

An itinerant doctor, by a subterfuge, cures an undergraduate hoaxer of his supposed maladies of lying and bad memory. Coloured etching by T. Rowlandson, 1807, after G.M. Woodward.

Contributors

Woodward, G. M. approximately 1760-1809.
Rowlandson, Thomas, 1756-1827.

Publication/Creation

London (111 Cheapside) : Pub. by T. Tegg, July 9 1807.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/jcy2mku6>

License and attribution

You have permission to make copies of this work under a Creative Commons, Attribution license.

This licence permits unrestricted use, distribution, and reproduction in any medium, provided the original author and source are credited. See the Legal Code for further information.

Image source should be attributed as specified in the full catalogue record. If no source is given the image should be attributed to Wellcome Collection.



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>



Price One Shilling, coloured.

Woodward del.

Rowlandson sc.

A CURE for LYING and a BAD MEMORY.

A travelling Empiric being in the neighbourhood of one of the universities, gained great credit for his skill in Medicine, in fact it was reported that he was capable of curing all diseases incident to the human frame. — A College Wag, fond of exercising his wit, sent for the renowned Doctor, and after passing many encomiums on his great medical skill, told him he was troubled with two disorders which he feared went beyond his power to cure. — Never fear replied the Doctor, state the cases. Why Sir — in the first place, I have such an unfortunate bad memory that I never recollect what I have said a few minutes before — and the second is, truly shocking to relate, I have such a strong propensity to lying that I scarcely ever open my mouth but I am — mit myself. — They are certainly very serious cases said the Doctor, and require some consideration, however if you will call on me to morrow, (bye the bye you had better write it down while it is in your memory.) I think I can work a cure. — Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you, I will be sure to attend punctually, on which they exchanged bows and, *retir'd.* The next day according to promise, the Student waited on the Doctor. — Doctor, I am glad to see you — that's a lie! said the son of Galen, according to your own account of your unfortunate malady, — but come it is time we proceed to business, are you prepared to take my medicine? — perfectly, — that's another lie! — but however I have not a doubt I shall yet perform a cure. — Here John bring from the grand saloon, the gilded pill called — *Pillula Memoria — Anti Fibbonus!* There Sir, view it, what a beauty in appearance, — Come Sir, sit down, — Open your mouth, — There Sir, it is gone! — Now how do you find yourself? — find myself! — Curse the fellow! — he has poisoned me! — why Zounds, you have given me *Asafetida*, or something worse! — I have, I have! — you are right! — you speak the truth you are perfectly cured, — Huzza! — I told you I should manage it, — and as to your memory don't trouble yourself about that, — that cure follows of course, for I am sure you will never forget the Medicine!

London, Pub. by T. Tegg III Cheapside July 9 1807.