

532
4

A
DOCTOR'S "DO"-INGS;
OR,
THE ENTRAPPED
HEIRESS OF WITHAM!
A POEM.

1848

COLGATE 6

C43

Q4

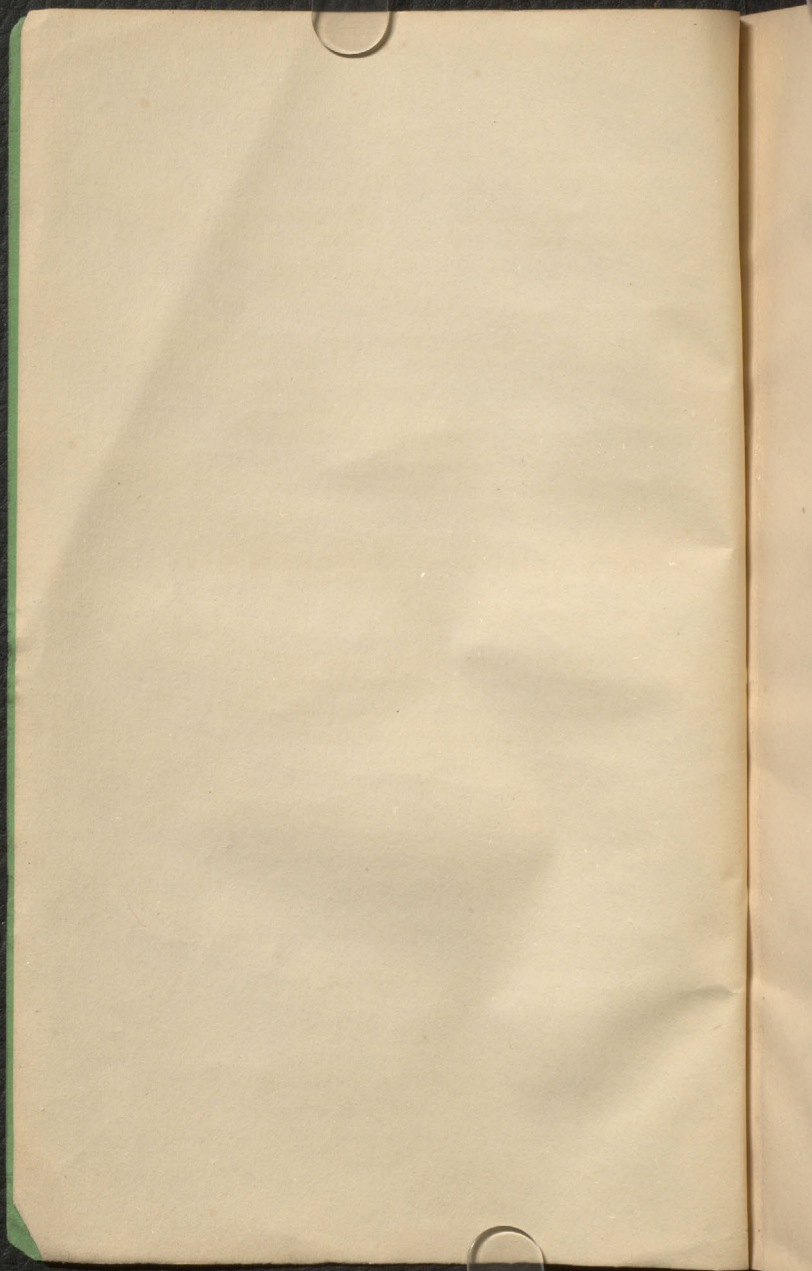
D6

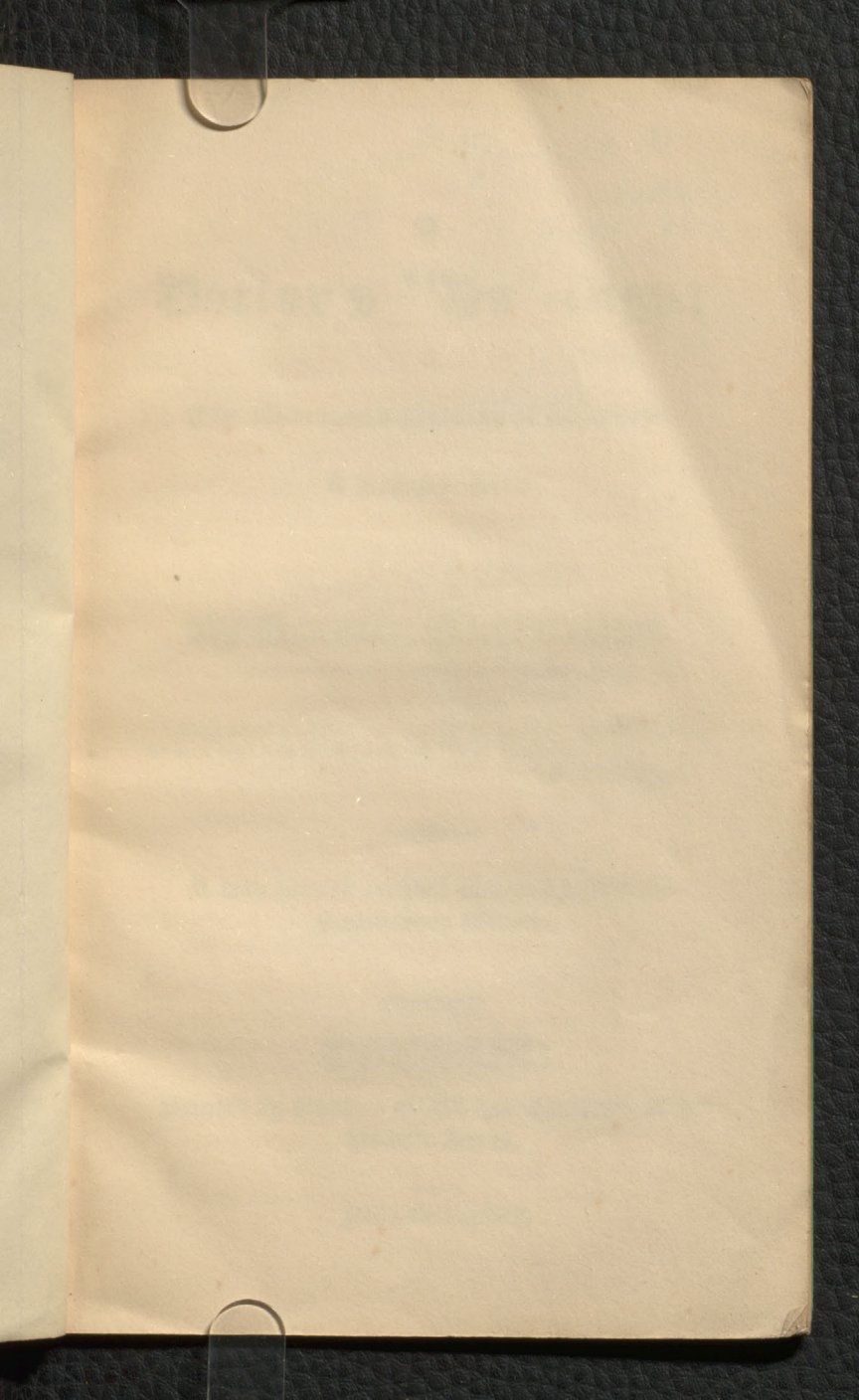
1848

18

Sept

1869





Doctor's "Do" Index

The Standard Index of Diseases

A Practical Guide

The Standard of Medicine

The Standard of Practice

The Standard of Treatment

The Standard of Care

The Standard of Results

A Russell Pollock
Greenhill
A 18 Sept 1863

Doctor's "Do"-ings;

or,

The Entrapped Heiress of Witham!

A Satirical Poem.

By Quintin Queerfellow.

"Such bices as stand not accountable to law should be cured
as men heal tetterers—by casting ink on them."

MARSTON.

—◆—
A very limited number Reprinted from the
Suppressed Edition.

TOTHAM:

Printed by Charles Clark (an Amateur) at his
Private Press.

MDCCLXXIII.

Doctor's "No"-ings:

The Strategic Business of 1871

A General Form

By Martin G. Armstrong

Each side is made up of separate or full sheets in case
of any loss of paper - by cutting in as shown

MADE IN U.S.A.

A large number of copies are available from the
University Station.

COPIES:

Printed by Charles Clark (an American) at his
Print Press

PHOENIX

TE

GOD

Some

That

When

That

For

Yet,

For

Show

The

But

Kn

A Doctor's "Do"-ings;

OR,

THE ENTRAPPED HEIRESS OF W——M!

GODS! from B—xt—n 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 *COAL*!

That from W——m, 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 *COAL* that was taken—though strange—
Had without any *match* "raised a *flame*!"

A Doctor's "Do"-ings;

OR,

THE ENTRAPPED HEIRS OF

W——M!

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

That from W——at in Essex, they say,
This offender so bold came to town;
Where—long before now!—he has been
As a "chief of sinners" well known!

That 'en ere the rash act was committed,
Quite unmoved seem'd each later 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 an devilish strange—
He sacrific'd all to "Old Harry!"

Should you fear that I shan't this Priest,
Let reflection abate your misgiving;
They must all be such "doers," that so make
Even the devils help support their good living!

But as some—like our sly son of Galen—
May few patients possess, and no blame,
Know, the COAL that was taken—though strange—
Had without any market "raised a game!"

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 *COAL*,
 Yet not at all pleased to see *few ill* !

To hint why this *COAL* 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, her favour'd with cash or estate
 Is the lass of all others to take ;
 When old r—k—s 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 o—r case seem less black :
 Those who *pond-er* it o'er should reflect
 The offender is only a *q—k* !

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 heartfelt expression,
 Oh! G——a, you then must have thought
 Those who "*practice*" regard "*the profession* !"

Blind, I don't mean the flame raised by "Swing";
By his much less mischief is done—
But a "flame" in a doctor's breast raising,
Which seem'd a most villainous one!

Yes, a lass, in this doctor, was!
Had destroyed all the wretched tranquillity;
Then before, he grew rougher in manners,
Though he lost not his fame for down-sit-ty!

And his doubtful if much he'd have felted
Had he found there were me and all you ill;
Strange! to see one so anxious for O.V.A.
Yet not at all pleased to see you ill!

To what why this O.V.A. had such power
Does not as dull sinners become;
But Pat thinks to be certain there's a "reason"
When his wicket that there is "a reason!"

But, her favour'd with cash on estate
Is the less of all others to take;
When old r-k—s once had out such a job,
How soon we spy them a-wake!

Though se-duction's a most next offence,
There's a thought makes—r case seem less black;
Those who name or it else should reflect
The offender is only a y—t!

Besides, by some Bachelors young
He'd born told there was nothing in life—
Except "was a brute of a husband—
That ever yet had a good wife!

When he blushingly said as your slave,
And sigh'd out such heart-felt expression,
O! G—e you then must have thought
There who "pawls" regard "the expression!"

But g
A
Would
H
Marv
Sh
When
T
E'en w
TH
To hav
A
And thi
Yo
Oh! all
See
But our
Hi
So few
E
Compa
O
Had w
E
"Man
I
But t
On t
For

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

Marvel not that a Knight of the Lancelot
 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, us 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 G———a 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*!

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

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

Even where there no lack is of "brass,"
The prospect it ever must please,
To have—with our "silver rocks"—
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 "silver" e'er be so salivates us,
His love of goldsilver seems fast;
So few are surprised now they see him
Even attempt to make gold silver fast!

Compared with bright eye, sure, us boys
Of the charms of the sex are poor scanners;
Had we none, we should ne'er "tell our love"
But to her who possesses good manners!

"Woman's nature" may suffer for dull youth—
For him who's to count no debtor—
But the wisdom of eye, it appears,
Begins that of an heiress far better!

On the few friends G—— has left
How soever is the warden now heard;
For the silly bells still had been free
If of counsel she'd gain'd but a word!

Since
O
They
E
But if
On
And thi
She
Others t
Tak
But Pat-
Says
And now
To s
We see—
For
Oh! if in
At w
It is to se
But
And we
As o
They'll n
Wh
But the
Oh
(When
E
Yet,
P
Such

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 *r—k—s* !

And we fear, fair G ——— a, *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 !

Since she's been so entrapp'd, some with doubt
Of the victim's right intent speak;
They forget—'till with "doctor's stave" plied—
E'en Satanus himself would seem weak!

But if aimed our shafts be at her,
On the wrong horse the saddle we put;
And think not a man's "weaker wessy"
Shall e'er of our jokes be the butt!

Others think, the young lass (o' la David)
Take for heat did her mussy old soul;
But Pat—who to cash gives odd names—
Says 'twas only to get at "the GOLD!"

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 right
At which dishonest honesty takes,
It is to see young beauty live
But to "love out" the cash for old r—s!

And we tear, fair G——, your'll find,
As of cash off such cents stand in need,
They'll not prove, in the end, but vain tears
When your "love" has resolved you to "bleed!"

But the wife whose good lord's such a gannet,
Oh! surely it ne'er much can shock her—
(When it don't "break the power")—to behold him
Extract a few "shillings from the pocket!"

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

Howe
W
Some
C
And b
W
To try
To
Yet, th
A p
We can'
Rea
If he doe
'Tis
For—M
Sho
Oh! wha
O'er
But, G—
The
If a docto
Perh
For he th
At fi
Then, as
Than
It may ple
Soon
* In A
lowing Ep
Conway,
father, W
of seven-an
1837."

Howe'er, in o—r 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, G——a, should *she* be "CONFINED,"
There'll no long ugly Bill be DELIVER'D!

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 G——a
Soon as *mothery* grow as stale beer!

* 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."

How'er, in a-- 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 suits, it is in those rights
We'd be so oft put an end to men's cares,
To try the sad loss--through their dwindle--
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 weary
Heavily wishes to soon be a sire!

If he does, not to others' and LOT,
His hopes, ere he leaps, he will look;
For--Alabaster-like--married men all
Should e'er a good eye keep to Wack!

Oh! what numbers of husbands have sigh'd
O'er their wives' doctor's bills till they've pater'd!
But, G-----, should she be "concern'd,"
There'll no long ugly Bill be return'd!

If a doctor had been, even Malabar,
Perhaps, would have held half his "jew"
For he then might have catch'd scarce a year
At finding his spouse in "the stave!"

Then, as those who "focally" laud
That others have much less to fear
It may please her lord youth should G-----
Soon as weather grow as safe--hear!

In Abercromby church yard, Glasgow, is the fol-
lowing Epitaph:-- "Here lieth the body of Andrew Wood, of
County, Gent., who was the one-and-fortyeth child of his
father, William Wood, Esq., by Alice his wife, and the latter
of several twenty children. He died the 20th day of March,
1687."

Quite
As a
T
But o-
H
Won't
T
Oh! as
He
While h
We
Yes, we
Of
To have
(An
But, as
Sure
For--if t
E'er
As such
Who
Should G
She'll
And while
So un
Where in
Tis p
* Mr.
Talbot's
A certain
him, perha

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!*"

But o—r worthy's young spouse (if our ears
 Have not been but with "fibs" ever cramm'd)
 Won't be of the sex quite the first
 That has been through "*Old Harry*" D—MM'D !*

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 m—tr—ss)—"*in keeping!*"

But, as he's blest with both beauty and youth,
 Sure, o—r h—o 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 G———a 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 difference of *fifty*,
 'Tis plain, there must be *forti*-tude!

* Mrs. Quickly, in her Catalogue Raisonne of excuses for Falstaff's delinquencies with the feminine, intercedes—

"But then he was *rheumatic!*"

A certain M. D.'s apologists, if he has any, may profit by this hint, perhaps, some day!

Poor thing! as grim Death never long
 Lets the agèd go free as he speeds,
 Fair G —— a,—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*" thro' meddling with *COAL!*

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 cursed with mates dull as logs,
 You might guess how 'twill please gay G —— a
 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 o—r case, all yet well had remain'd
 If the *mother* had still been the *mar!*

Poor thing! as grim Death never long
 Buts the aged so free as she speaks,
 Fair G———e—'s should she not wish it—
 How soon must the "Waver" be "in steady"
 Should she see through the plot and reveal
 What a life for her detour—my estate!
 Then—as well as nice boys in his shop—
 In his house, oh, what "family fare"
 For fall off, as I'd have such youth know
 Her his "dear" he resorts to the star.
 Worse evils arise from the "Waver"
 Than Jack Kitch ever saw from the "Waver"
 When too late, he discover will—then,
 While his days seem fast reaching their goal,
 How some "Waver"—who'd faint stand near the goal,
 "Than their fathers" and "wondering with G——"
 Yes, then he'll repent in full sore,
 That he ever tried the heinous to win;
 And find—like each pair in Noah's ark—
 How they've been "taken in"
 But, as wagers like him who so die?
 They still have resources, we think;
 For—however might injure their souls—
 How soon they can get "re-born"
 And, did you know the life led by your wife,
 If she were caught with water-hell as I do,
 You might guess how "well" please you?
 When the "Waver" is "come to the post"
 —Ah! how oft hath the loss of a parent
 To the hopes of the child prove a bar,
 Is a—v—'s case, all yet well but regard
 If the matter had with the "Waver"

Her
 W
 And th
 K
 Know,
 So
 When fo
 He's
 There's n
 Any
 Far and n
 As his
 Yet, they
 You w
 For—thoug
 You w
 Poor D—n!
 Immacu
 In Saint St—
 No "po
 No doubt, as
 All has b
 D—n will try—
 To make
 —All row since
 And ah! ?
 That the Priest
 Left one to
 be, when a Tru
 On his fitte
 in a popper of
 Will, doubt

Her dead,—see THE ORPHAN pack'd off
 With guileless friend D—n 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 recond'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 D—d,
 You would then indeed seem no discerner ;
 For—though things he so strives to *o'erturn*—
 You would find he was not a *re-turner* !

Poor D—n ! not fit e'en for a lawyer,
 Immaculate wights as *they* are :
 In Saint St—ph—n'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 o—r *Miss*-"*do*"-ing Mister,
 D—n will try—now he sees him a *husband*—
 To make him to one e'en a-*sister* !

—All vow since o—r 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* !"

Her hand—see THE ORPHAN Jack'd off
 With villainous hand—'s to abide;
 And there—till attain'd was the end—
 Kept from others so snugly a hold!

Know, all knaves' plotters, this warning—
 So good is his lockstep's reward—
 When for him you're obliged to go forth,
 He's of all men the best for your account!

There's no fear that he'll be put to rest
 Any plan to deceive you he'll make
 For and soon, he as famed is for wit
 As his faithful friend is for wit.

Yet, they say, should you lead him a chase—
 You would then indeed send no message
 For—though things be so strict to observe—
 You would find he was not a mistake!

Your hand—'till not fit for a lawyer,
 Immaculate as the sky are
 In Saint St—ph—'s house he may run
 No "best" can he get at the best!

No doubt, as an snugly got through,
 All has been for a—'till the day after
 D—'s will try—now he sees him a husband—
 To make him to one close-sided!

—All you since—'till the day after,
 And all 'till as clear as the sun,
 That the best—when he'd best—'till the best—
 Let him remain still exposed!

See, where a Trustee's to be chosen,
 On his fitness how one can enquire;
 Get a paper of laws and 'till the question
 Will, doubtless, look well to 'till the day after!

—Who
 By
 Oh! th
 Wh
 But a sig
 It al
 Though
 E'en
 And who
 If with
 We may fin
 To all
 Oh! than se
 Away n
 For how sho
 When w
 O—r h—o's
 Cares not
 "Provided al
 There is
 —Recollect yo
 While you
 Quite run wild
 Seem to
 lat, certes, it
 While one's
 It find, after al
 Is not quite
 * "Who
 Is ju
 to say the moral
 to company he k

—When we pass'd 'tother day, lord! how *tonish*
 By his "love" o—r '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 G——a, at length,
 If with spirit enough she's endued,
 We may find o—r good hero—so *clever*—
 To all even seeming quite *shrew'd*!

Oh! than see a q——k'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*!"

O—r h—o's nice "friend,"* Mr. H——n'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 v——m, 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!

* "Who friendship with a k——e has made,
 Is judged a partner in the trade!"

So says the moralist; besides, "A man is always known by
 the company he keeps!"

—When we pass'd tother day, lord! how tawdry
By his "love" o—r "spine" lord! in his chase;
Oh! that plain honest swayer, his hand,
What would he have thought of his swayer!

But a sight I then saw so alarm,
It all hopes from my mind has quite "drift"
Through "the right side" he got of her once,
E'en thus soon on the other he's "drift"

And who knows? through G—'s "at length"
It with spirit enough she's returned,
We may find o—r "good" here—'as they—
To all even seeming quite "drift"

Oh! then see a p—'s "grey" suit, and thought
Aunt was much sooner would think it;
For how shocking Death's "wink" down, to show
Then we're sure soon to "kick" the bucket!

O—'s "of nice" friend, Mr. H—'s "nom",
I was not what I found meet for the time,
Provided at "ways" in his office,
There is no "appearance" of "ways"

—Recall you must not my "old" life,
While youth has demands which still will on
Quite true with should you—'as at length,
Seem to "revive" all the claims of the "surv-on"

And "come" it's "is" claim,
While we'd "spare" eyes day still more "sands"
To find after all, then the "week"
Is not quite so "silly" as "sands"!

—Who friendship with a "week" has made,
Is just a "part" in the "week"
So says the "miller's" "beds", "I was a "slave" known by
The "company" he "keeps!"

Most o
A
While
"T

But kno
Som
Should C
You

Besides,
E'er
And one 't
Now

—Gentle R
Perhap
I shall pun
For su

If (a miller
I crave
And I trust
If at tin

Oh! long ma
I have su
Strange! to se
When we

But hold,—her
All my sa
Behold—as
At last, yo

* "The Saxon
a miller's shirt,
front."—Faceti

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 *h—ns!*"

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

Besides, to y—r pure l—g—l "friend"
 E'er a case of *c—m. c—n.* 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 schoolmaster'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.*

Most old wives, circumstanced like yourself,
As well as the rest, find the theory;
While their neighbours, with truth, bravely forth—
"Their backs should be deck'd with the same!"

But know, Doctor,—(as he who's thus cross'd)
Some thought to console him so rashly—
Should I—
You'll still remain best with her Dicks!

Besides, to—
For a case of—
And one would—
Now what the subject of—

—Gentle Reader, you now must be tired—
Perhaps, think to the days I've long thro' seen;
I shall run till I you quite disgust,
For such wit, we all know, is a new way!

It's a matter's kind like I've been told,
I create garden of each subject foolish;
And I trust you'll excuse my laziness
It at times he appears rather—

Oh! long may it be ere again
I have such vicious deeds to record;
Stranger to see men are still among—
When we're told the schoolmaster's—

But hold,—how's the rest of my stanza—
All my satire will be now—
So behold—
At last you're arriv'd at—

THE END!

—The Doctor's words are: there is nothing better than
a willful error for every maning it takes a child by the
throat! — Frederick Robertson.

SLY C

IN EM

Th
I
Of
V
But
A
Wit
A

Hi
A
T
A

THE
SLY OLD W——M MISS-"DO"-ER!

A SONG.

IN IMITATION OF "THE FINE OLD ENGLISH
GENTLEMAN."

I'LL sing you a prime new song,
Made by a queer chap's pate,
Of a sly old W——m *Miss-"do"-er*,
Who had but "*man's ESTATE*;"
But who kept up an appearance
At a most expensive rate;
With "flunkies" gay, to make display,
And stand about his gate,
Like a real English gentleman,
Born in these showy times!

His house, so fine, was daily fill'd
With ladies "nice," and beaus,
And r—k—s, and sly old cronies,
Who had fed him ere he rose:
'Twas there the worthy reign'd supreme,
In rich unpaid-for hose,
And gulp'd again his port till each
Had reddened well his nose,
Like a real Bacchanalian,
Born in these sober times!

When old age grim brought aches and pains,
He long'd to gain a spouse,
And though threescore, or near, his years,
He, youth-like, did "propose:"
Nor was the w—y hyp——e
E'er driven from his hold;
For soon he lured his simple fair,
And now he "melts" her gold,
Like a real dashing man of *ton*,
Born in these sporting times!

THE
 SILY OLD W——M MISS-DO-RR!
 A SONG.
 IN IMITATION OF "THE FINE OLD ENGLISH
 GENTLEMAN."

I'll sing you a pithy new song,
 Made by a queer chap's pate,
 Of a sily old W—— in Miss-DO-RR,
 Who had but "women's estate";
 But who kept up an appearance
 At a most extensive rate;
 With "dabbs" gay to make display,
 And stand about his gate,
 Like a real English gentleman,
 Born in these showy times!

His house, so fine, was dolly fill'd
 With ladies "nice" and beaux,
 And r-k-s, and sily old cronies,
 Who had had him ere he rose;
 'Twas there the worthy reigned supreme,
 In rich ungold-for-hose,
 And cup'd again his port till cash
 Had redded well his nose,
 Like a real Macbannan,
 Born in these sober times!

When old age grim brought all aches and pains,
 He long'd to gain a spouse,
 And though threescore, or near, his years,
 He youth-like, did "propose";
 Nor was the w——
 Let driven from his hold;
 For soon he found his simple fall,
 And now he "wants" her gold,
 Like a real dashing man of town,
 Born in these sporting times!

No
 of
 C
 And
 F
 Th
 A
 IN IM
 All in my
 All in m
 If any von
 Tell 'em
 Twas a-g
 did n
 Oh! I
 from
 And I nev
 When
 be

But k——s, tho' "deep," meet their reward,
And plots soon we espy:
Now Rumour's busy tongue proclaims
The old boy soon must fly!
His v——m has right gallantly
Pour'd forth her final sigh;
A nobler spirit reigns within,
And ire is in each eye,
'Gainst this hen-peck'd old entr——r,
Born in these *fearful* times!

Now surely this is better far
Than yielding to the ills
Of a lonely wife, crabb'd age's whims,
Old cronies' calls, and pills;
And much more economical,
For all the bills she pays:
Then leave your loath'd sed——r, Girl,
And ne'er more heed the ways
Of the heartless old *Miss-"do"-ers*,
So common in these times!

ALL IN MY PUSS!

A SONG.

IN 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 gets 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,
When one cried, "By Jove! quite an heiress she'll
be by-and-bye!"

But k— the "deep", meet their reward
 And plots soon we say;
 Now Rumour's busy tongue proclaims
 "The old boy soon must fly"
 His v— has right gallantly
 Poin's forth her final sigh;
 A nobler spirit reigns within,
 And ice is in each eye.
 'Gainst this hen-cock'd old part—
 Poin in these yew's times!
 Now surely this is better far
 Than yielding to the ill—
 Of a lonely eye, crabb'd eye's whines,
 Old crooked, call, and pills;
 And much more encephalic
 For all the bills she pays;
 Then leave your tooth'd sed—
 And ne'er more heed the ways
 Of the heartless old Miss—
 So company in these times

ALL IN MY PUSS!
 A SONG,
 IN IMITATION OF "ALL BOUND MY HAT."
 All in my puss I covet the round slippers,
 All in my puss for a nice good dip they lay;
 If any one should say how I got it, um,
 Tell 'em that an heiress I loved, loved away!
 'T was a going of my rounds 'mong the "Kats" I first
 did meet her,
 Oh! I thought she seem'd as "green" as one just
 from the museum,
 And I never saw'd a chance more tempting or complete,
 When one cried "the love's quite an heiress she!"
 be my—

Oh! m
 "And
 my
 For to v
 But I
 away

For many
 For man
 Good luck
 Oh! I'll
 plann'

There is som
 A-coaxing
 pay;
 As soon as th
 "run" 'e
 And they ne
 spunged

Oh! I saw'd
 started,
 Which did
 cash to
 And though
 parted,
 For she'll
 a long

All in r
 All i
 If any
 Tel

Tot

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 vos parted,
For many long veeks at DAN's vos bound to stay;
Good luck to that chap vot never vos falsehearted, (!)
Oh! I'll love my DAN for ever, for he plann'd,
plann'd the vay!

There is some old "dogs" is so preciousy 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,
Vhich 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!

Oh! my hope she was young, and my hope she was
And an earnest friend those simple friends you could
my hope's kind way;
For to you I never a thing she never was faithful to,
But I want my hope far out to Dan's sunny, sunny
way!

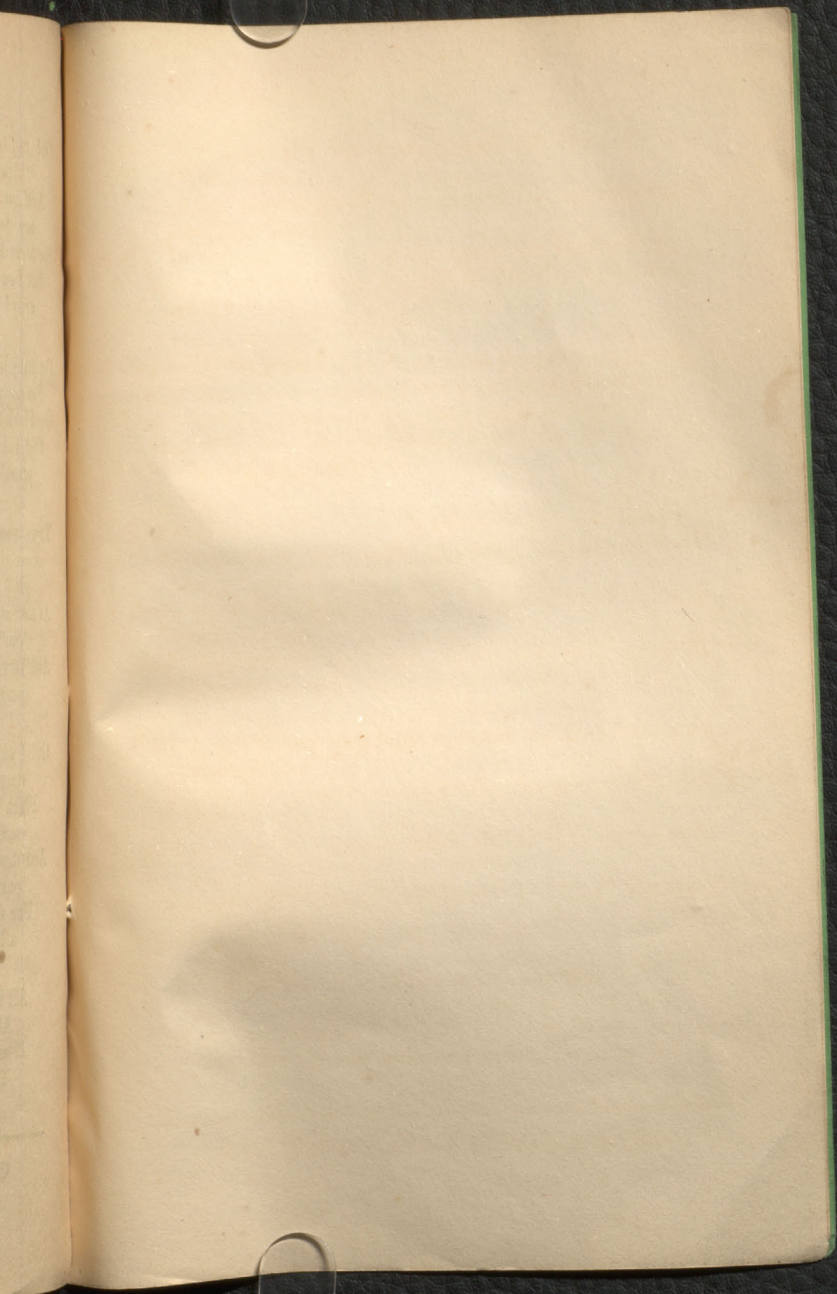
For many long years my hope from youth you parted,
For many long years at Dan's you bound to stay;
And look to that ship you never for abandoned, (O
Oh! for love my Dan for ever, for he planned,
planned the way!

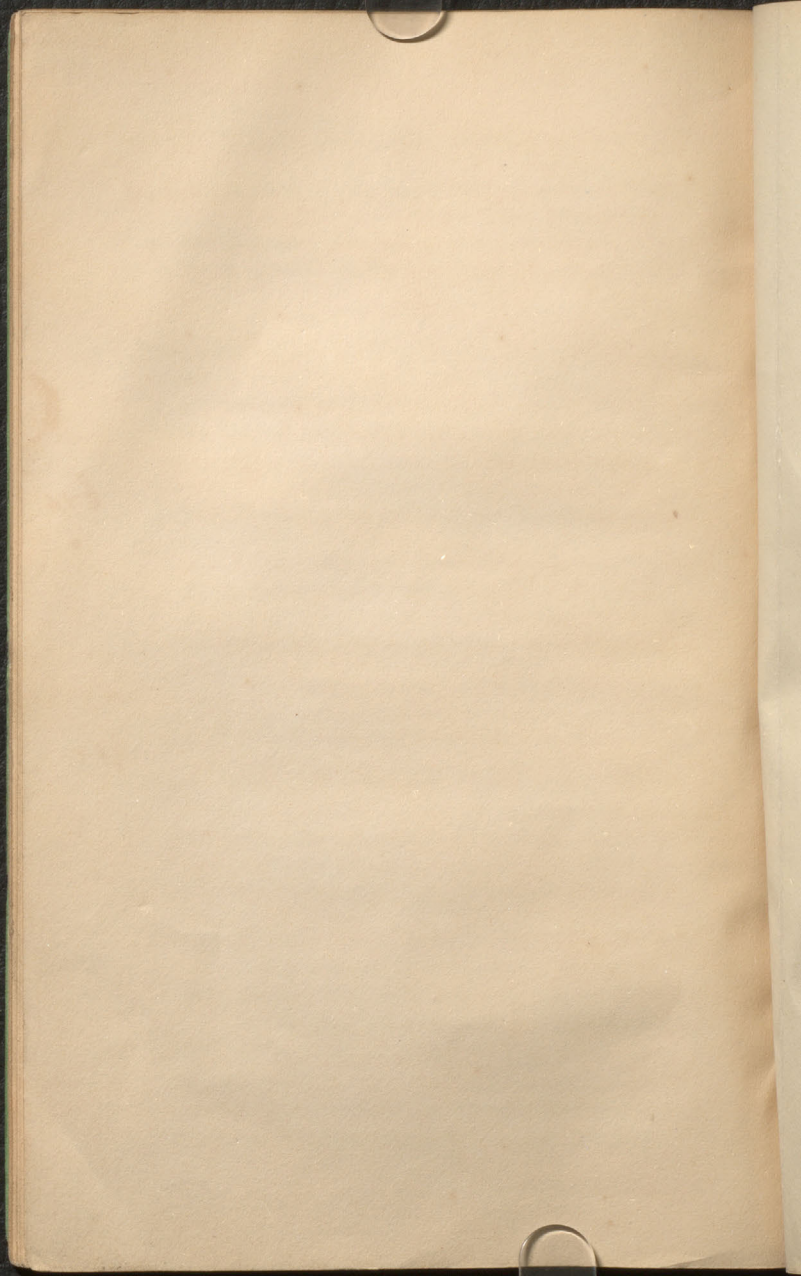
There is a world of "hope" is so gradually declining,
A covering of the clouds that you to make all
As soon as they give "hope" you to stand still the way
And they never leave our course till they are
planned away!

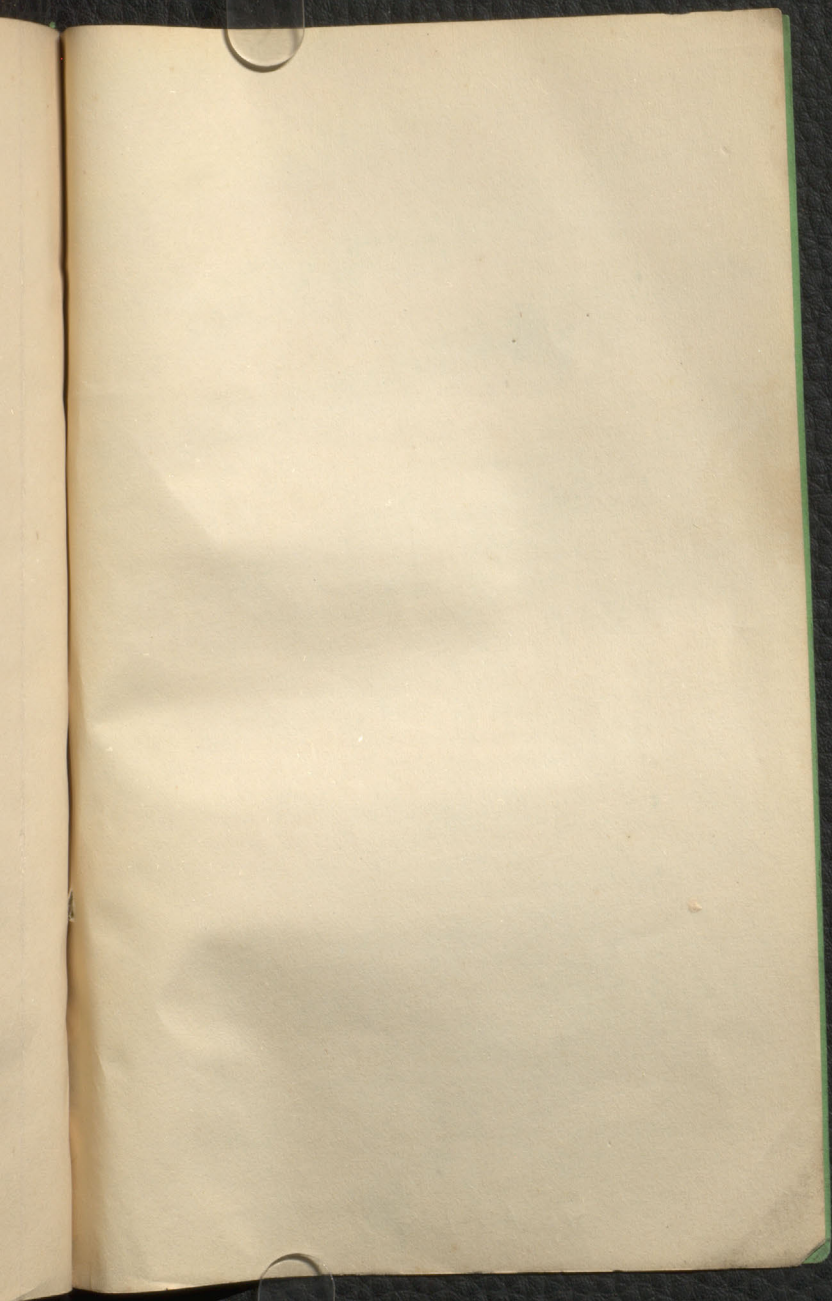
Oh! I saw my days of age me to the church we
Which did for her—as I liked—power with her
And though she may be late, all will answer me
For she'll "think out" and keep "dancing" for many
a long day!

All in my eyes I ever the road ahead,
All in my eyes for a time good for they say,
If any you should see I give it to you,
You'll see that as before I had, had stay!

Edmund Johnson at Central's Club's for her friend







8148704

