
T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O II.

Soon as with gentle Sighs the ev'ning Breeze
 Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
 And Night to wrap in Shades the Mountains
 While Winds lay hush'd in Subterranean Beds;
 Officious *Phantom* did with speed prepare
 To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.
 He often sought the Summit of a Rock,
 And oft the Hollow of some blasted Oak;
 At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
 The hissing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Be-

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Ewe,
That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
There crawl'd the meagre Monster on the Ground,
And breath'd a livid Pestilence around:
A bald and bloted Toad-stool rais'd her Head;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.
Down her wan Cheeks sulphureous Torrents flow,
And her red haggard Eyes with Fury glow.
Like *Ætna* with Metallick Steams oppress'd,
She breaths a blue Eruption from her Breast:
Then rends 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

This show'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* stood,
That, the fam'd Passage of the *Granick* Flood.
The *Julian* Eagles, here their Wings display ;
And there, all pale, th'expiring *Decii* lay.
This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol.
How *Cochles* did the *Tyber's* Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Persians* join,
And, there, the Glorious Battel of the *Boyn*.

As th'airy Messenger the Fury spy'd,
A while his curdling Blood forgot to glide.
Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.
At length, assuming Courage, he essay'd
T'inform the Fiend, then shrunk into a Shade.

The

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest Event of such an Embassy.
She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,
So Light'ning gilds the unrelenting Storm.
Then she: alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at those noble Ills the Fates deny:
Within this Isle for ever must I find
Disasters to distract my restless Mind?
Good *Te—ns* Celestial Piety
At last has rais'd him to the Sacred See.
So—rs does sick'ning Equity restore,
And helpless Orphans are oppress'd no more.
Pem—ke to *Britain* endless Blessings brings;
He spoke; and Peace clap'd her Triumphant wings:
Great *O—nd* shines illustriously bright
With Blazes of Hereditary Light.

The noble Ardour of a Loyal Fire
 Inspires the generous Breast of De——re.
 And M——ld is active to defend
 His Country, with the Zeal he loves his Friend.
 Like *Leda's* radiant Sons, divinely clear,
 P——land and I——sey deck'd in Rays appear
 To Guild, by turns, the *Gallick* Hemisphear.
 Worth in Distress is rais'd by M——gue,
Augustus listens if *Mæcenæ* sue.
 And V——ns Vigilance no slumber takes,
 Whilst Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy a-
 [wakes.

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

She said; and straight thrill *Colon's* Person took,
In Morals loose, but most precise in Look.
Black-Fryar's Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall*.
And, when so dignifi'd, he'd not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Cholicks ease, and makes the Ladies fair. }
In starch'd Urbanity her Talent lies,
And Form the want of Intellects supplies.
Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.
In haste he strides along to recompence
The want of Bus'ness with its vain Pretence.
The Fury thus assuming *Colon's* Grace,
So slung her Arms, so shuffl'd in her Pace.

Onward

Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,
 Where *Horoscope* invokes th' infernal Gods;
 And reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run
 To increase their Ills, and throng to be undone.

This *Wight* all Mercenary Projects tries,
 And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wise.
 By useful Observations he can tell
 The Sacred 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—w, Charms in Lady F—
 It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
 No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly *Horoscope* its Virtue knows,
 To this bright Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;

And fancies, that a Thousand Pound supplies
The want of Twenty thousand Qualities.

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,
And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o'Mail;
Not far from some huge *Shark's* devouring Head,
The flying Fish their finny 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, dri'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, Volumns on Volumns lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, solemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks, how soon *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.

[Wrong,
Some, by what means they may redress the
When Fathers the Possession keep too long.

And some wou'd know the Issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can sodder up its Flaws,
Poor pregnant *La's* 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*, must try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers dye.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philtres choose
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans loose.
Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name
In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia's* Arms.
And old *Lucullus* wou'd th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love,

Bleak

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 Crowd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease,
Thy *Wood-Cocks* 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 of all Parochial Offices;
And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care,
And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger:
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didst express,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Success.

Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Prowess past,
Be what thou shou'dst, by thinking what thou
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Design, [waist,
If not to Storm, at least to Undermine :
Their Gates each day Ten thousand Night-caps
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud. [crowd,
If they shou'd once unmask our Mystery,
Each Nurse, e're long, wou'd be as Learn'd as We ;
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaisance to us, would dye.
What if We claim their Right t'Assassinate,
Must they needs turn *Apothecaries* straight ?
Prevent it, Gods ! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.
'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command,
To purge the troubl'd Air, and weed the Land.
And dare the *College of Physicians* aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame ?

Crabs Eyes as well with *Pearl* for Use may try,
Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie:
So *Glow-worms* may compare with *Titan's* Beams,
Or *Hare-Court* Pump with *Aganippe's* Streams.

Our Manufacture now they meanly sell,
And spightfully th'intrinsick Value tell: [soon,
Nay more, (but Heav'ns prevent) they'l force us
To act with Conscience, and to be Undone.

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

Offi-

Officious Squirt in haste forsook the Shop,
To succour the expiring *Horoscope*.
Oft he essay'd the *Magus* to restore,
By Salt of *Succinum*'s prevailing Pow'r ;
But still supine the solid Lumber lay
An Image of scarce animated Clay ;
Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
Bethought th'Assistant of a Urinal ;
Whose Steam the Wight no sooner did 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 Fishy Smell, and th'Azure Goddess
[own'd,