilege we claim,
 Tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same.
 What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
 He that designs it least, is most a Friend.
 Into the Right we err, and must confess,
 To oversights we often owe Success.

Thus

Thus *Bessus* got the Battle in the Play,
His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day.
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its desert,
To Chance, and not the labour'd stroaks of Art.

Physicians, if they're wise, shou'd never think
Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink:
But th' Enemy, at their expence, shall find,
When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said; and seal'd th' Engagement with a Kiss,
Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris*;
Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundless Friendship owe,
Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show.
Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilst poor Pretenders trifle o'er a Case,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
O that near *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* first *Achaian* fury felt,
The Flood had curs'd young *Peleus's* Arm in vain,
For troubling his choak'd streams with heaps of slain.
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raise,
Their ten Years toil, you'd finish'd in ten days.
Fate smiles on your attempts, and when you list,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist.

Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success,
No labours are too hard for *Hercules*,
Our military Ensigns we'll display;
Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the way.

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

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

In his chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,
 And loads with lazy Fogs his fable Brows.
 Legions of Lunaticks about him press,
 His Province is lost Reason to redress.
 So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent gave o're,
 Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore.
 When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
 With lumber of vile Books besieg'd around.
 The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprise,
 Consulting less their Reason than their Eyes.
 And he perceives it stands in greater stead,
 To furnish out his Classes, than his Head.
 Thus a weak state, by wise Distrust, enclines
 To num'rous stores, and strength in Magazines.
 So Fools are always most profuse of Words,
 And Cowards never fail of longest Swords.
 Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
 And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat.
 Here Dregs and Sediment of Actions reign,
 Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-Lane*;
 And up these Shelves, much *Gothick* Lumber climbs,
 With *Swiss* Philosophy, and *Runic* Rhimes.
 Hither, retriev'd from *Cooke* and *Grocers*, come
Mead's Works entire, & endless Reams of *Bloom*.
 Where wou'd the long neglected *Collins* fly,
 If bounteous *Carus* shou'd refuse to buy;
 But each vile Scribler's happy on this score,
 He'll find some *Carus* still to read him o're.

Nor must we the obsequious *Umbra* spare,
 Who, soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
 But when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
 Flies set flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.
 Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been
 Demurely meek, insipidly serene.
 With him, the present still some Virtues have,
 The Vain are sprightly, and the Stupid, grave.
 The slothful, negligent; the Foppish neat;
 The Lewd are airy, and the sly discreet.
 A *Wren's* an *Eagle*, a *Baboon* a *Bean*;
 Colt a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, *Rowe*.

Heroick Ardour now th' Assembly warms,
 Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.

For future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,
 Fam'd *Horoscope* thus offers to dissuade;

Since of each Enterprize th' Event's unknown,
 We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown,
 Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long,
 For strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
 Which way he pleases, he can mould a Cause,
 The Worst has Merits, and the best has flaws.
 Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day,
 And Ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.

Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.

Cato pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
Orford suspected, *Duncomb* innocent.

Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Money, shall succeed.
 Know, when I first invok'd *Disease* by Charms
 T' assist, and be propitious to our Arms;
 Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
 Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her Grotto ascend.

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

In vain your Magick Mysteries you use,
 Such sounds the *Sybil's* Sacred Ears abuse.
 These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise,
 Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and force of Lays.

* *Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions clash,*
And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash.
Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriours raise,
And hideous War o're all the Region brays.

† Some raging ran with huge *Herculian Clubs*,
 Some massy *Balls of Brass*, some mighty *Tubs*
 Of *Cynders* bore.

|| *Naked and half burnt Hills, with hideous Wreck,*
Affright the Skies, and fry the Oceans Back.

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

†† *Blood, Brains, and Limbs the highest Walls distain,*
And all around lay squallid Heaps of Slain.

As he went tumbling on, the *Fury* straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs cou'd scarce support her weight.
A noisome Rag her pensive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips these Accents found.

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address
My awful Seat, and trouble my Reccess?
In *Essex* Marshy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and drizzling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And shiv'ring Quarrans shake the sickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,
And substitute Physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The Dissonance of such unequal Verse.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound:
Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel,
Read *Wycherly*, consider *Drayden* well.
In one, what vigorous Turns of Fancy shine,
In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.
If *Dorset's* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft Desire,
And little *Loves* confess their am'rous Fire.
The *Tyber* now no gentle *Gallus* sees,
But smiling *Thames* enjoys his *Normanbys*.
And gentle *Isis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *Addison*,
As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains,
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
And *Britain*, since *Pausanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Antbenian* Wit.
When *Stepney* paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *Pior* sings:
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such just Examples carefully read o're,
Slide without falling, without straining fore:

Oft tho' your Stroaks surprize, you shou'd not chuse,
 A Theme so mighty for a Virgin Muse.
 Long did *Apelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
 His *Alexander* was his last Design.

'Tis † *M——gue's* rich Vein alone must prove,
 None but a *Phidias* shou'd attempt a *Jove*.

† *Montague*

The Fury paus'd, 'till with a frightful Sound
 A rising Whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd Ground.

Then she——The Deity we *Fortune* call,
 Tho' distant, rules and influences all.

Strait for her Favour to her Court repair,
 Important Embassies claim Wings of Air.

Each wond'ring stood, but *Horoscope's* great Soul
 That Dangers ne'er alarm, nor Doubts control;
 Rais'd on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,
 Cut flew the Rack, and left the hours behind.

The Ev'ning now with Blushes warms the Air,
 The Steer resigns the Yoke, the Hind his Care.
 The Clouds aloft with golden Edgings glow,
 And falling Dews refresh the flow'rs below.
 The Bat with sooty Wings flits thro' the Grove,
 The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspine move,
 And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love. }

Thro' the transparent Region of the Skies,
 Swift as a Wish the Missionary flies.

With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,
 And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there.
 How lambent Jellies kind'ling in the Night,
 Shoot thro' the *Aether* in a Trail of Light.
 How rising Steams in th' azure Fluid blend,
 Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show'rs descend;
 Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
 In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail.

How hony Dews embalm the fragrant Morn,
 And the fair Oak with luscious Sweats adorn.

How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,
 Or b'ch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.

Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,
 And bold *Tornado's* bluster in the Sky.

Why a prolifick *Aura* upwards tends,
 Ferments, and in a living Show'r descends.

How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills
In Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills,
Whence Infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River Gods their thirsty Urns supply.

The wond'ring Sage pursues his airy Flight,
And braves the chill unwholesome Damps of Night;
He views the Tracts where Luminaries rove,
To settle Seasons here, and Fates above,
The bleak *Arcturus* still forbid the Seas,
The stormy *Kidds*, the weeping *Hyades*:
The shining * *Lyre* with Strains attracting more
Heav'n's glitt'ring Mansions now, than Hell's before.
Glad *Cassiopeia* circling in the Sky,
And each bright *Churchill* of the Galaxy.

* Orpheus's
Harp made a
Constellation.

Aurora on *Etesian* Breezes born,
With blushing Lips breaths out the sprightly Morn;
Each Flow'r in Dew their short-liv'd Empire weeps,
And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* sleeps.
As thro' the Gloom the *Magus* cuts his Way,
Imperfect Objects tell the doubtful Day.
Dim he discerns Majestick *Atlas* rise,
And bend beneath the Burthen of the Skies.
His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempests know,
Whilst Light'ning flies, and Thunder rolls below.

Distant from hence, beyond a Waste of Plains,
Proud *Teneriff* his Giant Brother reigns;
With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,
As from his Sides he shakes the fleecy Snow.
Around their hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
His Subject Island raise their verdant Heads;
The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill
The Land seems floating, and the Ocean still.

Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
From Crystal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow,
The Rose still blushes, and the Vi'lets blow.
The Vine undress'd her swelling Clusters bears,
The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olive cheers;
Blossoms and Fruit at once the Citron shows,
And as she pays, discovers still she owes.
And the glad Orange courts the am'rous Maid
With golden Apples, and a silken Shade.

No Blasts e'er discompose the peaceful Sky,
 The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but sigh;
 The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,
 And warbling Dirges, die on ev'ry Note.
 Where *Flora* treads her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,
 Shaking rich Odours from his Purple Wings;
 And Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs and Jesmin Groves
 Chaunt their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
 Mild Seasons, rising Hills, and silent Dales,
 Cool Grotto's, Silver Brookes, and flow'ry Vales, }
 In this blest'd Climate all the circling Year prevails. }

These happy Isles, where endless Pleasures wait,
 Are stil'd, by tuneful Bards——The *Fortunate*.
 On high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort,
 The hoodwink'd Goddess keeps her partial Court.
 Upon a Wheel of *Ametkyst* she sits,
 Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
 In this still Labyrinth, around her lye
 Spells, Philters, Clobes, and Schemes of Palmistry:
 A *Sigil* in this Hand the *Gypsie* bears,
 In th' other a prophetick Sive and Sheers.

The Dame by Divination knew that soon
 The *Magus* wou'd appear——and then begun
 Hail, sacred Seer! thy Embassie I know,
 Wars must ensue, the Fates will have it so.
 Dread Feats shall follow, and Disasters great,
 Pills charge on Pills, and Bolus Bolus meet:
 Both Sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fall;
 The Mortar now, and then the Urinal.

To thee alone my Influence I owe;
 Where Nature has deny'd, my Favours flow.
 'Tis I that give (so mighty is my Pow'r)
 Faith to the *Jew*, Complexion to the *Moor*.
 I am the Wretch's Wish, the *Rook*'s Pretence,
 The Sluggard's Ease, the Coxcomb's Providence.
 Sir *Scrape-Quill*, once a supple smiling Slave,
 Looks lofty now, and insolently Grave;
 Builds, Settles, Purchases, and has each Hour
 Caps from the Rich, and Curses from the Poor.
Spadillio, that at Table serv'd o' late,
 Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in Plate;

Has *Levees, Villas*, Mistresses in store,
And owns the Racers which he rubb'd before.
Souls heavenly born my faithless Boons defy;
The Brave is to himself a Deity.

Tho' blest'd *Astrea's* gone, some Soil remains
Where Fortune is the Slave, and Merit reigns.

The *Tyber* boasts his *Julian* Progeny,
Thames his *Nassau*, the *Nyle* his *Ptolomy*.
Iberia, yet for future Sway design'd,
Shall, for a *Hess*, a greater *Mordaunt* find.
Thus *Ariadne* in proud Triumph rode,
She lost a * Heroe, and we found a † God.

* *Theseus*.
† *Bacchus*.

The DISPENSARY.

CANTO V.

WHEN the still Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady Pinions o're the Ground;
And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves & streams are the soft Virgin's Theme.
The Surges gently dash against the Shoar,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.
Sleep shakes its downy Wings o're mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch, it flies.

He finds no respite from his anxious Grief,
Then seeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Glutted with Fees, and mighty in Renown.

There's none can die with due Solemnity,
Unless his Pass-port first be sign'd by Me.

My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd,

I give Reversions, and for Heirs provide.

None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State support;

But I, to make it easie, make it short.

I set the discontented Matrons free,

And Ransom Husbands from Captivity.

Then

Then shall so useful a *Machin* as I
Engage in civil Broils, I know not why?
No, I'll endeavour straight a Peace, and so
Preserve my Honour, and my Person too.

But *Discord*, that still haunts with hideous Mein
Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,
O're heard *Mirmillo* reas'ning in his Bed:
Then raging inwardly the *Fury* said;

Have I so often banisht lazy Peace
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Recess?
Have I made * *S—th* and † *Sh—ck* disagree,
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity?
And does my faithful || *F—son* profess
His Ardour still for Animosities?

* *South*
† *Sherlock*.

|| *Ferguson*.

Have I, *Britannia's* Safety to insure,
Expos'd her naked, to be more secure?
Have I made Parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous Leagues of amicable Spight
To curse their Country, whilst the common Cry,
Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Ministry*?
And shall a Dastard's Cowardise prevent
The War, so long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

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

At dead o' Night I hasten, to dispel
Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heavy Sighs,
Nay, saw the Tears debating in your Eyes.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But sure I find
Storms in your Looks, and Terror in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late Disorder flows,
That shakes your Soul, and troubles your repose.
Mistakes in Practice icarce cou'd give you Pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What Looks discover, said the Homicide,
Wou'd be a fruitless Industry to hide.
My Safety first I must consult, and then
I'll serve our suff'ring Party with my Pen.

All shou'd, reply'd the *Hag*, their Talent learn;
The most attempting oft the least discern.

Let * *P*——*b* speak, and † *V*——*b* write,
Soft *Acon* court, and rough *Cacinna* fight;
Such must succeed; but when th' *Enervate* aim
Beyond their Force, they still contend for Shame.

* *Peter-
borough.*
† *Vanbrugh.*

Had || *C*——— printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the ^d *S*——fold o' the Town.

|| *Colbatch.*

^d *Saffold.*

Asses and *Owls*, unseen, themselves betray,
If these attempts to *Hot*, or those to *Bray*,
Had * *W*—— never aim'd in Verse to please,

* *W. St. J.*

We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.

Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall,

A *Cordus* shou'd expect a *Juvenal*.

Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,

To set off, and to recommend the good.

So *Diamonds* take a Lustre from their Foyle;

And to a † *B*——ly'tis, we owe a ^h *B*——le.

† *Bentley.*
Boyle.

Consider well the Talent you possess,

To strive to make it more would make it less,

And recollect what Gratitude is due,

To those whose Party you abandon now.

To them you owe your old Magnificence,

But to your Stars your Penury of Sense.

Haspt in a Tombril, aukward have you shin'd

With one fat Slave before, and none behind.

But those that can exalt, can soon discard,

And set up *Carus*, or the City Bard.

Alarm'd at this, the *Heroe* Courage took,

And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Look,

My dread Resolves, he cry'd, I'll strait pursue;

The *Fury* nodded, and in Smiles withdrew.

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* spent the Night,

And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight.

At length gay Morn smiles in the Eastern Sky,

From rising silent Graves the Sexton's fly.

The rising Mists scud o'er the dewy Lawns.

The Chaunter at his early Matins yawns.

The *Violets* ope their Buds, *Comslips* their Bells,

And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.

As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn descries,

Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies,

And finds the Legions planted at their Post;

Where mighty *Querpo* charm'd the Eye the most,

His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame,
 By *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.
 Of temper'd *Stibium* the bright Shield was cast,
 And yet the Work the Metal far surpass'd.
 A Foliage of dissembl'd *Senna* Leaves,
 Grav'd round the Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives,
 Embost upon the Field, a Battle flood
 Of *Leeches* spouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.
 The Artist too express the solemn state
 Of grave Physicians at a Consult met;
 About each Symptom how they Disagree,
 And how unanimous in case of Fee.
 And whilst one *Assassin* another plies
 With starch'd Civilities, the Patient dies.

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright *Querpo* shone,
 Himself an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.
 A Pestle for his Truncheon led the Van,
 And his high Helmet was a Close-stool Pan:
 His Crest an † *Ibis*, brandishing her Beak,
 And winding in loose Folds her spiral Neck.
 This, when the Young *Querpoides* beheld,
 His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd.
 Then peept, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play
 But as the Monster gap'd wou'd shrink away:
 Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
 And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

As *Querpo* tow'ring stood in Martial Might,
 Pacifick *Carus* sparkl'd on the Right.
 An * *Oran Outang* o'er his Shoulders hung,
 His Plume confess'd the Capon whence it sprung.
 His motly Mail scarce cou'd the Heroe bear,
 Haranguing thus the Tribunes of the War.

Fam'd Chiefs,
 For present Triumphs born, design'd for more,
 Your Virtue I admire, your Valour more.
 If Battel be resolv'd, you'll find this Hand
 Can deal out Destiny, and Fate command.
 Our Foes in Throngs shall hide the Crimson Plain,
 And their *Apollo* interpose in vain.
 Tho' Gods themselves engage, a *Diamed*
 With ease cou'd show a Deity can bleed.

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

* The Skin
 of a dissected
 Baboon
 call'd so.

But War's rough Trade shou'd be by Fools profess'd,
 The grossest Rubbish fills a Trench the best.
 Let Quinsies throttle, and the Quartan shake,
 Or Dropsies down, and Gout and Colicks rack;
 Let Sword and Pestilence lay waste, whilst we
 Wage bloodless Wars, and fight in Theory.
 Who wants not Merit needs not arm for Fame;
 The Dead I raise my Chivalry proclaim.
 Diseases baffl'd, and lost Health restor'd,
 In flames bright List my Victories record.
 More lives from me their Preservation own
 Than Lovers lose if Fair *Cornelia* frown.

Your Cures, shrill *Querpo* cry'd, aloud you tell,
 But wisely your Miscarriages conceal.
Zeno, a Priest, in *Samothrace* of old,
 Thus reason'd with *Philopids* the bold;
 Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind
 To what concerns the State of Human Kind.
 Either they hear not, nor regard not Pray'r,
 That argues want of Pow'r, and this of Care.
 Allow that Wisdom infinite must know;
 Pow'r infinite must act. *I grant it so.*
 Haste strait to *Neptune's* Fane, survey with Zeal
 The Walls. *What then?* reply'd the Infidel.
 Observe those num'rous Throngs in Effigy,
 The Gods have sav'd from the devouring Sea.
 'Tis true, their Pictures that escap'd you keep,
 But where are *Theirs* that perish'd in the Deep?

Vaunt now no more the Triumphs of your Skill,
 But, tho' unfeed, exert your Arm, and kill.
 Our Scouts have learn'd the Posture of the Foe;
 In War, Surprizes surest Conduct show.

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
 That *Pembroke's* Worth, and *Ormand's* Valour tells,
 How Truth in *Benting*, how in *Candish* reigns
Varro's Magnificence with *Maro's* Strains.
 But how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch
 If *Withers* plead, or *Smith*, or *Only* preach,
 On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
 And what the Enemy intends, declares.
 Confusion in each Countenance appear'd,
 A Council's call'd, and * *Stentor* first was heard;

* Dr.
Goodal.

His lab'ring Lungs the throng'd *Prætorium* rent;
Addressing thus the passive President.

* *Machaon*, whose Experience we adore,
Great as your matchless Merits, is your Pow'r.
At your Approach, the baffl'd Tyrant Death
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing Teeth.
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day;
What you command, your Vassals must obey.
If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
We'll send to treat, and stifle the Design.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To scatter our audacious Foes, or die.
He had not finish'd, 'till th' Out-guards descry'd
Bright Columns move in formidable Pride.
The passing Pomp so dazzl'd from afar,
It seem'd a Triumph, rather than a War.
Tho' wide the Front, tho' gross the *Phalanx* grew,
It look'd less dreadful as it nearer drew.

* Sir Thomas
Millington.

The adverse Host for Action strait prepare;
All eager to unveil the Face of War.
Their Chiefs lace on their Helms, and take the Field,
And to their trusty Squires resign their Shield:
To paint each Knight, their Ardour and Alarms,
Wou'd ask the Mule that sung the Frogs in Arms.

And now the Signal summons to the Fray;
Mock Falchions flash, and paltry Ensigns play.
Their Patron God his silver Bow-string twangs;
Touch Harness rustles, and bold Armour clangs.
The piercing *Caulsticks* play their sprightful Pow'r;
Emeticks ranch, and keen *Catharticks* scour.
The deadly Drugs in double Doses fly;
And Pestles peal a martial Symphony.

Not from their levell'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volly of a missive Show'r.
Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the *Baltick* drive,
Push'd on by *Northern* Gusts, such horror give.
Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

So when *Leviathans* dispute the Reign
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,
And Isles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.

Such

Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the Itagg'ring *Braues*, led by Despair,
Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.

Each seizes for his Shield a specious *Scale*,
And the *Brass Wights* fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.
Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,
With Gally-Pots; and broken Phials crown'd;
Whilst empty Jars the dire Defeat resound.

Thus when some Storm its Crystal Quarry rends,
And *Jove* in ratling Show'rs of *Ice* descends;
Mount *Athos* shakes the Forests on his Brow.
Whilst down his wounded Sides fresh torrents flow,
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the
(Vale below.)

But now, all Order lost, promiscuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battle grows.
From *Stentor's* Arm a massy Opiat flies,
And strait a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus's* Eyes.
At *Colon* great *Sertorius* Rhubarb flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like those of Death, was stung;
But with a dauntless and disdainful Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen:
Chiron attack'd *Talthebius* with such Might,
One Pass had paunch'd the huge hydropick Knight,
Who strait retreated to evade the Wound,
But in a Flood of *Apozem* was drown'd.

This *Psylas* saw, and to the Victor said,
Thou shalt not long survive th' unweildy Dead,
Thy Fate shall follow; then to confirm it swore
By th' Image of *Priapus*, which he bore;
And rais'd an *Eagle-stone*, invoking loud
On *Cynthia*, learning o'er a Silver Cloud,

Great Queen of Night, and Empress of the Seas,
If faithful to thy Midnight Mysteries,
If still observant of my early Vows,
These Hands have eas'd the mourning Matrons throws
Direct this rais'd avenging Arm aright,
So may loud Cymbals aid thy lab'ring Light.
He said, and let the pond'rous Fragment fly
At *Chiron*, but learn'd *Hermes* put it by.

Tho' the haranguing God survey'd the War,
That Day the Muses Songs were not his Care.

Two Friends, Adepts, the *Trismegists* by Name,
 Alike their Features, and alike their Flame.
 As simpling ne'er fair *Tweed* each sung by turn,
 The list'ning River wou'd neglect his Urn.
 Those Lives they fail'd to rescue by their Skill,
 Their Muse cou'd make immortal with her Quill.
 But learn'd Enquiries after Nature's State
 Dissolv'd the League, and kindl'd a Debate.
 The one, for lofty Labours fruitful know,
 Fill'd Magazines with Volumes of his own.
 At his once-favour'd Friend a Tome he threw
 That from its Birth had slept unseen 'till now.
 Stunn'd with the Blow the batter'd Bard retir'd,
 Sunk down, and in a *Simile* expir'd.

And now the Cohorts shake, the Legions ply,
 The yielding Flanks confess the Victory.
Stentor undaunted still, with noble Rage
 Sprung thro' the Battle, *Querpo* to engage.
 Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,
 Both cou'd not vanquish, Neither would retreat;
 Each Combatant his Adversary mauls
 With batter'd *Bed-Pans*, and stav'd *Urinals*.
 But whilst bold *Stentor* (as late Rumors tell)
 Design'd a fatal Stroke, the Heroe fell;
 And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood,
 With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* su'd.

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die;
 Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.
 But to the lost, if Pity might be shown,
 Reflect on young *Querpoides* thy Son;
 Then pity mine, for such an Infant-Grace
 Sports in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.
 If he was near, Compassion he'd create,
 Or else lament his wretched Parent's Fate.
 Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
 To thee the lov'd *Dispens'ry* I resign.

The Chief at this the deadly Stroak declin'd,
 And found Compassion pleading in his Mind.
 But whilst he view'd with Pity the Distress'd,
 He spy'd * *Signetur* writ upon his Breast.

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

Then tow'rd's the Skies he toss'd his threatning head,
And fir'd with more than mortal Fury, said,

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge desist,
His *Holiness* shall turn a *Quietist*.

The *Jesuit* and *Jansenists* agree,

The Inquisition wink at Heresie.

Faith stand unshook thro' *Stilinfleet's* Defence;

And *Lock* for Mystery abandon Sense.

With that he drew a Lancet in full Rage,

To puncture the still supplicating Sage.

But while his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,

Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.

The Chief great *Pæan's* golden Tresses knew,

He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've seen

Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,

Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,

With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood,

But at the first Appearance of a Fare,

Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe so his Enterprize recalls,

His Fist unclimches, and the Weapon falls.

The DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHile the shrill Clangour of the Battle rings,
Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephir's* Wings;

She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,

More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.

A Charm she takes from each excelling Fair,

And borrows *Carelisse's* Shape, and *Grafton's* Air.

Her Eyes like *Ramelagb's* their Beams dispense,

With *Churchill's* Bloom, and *Burkley's* Innocence;

From

From her bright Lips a vocal Musick falls,
As to *Machdon* thus the Goddess calls.

Enough th' Atchievement of your Arms you've shown;
You seek a Triumph you shou'd blush to own.
Haste to th' *Elysian* Fields, those bless'd Abodes,
Where *Harvy* sits among the Demi-Gods.
Consult that sacred Sage, soon He'll disclose
The Method that must terminate these Woes.
Let *Celfus* for that Enterprize prepare,
His Conduct to the Shades shall be my Care.

Aghast the Heroes stood dissolv'd in Fear,
A form so Heav'nly bright they cou'd not bear;
Celfus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The rest in pale Confusion left the field.

So when the Pigmies, marshall'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes;
The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,
And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air;
But when the bold imperial Bird of *Jove*
Stoops on his sounding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Strimonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds!

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddess with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement strike; and strait at her Command
The willing Surface opens, and descends
A deep Descent that leads to nether Skies.

* *Hygeia* to the silent Region tends;
And with his Heav'nly Guide the Charge descends.

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lye,
'Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Pancies* trick themselves in various Hew;
And hence *Funquils* drive their fragrant Dew.
Hence the *Carnation* and the bashful *Rose*
Their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose.

Hence the chaste *Lilly* rises to the Light,
 Unveils her snowy Breasts, and charms the Sight:
 Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
 T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.
 And hence on *Dauphne's* Laurel'd forehead grow
 Immortal Wreath for *Phæbus* and *Nassau*.

The Insects here their lingring Trance survive:
 Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
 From Winter's Fury hither they repair,
 And stay for milder Skies and softer Air.
 Down to these Cells obscurer Reptils creep,
 Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizards* sleep:
 Where shiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solstice wait,
 Unfurl their painted Folds, and slide in State.

Now, those profounder Regions they explore,
 Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Oar.
 Here, sullen to the Sight, at large is spread
 The dull unweildy Mass of lumpish Lead.
 There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen
 The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
 The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
 And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
 The Silver then with bright and burnish'd Grace,
 Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
 To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,
 And in the Folds of their Embraces lyes.
 So close they cling, so stubbornly retire?
 Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire:

Near these the Delegate with Wonder spies
 Where Floods of living Silver serpentize:
 Where richest Metals their bright Looks put on,
 And Golden Streams thro' Amber Channels run.
 Where Lights gay God descends to ripen Gems,
 And lend a Lustre brighter than his Beams.
 Here he observes the Subterranean Cells,
 Where wanton Nature sports in idle Shells:
 Some *Helicæids*, some *Conical* appear;
 These, Miters emulate; Those, Turbans are:
 Here Marcasites in various Figure wait,
 To ripen to a true Metallick State:

'Till Drops that from impending Rocks descend
 Their Substance petrify, and Progress end.
 Nigh, livid Seas of kindl'd Sulphur flow;
 And, whilst enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow;
 Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rise,
 And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noisic Cave,
 Where with hoarse din imprison'd Tempests rave,
 Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
 Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.
 The warring Winds unmov'd *Hygeia* heard,
 Brav'd their loud Jars, but much for *Celsus* fear'd.
Andromeda, so whilst her Heroe fought
 Shook for his Danger, but her own forgot.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,
 Where scarce one chearful Glimpse their steps befriends.
 Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
 And undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps.
 A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;
 An aukward Lump of shapeless Anarchy.
 With sordid Age his Features are defac'd;
 His Lands unpeopl'd, and his Countries waste.
 Here Lumber, undeserving Light, is kept,
 And *Phillip's* to this Dark Region's swept:
 Where Mushroom Libels silently retire;
 And, soon as born, with Decency expire.
 Upon a Couch of *Jett* in these Abodes,
 Dull *Night*, his melancholly Consort, nods.
 No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
 But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess, with Terrour they survey
 Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;
 In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
 Where *Goblins* frisk, and airy *Spectres* rove,
 Yawns a dark Cave, most formidably wide;
 And there the *Monarch's* Triumphs are descry'd.
 Confus'd, and wildly huddl'd to the Eye,
 The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye.
 Dim Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow;
 Sighs have in mournful Moans, and Tears o'er-flow.
 Old mouldring Urns, pale Fear, and dark Distress
 Make up the frightful Horror o' the Place.

Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.

* *Febris* is first. The *Hag* rentless hears
The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the Infant's Tears.
In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery *Meteors* reign;
And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.

* *Fever.*

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

† *Dropsy.*

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

|| *Leprosie.*

Whilst meager § *Phthisis* gives a silent Blow;
Her Stroaks are sure; but her Advances slow.
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shown:
She starves the *Fortress* first; then takes the *Town*.
Behind stood Crouds of much inferior Name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny:
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

§ *Consump-
tion.*

Now *Celsus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
The silent Region of the fleeting Shades:
Where Rocks and ruful Desarts are descry'd;
And fullen *Stryx* rolls down his lazy Tide.
Then shews the Ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his Passage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* smiling, said,
You need no Pass-port to demand our Aid.
Physicians never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon's* present still at their Command;
Our awful Monarch and his Consort owe
To them the Peopling of their Realms below.
Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd his Oar,
Receiv'd his Guests aboard, and shov'd from Shore.

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

Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why Sighs
Burst from your Breast, and Torrents from your eyes :
And who those mangl'd *Manes* are, which show
A sullen Satisfaction at your Woe ?

Since, said the Ghost, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm *Guaiacum*, once your valu'd Friend,
And on this barren Beach in Discontent
Am doom'd to stay, 'till th' angry Pow'rs relent.
Those *Spectres* seam'd with scars that threaten there,
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
They vex with endless Clamours my Repose :
This wants his Palate; That demands his Nose :
And here they execute stern *Pluto's* Will,
And ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celsus* thus : O much-lamented State !
How rigid is the Sentence you relate ?
Me thinks I recollect your former Air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were !
Insipid as your late *Ptisans* you lye,
That once were sprightlier far than *Mercury*.
At the sad Tale you tell, the Poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable Souls asleep,
The unctuous *Larix*, and the healing *Pine*
Lament your Fate in Tears of Turpentine.
But still the Off-spring of your Brain shall prove
The *Grocer's* Care, and brave the Rage of *Jove*.
When Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works shall rise
In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.

If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs cou'd bend,
Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd send.
But since no humane Arts the Fates dissuade;
Direct me how to find blest *Harvey's* Shade.
In vain th' unhappy Ghost still urg'd his Stay ;
Then rising from the Ground, he shew'd the Way.

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

Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,
 And taste th' Indulgence of a milder Sky.
 Loose Breezes on their airy Pinions play,
 And with refreshing Sweets perfume the Way.
 Cool Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
 And as they pass, their painted Banks they chide.
 These blissful Pains no blights, nor Mildews fear,
 The flow'rs near fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.
 The Morn awakes the Tulip from her bed;
 E'er Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head:
 Roab'd in rich Dye she triumphs on the Green,
 And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen.
 So when bright *Venus* rises from the Flood,
 Around in Throngs the wond'ring *Nereids* crowd;
 The *Tritons* gaze, and tune each vocal Shell,
 And ev'ry Grace unsung, the Waves conceal.

The *Delegate* observes, with wond'ring Eyes,
 Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise.
 Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove,
 The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
 Here Jealousie with Jaundice Looks appears,
 And broken Slumbers, and fantastick Fears.
 The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
 And to the Woods in mournful Murmurs sings.
 No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,
 Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.
 Their wounded bark records some broken Vow,
 And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry bough.

Olivia here in Solitude he found,
 Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent Ground:
 Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
 She seem'd the mournful Image of Despair.
 How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
 Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring,
 Till the Green-sickness and Love's force betray'd
 To Death's remorseless Arms th' unhappy Maid.
 All o'er confus'd the guilty Lover stood,
 The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood,
 An Icy Horror shiver'd in his Look,
 As to the cold-complexion'd Nymph he spoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence such anxious Care
Your Looks disorder'd, and your Bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping Flow'r?
Crush'd by the weight of some unfriendly Show'r?
Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell;
O that instead of Trash you'd taken Steel!

Stabb'd with th' unkind Reproach, the Conscious Maid
Thusto her late insulting Lover said;
When Ladies listen not to loose Desire,
You stile our Modesty, our want of Fire.
Smile or Forbid, Encourage or Reprove,
You still find Reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a Liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say!

Custom, reply'd the Lover, is your Guide,
Discretion is but Fear, and Honour, Pride.
To do nice Conduct Right, you Nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak, where Reason's strong.
Some want th' Assurance oft, but Few the Flame;
They like the Thing, that startle at the Name.
The lonely *Phoenix*, tho' profess'd a Nun,
Warms into Love, and kindles at the Sun.
Those Tales of spicy Urns and fragrant Fires,
Are but the Emblems of her scorch'd Desires.

Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting Fair,
His empty Arms confess'd th' impassive Air.
From his Embrace th' unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her Eyes.

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

Hail, blooming Goddess! Thou propitious Pow'r,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore.
With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,
That Cottages are Courts where those appear.

Mankind, as you vouchsafe to Smile or Frown,
Finds Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.

With just Resentments and Contempt you see
The mean Dissentions of the Faculty;
How your sad sick'ning Art now hangs her Head,
And once a Science, is become a Trade.
Her Sons ne'er rifle her Mysterious Store,
But study Nature less, and Lucre more.

I shou'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the *Meanders* of their reflux Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there?
And how the Spirits, by Mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cause.
Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Bates*, and *Glisson* lye
In the Abyss of blind Obscurity.
But now such wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And *Pean*'s Art is by Divisions torn.
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How her lost Health your Science may regain.

Haste, and the matchless *Atticus* Address,
From Heav'n, and great *Nassau* he has the Mace;
Th' oppress'd to his *Asylum* still repair;
Arts he supports, and Learning is his Care.
He softens the harsh Rigour of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and cuts their Harpy Claws;
And graciously he casts a pitying Eye
On the sad State of virtuous Poverty.
When-e'er he speaks, Heav'n's how the list'ning Throng
Dwells on the melting Musick of his Tongue.
His Arguments are Emblems of his Mein,
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene;
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,
Here, Light'ning strikes you; there, soft Breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly State refer,
Your Charter claims him as your Visiter.
Your Wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore
Your Science to the Height it had before.

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

Wou'd *Phæbus*, or his *Granvil*, but inspire
 Their sacred Veh'quence of Poetick Fire;
 To celebrate in Song that God-like Pow'r,
 Which did the lab'ring Universe restore;
 Fair *Albion's* Cliffs wou'd Eccho to the Strain,
 And praise the Arm that Conquer'd, to regain
 The Earth's Repose, and Empire o'er the Main. }

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

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

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

*Med. Lib.
 Pat.*

F I N I S.



