

## **Epigrams and poems / by James Gregory.**

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# EPIGRAMS

AND

# POEMS,

BY THE CELEBRATED

DR JAMES GREGORY,

*Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh.*

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1810.

THE HISTORY OF

THE

IN THE



I.

DOXIES AND POXES,

*An approved and excellent New Song, by Dr James Gregory,  
Metaphysician, Professor of the Practice of Physic, &c. &c.*

---

IF to think of claps and poxes,  
Pounds of pills, and ointment boxes,  
Made it safe to woo our DOXIES.

Then to purify our DOXIES,  
Wise it were to think of poxes,  
Claps and salivating boxes.

But if thought of *future* poxes,  
Salves and pills of *future* boxes,  
Cannot change our *present* DOXIES.

Why suspect the blooming DOXIES,  
Let the Surgeon bring his boxes,  
If we *catch*, he'll *cure* our *poxes*,

No. xxi. of a gratis Volume of Poems.



II.

THE VIPER AND FILE:

ADDRESSED TO

A FELLOW PROFESSOR.

---

*"It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."*

ACTS ix. 5.

A WICKED Viper, fam'd in story,  
Of all his venom'd race the glory,  
Whose bite, whose touch, whose look, could kill,  
More sure, more quick, than Doctor's pill,  
Intent on mischief, and on prey,  
Crawl'd from his hole one luckless day.

In blacksmith's shop he prowld a while,  
But soon espied a tempting file.  
Instant so new, so rich a prize,  
Resistless fix'd his ferret eyes:  
With hunger fierce, he boldly hasten'd,  
And on the rough hard metal fasten'd.

Of feast delicious fondly dreaming,  
With joy he saw the blood a-streaming:  
His tongue, his teeth, his gums were wasted,  
While yet no breakfast had he tasted:  
But still, all better prog foregoing,  
His chops with venom overflowing,



He strove cold iron's blood to sip,  
And quench in it his burning lip.

The file, observing his condition,  
Whisper'd this gentle admonition :

“ Welcome, base reptile, to assuage,  
“ On my strong hide, thy harmless rage ;  
“ Till sad experience let thee know  
“ Thy blood, not mine, thou mak'st to flow :  
“ No gall of asps my bosom stains,  
“ No poison rankles in my veins ;  
“ But countless teeth my skin environ,  
“ And every day I feast on iron.”

NESTOR IRONSIDES.

*Edinburgh, May 21. 1810.*

Written on perusing a smart Review of two Works never published, never distributed, never printed, never written, NEVER COMPOSED!!! and not likely soon to be so: of which works only A FEW SHEETS HAD BEEN PRINTED!!! See Articles xxv. xxvii, pages 155—169, of “ The Annual Medical Review and Register for “ the year 1809. By a Society of Physicians. “ Vol. II. Printed for John Murray, 32, Fleet Street, London.”



# THERE IS WISDOM IN SILENCE.

ALTO ADDRESSED TO  
A FELLOW PROFESSOR.

---

*But ye are Forgers of Lies, ye are all Physicians of no value.*

*Oh that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom.*

JOB xiii. 4-5.

---

[The following piece of contemptible Obscenity has been handed round to the most respectable families, and to Ladies of Rank and delicacy, as an exquisite morceau!]

THE talking Fool we all despise ;  
The silent Fool would pass for wise ;  
But such a Fool we seldom meet.  
Or hail him Knave when so discreet :  
And though from talking he refrain,  
Yet all his silence is in vain ;  
To hear his words there is no need,  
The Fool still glares in every deed.

Thus *Pethor* fain, would hide his ills,  
And secret take his needful pills :  
Vain care : his broken Beak reveals  
More than his silent Tongue conceals.



## AN OLD STORY.

A Gentleman, one day, writing a Letter in a Coffee-House, observed that a person looked over his shoulder, and read what he wrote. Without saying a word, he wrote,—“But I must write no more at present; for an impertinent scoundrel is looking over my shoulder, and reading every word that I write.” “You lie, you damned rascal!” said the looker-on, “I am not reading what you write!”

The Moral of this Story, if any person shall have sense enough to find it out, will be most acceptable to all the parties concerned.

*EDINBURGH, Tuesday Even. }*  
*June 5. 1810. }*

The polite and respectable society of Edinburgh, is daily insulted by such contemptible and indecent puerilities, circulated under blank covers, by Dr JAMES GREGORY, PROFESSOR.



# ALL OLD STONE

A collection of the most  
valuable and interesting  
documents and records  
of the early history of  
the State of New York  
from the first settlement  
to the present time  
including the original  
deeds, charters, and  
other papers of great  
importance and interest  
to the people of the  
State.

The object of this  
collection is to preserve  
the original documents  
and records of the  
early history of the  
State, and to make  
them accessible to the  
people of the State.

NEW YORK: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.  
1854.

The collection is  
now deposited in the  
State Library, and  
is open to the  
public for inspection  
and use.





