

A

DOCTOR'S "DO"-INGS;

OR,

THE ENTRAPPED HEIRESS OF WITHAM!

A SATIRICAL POEM.

BY CHARLES CLARK.

A VERY LIMITED NUMBER REPRINTED FROM THE SUPPRESSED EDITION,
FOR PRESENTS ONLY.

TOTHAM:

Printed at Charles Clark's Private Press.

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—'T were a concealment
Worse than a theft * * *
To hide your *doings*.—SHAKSPEARE.

A good razor never hurts or scratches; neither would good wit, were men as tractable as their chins.—*Guesses at Truth*, 1830.

They have smelt out the Heiress, and the money, most certainly; * * * like Fortune-hunting Rogues.—*The Old Mode and the New, a Comedy*, 1650.

Such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as men heal tetter—by casting ink on them.—MARSTON.

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A DOCTOR'S "DO"-INGS;

OR,

The Entrapped Heiress of Witham!

GODS! from Brixton what strange news we hear,—
They say, a rheumatic old soul,
Some weeks since, at their Church, without shame,
From the altar made off with the *COLE*!

That from Witham, in Essex, they find,
This offender so bold came to town;
Where—long before now!—he has been
As a "culler of *simples*" well known!

That e'en ere the rash act was committed,
Quite *incensed* seem'd each hater of vice;
For 'twas plain that the Priest—just before—
Had made such a great *sacrifice*!

Yet, rather than make such another,
 They trust long at home he may tarry;
 For it seems—though so *devilish* strange—
 He sacrificed all to “*Old Harry!*”

Should you fear that I slander this Priest,
 Let reflection abate your misgiving;
 They must all be sad “dogs” that so make
 E’en the *dead* help support their good *Living!*

But as some—like our sly son of Galen—
 May few *patience* possess, and me blame,
 Know, the *COLE* that was taken—though strange—
 Had without any *match* “raised a *flame!*”

Mind, I don’t mean the “flame” raised by “Swing;”
 By *his* much less mischief is done,—
 But a “flame” in a *doctor’s* breast raging,
 Which seem’d a most *phial-ent* one!

Yes, *a lass*, in this doctor, *alas!*
 Had destroyed all the wonted tranquillity;
 Than before, he grew rougher in manners,
 Though he lost not his fame for *dose-ill-ity!*

And ’tis doubtful if much he’d have fretted
 Had he found there were me and all you ill:
 Strange! to see one so anxious for *COLE*,
 Yet not at all pleased to see *few ill!*

To hint why this *COLE* had such power
 Does not us dull sinners become;
 But Pat thinks to be charm'd there's a "*reason*"
 When 'tis *current* that there is "a *plum!*"

Sure, she favour'd with cash or estate
 Is the lass of all others to take;
 When old rakes once find out such a *fair*,
 How soon we espy them *a-wake!*

Though *se-duc-tion's* a most *foul* offence,
 There's a thought makes our case seem less black:
 Those who *pond-er* it o'er should reflect
 The offender is only a *quack!*

Besides, by some Benedicts young
 He'd been told there was nothing in life—
 Except 'twas a brute of a husband—
 That ever yet *beat* a good wife!

When he blushingly knelt as your slave,
 And sigh'd out each tender expression,
 Oh! Georgiana, you then must have thought
 Those who "*practice*" regard "*the profession!*"

But go ask sage Experience this,
 And her sides you'll with laughter convulse:
 Would that he who a *pulse* so oft felt
 Had been doom'd then to feel a *RE-pulse!*

Marvel not that a Knight of the Lancet
 Should so writhe 'neath the rosy god's shafts,
 When it seems such a poor sorry plan
 To raise "the *wind*" merely by *draughts*!

E'en where there no lack is of "*brass*,"
 The prospect it ever must please,
 To have—with our "*silvery LOCKS*"—
 A good store of *gold* 'neath our KEYS!

And this prospect delightful to view,
 You have only to win a rich lass;—
 Oh! all—like our Catholics—now
 Seem in secret inclined to *a-mass*!

But our "*leech*" e'er he so salivates us,
 His love of *quicksilver* seems vast;
 So few are surprised now they see him
 E'en attempt to make *gold* arrive *fast*!

Compared with bright age, sure, we boys
 Of the charms of the sex are poor scanners;
 Had we *nous*, we should ne'er "tell our love"
 But to her who possesses good *manors*!

"*Man's ESTATE*" may suffice for dull youth,—
 For him who's to cunning no debtor,—
 But the wisdom of age, it appears,
 Deems that of an heiress far better!

On the few friends Georgiana has left
 How severe is the *sentence* now heard ;
 For the *silly belle* still had been free
 If of counsel she'd gain'd but a *word* !

Since she's been so entrapp'd, some with doubt
 Of the victim's right intellect speak ;—
 They forget—if with “ *doctor's stuff* ” plied—
 E'en Sathanus himself would seem *weak* !

But if aimèd our shafts be at *her*,
 On the wrong horse the saddle we put ;
 And think not a man's “ *weaker vessel* ”
 Shall e'er of our jokes be the *butt* !

Others think, the young lass (*à la David*)
 Take for heat did her musty old soul ;
 But Pat—who to cash gives odd names—
 Says 'twas only to get at “ the *COLE* ! ”

And now-a-days vice grows so rife—
 To such a strange pass things are brought,
 We see—where no *principle's* found—
 For mere *interest* men will do aught !

Oh ! if in this world there's a sight
 At which offence honesty takes,
 It is to see young beauty live
 But to “ *fork out* ” the cash for old *rakes* !

And we fear, fair Georgiana, *you'll* find,
 As of cash oft such gents stand in need,
 They'll not prove, in the end, but *vain* fears
 When your "love" has resolved you to "*bleed!*"

But the wife whose good lord's such a gunner,
 Oh! surely it ne'er much can shock her—
 (When it don't "*break the peace*")—to behold him
 Extract a few "*shot from the locker!*"

Yet, as oft there's a sad "*going off,*"
 E'en where much of guns appears known,—
 Such a wife, if she's wise, will entrust
 The "*stock*" in no hands but her own!

Howe'er, in our case, there's a thought
 Which lessens the disapprobation:—
 Some at length, who've e'er sought after *pleasure,*
 Content are with mere *re-creation!*

And but right, sure, it is in those wights
 Who've so oft put an end to men's cares,
 To try the sad loss—through their *draughts*—
 To make up by their number of *heirs!*

Yet, though to be greeted as "Father!"
 A pride in some breasts may inspire,
 We can't believe one e'er so *merry*
 Really wishes to soon be a *sire!*

If he *does*, oh! to others' sad lot,
 'Tis hoped, ere he leaps he will look;
 For—Malthus-like—married men all
 Should e'er a good *eye* keep to *Hook!**

Oh! what numbers of husbands have sigh'd
 O'er their wives' doctor's bills till they've quiver'd;
 But, Georgiana, should *she* be "CONFINED,"
 There'll no long ugly Bill be DELIVERED!

If a doctor he'd been, even Malthus,
 Perhaps, would have held half his "jaw;"
 For he then might have cared scarce a *rush*
 At finding his spouse in "the *straw!*"

Then, as those wise "faculty" lads
 Than others have much less to fear,
 It may please her fond youth should Georgiana
 Soon as *mothery* grow as stale beer!

Quite a "trump" of a daddy he'd make,
 All swear, when the question folks moot:
 As a gunner like him, who so fit
 To "teach young ideas how to *shoot!*"

* In Aberconway church-yard, Caernarvonshire, is the following Epitaph:—
 "Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hook, of Conway, Gent., who was the
 one-and-fortieth child of his father, William Hook, Esq., by Alice his wife,
 and the father of seven-and-twenty children. He died the 20th day of
 March, 1637."

Oh! as now on a virtuous hand
 He constancy's emblem has placed,—
 While his "dear" wears the ring of "plain gold,"
 We trust he'll *keep one that is* CHASTE!

Yes, we should take care, when the fruits
 Of Hymen we daily are reaping,
 To have things with our alterèd state—
 (And not still a mistress)—"in *keeping!*"

But, as he's blest with both beauty and youth,
 Sure, our hero won't *now* prove a rover;
 For—if there's no "snake in the *grass*"—
 E'er at home he'll be living "in *clover!*"

As such "*room*" for complaint has the wife
 Whose *rheum*-atic lord fast out keeps wearing,
 Should Georgiana ne'er sigh for a son,
 She'll have cause to seem always *for-bearing!*

And while by old age and gay youth
 So unlike are the objects pursued,
 Where in years there's a diff'rence of *fifty*,
 'Tis plain, there must be *forti-tude!*

Poor thing! as grim Death never long
 Lets the agèd go free as he speeds,
 Fair Georgiana,—e'en should she not wish it—
 How soon must the "*flower*" be "in *weeds!*"

Should she see through the plot, and resent,
 What a life for her dotard,—my stars!
 Then—as well as nice *pots* in his shop—
 In his house, oh, what “family *jars!*”

For full oft—as I’d have each youth know
 Ere his “dear” he escorts to the altar—
 Worse evils arise from the *bridal*
 Than Jack Ketch ever saw from the *halter!*

When too late, he discover will then,
 While his days seem fast reaching their goal,
 How some “*hands*”—who’d fain stand near the *great*,
 “Burn their *fingers*” through meddling with *COLE!*

Yes, then he’ll repent it full sore,
 That he e’er tried the heiress to win;
 And find—like each pair in Noah’s ark—
 How nicely he’s been “*taken in!*”

But, as gunners like him, who so blest?
 They still have resources, we trace;
 For—whenever aught injures their nerves—
 How soon they can go get—“a *brace!*”

And, did you know the life led by young wives
 Who are cursèd with mates dull as logs,
 You might guess how ’twill please gay Georgiana
 When she finds *her’s* is “GONE TO THE DOGS!”

—Ah! how oft doth the loss of a parent
 To the hopes of the child prove a bar:
 In our case, all yet well had remain'd
 If the *mother* had still been the *mar*!

Her dead,—see THE ORPHAN pack'd off
 With guileless friend Dan to abide;
 And there—till attain'd was the *end*—
 Kept from others so snugly *a-side*!

Know, all knavish plotters, this worthy—
 So good is his jockeyship reckon'd—
 When for aid you're obliged to go *forth*,
 He's of all men the *first* for your *second*!

There's no fear that in *his* honest breast
 Any plan to deceive you e'er lurks:
 Far and near, he as famed is for *faith*
 As his medical friend is for "*works*!"

Yet, they say, should you lend him a Deed,
 You would then indeed seem no discerners;
 For—though things he so strives to *o'erturn*—
 You would find he was not a *re-turner*!

Poor Dan! not fit e'en for a lawyer,
 Immaculate wights as *they* are:
 In Saint Stephen's howe'er he may *rail*,
 No "*post*" can he get at the *Bar*!

No doubt, as so snugly got through
 All has been for our *Miss-“do”-ing* Mister,
 Dan will try—now he sees him a *husband*—
 To make him to one e'en a *sister*!

—All vow since our pair left the altar,
 And ah! 'tis as clear as the sun,
 That the Priest—when he'd fasten'd *their* knot—
 Left ONE to remain still *UNDONE*!

See, when a Trustee's to be chosen,
 On *his* fitness how one can enlarge;—
 But a popper of guns and “the question”
 Will, doubtless, look well to “the *charge*!”

—When we pass'd t'other day, lord! how *tonish*
 By his “love” our 'Squire loll'd in his chaise:
 Oh! that plain honest *grazier*, his dad,
 What would he have thought of his *greys*!

But a sight I then saw so alarms,
 It all hopes from my mind has quite “drest:”
 Though “the *right* side” he got of her once,
 E'en thus soon on the other he's *left*!

And who knows? through *Georgiana*, at length,
 If with spirit enough she's endued,
 We may find our good hero—so *clever*—
 To all even seeming quite *shrew'd*!

Oh! than see a quack's *grey*, sure, each draught,
 Away men much sooner would chùck it;
 For how shocking Death's "*pale horse*" to view
 When we're sure then to soon "*kick the bucket!*"

Our hero's nice "*friend*," Mr. Horn'em,
 Cares not what colour'd steed 'tis *he* runs,
 "Provided al-ways," to his optics,
 There is no "*Appearance*" of "*duns!*"

—Recollect you must not, my "*old file*,"
 While youth has demands which still urgè on,
 Quite run wild should your victim, at length,
 Seem to *wave* all the claims of the *surge-on!*

And, certes, it e'er is alarming,
 While one's spouse ev'ry day still more snubs,
 To find, after all, their fine wed-*lock*
 Is not quite so safe as famed Chubb's!

Most old wights, circumstanced like yourself,
 As well as the rose, find the thorns;
 While their neighbours, with truth, *trumpet* forth—
 "Their brows should be deck'd with the *horns!*"

But know, Doctor,—(as he who's thus cross'd
 Some thought to console him so needs)—
 Should Georgiana e'er vex with her *actions*,
 You'll still remain blest with her *Deeds!*

Besides, to your pure legal "friend"

E'er a case of *crim. con.* would prove nuts ;
 And one 'twould assist on whom "duns"
 Now inflict the unkindest of "C—S!"

—Gentle reader, you now must be tired—

Perhaps, think to the dogs I've long thrèw sense ;
 I shall pun till I you quite disgust,
 For such wit, we all know, is a *new sense* !

If (a miller's shirt like) I've been bold,*

I crave pardon of each subject British ;
 And I trust you'll excuse my Pegasus
 If at times he appears rather *skittish* !

Oh ! long may it be ere again

I have such vicious deeds to record :
 Strange ! to see men are still narrow-minded
 When we're told the school-master's *a-broad* !

But hold,—here's the last of my stanzas—

All my satiric wit is now penn'd ;
 So behold—as you would a fop's *clothes*—
 At last, you've arrived at—

THE END !

* "The Saxon Proverb says, 'there is nothing bolder than a miller's shirt, for every morning it takes a thief by the throat.'"—*Facetiæ Bebellanæ.*

The Heiress-Entrapping Doctor's Soliloquy!

“ALL IN MY PUSS.”

AN IMITATION OF “ALL ROUND MY HAT.”

All in my puss I eyes the round shiners,
All in my puss for a nice good dip they lay;
If any von should ax't how I got at 'em,
Tell 'em that an heiress I lured, lured away!

'Twas a-going of my *rounds* 'mong the '*flats*' I first did
meet her,—

Oh! I thought she seem'd as 'green' as one just from
the nurse-ry;

And I never saw'd a chance more tempting or completer,
Ven one cried, 'By Jove! quite an heiress she'll be
by-and-bye!'

Oh! my dupe she vos young, and my dupe she vos “blind”
too,

And no counsel gived those stupid friends vot could
my dupe's mind svay!

For to ved me vos a thing she never vos inclined to,
But I sent my dupe far off to DAN's, snug, snug away!

For many long veeks my dupe from youths was parted,
 For many long veeks at Brixton bound to stay ;
 Good luck to that chap vot never vos false-hearted, (!)
 Oh ! I'll love my DAN for ever, for he plann'd, plann'd
 the vay !

There is some old " dogs " is so preciously designing,
 A-coaxing of the simple gals they vish to make all pay ;
 As soon as they have " done " 'em, so shamefully they
 " run " 'em,
 And they never rests nor ceases till all's spunged, spunged
 away !

Oh ! I saw'd my dupe of age ere to the church we started,
 Which did give her—as I hinted—power vith her cash
 to play ;
 And though she may me hate, oh ! ve'll never more be
 parted,
 For she'll " fork out " and keep " bleeding " for many
 a long day !

All in my puss I eyes the round shiners,
 All in my puss for a nice good dip they lay ;
 If any von should ax't how I gots at 'em,
 Tell 'em that an heiress I lured, lured away !

For many long years my hope from you was parted,
 For many long years at Dixton bound to stay;
 Good luck to that chap you never yet have parted,
 Oh! I'll love my Dix for ever, for he planned
 the way!

There is some old "dog" in a friendly disguise,
 A coward of the simple folk they wish to make all gay;
 As soon as they have "done" can so shamefully they
 "run" on,
 And they never rest nor cease till all's engaged, spangled
 away!

Oh! I saw'd my hope of eye me to the church we started,
 Which did give her—as I hinted—power with her cash
 to play;
 And though she may me hate, oh! she'll never more be
 parted,
 For she'll "look out" and keep "bleeding" for many
 a long day!

All in my pass I ever the round about,
 All in my pass for a nice good dip they say;
 If my son should see I have I got in my
 Tell 'em that an' please I have, but they!

Printed at the Office of the Rev. John G. ...



