TO THE

Most Serene and Mighty MONARCH,

WILLIAM III.

King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*.

Great Sir,

I *Bring to your Majesty a small Work, a Series of Prescriptions in the Medical Art, yet possibly the Greatest in its Kind, for Excellency and Usefulness, that ever any Age produced: A Collected Summary of the Choicest Secrets in Physick yet known; and what all the Professors thereof acknowledge as a Spontaneous Product from the Universal Stock of Experience.*

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I have Accommodated it for the Advantage of all Your Majesty's Subjects, and made its Use as Universal and Easie, as the Medicaments themselves are General and Good: Had not the Necessity of such a Work, prevailed with me, I had never put my Hand to this Plough, nor troubled your Majesty on such an Occasion.

Be pleased therefore, Sir, to cast Your Favourable Eye, on the State and Profession of Physick, and in particular on this Book, which thro' Your Benignity cannot go without its hoped for Effects; for that thro' Your Royal Favour, it will not only live now in Estimation and Respect, but stand as a Signal to all Future Times, of Your Majesty's extraordinary Goodness, and what value you put upon the Medical Arts themselves.

You have, Sir, rescued us not only from the Jaws of Lions and Paws of Bears, the brutest of Beasts, but from the Insuperable Chains of Popery and Slavery, and from the Dreaded Tyranny of Eternal Slaves, the Barbarous French: *And restored our dearest Liberties, ravisht from us by Usurpa-*

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tion and Violence, thro' the Malice and Deceit of Treacherous and Ambitious Men; who not only ruin'd the Publick by their Follies, but precipitated themselves from the highest Acme of Glory, to the fathomless Abyss of Dishonour and Contempt.

Thus, Sir, becoming the Glory of the Diadem, and the Majesty of Crowned Heads, You out-do Royalty it self; and by Your Magnanimity, build such Monuments of Honour, which the Result of utmost Ages shall never deface, nor Eternal Times ever wear out or alter.

Were my Abilities to write Your Character but equal to the Greatness of Your Spirit; and could I but scetch out a faint Idea of Your Glorious Actions, I'd write in Everlasting Lines Your Immortal Life, and depict upon the Curtains of Eternity, not the Shadows of Royalty, but the perpetual Substance thereof, powerfully Arm'd with unlimited Goodness: A Prerogative that no Prince upon Earth, but Your Majesty, can justly Claim.

May Heaven therefore continue the Success of Your arms; and Victory attend You

wherefoever You go: May You subdue Tyrants by Your Sword, and vanquish the Terrible of the Earth, trampling under Your Feet the Destroyers of the World: and being filled with the Spoils of Your Enemies, May You lift up the Standars of Justice and Truth, and by Your Unresistable Power introduce a lasting Peace to your People. That these things may succeed, and a Prosperous Conduct may attend You, with Honour and Glory, thro' a long and happy Reign, you have, Royal Sir, the perpetual Prayers of

Your Majesty's most Loyal

and Humble Subject,

WILLIAM SALMON.

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