

Doctor Jeremy Snob / written by J.G. Maxwell.

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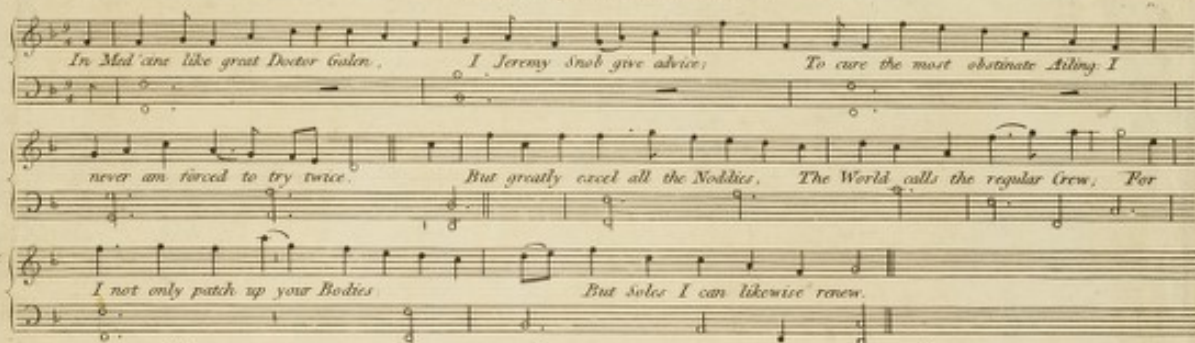


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DOCTOR JEREMY SNOB.

Written by J.G. MAXWELL.



²
A Patient whose Habit was nervous,
In haste had me call'd to her Night;
Lest Death with a Warrant should serve us,
I posted away Man & Might.
My medicine I made a mistake in,
We all may when hurried too fast,
I quite cur'd his Limbs of their shaking,
But laid him as dead as a Last.

³
My Wife a poor despicable Creature,
I thought it might be for her good,
Being put up and bloated with Water,
To take a few Ounces of Blood.
My lancets were out of the Way,
Yet my Aul did the Business as well,
She died as a Body may say,
But the Reason I never could tell.

⁴
A Barber whose purse was consumptive,
His Throat cut to finish his Woes;
In the midst of his Efforts presumptive,
Fear hinder'd his Work I suppose.
With a good Tacklers End and a Bristle,
I soon put him out of his Pain;
For I sew'd up the Slit in his Whistle,
And set him a Shaving again.

⁵
I gave to a friend who'd the Gripes,
With a violent purging and Lax;
In Order to strengthen his Trips;
A large Bolus of shoemakers Wax.
A Medicine so easy and pleasant,
No regular Doctor would give,
It did him no Harm, and at present
Few suffer their Patients to live.

⁶
I'd almost forgot to inform you,
That Corns without cutting I cure;
And if the Scotch Fiddle should warm you,
My Ointment to cool it is sure.
I've Glisters, Emetics, and Purges,
That even the Devil would dread,
And will when Necessity urges,
Assist you to Doctor the French.

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William Douglas or Reid

EPH + 57: 16



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