

**The mock doctor : or, the dumb lady cur'd. A comedy. Done from Molière [by H. Fielding] ... With the musick prefix'd to each song. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane / By His Majesty's servants.**

### **Contributors**

Fielding, Henry, 1707-1754.  
Molière, 1622-1673. Médecin malgré lui.

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T H E

M O C K D O C T O R :

O R,

T h e D U M B L A D Y C u r ' d .

A

C O M E D Y .

D o n e f r o m M O L I E R E .

A s i t i s A c t e d a t t h e T H E A T R E - R O Y A L  
i n D R U R Y - L A N E .

B y H i s M A J E S T Y ' s S e r v a n t s .

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W i t h t h e M U S I C K p r e f i x ' d t o e a c h S O N G .

---

A N E W E D I T I O N .

W i t h A d d i t i o n a l S O N G S a n d A l t e r a t i o n s .

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L O N D O N :

P r i n t e d f o r T . C A S L O N , T . L O W N D E S , T . D A V I E S , W I L S O N  
a n d N I C H O L L , T . B E C K E T , G . K E A R S L E Y , W . G R I F F I N ,  
S . B L A D O N , T . C A D E L L , a n d W . W O O D F A L L .

M . D C C . L X X I .

[ P r i c e O n e S h i l l i n g . ]





T O

Dr. JOHN MISAUBIN.

S I R,

W H E R E I not well assur'd of Your great Candour, the Opinion I have of Your nice Judgment and refined Taste might give me terrible Apprehensions, while I am presenting You a Piece, wherein, I fear, much Injustice is done to an Author, whose Beauties you can so exquisitely relish in the Original.

It would be hard to make a more delicate Compliment to a Lady, than by dedicating to her the Sixth Satire of *Juvenal*. Such an Address must naturally suppose her free from all the Vices and Follies there inveighed against. Permit me therefore, Sir, to prefix to a Farce, wherein *Quacks* are so severely expos'd, the Name of One who will be remember'd as an Honour to his Profession, while there is a single Practitioner in Town, at whose Door there is a Lamp in an Evening.

I shall not here proceed in the common Road of Dedications, to sum up the many great Talents with which Nature has enrich'd You: I shall not here, as I might, enlarge on Excellencies so well known to the World; nor shall I mention here that Politeness, which appears equal with your Wit in your Conversation, and has made You the Desire of the Great, and the Envy of the whole Profession; that generous Elegance with which You treat your Friends and Patients, insomuch that the latter are often

## D E D I C A T I O N.

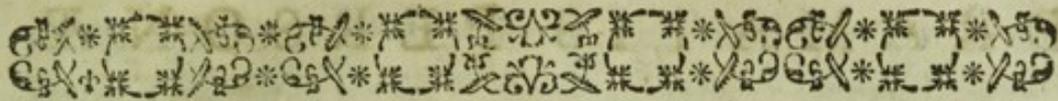
Gainers by their Distempers, and drink you out more in Wine, than they pay you for Physic. I shall not, I say, mention these: But I cannot, without the greatest Violence to myself, pass by that *Little Pill* which has render'd You so great a Blessing to Mankind; that *Pill* which is the Opposite to *Pandora's Box*, and has done more real Good in the World than the Poets feign the other to have done Evil. Forgive me, Sir, if I am not able to contain myself while I am talking of this invaluable Remedy, to which so many owe their Health, their Pleasure, nay the very Preservation of their Being.

It is this, Sir, which has animated the Brethren of your Faculty against You: that has made 'em represent one of the greatest Men of this Age, as an illiterate Empirick, for which weak Effort of their Malice You have continually had a very laudable and just Contempt.

Were I not apprehensive of offending your Ears that are so averse to Flattery, I might here mention your great Skill in Divinity, Philosophy, &c. almost equal to your Knowledge in Physic. But this the World will, I hope, be soon acquainted with, by your being prevail'd on to publish some of those excellent Treatises which your leisure Hours have produc'd, and which may, perhaps, be almost as serviceable to Mankind as the Labours of our most celebrated Divines have been.

And now, Sir, give me leave to conclude by wishing, that you may meet with the Reward you merit; that the Gratitude of some of your Patients may, in return for the lengthening of their Lives, contribute to immortalize your Reputation; that I may see a Statue erected to your Memory, with that Serpent of *Æsculapius* in your Hand, which you so deservedly bear in your Arms, is the sincere Wish of,

S I R, Your most obedient,  
most humble Servant.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

*E Medecin malgré Lui* of *Moliere* hath been always  
esteemed in *France* the best of that Author's Hu-  
morous Pieces. *Misanthrope*, to which it was first  
added, owed to it chiefly its Success. That excel-  
lent Play was of too grave a Kind to hit the Genius of the  
*French* Nation, on which account the Author, in a very few  
Days, produced this Farce, which being added to the *Misan-*  
*thrope*, gave it one of the greatest Runs that any Play ever met  
with on that Stage.

The *English* Theatre owes this Farce to an Accident not  
unlike that which gave it to the *French*. And I wish I had  
been as able to preserve the Spirit of *Moliere*, as I have, in  
translating it, fallen short even of that very little Time he al-  
lowed himself in writing it: However, the Candour of its  
Audiences hath given me no Reason to repent or be ashamed  
of my Undertaking, as perhaps when I have returned what is  
due to *Moliere*, and to the Performers, I shall have very little  
Cause of Triumph from it.

The Applause our *Mock-Doctor* received on the Theatre ad-  
mits of no Addition from my Pen. I shall only congratulate  
the Town on the lively Hope they may entertain of having  
the Loss, they are one Day to suffer in the Father, so well  
supply'd in the Son.

But I cannot, when I mention the rising Glories of the  
Theatre, omit one, who, tho' she owes little Advantage to  
the Part of *Dorcas*, hath already convinced the best Judges of  
her admirable Genius for the Stage: She hath sufficiently  
shewn in the *Old Debauchees*, that her Capacity is not confined  
to a Song, and I dare swear they will shortly own Her able to  
do Justice to Characters of a much greater Consequence.

One Pleasure I enjoy from the Success of this Piece, is a  
Prospect of transplanting successfully some others of *Moliere* of  
great Value. How I have done this, any *English* Reader may  
be satisfy'd by examining an exact literal Translation of the  
*Medecin malgré Lui*, which is the Second in the Second Volume  
of *Select Comedies of Moliere*, published by *John Watts*.

D R A M A T I S

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

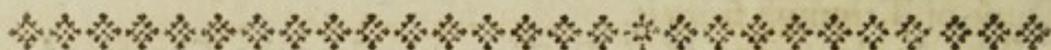
## MEN.

Sir Jasper,	Mr. <i>Shepherd.</i>
Leander,	Mr. <i>Stopelaer.</i>
Gregory,	Mr. <i>Cibber, Jun.</i>
Robert,	Mr. <i>Jones.</i>
James,	Mr. <i>Mullart.</i>
Harry,	Mr. <i>Roberts.</i>
Davy,	Mr. <i>Jones.</i>
Hellebor,	Mr. <i>Roberts.</i>

## WOMEN.

Dorcas,	Miss. <i>Raftor.</i>
Charlotte,	Miss. <i>Williams.</i>
Maid,	Mrs. <i>Mears.</i>

SCENE, *Partly in a Country-Town, and partly in a Wood.*



## A TABLE of the SONGS.

AIR 1.	<i>When a Lady, like me, condescends to agree.</i>	Page 2
2.	<i>Go thrash your own Rib, Sir, at home.</i>	p. 4
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THE  
MOCK DOCTOR:

OR,

The DUMB LADY Cur'd.

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SCENE I. A WOOD.

DORCAS, GREGORY.

GREGORY.

TELL, you No, I won't comply, and it is my  
Business to talk, and to command.

*Dorc.* And I tell you, you shall conform to my  
Will; and that I was not marry'd to you to suffer  
your Ill-humours.

*Greg.* O the intolerable Fatigue of Matrimony! *Aristotle*  
never said a better thing in his Life, than when he told us,  
*That a Wife is worse than a Devil.*

*Dorc.* Hear the learned Gentleman with his *Aristotle*.

*Greg.* And a learned Man I am too; find me out a Maker  
of Fagot's, that's able, like myself, to reason upon Things, or  
that can boast such an Education as mine.

*Dorc.* An Education!

*Greg.* Ay, Hussy, a regular Education; first at the Charity-  
School, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a Gentleman  
at *Oxford*, where I learnt—very near as much as my Master;  
from whence I attended a travelling Physician six Years, un-  
der the facetious Denomination of a *Merry Andrew*, where I  
learnt Physick.

2 The MOCK DOCTOR: Or,

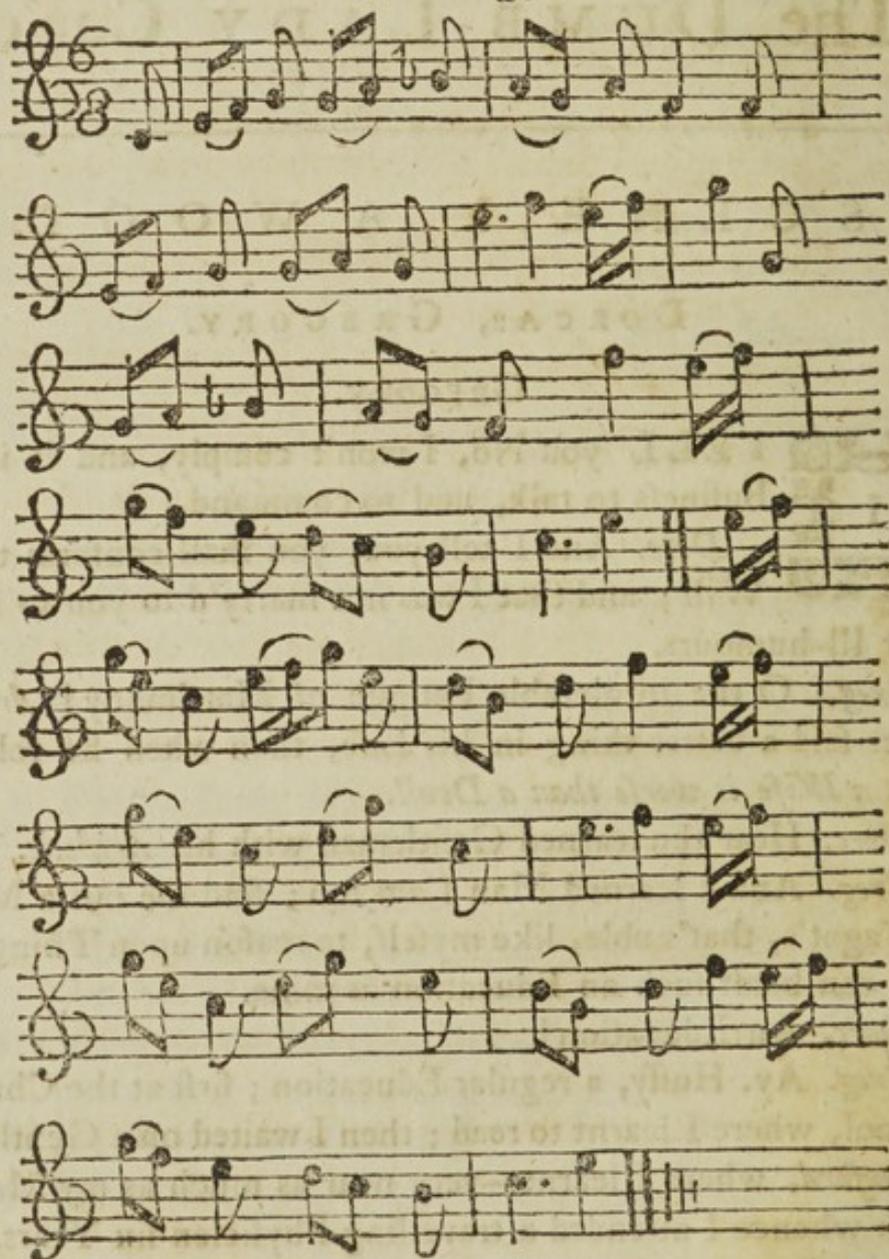
*Dorc.* O that thou hadst follow'd him still! Curs'd be the Hour wherein I answer'd the Parson, *I will.*

*Greg.* And curs'd be the Parson that ask'd me the Question!

*Dorc.* You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your Knees every Moment returning Thanks to Heaven for that great Blessing it sent you, when it sent you Myself. — I hope you have not the Assurance to think you deserv'd such a Wife as me.

*Greg.* No, really, I don't think I do.

AIR I. *Bessy Bell.*



*Dorc.* When a Lady, like me, condescends to agree,  
To let such a Jackapes taste her,  
With what Zeal and Care should he worship the Fair,  
Who gives him—what's Meat for his Master? His

*His Actions should still  
Attend on her Will,  
Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning;  
To her he should be  
Each Night on his Knee,  
And so he should be on each Morning.*

*Greg.* Meat for my Master! you were Meat for your Master, if I an't mistaken; for, to one of our Shames be it spoken, you rose as good a Virgin from me as you went to Bed. Come, come, Madam, it was a lucky Day for you, when you found me out.

*Dorc.* Lucky indeed! a Fellow who eats every thing I have.

*Greg.* That happens to be a Mistake, for I drink some part on't

*Dorc.* That has not even left me a Bed to lie on.

*Greg.* You'll rise the earlier.

*Dorc.* And who from Morning 'till Night is eternally in an Alehouse.

*Greg.* It's genteel, the Squire does the same.

*Dorc.* Pray, Sir, what are you willing I shall do with my Family?

*Greg.* Whatever you please.

*Dorc.* My four little Children that are continually crying for Bread.

*Greg.* Give 'em a Rod! best Cure in the World for crying Children.

*Dorc.* And do you imagine, Sot ———

*Greg.* Hark ye, my Dear, you know my Temper is not over and above passive, and that my Arm is extremely active.

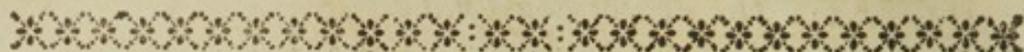
*Dorc.* I laugh at your Threats, poor beggarly insolent Fellow.

*Greg.* Soft Object of my wishing Eyes, I shall play with your pretty Ears.

*Dorc.* Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally ———

*Greg.* Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find. [*Beats her.*]

*Dorc.* O Murder! Murder!



## S C E N E II.

GREGORY, DORCAS, *Squire* ROBERT.

*Rob.* What's the matter here? Fy upon you! Fy upon you, Neighbour, to beat your Wife in this scandalous manner.

*Dorc.* Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

*Rob.* O dear, Madam! I give my Consent with all my Heart and Soul.

*Dorc.* What's that to you, Saucebox? Is it any Business of yours?

*Rob.* No certainly, Madam.

*Dorc.* Here's an impertinent Fellow for you, won't suffer a Husband to beat his own Wife!

A I R II. *Winchester* Wedding.

*Go thrash your own Rib, Sir, at home,  
Nor thus interfere with our Strife;  
May Cuckoldom still be his Doom,  
Who strives to part Husband and Wife.*

Suppose

*Suppose I've a mind he should drub,  
Whose Bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?  
At whose Expence is it, you Scrub?  
You are not to find him a Stick.*

*Rob.* Neighbour, I ask your Pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your Wife, beat her as you ought to do.

*Greg.* No, Sir, I won't beat her.

*Rob.* O! Sir, that's another thing.

*Greg.* I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my Wife, and not yours.

*Rob.* Certainly.

*Dorc.* Give me the Stick, dear Husband.

*Rob.* Well, if ever I attempt to part Husband and Wife again, may I be beaten myself.



## S C E N E III.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

*Greg.* Come, my Dear, let us be Friends.

*Dorc.* What after beating me so!

*Greg.* 'Twas but in Jest.

*Dorc.* I desire you will crack your Jests on your own Bones, not on mine.

*Greg.* Psha! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one Half of myself when I beat you.

*Dorc.* Yes, but for the future I desire you will beat the other Half of yourself.

*Greg.* Come, my pretty Deat, I ask Pardon, I'm sorry for't.

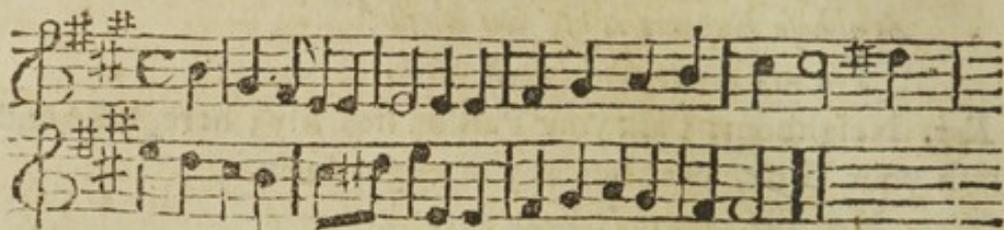
*Dorc.* For once, I pardon you — but you shall pay for it.

*Greg.* Psha! Psha! Child, these are only little Affairs, necessary in Friendship; four or five good Blows with a Cud-gel between your very fond Couples, only tend to heighten the Affections. I'll now to the Wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred Fagots before I come home again.

*Dorc.* If I am not reveng'd on those Blows of yours!—Oh, that I could but think of some Method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the Rogue, he's quite insensible of Cuckoldom.

6 The MOCK DOCTOR: Or,

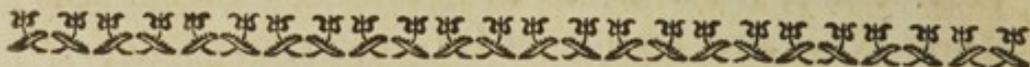
A I R III. Oh *London* is a fine Town.



*In ancient Days, I've heard, with Horns  
The Wife her Spouse could fright,  
Which now the Hero bravely scorns,  
So common is the Sight.*

*To City, Country, Camp, or Court,  
Or wheresoe'er he go,  
No horned Brother dares make Sport,  
They're Cuckolds all arow.*

Oh that I could find out some Invention to get him well drubb'd!



S C E N E IV.

HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

*Harry.* Were ever two Fools sent on such a Message as we are, in quest of a dumb Doctor?

*James.* Blame your own cursed Memory that made you forget his Name. For my part, I'll travel thro' the World rather than return without him; that were as much as a Limb or two were worth.

*Harry.* Was ever such a cursed Misfortune! to lose the Letter? I should not even know his Name if I were to hear it.

*Dorc.* Can I find no Invention to be reveng'd? —Heyday! who are these?

*James.* Harkye, Mistress, do you know where—where—where Doctor What-d'ye-call-him lives?

*Dorc.* Doctor who?

*James.* Doctor — Doctor — what's his Name?

*Dorc.* Hey! what, has the Fellow a mind to banter me?

*Harry.* Is there no Phyfician hereabouts famous for curing Dumbnefs?

*Dorc.* I fancy you have no need of fuch a Phyfician, Mr. Impertinence.

*Harry.* Don't miftake us, good Woman, we don't mean to banter you, we are fent by our Mafter, whofe Daughter has loft her Speech, for a certain Phyfician who lives hereabouts; we have loft our Direction, and 'tis as much as our Lives are worth to return without him.

*Dorc.* There is one Doctor *Lazy* lives juft by, but he has left off praftifing. You would not get him a Mile, to fave the Lives of a thoufand Patients.

*James.* Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

*Harry.* Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, tho' we carry him on our Backs.

*Dorc.* Ha! Heaven has inspir'd me with one of the moft admirable Inventions to be reveng'd on my Hangdog! [*Afide.*] I affure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young Lady's Buſinefs for her; he's reckon'd one of the beft Phyficians in the World, eſpecially for Dumbnefs.

*Harry.* Pray tell us where he lives.

*Dorc.* You'll never be able to get him out of his own Houfe; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amufes himſelf here with cutting Wood.

*Harry.* A Phyfician cut Wood.

*James.* I fuppoſe he amufes himſelf in ſearching after Herbs you mean.

*Dorc.* No, he's one of the moft extraordinary Men in the World: He goes dreſt like a common Clown; for there is nothing he ſo much dreads, as to be known for a Phyfician.

*James.* All your great Men have ſome ſtrange Oddities about 'em

*Dorc.* Why he will ſuffer himſelf to be beat, before he will own himſelf to be a Phyfician — and I'll give you my Word,  
you'll

you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good Cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

*James.* What a ridiculous Whim is here!

*Dorc.* Very true; and in so great a Man.

*James.* And is he so very skilful a Man?

*Dorc.* Skilful? why he does Miracles. About half a Year ago, a Woman was given over by all her Physicians, nay, she had been dead some time; when this great Man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd a little Drop of something down her Throat—he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her Bed, and walk'd about the Room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

*Both.* Oh prodigious!

*Dorc.* 'Tis not above three Weeks ago, that a Child of Twelve Years old fell from the Top of a House to the Bottom, and broke its Scull, its Arms, and Legs.—Our Physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a Visit, than having rubb'd the Child all over with a certain Ointment, it got upon its Legs, and run away to play.

*Both.* Oh most wonderful!

*Harry.* Hey! Gad, *James*, we'll drub him out of a Pot of this Ointment.

*James.* But can he cure Dumbness?

*Dorc.* Dumbness! Why the Curate of our Parish's Wife was born dumb, and the Doctor, with a sort of Wash, washed her Tongue 'till he set it a going so that in less than a Month's time she out-talk'd her Husband.

*Harry.* This must be the very Man we were sent after.

*Dorc.* Yonder is the very Man I speak of.

*James.* What, that he yonder?

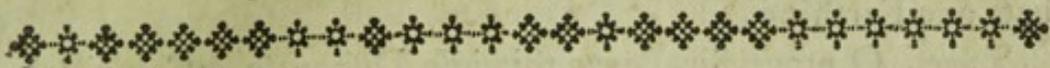
*Dorc.* The very same.—He has spy'd us and taken up his Bill.

*James.* Come, *Harry*, don't let us lose one Moment.—Mistress, your Servant; we give you ten thousand Thanks for this Favour.

*Dorc.* Be sure and make good use of your Sticks.

*James.* He shan't want that.

S C E N E

S C E N E V. *Another Part of the Wood.*

JAMES, HARRY, GREGORY.

*Greg.* Pox on't ! 'tis most confounded hot Weather. Hey !  
who have we here ?

*James.* Sir, your most obedient humble Servant. ———

*Greg.* Sir, your Servant.

*James.* We are mighty happy in finding you here. ———

*Greg.* Ay, like enough. ———

*James.* 'Tis in your Power, Sir, to do us a very great Fa-  
vour.—We come, Sir, to implore your Assistance in a certain  
Affair.

*Greg.* If it be in my Power to give you any Assistance,  
Masters, I am very ready to do it.

*James.* Sir, you are extremely obliging—But, dear Sir, let  
me beg you'd be cover'd, the Sun will hurt your Complexion.

*Harry.* For Heaven's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

*Greg.* These should be Footmen, by their Drefs, but should  
be Courtiers by their Ceremony. [Aside.

*James.* You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come  
thus to seek after you ; Men of your Capacity will be sought  
after by the whole World.

*Greg.* Truly, Gentlemen, tho' I say it, that should not say  
it, I have a pretty good Hand at a Fagot.

*James.* O dear Sir !

*Greg.* You may, perhaps, buy Fagots cheaper otherwhere ;  
but if you find such in all this Country, you shall have mine  
for nothing. To make but one Word then with you, you  
shall have mine for ten Shillings a Hundred.

*James.* Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

*Greg.* I could not sell 'em a Penny cheaper, if 'twas to my  
Father.

*James.* Dear Sir, we know you very well — don't jest with  
us in this manner.

*Greg.*

*Greg.* Faith, Master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one Farthing.

*James.* O pray, Sir, leave this idle Discourse.—Can a Person, like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous Physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the World, and bury such fine Talents in the Woods?

*Greg.* The Fellow's a Fool.

*James.* Let me intreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

*Harry.* It is in vain, Sir; we know what you are.

*Greg.* Know what you are! what do you know of me?

*James.* Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great Physician.

*Greg.* Physician in your Teeth! I a Physician!

*James.* The Fit is on him. ——— Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

*Greg.* Devil take me, if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that I'm no Physician.

*James.* We must proceed to the usual Remedy, I find.—And so you are no Physician.

*Greg.* No.

*James.* You are no Physician?

*Greg.* No, I tell you.

*James.* Well, if we must, we must. [Beat him.]

*Greg.* Oh! Oh! Gentlemen! Gentlemen! what are you doing? I am——I am——whatever you please to have me.

*James.* Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this Violence?

*Harry.* Why will you force us to this troublesome Remedy?

*James.* I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of Pain.

*Greg.* I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. But pray, Gentlemen, what is the Reason that you have a mind to make a Physician of me?

*James.* What! do you deny your being a Physician again?

*Greg.* And the Devil take me, if I am.

*Harry.* You are no Physician?

*Greg.* May I be pox'd, if I am. [They beat him.] Oh!—Oh!——Dear Gentlemen; Oh! for Heaven's sake; I am a Physician

Physician, and an Apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o' the Head.

*James.* Dear Sir, I am rejoic'd to see you come to your Senses; I ask Pardon ten thousand times for what you have forc'd us to.

*Greg.* Perhaps I am deceiv'd myself, and am a Physician without knowing it. But, dear Gentlemen, are you certain I'm a Physician?

*James.* Yes, the greatest Physician in the World.

*Greg.* Indeed!

*Harry.* A Physician that has cur'd all sorts of Distempers.

*Greg.* The Devil I have!

*James.* That has made a Woman walk about the Room after she was dead six Hours.

*Harry.* That set a Child upon its Legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

*James.* That made the Curate's Wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her Husband.

*Harry.* Look ye, Sir, you shall have content; my Master will give you whatever you will demand.

*Greg.* Shall I have whatever I will demand?

*James.* You may depend upon it.

*Greg.* I am a Physician, without doubt — I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself. — Well — and what is the Distemper I am to cure?

*James.* My young Mistress, Sir, has lost her Tongue.

*Greg.* The Devil take me if I have found it. — But, come, Gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a Physician's Habit, for a Physician can no more prescribe without a full Wig, than without a Fee. [Exeunt.



S C E N E VI.

DORCAS.

*Dorc.* I don't remember my Heart has gone so pit-a-pat with Joy a long while. — Revenge is surely the most delicious Morfel the Devil ever dropt into the Mouth of a Woman.

C

And

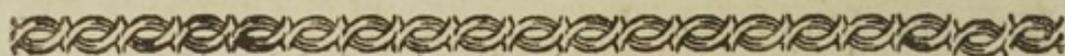
And this is a Revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant Horns upon a Husband's Head is more dangerous than is imagin'd:—Odd! I had a narrow Escape when I met with this Fool, the best of my Market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a crack'd China Cup.

## A I R IV. Pinks and Lilies.



*A Woman's Ware, like China,  
Now cheap, now dear is bought;  
When whole, tho' worth a Guinea,  
When broke's not worth a Groat.*

*A Woman at St. James's,  
With Hundreds you obtain;  
But stay 'till lost her Fame is,  
She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.*



## SCENE VII. Sir Jasper's House.

*Sir JASPER, and JAMES.*

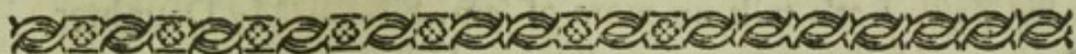
*Sir Jasp.* Where is he? Where is he?

*James.* Only recruiting himself after his Journey. You need not be impatient, Sir, for were my young Lady dead, he'd bring her to Life again.—He makes no more of bringing a Patient to Life, than other Physicians do of killing him.

*Sir Jasp.* 'Tis strange so great a Man should have those unaccountable odd Humours you mention'd.

*James.* 'Tis but a good Blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself.—Here he is.

SCENE



## S C E N E VIII.

*Sir* JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.

*Harry.* Sir, this is the Doctor.

*Sir Jasp.* Dear Sir, you're the welcom'ft Man in the World.

*Greg.* *Hippocrates* fays, we fhould both be cover'd.

*Sir Jasp.* Ha! does *Hippocrates* fay fo? In what Chapter pray?

*Greg.* In his Chapter of Hats.

*Sir Jasp.* Since *Hippocrates* fays fo, I fhall obey him.

*Greg.* Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the Highway of Letters —

*Sir Jasp.* Doctor! Pray whom do you fpeak to?

*Greg.* To you, Doctor.

*Sir Jasp.* Ha, ha! — I am a Knight, thank the King's Grace for it; but no Doctor.

*Greg.* What, you're no Doctor?

*Sir Jasp.* No, upon my Word.

*Greg.* You're no Doctor?

*Sir Jasp.* Doctor! no.

*Greg.* There—'tis done. [Beats him.]

*Sir Jasp.* Done, in the Devil's Name! What's done?

*Greg.* Why now you are made a Doctor of Phyfick—I am fure it's all the Degrees I ever took.

*Sir Jasp.* What Devil of a Fellow have you brought here?

*James.* I told you, Sir, the Doctor had ftrange Whims with him.

*Sir Jasp.* Whims, quotha! — Egad, I fhall bind his Phyficianship over to his good Behaviour, if he has any more of thefe Whims.

*Greg.* Sir, I afk Pardon for the Liberty I have taken.

*Sir Jasp.* Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

*Greg.* I am forry for thofe Blows.

*Sir Jasp.* Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

*Greg.* Which I was oblig'd to have the Honour of laying on fo thick upon you.

*Sir Jasp.* Let's talk no more of 'em, Sir—My Daughter, Doctor, is fallen into a very strange Distemper.

*Greg.* Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it: and I wish with all my Heart, you and your whole Family had the same Occasion for me, as your Daughter, to shew the great Desire I have to serve you.

*Sir Jasp.* Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

*Greg.* I assure you, Sir, I speak from the very bottom of my Soul.

*Sir Jasp.* I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

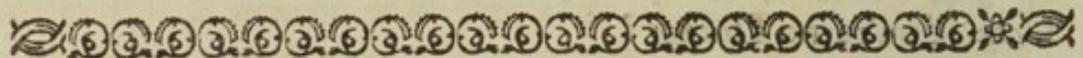
*Greg.* What is your Daughter's Name?

*Sir Jasp.* My Daughter's Name is *Charlot*.

*Greg.* Are you sure she was christen'd *Charlot*?

*Sir Jasp.* No, Sir, she was christen'd *Charlotta*.

*Greg.* Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd *Charlotte*. *Charlotte* is a very good Name for a Patient; and let me tell you, the Name is often of as much Service to the Patient, as the Physician is.



## S C E N E IX.

*Sir JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOTTE, MAID.*

*Sir Jasp.* Sir, my Daughter's here.

*Greg.* Is that my Patient? Upon my Word she carries no Distemper in her Countenance—and I fancy a healthy young Fellow would sit very well upon her.

*Sir Jasp.* You make her smile, Doctor.

*Greg.* So much the better; 'tis a very good Sign when we can bring a Patient to smile; it is a Sign that the Distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, Child, what's the matter with you? What's your Distemper?

*Charl.* Han, hi, hon, han.

*Greg.* What do you say?

*Charl.* Han, hi, han, hon.

*Greg.* What, what, what?—

*Charl.*

*Charl.* Han, hi, hon——

*Greg.* Han! Hon! Honin ha!——I don't understand a Word she says. Han! Hi! Hon! What the Devil of a Language is this?

*Sir Jasp.* Why, that's her Distemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the Cause—and this Distemper, Sir, has kept back her Marriage.

*Greg.* Kept back her Marriage! Why so?

*Sir Jasp.* Because her Lover refuses to have her 'till she's cur'd.

*Greg.* O Lud! was ever such a Fool, that wou'd not have his Wife dumb!——Would to Heaven my Wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this Distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

*Sir Jasp.* Yes, Sir.

*Greg.* So much the better. Has she any great Pains?

*Sir Jasp.* Very great.

*Greg.* That's just as I would have it. Give me your Hand, Child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb Pulse indeed.

*Sir Jasp.* You have guess'd her Distemper,

*Greg.* Ay, Sir, we great Physicians know a Distemper immediately: I know some of the College would call this the *Boree*, or the *Coupee*, or the *Sinkee*, or twenty other Distempers; but I give you my Word, Sir, your Daughter is nothing more than dumb——So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her——If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

*Sir Jasp.* But I should be glad to know, Doctor, from whence her Dumbness proceeds?

*Greg.* Nothing so easily accounted for.——Her Dumbness proceeds from her having lost her Speech.

*Sir Jasp.* But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her Speech?

*Greg.* All our best Authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the Action of the Tongue.

*Sir Jasp.* But if you please, dear, Sir, your Sentiments upon that Impediment.

*Greg.*

*Greg.* *Aristotle* has upon that Subject said very fine Things; very fine Things.

*Sir Jasp.* I believe it, Doctor.

*Greg.* Ah! he was a great Man, he was indeed a very great Man.—A Man, who upon that Subject was a Man that—But to return to our Reasoning: I hold that this Impediment of the Action of the Tongue is caused by certain Humours which our great Physicians call——Humours——Humours——Ah! you understand *Latin*——

*Sir Jasp.* Not in the least.

*Greg.* What, not understand *Latin*?

*Sir Jasp.* No indeed, Doctor.

*Greg.* *Cabricius arci Thuram Cathalimus, Singulariter Nom, Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc Musæ, Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia Substantivo & Adjectivum concordat in Generi Numerum & Casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & similibus.*

*Sir Jasp.* Ah! Why did I neglect my Studies.

*Harry.* What a prodigious Man is this!

*Greg.* Besides, Sir, certain Spirits passing from the left Side, which is the Seat of the Liver, to the right, which is the Seat of the Heart, we find the Lungs, which we call in *Latin, Whiskerus*, having Communication with the Brain, which we name in *Greek, Jackbootos*, by means of a hollow Vein, which we call in *Hebrew, Periwiggus*, meet in the Road with the said Spirits, which fill the Ventricles of the *Omotaplasmus*, and because the said Humours have—you comprehend me well, Sir? And because the said Humours have a certain Malignity——listen seriously, I beg you.

*Sir Jasp.* I do.

*Greg.* Have a certain Malignity that is caused—be attentive, if you please.

*Sir Jasp.* I am.

*Greg.* That is caus'd, I say, by the Acrimony of the Humours engender'd in the Concavity of the Diaphragm; thence it arrives, that these Vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, viorum.*—This, Sir, is the Cause of your Daughter's being dumb.

*Harry.* O that I had but his Tongue !

*Sir Jasp.* It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one Thing.—I always thought 'till now, that the Heart was on the left Side, and the Liver on the right.

*Greg.* Ay, Sir, so they were formerly, but we have chang'd all that.—The College at present, Sir, proceeds upon an intire new Method.

*Sir Jasp.* I ask your Pardon, Sir.

*Greg.* Oh, Sir ! there's no Harm—you're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

*Sir Jasp.* Very true ; but, Doctor, what would you have done with my Daughter ?

*Greg.* What would I have done with her ? Why, my Advice is, that you immediately put her into a Bed warm'd with a Brafs Warming-Pan: Cause her to drink one Quart of Spring-Water, mix'd with one Pint of Brandy, six *Seville* Oranges, and three Ounces of the best Double-refin'd Sugar.

*Sir Jasp.* Why, this is Punch, Doctor.

*Greg.* Punch, Sir ! Ay, Sir ;——and what's better than Punch, tom ake People talk ?—Never tell me of your Juleps, your Gruels, your—your—This, and That, and T'other, which are only Arts to keep a Patient in hand a long time.—I love to do a Bulinefs all at once.

*Sir Jasp.* Doctor, I ask Pardon, you shall be obey'd.

[*Gives Money.*]

*Greg.* I'll return in the Evening, and see what Effect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young Lady here, that I must apply some little Remedies to.

*Maid.* Who, me ? I was never better in my Life, I thank you, Sir.

*Greg.* So much the worfe, Madam, so much the worfe——'Tis very dangerous to be very well——for when one is very well, one has nothing else to do, but to take Physick, and bleed away.

*Sir Jasp.* Oh strange ! What, bleed, when one has no Dis-temper ?

*Greg.* It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides,

Besides, Madam, it is not your Case, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three Days longer; and it is always best to cure a Distemper before you have it—pr, as we say in *Greek*, *Distemperum bestum est curare ante habestum*—What I shall prescribe you, at present, is to take every six Hours one of these Bolus's.

*Maid.* Ha, ha, ha! Why, Doctor, these look exactly like Lumps of Loaf Sugar.

*Greg.* Take one of these Bolus's, I say, every six Hours, washing it down with six Spoonfuls of the best *Holland's Geneva*.

*Sir Jasp.* Sure, you are in jest, Doctor!—This Wench does not shew any Symptom of a Distemper.

*Greg.* *Sir Jasper*, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive Physic; I shall prepare something for you.

*Sir Jasp.* Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Doctor, I have escaped both Doctors and Distempers hitherto, and I am resolv'd the Distemper shall pay me the first Visit.

*Greg.* Say you so, Sir? Why then if I can get no more Patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere, and so humbly *beggo te Domine Domitii veniam goundi foras*.

*Sir Jasp.* Well, this is a Physician of vast Capacity, but of exceeding odd Humours.

\* \* \* \* \*

## S C E N E X. The Street.

LEANDER *solus*.

Ah, *Charlotte!* thou hast no reason to apprehend my Ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy Torment by my own.—Oh how much more justifiable are my Fears, when you have not only the Command of a Parent, but the Temptation of Fortune to allure you!

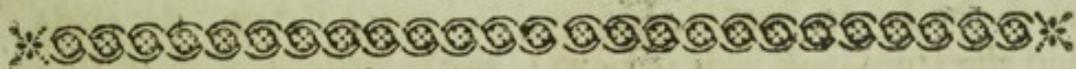
A I R

## AIR V. Set by Mr. SEEDO:



O cursed Power of Gold,  
 For which all Honour's sold,  
 And Honesty's no more!  
 For thee we often find  
 The Great in Leagues combin'd  
 To trick and rob the Poor.

By thee the Fool and Knave,  
 Transcend the Wise and Brave,  
 So absolute thy Reign:  
 Without some Help of thine,  
 The greatest Beauties shine,  
 And Lovers plead in vain.



## S C E N E XI.

LEANDER, GREGORY.

*Greg.* Upon my Word, this is a good Beginning, and since ———

*Lean.* I have waited for you, Doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your Assistance.

*Greg.* Ay, you have need of Assistance indeed! What a Pulse is here! What do you out o' your Bed? [Feels his Pulse.

D

*Lean.*

*Lean.* Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken; I am not sick, I assure you.

*Greg.* How, Sir! not sick! Do you think I don't know when a Man is sick, better than he does himself?

*Lean.* Well, if I have any Distemper, it is the Love of that young Lady your Patient, from whom you just now came, and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear Doctor, I shall be effectually cur'd.

*Greg.* Do you take me for a Pimp, Sir, a Physician for a Pimp?

*Lean.* Dear Sir! make no Noise.

*Greg.* Sir, I will make a Noise; you're an impertinent Fellow.

*Lean.* Softly, good Sir!

*Greg.* I shall shew you, Sir, that I'm not such a sort of a Person, and that you are an insolent, faucy——[*Leander gives a Purse.*]——I'm not speaking to you, Sir; but there are certain impertinent Fellows in the World, that take People for what they are not——which always puts me, Sir, into such a Passion, that——

*Lean.* I ask Pardon, Sir, for the Liberty I have taken.

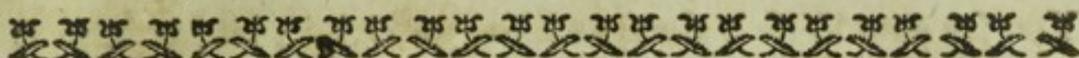
*Greg.* O dear, Sir! no Offence in the least.——Pray, Sir, how am I to serve you?

*Lean.* This Distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The Physicians have reason'd upon it, according to Custom, and have derived it from the Brain, from the Bowels, from the Liver, Lungs, Lights, and every Part of the Body; but the true Cause of it is Love; and is an Invention of *Charlot's*, to deliver her from a Match she dislikes.

*Greg.* Hum!——Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an Apothecary?

*Lean.* I'm not very well known to her Father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

*Greg.* Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here—Ha! methinks I see a Patient. [Exit *Lean.*]



## S C E N E XII.

GREGORY, JAMES, and DAVY.

*Greg.* Gad! Matters go swimmingly. I'll even continue a Physician as long as I live.

*James.* [*Speaking to Davy.*] Fear not, if he relapse into his Humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the Physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a Patient.

*Davy.* My poor Wife, Doctor, has kept her Bed these six Months. [*Greg. holds out his Hand.*] If your Worship would find out some means to cure her——

*Greg.* What's the matter with her?

*Davy.* Why, she has had several Physicians; one says 'tis the Dropsy; another 'tis the What-d'ye-call-it, the Tumpany; a third says 'tis a slow Fever; a fourth says the Rumatiz; a fifth——

*Greg.* What are the Symptoms?

*Davy.* Symptoms, Sir!

*Greg.* Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

*Davy.* Why, she is always craving and craving for Drink, eats nothing at all. Then her Legs are swell'd up as big as a good handsome Post, and as cold they be as a Stone.

*Greg.* Come, to the Purpose; speak to the Purpose, my Friend. [*Holding out his Hand.*]

*Davy.* The Purpose is, Sir, that I am come to ask what your Worship pleases to have done with her.

*Greg.* Pshaw, Pshaw, Pshaw! I don't understand one Word what you mean.

*James.* His Wife is sick, Doctor, and he has brought you a Guinea for your Advice. Give it the Doctor, Friend.

[*Davy gives the Guinea.*]

*Greg.* Ay, now I understand you; here's a Gentleman explains the Case. You say your Wife is sick of the Dropsy?

*Davy.* Yes, an't please your Worship.

*Greg.* Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your Meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a Distemper.

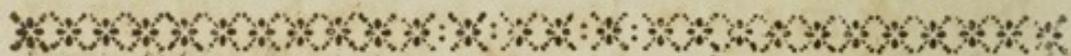
You say your Wife is always calling for Drink; let her have as much as she desires, she can't drink too much; and d'ye hear, give her this piece of Cheese.

*Davy.* Cheese, Sir!

*Greg.* Ay, Cheese, Sir. The Cheese, of which this is a part, has cur'd more People of a Dropsy, than ever had it.

*Davy.* I give your Worship a thousand Thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [Exit.

*Greg.* Go, and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.



## S C E N E XIII.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

*Dorc.* I'm like to pay severely for my Frolick, if I have lost my Husband by it.

*Greg.* Oh Physick and Matrimony! my Wife!

*Dorc.* For tho' the Rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a Workman as any in five Miles of his Head.

A I R VI. Thomas *I cannot.*

*A Fig for the dainty civil Spouse,  
Who's bred at the Court, or France,  
He treats his Wife with Smiles and Bows,  
And minds not the good Main-Chance.*

*Be Gregory  
The Man for me,  
Tho' given to many a Maggot;*

For

*For he would work  
Like any Turk ;  
None like him e'er handled a Fagot, a Fagot,  
None like him e'er handled a Fagot.*

*Greg.* What evil Stars, in the Devil's Name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a Pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a Physician to some Purpose—Come hider, Shild, leta me feela your Pulse.

*Dorc.* What have you to do with my Pulse?

*Greg.* I am de *French* Phyficion, my Dear, and I am to feel a de Pulse of de Pation.

*Dorc.* Yes, but I am no Pation, Sir, nor want no Phyficion, good Dr. *Ragou*.

*Greg.* Begar, you must be put-a to Bed, and taka de Peel; me sal give you de litle Peel dat sal cure you, as you have more Distempre den evere were hered off.

*Dorc.* What's the matter with the Fool? If you feel my Pulse any more, I shall feel your Ears for you,

*Greg.* Begar, you must taka de Peel.

*Dorc.* Begar, I shall not taka de Peel.

*Greg.* I'll take this Opportunity to try her. [*Aside.*]—Maye Dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me, you sal be my Phyficion, and I will give you de Fee. [*Holds out a Purse.*

*Dorc.* Ay, my Stomach does not go against those Pills; and what must I do for your Fee?

*Greg.* Oh begar! me vill show you, me vill teacha you what you sal doe; you must come kissa me now, you must come kissa me.

*Dorc.* [*Kisses him.*] As I live, my very Hang-Dog! I've discover'd him in good time, or he had discover'd me. [*Aside.*]—Well, Doctor, and are you cur'd now?

*Greg.* I shall make myself a Cuckold presently. [*Aside.*]—Dis is not a propre Place, dis is too publick, for sud any one pass by while I taka dis Phyfick, it vill preventa de opperation.

*Dorc.* What Phyfick, Doctor?

*Greg.* In your Ear, dat.

[*Whispers.*

*Dorc.* And in your Ear, dat, Sirrah. [*Hitting him a Box.*] Do you dare affront my Virtue, you Villain! D'ye think the

World

World should bribe me to part with my Virtue, my dear Virtue? There, take your Purse again.

*Greg.* But where's the Gold?

*Dorc.* The Gold I'll keep, as an eternal Monument of my Virtue.

*Greg.* Oh what a happy Dog am I, to find my Wife so virtuous a Woman, when I least expected it! Oh my injur'd Dear! behold your *Gregory*, your own Husband.

*Dorc.* Ha!

*Greg.* Oh me! I'm so full of Joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happiest of Men, as thou art the most virtuous of Women.

*Dorc.* And art thou really my *Gregory*? And hast thou any more of these Purse?

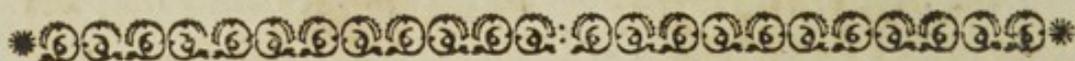
*Greg.* No, my Dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in few Days I may have a hundred, for the strangest Accident has happened to me!

*Dorc.* Yes, my Dear, but I can tell you whom you are oblig'd to for that Accident; had you not beaten me this Morning, I had never had you beaten into a Physician.

*Greg.* Oh, oh! then 'tis to you I owe all that Drubbing.

*Dorc.* Yes, my Dear, tho' I little dreamt of the Consequence.

*Greg.* How infinitely I'm oblig'd to thee!—But hush!



## S C E N E XIV.

GREGORY, HELEBORE.

*Hel.* Are not you the great Doctor just come to this Town, so famous for curing Dumbness?

*Greg.* Sir, I am he.

*Hel.* Then, Sir, I should be glad of your Advice.

*Greg.* Let me feel your Pulse.

*Hel.* Not for myself, good Doctor; I am myself, Sir, a Brother of the Faculty, what the World calls a *Mad-Doctor*. I have at present under my Care, a Patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

*Greg:*

*Greg.* I shall make him speak, Sir.

*Hel.* It will add, Sir, to the great Reputation you have already acquir'd, and I am happy in finding you.

*Greg.* Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that Woman there; she is possess'd with a more strange sort of Madness, and imagines every Man she sees, to be her Husband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your House——

*Hel.* Most willingly, Sir.

*Greg.* The first Thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty Ounces of her Blood; then, Sir, you are to shave off all her Hair, all her Hair, Sir; after which you are to make a very severe Use of your Rod twice a day; and take a particular Care that she have not the least Allowance beyond Bread and Water.

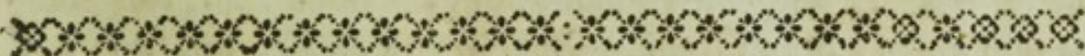
*Hel.* Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a Man; nor can I help approving of your Method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

*Greg.* [*To his Wife.*] My Dear, that Gentleman will conduct you to my Lodging.—Sir, I beg you will take a particular Care of the Lady.

*Hel.* You may depend on't, Sir, nothing in my Power shall be wanting; you have only to enquire for Dr. *Helebore*.

*Dorc.* 'Twon't be long before I see you, Husband.

*Hel.* Husband! this is as unaccountable a Madness as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with Dorcas.*]



S C E N E XV.

GREGORY, LEANDER.

*Greg.* I think I shall be reveng'd of you now, my Dear.—  
So, Sir.

*Lean.* I think I make a pretty good Apothecary now.

*Greg.* Yes, Faith, you're almost as good an Apothecary as I'm a Physician, and if you please I'll convey you to the Patient.

*Lean.* If I did but know a few Physical hard Words——

*Greg.* A few Physical hard Words! why, in a few hard Words consists the Science. Would you know as much as the  
whole



## AIR VII. Set by Mr. SEEDO.



*Lean.* Thus, lovely Patient, Charlotte sees  
 Her dying Patient kneel;  
 Soon cur'd will be your feign'd Disease,  
 But what Physician e'er can ease  
 The Torments which I feel.

*Think, skilful Nymph, while I complain,  
 Ah, think what I endure;  
 All other Remedies are vain;  
 The lovely Cause of all my Pain  
 Can only cause my Cure.*

*Greg.* It is, Sir, a great and subtle Question among the Doctors; Whether Women are more easy to be cur'd than Men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please.—Some say, No; others say, Yes; and for my part, I say both Yes, and No; forasmuch as the Incongruity of the opaque Humours that meet in the natural Temper of Women; are the Cause that the Brutal Part will always prevail over the Sensible ——— One sees that the Inequality of their Opinions depends on the black Movement of the Circle of the  
 E Moon,

Moon, and as the Sun that darts his Rays upon the Concavity of the Earth, finds ——

*Charl.* No, I am not at all capable of changing my Opinion.

*Sir Jasp.* My Daughter speaks! my Daughter speaks! Oh, the great Power of Physick! Oh, the admirable Physician! How can I reward thee for such a Service?

*Greg.* This Distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of Trouble.

[*Traversing the Stage in a great Heat, the Apothecary following.*]

*Charl.* Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my Speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any Husband but *Leander*.

[*Speaks with great Eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the Stage.*]

*Sir Jasp.* But ——

*Charl.* Nothing is capable to shake the Resolution I have taken.

*Sir Jasp.* What!

*Charl.* Your Rhetorick is in vain, all your Discourses signify nothing.

*Sir Jasp.* I ——

*Charl.* I am determin'd, and all the Fathers in the World shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my Inclinations.

*Sir Jasp.* I have ——

*Charl.* I never will submit to this Tyranny; and if I must not have the Man I like, I'll die a Maid.

*Sir Jasp.* You shall have Mr. *Dapper* ——

*Charl.* No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you throw away your Breath, you lose your Time; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your Threats, nor all your Blows, nor all your Ill-usage, never shall force me to consent; so far from giving him my Heart, I never will give him my Hand; for he is my Aversion, I hate the very sight of him, I had rather see the Devil, I had rather touch a Toad; you may make me miserable any other way, but with him you shan't, that I'm resolv'd.

*Greg.* There, Sir, there, I think we have brought her Tongue to a pretty tolerable Consistency.

*Sir Jasp.* Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her Tongue. — Dear Doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

*Greg.* That's impossible, Sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

*Sir Jasp.* And do you think —

*Charl.* All your Reasoning shall never conquer my Resolution.

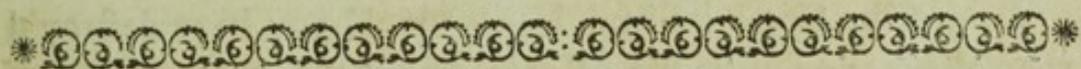
*Sir Jasp.* You shall marry Mr. *Dapper* this Evening.

*Charl.* I'll be buried first.

*Greg.* Stay, Sir, stay, let me regulate this Affair; it is a Distemper that possesses her, and I know what Remedy to apply to it.

*Sir Jasp.* Is it possible, Sir, that you can cure the Distempers of the Mind?

*Greg.* Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the Love she has for *Leander* is intirely contrary to the Will of her Father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate Remedy is necessary: For my part, I know of but one, which is a Dose of Purgative Running-away, mixt with two Drachms of Pills Matrimoniac and three large Handfuls of the *Arbor Vitæ*; perhaps she will make some Difficulty to take them; but as you are an able Apothecary, I shall trust to you for the Success: Go, make her walk in the Garden: be sure lose no time; to the Remedy, quick, to the Remedy Specifick.



S C E N E XVII.

*Sir JASPER, GREGORY.*

*Sir Jasp.* What Drugs, Sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

*Greg.* They are some, Sir, lately discover'd by the *Royal Society*.

*Sir Jasp.* Did you ever see any thing equal to her Insolence?

*Greg.* Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too head-strong.

*Sir Jasp.* You cannot imagine, Sir, how foolishly fond she is of that *Leander*.

*Greg.* The Heat of Blood, Sir, causes that in young Minds.

*Sir Jasp.* For my part, the Moment I discover'd the Violence of her Passion, I have always kept her lock'd up,

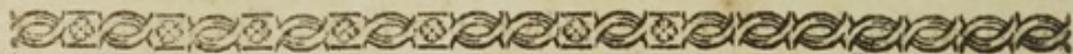
*Greg.* You have done very wisely.

*Sir Jasp.* And I have prevented them from having the least Communication together, for who knows what might have been the Consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her Head to have run away with him?

*Greg.* Very true.

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing Girls; I think I have some Reason to be vain on that Head; I think I have shewn the World that I understand a little of Women, I think I have; and let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little Art requir'd; if this Girl had had some Fathers, they had not kept her out of the Hands of so vigilant a Lover as I have done.

*Greg.* No certainly, Sir.



## S C E N E XVIII.

*Sir JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.*

*Dorc.* Where is this Villain, this Rogue, this pretended Physician?

*Sir Jasp.* Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

*Dorc.* Oh, Sirrah! Sirrah! — would you have destroy'd your Wife, you Villain? Would you have been guilty of Murder, Dog?

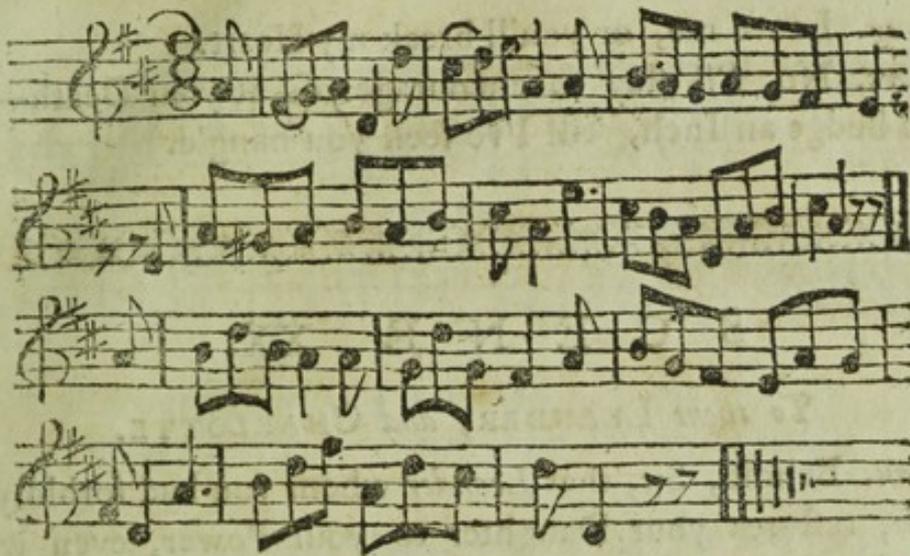
*Greg.* Hoity, toity! — What mad Woman is this?

*Sir Jasp.* Poor Wretch! for Pity's sake cure her, Doctor.

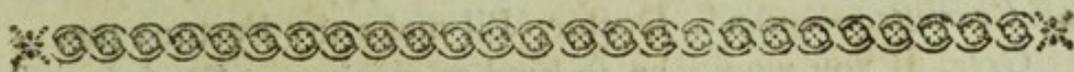
*Greg.* Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a Fee. — If you will give me a Fee, *Sir Jasper*, you shall see me cure her this Instant.

*Dorc.* I'll see you, you Villain. — Cure me!

## AIR VIII, Set by Mr. SEEDO,



*If you hope by your Skill  
To give Dorcas a Pill,  
You are not a deep Politician ;  
Cou'd Wives but be brought  
To swallow the Draught,  
Each Husband would be a Physician.*



## S C E N E XIX.

*Sir JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.*

*James.* Oh, Sir! undone, undone! your Daughter is run away with her Lover *Leander*, who was here disguis'd like an Apothecary — and this is the Rogue of a Physician who has contriv'd all the Affair.

*Sir Jasp.* How! am I abus'd in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my Clerk bring Pen, Ink, and Paper; I'll send this Fellow to Jail immediately.

*James.* Indeed, my good Doctor, you stand a very fair Chance to be hang'd for stealing an Heirefs.

*Greg.* Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my Degrees now.

*Dorc.* And are they going to hang you, my dear Husband?

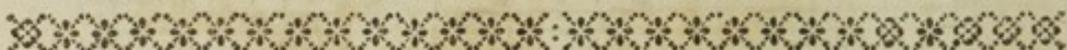
*Greg.* You see, my dear Wife.

*Dorc.*

*Dorc.* Had you finish'd the Fagots, it had been some Con-  
solation.

*Greg.* Leave me, or you'll break my Heart.

*Dorc.* No, I'll stay to encourage you at your Death—nor  
will I budge an Inch, 'till I've seen you hang'd.



## S C E N E XX.

*To them* LEANDER, and CHARLOTTE.

*Lean.* Behold, Sir, that *Leander* whom you had forbid your  
House, restores your Daughter to your Power, even when  
he had her in his. I will receive her, Sir, only at your  
Hands.—I have received Letters, by which I have learnt  
the Death of an Uncle, whose Estate far exceeds that of your  
intended Son-in-law.

*Sir Jasp.* Sir, your Virtue is beyond all Estates, and I give  
you my Daughter with all the Pleasure in the World.

*Lean.* Now my Fortune makes me happy indeed, my dear-  
est *Charlotte*.—And, Doctor, I'll make thy Fortune too.

*Greg.* If you would be so kind to make me a Physician in  
earnest, I should desire no other Fortune.

*Lean.* Faith, Doctor, I wish I could do that in return for  
your having made me an Apothecary; but I'll do as well for  
thee, I warrant.

*Dorc.* So, so, our Physician, I find, has brought about  
fine Matters. And is it not owing to me, Sirrah, that you  
have been a Physician at all?

*Sir Jasp.* May I beg to know whether you are a Physician  
or not—or what the Devil you are?

*Greg.* I think, Sir, after the miraculous Cure you have seen  
me perform, you have no reason to ask, whether I am a Phy-  
sician or no—And for you, Wife, I'll henceforth have you  
behave with all Deference to my Greatness.

*Dorc.* Why, thou puff'd-up Fool, I could have made as  
good a Physician myself; the Cure was owing to the Apothe-  
cary, not the Doctor.

AIR IX. We've cheated the Parson, &amp;c.



*When tender young Virgins look pale and complain,  
 You may send for a Dozen great Doctōrs in vain;  
 All give their Opinion, and pocket their Fees;  
 Each writes her a Cure, tho' all miss her Disease;  
     Powders, Drops,  
     Juleps, Slops,  
 A Cargo of Poison from Physical Shops.*

*Tho' they physick to Death the unhappy poor Maid,  
 What's that to the Doctōr——since he must be paid?  
 Would you know how you may manage her right?  
 Our Doctōr has brought you a Nostrum to-night:  
     Never vary,  
     Nor miscarry,  
 If the Lover be but the Apothecary.*




  
 E P I L O G U E.

*WELL, Ladies, pray how goes our Doctor down?  
 Shall he not ev'n be sent for up to Town?*

*'Tis such a pleasant and audacious Rogue,  
 He'd have a humming Chance to be in vogue.*

*What, tho' no Greek or Latin he command,  
 Since he can talk what none can understand?*

*Ah! there are many such Physicians in the Land.*

*And what, tho' he has taken no Degrees,  
 No Doctor here can better take—his Fees.*

*Let none his real Ignorance despise,*

*Since he can feel a Pulse, and——look extremely wise.*

*Tho', like some Quack, he shine out in News-Papers,*

*He is a rare Physician for the Vapours.*

*Ah! Ladies, in that Case he has more Knowledge*

*Than all the ancient Fellows of the College.*

*Besides, a double Calling he pursues,*

*He writes you Bills, and brings you——Billetdoux.*

*Doctors, with some, are in small Estimation,*

*But Pimps, all own, are useful to the Nation.*

*Physick now slackens, and now hastens Death;*

*Pimping's the surest way of giving Breath.*

*How many Maids, who pine away their Hours,*

*And droop in beauteous Spring, like blasted Flowers,*

*Had still surviv'd, had they our Doctor known;*

*Widows, who grieve to Death, for Husbands gone;*

*And Wives, who die, for Husbands living on;*

*Would they our mighty Doctor's Art essay,*

*I'd warrant he——wou'd put 'em in a way.*

*Doctors, beware, should once this Quack take Root,*

*I'gad he'd force you all to walk on Foot!*

F I N I S.