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

#### **Contributors**

Garth, Samuel, Sir, 1661-1719

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Frontispice. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Se

THE 46123(1)

### DISPENSARY.

A

POEM.

IN

## SIX CANTO'S.

-Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
Hor. de A. P.

The TENTHEDITION.



#### LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand.

M DCC XLI.



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### TO

# Anthony Henley, Esq;



MAN of Your Character can no more Prevent a Dedication, than

he wou'd encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most discover'd, when it labours most to be conceal'd.

A 3

'Tis

### DEDICATION.

'Tis hard, that to think well of You, shou'd be but Justice, and to tell You so, shou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate Your Modesty, I must be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratify One good Quality, do wrong to a Thousand.

The World generally measures our Esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart, can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expressions; but when they reslect on Your Readiness to do Good, and Your Industry to hide it; on Your Passion to oblige, and Your Passion to hear

#### DEDICATION.

it own'd; They'll conclude that Acknowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to a Person, who ev'n seems to receive the Obligations he confers.

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

A 4 Your

#### DEDICATION.

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

Your Humble Servant.





#### THE

## PREFACE.

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

Their Grand Objection is, That the Fury
Disease is an improper Machine to recite
A 5 Chara-

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

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

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

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the Lutrin of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the Imputation; unless their

their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough: But he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of Molesse, Canto II. and in one in his First Canto; the sense of which Line is entirely his, and I cou'd wish it were not the only good One in mine.

I have spoke to the most material Objections I have heard of, and shall tell these Gentlemen, That for every Fault they pretend to find in this Poem, I'll undertake to shew them two. One of these curious Persons does me the Honour to say, He approves of the Conclusion of it; but I suppose 'tis upon no other Reason, but because 'tis the Conclusion. However, I shou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this Sort is very hard to be got, and very easie to be lost; its Pursuit is painful, and its Possession unfruitful; Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the Animosities among

the Members of the College of Physicians increasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy President to the contrary) I was perfuaded to attempt something of this Nature, and to endeavour to Railly some of our disaffected Members into a Sense of their Duty, who have hitherto most obstinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd fo unreasonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Observance of the Statutes by a Bond, which some of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the customary Oath: like some that will trust their Wives with any Body, but their Money with none. I was forry to find there cou'd be any Constitution that was not to be cur'd without Poison, and that there shou'd be a Prospect of effecting it by a less grateful Method than Reason and Persuasion.

The Original of this Difference has been of some Standing, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Excess till the time of Erecting the Dispensary, being an Apartment in the College

College set up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever since with an Integrity and Disinterest suitable to so Charitable a Design.

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

The Intention of this Preface is not to persuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the Satyr may appear directed

rected at any particular Person, 'tis at such only as are presum'd to be engag'd in Dishonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, against the Dignity of their own Protession. But if there be no such, then these Characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no Body Offence.

The Description of the Battel is grounded upon a Feud that happen'd in the Difpenfary, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and some of the Servants that attended there to dispense the Medicines; and is fo far real; tho' the Poetical Relation be fictitious. I hope no Body will think the Author too undecently reflecting thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himself, ought to be less fevere upon the Miscarriages of others. There is a Character in this trivial Performance, which the Town, I find, applies to a particular Person: 'Tis a Reflection which I shou'd be forry shou'd give Offence; being no more than what may be faid of any Physician remarkable for much Practice. The killing of numbers of Patients

tients is so trite a Piece of Raillery, that it ought not to make the least Impression either upon the Reader, or the Person 'tis apply'd to; being one that I think in my Conscience a very able Physician, as well as a Gentleman of extraordinary Learning. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my Reader: But some Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by presixing something of their own.

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





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

Hereas the Several Orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing Medicines gratis to the Poor Sick of the Cities of London and Westminster, and Parts adjacent, as also Proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of London, in pursuance thereof, have bitherto been ineffectual, for that no Method bath been taken to furnish the Poor with Medicines for their Cure at low and reasonable Rates; we therefore whose Names are bere under-written, Fellows or Members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a Charity, by the Counsel and good Liking of the President and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige our selves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the faid

said College, the Sum of Ten Pounds a-piece of Lawful Money of England, by such Proportions, and at such Times, as to the major Part of the Subscribers here Shall seem most convenient: Which Money when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicines to the Poor at their intrinsick Value, in such Manner, and at such Times, and by such Orders and Directions, as by the major Part of the Subscribers bereto shall in Writing be bereafter appointed and directed for that Purpose. In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Præ
fes.

Tho. Burwell, Elect

and Cenfor.

Sam. Collins, Elect.

Edw. Browne, Elect.

Rich. Torlefs, Elect.

and Cenfor.

Edw. Hulfe, Elect.

Tho. Gill, Cenfor.

Will. Dawes, Cenfor.

Jo. Hutton.

Rob. Brady.

Hans Sloane.

Rich. Morton.

John Hawys.

Ch. Harel. Rich. Robinson. John Bateman. Walter Mills. Dan. Coxe. Henry Sampson. Thomas Gibson. Charles Goodall. Edm. King. Sam. Garth. Barnh. Soame. Denton Nicholas. Joseph Gaylard. John Woollaston. Steph. Hunt. Oliver Horseman. Rich. Rich. Morton, Jun.
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Lifter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylvestre.

Cha. Morton.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
.... Norris.
George Colebrock.
Gideon Harvey.

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



## STEER PROPERTY.

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

H that some Genius, whose Poetick Vein Like M-gue's cou'd a just Piece sustain, Wou'd search the Gracian and the Latin Store, And thence present thee with the pureft Oar: In lasting Numbers praise thy whole Design, And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line: Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit Does only Knaves, or formal Blockheads bit; Who're gravely Dull, infipidly Serene, And carry all their Wisdom in their Mein, Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their Disguise, None will again Admire, most will Despise. Show in what Noble Verse Nassau you sing, How such a Poet's worthy such a King. When S-r's Charming Eloquence you Praise, How loftily your tuneful Voice you raise! But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit To Praise, as Imitate what you have writ. Artists alone shou'd venture to Commend What D-s can't Condemn, nor D-n Mend: What must, writ with that Fire and with that Ease, The Beaux, the Ladies and the Criticks please.

C. BOYLE.





#### TOMY

### FRIEND the AUTHOR,

Desiring my

### Opinion of his POEM.

SK me not, Friend, what I Approve or Blame; - Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn; I can be Pleas'd; and I dare own I am. I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye; Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy; Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I. Criticks and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste, Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past, Must judge by Rules what they want Force to Taste. I wou'd a Poes, like a Mistress, try, Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye; But by some Nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy The Nymph has G-n's, C-1's, C--'s Charms, If with refifiless Fires my Soul she warms, With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms. Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine, Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line; We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine. Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair, Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air. Lost in our Pleasure, we enjoy in you Lucretius, Horace, S-d, M-gue.

And yet 'tis thought, some Criticks in this Town, By Rules to all, but to themselves, unknown, Will Damn thy Verse, and Justify their own. Why, let them Damn: Were it not wondrous hard Facetious M ---- and the City B-So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill, Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill? Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join, And hope the Motly Piece may rival thine. Safely despise their Malice, and their Toil, Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile. Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to please the Beft, Whose Judgment, and whose Friendship is a Test. With Learned H --- thy healing Cares be join'd. Search thoughtful R-e to his inmost Mind: Unite, restore your Arts, and save Mankind. Whilst all the busie M --- Is of the Town Envy our Health, and pine away their own. Whene'er thou would'st a Tempting Muse engage, Judicious W ---- h can best direct ber Rage. To S \_\_\_\_\_ s, and to D \_\_\_\_ t too submit, And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit. Consenting Phoebus bows, if they Approve, And Ranks thee with the foremost Bards above: Whilst these of Right the Deathless Laurel send, Be it my Humble Bus'ness to Commend The faithful, honest Man, and the well-natur'd Friend.

Chr. Codrington.





### To my Friend Dr. G—th, the Author of the Dispensary.

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

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish Verse, Which Poetasters every where rehearse; Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taste, And gather up th' Applause they threw in waste. The Play-House shan't Encourage false Sublime, Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhyme.

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

THO. CHEEK.



#### TOMY

## FRIEND,

#### UPON THE

### DISPENSARY.

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

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

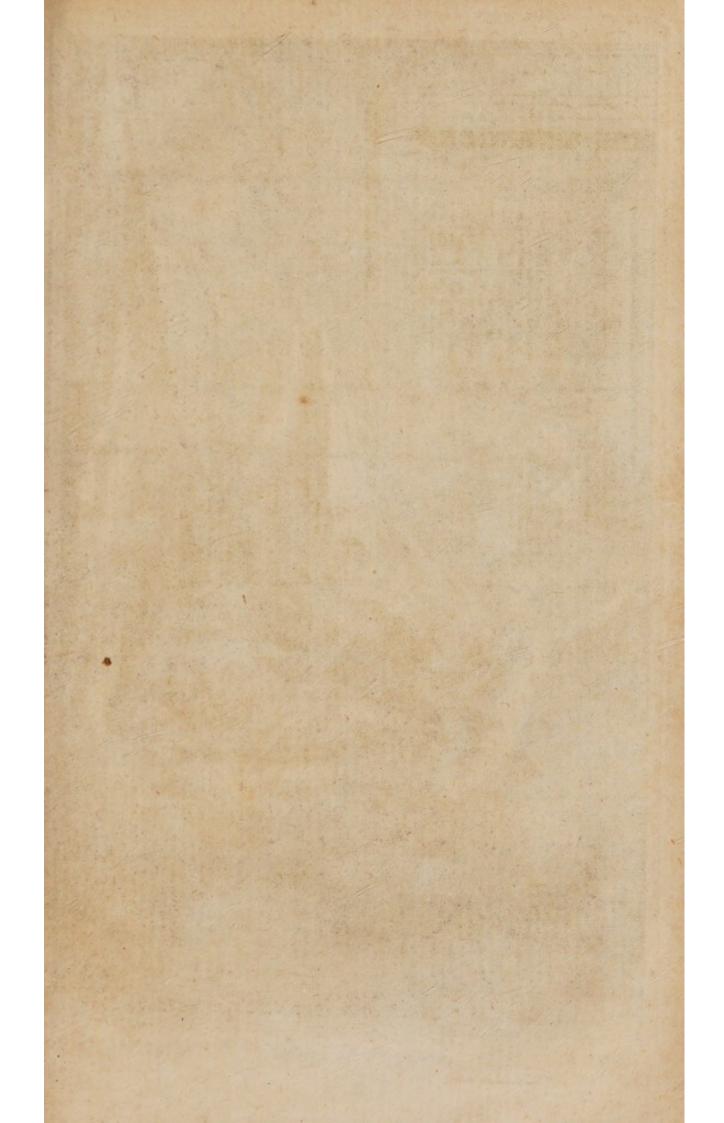
Others proceed to Art by slow Degrees,
Aukward at first, at length they faintly please.
And still whate er their first Efforts produce,
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muse.

Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the Head of Jove, Steps out full grown, with noblest Pace to move. What antient Poets to their Subjects owe, Is here inverted, and this owes to you: You found it Little, but have made it Great; They could Describe, but you alone Create.

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

H. BLOUNT







Can: 1.

Lud. du Guernier inv. et Soute



#### THE

## DISPENSARY.

#### CANTO I.



PEAK, Goddess! since 'tis Thou that best canst tell,

How ancient Leagues to modern Discord fell;

And why Physicians were so cautious grown

Of others Lives, and lavish of their own, How by a Journey to the Elysian Plain Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated Place,
Where angry \* Justice shews her awful Face;
Where little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great One's may enjoy the World in State;
There stands a † Dome, Majestick to the Sight,
And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;

\* Old Baily.

† College of Physicians.

#### THE DISPENSARY.

A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill, Seems, to the distant Sight, a gilded Pill: This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim, Rais'd for a Use as Noble as its Frame: Nor did the Learn'd Society decline The Propagation of that great Defign; In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd, And as she disappear'd, their Search pursu'd. Wrapt in the Shades of Night the Goddess lyes, Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Disguise, But shuns the gross Access of vulgar Eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife Of infant Atoms kindling into Life: How ductile Matter new Meanders takes, And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes. And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone, By just degrees to harden into Bone; While the more Loose flow from the vital Urn, And in full Tides of Purple Streams return; How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise, And dart in Emanations through the Eyes; How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours, To slake a feav'rish Heat with ambient Show'rs. Whence, their Mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim; How great their Force, how delicate their Frame: How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain. Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on, And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run, How the dim Speck of Entity began T'extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man.

Young Ammon, Cæfar, and the Great Nassau.

Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.

Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.

All Ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia, Fire,

Why S——rages to survive Desire.

Whence Milo's Vigor at Olympick's shown,

Whence Tropes to F—— or Impudence to S——

How Matter, by the vary'd shape of Pores,

Or Idiots frames, or solemn Senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,
How Body acts upon impassive Mind:
How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present Joys inspire:
Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
And how the Passions in the Features are:
How Touch and Harmony arise between
Corporeal Figure, and a Form unseen;
How quick their Faculties the Limbs sulfil,
And act at ev'ry Summons of the Will.
With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the Womb of distant Causes lye.

But now no grand Enquiries are descry'd,
Mean Faction reigns, where Knowledge shou'd preside,
Feuds are encreas'd, and Learning laid aside.
Thus Synods oft, Concern for Faith conceal;
And for important Nothings show a Zeal:

#### 6 THE DISPENSARY.

The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And Paan's Beams with fading Lustre shine.
No Readers here with Hectick Looks are found,
Our Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching, drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen Silence reigns.

This Place so sit for undisturb'd Repose,
The God of Sloth for his Asylum chose.
Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes,
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease,
With Murmurs of soft Rills. and whisp'ring Trees.
The Poppy and each numbing Plant dispense
Their drowzy Virtue, and dull Indolence,
No Passions interrupt his easie Reign,
No Problems puzzle his Lethargick Brain,
But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs hangs ling'ring o'er his Head.

As at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away:

A spiteful Noise his downy Chains unties,

Hastes forward, and encreases as it slies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn \* Flint engage, 'Till urg'd by Blows, it sparkles into Rage:
Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move;
These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.

<sup>\*</sup> The Building of the Dispensary.

Here Phyals in nice Discipline are set,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this place, Magazines of Pills you spy;
In that, like Forage, Herbs in Bundles lye.
While listed Pestles brandish'd in the Air
Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.
Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend,
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their Anvils sweat,
And swelling Sinews echoing Blows repeat;
From the Volcano's gross Eruptions rise,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies.

The flumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new Din, Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen. Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes, Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I!

With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!

Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly share

A grateful Negligence, and Ease from Care.

Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with held

The Northern Monarchs from the dusty Field.

How have I kept the British Fleet at Ease,

From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.

Hibernia owns the mildness of my Reign,

And my Divinity's ador'd in Spain.

I Swains to Sylvan Solitudes convey,

Where stretch'd on Mossy Beds, they waste away,

In gentle Joys the Night, in Vows the Day.

What Marks of wond'rous Clemency I've shown, Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own. Triumphant Plenty, with a cheerful Grace, Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face. How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien, When big they strut behind a double Chin. Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull, Aspiring to be venerably dull.

No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance, Or discompose their pompous Ignorance; But undisturb'd, they loiter Life away, So wither Green, and blossom in Decay. Deep sunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care, Avoid th'Inclemencies of Morning Air,

And leave to tatter'd \*Crape the Drudgery of Pray'r.

Urim was civil; and not void of Sense,
Had Humour, and a courteous Confidence.
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks;
The hallow'd Rose declares him Orthodox.
He pass'd his easie Hours, instead of Pray'r,
In Madrigals, and Phillising the Fair.
Constant at Feasts, and each Decorum knew;
And soon as the Dessert appear'd, withdrew.
Always obliging and without Offence,
And fancy'd for his gay Impertinence.
But see how ill mistaken Parts succeed;
He threw off my Dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in Controversie, wrangled well;
In Convocation-Language cou'd excel.

In Volumes prov'd the Church without Defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence:
How Grace and Moderation difagree;
And Violence advances Charity.
Thus writ 'till none would read, becoming foon
A wretched Scribler, of a rare Buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd, Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd. And all I ask are Shades and filent Bow'rs, To pass in soft Forgetfulness my Hours. Oft have my Fears some distant Villa chose, O'er their Quietus where fat Judges dose, And lull their Cough and Conscience to repose: Or if some Cloyster's Refuge I implore, Where holy Drones o'er dying tapers snore: The Peals of \* Nassau's Arms these Eyes unclose, Mine he molests, to give the World Repose. That Ease I offer with Contempt He flies, His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies. Nor Climes nor Seasons his Resolves controul, Th' Æquator has no Heat, no Ice the Pole. With Arms refiftless o'er the Globe he flies. And leaves to Jove the Empire o' the Skies.

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

'Twas in this rev'rend Dome I sought Repose, These Walls were that Afrium I had chose.

<sup>\*</sup> See Boil. Lut:

### THE DISPENSARY.

Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with Broils,
And laugh'd at Heroes, and their glorious Toils.
My Annals are in mouldy Mildews wrought,
With easie Insignificance of Thought.
But now some busie, enterprizing Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to dissolve my easie Reign.

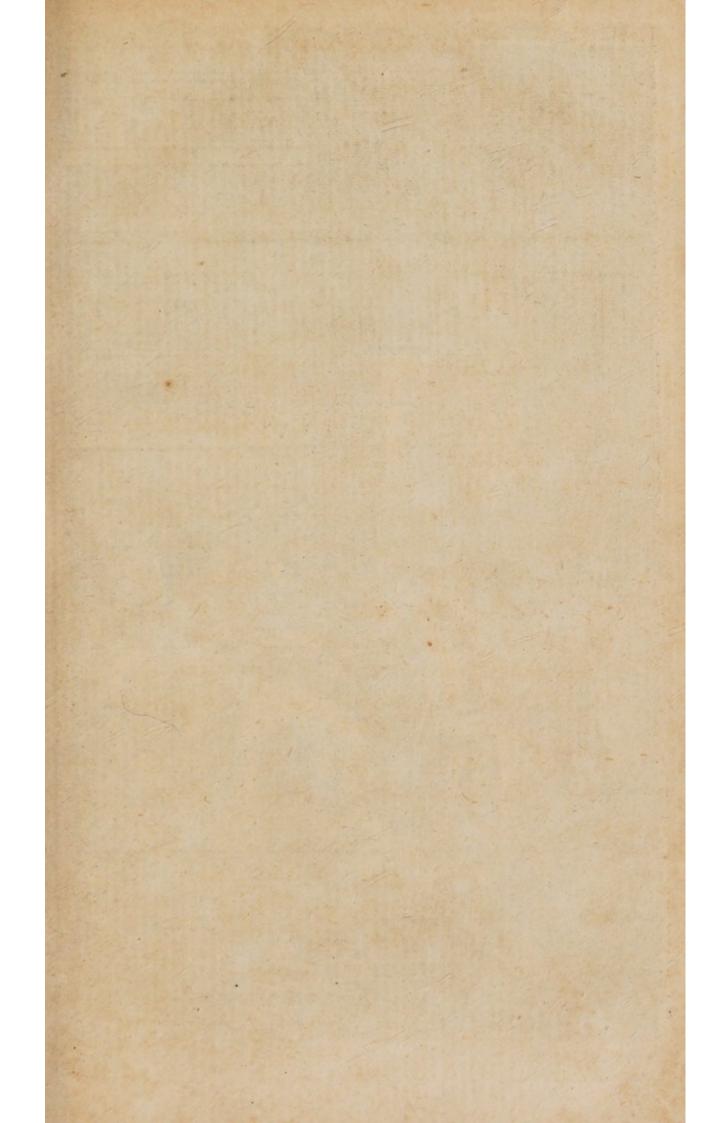
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With that, the God his darling Phantom calls, And from his falt'ring Lips this Message falls:

Since Mortals will dispute my Power, I'll try Who has the greatest Empire, they or I. Find Envy out, some Prince's Court attend, Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend. Or where dull Criticks Author's Fate foretell; Or where stale Maids or meager Eunuchs dwell. Tell the Bleak Fury what new Projects reign, Among the Homicides of Warwick-Lane. And what th'Event, unless she strait enclines To blast their Hopes, and bassle their Designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden Vapours rise, And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.







Can. 2.

Lud. du Guernier inv. et Seule



#### THE

# DISPENSARY.

#### CANTO II.

OON as the Evening veil'd the Mountains Heads,

And Winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds;

Whilst fick'ning Flowers drink up the Silver Dew,

And Beaus, for some Assembly, dress anew;
The City Saints to Pray'rs and Play-house haste;
The Rich to Dinner, and the Poor to Rest:
Officious Phantom then prepar'd with Care
To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.
Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the Hollow of some blasted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak Enwy lay,
The hissing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew, That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew; No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
In a dark Grott the baleful Haggard lay,
Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day.
But how deform'd, and worn with spightful Woes,
When Accius has applause, Dorsenus shows.
The cheerful Blood her meager Cheeks forsook,
And Basilisks sat Brooding in her Look;
A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:
From her chapp'd Nostrils scalding Torrents sall,
And her sunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcano's labour thus with inward Pains,
Whilst Seas of melted Ore lay waste the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous Order fate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate:
Gruff Discontent, thro' Ignorance missled,
And clam'rous Faction at her Party's Head:
Restless Sedition still dissembling Fear,
And sly Hypocrisie with Pious Leer.\*

Glouting with fullen Spight the Fury shook
Her clotter'd Locks, and blasted with each Look,
Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls,
And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
Each Scrap did some Immortal Action tell.

This show'd, how fix'd as Fate Torquatus stood, That, the fam'd Passage of the Granick Flood;

<sup>\*</sup> See Dryd. Fab.

The Julian Eagles, here, their Wings display,
And there, like setting Stars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a God extol,
That points at Manlius in the Capitol;
How Cocles did the Tyber's Surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
And, there, th' immortal Battle of the Boyn.

As the light Messenger the Fury spy'd,
Awhile his crudling Blood forgot to glide:
Consussion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And falt'ring Accents slutter'd on his Tongue,
At length, assuming Courage, he convey'd
His Errand, then he shrunk into a Shade.

The Hag loy long revolving what might be
The bleft Event of such an Embassie:
Then blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form.
So Light'ning gilds the unrelenting Storm.
Thus she—Mankind are bleft, they riot still Unbounded in Exorbitance of Ill.
By Devastation the rough Warrior gains,
And Farmers fatten most when Famine reigns;
For sickly Seasons the Physicians wait,
And Politicians thrive in Broils of State;
The Lover's easie when the Fair One sighs,
And Gods subsist not but by Sacrifice.

Each other Being some Indulgence knows; Few are my Joys, but infinite my Woes. My present Pain Britannia's Genius wills, And thus the Fates record my future Ills.

A Heroine shall Albion's Scepter bear,
With Arms shall vanquish Earth, and Heav'n with Pray'r.
She on the World her Clemency shall show'r,
And only to Preserve, exert her Pow'r.
Tyrants shall then their impious Aims forbear,
And Blenheim's Thunder, more than \* Ætnæ's fear.

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

She said; and strait shrill Colon's Person took,
In Morals loose, but most precise in Look.

Black-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of Apothecaries-Hall.

And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Cholicks ease, and makes the Ladies fair.
In trisling Show his Tinsel Talent lies,
And Form the want of Intellects supplies.
In Aspect grand and goodly He appears,
Rever'd as Patriarchs in primæval Years.
Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words,
The Patient's Ears remorseless he assails,
Murthers with Jargon where his Med'cine fails.

\* In Atna were forg'd the Thunder-bolts which Jove employed egainst the Ambition of the Giants.

Aloft

The Fury thus assuming Colon's Grace,
So slung her Arms, so shuffl'd in her Pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where Horoscope invokes th' infernal Gods;
And reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run,
For Ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This Visionarie various Projects tries,
And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wise.

By useful Observations he can tell
The facred Charms that in true Sterling dwell.

How Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave,
A Dwarf an Atlas, a Thersites brave.

It cancels all Defects, and in their Place
Finds Sense in Br——, Charms in Lady G——e;

It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly Horoscope its Virtue knows,
To this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies such bright Heraldry can prove,
The vile Plebeian but the third from Jove.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to Prescribe, and busie to Apply.

His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With Foreign Trinkets, and Domestick Toys.

Here Mummies lay most reverendly stale,

Aud there, the Tortoise hung her Coat o' Mail;

Not far from some huge Shark's devouring Head

The slying Fish their sinny Pinions spread.

Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung, And near, a scaly Alligator hung. In this Place, Drugs in musty Heaps decay'd, In that, dry'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.

An inner Room receives the numerous Shoals, Of such as pay to be reputed Fools. Globes stand by Globes, Volumes on Volumes lye, And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye. The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Ease, To promise suture Health for present Fees. Then, as from Tripod, solemn Shams reveals, And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how foon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.

Some, by what means they may redress the Wrong, When Fathers the Possession keep too long. And some would know the Issue of their Cause, And whether Gold can solder up its Flaws. Poor pregnant Lais his Advice would have, To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave: And Portia old in Expectation grown, Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son. Whilst Iris, his Cosmetick Wash would try, To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers die. Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chuse, To gain Gorinna, and their Quartans lose.

Young Hylas, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Defire, and surfeited with Charms,
A Hot-House he prefers to Julia's Arms.
And old Lucullus would th' Arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

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

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease, Thy Woodcocks from their Gins a while release; And to that dire Misfortune listen well, Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell. 'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me The great Alcides of our Company. When we with Noble Scorn resolv'd to ease Our selves from all Parochial Offices; And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care, And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger; Such Zeal in that Affair thou didft express, Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Success. Now call to Mind thy Gen'rous Prowess past, Be what thou shou'ds, by thinking what thou wast: The Faculty of Warwick-Lane Defign, If not to Storm, at least to Undermine. Their Gates each Day Ten thousand Night-caps crowd, And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud. If they should once unmask our Mystery, Each Nurse, ere-long, wou'd be as learn'd as We; Our Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaifance to us, wou'd dye.
What if We claim their Right t' Affaffinate,
Must they needs turn Apothecaries strait?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.
'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command,
To purge the troubled Air, and weed the Land.
And dare the College insolently aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
Then let Crabs Eyes with Pearl for Virtue try,
Or Highgate-Hill with losty Pindus vie:
So Glo-worms may compare with Titan's Beams,
And Hare-Court Pump with Aganippe's Streams.

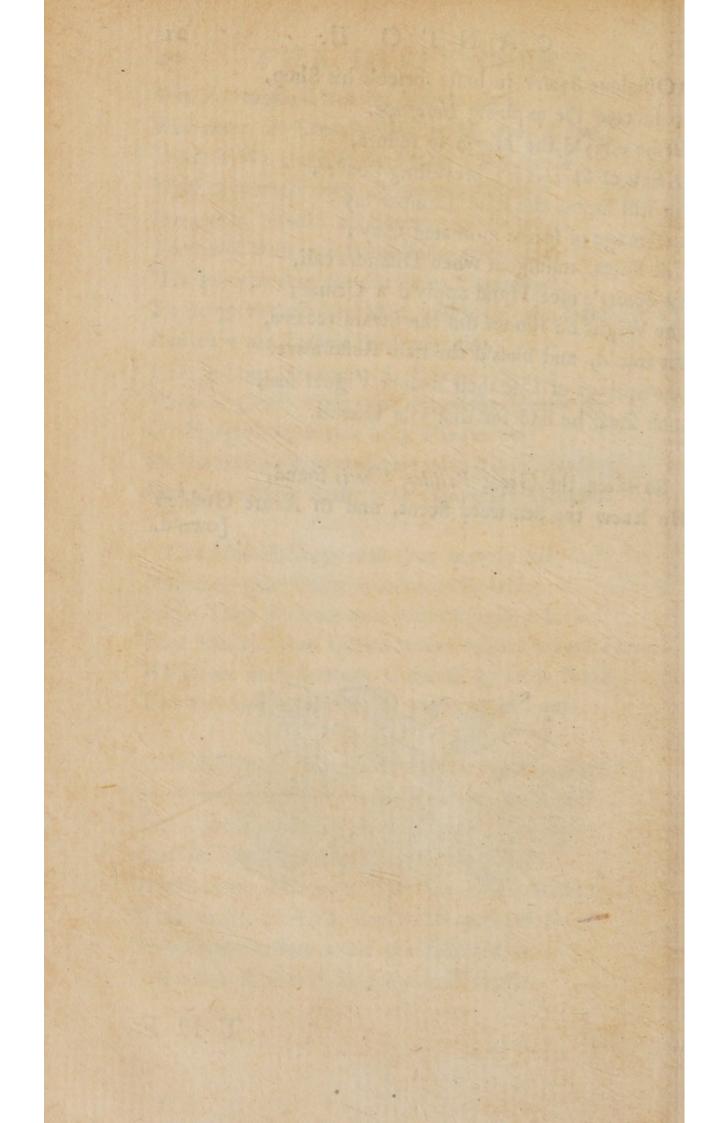
Our Manufactures now they meanly sell,
And their true Value treacherously tell:
Nay, They discover too, (their Spight is such,)
That Health, than Crowns more valu'd, costs not mucha Whilst we must steer our Conduct by these Rules,
To cheat as Tradesmen, or to starve as Fools.

At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight In Silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State, 'The Crowd in great Confusion sought the Door, And left the Magus fainting on the Floor. Whilst in his Breast the Fury breath'd a Storm, 'Then sought her Cell, and re-assum'd her Form. Thus from the Sore altho' the Insect slies, It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Disguise.

Officious Squirt in haste forsook his Shop,
To succour the expiring Horoscope.
Oft he essay'd the Magus to restore,
By Salt of Succinum's prevailing Pow'r;
Yet still supine the solid Lumber lay
An Image of scarce animated Clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
By Squirt's nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no sooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and bless'd the stale Restorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utensil.

So when the Great Pelides, Thetis found,
He knew the Sea-weed Scent, and th' Azure Goddess [own'd.









Can. 3

Lud. du Guernier inv. et Sculp.



#### THE

# DISPENSARY.

### CANTO III.



LL Night the Sage in Pensive Tumults

Complaining of the flow Approach of Day;

Oft turn'd him round, and strove to

Of what shrill Colon said the Day before.

Cowslips and Poppies o'er his Eyes he spread,
And S— Works he laid beneath his Head.
But those bless'd Opiats still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces slies.

Tumultous Cares lay rolling in his Breast,
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage express.

Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun, Since to consult the Skies, I first begun: Such my Applause, so mighty my Success, Some granted my Predictions more than Guess.

C

But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain This Faith, There can be no Mistake in Gain. For the dull World most Honour pay to those Who on their Understanding most impose. First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf, Thus others cheat him not, but he himself; He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show; You'll ne'er convince a Fool, himself is so: He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat, And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit. So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye Which no Existence has, but in the Eye. At distant Prospects please us, but when near, We find but defart Rocks, and fleeting Air. From Stratagem to Stratagem we run, And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon, they leave at Night.
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superstitious Fear.
They Counsel others, but themselves Deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd still, they still Believe.

So false their Censure, fickle their Esteem, This Hour they Worship; and the next Blaspheme. Shall I then, who with penetrating Sght Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite: Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce The dark Recesses of the Universe, Be aw'd, if puny Emmets wou'd oppress; Or fear their Fury, or their Name cares? If all the Fiends that in low Darkness reign, Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain, That Project, the \*Dispensary they call, Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild Aurora's Eyes Shoots thro' the Chrystal Kingdoms of the Skies; The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam, And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous Loads reel home. Drums, Trumpets, Haut-boys wake the slumbring Pair; Whilst Bridegroom sighs, and thinks the Bride less fair. Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' Azure Waste are spread, And Miss from Inns o'Court bolts out unpaid. The Sage transported at th'approaching Hour, Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor; Ossicious Squirt that Moment had access, His Trust was great, his Vigilance no less. To him thus Horoscope:

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

<sup>\*</sup> Medicines made up there, for the Use of the Poor.

Away the friendly Coadjutor flies, Swift as from Phyal Steams of Harts-horn rife. The Magus in the int'rim mumbles o'er Vile Terms of Art to some infernal Pow'r, And draws mysterious Circles on the Floor. But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright Ascends, to blast the tender Bloom of Light. No mystick Sounds from Hell's detested Womb, In dusky Exhalations upwards come. And now to raise an Altar he decrees. To that devouring Harpy call'd Disease: Then Flow'rs in Canisters he hastes to bring, The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring. With cold Solanum from the Pontick Shore, The Roots of Mandrake and Black Ellebore, The Griper Senna, and the Puker Rue, The Sweetner Saffafras are added too; And on the Structure next he heaps a load Of Sulphur, Turpentine and Mastick Wood: Gums, Fossiles too the Pyramid increas'd. A Mummy next, once Monarch of the East. Then from the Compter he takes down the File, And with Prescriptions lights the solemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumfie Wings aspire,
And smoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.
With Sorrow he beheld the sad Portent,
'Then to the Hag these Orizons he sent.

Disease! thou ever most propitious Pow'r, Whose kind Indulgence we discern each Hour: Thou well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded Palaces thy Prowess reigns,
But slies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.
To you such Might and Energy belong,
You nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong.
The Purple Conqueror in Chains, you bind,
And are to us your Vassals only kind.

If, in return, all Diligence we pay
To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
From Kent-fireet End to fam'd St. Giles's-Pound;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auspicious Light break through the Pile.

He spoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he said;
As These consume in this mysterious Fire,
So let the curs'd Dispensary \* expire
And as Those crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Vessels burst, and Glasses sty.
But a sinister Cricket strait was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.
As the sam'd Wight the Omen did regret
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-Ditch descends in sable Streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames;
There stands a + Structure on a rising Hill,
Where Tyro's take their Freedom out to kill.

\* See the Allusion. Theor. Pharm. + Apothecaries-Hall.

C 3 Some

#### THE DISPENSARY.

30

Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,
How, by the Delian God, the Pithon fell;
And how Medea did the Philter brew,
That cou'd in Æson's Veins young Force renew;
How mournful \* Myrrha for her Crimes appears,
And heals hysterick Matrons still with Tears;
How Mentha and Althea, Nymphs no more,
Revive in sacred Plants, and Health restore;
How sanguine Swains their amr'ous Hours repent,
When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.

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

My kind Confederates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis fincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some more safe Design,
And on no other Bus'ness but to Dine;
The Faculty had still maintain'd their Sway,
And Int'rest then had bid us but obey;
This only Emulation we had known,
Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,
Which ruins with made Rage our Halycon Hours:
Mists from black Jealousies the Tempest form,
Whilst late Divisions reinforce the Storm.
Know, when these Feuds, like those at Law, are past,
The Winners will be Losers at the last.

<sup>\*</sup> See Ou. Met:

Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we seek Renown,
'To fire some Hostile Ship, we burn our own.
Who-e'er throws Dust against the Wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.
That Juggler which another's Slight will show,
But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden Days of old, When dear as Burgundy, Ptisans were sold; When Patients chose to die with better Will, Than breathe, and pay th' Apothecary's Bill: And cheaper than for our Assistance call, Might go to Aix or Bourbon, Spring and Fall.

Then Priests increas'd, and Piety decay'd,
Churchmen the Church's Purity betray'd;
Their Lives and Doctrine, Slaves and Atheists made.
The Laws were but the hireling Judge's Sense;
Juries were sway'd by venal Evidence.
Fools were promoted to the Council-Board,
Tools to the Bench, and Bullies to the Sword.
Pensions in Private were the Senate's Aim;
And Patriots for a Place abandon'd Fame.

But now no influencing Art remains,

For S——rs has the Seal, and Nasjau reigns.

And we, in spight of our Resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a Reformation too.

For now late Jars our Practices detect,
And Mines, when once discover'd, lose Effect.

Dissentions, like small Streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:

So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still dis-join.
"Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend;
Send swarms of Patients, and our Quarrels end.
So awful Beadles, if the Vagrant treat,
Strait turn familiar, and their Fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that Planet's Pow'r
Those Vapours can disperse It rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the Mischief to recite,
Keen Colorynthis paus'd and soam'd with Spight.
Sow'r Ferments on his shining Surface swim,
Work up to Froth, and bubble o'er the Brim:
Not Beauties fret so much if Freckles come,
Or Nose shou'd redden in the Drawing-Room;
Or Lovers that mistake th'appointed Hour,
Or in the lucky Minute want the Pow'r.

Thus He—Thou Scandal of great Paan's Art,
At thy Approach the Springs of Nature start,
The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, Itch a Leprosie.
Cou'dst thou propose, That we, the Friends o' Fates,
Who sill Church-yards, and who unpeople States,
Who bassle Nature, and dispose of Lives,
Whilst Rusel, as we please, or starves, or thrives,
Shou'd e'er submit to their despotick Will,
Who out o' Consultation scarce can kill?
The tow'ring Alps shall sooner sink to Vales,
And Leaches, in our Glasses, swell to Whales;

Or Norwich trade in Implements of Steel,
And Bromingham in Stuffs and Druggets deal!
Allys at Wapping furnish us new Modes,
And Monmouth-street, Versailles with Riding-hoods;
The Sick to th' Hundreds in pale Throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish Air.
Our Properties must on our Arms depend;
'Tis next to Conquer, bravely to Defend.
'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harsh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

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

Sound but to Arms, the Foe shall soon confess
Our Force encreases, as our Funds grow less;
And what requir'd such Industry to raise,
We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
Shews no less wond'rous Pow'r than to Create.
We'll raise our num'rous Cohorts, and oppose
The teeble Forces of our pigmy Foes;
Legions of Quacks shall join us on the Place,
From Great Kirleus down to Doctor Case.

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Tho' fuch vile Rubbish sink, yet we shall rise; Directors still secure the greatest Prize.

Such poor Supports serve only like a Stay;

The Tree once six'd, its Rest is torn away.

So Patriots, in the time of Peace and Ease,
Forget the Fury of the late Disease:
On Dangers past, serenely think no more;
And curse the Hand that heal'd the Wound before.

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

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

Thus he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right.

Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.

But ere we once engage in Honour's Cause,

First know what Honour is, and whence it was.

Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis Courted by the Brave, The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.

Born in the noisie Camp, it lives on Air;

And both exists by Hope and by Despair.

Angry when-e'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.

It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But when his Safety he consults, it dies.

Bigotted to this Idol, we disclaim

Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name.

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

Then fince no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th'appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'rest prudently to Oaths preser.
Our Friendship with seign'd Airs they poorly court,
And boast, their Pol ticks are our Support.
Them

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Them we'll consult about this Enterprize, And boldly Execute what they Advise.

But from below (while fuch Refolves they took).
Some Aurum Fulminans the \* Fabrick shook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

So when at Bathos Earth's big Offspring strove To scale the Skies, and wage a War with Jove; Soon as the Ass of old Silenus bray'd, The trembling Rebels in Confusion fled.

The Room the Apothecaries meet ing is over the Laberatory







Lud. du Guernier inv.et Sculp.



#### THE

## DISPENSARY.

#### CANTO IV.



OT far from that frequented Theater, Where wand'ring Punks each Night at Five repair;

WherePurple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;

Where Bentley, by Old Writers, wealthy grew, And Briscoe lately was undone by New:

There triumphs a Physician of Renown,

To none, but such as rust in Health, unknown.

None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart

His known Experience, and his healing Art.

When Bur — Is deafens all the list'ning Press

With Peals of most Scraphick Emptiness;

Or when Mysterious F——n mounts on high,

To preach his Parish to a Lethargy:

This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease

The Martyrs of such Christian Cruelties.

Long has this darling Quarter of the Town, For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known. All Sorts meet here, of whatfoe'er Degree, To blend and justle into Harmony. The Criticks each advent'rous Author scan, And praise or censure as they like the Man. The Weeds of Writings for the Flowers They cull So nicely Tasteless, so correctly Dull! The Politicians of Parnassus prate. And Poets canvass the Affairs of State: The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell. The Country-Dames drive to Hippolito's, First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose. The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit, He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit. And in the Cloyster pensive Strephon waits. 'Till Chloe's Hackney comes, and then retreats ; And if th' ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly More fatally than from a sparkling Eye, Mirmillo, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.

The trading Tribe oft thither throng to Dine,
And want of Elbow-room supply in Wine.
Cloy'd with Variety, they surfeit there,
Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel sare.
'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
Each Heroe a tremendous Air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these Words begun:

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

Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,
By this Right Arm what mighty Numbers sell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in Hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.
Some sell by Laudanum, and some by Steel,
And Death in Ambush lay in every Pill.
For save or slay, this Privilege we claim,
Tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same.

What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
He that defigns it leaft, is most a Friend.
Into the right we err, and must confess
To Oversights we often owe Success.
Thus Bessus got the Battel in the Play,
His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day.
So the fam'd Grecian Piece ow'd its Desert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Physicians, if they're wife, shou'd never think Of any Arms but fuch as Pen and Ink: But th' Enemy, at their Expence, shall find When Honour calls, I'll fcorn to stay behind.

He faid; and feal'd th' Engagement with a Kifs, Which was return'd by Younger Ascaris; Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart, Has something killing in it, like your Art. How much we to your boundless Friendship owe, Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show. Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs, 'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours. Whilst poor Pretenders puzzle o'er a Case, You but appear, and give the Coup de Grace. O that near \* Xanthus' Banks you had but dwelt, When Ilium first Achaian Fury felt, The horned River then had curs'd in vain Young Peleus' Arm, that choak'd his Stream with Slain. No Trophies you had left for Greeks to raife, Their Ten Years Toil, you'd finish'd in Ten Days. Fate smiles on your Attempts, and when you lift, In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave refift. Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success; No Labours are too hard for Hercules. Our military Enfigns we'll display; Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the Way.

To this Design shrill Querpo did agree, A zealous Member of the Faculty;

<sup>\*</sup> See Hom. Il.

His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.
A Conventicle flesh'd his greener Years,
And his full Age the righteous Rancour shares.
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds of Prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Slow Carus next discover'd his Intent, With Painful Pauses mutt'ring what he meant. His Sparks of Life in Spight of Drugs retreat, So cold, that only Calentures can heat. In his chill Veins the fluggish Puddle flows, And loads with lazy Fogs his fable Brows. Legions of Lunaticks about him press, His Province is lost Reason to redress. So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o'er, Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore. When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found With lumber of vile Books befieg'd around. The gazing Throng acknowledge their Surprize, And deaf to Reason still consult their Eyes. Well he perceives the World will often find, To catch the Eye is to convince the Mind. Thus a weak State, by wife Distrust enclines To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines. So Fools are always most profuse of Words, And Cowards never fail of longest Swords. Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet, And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat. Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign, Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of Duck-Lane.

### 44 THE DISPENSARY.

And up these Walls much Gothick Lumber climbs, With Swiss Philosophy, and Runick Rhymes. Hither, retriev'd from Cooks and Grocers, come M—Works entire, and endless Reams of Bl—m. Where would the long neglected C—s fly, If bounteous Carus shou'd refuse to buy? But each vile Scribler's happy on this score, He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.

Nor must we the obsequious Umbra spare,
Who soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
But when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles sight.
Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

\* With Him, the Present still some Virtues have,
The Vain are sprightly, and the Stupid, grave;
The Stothful, negligent; the Foppish, neat;
The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, discreet.
A Wren an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;
C——a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, R——.

Heroick Ardour now th' Assembly warms, Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms. For Future Glory, while the Scheme is laid, Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade;

Since of each Enterprize th' Event's unknown, We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown.

<sup>\*</sup> See the Imitation, Hor. Sat. the 3de

High lives Vagellius, one reputed long For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue. For Fees, to any Form he moulds a Cause. The worst has Merits, and the Best has Flaws. Five Guineas make a Criminal to Day, And ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away. Whatever he affirms is undeny'd, Milo's the Lecher, Clodius th' Homicide. Cato pernicious, Cataline a Saint, Or-d suspected, D-b innocent. To Law then Friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,' Vagellius, and our Mony, shall succeed. Know; when I first invok'd Disease by Charms To prove propitious to our future Arms; Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend, Nor wou'd the Sibyl from her Grott ascend.

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

In vain your Magick Mysteries you use, Such Sounds the Sibyl's facred Ears abuse. These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise, Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions class,
And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour stash.
Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriors raise,
And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.
Some raging ran with huge Herculean Clubs,
Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs
Of Cynders bore.

46

Naked and half-burnt Hills with hideous Wreck Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.

As he went rumbling on, the Fury strait Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her Weight. A ruful Rag her meagre Forehead bound, And faintly her furr'd Lips these Accents sound.

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address My awful Seat, and trouble my Recess? In Effex Marshy Hundreds is a Cell, Where lazy Fogs, and drizzlings Vapours dwell: Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair, And shiv'ring Quartans shake the fickly Air. There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass, And substitute Physicians in my Place. Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse The Dissonance of such untuneful Verse. But in your Lines let Energy be found, And learn to rife in Sense, and fink in Sound. Harsh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear; None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear. In Sense and Numbers if you would excel, Read W—, confider D—n well. In one, what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine, In th' other, Syrens warble in each Line. If D-'s sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre, The Smiles and Graces melt in foft Defire, And little Loves confess their am'rous Fire. The gentle Isis claims the Ivy Crown, To bind th' immortal Brows of A-n.

As tuneful C——ve tries his rural Strains,

Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains;

And Philomel, in Notes like his, complains.

And Britain, since Pausanias was writ,

Knows Spartan Virtue, and Athenian Wit.

When St——paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,

Or, what Apollo dictates, P———fings,

The Banks of Rhine a pleas'd Attention show,

And Silver Sequana forgets to flow.

Such just Examples carefully read o'er,

Slide without falling, without straining, soar.

Oft tho' your Strokes surprize, you shou'd not chuse

A Theme so mighty for a Virgin Muse.

Long did \* Apelles his fam'd Piece decline,

His Alexander was his last Design.

'Tis M——ue's rich Vein alone must prove,

None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove.

The Fury paus'd, 'till with a frightful Sound A rifing Whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd Ground. Then she —— The Deity we Fortune call, Tho' distant, rules and influences all.

Strait for her Favour to her Court repair,

Important Embassies ask Wings of Air.

Each wond'ring stood, but Horoscope's great Soul, That Dangers ne'er alarm, nor Doubts controul, Rais'd on the Pinions of the bounding Wind, Out-slew the Rack, and left the Hours behind.

<sup>\*</sup> See Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1. Plin. Plut. Cic. Ep. Val. Man.

The Ev'ning now with Blushes warms the Air, The Steer refigns the Yoke, the Hind his Care. The Clouds above with golden Edgings glow, And falling Dews refresh the Earth below. The Bat with footy Wings flits thro' the Grove, The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspine move, And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of Love. Thro' the transparent Region of the Skies, Swift as a Wish the Missionary flies. With Wonder he surveys the upper Air, And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there. How lambent Jellies kind'ling in the Night, Shoot thro' the Æther in a Trail of Light; How rising Steams in th' azure Fluid blend, Or fleet in Clouds, or in foft Show'rs descend; Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail, In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail. How Hony Dews embalm the fragrant Morn, And the fair Oak with luscious Sweats adorn. How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass, Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze. Why nimble Corufcations strike the Eye, And bold Tornado's bluster in the Sky. Why a prolifick Aura upwards tends, Ferments, and in a living Show'r descends. How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills In Breezes figh, or weep in warbling Rills: Whence Infant Winds their tender Pinions try, And River Gods their thirsty Urns supply.

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

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

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

<sup>\*</sup> Orpheus's Harp made a Constellation,
† See Manil.

Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year. From Chrysfal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow; The Tub'rose ever breathes, and Violets blow. The Vine undress'd her swelling Clusters bears, The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olive cheers; Bloffoms and Fruit at once the \* Citron flows, And as she pays, discovers still she owes. The Orange to her Sun her Pride displays, And gilds her fragrant Apples with his Rays. No Blasts e'er discompose the peaceful Sky, The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but figh. The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float, And, warbling Dirges, die on ev'ry Note. Where Flora treads her Zepbyr Garlands flings, And scatters Odours from his Purple Wings; Whilst Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs and Jesmine Grovess Chant their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves. Mild Seasons, rifing Hills, and filent Dales, Cool Grotto's, Silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales, Groves fill'd with balmy Shrubs in pomp appear, And fcent with Gales of Sweets the circling Year.

These happy Isles, where endless Pleasures wait, Are stil'd by tuneful Bards — The Fortunate. On high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort, The hoodwink'd Goddess keeps her partial Court. Upon a Wheel of † Amethyst she sits, Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by Fits.

<sup>\*</sup> Wall. † This Stone reckon'd fortunate; ses the Hist. off Nat. Magick.

In this still Labyrinth, around her lye Spells, Philters, Globes, and Schemes of Palmistry:

A Sigil in this Hand the Gypsie bears,
In th' other a prophetick Sive and Sheers.

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

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

Souls heav'nly born my faithless Boons defy; The Brave is to himself a Deity,

<sup>\*</sup> See the Allusion, Lucan.

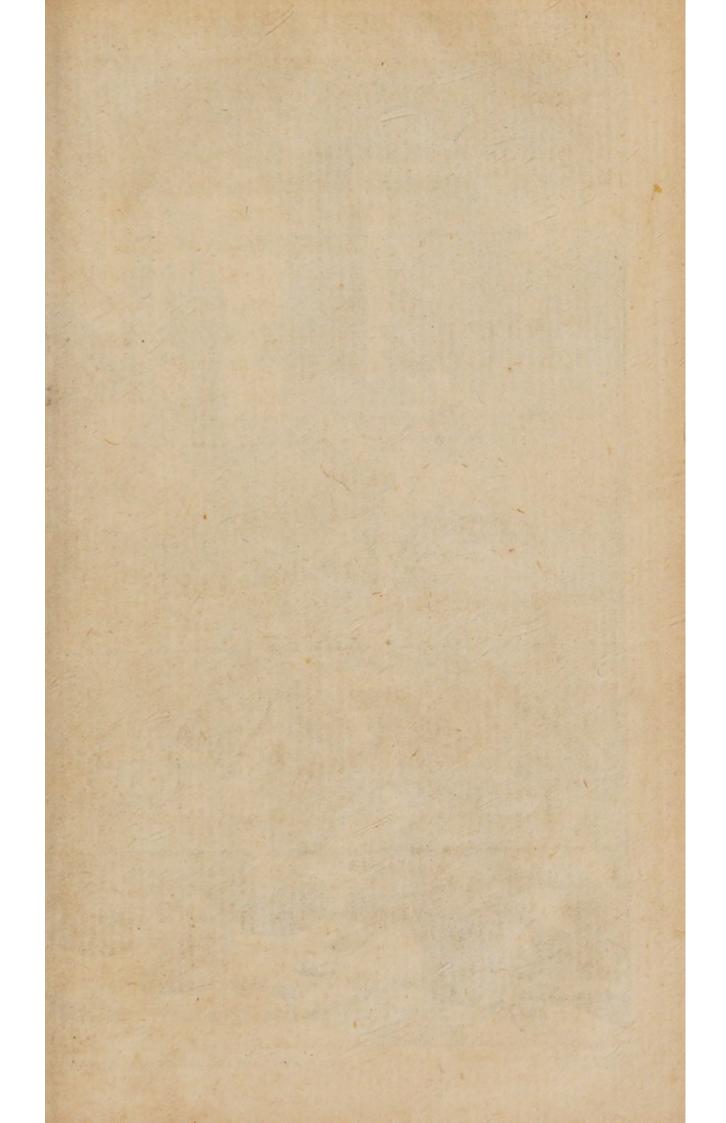
Tho' blest Astrea's gone, some Soil remains
Where Fortune is the Slave, and Merit reigns.

The Tyber boasts his Julian Progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nyle his Ptolomy.

Iheria, yet for future Sway design'd,
Shall, for a H——, a greater M——— find.
Thus \* Ariadne in proud Triumph rode,
She lost a + Heroe, and she found a ‡ God.

\* See Steph. † Theseus, ‡ Bacchus.







Lud.da Suernier inv.et Scalp.



### THE

# DISPENSARY.

## CANTO V.

HEN the still Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,

Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground;

And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,

While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme;
The Surges gently dash against the Shoar,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar;
Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch it slies:
He finds no Respite from his anxious Grief;
Then seeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

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

None

None e'er cou'd die with due Solemnity,
Unless his Pass-port first was sign'd by Me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd;
I give Reversions, and for Heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State support;
But I, to make it easie, make it short.
I set the discontented Matrons free,
And ransom Husbands from Captivity.
Shall one of such Importance then engage
In noisie Riot, and in Civil Rage?
No: I'll endeavour strait a Peace, and so
Preserve my Character, and Person too.

But Discord, that still haunts with hideous Mien Those dire Abodes where Hymen once has been, O'er-heard Mirmillo's Anguish; then begun In peevish Accents to express her own.

No, 'tis refolv'd, he either shall comply,' Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's Bed, And taking Querpo's meager Shape, She said;

At Noon of Night I hasten, to dispel
Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving Sighs,
Nay, saw the Tears debating in your Eyes.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But Threats I find
Low'r in your Looks, and rankle in your Mind,
Speak, whence it is this late Disorder flows,
That shakes your Soul, and troubles your Repose.
Mistakes in Practice scarce cou'd give you Pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

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

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

Let P—— speak, and V——k write,

Soft Acon court, and rough Cacinna sight:

Such must succeed; but when th' Enervate aim

Beyond their Force, they still contend for Shame.

Had C—— printed nothing of his own,

He had not been the S——fold o' the Town.

Asses and Owls, unseen, their Kind betray,

If these attempt to Hoot, or those to Bray.

Had W—— never aim'd in Verse to please, We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys. Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall, A Codrus shou'd expect a Juvenal. Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd, To set off, and to recommend the good. So Diamonds take a Lustre from their Foyle; And to a B—— ly 'tis, we owe a B—— le.

Consider well the Talent you posses,
To strive to make it more would make it less;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To those whose Party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd Magnisicence,
But to your Stars your Magazine of Sense.
Haspt in a Tombril, aukward have you shin'd
With one sat Slave before, and none behind.
Then haste and join your true intrepid Friends,
Success on Vigour and Dispatch depends.

Lab'ring in Doubts Mirmillo stood, then said,
'Tis hard to undertake, if Gain disswade;
What Fool for noisie Feuds large Fees wou'd leave?
Ten Harvests more, wou'd all I wish for give.

True Man, reply'd the Elf; by Choice diseas'd, Ever contriving Pain, and never pleas'd.

A present Good they slight, an absent chuse, And what they have, for what they have not, lose. False Prospects all their true Delights destroy, Resolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.

In restless Hurries thoughtlessy they live,
At Substance oft unmov'd, for Shadows grieve.
Children at Toys, as Men at Titles aim;
And in effect both covet but the same.
This Philip's Son prov'd in revolving Years;
And sirst for Rattles, then for Worlds shed Tears.

The Fury spoke, then in a Moment fir'd The Heroe's Breast with Tempests, and retir'd.

In boding Dreams Mirmillo spent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight,
'Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their Eyes of Light.
At length gay Morn glows in the Eastern Skies,
The Larks in Raptures thro' the Æther rise,
The Azure Mists scud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The Chaunter at his early Matins yawns,
The Amaranth opes its Leaves, the Lys its Bells,
And Progne her Complaint of Tereus tells.

As bold Mirmillo the gray Dawn descries,
Arm'd Cap-a-pe, where Honour calls, he flies,
And finds the Legions planted at their Post;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the Eye the most.
His Arms were made, if we may credit Fame,
By \* Mulciber, the Mayor of Bromingham.
Of temper'd Stibium the bright Shield was cast,
† And yet the Work the Metal far surpass'd.

<sup>\*</sup> See the Allusion Hom. Iliad. B. 18. Virg. An. B. 8.

A Foliage of the Vulnerary Leaves,
Grav'd round the Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives.
Around the Center Fate's bright Trophies lay,
Probes, Saws, Incision Knives, and Tools to slay.
Embost upon the Field, a Battel stood
Of Leeches spouting Hemorrhoidal Blood.
The Artist too express'd the solemn State
Of grave Physicians at a Consult met;
About each Symptom how they disagree,
But how unanimous in case of Fee.
Whilst each Assassa his learn'd Collegue tires
With learn'd Impertinence, the Sick expires.

Beneath this blazing Orb bright Querpo shone,
Himself an Atlas, and his Shield a Moon.

A Pestle for his Truncheon led the Van,
And his high Helmet was a Close-stool Pan.
His Crest an † Ibis, brandishing her Beak,
And winding in loose Folds her spiral Neck.
This, when the Young \* Querpoides beheld,
His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th'essulgent Helm wou'd play,
And as the Monster gap'd wou'd shrink away.
Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes Fear;
And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

As Querpo tow'ring stood in Martial Might, Pacifick Carus sparkled on the Right.

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

<sup>\*</sup> Alluding to Affyanax. See Hom. II.

An \* Oran Outang o'er his Shoulders hung,
His Plume confess'd the Capon whence it sprung,
His motly Mail scarce cou'd the Heroe bear,
Haranguing thus the Tribunes of the War.

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

But War's rough Trade shou'd be by Fools profest,
The truest rubbish sills a Trench the best.
Let Quinsies throttle, and the Quartan shake,
Or Dropsies drown, and Gout and Cholicks rack;
Let Sword and Pestilence lay waste, whilst we
Wage bloodless Wars, and sight in Theory.
Who wants not Merit needs not arm for Fame;
The Dead I raise my Chivalry proclaim,
Diseases bassled, and lost Health restor'd,
In Fame's bright List my Victories record.
More Lives from me their Preservation own,
Than Lovers lose if Fair Cornelia frown.

Your Cures, shrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell, But wisely your Miscarriages conceal.

<sup>\*</sup> The Skin of a dissected Baboon called so.
† See Hom. 11. B. 5.

Zeno, a Priest, in Samothrace of old, Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold; Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind To what concerns the State of Human Kind. Either they hear not, or regard not Pray'r, That argues want of Pow'r, and This of Care. Allow that Wisdom infinite must know; Pow'r infinite must act. I grant it so. Haste strait to Neptune's Fane, survey with Zeal The Walls. What then? reply'd the Infidel. Observe those num'rous Throngs in Effigy, The Gods have fav'd from the devouring Sea. Tis true, their Pictures that escap'd you keep, But where are Theirs that perish'd in the Deep?

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

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals, That P-k's Worth, and O-'s Valour tells; How Truth in B—, how in C—  $\beta$  reigns Varro's Magnificence with Maro's Strains; But how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch If W--- plead, or S-- or O-- hy preach; On nimble Wings to Warwick-Lane repairs, And what the Enemy intends, declares. Confusion in each Countenance appear'd, A Council's call'd, and Stentor first was heard; His lab'ring Lungs the throng'd Pratorium rent, Addressing thus the Passive President.

Machaon, whose Experience we adore,
Great as your matchless Merit, is your Pow'r.
At your Approach, the baffled Tyrant Death
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing Teeth.
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day;
What you command, your Vassals must obey.
If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
We'll send to treat, and stifle the Design.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious Focs, or die.
Our Spight, they'll find, to their Advantage leans,
The End is good, no matter for the Means.
So modern Casuists their Talents try,
Uprightly for the sake of Truth to lye.

He had not finish'd, 'till th' Out-guards descry'd

Bright Columns move in formidable Pride.

The passing Pomp so dazzled from afar,

It seem'd a Triumph, rather than a War.

Tho' wide the Front, tho' gross the Phalanx grew,

It look'd less dreadful, as it nearer drew.

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

And now the Signal summons to the Fray; Mock Falchions slash, and paltry Ensigns play.

Their Patron God his filver Bow-strings twangs; Tough Harness rustles, and bold Armour clangs. The piercing Causticks ply their spightful Pow'r : Emeticks ranch, and keen Catharticks scour. The deadly Drugs in double Doses sty; And Pestles peal a martial Symphony.

Now from their levell'd Syringes they pour The liquid Volley of a missive Show'r.

Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the Baltick drive, Push'd on by Northern Gusts, such Horror give.

Like Spouts in Southern Seas the Deluge broke, And Numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

So when Leviathans dispute the Reign
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
And Isles of Sea-weed on the Waves are born.
Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the stagg'ring Braves, led by Despair, Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare. Each seizes for his Shield a spacious Scale, And the Brass Weights sty thick as Show'rs of Hail. Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground, With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd; Whilst empty Jars the dire Deseat resound.

Thus when some Storm its Chrystal Quarry rends, And Jove in rattling Show'rs of Ice descends; Mount Athos shakes the Forests on his Brow,
Whilst down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents slow,
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the Vale
[below.]

But now, all Order loft, promiscuous Blows Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows. From Stentor's Arm a Massy Opiat slyes, And strait a deadly Sleep clos'd Carus' Eyes. At Colon great Sertorius Buckthorn flung, Who with fierce Gripes, like those of Death, was stung, But with a dauntless and disdainful Mien Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen. Chiron attack'd Talthibius with fuch Might, One Pass had paunch'd the huge hydropick Knight, Who strait retreated to evade the Wound, But in a Flood of Apozem was drown'd. This Psylas faw, and to the Victor faid, Thou shalt not long survive th'unwieldy Dead. Thy Fate shall follow; to confirm it, swore By th' Image of Priapus, which he bore: And rais'd an \* Eagle-stone, invoking loud On Cynthia, leaning o'er a Silver Cloud,

Great Queen of Night, and Empress of the Seas,

If saithful to thy Midnight Mysteries,

If still observant of my early Vows,

These Hands have eas'd the mourning Matron's Throws,

Direct this rais'd avenging Arm aright,

So may loud Cymbals aid thy lab'ring Light.

He said, and let the pond'rous Fragment sy

At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.

<sup>\*</sup> See Plin.

Tho' the haranguing God furvey'd the War, That Day the Muses Sons were not his Care. Two Friends, Adepts, the Trismegists by Name, Alike their Features, and alike their Flame. As simpling ne'er fair Tweed each sung by turn, The list'ning River would neglect his Urn. Those Lives they fail'd to rescue by their Skill, Their \* Muse could make immortal with her Quill. But learn'd Enquiries after Nature's State Dissolv'd the League, and kindled a Debate. The One for lofty Labours fruitful known, Fill'd Magazines with Volumes of his own. At his once-favour'd Friend a Tome he threw That from its Birth had slept unseen 'till now. Stunn'd with the Blow the batter'd Bard retir'd, Sunk down, and in a Simile expir'd.

And now the Cohorts shake, the Legions ply, The yielding Flanks confess the Victory. Stentor undaunted still, with noble Rage Sprung thro' the Battel, Querpo to engage. Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great, Both could not vanquish, Neither would retreat; Each Combatant his Adversary mauls, With batter'd Bed-Pans, and stav'd Urinals. On Stentor's Crest the useful Chrystal breaks, And Tears of Amber gutter'd down his Cheeks: But whilst the Champion, as late Rumours tell, Design'd a sure decisive Stroke, he fell: And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood, With Arms extended, thus the Suppliant su'd.

<sup>\*</sup> Sec Taff.

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

At this the Victors own such Ecstasies,

As Memphian Priests if their Osiris sneeze:

Or Champions with Olympick Clangour sir'd;

Or simpring Prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd;

Or Sultans rais'd from Dungeons to a Crown;

Or fasting Zealots when the Sermon's done.

Awhile the Chief the deadly Stroke declin'd,
And found Compassion pleading in his Mind.
But whilst he view'd with Pity the Distress'd,
He spy'd † Signetur writ upon his Breast.
Then tow'rds the Skies he toss'd his threatning Head,
And fir'd with more than mortal Fury, said,

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge desist,
His Holiness shall turn a Quietist,
Fansenius and the Fesuits agree,
The Inquisition wink at Heresie,

\* See the Allusion, Virg. An.
† Those Members of the College that observe a late Statute, are called by the Apothecaries Signetur Men:

Warm

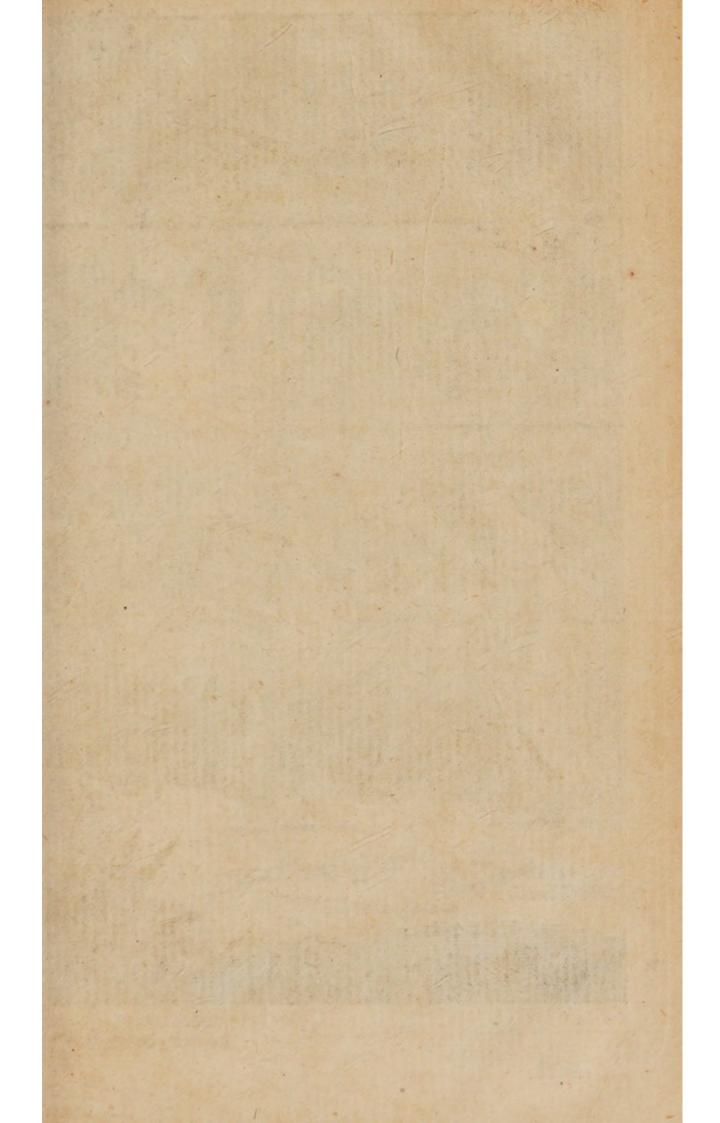
Warm Convocations own the Church secure, And more consult her Doctrine than her Pow'r.

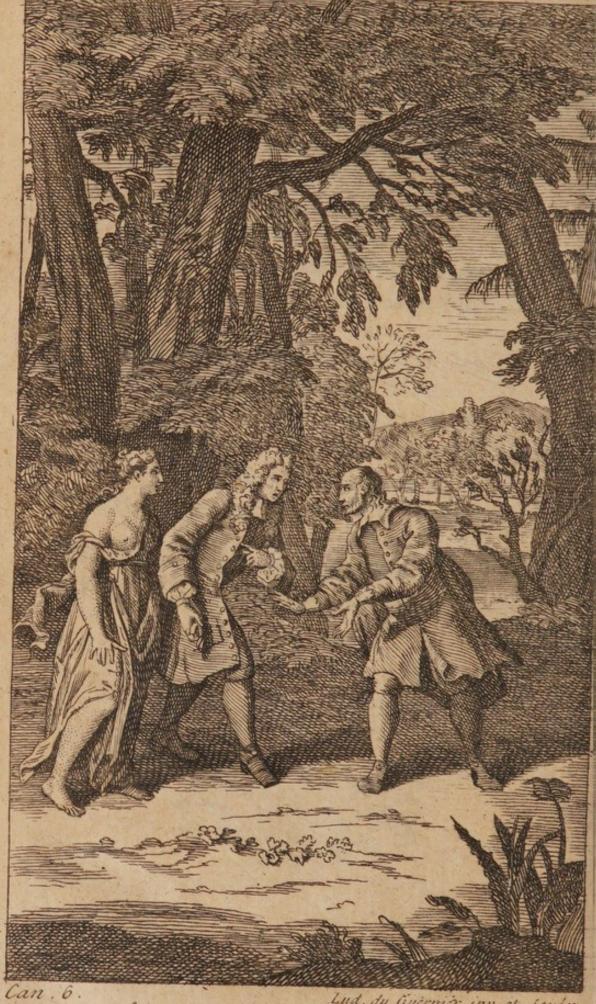
With that he drew a Lancet in his Rage,
To puncture the still supplicating Sage.
But while his Thoughts that fatal Stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.
The Chief great Paan's golden Tresses knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the Temple-Stairs we've seen
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,
Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood;
But at the first Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe so his Enterprize recalls, His Fist unclinches, and the Weapon falls.







Lud. du Guernier inv. et Soulp.



### THE

# DISPENSARY.

# CANTO VI.

HILE the shrill clangour of the Battel rings,

Auspicious Health appear'd on Zephyr's Wings;

She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,

More foft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.

A charm she takes from each excelling Fair,

And borrows C-le's Shape, and G-ter's Air.

Her Eyes like R --- agh's their Beams dispense,

With Ch -ill's Bloom, and B-kley's Innocence;

On Iris thus the differing \* Beams bestow

The Die, that paints the Wonders of her Bow;

From the fair Nymph a vocal Mulick falls,

As to Machaon thus the Goddess calls.

Enough th' Atchievement of your Arms you've shown, You seek a Triumph you shou'd blush to own.

\* See Newt. of Col.

Haste to th' Elysian Fields, those bless'd Abodes, Where Harvy sits among the Demi-Gods. Consult that sacred Sage, soon He'll disclose The Method that must mollify these Woes. Let Celsus for that Enterprize prepare, His conduct to the shades shall be my Care.

Aghast the Heroes stood dissolv'd in Fear,
A Form so Heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear;
Celfus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The rest in pale Consusion lest the Field.

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

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

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

<sup>\*</sup> Health, celebrated by the Ancients as a Goddess.

Thus Numa when to hallow'd Caves retir'd, Was by \* Ægeria guarded and infpir'd.

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lye,
'Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence Pancies trick themselves in various Hew,
And hence Junquils derive their fragrant Dew;
Hence the Carnation and the bashful Rose
Their Virgin blushes to the Morn disclose.
Hence the chast Lilly rises to the Light,
Unveils her snowy Breasts, and charms the Sight.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T'oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade:
And hence on Daphne's Lawrel'd Forehead grow
Immortal Wreaths for Phæbus and Nassau.

The Infects here their lingring Trance survive: Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive. From Winter's Fury hither they repair, And stay for milder Skies and softer Air. Down to these Cells obscener Reptils creep, Where hateful Nutes and painted Lizzards sleep. Where shiv'ring Snakes the Summer Solstice wait; Unfurl their painted Folds, and slide in State. Here their new Form the numb'd † Erucæ hide, Their num'rous Feet in slender Bandage ty'd; soon as the kindling Year begins to rise, This upstart Race their native Clod despise, And proud of painted Wings attempt the Skies.

<sup>\*</sup> See Ov. Met: B. 15.
† See Godort of Caterpillars and Butterflies:

Now those profounder Regions They explore, Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Oar. Here, fullen to the Sight, at large is spread The dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead. There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are feen + move The aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin. The \* Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks;

And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks. The Silver then with bright and burnish'd Grace, Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face, To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals flies, And in the Folds of their Embraces lyes. So close they cling, so stubbornly retire; Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

Near These the Delegate with Wonder spies Where Floods of living Silver ferpentize: Where richest Metals their bright Looks put on, And Golden Streams through Amber Channels run. Where Light's gay God descends to ripen Gems, And lend a lustre brighter than his Beams.

Here he observes the Subterranean Cells, Where wanton Nature sports in idle Shells. Some Helicoeids, fome Conical appear; These, Miters emulate, Those, Turbans are. Here Marcasites in various Figure wait, To ripen to a true Metallick State: Till Drops that from impending Rocks descend Their Substance petrifie, and Progress end. Nigh, livid Seas of kindled Sulphur flow; And, whilst enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow: Convu

\* See Yald, on Mines,

Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rife, And hurl their melted vitals to the Skies.

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

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends, Where scarce one chearful Glimpse their Steps befriends, Here his forfaken Seat old Chaos keeps; And undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps. A grifly Wight, and hideous to the Eye; In aukward Lump of shapeless Anarchy. With fordid Age his Features are defac'd; His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waste. To these dark Realms much learned Lumber creeps, There copious M--- fafe in Silence sleeps. Where Mushroom Libels in Oblivion lie, And, foon as born, like other Monsters die. Upon a Couch of Jett in these Abodes, Dull Night, his melancholly Confort, nods. No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ; But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess, with Terror they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;
In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove,

Yawns

Yawns a dark Cave, with awful Horror wide,
And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the Eye,
The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye.
Dim Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'er-slow.
Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the saded Family of Care.
Old mouldring Urns, Racks, Daggers and Distress
Make up the frightful Horror o' the Place.

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

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

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

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

Whilst meager § Pthisis gives a filent Blow,
Her Strokes are sure; but her Advances slow.
No loud Alarms, nor sierce Assaults are shown:
She starves the Fortress first; then takes the Town.

\* Feaver: † Dropsie. ‡ Leprosie: \$ Consumption: Behind

Behind stood Crouds of much inferior Name, Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name; The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny: Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands sty.

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

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

Tell me, thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burst from your Breast, and Torrents from your Eyes:
And who those mangled Manes are, which show
A sullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

<sup>\*</sup> See the Allusion, Virg. An. B. 6.

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

Then Celsus thus, O much-lamented State!

How rigid is the Sentence you relate?

Methinks I recollect your former Air,

But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!

Insipid as your late Ptisans you lye,

That once were sprightlier far than Mercury.

At the sad Tale you tell, the Poppies weep,

And mourn their vegetable Souls asseep.

The unctuous Larix, and the healing Pine

Lament your Fate in Tears of Turpentine.

But still the Off-spring of your Brain shall prove

The Grocer's Care, and brave the Rage of Jowe.

When Bonsires blaze, your vagrant Works shall rise

In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.

If Mortals e'er the Stygian Pow'rs could bend, Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd fend. But fince no human Arts the Fates dissuade; Direct me how to find bless'd Harwey's Shade. In vain th' unhappy Ghost still urg'd his Stay; Then rising from the Ground, he shew'd the Way. Nigh the dull Shoar a shapeless Mountain stood,
That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.
Its searful Brow no lively Greens put on,
No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddess try'd,
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now they towre on high, And taste th' Indulgence of a milder Sky. Loose Breezes on their airy Pinions play, Soft Infant Bloffoms their chaft Odours pay, And Roses blush their fragrant Lives away. Cool Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide; And as They pass, their painted Banks they chide. These blissful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear, The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here. The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed; E'er Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head: Rob'd in rich Dye fhe triumphs on the Green, And ev'ry Flow'r dees Homage to their Queen. So when bright Venus rifes from the Flood, Around in Throngs the wond'ring Nereids crowd; The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal Shell, And ev'ry Grace unfung, the Waves conceal.

The Delegate observes, with wond'ring Eyes, Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise. Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove, The silent \* Mansion of disastrous Love.

Here Jealousie with Jaundice Looks appears, And broken Slumbers, and fantastick Fears.

<sup>\*</sup> See Virg. An. B.6.

The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
And to the Woods in mournful Murmurs fings.
No Winds but Sighs there are, no Floods but Tears,
Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.
Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough,

Olivia here in Solitude he found,
Her down-cast Eyes six'd on the silent Ground:
Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She seem'd the dying Image of Despair.
How lately did this celebrated Thing
Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring!
'Till the Green-sickness and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless Arms the unhappy Maid.

All o'er confus'd the guilty Lover stood,
The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An Icy Horror shiver'd in his Look,
As to the cold complexion'd Nymph He spoke:

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

Stabb'd with th'unkind Reproach, the Conscious Maid. Thus to her late insulting Lover said;
When Ladies listen not to loose Desire,
You style our Modesty, our want of Fire.

Smile or Forbid, Encourage or Reprove,
You still find Reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a Liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish Things we say.
Few are the Fair Ones of Rufilla's Make,
Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she'll forsake:
But sev'ral Cælia's, sev'ral Ages boast,
That like, where Reason recommends the most.
Where heav'nly Truth and Tenderness conspire,
Chast Passion may perswade us to desire.

Your Sex, he cry'd, as Custom bids, behaves; In Forms the Tyrant tyes such haughty Slaves. To do nice Conduct Right, you Nature wrong; Impulses are but weak, where Reason's strong. Some want the Courage, but how the Flame! Few They like the Thing, that startle at the Name. The lonely Phænix, tho' profess'd a Nun, Warms into Love, and kindles at the Sun. Those Tales of spicy Urns and fragrant Fires, Are but the Emblems of her scorch'd Desires.

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

They hasten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad Manes of the Bless'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers Simples, to bestow
mmortal Youth on Heroe's Shades below,
oon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Presence knew;
Thus He

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

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

With just Resentments and Contempt you see. The foul Dissentions of the Faculty;
How your sad sick'ning Art now hangs her Head, And once a Science, is become a Trade.
Her Sons ne'er risle her Mysterious Store,
But study Nature less, and Lucre more.
Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A ‡ Temple, where devoted Incense blaz'd.
Oft Father Tyber views the losty Fire,
As the learn'd Son is worship'd like the Sire;
The Sage with Romulus like Honours claim;
The Gift of Life and Laws were then the same.

I show'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the Meanders of their refluent Tide.
Then, Willis, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits by Mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers tumultuous Riots cause.
Nor wou'd our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson lye
In the Abyss of blind Obscurity.
But now such wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And Paan's Art is by Divisions torn.

‡ A Temple built at Rome, in the Island of Tyber, to Asculapius Son of Apollo.

Then Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain How her lost Health your Science may regain.

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

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

Then Nassau's Health shall be your glorious Aim, His Life should be as lasting as his Fame.

Some Princes Claims from Devastations spring, He condescends in Pity to be King:

And when, amidst his Olives plac'd, He stands, And governs more by Candour than Commands:

Ev'n then not less a Heroe he appears,

Than when his Laurel Diadem he wears.

Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat,
To make his Blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst Malice and Ingratitude confess
They've strove for Ruin long without Success.
When late, Jove's \* Eagle from the Pyle shall rise
To bear the Victor to the boundless Skies,
Awhile the God puts off Paternal Care,
Neglects the Earth, to give the Heav'ns a Star.
Near Thee, † Alcides, shall the Heroe shine;
His Rays resembling, as his Labours, Thine.

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

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

<sup>\*</sup> Read the Ceremony of the Apotheosis.
† Hercules, a Constellation near Ariadne's Crown.