

T H E  
Dispensary.

C A N T O V.

W

 Hen the still Night, with peaceful Poppies  
 Had spread her shady Pinions o're the  
 And slumbring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,  
 While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's  
 The Surges gently dash against the Shoar,  
 Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.  
 Sleep shakes its downy Wings o're mortal Eyes,  
*Mirmillo* is the only Wretch, it Flies.  
 He finds no respite from his anxious Grief,  
 Then seeks, from this Soliloquy, relief.

Long

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,  
Glutted with Fees, and mighty in Renown.  
There's none can dye with due Solemnity,  
Unless his Pass-port first be 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.  
Then shall so useful a *Machin* as I  
Engage in civil Broyls, I know not why?  
No, I'll endeavour straight a Peace, and so  
Preserve my Honour, and my Person too.

But *Discord*, that still haunts with hideous  
Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,  
[Mien

O're-

O're-heard *Mirmillo* reas'ning in his Bed ;  
Then raging inwardly the *Fury* said ;

Have I so often banisht lazy Peace  
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Recess ?  
Have I made *S-----th* and *S-----lock* disagree,  
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity ?  
And does my faithful *F----son* profess  
His Ardour still for Animosities ?  
Have I, *Britannia's* Safety to insure,  
Expos'd her naked, to be more secure ?  
Have I made Parties opposite, unite,  
In monstrous Leagues of amicable Spight  
T' embroyl their Country, whilst the common  
Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Ministry* ? [Cry,  
And shall a Dastard's Cowardise prevent  
The War so long, I've labour'd to foment ?

No,

No, 'tis resolv'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 ;

I come, altho' at Midnight, to dispel,  
Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.  
I dream't, but now, my Friend, that you were by ;  
Methought I saw your Tears, and heard you sigh.  
O that 'twere but a Dream ! But sure I find  
Grief in your Looks, and Tempests in your Mind.  
Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,  
That shakes your Soul, and troubles your Repose.  
Erroneous Practice scarce cou'd give you pain,  
Too well you know the Dead will ne're complain.

What

What Looks discover, said the Homicide,  
Wou'd be but too impertinent to hide.  
My Stars direct me to decline the Fight ;  
The way to serve our Party, is to write.

How many, said the Fury, had not split  
On Shelves so fatal, if they ne're had writ !  
Had C-----b printed nothing of his own,  
He had not been the S----fold o' the Town.  
Asses and Owls, unseen, themselves betray,  
If These attempt to Hoot, or Those to Bray.  
Had We----y 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 possess,  
To strive to make it more wou'd make it less ;  
And recollect what Gratitude is due,  
To those whose Party you abandon now.  
To Them you owe your odd Magnificence,  
But to your Stars your Penury of Sense.  
Hast in a Tombril, awkwardly you've shin'd  
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.  
But soon, what They've exalted They'l discard,  
And set up *Carrs*, or the City *Bard*.

Alarm'd at this, the *Heroe* Courage took,  
And Storms of Terrour threaten'd in his Look.

My

My dread Resolves, he cry'd, I'll straight pursue;  
The *Fury* satisfy'd, in Smiles withdrew:

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* spent the Night,  
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight:  
At length gay Morn smiles in the Eastern Sky,  
From rifling silent Graves the *Sextons* fly.  
The rising Mists skud o'er the dewy Lawns,  
The *Chaunter* at his early Matins yawns:  
The *V'lets* ope their Buds, *Cowslips* their 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 *Querpo* in his Armour shone the most.  
His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame,  
By *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromigham*:

A Foliage of dissembl'd *Senna* Leaves, [ceives.  
 Grav'd round its Brim, the wondring sight de-  
 Emboist upon its Field, a Battle stood  
 Of *Leeches* spouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.  
 The Artist too exprest the solemn state  
 Of grave *Physicians* at a Consult met ;  
 About each Symptom how they Disagree,  
 But how unanimous in case of Fee.  
 And whilst one *Assassin* another plys  
 With starch'd Civilities, the Patient dyes.

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 Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it self a Clyster with its Beak.*

This,

This, when the Young *Querpoides* beheld,  
 His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd.  
 Then peep't, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd  
 But as the Monster gap'd he'd shrink away: [play,  
 Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and somtimes Fear;  
 And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

But *Fame* that whispers each profound Design,  
 And tells the Consultations at the *Vine*.  
 And how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch,  
 If *W-----on* but plead, or *O----ly* preach;  
 On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,  
 And what the Enemy intends, declares.  
 Disorder'd Murmurs thro' the College pass,  
 And pale Confusion glares in ev'ry Face.  
 In hast a Council's call'd, th' Occasion's great,  
 And quick as Thought, the summon'd Members  
 [meet.

Loud *Stentor* to th' Assembly had access,  
None aim'd at more, and none succeeded less.  
True to Extrems, yet to dull Forms a Slave,  
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.  
With Indignation, and a daring Air,  
He paus'd a while, and thus address'd the Chair.

*Machaon*, whose Experience we adore,  
Great as your matchless Merits, is your Pow'r.  
At your approach, the baffl'd Tyrant *Death*,  
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing  
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day, [Teeth;  
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 scatter our audacious Foes, or die.

What

What *Stentor* offer'd was by most approv'd ;  
But sev'ral Voices sev'ral Methods mov'd.  
At length th'adventurous *Heroes* all agree  
T'expect the Foe, and act defensively.  
Into the Shop their bold *Battalions* move,  
And what their Chief commands the rest approve.  
Down from the *Walls* they tear the *Shelves* in haste,  
Which, on their Flank, for Pallisades are plac'd.  
And then, behind the Compter rang'd, they stand,  
Their Front so well secur'd t'obey Command.

And now the Scouts the adverse Host descry,  
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly :  
With unresisted Force they urge their Way,  
And find the Foe embattel'd in Array.  
Then from their levell'd Syringes they pour  
The liquid Volley of a missive Show'r.

Not Storms of Sleet, which o're the *Baltick* drive,  
 Push't on by *Northern* Gusts, such Horrour give.  
 Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,  
 And Numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous Stroak,  
 So when *Leviathans* Dispute the Reign,  
 And uncontrol'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 an ample *Scale*,  
 And the *Brass* *Weights* fly thick as showers of Hail.  
 Whole heaps of Warriours welter on the [Ground]  
 With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd;  
 And th' empty Vessels the Defeat resound.

Thus

Thus when some Storm its Chryſtal Quarry rends,  
And Jove in rattling Showrs of Ice deſcends ;  
Mount *Athos* ſhakes the Foreſts on his Brow,  
Whiſt down his wounded Sides freſh Tor-  
[rents flow,  
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er ſpread  
[the Vale below.]

And *Querpo*, warm'd with more than mortal Rage,  
Sprung thro' the Battel, *Stentor* to engage.  
Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,  
Both cou'd not vanquish, Neither wou'd retreat.  
Each Combatant his Adversary mauls  
With batter'd *Bed-pans*, and stav'd *Urinals*.  
But as bold *Stentor*, eager of Renown,  
Design'd a fatal Stroak, he tumbl'd down ;  
And whilst the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood,  
With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* su'd.  
When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die ;  
Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.  
But to the lost, if Pity might be shown,  
Reflect on young *Querpoides* thy Son ;  
Then pity mine ; for such an Infant-Grace,  
Sports in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.  
If he was by, 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,

The Chief at this the deadly Stroak 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 threat'ning  
[Head,  
And fir'd with mortal Indignation, said;

\* *Those Members of the College that observe a late Statute, are call'd by the  
Apothecaries Signetur Men.*

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge desist,  
His Holiness shall turn a *Quietist*.

*La Chaise* shall with the *Jansenists* agree,  
The Inquisition wink at Heresy.

Faith stand unmov'd thro' S---fleet's Defence,  
And L---k for Mystery abandon Sense.

With

With that, unsheathing an Incision Knife,  
He offer'd at the prostrate *Stentor's* Life.  
But while his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,  
*Apollo* interpos'd in form of Fee.  
The Chief great *Pæan's* golden Tresses knew,  
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* I've seen  
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,  
Sowrly dispute some quarrel of the Flood,  
With Knuckles bruise'd, and Face besmear'd in  
But at the first appearance of a Fare [Blood.  
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe so his Enterprize recalls,  
His Fist unclinch'es, and the Weapon falls.