
T H E
Dispensary.

C A N T O III.

ALL Night the Sage in Pensive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no
Of what shrill *Colon* spoke the Day before. ^{[more,}

Cornslips and *Poppies* o'er his Eyes he spread,

And *S—nd's* Works he laid beneath his Head.

But all those Opiats still in vain he tries,

Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies.

Tumultuous Cares lay rouling in his Breast,

And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage ex- ^{[press'd.}

Oft

Oft has this Planet roul'd around the Sun,
Since to consult the Skies, I first begun:
Such my Applause, so mighty my Success,
I once thought my Predictions more than Guess.
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,
'Tis hard e're to convince a Fool, He's so:
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And still the Pleasure lies in the Deceit,
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye
Which no Existence has, but in the Eye,

At distance Prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert 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, despise at Night :
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,
And Health, for want of Change, grows a 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.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight
Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite :

Who

Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
 The dark Recesses of the Universe,
 Be Passive, whilst the Faculty pretend
 Our Charter with unhallow'd Hands to rend?
 If all the Fiends that in low Darkness reign,
 Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain;
 That Project, the * *Dispensary* they call,
* Medicines made up there, for the use of the Poor.
 Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes,
 Shoots thro' the Crystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
 The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
 And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous Loads reel [home.
 Light's chearful Smiles o'er th'Azure Waste are [spread,
 And Mifs from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid.
 The Sage transported at th'approaching Hour,
 Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor;

Officious

Officious *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, since you assume a Share,
Fly with what hast 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*.

Away the trusty Coadjutor hies,
Swift as from Phyal Steam of *Harts-horn* flies.
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

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*.
And on the Structure next he heaps a Load
Of *Sassafras* in Chips, and *Mastick* Wood.
Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
And with Prescriptions lights the solemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumisie 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 soft Indulgence we perceive each Hour;
Thou that wou'dst lay whole *States* and *Regions*
Sooner than we thy *Cormorants* shou'd fast; [waste,
If, in return, all Diligence we pay
T'extend your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
From *Kent-street* 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 Viper's 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 fly.

But a sinister Cricket straight was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

High where *Fleet-Ditch* descends in fable Streams,
 To wash his sooty *Naiads* in the *Thames* ;
 There stands a * Structure on a rising Hill, * *Apotheca-*
 Where *Tyro's* take their Freedom out to kill. *ries Hall.*
 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 sanguine Swains their Amorous Hours re-
 pent,
 When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent ;
 And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
 To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.

Scotin

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

My kind Confed'rates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some serene Design,
And on no other Bus'ness but to Dine ;
The Faculty had still maintain'd their Sway,
And Interest had taught us to obey ;
Then we'd this only Emulation known,
Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,
Which threatens with mad rage our *Halcyon* 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.

Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we seek Renown,
To Fire some hostile Ship, we burn our own.
That Jugler 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 live to pay th' *Apothecary's* Bill.
And cheaper than for our Assistance call,
Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon* Spring and Fall
But now late Jars our Practices detect,
For Mines, when once discover'd, lose th'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 advance, the more they still dis-join.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.

As he revolving stood to speak the rest,
Rough *Colocynthis* thus his Rage exprest:

Thou Scandal of the mighty *Pæans* Art,
At thy approach, the Springs of Nature start,
The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, th' Itch a Leprosie.
Cou'dst thou propose that we the *Friends* o' Fates,
Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and dispose of Lives,
Whilst *Russel*, as we please, or starves, or thrives;
Shou'd e'er submit to their imperious 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:

The Sick to th'Hundreds sooner shall repair,
And change the *Gravel-Pits* for *Essex* Air.

No, no, the Faculty 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 as immense a Pow'r as to Create.
We'll raise our num'rous Cohorts, and oppose
The feeble Forces of our Pigmy Foes; [Place,
Whole Troops of Quacks shall join us on the
From Great *Kirleus* down to *Doctor Case*.
Tho' such vile Rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest Prize,
Such poor Supports serve only like a Stay;
The Tree once fix'd, its Rest is torn away.

So

So Patriots in the times of Peace and Ease,
Forget the Fury of the late Disease:
Imaginary Dangers they create,
And loath th'*Elixir* which preserv'd the State.

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

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 faint, but in Opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like Pretence,
But th'Elder gain'd his just Preeminence ;

Then he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.
But let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unvail
What we, thro' wiser Conduct, wou'd conceal ;
Is't Reason we shou'd quarrel with the Glafs
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 things of Use were valu'd, there had been
Some Work-house where the *Monument* is seen.

Or if the Voice of Reason cou'd be heard,
E're this, Triumphal Arches had appear'd.
Then since 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 prefer.
Our Friendship with a servile Air they court,
And their Clandestine Arts are our Support.
Them we'll consult about this Enterprize,
And boldly Execute what they Advise.
But from below (while such Resolves they took)
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the * Fabrick shook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

* The Room th' Apothecaries meet in, is over the Laboratory.

So when at *Bathos* all the *Gyants* strove
T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove* ;
Soon as the *Ass* of old *Silenus* bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in confusion fled.

THE
