



THE EMPIRIC.

## THE EMPIRIC.

QUACKS! high and low—whate'er your occupation—  
 I hate ye all!—but, ye remorseless crew,  
 Who, with your nostrums, thin the population,  
 A more especial hate I bear tow'rds *you*—  
 You, who're regardless if you kill or cure,—  
 Who lives, or dies—so that of fees you're sure!

“What!” saith the moralist, “are any found  
 So base, so wondrous pitiful?”—“Aye, *many*:—  
 In this metropolis vile Quacks abound,  
 Who'd poison you outright, to get a penny;—  
 Monsters! who'd recklessly deal death around,  
 Till the whole globe were one vast burial-ground!”

“Rail on! abuse us, Sir!” cries Doctor Pill:  
 “While you're in health it all sounds mighty clever;  
 But if, perchance, again you're taken ill,  
 I shall be sent for, just the same as ever;  
 When groaning with the gout, or teaz'd with phthisic,  
 You'll gladly call me in, and take my physic!”

“ Save me, kind friends, from *Doctor Pill*, I pray!  
 And *try* to find an honest one and skilful—  
 Like Doctor BABINGTON or Surgeon WRAY,  
 Who none can charge with blunders weak or wilful;  
 But let *no Quack* approach my humble bed,  
 To feel my pulse, and shake his empty head!”

Rather would I “ throw physic to the dogs;”  
 For, oh! through Quacks, what ills from physic flow!  
 It saps our vitals—all our functions clogs—  
 And makes our lives a scene of pain and woe:  
 Alas! what tortures patients undergo,  
 None but the suff’ring quack-duped patients know!

And if, by *chance*, you ’scape their murderous fangs,  
 Gods! what a fuss they make about your cure!  
 But if, worn out with agonizing pangs,  
 You *die*—why, then, the malady was sure  
 To kill!—in truth, ’twas *wonderful*, they’ll say,  
 That Death so *long* could have been kept away!

See you poor wretch! mere effigy of man!  
 He’d *faith!*—and all their “ grand specifics” tried;  
 For while he trusted to the charlatan,  
 He little thought grim Death was by his side:  
 And yet to *him* the Tyrant prov’d a friend,  
 By bringing all his torments to an end.



Oh, bounteous Nature! friend of human kind!  
 Who every heartfelt joy of life dispenses,  
 To their best interests were not mortals blind,  
 Or would but rightly use their boasted senses,  
 They'd gratefully obey thy wise commands,  
 Nor trust their lives in sordid Emp'rics' hands.

Hygeia, hail! I'll drink at thy pure spring,  
 Where Temperance and Exercise preside;  
 And, while life's dearest boon thy handmaids bring,  
 Though from the wine-press flow the purple tide,  
 The tempting goblet from my lips I'll fling,  
 Scorning the gifts by luxury supplied.  
 Hail! then, Hygeia, hail! "thee, goddess, I adore,"  
 For, blest with health, I'm rich,—though scanty be  
 my store!

S. M.