

**Corrections in verse, from the Father of the College, on Son Cadogan's gout-dissertation: containing false physic, false logic, false philosophy / [William Browne].**

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15  
*De la*  
**CORRECTIONS IN VERSE,**  
**FROM THE FATHER OF THE COLLEGE,**

**ON SON CADOGAN'S**

**GOUT-DISSERTATION:**

**CONTAINING**

**FALSE PHYSIC,**

**FALSE LOGIC,**

**FALSE PHILOSOPHY.**

**BY SIR WILLIAM BROWNE.**

'Tis a wise *Rule* of SOLOMON:

*Spare your Rod, and you spoil your Son.*

Πάντα Γέλως.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and Sold, by J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall.

M D C C L X X I I .

[ Price Six Pence. ]



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*Z E L E* for so learned a profession as *Physic* has ever been, since it was established on its proper foundations of *Reason*, and *Science*, by *HIPPOCRATES*, (so useful, and too often as necessary to reconcile *Health*, and *Luxury*, as *ovi vitellum* to mix *Oil* and *Vinegar*, though it is impossible, in either Case, that the *Union* should be made *complete*), cannot bear, that it should be treated, and especially by a Son, not onely as an <sup>a</sup>*ignorant*, and *useless*, but also as a <sup>b</sup>*pernicious*, and *imposing Art*, for above <sup>c</sup>*Two Thousand Years*: that so gross an *Insult* should be offered to *Physicians*, and so great a *Compliment* paid to *Quacks*, as to set <sup>d</sup>*AESCULAPIVS* at the *Head* of the *Latter*; and to confound the opposite terms of <sup>e</sup>*Medication* and *Quackery*. Although the *Corrections* are *Jocular*, it is not intended, that they should be *less*, but *more sensibly felt*, for that very reason: according to the Rule of *HORACE*

——— *Ridiculum acri*  
*Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.*

A D F I L I V M.

*Vapulans lauda Baculum Paternum,*  
*Invidum, FILI, fuge suspicari,*  
*Cujus &c-denum trepidavit aetas*  
*Claudere Lustrum.*



*Queen-square, Jan. iii. MDCCLXXII. Aet. XXC.*

<sup>a</sup> *Dissertation*, P. vi, vii.    <sup>b</sup> P. 34, 63, 76.    <sup>c</sup> p. 14.    <sup>d</sup> p. ix.    <sup>e</sup> p. vi. 84.



## ON SON CADOGAN'S

## FALSE PHYSIC.

WHAT mean these Rules, *Cadogan*, that you give?  
To follow Them, wou'd be *Starve*, not *Live*.

But Book, and Author, are so Laughable,

That One *Specific* I may *Patients* tell,

5 Which now 'Two thousand years have just found out:

*Laugh at these Rules, and they may cure the Gout.*

Well may All laugh, at Print and Paper wasted:

*SYDENHAM*, and *MEAD* the Subject had exhausted.

By naming neither, I your Pulse can feel,

10 As less inclin'd to borrow, than to steal,

Yet, spight of *Plagiarism*, I will call

*Cadogan*, a most bold *Original*.

You first have dar'd, ev'n *SYDENHAM* to scout:

Who holds, that *Study* had produc'd his *Gout*.

15 You have but on *Three* \* *Causes* sentence past:

What, had you no Experience on † *This Last*?

But, ‡ *Parnell's* Muse, in pleasing strains,

The *Fact* thus states, the *Cause* explains.

\* *Indolence, Intemperance, Vexation.*

† *Study.*

‡ *Differt. p. 14.*

§ *Parnell's Poems.*



- “ The learned SYDENHAM makes no doubt,  
 20 “ But profound *Thought* will give the *Gout* :  
 “ And, that with *Bum on Couch* we lie,  
 “ Because our *Reason* soars too high.  
 “ As, *Canon*, when they mount vast *Pitches*,  
 “ Are tumbled backward on their *Breeches*.  
 25 Let *Study*, therefore, mend your *Eighth Edition*;  
 This will best *puff* your *Practice*, as *Physician*.  
*Oedipus* then may promise, or, ev’n *Davus*,  
 That you will be *Sapientium Octavus*.  
 Tho’, while so grossly you *defile the Nest*,  
 30 Your *Readers* must think *No Physician best*.  
 But who can credit a *Conceited Elf*,  
 Who holds, <sup>h</sup> none e’er knew *Phyfic* but *Himself*.  
 If this were *True*, it wou’d be necessary,  
 Your *Skill*, at least, shou’d be *Hereditary*.  
 35 Or, if to get an *Heir*’s too hard a part,  
 You shou’d *Assign*, or else *Devise* your *Art*.  
 For where’s the *Doctor*, who can *write*, or *read*?  
 The *World* must die, were once *Cadogan* dead.  
 The *Golden Mean* lies, in a *Gouty Station*,  
 40 Between *Cadogan’s Rules*, and those in *Fashion*.

<sup>h</sup> *Dissert.* p. 12, 15, 76, 85. et *passim*.



## O N S O N C A D O G A N ' S

## F A L S E L O G I C.

T H E onely *Argument* that you advance,  
To controvert *Gouty-Inheritance*,

<sup>i</sup> Is, *That it needs must follow*, at such rate,

The *Heir*, in course, must come to his *Estate*.

45 But, *hoc non sequitur*, a strong *Impression*,

Like *Free-hold*, gives the *Heir* a sure *Succession*.

But *Gouts* are mostly of a *slighter Mould*:

And well may be compar'd to *Copy-hold*.

*These* to the *Heir* descend, as well as *Those*:

50 But this *Condition* a wide *Diff'rence* shews.

*Those* the *Heir* takes without *Formalities*:

But, onely by the *Rod*, can take up *These*.

That is, the *Father's Sins* are not alone

Enough, unless the *Son* will add his own.

55 *Infants*, and *Females*, cannot well do this:

And hence it is, that their *Estates* they miss.

So, *probes aliter*, for sure I am,

*True Logic* negat *Consequentiam*.

Thus much for your *False Logic*, by and by,

60 The force of *Critic Ridicule* I'll try,

To *Laugh* you out of *False Philosophy*.

<sup>i</sup> *Differt.* p. 17, 18.



ON SON CADOGAN'S  
FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

YOU say : \*That, *Physic*, for *Two Thousand years*,  
A *Sine Cure*, *deceiving Art* appears :

That, *Quacks* have all along maintain'd the *Cheat*,

65 From *AESCULAPIUS*, to the *praesent Set* :

That, the terms *Quackery*, and *Medication*,

Had, and still have, the same *Signification* :

And, now at last, " the *Task* seems left to me,"

To cure by *Nature*, and *Philosophy*.

70 I cure the *Gout*, and use, for this intent,

One *Philosophical Experiment*.

<sup>1</sup> Let the *Sot*, carried ev'ry night to bed,

His *Bottle*, just like so much *Poison*, dread,

And nothing drink, but *Water*, in its stead :

75 " <sup>m</sup> I would be hang'd," if by such *Self-denial*,

His *Gout* shou'd not be conquer'd, on the *Trial*.

Now *We Cadogans* are *All* much too *high-born*,

To fear, that *We* shou'd ever *swing* at *Tyburn*.

*HIPPOCRATES's* old *Philosophy*,

80 Perhaps, this *Doctrine* may *point-blank deny*.

But, though to *Him* so dangerous might seem

A *sudden Change* from that to this *Extreme* :

My *Natural*, and *Philosophic Use* is,

To make it my *Experimentum Crucis*.

85 Tho' *HORACE* too casts his *Satyrical Slur* on't :

*Dum vitant Stulti vitia in contraria currunt.*

\* *Differt.* p. vi, ix, 14, 76, 84, 85.

<sup>1</sup> p. 90.

<sup>m</sup> p. 91.



Another *Point* of my *Philosophy*,

I hope, no Adversary dares deny.

<sup>a</sup> *Peculiarity of Constitution*

90 I hold, to be a most absurd *Delusion*:

That, the most *Delicate*, and *Rustic Frame*,

May be possesst of Stock of *Health* the same:

That, the slim *Squirrel* may know no more want

Of *Health*, than ev'n the stoutest *Elephant*.

95 Tho' a *Disease* will kill, I needs must grant,

A Thousand *Squirrels* to One *Elephant*.

It is a *Point* of my *Philosophy*,

° That *SYDENHAM* was a *Fool* to mind the *Sky*.

His Famous *Epidemics* are all *False*:

100 *Air* is not One of my *Non-naturals*.

There's One *Complaint*, which I in quæstion call,

As being most *unphilosophical*.

° That *Nature* shou'd, by *Ill*, be thus *withstood*.

For taking *Ill*, out of her Neighbourhood,

105 I hold, must also take away *all Good*.

The *Diff'rence* between *Good* and *Ill* is known,

By nothing else, but by *Comparison*.

If there were no *Disease*, it must be granted,

*Health* never cou'd be known, because not *wanted*.

110 The old *Philosopher* was *just as nice*:

Who deriv'd *Virtue's* origine from *Vice*.

This *Philosophic Argument* is mine,

To try the cause of *Water* *versus Wine*.

<sup>a</sup> *Differt.* p. 27.

° p. 74.

p. p. 39.



- <sup>a</sup> *Water* 's the *Universal Liquor* known,  
 115 For ev'ry *Animal* to rely upon.  
 And sure, what *Nature* brews, must be confest  
 "For us, to be the *safest*, and the *best*."  
 Hence *Bath*, or *Spa*, declining *Health* infures:  
 The *Mineral* acts not, 'tis the *Water* cures.  
 120 *Water* 's the onely *Element* gives ease,  
 To *Indigestions*, and *Crudities*.  
 Let not my *Patients* then complain hereafter,  
<sup>a</sup> That I deny them *Bread*, who give them *Water*.  
 This *Theme*, with *PINDAR*'S *Flight*, we may conclude o'er:  
 125 Who first took *Wing* with, <sup>a</sup> *Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*.  
 Like *Water*, my *Philosophy* can find,  
<sup>a</sup> *Happiness* holds its *Level* with *Mankind*.  
 For this *Conceit*, under great hardship labours,  
 That any shou'd prove *Happier*, than their *Neighbours*.  
 130 A clear *Aequality* appears from hence:  
*Vanity* fills up ev'ry *Void* of *Sense*.  
 I think it no unphilosophic *Blot*,  
<sup>a</sup> To call my med'cines *Gravel*, and *Small Shot*.  
 Nor can it ever with just cause be thought ill,  
 135 To *scour* a *Patient*, as one wou'd a *Bottle*.  
 For who wou'd pick a *Quarrel* with the *Mean*,  
 "Whatever it may be, that makes him *Clean*?"  
 O *Physic*! Thou hast so much *Art* about *Thee*:  
 There is no living *with Thee*, nor *without Thee*.  
 140 The *Cafe* of poor *Mankind* is hard enough:  
<sup>a</sup> "Woe be to *Him* who *takes*, or *leaves Thee off*:"

<sup>a</sup> *Differt.* p. 62.<sup>a</sup> p. 59.<sup>a</sup> p. 40.<sup>a</sup> p. 88.<sup>a</sup> p. 34.



While *taken*, his pure *Blood* all putrefies :

And if *omitted*, then he *faints*, he *dies* !

<sup>w</sup> *Nourishment* by our *Cookery* is lost :

145 We *over-boil* our *Meat*, and *over-roast*.

“ *Eating Raw Flesh* amazing *Strength* procures,

“ And admits no such *Maladies* as *Ours*.”

\* “ Was ever *Tartar* fierce or cruel

“ Upon the *Strength* of *Water-gruel* ?

150 “ But who shall stand his *Rage* and *Force*,

“ If first he rides, then eats his *Horse* ?

Like East and West, *Extreme* with *Extreme* meets :

\* I hold *Sweets* *Acids*, and all *Acids* *Sweets*.

Of my *Book*, I may modestly say thus :

155 The *Stile* is *Fanciful*, *Ingenious*,

And as much *thumb'd*, as that of *JUNIUS*. }

The great *Objection* carping *Critics* shew,

Is, that it is a *Pity*, 'tis not *True*.

† When against *Ferment* I make *Declamation*,

160 They urge : *Digestion* is but *Fermentation*.

That my whole *Book* is a *Quack-Bill*, some say :

‡ Because it *Trumpets* my *Magnesia*.

But, there seems left to me another *Task*,

My *Readers* pardon earnestly to ask :

165 That, when I had consider'd *Indolence*,

‡ To be the *Parent* of *Intemperance* :

I did not farther add, on this occasion,

That it is also *Parent* of *Vexation*.

By which, I more concisely might have shewn :

170 Tho' They are *Three*, their *Family* is *One*.

*One Charge*, indeed, I cannot well escape :

That I hold, *Nature* soon forgives a *Rape*.

\* *Prior's Alma*.

<sup>w</sup> *Differt.* p. 54, 55.    <sup>x</sup> p. 58, 59.    <sup>y</sup> p. *same*.    <sup>z</sup> p. 93.    <sup>a</sup> p. 40.



10 FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

b That I call Her *True Female*, who cries out,  
 While the First Act of *Rudeness* is about;  
 175 But soon submits, and condescends so far,  
 As ev'n to doat upon Her *Ravisher*.  
 That, clapt so violently round the *Waist*,  
 And, with stiff *Whale-bone*, bound so very fast,  
 She makes *Herself*, lo! *Callous Stays* at last!  
 180 Here, the Apology, that must be made is,  
 Pardon to ask of *Nature*, and the *Ladies*.  
 Pardon, O! Pardon, Ye Forgiving Fair,  
 An *Errant*, *Miserable PHILOSOPHER*!  
 A *Widower*, so sharp set, he'll risque his Life,  
 185 To gain another, tho' a *Sabine Wife*!  
 Thus, the best Thing, *Cadogan*, I can say,  
 Is, I leave you, *IN MISERICORDIA*!  
 c *Poor Man*! you seek, you say, nor *Wealth*, nor *Name*,  
 You write, rather for any Thing, than *Fame*:  
 190 And yet, the Total Pow'rs of *Physic* clame!  
 Sorry am I, that you cou'd e'er have Blunder'd;  
 Since it has cost me Verses near Two Hundred.  
 Nor shall I grudge One Couplet more, for you know,  
 I too make Verses, *STANS PEDE IN VNO*.

b *Dissert.* p. 64.

c p. ult.

P. S. Your *False Philosophy* so abounds, that it is easy; *ducentos*  
*versus diclare*: were it not the Common Interest of *Writer* and  
 Stop short.

NE QUID NIMIS.

EX ORE TVO.

F I N I S.

174  
 300