

An essay for abridging the study of physick. To which is added, a dialogue, (betwixt Hygeia, Mercury and Pluto,) relating to the practice of physick. As it is managed by a certain illustrious society / As also an epistle from Usbek the Persian to J--- W---d, Esq.

Contributors

Armstrong, John, 1709-1779.
Ward, Joshua, 1685-1761.

Publication/Creation

London : J. Wilford, 1735.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/cyg4j9hx>

License and attribution

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

E S S A Y

For *Abridging* the

Study of Physick.

To which is added, A

DIALOGUE,

(Betwixt HYGEIA, MERCURY and PLUTO,)

Relating to the

PRACTICE of PHYSICK,

As it is managed by a certain
Illustrious Society.

As also an EPISTLE from *Usbek* the *Persian*
to *J—W—d*, Esq;



L O N D O N;

Printed for J. WILFORD, behind the *Chapter-house*,
near *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1735.

(Price One Shilling.)



TO THE
ANTACADEMIC PHILOSOPHERS,

TO THE
Generous DESPISERS of the Schools,

TO THE
Deservedly-Celebrated J—— W——d,
J—— M——r, and the rest of the
numerous Sect of Inspired PHYSICIANS;
This little Work is humbly inscribed,
by

Their most Devoted Servant,

and Zealous Admirer.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2020 with funding from
Wellcome Library



A N
E S S A Y
For *Abridging* the
S T U D Y of P H Y S I C K,

*Sic ubi visceribus gravidæ telluris imago
Effecta est hominis, fœto consurgit in arvo;
Quodq; magis mirum simul edita concutit arma,*

OVID. METAMORPH.



OUR University Method of studying *Physick* is attended with so many Discouragements, it is such an expensive, tedious, difficult way to Science, that one who has any talent at *Projecting* cannot, I think, employ it more humanely than in putting the distressed *Youth* upon a shorter and easier road.

B

road. The Pride and Ill-nature, perhaps the Avarice too, of the Learned in every Science, would gladly make a mystery of the art they profess, and render it inaccessible but to a few. Ask a Gentleman of the *Æsculapian* tribe, what course of Education is requisite to the making of a *Physician*? He will presently tell you, that a young Man who would successfully apply himself to the Study of *Medicine*, must first of all have an Understanding capable of Instruction; and that after he is pretty far advanced in the Languages and such other pieces of Learning as he imagines to be necessarily previous and introductory to Physick, he must study every particular Branch of that Science under able Teachers, and labour night and day for God knows how many years, before he can be supposed fit to Practise. Very modest Demands truly! This is either the most malicious fetch or the simplest mistake in the world: for in reality, Learning is no more necessary to a *Physician* than to a *Fidler*. And for all this pother, I am mistaken too if I cannot lay down a Method, by the religious and strict observance of which, a young man (whatever his natural Sense be) may, in two
or

or three years time, without any expence either of Money or *Animal Spirits* worth calculating, drop into the world not only a ripe *Surgeon* or *Physician*, but *Physician*, *Surgeon* and *Apothecary* all in one. But before I proceed to communicate my *Scheme*, I here solemnly declare that I have not the least pique at the present *Faculty of Physicians*, nay, that I honour that learned Society; but *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, magis amica veritas*. It were a piece of complaisance, unworthy a truly generous and extensively-benevolent disposition, to conceal such means as must evidently make the acquisition of an useful *Art* much easier, merely for the sake of indulging the narrow humour of it's present *Professors*, who grudge that any should rise to the *Dignities* and *Privileges* of their *Profession* with less Pain and Charge than themselves have done.

Well then, to begin with the *previous Qualifications* of our Student. He must be provided by bountiful *Nature*, with an inexhaustible fund of *Assurance*, that *cardinal Virtue*, which without the assistance of any other is sufficient to make a great man. A

little *Sense* would not be amiss; but as this is seldom an Ingredient in a Constitution where the other predominates, and as it is not absolutely necessary, we shall not reckon upon it. *Impudence* alone will do, for it gives such a *force* to the otherways *lightest* Merit, that the Address, or rather the Assault, of a man who possesses it to any eminent degree, is not to be resisted. If besides he can make a shift to read *Corderius* with the help of a Dictionary, that is to say, if he has a *Quantum sufficit* of *Latin* to enable him to understand a *Recipe* and to accent a *hard word* gracefully, he is now fitted to attempt the most arduous parts of the *Study*.

As soon therefore as our young man is thus hopefully qualified, let him forthwith be bound Apprentice for two or three years to an *Apothecary*, who *presides* like a *wholesome Planet* over some Country-Town, shedding kindly Influence for several miles round him. His main business during the time of his Apprenticeship will be, to spread now and then a *Plaster*, sometimes to make up an *Electuary* or a *Mass of Pills*, to administer *Clysters* in great abundance, and to manage
the

the *Non-naturals* of the gaunt hide-bound Steed upon whose back his Master ranges the Country, like the *King of Terrours* on his *pale Horse*. Tho' this last may not appear to be a very liberal Office, yet as far as it will give him an occasion to become acquainted with the Constitution of that generous Animal, and with the general *Regimen* that suits it best, he will find it of mighty advantage to him afterwards, when he comes to exercise the *Hippobiatrical* Function, the cultivation of which makes a very considerable Article in the *Practice* of *Medicine*, in some parts of the Country. When he is at leisure from these more important *Duties*, he may, if he pleases, glance over some short general System of *Anatomy*. I must own indeed this is almost a needless trouble, yet I would have him able to tell upon occasion whether the *Stomach* lies in the *Abdomen* or in the *Thorax*, and the like, if it were only for ornament's sake, and to keep him in countenance among those people who have got a notion that some acquaintance with the structure of the Human Body is necessary to a *Physician*; for we must not hope to reform the world all at once. When he has thus
laid

laid a good Foundation in *Anatomy*, to which I allow him a month, or, if his Master rides much and the roads are dirty, six weeks, let him proceed to the *Practice of Physick* and *Surgery*: A short System for each will be sufficient. He will frequently have occasion to practise *Chemie* under his Master's eye, and thus may gain a competent skill in this Branch of the Study without the fatigue of Reading. A *Botanist* he must grow, whether he will or not. And as for the *Materia Medica* and *Methodus præscribendi*, he may make himself Master of these in this manner. As often as a Physician's Bill comes to his Master's Shop, let him out with his Pocket-book, *slap it down and make it his own*; according to Mr. Bayes's *Rule of Records*. As he must have frequent access to know, against what Disease this or that Prescription was design'd, let him therefore devote a page or so in his Pocket-companion to every Disease, and under each of these let him range the Prescriptions adapted thereto. Thus when he engages in the *Practice* himself, whatever Disease shall fall in his way, he has no more to do but turn over his *Vade mecum*, where he will probably find something proper for it. With regard
to

to the different *Stages* of Diseases, the various *Combinations of Symptoms*, and the like, these are *subtile trifles* that none but your *whimsical people* give themselves any trouble about. In the mean time, such *Receipts* as he has not got sufficient intelligence to warrant his reducing under the Article of any Disease, will serve him in good stead in *Anomalous Cases*, which in all probability will frequently occur to him. If by following this course, he is not furnished with a compleat System of *Recipes* by the time that his Apprenticeship is expired, let him consult *Markham's English Housewife's skill in Physick*, to be found in the *Quarto* Edition of his Works, where he will meet with *Receipts* that will either *help* or prove a *sovereign Cure* in every Disease. I have known very valuable Collections of this kind in the hands of some Ladies.

Behold! what a bare simple thing is *Physick*! when it's showy Luxuriances, it's fruitless Branches, are lopped off. Vain swelling Science, how much art thou shrunk! How is the Learning of the *Eastern* and the *Western Schools*, how are the toils of the ancient *Sages* and
Those

Those of modern days, swallowed up almost at once by a *Boy*! and a *Boy* of no great *depth* neither! For now is the *grand Affair* finished, and our *Scholar* is perfectly well instructed in every part of his *Study*. I shall appeal to himself if he is not. If a young man, blessed with these natural Gifts I have demanded, after such a happy Education, is not conscious of greater Abilities than almost any of those you call *regular Physicians*, I am much mistaken. This very Shew of Merit, tho' he possessed nothing at all of the Substance, will recommend him prodigiously to the Vulgar, *Great and Small*, (that is to say, to nineteen at least of twenty parts of Mankind) who are such humane Judges of a man's qualifications, that they never seek further than his own word for them, but always measure his Abilities by his Pretensions. Now I say our young *Doctor* may go where he pleases. He cannot fail to be by this time a skilful *Apothecary*, and for *Physick* and *Surgery*, it is strange if he is not equally qualified for Practising either *ubiq; gentium*. Or if he finds his Genius more particularly turned to one Disease than to the rest, he may with considerable emolument both to himself and the

Public,

Public, confine his Practice to that, and may make a good figure as an *Antidysenteric* or *Antimaniac Physician*, as a *Vermicide*, a *Tooth-drawer*, or a *Corn-cutter*. And if he applies himself to the *Obstetrical Art*, let him turn over *Culpepper's Midwife enlarg'd* night and day. That little Book is worth a whole Library. All that is possible to be known in that Art is there treasur'd up in a small *Duodecimo*. Blessed, yea for ever blessed, be the memory of the inimitable Authour, who, and who alone, had the *curious happiness* to mix the profound Learning of *Aristotle* with the facetious Humour of *Plautus* !

And now, that I may not omit any thing that lies in my power towards the preparing of our *Doctor* for business, I shall offer him a few Advices for the regulation of his Conduct, when he comes abroad into the World. As soon therefore as he is thus exquisitely accomplished, he must think of Transplanting himself to some Place where he is little known. And whether he commence *itinerant* or *fixed Physician* (tho' I would rather he chused the latter Situation, as more agreeable to the Dignity of his Profession)

I advise him first to make himself a little acquainted with *Geography*, that he may not be at a loss to relate what *Wonders* he has seen in *foreign Countries*. This will have a mighty Charm with the Vulgar, who have a shrewd notion of things which one would think above their reach, and know perfectly well what an amazing Influence the *foreign Air* has upon a man's Intellectuals. How this *foreign Air* operates, is not to the present purpose to enquire; only it is undeniable that it has a prodigious effect. It is not only the most effectual, but the easiest way to Improvement; since in this case a man has no need to exert himself any further, than just to condescend in his own mind upon any Art or Science that he would desire to be master of, and he must imbibe it or cease to Breathe. He is a *Sponge* thrown into water. For take me a man that has scarce sense enough to spell his own name, and Steep him for two or three years in a *foreign Atmosphere*, you will bring him out again Wringing-full of Knowledge, tho' he had done nothing considerable all the time but drank pure *quintessential Rum* or a little *sprinkled* with water by way of *Punch* in a *Guinea-ship*,

ship, or strolled about arrayed in Sheep's guts with the ingenious Inhabitants of the *Cape of Good Hope*. Nay, suppose he had passed all the time of his foreign Sojourn in a profound Sleep, he should find himself strongly Impregnated with Science when he awaked. The meanest and most ignorant of the vulgar know this ; And it is convenient to humour them. For it is really no cheat at bottom, if one who has received all the Erudition which far-distant Regions can communicate, without stirring a foot from home, if such a one, I say, should take the benefit of being reputed a *travelled Gentleman*.

But I had almost forgot to enjoin a very necessary Branch of Education. Necessary in some cases, tho' indeed to an ordinary Judge it may appear somewhat trifling. What I have in view at present is the art of *Fumifuction* and of Drinking strong Liquor valiantly. I would have him apply indefatigably to these in the time of his Apprenticeship, his more important Studies need not cool for it neither : And he must have a very slow capacity, if after two or three years diligent application, he is not as able a Practitioner

both ways as the most *Pblegmatic Justice* in a whole County. He will find the Advantage of these Qualifications, if his Lot is ordered him in any part of the Country where the exercise of such elegant Arts is the reigning Diversion or Business. For they will almost infallibly recommend him to the Patronage of some jocular *Squire*, who every Evening, assisted by his never-flinching friend, the *spiritual Doctor*, wraps himself up in a thick night of Tobacco-smoak, and murders an artificial Thirst with repeated Draughts of *strong-Beer*. If, added to this, he be a *good Shot*, and can roar at a Fox-chase, his Fortune is made in spite of hazard.

Now as soon as our *Physician* begins to lay himself out for Business, let him assault the *general Ear* with long and loud Relations of the mighty Exploits he has performed. *Exempli gratia*: Every Brook will furnish him with Pebbles, rugged, brown, and large enough, which, after his *Brethren the other Physicians* had condemned his Patient to undergo the operation of *Lithotomy*, he made him discharge by the sole virtue of *Diureticks*. In this case, the larger that he picks his
stones

stones the better, only he must take care that they are no larger than the human Bladder may be supposed able to contain ; if he keeps himself within these bounds he cannot overdo things, for the greater the wonder be, it is so much the more taking. Let him talk confidently of such feats, no matter whether they are possible or not ; for tho' *Miracles*, they say, *are ceased*, the *Beast with many heads* can swallow them with as much alacrity as ever. *It* likes hugely too to be regaled with hard words ; these work like a Spell upon the ignorant Hearers, and are the sure sign of a *great Scholard*. Therefore for the enrichment of his Phraseology and the edification of the gaping Herd, I counsel him, instead of turning over a Dictionary, which is but an awkward, troublesome, way of learning the *Terms of Art*, to get by heart the *Latine Index* to any System of *Botany*, where he may have as many odd-sounding words at one view, as may, when judiciously mix'd, sufficiently darken his Expression, and give his discourse the air of an *Oracle*.

Now must he, like the Carrion-crow, smell out his *Prey*, and wherever the Diseased

eased are, there let him be. When a Physician's Prescription comes to his shop, I advise him without delay to make a visit to the Patient, and to let him know that he did not think it proper to make up the Medicines which were ordered till he knew his Condition himself. Then after he has felt his Pulse, viewed his Water, and asked him a few Questions, he may proceed in this manner——“ It is very lucky for you, *Sir*, “ that I happened to use this Caution, for “ the *Recipe* that came to my hand is quite “ wide of the purpose; so we shall, if you “ please, let it alone, and I'll send you something that will in a little time do you service.”——This cannot fail to succeed to his wish among the *Million*. But where the Patient is so obstinate and intractable, that all he can utter to his own praise or the disadvantage of the Physician is not sufficient to shake him, he may have his full Revenge both upon the Physician and Patient through the grace of *Pharmacy*.——Thus I have delivered the principal *Rules* by which our *Doctor* must direct his Conduct; the rest I leave to his own Discretion.

Since

Since I wrote this, I am informed by several hands, that the Method I have laid down is generally in every point, and has been for some ages, practised thro' *Great Britain*, and that the *Physicians* of this kind are distinguished by the name of *Quacks*. However, I conceive it may not be unacceptable to these Gentlemen to present them with a regular Draught of their own Scheme, and it may at the same time be of service to Beginners to give them a view of their *Agenda* at once. In the mean time I am glad, that tho' I am disappointed of the honour of being the first *Discoverer* of this way, I am for that very reason safe from engaging in a Quarrel with the *Physicians*, which I had almost laid my account with. And moreover, one of my Friends tells me, that the more *Quacks*, as he calls them, the better for the *Physicians*. “ For, says he, the
 “ *Wrath of Heaven* and the *proper Vices* of
 “ Mankind, are scarce so productive of Diseases as are these *Quacks*; who in places
 “ where they abound, and where the Inhabitants for every aching head or scratch
 “ of a pin, have recourse to their *skill*, keep
 “ up

“ up a perpetual *Spring* and *Fall* the whole
 “ year round.” But this I take to be meer
 Raillery.

Another Friend of mine, who is also a
Projector, and considers things seriously, has
 a Scheme by him for the more advantageous
 regulation of the *Civil Punishments*. Among
 other things he proposes, that all *Doc-*
tors of this kind, whether *Officinal* or *Er-*
rant, should be taken up and distributed
 among the publick Goals, to superintend the
 Health of Capital Offenders: (for he disap-
 proves of *publick Executions*.) And that such
 of these Delinquents as escape with life and
 limb after a year's Discipline under their re-
 spective Physicians, should be taken into the
 Army; “ for, says he, they'll probably make
 “ hardy Soldiers.” He thinks further, that
 for the support of these *private Officers*, be-
 sides the discarded Hangman's Fees, the
 Country should not grudge a small Tax up-
 on every *Life*, (at least upon the *Lives* of
 those who used to employ them before the
 commencement of their new *Dignity*) espe-
 cially since by this means they are secured
 from

from the most mortal dangers they were exposed to.

But for all this, I shall not lose conceit of my Scheme till I have better reason. For I have some cause to suspect that the Gentlemen who talk so unfavourably of these Sons of *Pæan*, are not altogether free of Prejudice.





A

DIALOGUE,


Relating to the

PRACTICE of PHYSICK,

As it is managed by a certain
Illustrious Society.

*Dî, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræq; silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia latè;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra & caligine mersas.* VIRG.

* *Hygeia. Mercury. Pluto.*

Hygeia.  *Well Mercury,* now that we are arrived at *Pluto's* Palace, pray tell me what's my Business here? You came to me with a distracted hurry in your looks, and desired me to follow you with all speed, which I did implicitly enough, expecting to learn from you on the road upon what strange emergency my presence was

* She was the Heathen Goddess of *Health.*

was necessary in Hell. But you plied your wings so eagerly, that tho' I don't use to faunter in my motions, I could not come within hearing of you all the way. But now that you have recovered Breath, and since *Pluto*, with whom it seems I am to have affairs, is taking a Nap, pray tell me what are his demands upon me ?

Mercury. A Nap quotha ! would he were well out on't. The fatigue of this Bout has it seems done more for him than all the virtues of my *Rod*. But if he had one grain of Mortality in him, he had slept his last before this.

Hyg. You amaze me ! Nay then, some strange Revolution must be near when the Gods themselves grow sick. I should not have thought it so prodigious neither, to have heard that *Venus* was under a *Salivation*, or that *Bacchus* was sitting Cushioned up with the *Gout*, or Raving in a *Fever*. But *Pluto*, that regular, temperate, sober-living God, and of a good firm Constitution too ; *Pluto* sick ! 'tis impossible. *Mercury* you're arch sure, this must be one of your

Bites ; but I am not so credulous as you imagine.

Merc. Well, you'll know by and by whether I jest or not. 'Tis not long since I thought as little of Sickness as you do, and *Pluto* as little as either of us. And let me tell you, if you had the same cause to be sick that He has, I question much if that clean alert Constitution of yours, and all the firmness of your *Animal Oeconomy*, could preserve you from these Disorders which we have hitherto imagined were only incident to Mortals.

Hyg. But prethee *Mercury*, if I may believe you're in earnest, tell me how came the Infernal *Jupiter* by this Indisposition ?

Merc. Why you shall hear.—Did you observe what a pickle he was in two or three nights ago, at our last Merry-making ?

Hyg. I left the Company just as they seemed to have reached a reasonable degree of Mirth. For you know I seldom sit longer upon these Occasions, than the first Bottle is emptied.

Merc.

Merc. True. But *Pluto* does not always confine himself to such Rules. The *Nectar*, you remember was of the right generous kind, which he ply'd as long as Drinking was good. And when all the rest were for going, He and *Silenus*, who had got into a Corner by themselves, and were grown vastly Loving and Facetious, laid their heads together for another Bottle, tho' he had enough in all conscience before. Well, he was at last prevailed upon to rise, and he stagger'd home as drunk as twenty Beggars, roaring, and singing Sonnets to *Proserpine*, like a *Bacchanal*, all the way as he went. While the Inhabitants of the Infernal Regions, were so tickled in their Spleens to see their King on such a merry pin, that they fell all a capering and dancing round him; and he reel'd and gambol'd as fast as the best of'em. In short, you would have split your Sides, had you seen this odd Scene of Pleasantry. I saw all that pass'd by the light of the Torches. For tho' he was affronted at my offering to conduct him home, *as if he were Drunk forsooth*; yet I thought it was proper to follow him at a distance, and

accordingly did not lose sight of him the whole way.

Hyg. Your Description diverts me extremely. *Pluto* is not often in such a frolicksome vein. But pray how did his Nectar digest with him? I hope that did not grumble in his Guts?

Merc. No, hang it! that would not have touch'd him neither. This was only the Prelude to the Tragedy. No sooner was he got home than he calls for a fresh Bottle, and would needs make every body drink that was near him; laughing, and talking, and singing, with all the gaiety imaginable, and smacking, and kissing all about him. As he was playing a thousand Anticks that shook the whole Palace with Laughter, up comes there a brazen-fac'd Son of a Wh— of a *Pill-giving Quack*, and——

Hyg. Begging your pardon, these are they that my sick Votaries every day curse so heartily in their Prayers to me; but I could never yet perfectly learn what they are.

Merc.

Merc. Rot 'em! I don't want to know any more about them than I do already——But to my Tale. This precious Rascal finding *Pluto* in a very affable tune, comes up to him, and with a deal of affected Concern in his Countenance, accosts him in this manner——“ *Dread Sir*, I take it to be indispen-
 “ sably incumbent upon all Subjects to ex-
 “ ert their several Capacities in the Service
 “ of their lawful Sovereigns. My Profession
 “ is Physick, and ” (after he had told a thousand Lyes concerning his Education, and what Cures he had performed) “ my Con-
 “ cern, says he, for your Majesty's Welfare
 “ obliges me to take the liberty to tell you,
 “ that I'm afraid you have drunk more to-
 “ night than is consistent with your Health.
 “ Your Eyes look red, your Pulse (here he fumbled about *Pluto's* Wrist) “ strikes much
 “ too fast, and from the present *Pleni-*
 “ *tude* of your *Vascular System*, I can easily
 “ prognosticate, by the Rules of my *Art*,
 “ that if you don't purge off your *Crapula*,
 “ your Majesty must unavoidably, within
 “ the space of a few hours, be seized with
 “ an *Ephemorous Fever*, or a *Febris ardens*, or
 “ per-

“ perhaps drop headlong into an *Apoplexy*.
 “ But these Misfortunes may easily be pre-
 “ vented, by taking two or three of my *Pilu-*
 “ *læ Catholicæ*, which I invented, and al-
 “ ways prepare my self, and which scarce
 “ ever fail to succeed in this, or any other
 “ *Intention*. — There they are.” With
 that he pulled out a Box as full of Plagues
 as *Pandora*’s, and presenting *Pluto* with two
 of his Pills, — “ Your Majesty will please
 “ to swallow these, (says he,) and I shall in-
 “ sure you from all the bad Consequences
 “ of this night’s work. I am confident,
 “ if your Majesty once knew the inestima-
 “ ble Virtues of these my *Pills*, your Ma-
 “ jesty would never go without some of them
 “ about you afterwards.” Good Gods! what
 Simpletons does Drink make of us! *Pluto*,
 without reflecting upon the Absurdity of
 this Speech, or once dreaming of what he
 was a doing, takes the confounded *Pills*, and
 tosses them over with great Alacrity. And
 indeed they soon cured him of his Drunken-
 ness, or at least of his Mirth. For they had
 not been an hour in his Stomach, till he
 grew monstrous sick, and fell a vomiting
 and scouring most enormously. He did so
 roar

roar and curse, and tofs and tumble, and
 run hobbling and crouching up and down
 with his Guts in his Arms, screwing his Face,
 sweating like a Horse, and looking as pale
 as Ashes, that but for his Immortality one
 would not imagine he could have lived in
 that Condition two hours. The Villain of
 an Empirick was sent to, who, when he
 heard how Matters went with his Majesty,
 had the impudence to say, *He liked him so
 much the better that the Medicine operated
 well*, and that he would but just stay till he
 made up something to *alleviate the Stimulus*,
 if there was occasion for it, and give him
 ease, and then would follow. But the for-
 ry Scoundrel thought fit to sneak off, and he
 has not been heard of since. I suppose he
 sculks in some blind Corner or other, but
 he can't long lie hid from the Punishment
 he deserves so richly. In the mean time,
Pluto has continued for these two days in as
 bad a way as when his Physick first began
 to work. And yet, sick as he was, he
 would not for a long time consent to the
 taking of any Measures, which might di-
 vulge an Affair that was so little to his Ho-
 nour; but he was forced to yield to Ne-
 cessity

cessity at last, and dispatched me in great haste to find you out. And tho' he is just now asleep it seems, I'm afraid there is still work enough left for you. For considering what he has suffered, and how miserably ill he was but lately when I left him, I am apt to suspect that his present Rest is meerly owing to his Weakness, and you know much better than I, how deceitful these Truces sometimes prove.

Hyg. Well, I shall do what lies in my power for him ; tho' I must own I am not very sorry that he smarts for his Folly neither.—But pray *Mercury*, can you tell me what sort of People these Quacks are? For tho' they practise Physick it seems, and pretend to have some Interest with me, I have no Correspondence with them.

Merc. No, I don't imagine you have. I shall tell you in as few words as possible all that I know about them. You remember that in former times, none were allowed to practise Physick but those that were found duly qualified, and had prepared themselves by a long Course of Study for that important

Im-

Employment. But now there is not a poor Peasant or Mechanick, but if he has two Sons, one of them must be a *Doctor*, as they call them, with a vengeance, tho' it were in spite of both Nature and Education. And what wise Method do you think they fall upon to accomplish this great work? A very short one you'll say. They have no Notion of Education themselves, and they are not able to bear the Expences of introducing their Sons regularly to the knowledge of the *Art*. But instead of this, they place a raw unletter'd Lad for two or three years under the Care of some Apothecary, who perhaps does not know a great deal more than his Apprentice. Here he fancies he learns not only to prepare and compound Medicines, but, by perusing and Comparing the Physicians Bills, how to apply them too forsooth. And so at last, by a happy Delusion, he thinks himself not only an Apothecary, but a Physician. Thus, what by his own proper Fund of Ignorance, what by his Master's, improving it, he comes out at last a doubly greater Fool than he enter'd. But in the mean time, as Ignorance and want of Sense give him Assurance, and

the Lowness of his Education preserves him at liberty from the combersome Shackles of Honour and Honesty, if he has but sleight enough to save himself from Transportation or the Gibbet, he is sure to make a Livelyhood, tho' never so many should suffer for it. Others have fallen upon a yet easier way of scaling the Heights of Physick, by setting up upon something that they call a *Nostrum*, left them in a Legacy by their Grand-mother, by which they pretend infallibly to cure some one, or perhaps all Diseases. And this, whether it is insignificant or dangerous, they administer the same way in all Circumstances, and in the same Dose to Persons of all Ages, Sexes, and Constitutions.

Hyg. A hopeful Education I'll swear ! Well, I don't wonder that those Fools who venture their Lives in the hands of such Bunglers, load them with such Imprecations at last.

Merc. These Wretches however have for some time been in great favour with *Pluto*. And in return for their contributing so considerably to the peopling of his Dominions, they

they have had the Honour to lodge in the same Quarter with *Alexander, Cæsar*, and the rest of the noble Tribe of Man-butchers. But of late years they have sent down such numerous Colonies, that it would have puzzled *Pluto* to account for so many swarms (at a time when he heard nothing, by any Advices from the upper World, either of Famine or Pestilence, or very hot Wars) if it were not that, of all the Myriads that daily descend to Hell, there is scarce One of Six, but what lays the Blame of his untimely Fate upon the Quacks. So that at last, he begun to consider them with another eye, and to remit of his Indulgence towards them, as dreading they would at this rate in a short time quite destroy the Brood of Mankind, and so cut off all future Supplies to his Realms. But now this Affair I presume will compleat their Disgrace, and entirely ruin them with *Pluto*. They have for a long time played their *Pills, Drops, and Potions* here upon the poor Wretches that are miserable enough besides. But there was never any ear given to their Complaints, for it was suspected to be all meer Fetch and Knavery, and that they were only sick to get
the

the Rigour and wholesome Discipline of our Infernal Regions a little abated. And but the other day, one of these Miscreants, as he was passing by *Tantalus*, who was crying out of Thirst after his old rate, stop'd and told him, that Symptom was entirely owing to the *redundant Choler* in his Blood, and that he could give him a *Potion* that would purge it off to his great Relief. Poor *Tantalus*, who was glad to drink any thing, made but one Draught of his *Potion*, and poured a thousand Blessings upon his pretended Benefactor. But it proved a bitter Draught to him. For it handled him so unmercifully, and, instead of having his Thirst quenched by it, he called out at last so pitifully for Drink, and swooned away so often, that he was obliged to be taken out of his Tub: And now that his great rage of Sicknefs is abated, they are e'en fain to cocker him up with Broths and Jellies to fill his empty Vessels again. Such things as these passed without being much taken notice of, and for the most part without being credited; but I shall wonder if these Varlets are not called to a severe Account, now that the Gods themselves can't live for them.

them. For you must know that, just about the time that *Pluto* took his Physick, honest old *Charon* got his Dose too.

Hyg. No sure ! How in the name of wonder came *Charon* so tractable and complaisant ? I hope his Austerity was not mellowed by a Bottle too ?

Merc. No faith ; He was as sober as I am just now : but you shall hear how it happened. One of these Poison-mongers, who wanted a Cast over, but had not a Farthing to pay his Fare, bethought himself of a fly Expedient. He takes his Seat just by the old Waterman, and begins to make his Court by complimenting him upon his vigorous Constitution and the *Greenness* of his old Age ; but at the same time could not help observing that his Skin disgraced them, (for you know he is not very nice about his Linnens, and does not go into a Bath perhaps once in a Century) and that he had contracted something of a *Scorbutick Taint*, by having lived so long upon the Water. But if he would accept of some Doses of his *Pulvis Scelotyrbicus*, and now and then
make

make use of the warm Bath, he might soon become as sleek and pure as a Snake that has just cast his Slough. *Charon* at first made him furly enough Answers, and was like to have grown very rough, but the insinuating Rascal plied him so with positive Remonstrances, that the simple old Dotard began at last to imagine that his Skin really itched. He told him, that what he said might be true enough, but that he had not Leisure to take Physick. The unconscionable Knave replied, that the Medicine which he had to offer him was an *Alterative* and acted insensibly, so that he needed not lose a Moment's Business, nor so much as change his Diet for it. Well, not to tire you with a long Tale, *Charon* takes the *Powders* in lieu of Fare, which was all that the Rascal wanted. And one Dose has wrought him so heartily, that if they were to cure him of a *Leprosy*, I suppose *Cerberus* may take the rest for him. He was obliged to crawl out of his Boat into a Hut by the River's side, where he lies cursing and blaspheming at a hideous rate, and is so peevish and in such a nasty pickle, that no body cares to go near him. Since this Misfortune

tune

tune happened to him, I have been obliged to perform his Office : but to secure my self from having a *Pill* or *Powder* cramm'd down my Throat too, not a Rag of a Quack comes into the Boat as long as I'm Master. They make a deal of pother for Admittance, but I e'en let them strole about the wrong side of the Lake till *Charon* is ready to take care of them himself ; and if he does not take care of them with a vengeance, as soon as he gets upon his Stumps again, I shall say his *Choler* is purged off effectually. There is as good as Ten or a Dozen of them already, and they are become so bold, that if I did not keep them at a distance by brushing their Jackets for them when they advance too near, I believe they would think of storming the Boat. But I expect good Sport when they come under *Charon's* Discipline. It will delight one to see how he'll tear and lay about him, and how the poor Scoundrels will scamper up and down, as if they walk'd upon hot Iron.

Hyg. Yes, I presume they'll stand in need of more Skill than their own to heal them-

selves again.—But I wish *Pluto* would make an end of his Nap, for I shall be obliged to be going presently.

Merc. So shall I. I'll step into his Chamber, and see if he is yet awake. —O! I hear him groaning and stretching himself upon the Bed. You may come in, *Hygeia*.

Hyg. How is it with you now, *Pluto*? Mercy on me, you look pitifully!

Pluto. O *Hygeia*! what have I suffered since I saw you!

Hyg. Well, I hope you shall not suffer much longer; and if you were once set to rights again, I presume you won't tamper any more with these unlucky Ministers of the Fatal Sisters.

Pluto. A Pestilence on them! But what must I do? for I find I shall soon be as bad as ever.

Hyg. Why, you must send for some skilful Physician. You have *Hippocrates*, *Cel-*
sius,

fus, *Sydenham*, and I don't know how many here, that are an Honour to their great Father *Æsculapius*, and, for the good Offices they have done Mankind, deserve the immortal Fame and compleat Happiness they now enjoy. You must have recourse to their Help, for without Nature's Means and theirs, I never do any thing.

Pluto. Their Help ! I never could endure them : for my Empire might still have remained an unpeopled Desert for them. And I have often been angry with *Minos* and *Rhadamanth*, for allotting them the same habitations with *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, *Socrates*, *Cicero*, *Brutus*, and the other public Benefactors of Mankind. I little thought ever to have Dealings of this kind with them ; but I have reason to lay aside my old Grudges now.

Merc. Well, I expect you'll judge more favourably of them hereafter.—But in the mean time, *Pluto*, as there is nothing so curst but what brings some good along with it, I humbly think this Accident might be

improved to a profitable use. You know *Ixion's* Wheel is falling to pieces, the Furies' Scourges are worn so light and limber, that they are become meer Children's Play : In short, all the Instruments of Hell are going to wrack. Now to save the Expence of repairing them, which will make a great Gap in your Fund, what if all that pompous *Apparatus*, and this Variety of Tortures, were laid aside, and the Medicines of these Quacks (which come cheap enough, for all their exorbitant Bills) made use of in their stead, and administered once, twice, or thrice a Week, in proportion to the Offence, Habit, and Constitution of the Criminals, and *pro ratione Virium & Operationis*.

Tantalus. Blast me, all the Gods ! if I take *Potion* more.—I'll drink *Phlegethon* first.—Let me into my Tub again.—Oh!—

Hyg. So *Tantalus*, you have got a quick Ear. *Pluto* will perhaps excuse you if you speak him fair. But pray, *Mercury*, let us hear the rest of your Scheme, with *Pluto's* leave, it may perhaps divert him.

Merc.

Merc. Well, in the mean time that the Furies may not lie out of Business, nor want an Employment suitable to their Dispositions; I would propose that they should have the pleasure to administer these *Pills, Potions, &c.* and in short to perform the Office of the Quacks.

Hyg. And pray what will you make of the Quacks themselves? What uncommon Torments are you preparing for them?

Merc. As for them, that they may still be occupied in something Analogous to their former Trade, let it be their Business to take care of the Kennels, Sewers, and Common-shores; nor think it below them to be the Scavengers of Hell.

Hyg. By *Jupiter*, a good Contrivance! *Pluto*, what do you say to this?

Merc.—Ye Gods! *Pluto* is as bad as ever! How he heaves! how he sweats! how he's convulsed! as if his whole Frame
were

were disjointed! I must make Dispatch, and send hither *Hippocrates* and some of the rest of the Physicians, and then to the Oar again. Do you, *Hygeia*, stay here in the mean time,

Hyg. I shall. Fare you well, *Mercury*, and make haste.



A D V E R -



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letter was found in the Streets, where it had probably been dropt by Mr. *W—d*. This accident has in all likelihood deprived those impartial Records of Fame, *The London Evening Post* and *Daily Advertiser*, of the Honour of ushering it into the World. But that it may not be entirely lost, neither to the Public nor that illustrious Person to whom it does Justice, I take the liberty to print it here.

To the greatest of self-taught Physicians, to the Sage pregnant with Knowledge not revealed by Mortal Pens, to the Dragon's Eye of Sagacity, to the far-fam'd Master of the Pill of Pills and Drop of Drops, to the invincible J—W—, Usbek the Persian, greeting.

ITook the wondrous Pill which thou sentest me, and lay for three Days and three Nights under the despotic Sovereignty of Physick. Almighty *Alla!* How did the Billows of Sickness overwhelm

whelm me ! How did the Rage of vollied
 Torments shake my fleshly Mansion almost
 to ruins, while my trembling Soul thought
 of nothing but Flight ! But now rosy Health
 smiles again upon me, and my Years look
 green in a new Spring : For which I thank
 thy spirit-giving Hand, and shall ever cele-
 brate thy immortal Name with Praises lofty
 as *Imaus*, sweet-smelling as the spicy Vales
 of *Arabia*. Hail, enormous *Mass of Pilular*
Merit ! Thou mighty Possessor of the *Uni-*
versal Remedy, the *Pill of Strength*, the *Drop*
of Energy, the *Arcanum* of the *Wise*, the
Philosopher's Stone, such as never rose from
 the secret Furnace of mysterious vaunting
Paracelsus ! (For not the golden Pill of Day
 disperses Influence more vivifying than thine
 Terrestrial and of Mineral Birth !) Thou,
 for whom the *Great* (O glorious Task !)
 wield their deputed Pens ! And to whom
 the *Judges of the Earth* do Justice ! Thou,
 who *compresses the Glands* of the *Paralytic*
 Eye, and administrest to the Wretched, the
 sweet relief of Tears ! For thrice wretched
 they to whom this Comfort is denied ! In a word,
 thou great earthly Mover of the obedient

Microcosm ! all hail ! And may I join to thee, Him next in Name ? who *daily* thunders almost with equal Force on my astounded Ear : Him, the vindictive Scourge of *Worms* ! Him, greater than the Flower of *English* Chivalry, the Boast of ancient Time, *St. George* ! Him, conspicuous with the Spoils of many a vanquish'd Monster ! And to whom contending Monarchs, jostled from the middle of the Sheets of Fame, diurnally give place ! And let my upright heart bestow upon your whole illustrious Brotherhood their due share of Incense. *Alla* forbid that I should pass them in stupid Silence ! For neither is their Renown unknown to me. O all ye (who can count you, innumerable and bright as the Stars !) Ye, who without the help of vain Science, and uncramped by stiff Education, have gained the proud heights of Physick ! Ye Worthies of *Emetic* Renown ! Ye whose skilful hands weed the too luxuriant animal Kingdom ! Ye whose *Pills* and *Potions* purge the *World* ! Let me stand astonished at your Power, and bid my voracious Appetite of Wonders riot eternally on your miraculous Might. For you command, and Destruction opens wide

her devouring Jaws! The wrathful Pestilence waits your tremendous Nod! You teach the *imprisoned Aphrodisiack* Bane to rage, and the great ones of the Earth tremble! They tremble, yea and melt in fearful *Sweats* at your Power! That Power, the liberal Gift of auspicious Nature, the Envy and Astonishment of the Learned. O unbought Erudition! More to be valued far than the Mountains of *Ophir* teeming with Gold, or the massy Pearls of the Orient!—O when will come these *Golden Days* when Physicians shall be all of one *Sect*? When *Hippocrates*, when *Galen*, when *Boerhaave*, shall be no more? When *Spontaneous* Knowledge shall spring from the *uncultivated* Soil? When the grief of Reading and tedious Application shall cease? When the universal Smoak of blazing Libraries shall ascend, and wrap the happy Day in a more glorious Night? And when the Professors of the healing Art shall, with one Mind, entirely resign themselves to *enlightening* Nature, and like you (O sole *inspired Physicians!*) trust to *Inspiration* alone? Even then when a new *Gothic* Inundation shall overwhelm the Earth, and the last footsteps of abhorred Learning shall

shall melt away. Happy! Oh! infinitely happy! they, whom kind Nature locks up in the dark Womb of Time, to fally forth with impetuous eagerness into the Enjoyment of these blisful Days! Oh! too happy already! if they could but know their happiness. For even we, the present Generation of Mortals, we (thank Heaven!) taste the Sweets of these delicious Days: Taste, and envy the sleeping Seeds of our late Posterity. Yes, in you we taste these Joys, O Godlike Deliverers from mortal Woes, from the Bondage of the Flesh, and from all the Sorrows and Infirmities that *Flesh is Heir to*! O! that I could wield the irresistible Bolts of *Demosthenian* Eloquence! Oh! for the Tongues of Ten thousand *Seraphims* to sing your Praises, and hush with conscious Shame the mistuned *Spheres*! For sure no Mortal, not all the Mortals that have sprung from the Loins of the first Man, with all that shall precede the last Crush of this System, joined in full Concert, could warble *Elogiums* worthy you. Let me not therefore violate the sacred Theme, nor touch your divine Names with my fleshly Lips, lest a wrathful *Cancer* should consume them, or a com-

missioned Palsy revenge you on my profane Tongue. And yet—But whither do these Raptures hurry me? Transported by the inspiring Subject, I have unawares swelled my Letter of acknowledgment to Thee, with an *Encomium* upon the Society of which thou justly claimest to be the Head. And now, before I lay down my Pen, I must tell thee that, smit with an absolute Curiosity, I design a Visit this Winter to thy amazing Country : The Land of Wonders, where, besides the almost incredible Feats of thy astonishing Fraternity, a thousand other Prodigies, worthy (if Fame says true) of eternal Admiration, grow. For I hear of Things and Manners marvelous, scarce utterable by mortal Tongues, and not to be believed without the Vouchers of one's proper Eyes. *Alla* preserve thee, sage *J—f—ab*.

F. O. N *Paris*.

T H E E N D.

