
T H E
Dispensary.

C A N T O IV.

NOT far from that most famous Theater,
 Where wandring Punks each Night at five
 Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread, ^{[repair;}
 And Rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
 Where *Bently*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,
 And *Briscoe* lately was undone by New:
 There triumphs a *Physician* of Renown,
 To scarce a Mortal, but himself, unknown.
 None e'er was plac'd more luckily than He,
 For th' Exercise of such a Mystery.

When

When *Bur---fs* deafens all the listning preſs
With Peals of moſt Seraphick 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 happy Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdneſs, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
All Sorts meet here, of whatſoe'er Degree,
To blend and juſtle into Harmony.
The Politicians of *Parnaffus* prate,
And Poets canvafs 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 Cloister 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.
 Th' *Apothecaries* thither throng to Dine,
 And want of Elbow-room's supply'd in Wine.
 Cloy'd with Variety, they surfeit there,
 Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
 'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
 Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
 Each Hero 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

'Tis plain, my Int'rest 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 ;
Yet that's a Trifle to a generous Mind,
Great Services, as great Returns should 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 fell.
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 fell by *Laudanum*, and some by *Steel*,
And Death in ambush lay in ev'ry 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 designs it least, is most a Friend.
Into the Right we err, and must confess,
To Overights 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 wise, shou'd never think
Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink :
But th' Enemy, at their expence, shall find,
When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said ; and seal'd th' Engagement with a Kiss,
Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris* ;

Who

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 trifle 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 Flood had curs'd young *Peleus's* Arm in vain,
For troubling his choak'd Streams with heaps of
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raise, ^{[slain.}
Their ten Years Toil, you'd finish'd in ten Days.
Fate smiles on your Attempts, and when you list,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist.
Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success,
No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.

Our

Our military Ensigns we'll display;
Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the way.

To this Design fly *Querpo* did agree,
A worthless Member of the Faculty;
Drain'd from an *Elder's* Loins with awkward gust,
In Lees of Stale Hypocrisie and Lust.
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 th' envenom'd Rancour shares.
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o' prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Dull *Carns* next discover'd his intent,
With much ado explaining what he meant.
His Spirits stagnate like *Cocitus's* Flood,
And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood.

In his chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his fable Brows.
The brainless Wretch claims a Preeminence
In settling Lunaticks, and helping Sense.
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o're,
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore.
When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile Books besieg'd around.
The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprise,
Consulting less their Reason than their Eyes.
And He perceives it stands in greater stead,
To furnish well his Classes, than his Head.
Thus a weak State, by wise Distrust, inclines
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

Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-lane*;
And up these shelves, much *Gothick* Lumber climbs,
With *Swiss* Philosophy, and *Danish* Rhimes.
And hither, rescu'd from the *Grocers*, come
*M--*Works entire, and endless Rheams of *Bloom*.
Where wou'd the long neglected *C---s* fly,
If bounteous *Carus* should refuse to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this score,
He'll find some *Carus* still to read him o're.

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 fight.
Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

With Him, the present still some Virtues have,
The Vain are spright'y, and the Stupid, grave.
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppish neat;
The Lewd are airy, and the Sly discreet.
A Wren's an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;
C——t 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.
Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long,
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
Which way He pleases, he can mould a Cause,
The Worst has Merits, and the Best has Flaws.

Five Guinea's 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——rd suspected, *D——comb* innocent.
Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Mony, shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd *Disease* by Charms
T'assist, and be propitious to our Arms;
Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the *Sybil* 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 *Sybil's* Sacred 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*

** K. Arth. p. 307.*

[clash,
And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash.

Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriours raise,
And hideous War o're all the Region brays.

** Some raging ran with huge Herculean Clubs, * K. Ar. p.*

327.

Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs
Of Cynders bore.——

** Naked and half burnt Hulls, with hideous wreck,*

** Pr. Ar. p. 130.*

Affright the Skies, and fry the Oceans back.

** High Rocks of Snow, and sailing Hills of Ice,*

** Pr. Ar. p. 136.*

Against each other with a mighty crash,

Driven by the Winds, in rude rencounter dash.

** Blood, Brains, and Limbs the highest Walls distain,*

** K. Ar. p. 189.*

And all around lay squallid Heaps of Slain.

As

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* straight
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her
[Weight.

A noysom Rag her pensive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips these Accents found.

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address
My awful Seat, and trouble my Recess?
In *Essex* Marshy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and drifting Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And shiv'ring Quartans shake the sickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,
And substitute Physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
Th' offensive Discord of such hideous Verse.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound.

Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.

In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel,
Read *W-----y*, consider *D----den* well.

In one, what vigorous Turns of Fancy shine,
In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.

If *D----sets* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft desire,
And little *Loves* confess their amorous Fire. }

The *Tyber* now no gentle *Gallus* sees,
But smiling *Thames* enjoys his *No-----bys*.

And gentle *Isis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *A----son*.

As tuneful *C---greve* try's his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the
[Plains ;
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains. }

And

And *Britain*, since *Pausanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
When *St---ny* paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *P-----r* sings :
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such just Examples carefully read o're,
Slide without falling, without straining soar.
Oft tho' your Stroaks surprize, you shou'd not
A Theme so mighty for a Virgin Muse. [choose,
Long did *Appelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his last Design.
'Tis *M---gue's* rich Vein alone must prove,
None but a *Phidias* shou'd attempt a *Jove*.

The

The Fury said ; and vanishing from Sight,
Cry'd out to Arms ; so left the Realms of Light.
The Combatants to th' Enterprize consent,
And the next day finil'd on the great Event.

T H E
