

To be SOLD,

BY the Subscriber, on *Chester River*, a Quantity of fine Salt, either by Wholesale or Retail, at reasonable Rates.

JOHN HAMMER.

By THEOPHILUS POLYPHARMACUS, M. D. for the public Good.

Nam pulchrum est benefacere Reipublicæ.

SALLUSTIUS.

MY good Friend Dr. *Philaletes*, having lately published his *Specific Nostrum* (as he supposes) for the *Furor Poeticus* and *Febri Amatoria*, (I don't mean the *Green Sickness*), I, who am an old and experienced Physician, and without Vanity can boast of as much Benevolence as any of my Brethren of the Faculty, have used this *Recipe* again and again, since it's Publication; but I cannot say, with that Success I expected: I must indeed extoll the Humanity and Christian Spirit of my learned Friend, in making public whatever he thought might be of Advantage to the Community; but alas! tho' his Design was noble and praise-worthy, I am loth to say, that it has not turned out so much to the public Benefit, as might have been expected, from the Authority of so learned a *Voucher*: For, instead of making a Cure of these unhappy demented Poets, I have found to my great Surprize, that it has increased their *Delirium* to such a furious Height, as to put them beyond all Hopes of Recovery, as I shall presently instance in the Case of one of my *poetical Patients*; and then, for the further Instruction of the Public, and my Brethren of the *Physical Tribe*, I shall produce another *Recipe*, of my own Invention and Composition, which I have found more effectual, tho' I cannot venture to affirm, that it is a true Specific.

Three Weeks ago, I was called to an unhappy Patient, seized with a deplorable *Furor Poeticus*, and complicated *Febri Amatoria*. After feeling his Pulse, I asked him how long he had laboured under the Distemper; he surpriz'd me with a jingling Reply,

*A well-turn'd Praise requir'd the nicest Skill,
And he who writes ill-natur'd must write ill.*

I blooded him, blister'd his Head, and administr'd a few Doses of my worthy Friend's Medicine; next Morning I called to see him, and, How dost do (said I), Friend *Bavius*? He stared wildly on me, and broke out into this Couplet,

*Then let the Muse her tuneful Numbers raise,
And praise the Beauties for the Sake of Praise.*

I gave him a Sternutatory, which operated wonderfully, for he sneezed for half an Hour; I ordered Mr. *Sneak*, his *Apothecary*, to ply him with proper Topics, to translate the Inflammation from the Brain to his Extremities: I visited him in the Evening, as I entered the Room, he exclaimed in a furious Manner to this Purpose,

*Is every Charm some glorious Goddess place,
But let the Charm the glorious Goddess grace;*

*Let Venus hail her for the Wife of Jove,
And Juno take her for the Queen of Love;
Let Pallas, frowning,*

The rest I cannot remember, his Words were so unaccounted, and the Sense so jumbled; but I think he raved about summoning all the *Heathen Gods* and *Goddesses* to his Assistance. I applied twelve Cupping-Glasses to his Head, and threw down a large Dose of *Stellibore*; next Morning I found he had evacuated by Stool an incredible Quantity of *Astrucium*, which was abominably fetid: I repeated some Doses of my Friend's Specific, but to little Purpose; for he fell out with

*M——a singe, now bid the Muses bear,
Or call Apollo from the Chrystal Sphere.*

I immediately apprehended a *Catenture*, when he talked of *Chrystal Spheres*, and therefore ordered frequent and copious Injections of Warm Glysters, to make a Derivation from the *Encephalon*, and applied *Sinapisms* to his Soles; next Morning I found his *Delirium* still raging, but the Evacuations, I perceived, had made his Imagination sink from the *Meck-Sublime* to the real *Bathos*; which gave me some Hopes of his Recovery. He broke out thus,

*See lovely R——, happy, hapless Maid——
Happ'st the Man whom this fair Maiden loves;
O happiest he, whom this fair Maid approves!
Great is her Worth, but useles and unknown,
Or useful to her charming self alone.*

I was mightily surprized at the Change, and took Notice of this Instance of the *Bathos*, or *Sink in Poetry*, as the most remarkable Example of the Kind, ever I had observed.

After many Trials to no Manner of Purpose, I at last luckily discovered the following Remedy, which I applied with admirable Success; and my Patient is now perfectly recovered.

The RECEIPT.

TAKE four Lines out of any of *Pepe's poetical Works*, six Lines of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, eight Lines of *Garth's Dispensary*, guarded with four Lines of *Butler's Hudibras*; let the Doctor or Apothecary read these very loud to the Patient, every Time he bursts forth into his Exclamations, in the hearing of some discreet Persons, *Judges of Poetry*, 'til the *Centragi* produces a Laugh in the Company: When the Patient's raving Nonsense, and the true Sublime of these great Wits, have been sufficiently prepared, and their Parts broke and blended together, by the Gelastic Conquassation of the Air, put them into a large bellied long-necked Matrass, and there will arise a most furious Fermentation, from the *Antipathy* and heterogeneous Nature of the Ingredients; when this ceases, it will produce a *Neutrum quid*, or a Substance neither saturated with the *Salt of good Sense*, nor flattened with the *Pblegm of Nonsense*. Infuse for two Days in *Balneo Vaporis*, taking for your *Menstruum* a Quart of pure Water of *Helicon*; filtre and bottle it up for Use. The Dose is a Gill every Morning upon an empty Stomach.