The Quack Doctor's Prayer!!

Illustrious shade of the renowned Doctor Rock, still continue, I beseech thee, to pour down thy influence on the Endeavours of thy modern Representative, Doctor Botherere; thou knowest the regular Gradations of the Profession, from a Show Box at a Country Fair, to the luxury of a Chariot rattling down Pall-Mall; it would, therefore, be vain and idle to attempt Disguise before thy penetrating Wisdom.

I'm the Eyes of the Undiscerning, my miraculous cure-all-able Vegetable Drops, called Never-failing Infalilable, appear the Wonder of the present Age, the Ingredients are supposed to Issue from the Laboratory of Esculapius himself beyond the Power of Mortal Analysis; but thou well knowest how the World is deceived; to thee it appear nothing more than a Decoction of Beet-root, Lump-Sugar, Spring-Water, the best Coniac Brandy, and a Dath of Hollands Gin.—Thou, allo, knowest its great Reputation was first aquired by curing Lady Dumb-Dizzel of Indigefion, by throwing her into a temporary State of soothing Intoxication, since which Time the old Lady refors as regularly to her Drops, as her Dram Bottle.

To deceive thee is impossible, thou knowest we are not infallible, but are all liable to little Accidents in the Exercise of our Calling, that are not altogether so pleasing on Reflection; but what grieves me most, is the Recollection of the sudden Demise of Alderman Marron-jar, even on the first Experiment of my Anti-Gorgian Pills, and at the very Inflant he was about to recommend their wonderful Effects to the Mayor, and the whole Body Corporate.

Yet notwithstanding the Sweets of the Profession amply compensates for the Bitters, therefore deign to continue to me my Carriages and Equipage, my Town and Country Residence, and all other good Things of this Life, and thy humble Petitioner shall ever praise thee.