

THE
MAN-MIDWIFE

UNMASQUED:

BEING

The CASE of a certain *Young Lady*, who
apply'd to the noted Doctor D----- for
his Advice.

CONTAINING,

The Discourse that pass'd between the Fair Patient, and the
Doctor ----- His *Inspection* into her *Case* ----- Her Attempt to
Indict him for a *Rape* ----- The *Questions* ask'd her by the
Jury, with the *Lady's Answers* ----- The *Deceit* discover'd,
and the *Bill* return'd *Ignoramus*, &c. &c. &c.



L O N D O N :

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UNMASQU'D, &c.

To the Tune of, *Lumps of Pudding.*

I.

'TIS needless the Records of Time to explore,
Our own present Age has Examples in store,
Of Mischief that has by a Woman been done,
The worst Sort of Mischief now under the Sun :
Philosophers, Lawyers, and Statesmen agree,
And ev'ry Divine too of ev'ry Degree,
At the *Bottom of Mischief* is always a *Woman*,
And *Mischief at Bottom of Woman* is common.

II.

This Maxim allow'd then, we now shall proceed,
To mention a comi and farcical Deed ;
The primary Thought was a Trick, and no more,
A Device carried on by a plotting young W----- ;
The Scheme being laid, she was sure of the Prize,
Mistake me not, I don't mean the *Scheme of Excise* ;
She wanted some Money, 'tis true, and some -----,
She fail'd of the first, but the latter had Luck in.

III.

Clad nice in Apparel, away trips my Lady,
 In Fancy as fine as a Queen on a *May-Day* ;
 To a famous *Man-Midwife* Mock-majesty came,
 And ask'd for ---- for whom ? Dr. D----- by Name.
 She soon gain'd Admittance, nor had the young Fair
 Scarce fate herself down, when the Doctor came there ;
 Surpriz'd at her Beauty, the young *Don* did eye her,
 And wish'd he so happy might prove, as to try her.

IV.

With Looks now demure, like a *Puritan Sinner*,
 Who reflects on the Time when she was a *Beginner* ;
 Now blushing, now sighing, with Tears trickling down,
 Inclining, yet fearful, her Cause to make known ;
 Half Sentences utter'd, then seem'd to recant ;
 Quoth the Doctor, fair Lady, what is it you want ?
 Then queefing her Hand, said, your Mind pray discover,
 I find o'er your Heart something heavy does hover.

V.

Says she, since I find that I nought must conceal,
 My dread Apprehensions I now will reveal ;
 And therefore, good Doctor, the Truth I now tell y',
 Methinks there is *Something Alive in my Belly*.
 You easily guess by what Means, quoth the Fair,
 This Guest, that's so troublesome, got *Footing there*,
 'Tis a *Slipp'ry Trick*, Mother *Eve* led us to it,
 The *Critical Minute* soon tempts us to do it.

VI.

She blush'd, and immediately *lung down her Head*,
 And look'd as with *Shame* she had been half dead ;
 The Doctor perceiv'd it, and laugh'd in his Sleeve,
 Well pleas'd he had met with this Daughter of *Eve* ;
 His Blood was inflam'd, by her powerful Charms,
 He wish'd to expire a-while in *her Arms* ;
 Then, pausing, concluded, that he must care for *Her*,
 And quickly did find out a Way to possess *Her*.

VII.

Says he, *I perceive, Lady fair, that your Case
 May soon be attended with Shame and Disgrace,
 Unless 'tis prevented; I'll do what I can,*
 And may venture to say, *you will find me a Man;*
 A Man both of *Judgment* and *Skill* I do mean,
 By *Judgment* and *Skill* I my *Credit* maintain:
 But then in each Point you must *follow Direction,*
 And as your *Case* lies, must admit of *Inspection.*

VIII.

The Nymph then reply'd, I'll be rul'd, Sir, by you,
 What *Method* you judge the most proper, pursue;
 But first I desire, before you begin,
 To think on the *hapless Condition* I'm in.
 The Doctor then answer'd, you need not to doubt,
 What I *put in with Ease, with Ease shall come out;*
 I do nothing *rashly*, but always at *Leisure,*
 Then start not when I shall *search into your Treasure.*

IX.

Good Doctor, you'll find me a Patient, quoth she,
 That's all over *Passive*, as passive can be;
 Yet if you shou'd venture too far to advance,
 Perhaps you may make me to twitter and prance;
 But do what you will, I am at your *Devotion,*
 And when you direct me, will follow your *Motion;*
Resistance I hate, and for ever disclaim,
 But *Passive-Obedience* was always my Aim.

X.

Up Stairs the grave Doctor with Joy did conduct her,
 And now I will tell you how fairly he -----;
 Then into a Chamber, the Nymph, by him led,
 Was, with her Consent, quickly laid on the Bed.
 Well-pleas'd in his Mind, with a fluttering Heart,
 The Doctor resolv'd now to shew all his Art;
 To give *Demonstration* that he did respect *Her,*
 He kneel'd down before her, and then did *Inspect Her.*

XI.

He first did begin *here and there* for to peep,
 As mute lay the Nymph, as if she were a-sleep;
 Temptation was strong, and he cou'd not forbear,
 But with Vigour attack'd, in the Center, the Fair,
 In a Minute he found she began for to move,
 All o'er He was Fire, all o'er she was Love;
 O, Doctor! said She, fie, what is it you're doing?
 I prithee give over, for now ---- now ---- *I'm going.*

XII.

The Battle once over, the Danger was past,
 As the Doctor imagin'd, but reckon'd too fast;
 Half breathless a-while he did lie on the Spot,
 And the Figure he made, sure will ne'er be forgot;
 The Nymph, as with Reason you well might suppose,
 To cover her Legs, quickly pull'd down her Cloaths,
 Yet heartily wish'd he *once more* wou'd *Inspect Her*,
 Her Wish was in vain, for he now did *wagleft her.*

XIII.

She view'd him all o'er, with an Air of *Disdain*,
 What gave her some *Pleasure*, soon gave her more *Pain*;
 She was, it is certain, well *Larricompoop'd*,
 But vex'd to behold him so suddenly *coop'd*.
 The Doctor *recover'd*, and offer'd his Hand
 To lead her down Stairs; like a Mute she did stand,
 She refus'd him with Rage in her Looks I assure y',
 And now was the *Venus* chang'd into a *Fury*.

XIV.

Surpriz'd was the Doctor, but wou'd not complain,
 What he eagerly fought, he with Ease did obtain;
 Yet still there was *one Thing* in which he was scant,
 For *Money* was what the *Nymph* chiefly did want.
 His Time he had *wasted*, nor wou'd he *spend more*,
 He deem'd her a *surly*, an *ill-natur'd* -----;
 His *Appetite* cloy'd, she's no longer regarded,
 But us'd with *Contempt*, and with *Shame* was discarded.

XV.

Thus baulk'd of her Prey, and ill-treated withal,
 To aid and assist her on Hell she does call;
Revenge she does vow, nothing less will suffice
 Her *Rage* to assuage, than his Life to EXCISE.
 'Tis readily granted she was not a *Maid*,
 But still for her Labour she ought to be paid;
 The Doctor must own she at first did *knock-under*,
 What then? why Ingratitude is not a Wonder.

XVI.

Observe now what Method this Creature did take,
 A Method, that soon made the Doctor to quake;
 Who wish'd he had giv'n whate'er she requir'd,
 Or double the Sum that her Heart had desir'd:
 He now rues the Time, he *Inspected That same*,
 Or play'd at *All Four's*, so common a *Game*;
A Bill of Indictment, she brings in a *Fury*,
 And swore *she was ravish'd*, before the *Grand-jury*.

XVII.

This Matter a-while did admit of Debate,
 At length she was order'd her Tale to relate;
 The Questions were gravely put to her, which she
 As gravely did answer, for grave she cou'd be.
 Pray, Madam, said one, tell us where was the Place,
 When first to the Doctor you *open'd your Case*;
 What was it he said, and where did he *abuse* you,
 Remember you Swore he did *shamefully use* you.

XVIII.

I went to the *Doctor*, and made my *Complaint*,
 He look'd so *demure* that I thought him a *Saint*,
 But oh! a mere *Devil* he soon did appear,
 By him I'm undone, as you *quickly shall hear*.
 Young Lady, quoth he, I will tell you your *Case*
 Must by me be *Examin'd*, but not in this Place;
 I say 'tis a *Thing that requires Inspection*,
 And you must *with Patience* abide my *Direction*.

XIX.

Then up to his Chamber, by him I was led,
 And gently he laid me along on the Bed;
 And I, a poor Innocent, thought it no Harm,
 'Till I felt something in me, which prov'd to be warm,
 I struggled, and did *All I cou'd*---- but in vain,
 For great was my Sorrow, and greater my Pain:
 I strove to cry out, but no Noise cou'd I make,
 He Tipt me the Velvet, and I cou'd not speak.

XX.

Quoth the Don, Your Expression to us pray explain,
 And say what, by Tipping the Velvet you mean:
 He put, Sir, his Tongue in my Mouth, the reply'd,
 And I verily thought that I then shou'd have dy'd.
 Says the Don, Have you Teeth? why did you not bite,
 Quoth she, That wou'd sure have been look'd on as Spite.
 The Jury return'd the Bill Ignoramus,
 And the Doctor has now got a Name that is famous.

F I N I S.

