

The Chamber War.

THAT Man with Man is prone to jar,
 That Life is but a Scene of War,
 HOBBS, a known Sage, with learning fraught,
 Has, in a former cent'ry taught,
 And when the Scenes of Life we view,
 We might believe his maxim true.
 For, turning from the hostile rage
 Which Hist'ry gives of ev'ry age,
 And offers, to the pitying eye,
 The Horrors of that Deity;
 Whose lightnings have so oft been hurl'd
 To thin and terrify the world,
 We can't deny the daily strife
 That interrupts domestic Life,
 In every Form, in every State
 From *Grosv'nor Square* to *Billingsgate*,





When Doctors three the Labour share,
No wonder Death attends them there.

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And sometimes proves, as I shall tell,
A Prelude to the Passing Bell.

SIR SAMUEL, as it appears,
Had reach'd the Age of four-score years,
Lame, weak and deaf, and almost blind,
To his arm-chair He was confin'd :
But while there's Life, there's Hope, they
say ;
And three PHYSICIANS every day,
Came, gravely, for their daily pay.
A NURSE too, who her labours plied
In watching sick men till they died,
Had all that time, and longer, been
The Mistress of the Chamber Scene.
She did the Sick man's food prepare,
And nurs'd him with unwearied care.
She long had seen, for well she knew,
That Med'cine there had nought to do :
That drugs and potions would but tend
To hasten Life's declining end,

When the enfeebled, sinking frame
 Could scarce put forth a quiv'ring flame :
 But still the Doctors came each day,
 And bore their golden Fees away.
 They, day by day, when gravely seated,
 Order'd their Draughts to be repeated ;
 Or, to give 'semblance to their skill,
 Chang'd these same Draughts into a Pill.
 But, when the three sage men were gone,
 She turn'd the Med'cines, every one,
 Into some place that might secure
 Their passage to the Common Sewer.
 She then the useless Drugs supplied
 With Kitchen Physic, which her pride
 Did, with experienc'd skill, provide.

All know, in family concerns,
 Some curious ear for ever learns
 The passing secrets that prevail,
 And works them up into a Tale ;
 Which, though first whisper'd, will, at length,
 Of loud report gain all the strength.

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Thus were the Doctors taught to curse
The bold intrusions of the Nurse,
Who had presum'd to doubt their knowledge,
And practise Treason 'gainst the College ;
Which chang'd the Chamber's solemn quiet
Into a scene of rout and riot.
The Dons complain'd—the Nurse replied,
And her whole conduct justified :
Nay, some there are, in Med'cine's spite,
Who think th' old Woman's doctrine right.
Hard words alone, the strife began,
But soon to blows the contest ran.
At once, were Canes and Fists uprear'd,
Bed-pans and Clyster-pipes appear'd ;
While JOHN, with pugilistic art,
Prepar'd to take the Nurse's part.
Phials and Wigs, in the uproar,
Were scatter'd all about the floor.
—The Patient cries, What's this strange scene ?
Say, what can this disturbance mean ?
Your noisy words my pains increase :
I pray you—let me die in peace.

O friendly DEATH, thy aid I crave,
 I ask for peace, within the Grave!
 DEATH soon appear'd behind his chair,
 And softly whisper'd in his ear—
 “ While these strange people disagree,
 “ You shall receive my *Recipe* ;
 “ Nor feel a pang, nor give a Fee.”

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