
T H E
Dispensary.

C A N T O VI.

While the shrill clangour of the Battel ^{[rings ;}
 Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephir's*
 She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright, ^{[Wings ;}
 More soft than Air, more gay than morning Light.
 A Charm she takes from each excelling Fair,
 And borrows C-----ll's Shape, and G----ton's Air.
 Her Eyes like R-----agh's their Beams dispence,
 With Ch-----ill's Bloom, and B---kley's Innocence.
 From her bright Lips a vocal Musick falls,
 As to *Machaon* thus the Goddess calls.
 Enough

Enough th' atchievement of your Arms you've
[shown,
You seek a Triumph you shou'd blush to own.
Hast to th' *Elysian* Fields, those blest'd abodes,
Where *Harvy* sits among the Demi-Gods.
Consult that sacred Sage, He'll soon disclose
The method that must terminate these woes.
Let *Celsus* for that Enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the Shades shall be my care.

Aghast the Heroes stood dissolv'd in fear,
A Form so heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear,
Celsus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The rest in pale confusion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies marshal'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes;

The Poppets to their bodkin Spears repair,
And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.

But soon as e'er th' imperial Bird of Jove
Stoops on his founding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes, the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Strimonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough. }
Thrice did the Goddess with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement strike; and straight at her Com-
Th' obedient Surface opens, and descends [mand
A deep Descent that leads to nether Skies.

Higeia to the silent Region tends;

And with his Heav'nly Guide the Charge de-
[scends.

Within

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie,
Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Pancies* trick themselves in various Hew,
And hence *Junquils* derive their fragrant Dew.
Hence the *Carnation*, and the bashful *Rose*
Their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.
And hence on *Daphne's* verdant Temples grow
Immortal Wreaths, for *Phæbus* and *Nassau*.

The Insects here their lingring Trance survive:
Benumn'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
From Winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder Skies and softer Air.

Down

Down to these Cells obscener Reptils creep,
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizzards* sleep.
Where shiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and slide in State.

Now, those profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Oar.
Here, fullen to the Sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then, with bright and burnish'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
To th' Arms of those more yeilding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lyes.

So close they cling, so stubbornly retire ;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

Near These the Delegate with Wonder spies
Where living Floods of Merc'ry serpentize :
Where richest Metals their bright Beams put on,
While Silver Streams thro' Golden Channels run.
Here he observes the subterranean Cells,
Where wanton Nature sports in idle Shells:
Some *Helicœids*, some *Conical* appear,
These, *Miters* emulate, Those, *Turbans* are :
Here *Marcasites* in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true Metallick State :
Till Drops that from impending Rocks descend,
Their Substance petrifie, and Progress end.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindl'd Sulphur flow ;
And, whilst enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow :

Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rise,
Which hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noisy Cave ;
Where with hoarse dinn imprison'd Tempests
Where Clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their ^{[rave:}
^{[Flight,}
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,
Where scarce one cheerful Glimpse their Steps ^{[befriends.}
Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps ;
And undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps.
A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye ;
An awkward Lump of shapeless Anarchy.
With fordid Age his Features are defac'd ;
His Lands unpeopl'd, and his Countries waste.
Here Lumber, undeserving Light, is kept,
And P---p's Bill to this dark Region's swept :

Where Mushroom Libels silently retire ;
And, soon as born, with Decency expire.
Upon a Couch of *Jett* in these Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Confort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ ;
But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess, with Terror they survey,
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway:
In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
Where *Goblins* frisk, and airy Spectres rove,
Yawns a dark Cave, most formidably wide ;
And there the *Monarch's* Triumphs are descry'd.
Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.
Febris is first : The *Hagg* relentless hears
The Virgin's Sighs ; and sees the Infant's Tears.

In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery *Meteors* reign ;
And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.

Then *Hydrops* next appears amongst the *Throng* ;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
But, like a Miser, in Excess, she's poor ;
And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.

Now loathsom *Lepra*, that offensive Spright,
With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight.
She's deaf to Beauty's soft-persuading Pow'r :
Nor can bright *Phebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.

Whilst meagre * *Phthisis* gives a silent Blow ;
Her Stroaks are sure ; but her Advances flow.
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shown :
She starves the *Fortress* first ; then takes the *Town*.

[* *Consumption*.

Behind stood Crouds of much inferiour Name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name ;
The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny :
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celsus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
The silent Region of the fleeting shades.
Where Rocks and ruful Defarts are descry'd ;
And fullen *Styx* rould down his lazy Tide.
Then shews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Passage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* smiling, said,
You need no Pass-port to demand our Aid.
Physicians never linger on this Strand :
Old *Charon* ne'er refuses their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Consort owe
To them the Peopl'ing of their Realms below.

Then

Then in his swarthy Hand he grasp'd his Oar,
 Receiv'd his Guests aboard, and shov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddess and her Charge prepare
 To breathe the Sweets of soft *Elysian* Air;
 Upon the left they spy a pensive Shade,
 Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
 Pale Grief sat heavy on his careful Look:
 To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celsus* spoke:

Tell me, Thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
 Burst from your Breast, and Torrents from your
 [Eyes:
 And who those mangl'd *Manes* are, which show
 A sullen Satisfaction at your Woe?
 Since, said the Ghost, with Pity you'll attend,
 Know, I'm *Guiaicum*, once your valu'd Friend.
 And on this barren Beach in Discontent,
 Am doom'd to stay till th' angry Pow'rs relent.

Those *Spectres* seam'd with Scars that threaten
 The Victims of my late ill Conduct are. [there,
 They vex with endless Clamours my Repose :
 This wants his Palate ; That demands his Nose :
 And here they execute stern *Pluto's* Will,
 To ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celsus* thus : O much lamented State !
 How rigid is the Sentence you relate !
 Methinks I recollect your former Air, [were !
 But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you
 If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs cou'd bend ;
 Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd send.
 But since no human Arts the Fates dissuade ;
 Direct me how to find bless'd *Harvy's* Shade.
 In vain th'unhappy Ghost still urg'd His stay ;
 Then rising from the Ground, he shew'd the way.

Nigh the dull Shoar a shapeless Mountain stood,
That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens puts on,
No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddess try'd,
And *Celsus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now They tow'r on ^{[high,}
And taste th'Indulgence of a milder Sky.
Loose *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreshing Sweets perfume the way.
Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as They pass, their painted Banks they chide.
These blissful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles
[there.

The *Delegate* observes, with wondring Eyes,
Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise.
Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove,
The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but
Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears. [Tears,
Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
And Willough Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

His Mistress here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent Ground :
Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She seem'd the mournful image of Despair.
How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring,
Till the Greenickness and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless arms th' unhappy Maid.

Cold

Cold and confus'd the guilty Lover stood,
The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An icy horror shiver'd in his Look,
Then softly in these gentle words, He spoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence such anxious
Your Looks disorder'd and your Bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping Flow'r,
Crush'd by the weight of some unfriendly shower.
Your pale Complexion your late Conduct tell,
O that instead of Trash you'd taken Steel!
Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting *Fair*,
His empty Arms confess'd th' impassive Air.
From his Embrace the unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her Eyes.

They

They hasten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bless'd remain :
Where *Harvy* gathers Simples to bestow
Immortal Youth on Heroes Shades below.
Soon as the bright *Higeia* was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Presence knew.
Thus He-----

Hail, blooming Goddess! Thou propitious [Pow'r,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore.
Such Graces in your heav'nly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in Chains, or anguish in a Crown.
With just Resentments and Contempt you see
The mean Dissentions of the Faculty ;

How

How sick'ning Physick hangs her pensive Head,
And what was once a Science, now's a Trade,
Her Son's ne'er rifle her Mysterious Store,
But study Nature less, and Lucre more,

I shou'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the *Meanders* of their reflux Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there :
And how the Spirits by mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cause.
Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Ent*, and *Glisson* lie
In the Abyss of blind Obscurity.
But now such wondrous Searches are forborn,
And *Pæan's* Art is by Divisions torn.
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How Physick her lost Lustre may regain.

Haste,

Haste, and the matchless *Atticus* Address,
From Heav'n, and great *Nassau* he has the Mace.
Th' oppress'd to his *Asylum* still repair ;
Arts He supports, and Learning is his care.
He softens the harsh rigour of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and cuts their Harpy
And graciously he casts a pitying Eye [Claws ;
On the sad state of vertuous Poverty.
When e'er he speaks, Heav'ns! how the list'ning
Dwells on the melting musick of his Tongue. [Throng
His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' serene ;
And when the power of Eloquence, He'd try,
Here, Lightning strikes you, there, soft Breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your Charter claims Him as your Visiter.

Your

Your Wounds he'll close, and sove'reignly restore
Your Science to the height it had before.

Then *Nassau's* Health shall be your glorious Aim,
He shou'd be as Immortal as his Name.

Some Princes claims from Devastations spring,
He condescends in pity to be King :
And when, amidst his *Olives* plac'd, He stands,
And governs more by Candour than Commands:
Ev'n then not less a Heroe he appears,
Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears,

Wou'd but *Apollo* some great Bard inspire
With sacred veh'mence of Poetick Fire ;
To celebrate in Song that God-like Power,
Which did the labouring Universe restore ;
Fair *Albion's* Cliffs wou'd Eccho to the Strain,
And praise the Arm that Conquer'd to regain
The Earth's repose, and Empire o'er the Main. }
Still

Still may th'immortal Man his Cares repeat,
To make his Blessings endless as they're great :
Whilst *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confess
They've strove for Ruin long without success.

Had some fam'd Hero of the *Latin* Blood,
Like *Julius* Great, and like *Octavius* Good,
But thus preserv'd the *Latian* Liberties,
Aspiring Columns soon had reach'd the Skies :
And whilst the Capitol with *Io's* shook,
The Statues of the Guardian Gods had spoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd pursue,
He paus'd; and *Celsus* with his Guide withdrew.

FINIS.

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