

is utterly ruined, and sometimes a whole Family, when either an only Son or Daughter is thus indiscreetly led astray : which might be prevented, if Gentlemen would but lay a greater restraint upon their Children, and not suffer them to associate with their Servants, and take up with the Kitchen, instead of the Parlour ; but instill into their tender Minds more noble Sentiments, worthy of their birth and blood.

*Of Mr. Ward's silencing the 'Pothecaries Pestles and Mortars : Of the pretended Pestilence, about two Years since in London, and the Physicians flying their Kyte upon Hampstead-Heath.*

**A**FTER so many high Speculations on the famous PILL and DROP of Mr. Joshua Ward; after his Name and Undertakings have been the Subject of so many Pens, the Source of so much Wit, the daily Exercise of publick Discourse and publick Expectation; it would be almost criminal to be silent in the Praise of this extraordinary Person, whose Dispensations have filled the *Grubstreet Journal*, whose RELIGION hath no less alarmed the *Daily Courant*, whose Character hath furnished the *Craftsman* with wise Remarks, the *Prompter* with humourous Reflections, and been honoured in all the Papers, by the real and substantial Advantage of ample Testimonials to the Success of his Medicines :

It cannot be expected that I should enter into the Secret of this *renowned* PILL; much less am I knowing in the Means by which he acquired it, or in the Nature of the Fund by which *all*  
*the*

*the Papists of the King's Dominions* are said to support him in dispensing it *Gratis*, that the *Poor* and the *Sick* may be converted to *Popery* by the Success of *his Nostrums*. If indeed we may credit our learned *Brother of Grubstreet*, who computes that *Four Hundred and Eighty Pills* may be made for the Price of *One Penny*, I should think the Expence might be borne and defrayed, without such a Tax on so numerous a Body of People; and that every *Four Doses*, which he sells to the Rich for *One Guinea*, will enable him to give away *One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Nine Hundred Fifty-six Pills*, for so small a Price as NOTHING: Yet, on the other hand, when I consider that Mr. *Ward* professedly disclaims whatever belongs to the *Regular Practice of Physick*, it is hard and uncharitable to believe he would be so notoriously REGULAR, as to sell his Medicines for so many *Thousand times more than they are worth*.

Neither are the *Emissaries of the Whore of Babylon* to be suspected of carrying on her Interests by the *Powers of Pills and Drops*; especially, considering that the *Protestant Religion* hath prevailed, in *Defiance of the Jesuits Bark*; that curing of *Agues* by that powerful *Specifick* made no *Converts* to the *Popish Superstition*; and that *Misaubin's Pill*, though imported from *France*, amidst its surprizing Effects in the *Beau Monde*, never made one *Profelyte* to the *French Interest*.

Having therefore, as I humbly conceive, vindicated Mr. *Ward* from the Scandal of being a *Pandar* to the great *Mother of Abominations*; having freely professed that I know not at all whence he had his *Pill*; that I know as little how he

prepares it; that I do not, in the least, care who pays for it; and do further most solemnly protest, on the Faith of a Christian, *That I will never take it*: I hope the candid Reader will allow, that I enter on this Subject with a Mind entirely free from all Possession, Prejudice, or Private Interest; and, having so well prepared the Publick to believe all that I shall say on this Matter, I want no other Helps to Oratory in the Panegyrick of this wonderful Man.

To celebrate him as a great and able PHYSICIAN, his own invincible Modesty forbids me: His open Confessions that he knows nothing of the Powers of Medicine, nor any thing of the Structure of Human Bodies; that he is not *Physician* or *Surgeon*, *Chymist* or *Apothecary*, I verily believe, and do freely admit: But that he hath a REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES, is Glory sufficient to his Fame. It would be unworthy of Him to contract any Alliance with the College in *Warwick-Lane*, the Corporation of *Monckwell-Street*, or the Brotherhood of *Black-Fryars*; and, conformably to this, it was said in the *London Evening Post*, by a former Panegyrist of his, whose Eloquence I envy, and whose Judgment I reverence, *That many believe the Wonder-working Power is not in the Pill or the Drop, but in the Person of Mr. Ward, and that He himself, without any Thing at all, could perform as extraordinary CURES*: A Matter so fruitful of Debate, and so worthy of being debated, that, to speak in *Sir Roger de Coverley's* Style, *much may be said on both Sides*: And in this Faith I shall implicitly remain, till the *Royal Society* discuss that Point more at large in their *Philosophical Transactions*.

It is not therefore as a *Physician*, or as an *Appendix to Physick*, that we can contemplate Mr. *Joshua Ward*: It is as a PATRIOT that I behold him, and shall ever admire him. He hath produced himself to the Publick in an Age when the Humours and Corruptions of the Human Body have been too obstinate for all the *Physicians* to deal with; and, after every thing hath been tried which the regular Practice of Physick could suggest, his Love to Mankind, and Contempt of worldly Riches, have brought him forth, with a *Pill* and a *Drop*, which have put the Prescriptions of the Faculty quite out of Countenance, and silenced the Pestles of the Apothecaries Shops: A Remedy which is to be admired for the Force and Abundance of its Operations; affording to the Patient more *Evacuations Upward and Downward*, for *Five Shillings*, than the Shops will sell for the Sum of Five Pounds: A Remedy which neither can be ranged as an *E-metick*, a *Cathartick*, or *Diaphoretick*, but ALL THREE together: A Remedy which rouzes the Body into Motion, even when the strongest Application to the *most sensible* Parts, are not able to enliven them: A Remedy which is speedy and decisive in its Effects, loses no Time by Delay, suffers no Disease to linger, but cures or kills, by a Summary Process, without the Trouble of Forms, or the Solemnities of Learning; infomuch, that all *Death by Consultation*, which is killing *with Malice prepense*, is, from henceforth, utterly to be abolished.

This PATRIOTISM, which so eminently shines in Mr. *Ward*, would have made him equally conspicuous in any other Profession: Had he  
 been

been a **DIVINE**, he would possibly have made this **Pill** a **CATHOLICON** *pro Salute Anima*, and have dispensed it in all the Cases of Conscience which could have required either Ease or Correction ; to the end, that, as Lord Chief Justice COKE says of *Temporal* and *Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction*, the **WHOLE MAN** might receive a **Cure**, and *Body* and *Soul* at once be Sweated, Vomited, and Purged, for their Present and Eternal Welfare. Again ; had *Mr. Ward* been a **LAWYER**, this *Pill* would have been a general *Rule of Right*, in all the Courts of *Westminster* : Take *this Pill*, and make a Decree ; or *this Drop*, before you give Judgment ; and, doubtless, had this been the Rule, many would have been made by its Influence not less Learned or Righteous than divers which have been made without it. Nor let this be lightly regarded, or read with Vulgar Attention : For, tho' the judicious Reader may think it strange, when he hears of *Pills to be taken for determining Right and Wrong*, in all the Cases which can happen ; yet he cannot account it less strange or surprizing, that these Pills should cure all the Diseases incident to Human Bodies, under every Regimen of Health, or Habit of Constitution. I do therefore infer, that *Ward's Pill* would have done the same Wonders in the PULPITS and the COURTS ; and I verily think, that there have been *Periods* in the *History of England* (not excepting even the *Twelve Years* when *Charles I.* reigned without a Parliament) at which Times honest Men might have wished that the *Lights of the Church*, and the *Guardians of the Law*, had taken a competent Dose of *Ward's Drops*, before they had either settled Creeds, or subscribed Judgments.

It being then so clear that *Ward's Pill* and *Drop* would have done as signal Service to the *Church* and the *Law*, as it hath produced within the *Province of Medicine*; I cannot but imagine that a Man of his *Patriotism*, and furnished with his *Nostrums*, might practise on the *Body Politick* with as great Success as on the *Natural Body*; that the same GRAND SPECIFICK would cure all the *Diseases of the State*, the *Corruptions of the Times*, *Intestine Disorders*, *External Blotches* and *Eruptions*, *Epidemick Evils*, and *Grievances of all Denominations*.

We may all remember that about two Years since, a very short time before this great RESTORER OF HEALTH found means to return in Peace to his Native Country, that an *idle Report* had like to have undone the whole Kingdom: In a word, the Story was this; “ That some  
 “ Workmen digging up the Ground in the *Pest-*  
 “ *fields* near *Golden-square*, to lay the Founda-  
 “ tion of some Houses, intended to be rais'd  
 “ thereon, several Bodies buried in the time of  
 “ the great Pestilence in *London*, were found a-  
 “ bout twelve Feet below the Surface of the  
 “ Earth, as fresh as tho' they had lain there but  
 “ a few Hours, with the *Plague-Sores* as visibly  
 “ upon them, as Poverty on a small Courtier's  
 “ Countenance; and that the Workmen perish'd  
 “ by the Stench in numbers, as though they had  
 “ been digging Trenches, before a *German For-*  
 “ tification: wherefore it was found convenient  
 “ to close the Ground with more Precipitancy,  
 “ than it was open'd.”

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These *Facts*, with those pretty trite Phrases, *they say* and *didn't ye hear*, being roundly asserted in most Female Conversations, begot the Vapours in all the Women of Fashion, who retired to their Chambers, and barricaded themselves up as if an Army of 20000 Ravishers was encamp'd round the City and Suburbs.

The *Builders* and their *Employers* were curs'd like the Waiters at a Bagnio, for infecting a free-born People with their damnable Projects.

There was not a Woman that brought two thousand Pounds Portion, but fancied herself *sick*, and to be *in Order* was to be *out of Fashion*: Every Woman of Quality would smell the *loathsome Stench*, exhaled in the Nitrous Particles of the Air. Thus imaginary Illnesses begot real ones; the *Faculty* soon felt the happy Effects of it, and Mr. Jackson, an honest Bookseller in *Pall-mall*, assur'd me that he sold *ten Prayer Books* to *one Opera* or *Play* for a Month together, till the Distemper *began to abate*; there not having been such a Run for Books of Devotion in *St. James's Parish*, for twenty Years before.

A certain great *Countess* was so violently shock'd, that she had once Thoughts of abating *sixty Oaths* a Day, and was determined to decrease them gradually, till she had brought herself entirely off of that scandalous Habit, till the Physicians assur'd her of the Danger she would expose her Constitution to in *cooling too fast*, and might even hazard her Life in persisting in so fatal a Resolution.

Mr.

Mr. *Heyd-g-r* had, at the slender Appearances at his *Balls* and *Opera's*, so distorted his Countenance, that he was scarce known by his most intimate Friends and Acquaintance.

A *Vintner* in the City declar'd upon his Death-Bed, that he had clear'd 300*l.* in less than a Month, by palming *White-Port* and *Honey* upon the Town for *Canary*, and desired it might be made Publick, to warn the *Brotherhood* of the like fraudulent Practices for the future.

To this *Report* succeeded another, of equal Weight and Credit with the *former*, viz. " That  
 " the Physicians ever watchful of the Health  
 " and Welfare, of the Inhabitants of this great  
 " *Metropolis*, had fix'd a small piece of *Beef* to  
 " the Tail of a large *Paper-Kite*, which being  
 " rais'd high in the Air upon *Hampstead Heath*,  
 " for the space of eleven Minutes, the Meat  
 " came down putrefied, and in as many Colours  
 " as a poor Whore's Night-Gown, stinking  
 " worse than a *Scotch Cook*, at a large Kitchen  
 " Fire." Here was a fresh Alarm and an absolute *Confirmation*, the *Glasiers* were all set to Work, to repair the *Cracks* and *Crevises* of the Windows, as though the *Mug-House Mob* had made the Town another Visit. None were now such *Infidels* as not to believe the City infected, unless a few hard-favour'd *Christians* in *Duke's-Place* and *St. Mary Axe*.

The Church upon all hands was allow'd to be in no danger from this Disorder; but those that frequented it were not thought so. Some of our Cathedrals, and most populous Parochial  
 I Churches

Churches were observed to be as thin as *Westminster-Hall* in a long Vacation.

A noted Nonconformist Teacher hinted from the Pulpit, that this *Visitation* he fear'd was in great measure owing to the Clamours rais'd against the *Army* and the *Excise*, the whole Congregation run out of the Meeting-House into the Streets, crying out, *More Troops, more Taxes!* to the no small Comfort and Satisfaction of some of the *Doctor's* Neighbours in *St. James's Square*.

*Dr. S—t* is said to have been so affected with the Apprehension of a *Contagion*, that he actually discharg'd a whole Pocket full of *Fees* into the publick Streets, the Guineas continued in the Highway several Hours, none daring to approach them, lest they should have come from *infected* Families.

*An Account of the famous Signor Farinelli.*

**T**HERE is a Custom in a Popish Countries of collecting *Charity*, which seldom fails of Success. It is called *QUETER*; and the Person that collects, *QUETEUSE*. The Choice generally falls on the handsomest Lady of the City, Village, or Court, where the *QUETE* is made, who is dress'd up with all the Advantages Art and Finery can bestow, and stands at the Church-Door, with a large Purse open, to receive the Benevolence of the Well-dispos'd, and goes the Round, after, to the several Houses of the Inhabitants, attended by an *Ecuyer* or Two, as Protectors.

BEAUTY seldom fails of moving, and those whom *Charity* alone would not soften to Compassion, are brought over, by the Force of the *QUETEUSE'S* Charms, to relieve the WRETCHED.—Thus the *Admiration* of Beauty is turned into an *Act of Devotion*, and the *Unhappy* receive *Comfort* and *Relief* from it.

Our Ladies of Fashion, who have ever been fond of imitating Foreign Customs, and particularly those practised in *France*, have lately resolved to introduce this in *England*, but with some little Variation; by which, not only the original Intent of the *QUETE*, and the Manner of collecting it, but the good Effects of such a Contribution, are entirely perverted.

Instead of choosing one or more Objects of Compassion in our own Country, on whom to shower down the *Largeſſes* to be raised, they have singled out a POOR DISTRESSED FOREIGNER, whose CRIES have a sort of a *MAGICK CHARM* in them, that takes Possession, at once, of the MOV'D Listener's Soul, and awakens it to the tenderest Sentiments in his Behalf. The *Hyana*, who is said, by its feigned Cry of Misery, to attract Traveller's Steps towards itself, has not so sure an Effect as that of this AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL. The *Syrens*, whose harmonious CRIES, none but the WISEST of the *Grecian* Princes ever escaped, would scarce, at present, raise Attention.—THOSE of our own Wretches, whom extreme *Misery and Want* pinch, are unmusical and harsh; and instead of moving the Hearers to engage in a *QUETE* for them, makes them fly from the

Compass of their Voices.—Such is the Difference between Sounds! —

Wisely reflecting, that Churches are not so much frequented *here as abroad*; and that, besides, a Church-Door would be an improper Stand to collect Money, that is not designed to be employ'd in *pious or charitable Uses*, our fair QUETEUSES haunt Assemblies, Drawing-Rooms, and other publick Places, where they empty the Power of Beauty, to exact violent Subsidies from his Majesty's loyal Subjects, over and above those already laid on for the Expences of the current Year, to support a Foreign *Auxiliary of Pleasure*, we have no *natural Want* of, nor *political Occasion* for.

The publick Papers have given us a List of some of these Contributors, and make the Profit of Senor *Carlo Broschi Farinello* amount to upwards of Two Thousand Pounds; to which if we add Fifteen Hundred Pounds Salary, and casual Presents, we may compute his annual Income at near Four Thousand Pounds a Year.

The highest Offices in His Majesty's Household, executed by Men of the first Quality in *England*, have no Salaries annexed to them that come near this Sum.—The Profits of their Employments added to their Salary, will fall infinitely short of this Computation.—Gentlemen who have served their Country Ten, Fifteen, Twenty Years, think themselves amply rewarded, if they can procure a Son a Place of Four or Five Hundred Pounds a Year. A Lawyer shall toil at the Bar thirty Years, and come into Fortune when he is going out of Life, nor think his Labour

hour ill-bestowed—An Officer grown WHITE in the Service, will comfort himself with a Regiment of Invalids, and sit down happy with such a Recompence.—Whilst a Fellow (who is only fit to enervate the Youth of *Great Britain*, by the pernicious Influence of his UNNATURAL *Voice*, and make our *Women*, who once dealt in the nobler Passions of Humanity, prostitute their Beauties to his Interest, by levying, in virtue of those Beauties, upon our young Fellows of Fortune, who are too complaisant to refuse a pretty *Solicitor*, Ten, Fifteen Guineas for a Ticket, in Favour of one, who, if he could, might command THEIR PERSONS as well as THEIR PURSES) shall be recompensed, for *the Mischiefs* he does, beyond the first Nobleman in *England*, for *his Services*. But can any thing be too considerable, for One, of whom it was said, in the Pit, after one of his Songs, ONE GOD, ONE FARINELLI!

A Woman of the first Quality in *England*, fearing lest the *Senor* should be affronted at receiving a Bank Note of 50*l.* for *one* Ticket, if presented without Disguise, thought of a lucky Expedient, to prevent his Anger; which was, to purchase a Gold Snuff-box of Thirty Guineas Value, in which having inclosed the Note, she ventured, with Fear and Trembling, to make her Offering at the EUNUCH'S Shrine.

Another, looking on the *Senor* in a properer Light, presented him with a Gold Tweezer-Case set with Diamonds.—

A Third, a Widow Lady of a very moderate Fortune, with two or three Children to take care of, said, with great Concern, SHE HAD

STOLE

STOLE A TICKET FOR FIVE GUINEAS. If she had said, *She had Robbed her Children of Five Guineas*, she had spoke the Truth.

Is there no Spirit left in the young Fellows of the Age? No Remains of Manhood? Will they suffer the *Eyes, Ears, Hearts, and Souls*, of their Mistresses, to follow an *Eccho of Virility*? Do they want a *Juvenal* to put Words in their Mouths? Or are they themselves poisoned? Have they no Notion of this more VISIBLE PROSTITUTION, this ADULTERY OF THE MIND, as that noble Example of my own Sex, my Lord *Townly*, calls it, when a Wife is alienated from her Husband, by any Pleasure whatsoever? Can they be GROSS enough, to take up with a Woman that is *theirs* but at *Second-hand*? For, tho' this *imperfect Sketch* cannot wrong them one Way, a Man of Spirit should contemn a Woman, in whom any Passion dominates stronger than Love of himself.—Second to that Passion, let her enjoy all the reasonable Pleasures of Life, but NONE *above* it.—

I am concerned to see the Spirit of both Sexes sunk to such a Degree.—But this is not the only ill Consequence arising from this *Foreign Plague*, that is spread among us: *Passions* are always more expensive than *real Wants*, and will be SUPPLIED.—Private Gentlemen, with Families, that hitherto cou'd live agreeably, and partake of publick Diversions of the Town, reasonably, are forced to *pinch* and decrease the Figure they make, to send a Wife and three or four Daughters, to hear *Farinelli* twice a Week.—A Lady can't find Half a Guinea on a *Saturday Morning*, for a poor Shoemaker, whose Family will be supported

supported a whole Week by it, that at Night will untye her Purse-strings, and with *Greediness* bestow it at the Opera.

Fashions descend, and the Follies of the Great reach the lower Clafs.—Where the *best* Company resort, there the *middling* will endeavour to introduce themselves.—

To tell the Great, they ought to set an Example, would be thought *impertinent* and *unreasonable*, if it tended to deprive them of any Pleasure they can AFFORD.—But if the Great have no Idea, no Views, beyond indulging their private Passions, and will set an Example of Extravagance to a whole Nation, because it does not hurt themselves, what else do they do, but BEGIN THE RUIN OF THEIR COUNTRY? To alledge they would be WRETCHED without hearing *Farinelli*, is to assert, they never were HAPPY before he came among us.

How will our Theatres subsist, which, under proper Regulations, may be of great Service, and Good to the Nation? Who will encourage good Plays, or good Actors? What Poet, of real Capacity, will write, when those who ought to be his Protectors, abandon him for an UNSENTIMENTED Sound?

FARINELLI is unquestionably the greatest Performer, in the Vocal Way, of the Age? But by what Argument in Nature can he be proved to *deserve* MORE than any Actor, that can *express* with *Grace*, and *beautify* with *Action*, a noble, or a tender Sentiment, that *inspires* with *Virtue*, or *warms* with *Becoming Passion*, the *understanding* or

*compassionate Auditor? Let any; the greatest Friend he has, give any other Reason why he should, than his Refusal; to sing unless he has, I'll give up the Cause. But while Sentiment shall have more intrinsick Merit than Sound, and strong Representations of Nature, be beyond the most exalted Degree of unmeaning Harmony; he that perverts the Course of Admiration, takes it from its proper Object, and fixes it where it should not be, ought to be banished the Nation he intoxicates, in prejudice of Virtue, manly Sentiments, noble Passions, or true comick Humour.*

F I N I S.

