
THE
Dispensary.

CANTO I.

S Peak, Goddess! since 'tis Thou that best
[canst tell,
How ancient Leagues to modern Discord fell;
Whence 'twas, Physicians were so frugal grown
Of others Lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a Journey to th'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;

B

Where

Where little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in state ;
There stands a Dome, Majestick to the Sight,
And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height ;
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 Design ;
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
And as she disappear'd, they still pursu'd.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain ;
Here, she's too sparing ; there, profusely vain.
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

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, from each Sluice, a briny Torrent pours,
T'extinguish feav'rish Heats 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.
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Cesar*, 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* Vigour at th'*Olympick's* shown,
 Whence Tropes to *F—ch*, or Impudence to S—
 Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe,
 Why *Me——n* muddy, *M——gue* why clear.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous 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 Substances, and Things unseen.
 With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,
 Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

But

But now those great Enquiries are no more,
And Faction skulks, where Learning shone before:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæan*'s Beams with fading Lustre shine.
No Readers here with Hectick looks are found,
Or Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains, [drown'd:
That nothing there but empty Silence reigns.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
The God of Sloth for his *Asylum* chose.
Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes
The careless Deity supinely nods.
His leaden Limbs at gentle ease are laid,
With *Poppies* and dull *Nightshade* o'er him spread;
No Passions interrupt his easie Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain.

But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs bedew his thoughtless 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 flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn Flint ^{[engage,}
Till urg'd by Blows, it sparkles into Rage. <sup>*The building
of the Dis-
pensary.*</sup>
Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move;
These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.
Here Phials in nice Discipline are set,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this place, Magazines of Pills you spy;
In that, like Forrage, Herbs in Bundles lye.
While lifted Pestles, brandish'd in the Air,
Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.

Loud

Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend. [rend,

So when the *Cyclops*, o'er their Anvils sweat,
And their swol'n Sinews ecchoing Blows repeat;
From the *Vulcano's* gross Eruptions rise,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies.

The slumb'ring God amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen.
Then, half erect, he rubb'd his op'ning Eyes,
And faulter'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 a-
In gentle inactivity, the day. [way, }
What marks of wondrous Clemency I've shown,
Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful 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, [Pray'r.
 And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
 Too oft to own, too much to be deni'd.
 And, in return, I ask but some Recess,
 T'enjoy th'entrancing Extasies of Peace.
 But that, the Great *Nassau's* Heroick Arms
 Has long prevented with his loud Alarms.
 Still my Indulgence with contempt he flies,
 His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.
 Nor Skies nor Seasons his Resolves controul,
 Th'*Æquator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.

From

From Clime to Clime his wondrous Triumphs ^{[move,}
And *Jove* grows jealous of his Realms above.

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

Sometimes among the *Caspian* Cliffs I creep,
Where solitary Bats, and Swallows sleep.
Or if some Choyster's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore;
Still *Nassau's* Arms a soft Repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since he has bless'd the weary World with Peace,
And with a Nod has bid *Bellona* cease:
I sought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,
Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell;

That

That Rest might past Tranquility restore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

'Twas here, alas ! I thought I might Repose,
These Walls were that *Asylum* I had chose. [found,
Nought underneath this Roof, but Damps are
Nought heard, but drowzy Beetles buzzing round.
[Floors,
Spread Cobwebs hide the Walls, and Dust the
And midnight Silence guards the noiseless Doors.
But now I find some enterprizing Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to dissolve my easie Reign.

With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his fault'ring Lips this Message falls.

Since Mortals will dispute my Pow'r, I'll try
Who has the greatest Empire, they or I.

Find

Find Envy out, some Prince's Court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend.
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets Pennylefs confer,
Or in the Senate-house at *Westminster*.
Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*.
And what th'Event, unless her Care enclines
To blast their Hopes, and baffle their Designs.

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