

Doctor Monroe's Advice

Dear Doctor, be slow, and fling off your beard;
Come bleed me, and blister me, do not be slow;
I'm sick, I'm exhausted, my schemes they are blasted
And all arisen heels-over-head. Doctor Monroe.

Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever
Nay, what's the misfortune that bothers you so
Oh, doctor! I'm ruined! I'm ruined forever,
My legs has forsaken me Doctor Monroe.

I meant to have married, and tasted the pleasures
The sweets, the enjoyments in wedlock that flow;
But she's ta'en another, and broken my measures
And fairly confounded me, Doctor Monroe.
I'll bleed and I'll blister you over and over
I'll master your malady ere that I go;
But raise up your head from below the bed cover,
and give some attention to Doctor Monroe.

If Christy had wed you, she would have misled you,
And laughed at your law with some handsome young beau;
Her conduct will prove it; but how would you love it
I soon would have learned her dear Doctor Monroe
Each year brings a pretty young son or a Daughter
You hug them - her gallant is bustling with laughter
Perhaps you're the Father, but how shall you know
Those thought's like to murder me Doctor Monroe.

The boys cost you many a penny and shilling,
You breed them with pleasure, with trouble and wo;
But one turns a rake, and another a villain."
My heart could not bear it dear Doctor Monroe.
Like asses are comely and dear to your bosom,
But nature and beauty has many a foe!
Oh, think what may happen just nipt in their bosom
Oh, merciful Heaven's cease Doctor Monroe.

Oh Doctor - I'll thank you to hand me my books - I'm better - I'll drink with you ere that you go
I'll never more ask for women or riches - - - - - But how my relations are Doctor Monroe
I'm plainly however, more I would to charity - - - - - My name and my pleasure I will not forget!

Answer to a challenge

Dear Sir:

I received your epistle, and beg, you'll believe,
That I'm very unwilling to turn to a sieve,
And therefore respectfully beg to declare,
The meeting you mention a quarter past nine:
At which you propose (I agree to it not!)
That one or the other, or both shall be shot.
My reasons are numerous, nor will I evade
The fact, (a strong reason) I'm really afraid!
I'm a foe to the system, this strange sort of fight
This boring of holes to let in the daylight,
With gimbits of lead so confoundedly hot -
No, plague me, if I will stand up and be shot.
I would rather engage in a bout with Old Nick,
Than hear the sharp sound of a pistol's shell click;
I would tell on my nerves so in spite of my rhyming,
My weapon would turn, and I'd lose all my priming,
Beside, sir, I mentioned the thing to my wife,
and she, loving soul, says that I am her life;
I would therefore, you know, sir, be heinously wrong
To risk that which does not to me sir, belong,
and again, I've a note which which is certainly due,
and if I meet that, sir, I cannot meet you.
Two evils - a pistol, a note, in one day,
are more than I'd relish - excuse me, I pray.
I think, too, the custom, though honor'd, is cruel,
For men to end quarrels by fighting a duel;
and as to blood shedding, I think it a sin,
and would think just as soon, sir, of shedding my skin.
Like I am willing, if shooting's to be,
and I am included, (I beg, you'll agree)
That my size may be chalk'd in some old unkey'd door
and then, if your ball should a hole through it bore,
I'll admit, had that door for a moment been me, sir,
you'd have kill'd me as decently dead, sir, as Caesar