

A  
P O E T I C A L  
E P I S T L E

TO THE VERY CELEBRATED

*Doctor* Graham.

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*Valeat Res ludicra!*

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D E R B Y:

Printed for the AUTHOR,

MDCCLXXXIII.

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Price *One Shilling.*

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

### TEMPLE of HEALTH and HYMEN, PALL-MALL.

Dr. GRAHAM desires respectfully to inform the Public, that the New Arrangements and Decorations of this Place being completed, this ELISIUM will be open'd this and every Evening next Week ; and that he will have the Honor of delivering from the Celestial Throne, his very celebrated Lecture on Generation—on the Means of exalting, and rendering permanent the temperate and serene Joys of the married State—of preserving youth and personal Beauty and Loveliness—and of prolonging health, full-toned juvenile Virility, and mental Brilliancy, to the longest possible Period of human Existence. The Suite of Apartments in this Elysian Palace—in this magical, enchanting Edifice, far excel, in point of Elegance, Brilliancy, and Magnificence, every Royal Palace in the World, and to glowing, vivid, and brilliant Imaginations, they will now be found to realize the Celestial, Soul-transporting, and dissolving Descriptions that are given in the Fairy-Tales—in the Tales of the Genii—and in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. In the Course of the Lecture, Dr. GRAHAM will un-lock, with Delicacy and Respect, the inmost and sweetest Cabinets of Nature, and he promises, that the Souls of his Auditors, male—mulish, and female, according to their several Capacities and Degrees of Spring, and Sensibility, shall expand, and float, and undulate, through the flowery and airy fields of Elysium, or swim upon ambrosial Oceans of Love and Extasy, to Orbs and Regions of ineffable Bliss.

A



A POETICAL EPISTLE  
 T O  
 Doctor GRAHAM.

1.

**M**AGNIFICENT, and full-toned Sir!  
 Thou! who hast made my Pulse to stir  
 With more than common Motion,  
 Beyond what Doctors of the College,  
 Whose Wigs conceal a Fund of Knowledge,  
 Can do with Pill, or Potion;

2.

Thou, soul-transporting Sage! to thee  
 Quite magic-struck, I bend the Knee,  
 Exalt me to thy Band.  
 There permanent, and fix'd as Fate,  
 Teach me, like thee, to undulate,  
 To float, and to expand.

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3.

O delicate, respectful King  
Of Science! ope my warmest Spring  
Of tickling Sensibility.  
Thy firmest Friendship let me prove,  
Brilliant—elastic—let me move,  
Transcendent in Agility.

4.

I feel—I feel th' enchanting *Touch*,  
A Rapture, that's almost too much,  
For Human Nerves to bear.  
Ah me—I pant—I faint—I die—  
But now I glow—burn—vivify—  
And range the Realm of Air.

5.

But quitting your Celestial Bed,  
Where Angels have repos'd the Head,  
And your Celestial Throne;  
Your Leave I crave with Spirits brisk,  
Tho' not electrify'd, to risque  
A Judgment of my own.

Tho'

6.

5

Tho' Doctors differ in Opinion,  
And rule with absolute Dominion,  
In one Point All agree.  
Nor from this Practice aught can wean  
Their fascinated Minds—I mean—  
The Consultation Fee.

7.

Your System, as it's somewhat New,  
Awhile may please the gaping Crew,  
But titillates not all.  
Systems of Physic fluctuate,  
And, never in one settl'd State,  
Like Stocks, they rise and fall.

8.

When Judgment occupies the Head,  
As learned *Ratcliffe* well hath said,  
In spite of angry Faction ;  
True, as the Bias to the Bowl,  
Two simple Words include the whole—  
Addition and Sub-traction.

The

6

9.

The plainest Things, from Error pure,  
Are render'd oftentimes obscure,  
    When Systems once begin.  
So, Generation turn'd to Science,  
To set Dame Nature at Defiance,  
    Is worth—not worth a Pin.

10.

Without adopting Modes of Art,  
When Spirits rage from Part to Part,  
    There is a Way to lay 'em.  
Thousands of Mothers have brought forth,  
Children of Loveliness and Worth,  
    Who ne'er saw *Doctor Graham*.

11.

See the rude Ploughboy, stout of Limb,  
By Instinct guided, not by Whim,  
    Or help of any Doctor!  
He wants no Spring—no Compass He,  
To guide his Vessel through the Sea,  
    But is his own Conductor.

Tho'

12.

7

Tho' vers'd not in mechanic Pow'rs  
He knows, that in her sportive Hours,  
    Kind Nature's no Deceiver.  
Inform'd by her, he knows his Force,  
As a meer Incident of Courfe,  
    Depends upon her Lever.

13.

Him nor the Wheel, or Wedge employs,  
He longs for more substantial Joys,  
    All other Joy seems flat.  
He leaves the Ballance—Pulley—Screw—  
To such Philosophers as you,  
    And KATTERFELTO'S Cat.

14.

Stranger to all the Fairy Tales,  
Content with Plains, and Hills, and Dales,  
    He needs no skilful MENTOR.  
As Impulse bids, his Fancy flies,  
Like vivid Lightning thro' the Skies,  
    Directly to the Centre.

Of

8

15.

Of swimming on ambrosial Seas,  
Elysium—floating at one's Ease,  
    What know your Country Loobies!  
The Orbs of Blifs to them are *Greek*,  
But well they know, whene'er you speak,  
    Of charming, pretty Bubbies.

16.

Celestial Bed—Celestial Throne,—  
And round Virility's full Tone,  
    Their Minds in Doubt involve.  
But when they meet a willing Maid,  
Poor Things! without Description's Aid.  
    They presently dissolve.

17.

But canst thou give returning Spunk,  
To the dry, wither'd, sapless Trunk,  
    And make old Age to dance,  
Or in gay Love's embattl'd Field,  
Where Youths of sturdy Prowess yield,  
    Repair his broken Lance?

Thou



18.

9

Thou canst—else wherefore do we see  
Dotards with weak, and trembling Knee,  
    Each hobbling to his *Venus*!  
Striving full hard to mend their Pace,  
And plant a Sort of human Race—  
    A *Species* of the GENUS.

19.

For this, thy Praise as long shall last,  
As youthful Brides, prodigious chaste  
    In Thought, in Word and Deed,  
Their antique Husbands Arms forsake,  
And to each Ball their Visits make,  
    Or Wat'ring-Place—to breed.

20.

Till Orators of high Renown,  
Call'd Statesmen—over-honest grown,  
    Refuse a Place, or Pension,  
Thy Name and Honour shall remain,  
Firm, as the Cloth, that's dyed in Grain,  
    And never know Declension.

B

Permit

10

21.

Permit me now, my Doctor dear!  
T' impart a Story to your Ear,  
Not meaning to offend;  
Tho' it may damp in some Degree  
That artificial Extacy,  
You fain would recommend.

22.

Young HOB, the most athletic Swain,  
The archest of the Hob-like Train,  
The Village ever knew,  
One Holliday at Country Wake,  
His Pastime where he us'd to take,  
Leer'd waggishly at SUE.

23.

SUE was a Lass of brisk Eighteen,  
The Lilly and the Rose were seen,  
Twin-Rivals in her Face.  
Tho' taught not in the Dancers School,  
A natural Ease, uncramp't by Rule,  
Excell'd their stiffen'd Grace.

How

24.

11

How many Lords, had Lords been there  
To view the soft, bewitching Fair,  
    And each inviting Dimple,  
How many Lords would then have drain'd  
Their Privy Purfes to have gain'd  
    Admittance to her Temple.

25.

HOB's active Spirits, to and fro',  
Like Penny-Postmen, come and go—  
    His ardent Pulse ran high ;  
And, Cæsar-like, he came—he saw—  
Determin'd in despite of Law,  
    To conquer, or to die.

26.

Acquaintance made—they danc'd, they fung,  
And to each other fondly clung,  
    Each was to each a Spur.  
Tho' all was Merriment, and Whim,  
The clownish Males all envied him,  
    The Females envied her.

B 2

Then

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27.

Then homeward going, much he prefs'd  
'Th' alluring Damsel to his Breast,  
    Repeating Kifs on Kifs.  
By various Means he strove to gain,  
By Means I dare not here explain,  
    The Region of his Blifs.

28.

Strange Raptures now her Bosom fill,  
As thus she cry'd—" I'll grant your Will,"  
    Hung down her Head, and smil'd ;  
" Provided you will give me Leave,  
" Your naughty Manhood to bereave,  
    " If I should prove with Child."

29.

Agreed—she clasp'd her ardent Youth,  
And, as he vow'd eternal Truth,  
    Joy brighten'd ev'ry Feature.  
At future Ill she was not shock'd,  
But sunk compos'd, whilst Hob unlock'd  
    The Cabinet of Nature.

The

The Decorations of the Place,  
 He much admir'd with simpring Face,  
     The New Arrangement—She.  
 'Twas Bliss ineffable to find  
 A Swain so ready to her Mind,  
     In Love's extreme Degree.

## 31.

His *Suaviter in modo*, how  
 The yielding Fair one might allow,  
     I can't presume to say.  
 Of this I'm sure—she lik'd full well,  
 (Th' ensuing Circumstance will tell)  
     His *Fortiter in Re*.

## 32.

At length she found her taper Waist,  
 Like many Belles in high-bred Taste  
     Grow rounder than before.  
 The blushing Rose her Face forsook,  
 The Lilly the Example took,  
     And left her to deplore.

Enrag'd

14

33.

Enrag'd a sharpen'd Knife she drew,  
And to the Barn vindictive flew,  
Where HOB display'd his Flail.  
" Villain! you've loaded me with Shame,  
" Nor think what Curses on my Fame  
" You've ventur'd to entail.

34.

" Villain! for Villain is your Name,  
" Prepare yourself—I come to claim  
" The Promise which you made.  
" You've ruin'd me—This HOB well knew—  
" And now, said she, I'll ruin you"—  
And grasp'd the fatal Blade.

35.

Firm as the Giant of the Wood,  
Yclep'd an Oak, young HOBBY stood,  
In Acl her Wrath to feel.  
His Apparatus when she saw,  
She felt—a pleasing Kind of Awe—  
And drop'd the horrid Steel.

Ah!

36.

15

“ Ah! what she cried—what Floods of Blifs  
“ O'er-whelm my Frame!—A Sight like this,  
“ Into a Ferment throws me.  
“ Tho' its the Spring of all my Woe,  
“ I cannot meditate a Blow—  
“ It looks as if it knows me.

37.

What follow'd, must not here be said,  
But we'll suppose the yielding Maid  
Once more was all content;  
For certain 'tis that when she came  
Forth from the Barn, she look'd more tame—  
More pleas'd than when she went.

38.

Now DOCTOR! tell, and tell me true,  
Speak freely out, as I to you,  
Nor dread the Lash of Satire;  
Can your Celestial Bed impart  
More Joy, or All your Strokes of Art,  
Exceed one Stroke of Nature!

F I N I S.