



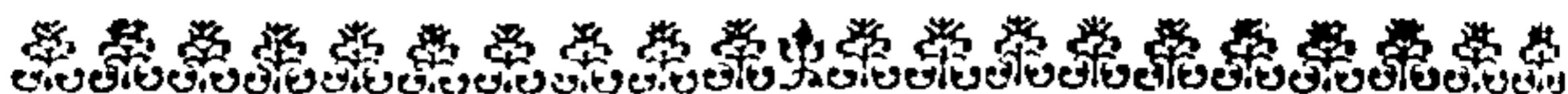
A

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BETWEEN

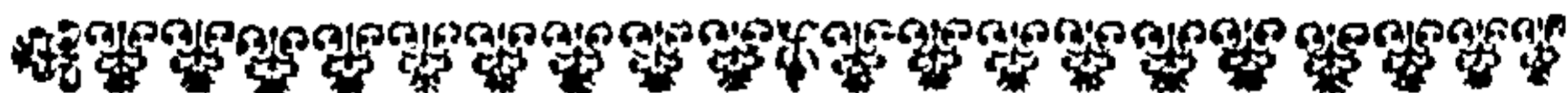
SCARAMOUCH *and* HARLEQUIN.





Just Publish'd,

A LETTER to the Reverend Mr. *LAW*,
Council for the Committee of Convo-
cation, and the two famous Universities ; in a
Cause depending between them and the Bishop
of *Bangor* : With the Characters of some *Oxford*
Zealots, and a Catalogue of Synonymous Ap-
pellations, for the Use of Young Readers and
Orators in both Universities. By a Free think-
er at *Oxford*. Printed for *J. Roberts* in *War-*
wick-Lane. Price 1 s.



A Serious

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CONFERENCE

BETWEEN

SCARAMOUCHE

AND

HARLEQUIN,

Concerning THREE and ONE.

WITH A

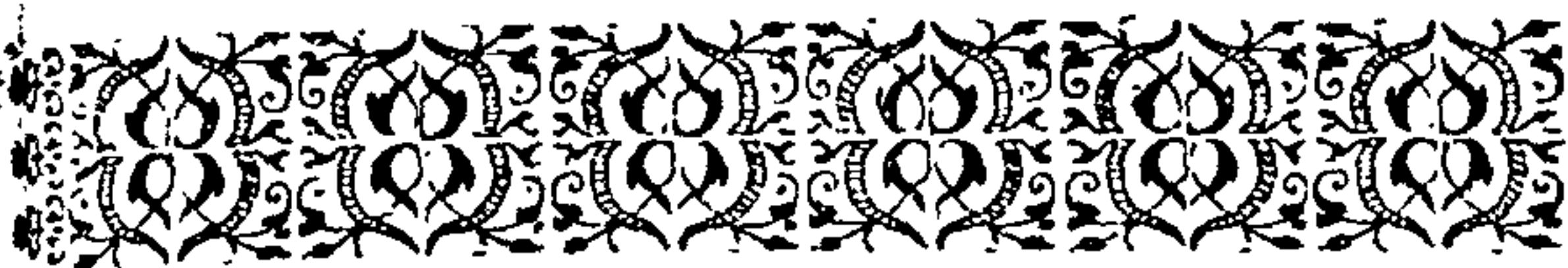
Dedication to Two Eminent Meetings with-
in the Bills of Mortality.

By MOMOPHILUS CARTHUSIENSIS.

*male falsus,
Ridens dissimulare, meum fecur urere Bilis.
Hor. Sat. 9. Lib. 1.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane, 1719.
Price Six-Pence.



T O T H E

Regular P H Y S I C I A N S

Meeting at

TOM's and BATSON's.

GENTLEMEN,



THE following Piece comes addressed to you, because you have a Right to it by your Faculty, and not by Merit which deserves better; I hate Flattery, being of a sullen reserv'd Temper, and have a mortal Aversion to Impertinence, which has been improv'd by Education, and confirm'd by long Experience of the Follies of Mankind.

The

The Occasion is this ; t'other Day, a Friend (fond of Novelties because they are so) recommended to my perusal, *A Letter to the Fatal Triumvirate*; I dipt into it, and found a sad Defence of the saddest Fellow alive ; yet cou'd plainly perceive more Malice than Ignorance : It provoked me so, that I resolv'd to attack him immediately with that redundant Exuberancy of *Biliose Salts*, which Wrath supplied me with at that present ; but the same Friend dragg'd me by force to the *French Comedy* ; which Entertainment mollify'd my Passion, insensibly soothing my Contempt of the generality of Mankind, by burlesquing the whole Species ; for the same Reason, I always keep a Monkey, for my Diversion at leisure Hours, because he seems by Nature designed as a Mimick of our Brutality, for our Mortification and Instruction. Coming Home in good Humour, and taking up the Book again, I read it, with quite a

dit.

different Disposition of Mind; the ridiculous Humours of the Farce were not yet effac'd in my Brain; and every Paragraph I run over, took that whimsical Turn which presently you'll see; I was forced to publish it, for the same Reason that every Author does publish, *viz.* because it pleases his Fancy, and so much for History.

Dr. *Byfield* certainly deserves your *Applause*, and Dr. *Tripe* your Thanks for the great *Pains* he has taken; I expect neither: What I have done, is only to ease my self: The Subject indeed is inexhaustible, but enough has been said upon it. If you can prevail upon one of your Fraternity, to publish his Lectures at the College, upon the *Spleen*, with his Heretical Appendix against *Free-Will*, you may in all Probability have some new Diversion; at least it will not be amiss to prescribe him a few *Bitters*, that he may the better be enabled to digest



A

Serious Conference

BETWEEN

SCARAMOUCH *and* HARLEQUIN.

HARL. **W**H Y how now, *Scarré*! how long hast thou been a Dab-
bler in Physic? Or is it on-
ly to shew thy Parts, that
thou hast taken a poor de-
serted *Greshamite* into thy favour.

SCAR. No, *Harlequin*, I'm in earnest, and I seriously undertake his Cause, for the sake of Truth.

HARL. How! in earnest, and seriously, for the sake of Truth: Poor *Scarré*, why thou wilt be undone, Lad. The World hates Truth, and loves to be merry; and it is thy business to make it so; and if thou didst but know how ill Gravity becomes thee, thou wou'dst presently fall into thy old facetious Trot.

B

SCAR.

SCAR. Nay, I own, that suits my Temper best ; for let me be never so careful, when I act a grave Part, yet some habitual Gestures and Grimaces betray my inward Disposition.

HARL. Ay, ay, you may fold your self up as you please in your large Wrapper, and overshadow your merry Sconce with a broad Covering ; the Fable will still hold good, *the Ears will appear.*

SCAR. Not so free, good *Harlequin* ; tho' we take great Liberties with other People, let us use one another well.

HARL. By no means, dear *Mouché*, we must treat one another very scurvily ; least the World take it amiss when we abuse them. But then I tell thee what will do as well ; we'll resolve to take nothing ill from either side.

SCAR. Well, agreed, provided thou art not too hard upon me, for I know thou hast an unlucky way of getting the Laugh on thy side.

HARL. Never fear, Boy ! we'll both wear our Masques, and be *Incognito*, and so let them laugh on, and be as merry as they please, I know who must pay the Fidler.

SCAR. What ? then, *Harlequin*, we must appear in Public, must we ? and upon this Subject.

HARL. No doubt on't, *Scaramouch*, the Town expects it of us ; our Performances are at present the High Taste, and to be in Masquerade will relish the Entertainment.

SCAR.

SCAR. I like the Fancy well enough ; but how must this be managed, *Harlequin* ?

HARL. Why thus, *Scarré* ; we'll be like two Lawyers ; we'll Scold, and Brawl, and Wrangle, to the satisfaction of our Clients, and mean nothing by it all the while, and be very good Friends still.

SCAR. Mean nothing by it, *Harlequin* ? why, did I not tell you before I was in earnest : I promise you I shall plead very warmly for the Doctor ; perhaps be a little ill natur'd, and sometimes more witty than you imagine upon your Clients.

HARL. With all my heart, faith, it will make an admirable Contrast ; nothing can be better than to be in different Tempers, and it will best suit the Characters of our Clients. Thine is of a Serio-Pragmatico-Comico-Biliose Nature ; and mine, of a Triumvirate of pleasant Fellows.

SCAR. Ay, you may grin as much as you please, but when I come to solid Argument, I shall put such Queries to you, that you w'ont be able to answer.

HARL. I own that very possible, dear *Mouche* ; it is very common with People of thy Abilities.

SCAR. My Abilities ! my Abilities ! you know *Harlequin*, the World is very well apprised of my Depth in all sorts of Arts and Sciences : But pray what are you Eminent in ?

HARL. Laughing, *Scaramouch*, at all your Depths, Arts and Sciences, which I can be

Master of for Thirty Shillings ; besides, I have *Latin* and *Greek* enough left, since I was a Scholar at the *Charter house*.

SCAR. *Latin* and *Greek* ! all *Pedantry*, by *Jove* ; What's *Latin* and *Greek*, to noble ingenious Theories in the Works of Nature ?

HARL. Theories ! I tell you the *Charter-house* is as eminent for Theories as *Gresham-College*. And—— but I think now we have warm'd our selves, we had best begin our Pleading.

SCAR. You may be sure, I'm as ready as you ; and I don't question justifying the Doctor's admirable System of the Bile ; and however ridicul'd by his own Countrymen, all Foreigners have a great Esteem for him ; and that you know.

HARL. I do so, especially your *Lipsiensis*, *hominis superioris Seculi*. However I met with one t'other Day, who talking of your Client's Performance, was pleas'd to express himself in the following manner : *Revera Domine, nunquam vidi tale de-bile Argumentum*. But now begin, and before you set out like an Orator, with a *Cotburnick Elocution*, and Just *Emph:sis*.

Hem ! Hem.

S I R S,

SCAR. " † **T**hat you are asham'd of your own Names, and dare not appear openly against Dr. Woodward's Book, but
throwd

Letter to
the Fatal
Triumvi-
rate.

“ shrowd your selves under the *Cover* and *Pro-*
 “ *tection* of another, is an equal Proof of your
 “ *Sincerity* and *Wisdom*.

HARL. Enough ; 'Tis true, * *Nolumus Inqui-*
nari Ignavo stercore, we are ashamed of appear-
 ing openly to wrestle with *T——m T——d* ;
 we don't care to be defil'd with the *Zibethum*
Occidentale, or keep our Friends at a distance,
 by the *Sulphureous Exhalations* of colluctating
Biliose Salts : In this we shew our *Wisdom* ; and
 our *Sincerity*, by warning the World from the
 like Dangers by our Example.

SCAR. † “ *That* you can find no fault with the
 “ Doctor's Book, but *about* his Manner of ex-
 “ pressing himself ; and his Style being diffe-
 “ rent from yours, is a greater Compliment
 “ to Him than you are, perhaps, aware of.

HARL. Why truly that wou'd be a Compli-
 ment, if we had found no other Fault ; but as
 the Case now stands, the Style is the best of
 the Book, and the Sauce that makes the indige-
 stible Stuff go down : And I am mightily plea-
 sed with his new Terms of Art ; they will
 make a rare Supplement to the next Edition
 of the *Lexicon Technicum*. But think again *Mouché*,
 my little *Mouché*, is there nothing but *about* his
 Manner of expressing himself ? nothing *about*
 the Bile ? *about* the Pylorus ? *about* the Lacteals ?
about Hump'd Backs ? *about* adjourning the
 Small-Pox ? *about*——

SCAR.

* Phœdrus.

† Pag 6.

SCAR. Hold, hold ; yes, there is something, but in how ** “ Vulgar a way ! How common “ is it, now a-days, to turn serious Things to “ Mirth and Drollery ; and to banter the “ most useful and important Truths.

HARL. Alas ! alas ! 'tis a wicked Age, that is the truth on't, *Scaramouch*, and thy Concern for it, gives me pain truly ; but be comforted ; tho' we do live in Burlesque Times, I can assure you, there is many a serious, sound Argument dress'd up in a facetious manner ; and you know very well, *Scarré*, that a great deal of Impertinence may be veil'd under the Appearance of Gravity, and a bold assuming Air. Then consider, *Scarré*, my Clients have the whole Faculty of Physic on their side, who universally look upon *Woodward's* Book as stuffed with Absurdities, false Anatomy, extravagant Whims, imaginary Principles, inconsistent Deductions, ill-adapted Allegories, and fantastical Expressions ; and yet there will be People like your self, who may fancy it a notable Performance, and take him for a Physician, because a Doctor. So have I seen Puppies caress and fawn upon a Monkey as belonging to the Family, from his faint Resemblance to Humane Nature. Shou'd then this false Image of a Man, be treated with Seriousness ? or would it not be more proper to cloath him with Patch-work ? and a suitable Cap ? after the judicious manner practis'd in all Fairs, where he is expos'd in his proper Habit, to divert Blockheads and
Country

** Ibid.

Country Boobies. If you should dress one in a black tufted Silk Gown and a round Velvet Cap; or another in a Gown and Cassock, with a broad Beaver and Scarf, all wise Men would certainly be offended, tho' possibly they might pass for *Lambeth* Doctors.

SCAR. † " But, do you think, that, if a Man had a mind to fool away an Hour in your Way, one cou'd not find amongst your *Three*, Matter enough to make one's self, or any ill natured Creature, very Merry ?

HARL. I suppose you mean, or any *other* ill natur'd Creature ; but go on, and let us see what a merry Fellow thou art.

SCAR. * " Why, suppose one should take a fancy to print one of *Sarum Mortimer's Speeches*, made at the *College* ; and to put it as near as possible in his own Way, with all his *Draw-backs, Self-recatches, Reduplications, and Titubations*; and then to make a few humorous Remarks upon it ; Would not this make even the most sullen of all *Stoicks* Laugh ?

HARL. Thy Remarks might indeed : But withee, *Scarré*, what is all this Jargon, *Sarum—Mortimer—Speeches—College—Draw-backs—Self-recatches—Reduplications—Titubatinos* ?

SCAR. I shan't gratify you with a farther explanation.

HARL. Well, then, I must guess: Let us see, *Sarum, Sarum*,—why that is *Salisbury* ;—what has *Salisbury* to do with *Physic* ?
Were

† Ibid.

* Page 7.

Were it *Salus-bury*, possibly something of !
 fic might be imply'd : So let's proceed ; *Mor-*
timer—Speeches—Draw-backs—Self-recatches—
Reduplications—Titubations. Come, we'll take
 it this Way——hold, no, that wont do ; well,
 then, begin with *Mortimer* ; *Mortimer*——I'm
 sure nobody can make any thing of *Mortimer* ;
 now let's put *Mortimer* and the rest together :
 What then ? oh ! I find your Knavery out,
 you're nibbling at *Scan. Mag.* are you ? If
 you're thereabouts, I shall leave you to the
 Law.

SCAR. Leave me to the Law ! 'faith, *Harlequin*,
 thou art very dull, and thou really know'st
 nothing of the *College*, or *Speeches* there.

HARL. Not of any Remarkable *Speeches*,
Scarré.

SCAR. I believe as much, truly ; but I'll try
 thy Invention once more ; perhaps thou
 know'st nothing " of what *Don Pedantio Ami-*
 " *chi* hath * sometime ago publish'd ; I mean
 " the strange and wonderful Adventures of a
 " second *Don Quixote* ; wherein he has outdone
 " the very Soul and Spirit of all Romantick
 " Lying and Feigning.

HARL. *Don Pedantio Amichi* ! Who the De-
 vil's he ? Sure thou hast the worst Knack in
 the World at adapting of Names to Persons
 thou wouldst abuse : *Amichi*, what Language
 is this.

SCAR. I suppose then that you don't under-
 stand *Italian*.

Har

HARL. *Italian!* Why, I thought you was speaking *Spanish*, with your *Don's*: But, pray how do you spell *Amichi*?

SCAR. So; I have a fine Task impos'd upon me; why thus, *A—M—I—C—H—I*.

HARL. Very well, 'faith, *Scarré*, but I'm an Oyster if ever I heard of such a Word in my Life: By *Don Pedantio*, I presume you understand somebody skilful in *Greek* and *Latin*, your Abomination: But whoever he is, I may fairly conclude from what you said, that he has wrote a Book, and that so well, that Malice it self could not hinder your comparing of it to *Don Quixote*, the best of its Nature that ever was penn'd; as for the Spirit and Soul of Romantic Lying, *Cervantes* design'd to expose Knight-Errantry, and what was the Intention of the Author you mean, I can't pretend to determine.

SCAR. I find you wont understand me.

HAR. I never was good at Riddles in my Life; good *Scarré*, be-more Intelligible.

SCAR. Come on then; I'll be plain enough now I warrant you. * " If a Wag were mer-
 " rily dispos'd, what smart Work might he
 " make with a certain Curiosity of an *Essay*
 " upon *Poisons*; And another most whimsical
 " Piece of the *Empire of the Sun and Moon over*
 " the *Bodies of Men*?

C

HARL.

HARL. Ay, now thou art plain enough ; and so plain, that thou art plainly a Fool, to imagine that any of thy Flirts can destroy the Credit of those two Books, that for so long time have received the Approbation of *Connoisseurs*, *né sutor ultra Crepidam* ; thou know'st nothing of Poisons but *Common Draught*, nor of the Influence of the Planets on Human Bodies, unless of *Venus and Mercury*.

SCAR. Pray have Patience and let me go on ; I say, * “ It will not at all follow, because a
“ Man diverts himself thus, now and then in
“ the *Philomath Way*, that therefore he don't
“ understand well enough how to get Money
“ and good Practice.

HARL. Thou art right, once, in thy Consequences, *Mouché*.

SCAR. † “ Or that he don't know how to buy
“ gawdy Prints or Drawings, any more than
“ it will follow, that a Cuckold can't be a
“ Well-wisher to the Mathematicks himself.

HARL. Now thou art got into thy wild Note again ; why should'st thou take so much Pains to expose thy Ignorance in Pictures ? We were very well satisfied before (by thy choice of a *Client*) of thy Taste ; and that a *Dutch Piece* of a Mountebank, with all his Grimaces, and Apish Gestures, wou'd give thee more pleasure than the best *Antique Bust* of an *Hippocrates* or a *Galen* ; or a *Kneller's Portrait* of a *Radcliffe*, a *Mead*, or a *Freind*.

But

* Page 8.

† Page 9.

But in the Name of Goodness, how came Cuckold into thy Head? The Devil certainly owes thee a Spight; why, Man, it's a Word, that here, in *England*, deserves the Roughest Usage, because deprived of its genuine Signification; we in *France*, indeed, distinguish between, *Cocu*, *Cocué*, and *Cocu*, *Cocuant*; tho' the Latter is the real *Cocu*; and is a Metaphorical Expression, taken from the Nature of a *Cuckow*, which is to lay its Eggs in other Birds Nests; and in this Sense exceeding applicable to a *Well-wisher* to the *Mathematicks*, and unless you can safely affirm, that you never *divert your self in the Philomath Way*, *Ex præmissis concludo lepudum nostrum Scaramouch esse verum Cuculum.*

SCAR. Why such Ill-natur'd Inuendo's, *Harlequin*? " I don't speak these Things out of a
 " Design to reflect upon any one, nor enter
 " into the Affair of Parties; because, I don't
 " doubt but an *Oxford Jacobite* may be as good
 " a *Physician*, as one bred in a *Conventicle*.

HARL. Far be it from me, *Scaramouch*, to mean any Personal Reflections, or enter into the Affair of other Peoples Lives and Education; because I don't doubt, but a *Lambeth Doctor* may be as good a *Physician*, as one bred behind a *Counter*.

SCAR. Come, come, deal candidly with me;
 " * for my plain Meaning in all this, is, to shew
 " the Unreasonableness and Unfairness of such
 " Proceedings; and to complain of the Injury
 " that is done to *Dr. Byfield*, whom all the
 " World

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 " Proceedings; and to complain of the Injury
 " that is done to *Dr. Byfield*, whom all the
 " World

“ World knows to be a peaceable Man, by
 “ making his Name patronize Personal Refle-
 “ ctions, and poor groveling Malice against a
 “ Gentleman who never offended him in his
 “ Life.

HARL. What more Protestations against per-
 sonal Reflections? Well, let's see how you will
 observe the *Decorum* you prescribe. For my
 part, I love Candidness with all my Heart, and
 so, to be very ingenuous with you, I can as-
 sure you, Dr. *Byfield* does not at all value your
 Concern for him; nor is he in the least uneasy
 at his Name being prefix'd to the Letter to
 Dr. *Woodward*: He is too good a Judge of Phy-
 sick; and of Wit and Humour, to be under any
 Disturbance upon that Account: Whether
 your Gentleman ever offended him, I can't tell,
 if not, Dr. *Byfield* is the first I ever heard of,
 cou'd say so much, of all that ever knew him,
 except your self. I had the good Luck t'other
 Day to hear Dr. *Byfield*'s Notion of Dr. *Wood-*
ward, from his own Mouth at a certain Coffee-
 House: Dr. *Woodward* (*says he*) is a meer No-
 vice in the Arcana of Nature, and only Pretender
 to Physick; we are both indeed Excrement-Mongers,
 but what has he made of his Biliose Salts? I have
 produced a noble Sal from Urine, taken by the chief
 Nobility, with great Satisfaction; and till I see him,
 with the same Success, make a Lord swallow a Sir
 R——ce, I shall esteem him no better than a
 common Night-man.

SCAR. * “ But to come a little closer to the
 “ Point: Dr. *Woodward* hath, in a serious man-
 “ ner,

“ ner, written a Book in Physick ; and one
 “ full, as I think, of very useful and impor-
 “ tant Discoveries ; and this, for the common
 “ Good of Mankind, he hath kindly commu-
 “ nicated to the Publick.

HARL. It was very kindly done truly ; and I do believe the Doctor was serious, very serious, in writing of that Book ; but believe me it's more than I ever yet cou'd find any one to be, in reading of it ; and as an Antidote to the Spleen, may well be said to be for the common Good of Mankind. But what an Air you give your self, when you say, and one full, *as I think*, of very useful and important Discoveries : What an *Ipse Dixit* is here ! After such a Discovery of thy self, *as I think*, thou should'it not talk of any other Discoveries ; or of their Use and Importance, to any, but such, as thou can't make thy self important to.

SCAR. I say, * “ in this Book he judiciously
 “ finds fault with several Methods of Practice,
 “ which he had observed common in the
 “ World ; and of this he gives Instances, and
 “ assigns his Reasons.

HARL. Thou wilt have *thy* Say I find ; and therefore I say so too ; and not only with *several* Methods of Practice, but *all* Methods of Practice common in the World : This is indeed judiciously done, and the only way he had to be even with the rest of the World, who all unanimously find fault with his Method of Practice ; and he had still been more Judicious, had

had he left out his Instances and his Reasons.

SCAR. But, * “ doth not this require a fair
“ and serious Answer from such as differ from
“ him ?

HARL. No.

SCAR. “ If you can, by Philosophy and
“ Anatomy, disprove and contradict the Truth
“ of what he hath advanced, do it and wel-
“ come.

HARL. Yes.

SCAR. ** “ The more is written on such Sub-
“ jects, the greater Light and Truth will be
“ struck out and discovered.

HARL. No.

SCAR. † “ Is it reasonable and decent to
“ treat such an Argument with *Banter* and
“ Buffoonry ?

HARL. Yes.

SCAR. †† “ Is not Dr. *Woodward's* Language
proper, clear and intelligible ?

HARL. No.

SCAR. ††† “ You are so conscious that it is
“ so every where, that you cou'd not produce
“ one Instance to play the Jester upon, with-
“ out quoting him falsely, and grossly per-
“ verting his Sense

HARL. Upon my Faith, *Mouché*, Dr. *Bjork*
has not quoted him falsely ; nor perverted his
Sense ;

Sense ; which is full as intelligible in that Epitome, as in his Book at large.

SCAR. * “ If you will needs have it otherwise, pray find out some Relation or *Friend*, that is a School master, and let him dispute this doughty Matter, who hath nothing else to do, but mind Gerunds and Supines.

HARL. Oh ! pray don't expose your Clients Posteriors so rashly ; for depend upon it he'll be soundly lash'd ; any School-Master will do ; we need not apply our selves to a Relation or a *Friend*, I'll promise you ; you may remember how coarsely he had like to have been handled, for not being able to decline *Anus*.

SCAR. Thou art a stupid Cur, *Harlequin* ; I find thou didst not take the Wit of what I said.

HARL. Wit, *Scaramouch* ? Where did it lie ? in *Gerunds* and *Supines* ?

SCAR. May be it did, may be not ; but I wou'd fain have the † “ grave and serious Physician, who is intrusted with such valuable Jewels as the Lives of Mankind, avoid playing the School-boy, and let him try to write something to the Purpose.

HARL. Thou hast given us such a Sample of grave and serious Physician, that I shall never love a grave and serious Physician again, as long as I live ; nor do I know of any such that is fit to be intrusted with the Life of a Man, or able to write any thing to the Purpose. Grave and serious ! thou art wonderful-fond of late of Gravity and Seriousness, I suppose by way of Novelty. SCAR.

SCAR. * “ ’Tis plain enough, what Princi-
 “ ples pushes you on; and which way Dr.
 “ *Woodward* has drawn your Rage upon him.
 “ *Nunquam magis torquebis Invidos, quam Virtutis*
 “ *& Gloriæ Inserviundo.*”

HARL. NOW can you in Conscience ever
 rail at *Latin* again, or come upon us with your
Pedantio's; don't you see the Use of it, how by
 the Magic of a few Words, one can make a
 Hero of a Quack? I am mightily pleased with
 it; it renews the Idea of a Scene I once was
 witness to; it was the blowing up of a Rat;
 when the fatal Contrast between the Sulphu-
 reous and Nitrous Salts took place, and by their
Colluctations buff'd up into the *Final* Explosion,
 exalting the sordid Vermin into the Air, a
 commiserating Stander by, broke out into the
 following Pathetic Expression; *Sic Itur ad*
Astra; what cou'd be finer, and more to the
 Purpose?

SCAR. Laugh on, † “ I remember Dr. *Wool-*
 “ *ward* received just such kind of Treatment
 “ as this once before, upon the Publication of
 “ his Excellent *Essay towards a Natural History*
 “ *of the Earth*. But alas! it signify'd nothing:
 “ †† It only excited a *merry Fellow* to make
 “ some *Remarks* upon them; whereupon all
 “ their *Objections* vanish'd.

HARL. This merry Fellow, I find, was some
 Body, that you have a more than common
 Value for, even more than for Dr. *Woodward*
 and that grave and serious Physician I perceive
 wa

was mightily beholden to a Jester that Time, tho' Mirth must not be tolerated at present. But pray acquaint that merry Fellow, he shan't get off so now, for we have a *facetious Wagg* on our side shall hold his Hand out; as for thee thou art my Peculiar.

SCAR. Don't think to bully, I dare answer for that *merry Fellow* as for my self: but the Truth is, that * " Book hath stood its Ground
" ever since; supported by Observations, Reason,
" son, and the common Sense of Mankind,
" both at Home and Abroad.

HARL. I must take the Liberty to alter your Position, dear *Scarré*; 'tis true *that Book has stood its Ground ever since*, and unmolested by the common Consent of Mankind, of common Sense, both at Home and Abroad; not supported by Observations and Reason; but Shelves and Brackets.

SCAR. † " Let us see a little, what kind of
" Faults they are, which thus you happily
" make your selves merry with. * You seem
" to plume your selves with ridiculing his
" Account of the *Bile*; but have you attempted
" any thing towards disproving of Facts?
" or can you prove, that it comes not in with
" Diet at the Mouth, and so passes into the
" Stomach, but enters the Body at the other
" Gate, where the *Zibethum Occidentale* passes
" forth? and can you demonstrate, that it is
D " from

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

** Page 14. 15.

“ from thence *only*, that in excessive Vomiting
 “ it gets up into the Ventricle ? ”

HARL. Do you then seriously, *Scaramouch*, attempt to justify the Doctor's Account of the *Bile* ? Do you really think there are no Faults in it ? Let me put you a Query or two: What is it you understand by Salts, Saccharine, Bitter, Acid, Muriatic, Ammoniac ? Have you any clearer Conception of the *Bile* than you had before ? But we'll allow them to be the Produce of its *Analysis* ; Do you know by that, the Properties of the *Compositum* ? No doubt when any of the Constituent Parts exceed their just Proportion, Inconveniencies will happen ; but has not the other Juices of the Body the same Title to do Mischief as the *Bile*, and for the same Reason ; why must that be the only Peccant Fluid in the Body ?

SCAR. Because from the Stomach proceeds all the Disorders of the Body ; which is the *Source* and *Residence* of the *Bile*, * and this, as I said, you can't deny ; but answer me to what I said before.

HARL. What ! I must prove that the *Bile* does not come in with the Diet, at the Mouth, and so pass into the Stomach ? Truly, *Scarré*, I can't do that : The Aliments certainly supply all the Juices of the Body ; and after this manner, every *Succus* is contained in the Stomach ; but why the *Bile* more than the *Urine*,
Saliva,

* *Woodward*.

Saliva, Fat, Sperm, Mucilage of the Joints, *Cerumen* of the Ear, or the *Blood* it self? They don't properly obtain those Names, till they have received their several distinct Textures, in their respective Laboratories: And though afterwards very different, yet when their Constituent Principles are blended together in the Stomach, they agree very well in healthy Persons; no *Colluctations, Conflicts, Turmoiles, Huffings, or Perturbations*, on the contrary, after a full meal of Varieties, and the Stomach considerably distended, you shall see a Room fill'd with *Placid, serene Countenances*, the Brain suffering no *Anxiety* or *Emotions* from any pressure on the *Aorta* by a Load of good Cheer; however, gentler Fumes may *modulate* it: All this thou can't not deny, my *Scarré*, whose joyful Rays of Health, so oft have shone resplendent, at a well spread Table.

But to proceed; as for the Biles being cast up out of the Stomach in excessive Vomitings, the Argument stands thus: It is certain, there is Bile in the Stomach in its natural state, that is, when there is no Vomitings, because it is thrown up from it, in its unnatural State, that is, in excessive Vomitings; here is Logic for you. But where is the Jest, pray, of thy asking, whether the Bile gets up into the Ventricle, from the Gate of the *Zibethum Occidentale*? Not but Clysters have entered that Postern, and been pump'd upwards by *excessive* Vomiting; but why such violent Vomiting necessary, to force up a little Choler from the *Duodenum*, when the *Pylorus* is not asleep? To conclude, your Doctor never yet saw the Con-

tents of the Stomach ting'd with Bile in any of his Dissections, unless it were an Icteric Case,

Thou seest, my dear *Mouché*, what Pains I take to answer all thy Queries out of pure Compassion to thy Ignorance; and I think I have been very serious, as you desired; these Objections removed the Doctor's whole System falls; his whole Scheme is erected on this narrow Basis, set up like a Gigg upon a small Point, which he afterwards whips through two hundred and seventy Pages, knowing it would never stand by it self.

SCAR. You might have said like a *Town Top*, for every Body takes a Lash at it. Upon the whole, I own, I never heard so much said against him before; but since you will not allow of his Way of accounting for Cogitation, Muscular Motion, and other Actions of Life; give me leave to attack your general received System of Nervous Operations: * “Will you engage to prove
“ the Existence of your beloved *Mephistophi-*
“ *li*, the Animal Spirits? An Apparation
“ of any of which no one ever yet saw.

HARL. Faith, *Scaramouch*, thou art as bad at an Attack, as a Defence; why Man! dost think we mean Hob-Goblins, or Fairies, by Animal Spirits? But come, it is artfully done, to put us upon the Proof of their Existence, when thou art resolved to take none, but
what

what we don't pretend to give, that is, to make them Objects of the Sight. We mean nothing by them, but the finer Fluids of the Body, that are capable of permeating the curious Texture of the Nerves, and actuate them in their several Offices; and we suppose them not subject to the Senses any more than the Cavities of the Nerves themselves; is there any Absurdity in all this? Either in the Supposition, or the Name of Spirits? Don't we technically so call, all the more subtle Fluids, as Spirit of Turpentine, Wine, Harts-horne, &c?

SCAR. Ay, my dear *Harlequin*, but we can't see them.

HARL. O! can we so; and we can see, I suppose, the Volatile Effluvia of a Bottle of Sal-Ammoniac? Or is there any such Effluvia? For shame, for shame, don't trifle so; and Oh! that pretty Word you have got, *Mephitophili*, the Etymology, pray? might we not we with greater Justness, call your confounded eructating *Biliose Salts*, from their *Sulphureæ Mephites*, *Mephitophili*?

SCAR. Well, enjoy your Spirits if you will, but don't put your Nerves upon us, those Fiddle-strings of the Machine, which are only so many * *Chordæ Tensæ*, and *pedissequi* to the Arteries throughout the Body; Hippocrates himself calls a Nerve indifferently, *νεῦρον* or *τένον*, and I hope you'll take his Authority.

HARL.

* Woodward, Page 12.

HARL. I see you have learnt your Lesson very well, *Scarré*; but pray tell your Master, *Hippocr.* uses that Word *νεῦρον*, indifferently, for a Nerve, Tendon, or Ligament, but generally for the two last. The Truth is, I believe, that the *Greshamite*, was resolv'd to model his System in a Military Way, if one may guess from his Metaphorical Expressions, of Conflicts, Attacks, Detachments, &c. Now it would have been an unpardonable Achromism in a Man of his polite Taste, to have framed an Allegory, from the Ancient Way of fighting; so that *Nervus* smells too strong of the Bow-string, to be admitted into the Scheme; wherefore he judiciously chose to improve his Theory, by the Pattern of modern Gun-powder, which owes its Energy and Explosion to inordinate *Colluctations* of contending Salts; and as it causes great *Devastations* and *Perturbations* in the *Macrocosm*; so it was easy to make the *Bile* do the same in the *Microcosm*.

SCAR. All this is mighty well, *Harlequin*; but there is one Thing you will ne'er get over.

HARL. Good *Scarré*, let us into that.

SCAR. Why then * “ I must *require* you, either to affirm or deny, that the Stomach doth rest upon the *Aorita*; and to shew Reasons, that it is not likely, that so great
“ and

* Pag. 17.

“ and surprizing Effects shou'd arise from
 “ thence ; don't *Shuffle*, nor *Bambouze*, but an-
 “ swer me directly.

HARL. You must *require* me ! *require* me !
 what now, *Mouché*, are you *Bidding* of *Physic* ?
 and putting that upon me, which you can't
 do your self ? But I shall deal plainly with
 you , without *Shuffling* , and tell you it
 does not rest upon the *Aorta* ; and conse-
 quently not likely to produce such surprizing
 Effects : Are you satisfied now ? If not, I
 tell you, when the Trunk is erect in standing
 or sitting, the Stomach rests upon the Infe-
 rior Contents of the *Abdomen* ; and when re-
 clined, upon the Diaphragm, (above your
 belov'd *Curb*) which likewise supports it from
 pressing on the great Artery, and this I main-
 tain, so go to your Master for new Instru-
 ctions.

SCAR. I must own, I did not expect that
 Answer, and I shall think of it ; but before
 we part, pray tell me whether there † “ can
 “ a more natural Reason or Cause of Old
 “ Age and Death be given, than what the
 “ Doctor advances about the Obstructions
 “ and Failure of the Lacteal Veins, in the
 “ Mesentery. If you know another more pro-
 “ bable, pray assign it, and I'll engage it will
 “ be received without the Grins and Grima-
 “ ces with which you treat this.

HARL.

HARL. Thou art superlatively silly, *Scarré*; 'tis not possible for me to be serious any longer. I don't question, but thou art of Opinion, that this wonderful Doctor can make thee as immortal, by his Oily Draughts, as *Asgill* by Faith, by preserving thy Lacteals from Obstructions, which consequently secures thee from Death and Old Age: I hope, in time, to see a Dissertation of his, concerning the Tree of Life; no doubt it was a Noble Deobstruent; and in all probability the *Unctuous* Almond-Tree it self. As for the Tree of Knowledge, we expect no Account of it from him; for the World justly doubts, whether he be of the *Adamite Race* or no, from his great Unlikeness, in every Respect, to the rest of that Species.

SCAR. But why different in every Respect? Has he not Eyes, Ears, Nose, Mouth, and Brain like other People?

HARL. Yes, *Scarré*, but if he does not make the same Use of them, they may more properly be called a *Lusus Naturæ*; but to be short, I refer you to that great Foreigner *Bombast ab Obenheim*, in his Philosophical Treatise *de Generatione Stultorum*: Where he says, *Vulcanus Sculpsit Hominem; in Sculptura autem, & Generatione Stultorum, Vulcanus ipsemet præsens non est, sed Tyrones tantum Corruptores*. Now as thy Doctor is quite different from other Models, we may conclude, him the Work of some Understrapper. He afterwards proves that

that Folly consists wholly in the Matter it self, of which the Person is made, and not in the Soul, which I am really inclined to believe : For daily Experience shews us, how great a *Sympathy* there is between such Bodies, (according to the old Philosophy) or by the New, how strong an *Attraction* or *Tendency* to one another. I chuse to quote this Author, because I think him, as clear and intelligible as the Greshamite you so much admire.

SCAR. I tell you what I think intelligible,
 “ * the Doctor’s Method of Practice in gi-
 “ ving Oils and Unctuous Medicines ; I take
 “ that *Discovery* of the *Benefit* of Oil and its
 “ Application, to have been the *greatest* that
 “ hath for a long while been made in the
 “ *Medicinal Art* ; and yet you wou’d fain make
 “ it ridiculous and useles.

HARL. Indeed, Scarré, it is *He* that makes it *ridiculous* and *useles*, by promiscuously giving Oils, in all Cases ; their Use is as old as Physic, and *Physicians* in *All Ages* have taken Care to let us know when they are of Benefit, and when noxious : Dr. *Woodward* alone has made Oil a *Panacea*, and I never yet saw any Pretensions to an Universal Medicine, where there were any any to common Sense.

SCAR. But pray why do you find fault with Vomits, and other evacuating Medicines.

E

HARL.

HARL. We don't, my dear *Mouché*, but we are not for Vomits in a *Pleurisie* or an *Hæmoptoe*, * or for giving strong Purges to chuse, in the weakest Conditions.

SCAR. But pray, † “ if the Doctor will be
 “ so kind to attend a Vomit himself, is it like-
 “ ly to have the worse Effect, by having its
 “ Operation performed in the Presence of
 “ him that prescribes it ?

HARL. O! by no means, *Scarré*, it will certainly work the better ; and his tempering the several different Liquors with his *Finger*, is a Thought far beyond that of a *Feather*.

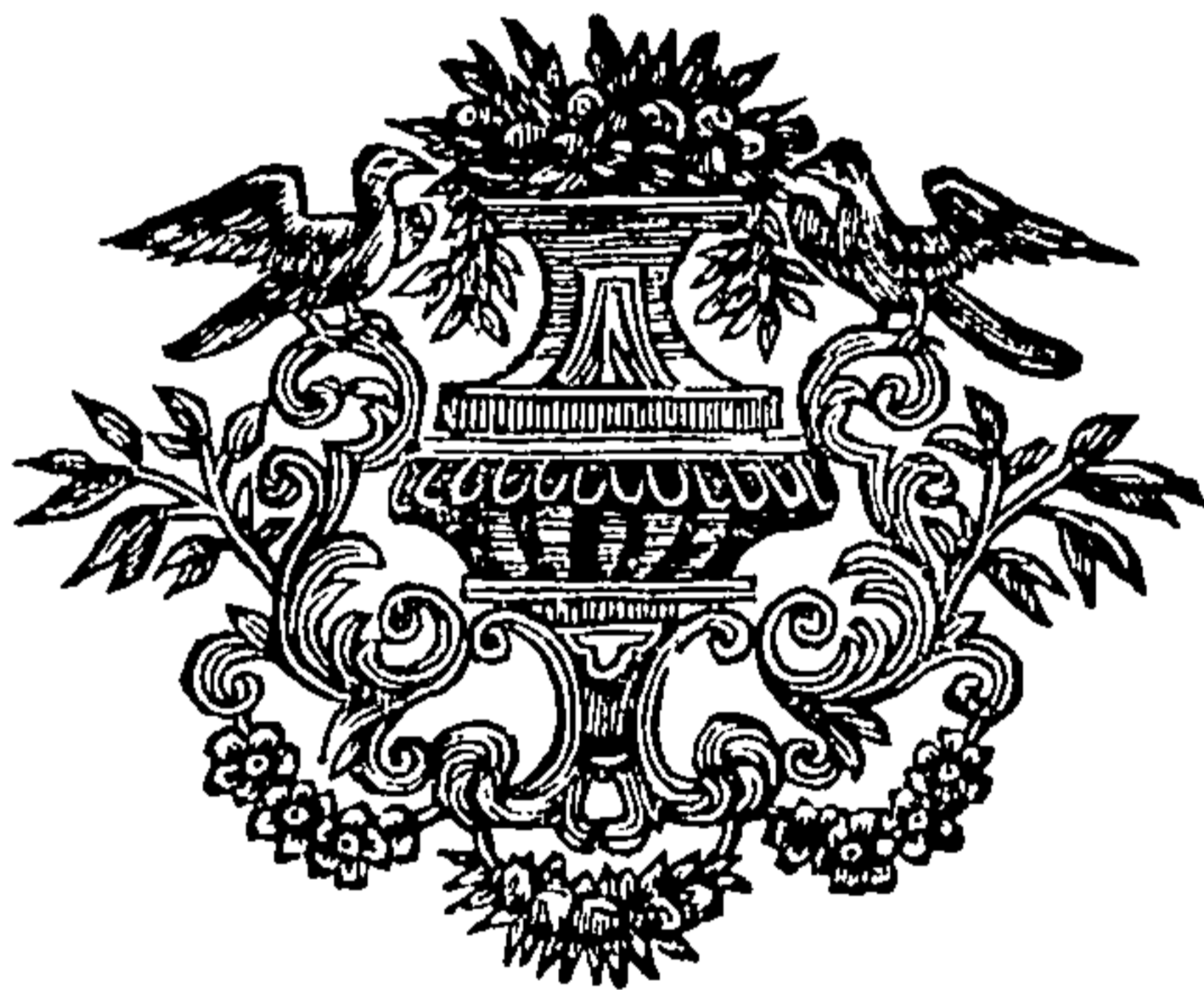
SCAR. ** “ But I grow sick of such poor
 “ stuff, and uneasy to see the most useful
 “ Designs to promote the Health, and Ease
 “ of my Fellow-Creatures; ridicul'd by a few
 “ envious and malicious Men ; * * and thus
 “ I shall take my leave of you *at present*.

HARL. Poor dear, tender-hearted Creature, that thou shoud'st be sick out of pure Concern for other People ! But be comforted, that none of those envious, malicious Men, will have the Advantage of the Doctor's Prescriptions ; and his own Friends will ; but then alas ! they will be daily decreasing in Number ; and so thou wilt take thy Leave *at present* ? Well, good by, *Scarre* : But when
 ever

* *Vide Woodward.* † Page 18. * * *Ibid.*
 * * Pag. 18

ever thou hast a Mind to divert the Town again, let me know of it, for thou wilt make nothing of it by thy self; and if thou art so disposed, we'll entertain it once a Quarter, with a *Petite Piece*. *Adieu*, Scaramouch.

N. B. *Harlequin* has been informed, that the Riddle of *Sarum Mortimer* (mention'd in Page 7th) will be unfolded when the History of *Kent* is Publish'd.




THE



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