

Nature the best physician: a matter of fact, evinced from a most remarkable variolous case, communicated by the learned Dr. Wilmot to the Late Dr. Mead. And now set forth in a poetical narrative / [David Maxwell].

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Publication/Creation

[London] : [publisher not identified], [1756]

Persistent URL

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6
NATURE the BEST PHYSICIAN:

A

M A T T E R of F A C T,

Evinced from a most Remarkable

V A R I O L O U S Case,

Communicated by the

Learned Dr. W I L M O T

T O

The late Dr. M E A D.

And now set forth

In a POETICAL NARRATIVE,

By D A V I D M A X W E L L, M. D.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M D C L V I.

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE LATE DR. M. A. D.

AND HIS SON
A BIOGRAPHICAL NARRATIVE
BY DAVID MAXWELL, M.D.

LONDON:
Printed in the Strand by

T O

JAMES GORDON, M. D.

DEAN of the Faculty of PHYSICK in the
Univerfity of ABERDEEN.

S I R,

THE great Regard, You always expreffed, in my Converfation with You, for Dr. MEAD and all his Literary Productions, was a very natural Inducement to me to infcribe the following Narrative, as it was ever a favourite Cafe with that Gentleman, to Your Name. You may eafily guefs how it muft have charmed me, who have made it (and that irrefiftibly) the Subject of Poetic Numbers. And, indeed, never through the whole Courfe of my Life did I invoke the Affiftance of the MUSES more ardently, than on this Occafion. I muft take upon me to fay, and that, I flatter myfelf, without any Imputation of Arrogance, that my Opening the Story in the Perfon of the DOCTOR addreffing himfelf to Dr. WILMOT adds no mean Dignity to it, which it is at the fame time altogether deferving of. Should it hit Your Taft, and confequently That of the Public, I fhall exhibit a WORK (long fince prepared for the Pref) in the fame Strain, viz. A VERSION of a Piece ftiled VARIOLÆ, Poema: Or, The Method of Treating the Various Kinds of the

SMALL-Pox. In Six Cantos. Written in LATIN Hexameters by Don LOPEZ DE VEGA, Doctor in Physick and Philosophy, First Physician to the KING of SPAIN, and Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at MADRID. To which I shall subjoin NOTES Philological, Medical, Illustratory, Panegyric, Biographical, Classical, and Critical. The POEM begins solemnly thus: viz.

NEC Tu, Morbe ferox, nostris indictus abibis
Carminibus, pulchræ O funesta Injuria Formæ!
Ingenito late seu spargis Semine Cladem,
Sive ferunt absorpta Malum Contagia sævum,
Te sive Ira Deûm nostras Styge misit in Oras,
Me tua jam fidus Vestigia pingere fœda
Accingam, horrentique canam Signacula Versu.

THEE too, the Muse now on the Wing,
Will I, Disease Tremendous, sing:
Potent o'er Beauty's rosy Bloom
To cast a ghastly, hideous, Gloom.
Whether thy Pow'rs derive their Force
From some innate Malignant Source,
Or whether thy Contagion reigns
From Seeds absorpt within the Veins,
Or Wrath Divine from Realms below
Hath doom'd Thee to Mankind a Foe,
I'll all thy hostile Forms rehearse
In horrid, dismal, shocking Verse.

And so in reality He does. In short, this Poem of DE VEGA is a Master-piece in its Kind, the Perusal of which of course would infallibly give You great Pleasure. With what Parade does he recommend the Consigning the Patient to his Bed on a Certainty of his being seized with the SMALL-Pox. This Passage I must beg leave to select from his WORK, and to lay it before you with my NOTES subjoined to it, which may, indeed,
serve

serve at the same time as a Specimen of the whole Performance.

The Passage runs thus, : viz.

O quicunque tua hæc, infausto haud Omine, nostra
 Versas Scripta manu, Medicus sis, five Sacerdos
 Doctus, five sagax Nutrix, (Reverentia Dictis
 Apta sit) unum oro, sacrum illud, Apolline dignum et,
 Pectore Præceptum unum oro inviolabile serves,
 Artis Præsidium, Fundamentumque Medendi.
 Palladio hoc fretus firmo, (nec inania canto)
 Majorem acquires Famam, quam Dextra gementi
 Si tua mille BOLOS, * PILLASVE injungeret Ægro
 Mille, potens prompti Calami.
 Sic mihi jamdudum, manifesto Numine, Phœbus
 Præcepit Pater. Ergo ubi jam Vestigia claris
 Cœperit Indiciis sua prodere Morbus, in Undis
 Seu Sol Hesperiiis properet se mergere, sacram
 Seu renovet Lucem, Radiis spectabilis aurëis;
 O, ut sit placida compostus Membra Quiete,
 Hæreat Ægrotus Lecto, Lecto hæreat, oro,
 Ægrotus.

Translated by me thus: viz.

a Whoe'er Thou art, that read'st this Verse,
 Physician, b Learn'd Divine, or c Nurse,
 Let me without Reserve impart
 d The Sov'reign Secret of our Art.
 What erst APOLLO to my Breast
 Reveal'd, his Godhead full impress'd,
 That I, by Int'rest uncontroll'd,
 His Veteran Priest to You unfold.
 Attend then deep-compos'd and grave,
 e And hear with all the Ears you have!
 This Maxim let me e'er instill,
 Availing more than BOLE, or PILL.
 This let me o'er and o'er injoin:
 Whether the ruddy Sun decline,
 Posting, with loosely-flowing Rein,
 To bathe him in th' HESPERIAN Main;

Or,

* PILLAS] An arbitrary Word for PILULAS.

Or, in the Quarters of the East,
 In all his Rising Glories drest,
 He streak the Morn with heav'nly Red,
 f O Keep, O Keep the Sick in Bed!
 Keep him in Bed, when now a Veil
 Is cast no longer o'er the Ail.

a Whoe'er Thou art, that read'st this Verse,] The Advice, our Poetical Author seems to a no small Degree to labour with, he ushers into the world with great Pomp and Solemnity, and by that means very artfully bespeaks the Reader's Attention to the Precept. And, in reality, I am at a loss in this place which more to admire in him, his Poetic or Physical Powers and Sagacity.

b Learn'd Divine,] There are Certain of the SPANISH Clergy, who devote themselves very much to the Study of PHYSICK, from a Motive of interesting themselves, where They may chance to be planted, in the Cure of such Sick, as may be either very necessitous, and consequently unable to Fee a Physician, or else may be so remote from Help, as to be Half-dead before the Physician can reach them. Hence it is, that DE VEGA links the DIVINE, in this place, to the DOCTOR and Sagacious NURSE.

c Nurse,] Sagax Nutrix, says the Text. Nurses in SPAIN, particularly Those, who, from a natural Sagacity, are intitled to the Epithet with which our Author here accosts them, have procured to themselves a great Veneration, not only among the Lower Class of People, but even among Personages of High Rank and Distinction, a Good Nurse being universally concluded in that Kingdom to be a Good Thing. Hence it is no Wonder, that our DOCTOR should lug them in head and shoulders, in this Passage, along with PHYSICK and DIVINITY: which he might be also induced to do from a Consciousness, perhaps, of their Merit and Importance in these direful Distempers, and of the grand Consequence it must necessarily be to the Public, (from their being frequently inaugurated whole and sole Managers and Conducters in these Illnesses) to have them Compleatly and, in a superlative Degree, Physically instructed. Nor are they, when of any Eminence, treated among us with any other than with Medical Marks of Distinction. And, in reality, They are a Kind of She-Physicians, the DIAETETIC, which Province is generally consigned to these HIPPOCRATIC Matrons, being as much a Part of the Science, as any other.

ago here in LONDON a Gentleman of the FACULTY, who so far outstripped all his Contemporaries in regard of this particular Branch of the Profession, that, to assign him a more than ordinary Badge of Honour, instead of being KNIGHTED, according to the utmost Ambition of the Generality of our Seers, he was, I remember, installed in the superiour and far more distinguishing Title of NURSE GIBBONS.

d The Sov'reign Secret of our Art.] This is, I must own, an exaggerated and hyperbolical Expression, there being Secrets in the Practice of PHYSICK transcending the Secret before us by an infinite Number of Degrees; This regarding only the Ordering the SICK to bed on the First Attack of an Acute Malady, Those Others extending themselves to the Keeping him there, even when the Acuteness of the Malady is over: it being an established Maxim in SPAIN, that Those are the Best Patients, who are in no Danger of Dying immediately, nor of too precipitately Recovering.

e And hear with all the Ears you have!] The Word ALL, in reality, implies more than a Couple. However, it is to be taken Here in a restrained Sense, being absolutely confined to that complicatedly Unite Number. It is an Emphatical Way I chose of Expressing myself in this Translation, in order to raise an Attention to our Author suitable to the Importance of the Precept.

f O Keep, O Keep the SICK in Bed!] At first sight This may seem an unnecessary Injunction, it being very natural to consign Persons with the SMALL-POX upon them to their Beds. But, if we reflect how frequently Matters, obvious even to Common Sense, are unattended to, we shall find it a Precept of as much solid Consequence, peradventure, as any in the whole Poem. I must not forget to let Dr. MEAD come in for his Share of Reputation on the same Occasion, who is likewise very specific as to this Article, where he says, " Illud autem in universum est tenendum, ut primis morbi diebus in lecto decumbat aeger." Let it be a general Rule for the Patient to lie in bed during the First Stage of the Distemper.

As to what remains, I shall only just farther insinuate in favour of this Production of DON DE VEGA, that its Versification, though full of truly
Old

Old ROMAN Majesty, is by no means its Principal Merit, the admirable Doctrine it contains surpassing it still to an incredible Degree: a Point, I know, You will not dispute with me, when I assure You upon my Honour, that it tallies exactly in all respects with the Precepts laid down by Dr. MEAD in his Discourse on the identical Topic. I am with all due Attachment to Your own Superiour Talents and Abilities,

S I R,

Your most Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

London, Jan.
1, 1756.

DAVID MAXWELL

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE CASE in agitation is Introduced by Dr. MEAD, at the Close of his DISCOURSE on the SMALL-POX and MEASLES, in the following Manner : viz.

CORONIDEM, says he, longis hisce praeceptis imponam morbi historia, quam mecum communicavit doctrina et arte nulli secundus, Edwardus Wilmot, gener meus dilectissimus; qui in juvene quindecim annorum curando, quem gravissime opprefferant variolae, ad consilium medici etiam doctissimi Mich. Connel suum accommodavit.

Febre incipiente, &c.

In ENGLISH Thus : viz.

BY way of Corollary to these protracted Precepts, I will subjoin a Narrative of a very remarkable Case, Communicated to me by my favourite Son-in-law, Dr. EDWARD WILMOT, second to No one for Learning and Medical Sagacity; who jointly with Dr. MICH. CONNEL, a Gentleman likewise of Distinguished Literature, attended a Youth of Fifteen Years of Age grievously oppressed with the Small-Pox.

On the First Appearance of the Fever, Blood was drawn from the Arm, and a Vomit exhibited; and the Day before the Eruption of the Pustules a Cathartic Potion was ordered of the mild and gentle Kind.

The little, minute, Spots, that had spread themselves over the whole Surface of the Body, resembled rather the Measles, than they did the Small-Pox. The Fever increasing, the Compound Powder of Crabs-Claws, with the Addition of Nitre, was enjoined to be taken Every Six Hours, with a Draught of Barley-Water between whiles palatably acidulated with Spirit of Vitriol.

On the Fourth Day from the Eruption, on the Urgency of a Delirium, the Patient took Six Drachms of Syrup of Poppies in order to procure him some Sleep; but to no imaginable purpose.

On the Fifth Day the Face was not in the least Degree swelled, nor the Delirium any ways abated, the Heat at the same time being more intense, and the Pulse quicker. Recourse therefore was again had to Bleeding, and the Use of the aforesaid Powder continued, to which were added on this Occasion Five Grains of Myrrh. The Spirit of Vitriol and the Barley-Water were still prescribed, together with an Anodyne Draught.

On the Seventh Day Every thing was found in the same Situation, with an additional Difficulty of Breathing, and a vexatious husky Cough. Hence was every Draught impregnated with Diascordium, and a Spoonful of a Solution of Gum Ammoniac taken occasionally. The Paregoric Draught was likewise continued.

On the Eighth the Patient complained of a most acute Pain in his Head, his Breath at the same time being grown much shorter, his Cough more violent, his Pulse considerably lower, without the least Signs appearing of any approaching Suppuration: while the Face seemed all parched, nor was there come on any Swelling either of the Hands or Feet. Hence were the Arms and Legs immediately Blistered, and the Feet wrapped up in Plasters of half Cephalic, half Epispastic. Draughts were likewise administered Every Six Hours with Half a Drachm of Mithridate in them, and Ten Grains of Volatile Salt of Amber. Recourse was also had to Gargles of Pectoral Decoction with the Addition of Oxymel of Squills.

On the Tenth Day there was an Aggravation of every Circumstance. On which account, in conjunction with the Medicines already prescribed, Blisters were applied to the Wrists.

On

On the Eleventh, the Strength being grown still more languid, to the Cordial Remedies above-specified a Mixture was added impregnated with Raleigh's Confection, to be drank of frequently.

On the Twelfth, the Pulse being now scarce perceptible, the Respiration exceedingly laborious, with a seeming Impossibility of Recovery, all on a sudden there issued a Copious Discharge, from the almost suffocated Glands of the Throat, of a limpid and excessively fetid Humour, not unlike That evacuated in consequence of a Salivation. This Flux of Matter continued without any Diminution Twelve Days; then it began gradually to lessen, but did not cease intirely till Four Days after.

On the Sixteenth Day of the Disease, what with the Sickness, and what with that Flux, the poor Creature's Strength was so exhausted, that he could scarce turn himself in his Bed: he was nevertheless in such good heart, that he eat plentifully enough of Spoon-meat. His Strength being by this means recruited, the Fever seemed now of the Hætic Kind. On which score, after Taking away Five Ounces of Blood, and the Exhibition of Lemon Juice and Salt of Wormwood Draughts, with the Addition of a small Portion of Sperma Ceti, a Course was ordered of Asses-Milk.

By this Method, in Process of Time, together with Repeated Bleeding to the Quantity of Five Ounces, and the Body opened between whiles with a gentle Dose of Rhubarb, and the Help of Bristol-Water with Elixir of Vitriol dropped in it, along with a Series of innocent Amusements in a pleasant Country-Air, the Youth at long run was perfectly Restored.

It is not in the Power of Man to produce a more illustrious Instance of the Sollicitude, (which I have more than once insinuated) that Nature is ever under, of Exterminating the Venomous Matter of this Disease by all possible Means from the Human Body.

REMARK of the Present EDITOR.

N. B. The ASSES-MILK and COUNTRY-AIR, specified towards the Conclusion of this Case, and directed above by Dr. MEAD in his Treatise on

this Distemper, put me in mind how exactly the SPANISH DOCTOR, DE VEGA, (descanted on in my DEDICATION) writing on the same Subject, falls in with the Conduct of these Eminent Physicians. His Words, at the Close of his Poem, are as follow : viz.

—— Denique Scena

Hac tandem clausa, Naturam Alimenta labantem
Sustinent apta, O Medici, celebrata per Orbem
Qualia LAC florent ASININUM, Laude Placenta et
Fulta Galactitia illustri, Streblitaque docta
Arte Corinthiacis formata insigniter Uvis.
Ingesta Hæc recreent crebro. Tunc haustus amæno
RURE sit AER, ubi vel PARDUS sternitur Aura
Perflatus rosea, aut ubi DIVUS surgit in altum
ILD'FONSUS, dudum radiantum Arx inclyta Regum.

Translated by me thus: viz.

This Salutory Process o'er,
So that you Bleed and Purge no more,
Think o' Repairing Nature's Wastes
With Nutritive and Choice Repasts.
Such ASSES-MILK and Custard stand
Rais'd high in Fame thro' all the Land.
Such Cheese-cake reigns, if dextrous Art
Th' Ingredients works, such Currant-Tart.
Then, to compleat the whole Design,
Still Walks and Gentle Rides injoin.
Each Day, that shines serene and fair,
Be breath'd the ^a PARDO's healthful AIR ;
Or, more remotely from these Tow'rs,
At SAINT ILD'FONSO spent the Hours :
Whence ev'ry Charm of Nature springs,
Blest Seat for Ages of our Kings.

The Conclusion of this POEM being uncommonly charming in its Images no less, than wonderfully harmonious in its Numbers, I shall gratify whatever Reader may have a Taste for Excellencie

of a Poetical Nature with a Publication of it on this Occasion. It runs thus : viz.

^b Quam dulce intonfos Lucos, quam dulce Receffus
ILD'FONSI lustrare facros, Fontesque perennes,
Et Myrto obductos, Antra O Cælestia, Montes !
Sæpe ubi, capta Loci mira Dulcedine, festis
Agmina HAMADRYADUM Choreas duxere Diebus.
Tales esse Locos Lætos, et amæna Vireta
Fortunatorum Nemorum, Sedesque Beatas
Crediderim : blandi qua mollior Aura FAVONI
Lascivit ; Campos ubi Lumine gratior Æther
Ambit purpureo, et multo circum halat Odore.

Translated thus : viz.

How sweet to range thy Sylvan Shades,
O SAINT ILD'FONSO, and those Glades !
Those Falls of Fountains to survey,
And 'midst those Myrtle Groves to stray !
Where Crowds of WOOD-Nymphs oft retreat,
Enamour'd of the Blissful Seat ;
And, rev'ling in those Roseate Bow'rs,
In jocond Dances hail the Hours.
Such thy Blest Scenes, ELYSIUM, bloom,
And thus display their solemn Gloom.
Where, during one Eternal Spring,
FAVONIUS spreads a softer Wing.
While no unwelcome fiery Ray
Darts from the glaring Orb of Day ;
But gently o'er th' extended Lawns
A Purple Light divinely dawns.
Whilst ev'ry Tree, and Shrub, and Flower,
In ev'ry Grot, Recess, and Bower,
With rich AMBROSIAL Essence crown'd,
Diffuse Celestial Odours round.

N O T E S.

^a The PARDO's healthful Air ;] What the RING in HYDE-PARK was formerly in regard of our Metropolis here in ENGLAND, the PARDO is in respect of MADRID : where it is customary for the Nobility and Gentry at
Stated

Stated Times to take the air in their Coaches in solemn Order ; looking upon it as a Kind of Sacrilege to admit, amongst their Superiour Equipages, a Mercenary Vehicle drawn shabbily around the Brilliant Circle by Hackney Mules. The Case was otherwise, I remember, as to HYDE-PARK RING, where those Figured Sort of Execrable Carriages frequently made a Burlesque Appearance : which may be one Reason, perhaps, why that Orbicular Parade, for many Years such a Favourite Diversion, ceased at length to be deemed any manner of Amusement.

^b Quam dulce intonos Lucos, &c.] Though one was not at the SPANISH Court, when this Poem of our Author's made its First Appearance there, yet we may naturally conclude it met with a highly Gracious Reception from the MONARCH, especially as to What regards the Conclusion of it ; where the Situation of St. ILD'FONSO is represented equal to the Blissful Recesses of ELYSIUM, and that in Numbers no ways unworthy even of Antiquity.

I cannot part with the favourite DE VEGA without Producing one Instance more of his Poetic as well as Physical Powers and Sagacity. How surprisngly does he ring the changes on the BARK, OIL of VITRIOL, and ALUM, at the Beginning of his Fifth CANTO, where he Treats of that Species of the SMALL-POX stiled the BLOODY Kind : his Doctrine all the while perfectly corresponding with That of Dr. MEAD, who thus delivers himself on the same Occasion : viz.

“ Peculiarem denique animadversionem variolae istae
 “ postulant, quas supra *sanguineas* nominavi. In his
 “ autem si medicinae locus sit, iis remediis pugnandum
 “ est, quae vi sua styptica sanguinem quodammodo cogunt,
 “ et ita supprimunt, ut ne minimas quidem arterias per-
 “ rumpat. Ex hoc genere praestantissima sunt *cortex*
 “ *Peruvianus*, *alumen*, et *spiritus* qui *oleum* dicitur *vitrioli*.
 “ His vero sic uti oportet, ut alia aliis interponantur.”

In ENGLISH to this Effect: viz.

In the last place, that Species of the Small-Pox, which I above distinguished by the Name of the *Bloody* Kind, requires a peculiar Animadversion. In regard of These, should there be any room for Medicine, we must attack them with that Class of Remedies, which by their Styptic Properties bind as it were the Blood, and so suppress its Impetuosity, at to prevent its bursting the minutest Artery. The Foremost in this Rank stand *Peruvian Bark*, *Alum*, and the Spirit called *Oil of Vitriol*. But These are to be so ordered, as to be given successively one after another. Now for DE VEGA.

Ast Sol ne Hesperio se merferit ante Profundo,
Quam Monita insolitis percurrerit omnia ludens
Musa Modis, poscunt Præcepta illustria Pustæ
SANGUINEAE. Minimam si dira hæc Scena Salutem
Expandat, nec sint Medicamina prorsus inepta,
STYPTICA, Gens Docta O, injungite STYPTICA,
Massam

Quæ cogant fluidam, et constringant Vasa potenti
Vi laxata. Nihil famoso a CORTICE Palmam
Præripit, aut toto celebrato ab ALUMINE Mundo.
Laude tua nec eas fraudatus; Spiritus alme
VITRIOLI, mage sive OLEUM cupis usque vocari.

Ast ne nostra fluant incassum Carmina, Musa et
Perplexa prorsus promat Mysteria Vena,
Nec Cortex, Oleum, nec Alumen inane ministrent
(Intellecta parum) Auxilium, O attendite Mente
Composita! Cortex licet injungendus, Alumen
sitve, Oleum aut, tamen haud sic injungatur Alumen,
Aut Oleum, aut Cortex, ut juncto Robore Morbum
Invadant; potius Vires sed Alumine rite,
Aut Oleo, infestante suas, hostilia Cortex
Regna petat, MAUROS aliquotque inviset horas.
Utque Oleum hoc (docet ut clara Experientia, longo
tam stabilita Ævo) haud miscendum est Cortice, lævo
Omine ita nullo impregnetur Alumine, quæque
At Vim sola suam Medicina exerceat almam.
scilicet, infestum nunc Hostem invadat Alumen,
Mox Oleum, et, si Spes fors fulgeat ulla, vicissim
Cortex; nec Cortex, Oleum, nec lædet Alumen.

Verum

Verum mite Oleum, Cortex et mitis, Alumen
Miteque perblando instaurabunt Impete Partes.

In my Translation the Chimes turn out in the
Manner following: viz.

But not to find the journeying Sun
Declining, e'er the Tale be done,
The Pocks, above I BLOODY name,
A more than common Comment claim.
Should, 'midst this direful Call for Shrugs,
Gleam the least Hope from saving Drugs,
Should the minutest Ray of Light
Shoot thro' this STYGIAN Scene of Night,
Instant, ye Seers, to STYPTICS fly:
Be STYPTICS your Artillery.
Whose Pow'rs coercive, where They find it,
Take, as it were, the Blood, and bind it:
So curb its hot, impetuous, Course,
That the least Art'ry braves its Force.
By far the Foremost in this Band
PERUVIAN BARK and ALUM stand.
And OIL of VITRIOL's sov'reign Merit,
So call'd, altho' it be a SPIRIT.
But that I may not in a Strain
Mysterious sing, so sing in vain:
That ALUM, OIL of VITRIOL, BARK
May'nt leave you groveling in the Dark,
Solemn attend! Tho' (What d'ye call 'em?)
You OIL of VITRIOL, BARK, and ALUM
Sagacious ply; yet ply not OIL,
How ardently so e'er you toil,
Of VITRIOL, ALUM, or the BARK,
So, as to send them to the Mark,
Whiz! all at once.—But rather, while
You give the ALUM, or the OIL,
Suspend the BARK, till some few Hours
Fleeting between admit its Pow'rs.

Again, how oft soe'er you rally 'em,
As no BARK, so, Sirs, let no ALUM
Be blended with the OIL, but sole,
And independent, work the Whole!

Viz. Now let ALUM strive to foil
 The Foe, and by and by the OIL :
 And then, in turn, in case a Spark
 Of Comfort glitters, give the BARK.
 Thus neither BARK, nor OIL, nor ALUM;
 Were there a Hundred SICK, would gall 'em;
 But mild the OIL should we remark,
 The ALUM mild, and mild the BARK :

And so on.

These Passages from Don DE VEGA's Poem will, I presume, sufficiently let a Reader into the Nature of his Celebrated Performance ; which, though never Printed here, (a Point that much surprises me) has gone through Impressions after Impressions at VALIDOLID and SALAMANCA. Now, though this Work may indisputably defend itself against the Censure of the severest Critic in the main, yet it is pity it should betray even the least imaginable Blemish ; which it may, perhaps, in One particular Part of it, be thought to do by Persons of a Refined Education, in regard not of the Doctrine but of the Conduct of the Poet. On which account, before I go any farther, (as it is only putting myself to a Trifle more of Expence in respect of Print and Paper) I will endeavour to palliate this Matter in such a Manner, that he may possibly seem to have taken this step on purpose to divert the Reader.

In Entering therefore on the Method of Cure necessary in his Opinion for the SMALL-POX, he delivers himself, at the Beginning of his SECOND CANTO, thus : viz.

Primo igitur, rite hanc Pestem abscindamus ut atram,
 Tundenda en ! Vena est : Vena est tundenda, Cruorem
 Dumque hauris rutilum, rursus rursusque TRIUMPHE
 Dicito Jo ! Viresque suas minuente Calore,
 Sorti plaude tuæ felix, Mentique sagaci.

C

Verum,

Verum, ne de Re Medici tam Ponderis, olim
 Bella per Imperium plusquam Civilia Coum,
 (Quæ Fata avertant) strato Moderamine, surgant ;
 Proque Aris cum proque Focis quasi, ad Arma recurrent
 Immane incensi Fratres, Vim Vique repellent
 Immortali Odio, * Pede Pes, ingenteque Pugnus
 Cum male confliget, diro Certamine, Pugno,
 (Tantæ Animis Iræ !) dempta nec Lite, perennes
 Ecce ego Rixasque atque ardens præscindere prorsus
 Ictusque, et Colaphos, ingloria Prælia, sævos,
 Conabor certos hic circumscribere Fines,
 Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere Rectum :
 † Et quæ non Meriti surget mihi Gratia tanti ?

Into ENGLISH Rendered thus : viz.

First let, or Things will soon be worse,
 A Vein the pointed Launcet pierce.
 Take away Blood ; and, as you drain,
 IO TRIUMPHE ! be the Strain.
 IO TRIUMPHE ! still repeat,
 And hail the moderated Heat.

But, as about a Point so nice,
 In PHYSICK'S Empire Wars will rise ;
 When DOCTOR DOCTOR shall engage
 With Marks of more than Civil Rage,
 The Parties One another Huffing,
 Now Kicking, furiously now Cuffing,
 Till One shall be from t' Other thrust'd,
 The Matter still left unadjusted ;
 To obviate all defacing Scars,
 Result of rude, inglorious, Jars,
 I'll to a Point confine our Sages,
 And who but I in After-Ages ? &c.

N O T E S.

* Pede Pes,] This is the Slip he may be thought to have made, by representing his SPANISH Doctors to descend so low, as to fall o' Kicking and Cuffing One another in their furious Heats and Animosities, without having

having the least Thought of recurring to that signal Badge in all Ages of a Gentleman, the SWORD: as it will cause Most of his Readers to entertain a very indifferent Idea of their Valour and Heroic Qualities. Now, for my own part, I am, I thank my Stars, endued with a superlatively pacific Disposition, unfurmountably averse from all Kinds of Broils and Tumults. However, were I, on the contrary, formed of a peculiarly hurly-burly Nature, so that the most turbulent Ingredients should enter my unaccountably altercative Composition, yet I declare, notwithstanding, in the Face of the whole World, and that without any Equivocation or Mental Reservation whatever, that I think it infinitely more eligible, like a Couple of Gentlemen I know, to undergo the Discipline of the most charming thorough Pugnall, or even Quercine, Drubbing, than to run the minutest Hazard of having my Muscles, or, peradventure, Viscerals pierced even by the most brilliant and keenest-pointed Instrument, that ever issued from the most celebrated Repository of Swords throughout the Globe.

I must just here observe, that Dr. MEAD, who also prescribes BLEEDING on the same Emergency, was not unconscious of the Variance such a Practice is apt to set one Physician at against another. He is not, indeed, so specific as DE VEGA as to the Nature of their Polemical Engagements, whether These are for the most part merely Chartal and Atramental, or carried sometimes so far as to become of the Bruising and even Pinking Order: whatever He would hint being comprised in the single Term, LITES; which may, perhaps, imply no more in his regard, than a little insignificant Pro and Con Argumentation. His Words are These: viz. “In
“ *primis necessaria est sanguinis missio. De qua, cum*
“ *lites hic saepe moveantur, praecepta quaedam sunt*
“ *tradenda.*” i. e. In the first place it is necessary to take away some Blood. Concerning which Point, as it is frequently the Source of Cavils and Litigations, I will lay down some Precepts. Thus the DOCTOR.

† Et quæ non Meriti surget mihi Gratia tanti
“ And who but I in After-Ages,” as I have, I think, faithfully rendered it. Now, this Flight of DE VEGA likewise may possibly be carped at, and stigmatize him

for a most egregious Braggadocio. But, as Expressions of this Kind flow naturally from Genius's of extraordinary Vivacity and Luxuriance of Fancy, it would be very unjust in the Reader to fix any peculiar Imputation of Arrogance and Vain-Glory on the Character of our thrice-charming Priest of APOLLO. Nor, indeed, can This be done, without bringing an Impeachment at the same time against the Modesty of the greatest Poets of Antiquity: it having been customary with Most Personages of superiour PHOEBAEAN Powers, to claim a Sort of Immortality from all succeeding Ages, as, in a manner, an undoubted inherent Right assigned Them by the Gods. Thus OVID had his "Jamque Opus exegi, &c." and HORACE his "Exegi Monumentum, &c." And, in reality, without a Bard's being actuated with VIRGIL's "Tentanda Via est, qua me quoque possim Tollere humo," he will never transcend the Strain of our STERNHOLD LAUREAT, or produce more EXCELLENT Copies of Verses, than what the Vociferously-harmonious Fair, and Those frequently by Couples, are continually stunning the Streets with, under that Appellation.

But now for the NARRATIVE.

NATURE

NATURE the BEST PHYSICIAN:

A

POETICAL NARRATIVE, &c.

O THOU, whose Memorable Lot
 It was to tie the Nuptial Knot
 With a Descendant from my Loins,
 In Whom Consummate Learning shines,
 WILMOT, adorn'd with ev'ry Art,
 Still near, O, very near my Heart !
 I'll crown this * Honour to my Age
 With the fair Instance You, and sage,
 Thrice-polish'd, CONNEL gave me late :
 Both born to ward off posting Fate
 (Bent on Consigning to the Tomb
 A Youth just in his Op'ning Bloom)
 Till Nature without Med'cine's Art
 Should act alone the Healing Part ;
 Pleas'd that, tho' such I mostly burn all,
 I've from the Flames preserv'd your Journal :

* Though this Expression is arbitrarily put into Dr. MEAD's Mouth on this Rhythmical Emergency, yet, I flatter myself, it will not be deemed an improper one, inasmuch as in case any of that Great Man's Productions ever did him an Honour, This Discourse of his on the SMALL-POX, though penned by him in an Advanced Age, has undoubtedly done him one.

Couched

Couched in Words to the following Effect: viz.

Now scarce the Fev'rish Scene of War
Was open'd, when, with early Care,
BLOOD streaming from the Brachial Vein,
The Circulating Mass we drain:
The Stomach then, Ills' gen'ral Source,
Scour well with an EMETIC Force.

The Morn dawns, when the radiant Sun
Must his twice-twelve-hour'd Circuit run,
E'er the thick Pustules, lodg'd within,
Tinge with their motley Hue the Skin.
Here we enjoin, at Nature's Motion,
A Lenient, Mild, CATHARTIC Potion.
Small were the Spots, which CONFLUENT spread
The Surface with a rosy Red,
And the false Form of MEASLES bore:
What Means can now sage Art explore?
The Fever more and more invades:
Oh! how we dread th' ELYSIAN Shades!
To what Asylum can we fly?
No CRABS-CLAW, then, beneath the Sky?
Thank Heav'n there is, to solve that Matter,
Ev'n of a Complicated Nature.
Great GASCOIGN, hail! Thy aiding Name
Shine ever in the Rolls of Fame!
Thy Powder, with all-pow'rful NITRE,
Shall ward off fable CHARON's Lighter:
Shall, (such our Hopes,) maturely given,
Suspend the threaten'd Flight to Heaven.
'Tis done! The sov'reign Med'cine's down:
While Draughts of BARLEY-WATER crown
The Grand Specific, grateful made
By liquid VITRIOL's acid Aid.

Four times bright PHOEBUS' rising Ray
Had now been dealing genial Day
Successive to the Nations round,
When a Delirium, dreadful Sound!
Its incoherent Pow'rs exerted:
Could we, d'y' think, help being faint-hearted?
O POPPIES, POPPIES! Now, or never,
Pour your blest Influence on this Fever!

Beneath

Beneath your Sleep-inducing Reign
Succeed a Calm! We pray in vain.
Raves the wild Sick, while we deplore
Our Art foil'd, never foil'd before.

On the Fifth Day the Face should swell,
But the Face on the Fifth Day fell:
The Phrenzy sounding no Retreat,
While still intenser raged the Heat.
Th' Arterial Blood quite rapid flows,
And All we see's a world of Woes.
Horrendous Prospect! BLEED once more!
Give GASCOIGN's Powder o'er and o'er!
And O, to make Things sooner stir,
Add to the Dose Five Grains of MYRRH!
Tis all agreed. "We BLEED once more;
' Give GASCOIGN's Powder o'er and o'er:
' And add, to make Things sooner stir,
' To the fam'd Dose Five Grains of MYRRH:"
Then, to confirm our rising Hopes,
Give BARLEY-WATER, VITRIOL Drops,
Reverse of ev'ry thing that's Panodyne)
And whatsoe'er's in Nature ANODYNE.

Twice Twenty now Four Hours had roll'd,
When we the same dire Scene behold.
But the dire Scene, O Goddess, veil!
Short grows the Breath, the Spirits fail.
Invades too a laborious Cough,
All tickling, husky, dry, and rough.
Thy Compound, call'd above the Sphere
CONFECTION, DIASCORDIUM here,
Whose Fame so far and near has stretch'd,
t ev'n the Nurse's Ear has reach'd:
But, O Good Nurse, with Notions crude
D ne'er on PHYSICK's Orb intrude.
All venerable in Decorum,
PHYSICK a SANCTUM is SANCTORUM,
Where None but GRADUATE Dons approach,
Unhallow'd They, without a Coach,
But to return to FRACASTORIUS :)
Thy Compound, as I've sung, (O glorious

Resource to me, * tho' ev'ry Bone I ake,)
 Enter'd the Draughts: and GUM AMMONIAC,
 Dissolv'd with Magisterial Art,
 Acts the mean while its sov'reign Part.
 Then is a PAREGORIC given:
 Which sure must ope a little Heaven.

AURORA now, dispersing Night,
 Eight times had spread the purple Light;
 When fierce excruciating Pain
 Reign'd o'er the throbbing Head's Domain.
 The Breath grew shorter, Cough more urgent,
 The Arteries no longer turgent:
 The Suppuration of the Boils
 Being distant by some Scores of Miles.
 Vain's All we do, however arch meant,
 The Face for all the world like Parchment.
 No Swelling in the Hands, or Feet,
 A Scene of Misery compleat!
 Howe'er, we've still one main Resource,
 VIZ. BLISTERS' stimulating Force.
 BLISTERS are to the Arms applied,
 While the dead Legs the Pains divide.
 Then PLASTERS, form'd with nicest Art,
 Involve the Feet, One potent Part
 CEPHALIC, EPISPASTIC One,
 (Auspicious shine to-morrow's Sun!)
 And MITHRIDATE, and AMBER's Aid,
 (Thrice-sov'reign Salt) with skill'd Parade,
 Ev'ry Six Hours we anxious give,
 (Who knows but yet the Boy may live?)
 And OXYMEL of SQUILLS devote
 To th' Easing of the lab'ring Throat,

* Tho' ev'ry Bone I ake,] A Reader of Sagacity (and I hope I shall meet with none but what are of the Class) will not infer from hence, that Diascordium is good Physical Remedy for Pains in the Bones: but will rather conclude That Property to be assigned it here through a Kind of Necessity, inasmuch as the following Verse must otherwise have bemoaned itself for want of Rhyming Associate.

Wit

With PECTORAL DECOCTION blended :
And so this Day's Attendance ended.

The Tenth Morn pregnant rose with Dreads :
We take our Fees, and shake our Heads.
O Sirs, exclaims th' officious Nurse,
How stand Things now? Why, Worse and Worse.
Wherefore, we in our Rules persist,
And BLISTER eke each tortur'd Wrist.

Th' Eleventh Day's returning Dawn
Display'd what Strength was left withdrawn.
Hence, with the former CORDIAL Tribe,
RALEIGH'S CONFECTION we prescribe.

The Twelfth's a dismal Day indeed :
How, CONNEL, can we now proceed?
The Case would puzzle artful HULSE :
Lo! Imperceptible's the Pulse.
And all-laborious is the Breath,
Like One within the Arms of Death.
When suddenly a Flux of Matter,
All stinking, yet as clear as Water,
Burst nauseous from the strangled Jaws,
Like what MERCURIAL Penance draws,
When a poor Sinner's hideous Nights,
And Days, pay dear for Loose Delights.
We twice Six Days with This were vex'd,
And then it by Degrees relax'd :
But had not wholly ceas'd to pour
From the stuff'd Glands its ropy Store,
Untill Four Morns the Solar Lamp
Had chas'd the Earth's Nocturnal Damp.

The Sixteenth Day's returning Light
Exhibited a horrid Plight.
What with past Sicknes, and the Phlegm
Discharg'd in such a copious Stream,
The Youth's whole Strength was sunk so low,
And Nature at so scant a Flow,
That fix'd he lay, and scarce could muster,
With all his Force, one shifting Posture.
Yet he bore up against the Ill
With a courageous Spirit still ;
And with an unreluctant Mind
Could take Food of the Moist Kind.

Recruited hence the Strength once more,
 A HECTIC's Form the Fever bore.
 So BLEEDING, nor the Point demurr'd to,
 Was, as nice Art directs, recurr'd to ;
 And LEMON-JUICE, destroy'd its Sour
 By SALT of WORMWOOD's wond'rous Pow'r,
 And SPERMA CETI's lenient Aid
 When Irritating Ills invade ;
 And, last of all, as soft as Silk,
 Nutritive, Healing, ASSES-MILK.
 Thus, at long run, thrice drain'd the BLOOD,
 (That Source of inexhausted Good,
 Best Refuge of Afflicted Nature)
 Assisted by pure BRISTOL-WATER,
 And VITRIOL's blest ELIXIR'D Pow'rs,
 While RHUBARB the Intestines scours,
 The RURAL mild, balsamic, AIR
 Contributing to this Repair,
 The YOUTH's surprisingly Restor'd,
 All Brisk and Airy as a LORD.
 'Scap'd from his DOCTORS, walks the Streets,
 And tells the Tale to All he meets.

* There could not, since the COAN Seer
 Adorn'd the PHARMACEUTIC Sphere,
 Be, sure, beneath the Copes of Heaven,
 A more Illustrious Instance given,
 With what an Instantaneous Jerk
 NATURE performs her Handy-Work,
 When, press'd with Ills too closely stow'd,
 She struggles to throw off the Load.

* This is spoken in the Person of Dr. MEAD, who,
 though in regard of the Preceding Case he attributes a
 great deal to the pure Efforts of Nature, yet no doubt
 was of Opinion, that the Patient could not have survived
 till Nature should have perfected this Operation of her's,
 had not the Gentlemen, concerned in Conducting the
 Affair, displayed all along the utmost Medical Skill and
 Sagacity. And, indeed, it is in consequence of this Per-
 suasion, he thought the Narrative of their Proceedings
 worthy of being immortalized, by giving it a Place, as
 he has done, in this most favourite Production of his.

The

The Song, I more than once have sung
 To Learn'd, Unlearn'd, to Old, and Young :
 To wit, " However well we wish one,
 NATURE is still the BEST PHYSICIAN."

P O S T S C R I P T.

AS I have accompanied the Preceding NARRATIVE with Several Quotations from DON DE VEGA's Poetical Treatise on the SMALL-Pox, it is possible a Curiosity may be raised in the Reader of Knowing Something of his Birth, Education, and Situation in the World. Therefore, to gratify him in regard of these Particulars, I shall in this place exhibit a Short History of him : viz.

DON LOPEZ DE VEGA, our Author, was Born (as I was informed during my Residence at MADRID) more than Three Quarters of a Century ago, at a Village situated on a high Eminence not far distant from that Metropolis, of Parents rather Grave and Reverend, than Rich. He discovered a very early Genius for PHYSICK ; and, as PADUA at that time flourished with Celebrated Professors of MEDICINE, was detached to that University preferably to either VALLIDOLID, or SALAMANCA. Having finished his Studies with Applause, he returned to the Capital of his Native Country, where he gradually rose to the Tip-top of his Profession, and at long run was appointed ARCHIATER to the KING of SPAIN. He wrote Several Poetical Pieces, and at last penned this Rhapsody, the Result, as he himself says, of a number of Years' Successful Practice.

His Adversaries (as No man when arrived at any Degree of Eminence is without Those who envy his Glory) took it into their Heads to tax him with AVARICE ; and endeavoured to support the Charge by the Passage with which he opens the Second Canto of his POEM : where, on his Entering upon the Task of Assigning the Medical Regimen necessary for the VARIOLOUS Sick,

he, transported seemingly with the Theme, displays his Poetical Talent very agreeably in the following Strain : viz.

Ast nunc quæ cuique infando Medicina Dolori
Apta sit, oppressas et qua ratione levare
Monstrandum est Partes. O chara Provincia, Campis
Suavior ELYSIIS, feriantum Carmine Vatum ut-
cunque laborato pictis ! Te talia versans
Contemplativum pertentant Gaudia Pectus,
Qualia Mentem implent, * Fur cum quatit Ostia clausæ
Firma Domus fervens repetitis Ictibus, Auri
Dextram amplecturi dubie haud prænuncius, angit
† Splen fors cum, irritansve agitat Præcordia Tussis.
Quo me, Musa, tui plenum rapis ? Impetus urget
Cantantem, solum quem, intensæ Præmia Curæ,
PISTOLIAE inspirare solent, DUCATAEVE micantes,
Tota et CALLIOPE sacro descendit Olympo.

In my Translation thus : viz.

Now MED'CINE'S Province asks my Pains,
More charming than th' ELYSIAN Plains,
Tho' They, as Bards divinely sing,
Be one Eternal Roseate Spring.
Charming, as when the hasty Rap,
Sure Messenger of some Mishap,
(The SPLEEN, perhaps, or TICKLING COUGH,)
Proclaims the SHINERS not far off.
The Muse grows rapt'rous, feels a Fire,
§ That PISTOLES only us'd t' inspire,
Or DUCATS, when They glitt'ring come
Piled in a Complicated Sum.
My Breast redoubled Fury rends,
And all CALLIOPE descends.

NOTES on this Passage.

* Fur quatit] " Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia fures," says One of the Shepherds in VIRGIL'S Eclogues: in which restrained Sense the Word FUR is here to be understood, signifying no more than some pert impertinent, Fellow of a Footman.

† Splen

† Splen fors cum, irritansve agitat] This Verse has an uneasy Flow with it, on purpose, as I conceive, to render it expressive in some measure of the Complaints hinted at.

§ That PISTOLES only us'd t' inspire.] This Rapturous Flight, forsooth, of our Poetical Doctor was the main Proof of the alledged Imputation of AVARICE against him: which he was so far from being in the least degree tainted with, that one might as well have stigmatized him for a Sorcerer. Had This been the Case, he might, from the Glorious Opportunities he was furnished with during a long Series of Years, have heaped up Wealth enough to have purchased Half a Dozen of the largest Squares in MADRID. On the contrary, such was his Taste for Painting, Sculpture, Books, together with their Princely Binding and all manner of Magnificent Corial Decorations, (to say nothing of his Domestic Disbursements, more suitable to the Rank and Revenues of a Grandee of the First Class, than even an ARCHI-ATRIAN Physician) it is a question, whether he died, (for dead he is) worth so much, inconsiderable as the Sum may seem to be, as Half a Couple of Hundred Thousand Pistoles.

I Thought to have taken leave of DE VEGA here; but I cannot acquit myself cleverly without Producing an Instance of his great Zeal for the Welfare of Mankind, Descanting on Venæsection, that very Material Point in regard of Physical Practice, how strongly does he guard against an Attempt of Taking away Blood from Young Children in the following few but pathetic Words! viz.

Ast roseum prorsus tenera ex Ætate Cruorem
Exhaurire Nefas.———

Now, from the Mass to draw the Blood,
E'er infant Nature's in the Bud;
To make the Vital Fluid bound
From a meer Bantling's tender Wound,
Is as prepost'rous, Sirs, d'y' see,
As to Prescribe without a Fee.

As to Prescribe without a Fee.] In the Translation of the above LATIN Passage, where BLEEDING in the Circumstances specified is by the Term NEFAS most solemnly made equivalent to the Committing of Sacrilege, my Brain, I must own, was on the rack for above Six Hours without Intermission, to make it, if possible, come up in any Degree to the Original. At last, thinks I, tortured as I was, if it be ever expedient to invoke APOLLO as a Divinity presiding over Poetry, it is now. When, (strange to relate!) I had no sooner uttered DELPHIC, DELIAN, CLARIAN, and some few other Appellatives appropriated to that God, but the Words, “As to Prescribe without a Fee,” flowed as quick as Thought from my, I apprehend, inspired Pen. Inspired, I say. For I conceive, that Human Fancy, alone and unassisted by such a preternatural Influence, could never represent in so glaring a Light the monstrous Irregularity of Opening a Vein in such a Subject. “As to Prescribe without a Fee?” Why, it never was, nor ever will be, done, to an Eternity. The bare Idea, APOLLO knows, of so doing carries along with it such a complicated Horror, that the Perpetration of the Act is as uncommon in Most Parts of the World, as Parricide was amongst the antient ROMANS.

Just after inforcing the above Precept in regard of Bleeding Young Children, from a like Motive of arming Practitioners against being the Cause of unlucky Consequences, instead of the LAUNCET, which might in the Case proposed turn out perhaps very detrimental to the Patient, he recurs to the Safety of LEECHES, thus: viz.

Morbida Hirudinibus demenda est Noxa, refixis
Pone Aures, supra aut Frontalia Tempora. Nullum hinc
Emerget Damnum:—

In this Perplexity, Ye Seers,
Leeches apply behind the Ears.
Or clap, sagacious, on your Leeches,
Where Either Temple's Region reaches.

With

With These on those Occasions arm :
Do They no Good, They'll do no Harm.

Do They no Good, They'll do no Harm.] LEECHES of course are a very innocent External Remedy. As to Internal Ones, of the like unhazardous Nature, the most Celebrated of this Class are ABSORBENTS. SYLVIVS declared, that, were there no such Thing as Drugs of an Opiate Nature, he would not Practise Physick. And I, for my part, would take the Knocker off my Door, and subject myself to no farther Attendances on the SICK, were this Expedient of ABSORBENTS banished the Republic of MEDICINE. Nature very often is a Match herself for the Distemper. In that Case it would be highly preposterous to fall o' Prescribing Medicaments of real Efficacy, which would not fail to interrupt her in her Operations. At the same time the Apothecary, who perhaps recommended the Doctor, is waiting for Orders, the Patient full of Expectation of a Cargo from the Shop in consequence of his Feeing the Doctor, and the Doctor at a loss how to conduct himself on the intricate Occasion. Now, ABSORBENTS reconcile the whole Scene, and remove all Perplexities at once. The Doctor no ways obstructs Nature in her Designs by injoining them, the Views of the Apothecary are abundantly satisfied by dispensing them, and the Patient's Gratification is intirely answered by being supplied with a handsom Parcel of them.

In order to fill up the Vacancy that remains of this Half-Sheet, I shall exhibit one Passage more as a farther Proof of De Vega's singular Medical Talent, who on the Conclusion of his Fifth Canto delivers himself thus : viz.

Ast hic Præceptum, dum Mentem inspirat APOLLO.
Unum injungendum est, Sæc'lis venerabile seris.
Nempe, sit aut firmus, rosea florente Juventa,
Sive Senex, Æger, Plebeius sive, creatus
Patricia aut Stirpe, O ! sive Ille, vel Illa, laboret,
Sive Uxor, Virgo aut, Usus quoscunque Catharsis
Inferat, en ! si sit Natura laxior Alvus,
Laxior aut crebro infusis Clysteribus, (oro,
Audite !) aut LICET, aut LICET HAUD, Medicamine
Ventrem Solvefe.

Solvere. Non licet Hoc saltem, radiante Diurnum
 Ter prius aut Cursu quam Sol quater egerit Orbem.
 Nam scitote, Lues quæcunque occurrerit atra,
 Pensandas etiam Vires occurrere, quas heu!
 Longa Valetudo, modo Conjectura sit apta,
 Profternet MAGIS, aut MINUS, hic si sæviat, ille aut,
 Morbus, protractis torquens Cruciatibus Artus.

In ENGLISH thus: viz.

But while APOLLO fires my Breast,
 Let me One Precept here suggest;
 One Rule lay down by all the Herd
 Of DOCTORS late to be Rever'd.
 Then, be the SICK or Old, or Young,
 Plebeian, or from Heroes sprung,
 A He, or She, a Wife, or Virgin,
 What Uses e'er may flow from Purgings,
 Should th' Alveal Duct in Either Sex
 Or be by Nature form'd too lax;
 Or by repeated CLYSTER'S Stools
 Oft forc'd, (Attend, and Learn, Ye Schools!)
 You, tho' the Doctrine's solely Mine,
 * May, or may not, a PURGE injoin.
 Such an Intestinal Vagary
 Being Here near quite unnecessary:
 At least, until th' enliv'ning Sun
 Has some Diurnal Courses run.
 For, Know Ye, e'er We Aught essay,
 The Strength We o'er and o'er must weigh;
 Which Ails, if founded right my Guess,
 Protracted † MORE impair, or LESS.

* May, or may not, a Purge injoin.] How odd for ever this Strain may seem, the Doctrine is deducible from what Dr. MEAD says on the same Occasion.

† MORE impair, or LESS.] Dr. MEAD likewise has uttered his Sentiments on the identical Contingency in a Manner, that does singular Honour to this Passage of our SPANISH Doctor. His Words run thus: viz. "Viribus enim aegri in primis consulendum est, quas longa valetudo PLUS MINUS labefactavit."——Reader, adieu!