

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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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 wife *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 ^a*ignorant*, and *useless*, but also as a ^b*pernicious*, and *imposing Art*, for above ^c*Two Thousand Years*: that so gross an *Insult* should be offered to *Physicians*, and so great a *Compliment* paid to *Quacks*, as to set ^d*AESCVLAPIVS* at the *Head* of the *Latter*; and to confound the opposite terms of ^e*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 æg-denum trepidavit aetas
Claudere Lastrum.



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

^a *Dissertation*, P. vi, vii. ^b p. 34, 63, 76. ^c p. 14. ^d p. ix. ^e 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, ^h *none e'er knew Physic 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*.

^h *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.

THE onely *Argument* that you advance,
To controvert *Gouty-Inheritance*,

ⁱ 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*.

ⁱ *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 *AESCVLAPIVS*, 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*.

¹ 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 "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 *Satyric Slur* on't:

Dum vitant Stulti vitia in contraria currunt.

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

¹ p. 90.

² p. 91.

Another *Point* of my *Philosophy*,

I hope, no Adversary dares deny.

^a *Peculiarity of Constitution*

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

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

May be possess'd 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*.

^p 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*.

^a *Differt.* p. 27.

^p p. 74.

^p p. 39.

- 9 *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,
 '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, "Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ."
 Like *Water*, my *Philosophy* can find,
 ' *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*,
 ' 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:
 "Woe be to *Him* who *takes*, or *leaves Thee off*:"

^a *Differt.* p. 62.

^r p. 59.

^s p. 40.

^t p. 88.

^u p. 34.

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

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

^w *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*.

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

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

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

² 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*,

α 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*.

^w *Dissert.* p. 54, 55. ^x p. 58, 59. ^γ p. *sans*. ^² p. 93. ^α p. 40.

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 dictere: were it not the Common Interest of *Writer* and
 Stop short.

NE QUID NIMIS.

EX ORE TVO.

F I N I S.

177
200