Boulden (J.E.P.)

MEDICINE;

OR,

The Legitimists and the Illegitimists.

A Serio-Comic Play.

By J. E. P. BOULDEN, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF

"An American Among the Orientals," "Stockomania," &c.

BALTIMORE:
PRINTED BY KELLY, PIET & CO.,
174 BALTIMORE STREET.
1870.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Apothecary and Clerks.

Dosem and Purgem (*Patent Medicine Vendors*).

Bombastes (*the Pedantic*).

Medical Students.

Dismal (*the Undertaker*).

Mr. and Mrs. Millionaire.

Their Daughter, Melinda (*more sentimental than intelligent*).

Her Indignant Brother, John.

Rustic (*a Country Gentleman, rude and unlettered*).

Nicholas (*a used-up Patient*).

His Mother, Nurses, Attendants, &c.

Doctors of the Various Schools.

Doctor (?) Quack.

Quack's Patients.

Sal Volatile (*a "Culled" Lady*), &c., &c.

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THE ARGUMENT.

SCENE I.

The scene opens in an Apothecary Shop. Principal and Clerks are busy waiting on customers, whose chief demands are for patent medicines and quack nostrums. A shifting of the scene discloses two rival itinerant patent medicine vendors, haranguing crowds in the streets on the merits of their respective wares. A challenge is made by one, and accepted by the other, to test the medicines on a couple of invalids in the vicinity. The singular effects upon the patients. Triumph of Dosem and discomfiture of his rival.

SCENE II.

Represents a Physician's Office. Students with books and anatomical preparations. They hold a colloquy upon the remarkable cure of the patent medicine man, Dosem. Bombastes, a very pedantic student, expresses *his* opinion of causes and effects. The students attend Dr. Ouldskule's lecture at the University. He refers to the demoralization of the age and reminds them of their obligation to abstain from illegitimate practice or the administration or recommendation of unknown remedies.

SCENE III.

Represents Mr. and Mrs. Millionaire and their son, John. Bombastes, having just graduated, enters their parlor,

accompanied by their daughter Melinda, who has thrown him a huge bouquet. She is more *sentimental* than *intelligent*. She passionately admires B.'s grandiloquence. The brother, John, evinces his disgust of B.'s bombast. A rustic gentleman appears—he is astonished and perplexed at B.'s manner and speech—expresses himself in plain terms in regard thereto—direful effects of Rustic's coarse language—Melinda and her mother faint—B. calling for *sal volatile*, a black woman is produced—B. makes such remarks as the occasion suggests—Sal Volatile expresses her opinions—Colloquy between her and B.—Rustic, having left suddenly on account of old lady's indignation, returns cautiously—General reconciliation—Invitation from Rustic to B. for latter to visit him at Valley Farm.

SCENE IV.

Is a Sick Chamber—the patient, mother, black nurse, and black Bill. After the trial of various kinds of domestic remedies on the patient, the Doctors of the various Schools are successively called in and try their respective systems. Dr. Drastique's heavy purgation and depletion fail to effect a cure, as also do the diminutive doses of Dr. Hamann, the deluging course of Dr. Presnitz, and the pain-destroying system of Dr. Anesthesia. The patient is at length healed by the great Dr. Quack.

SCENE V.

Shows Dr. Quack's Office, with placards of his great "Cure All." Patients afflicted with various maladies, having heard of his great success, are pouring in upon him. An ancient man, with a broken spine, is rejuvenated and instantly cured.

An immense tumor instantaneously removed. Blind man has eyesight restored. Lame man regains use of his legs. A Bloomer is changed into a man, and improvises a song, expressive of her joy.

SCENE VI.

Young Doctor's office. He complains of the dullness of the times. Is indignant at the success of Dr. Quack and the neglect of true science and legitimate practice. While thus bewailing, some old medical chums enter. They have a confab on the subject of Quack, Quackery, and the Regular School. A medical friend enters in an excited and joyous manner, and announces the arrival, at Quarantine and in the city, of an epidemic, the Asiatic cholera. Mutual congratulations. Dismal, the undertaker, called in to participate in their joy. Good chance for the regulars. Wine ordered—toasts drank—song of welcome to Old Asiatic.

SCENE VII.

(Three Years After.)

Private Parlor—Professor Reglar—Dr. Bombastes. Conversation between the Professor and Bombastes, in which is stated the fate of all Dr. Quack's patients. The Professor's and Dr. B.'s remarks thereon. Dr. B. recurs to his old flame, Melinda. Tells the Professor about her having been in Paris for three years to "finish," and that she is daily expected. Speaks of her intellectual improvement, and reads letter from her. Arrival of Rustic. He is told that Melinda is expected and trusts she won't put on any French airs. Speaks about how she acted, and also narrates the

experience and adventures of Dr. Bombastes when they visited him at Valley Farm. Arrival of Melinda with French maid. She is exceedingly Frenchy and can talk only in broken English. The result is that Rustic gets things very much muddled up. He acts ludicrously rude towards French maid. An explanation. He falls in love with the maid.

Dr. Bombastes spēaks of his intentions towards Melinda. Final tableau of Melinda and himself, Mr. and Mrs. Millionaire, and Rustic and the French maid, arm in arm. A few remarks from Bombastes on the subject of heartache, its remedy, and the ecstasies of connubial felicity.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Apothecary Shop and Laboratory—Persons Compounding Medicines—Pestles and Mortars—Retorts, Bottles, &c., Busy Clerks, Placards, &c.

[Enter Customer.]

First Customer. I wish a bottle of a certain medicine I have heard so much of—the far-famed Ready Relief.

Apothecary. Most happy to serve you. You may well say far-famed, for I have sold an immense quantity of it this week. It is in great demand.

First Customer. And what diseases, think you, it will cure?

Apothecary. There are but few it will *not* cure. Functional, organic, inflammatory, and indeed almost *all* maladies readily succumb to it. It is truly wonderful in its effects.

Second Customer. I want a bottle of Cure All; I understand that it will cure almost anything.

Clerk. You are correct. Nothing like it for any sickness you can think of. Sold a gross of it this very day.

Third Customer. What have you that will cure Dyspepsia?

Clerk. The Magic Potion is the great remedy. It gives a new tone to the stomach, improves the appetite, and soon restores the system to perfect health.

Fourth Customer. I want something for Neuralgia?

Clerk. We have just the thing. Nervine is your remedy. Use but two bottles and you'll never suffer again.

Apothecary to Clerks. Young men, have you shipped that 1,000 gross of Charlatan Bitters?

Clerks. Aye, aye, sir; packed and gone.

Apothecary [*soliloquizing*]. Well, what would our business be without patent medicines? Our occupation would indeed be gone. People crave and must have them. And with what infinite confidence do they swallow them! Here are medicines, any one of which is said to cure diseases diametrically opposite in their nature, yet down the gullets of the variously afflicted do they go. Well, well, it is all right for the trade. So vive la Magic Potions, vive la Charlatan Bitters, vive la bagatelle.

Shifting of Scene.

A Wagon Disclosed, in which is Standing a Vendor of Patent Medicines—Motley Crowd Around Him.

Dosem. Here you are. Here's the Great Pain Killer. Warranted to cure headache, toothache, or any other ache, in *half* a minute. Step up, gentlemen, and buy a bottle. *Only* one dollar. Thank you, sir. Who else will have a bottle? It never fails. I'll guarantee a cure. Headache have you, old gentleman? Walk this way. [*Rubs head with the mixture.*] There, sir; what do you think of that? Pain all gone, you say? Fellow-citizens, there never was anything like it. This wonderful remedy, gentlemen, will cure anything from a flea bite up to the Asiatic cholera.

Rheumatism, diarrhœa, cramp colic, fever and ague, heart disease, cured in a minute. Yellow fever, Asiatic cholera, typhus fever, and Bright's disease cured in five minutes. This medicine, gentlemen, strikes at the very roots of those diseases and eradicates every vestige of them. It is the Great Medical Discovery of the Age. What is the use of a physician when every man, for a single dollar, can always have a remedy at hand. So buy, gentlemen. Only "a few more left of the same sort."

[*A rival vendor, on opposite corner, makes his appearance, and divides the crowd.*]

PURGEM. That man's a humbug, gentlemen—an impostor. His medicine isn't worth a continental curse. I've an article here that will make an old man young, restore sight to the blind, put new internals into you when the old are worn out, give hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, strength to the weak, legs to the halt. It will prove a joy to the miserable, food for the hungry, confer wealth upon the poor, and intelligence upon the ignorant. Will, in one word, keep you ever "healthy, wealthy, and wise," and insure you as good an old age as Methusaleh's.

DOSEM. Pretty talker, that fellow over there. But, gentlemen, he's a quack. His medicine is not what it purports to be. It has no remedial virtues whatever. It is a dead failure, and the sooner he withdraws it from the market the better. I say, Dr. Quack [*hallooing over to him*], there are a couple of sick people in the neighboring house here. Suppose we test the merits of our medicines upon them.

PURGEM. It is a bargain, sir, and our friends here will soon be convinced of the superior efficacy of my medicine.

[*The vendors retire to administer their remedies. A very robust patient is improvised for one and a very lean one for the other. The vendors return and remark to the crowd that they will soon have an evidence of the merits of the remedies. They entertain the crowd with a few side remarks. After awhile an immense padded fellow makes his appearance, with extended arms, advances to one of the vendors, and embraces him, saying:*]

Fat Chap. I bless you, sir. You have saved my life. Your Pain Killer, sir, is the greatest medicine the world has ever seen. I was as thin as a bean-pole. Look at me *now*, gentlemen.

[*The crowd cheer the successful vendor. Whilst cheering, a lean, cadaverous individual rushes into the crowd, exclaiming:*]

Lean Chap. Where is the infernal rascal who gave me that medicine? Look here what it's brought me to. Where is he? I'll punch his liver-lights out of him.

[*Several point vendor out, at whom lean man makes a rush. The latter makes a very precipitate retreat—lean man pursuing him in the style of Slasher and Crasher, recrossing stage once or twice, the crowds laughing and cheering.*]

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.

A Physician's Office—Busts of Galen *and* Esculapius—*Books, Anatomical Preparations and Charts—Students in Easy Attitudes, dangling Skulls, Bones, &c., Reading, Reclining, Smoking, &c.*

Wilson. Boyer, what think you of the remarkable cures of the patent-medicine-man, Dosem? It is said

that by the administration of some medicine he calls Deadshure, he has made men, as thin as a telegraph pole, as fat as old Daniel Lambert.

BOYER. That may be so, Bob, but it is highly problematical. It is not *real* fat, you may rest assured; the tissues are only puffed up, like his medicine in the papers, and will soon subside, the deluded patients relapsing into their original proportions.

BOMBASTES. [*A very learned, pedantic, and bombastic chap, who never expresses himself except in high-sounding technicalities.*] Aye [*very affected*], that is so. Boyer accurately demonstrates the peculiar phenomena of the obesity, which is attributable to an excessive infiltration of the superficial tissues with oleaginous constituents, consequent upon the abnormal predisposition of the system, which will necessarily subside, and ultimately vanish by virtue of its own inherent elements and pathological condition.

WILSON. Just so, Bombastes; you not only speak truthfully but plainly. What you say is as clear as mud. (*Several students*—"*That's so; that's so; clear as mud.*")

BOMBASTES. And, gentlemen, the extraordinary attenuation and extreme diminutiveness, superinduced by the administration of Purgem's peculiar combination, are explicable upon the theory of its direct contractile and exhaustive action upon the organs of secretion, conjoined with an idiosyncratic condition of the animal economy, consequent upon an impoverished circulating fluid and deficient nutritive vigor.

SAVAN. Well, boys, since Bombastes has ventilated *his* opinion, we might as well cave in. Let Purgem and Dosem and Deadshure go to thunder. It is time for us to go up to the University. [*Exeunt omnes*]

[*Scene shifts, showing them arranged in a semicircle around Professor Ouldskule, at the College.*]

Professor. And now, gentlemen, having explained to you the phenomena of the disease which has been the subject of our morning discourse, and having pointed out the agents for its cure or alleviation, permit me, on this the last day of our session, to impress upon you a duty which you owe to the profession, to society, to yourselves, and to your obligations, to rigidly abstain from all illegitimate practice, all recommendation or use of patent medicines, quack nostrums, or any secret and unknown remedies whatsoever. The age is demoralized; charlatanism and spurious dogmas and practices have usurped the domains of Truth and Reason. Even the learned professions—Law, Physic, and Theology—are dishonored and disgraced by unprincipled and ignorant pretenders. Law has its empyrics, who roll in wealth and luxury, whilst ability, merit, and honesty are struggling. The skilled Physician starves, whilst Quackery revels in prosperity. The holy calling of Theology itself is trailed in the dust by hypocritical impostors,

> "Who expose, and hold up to broad disgrace
> The noblest function, and discredit much
> The brightest truths that man has ever seen."

[*Class breaks up and students congratulate the Professor on the remarks he has made, promising to follow his advice.*]

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Social Scene—Mr. and Mrs. Millionaire apparently Conversing—Their Son, Reading a Newspaper and Smoking.

[*Enter Bombastes, with a huge bouquet and his Diploma, with Melinda (a very sentimental creature), who adores him, leaning on his arm. They are just from the Commencement.*]

MR. AND MRS. MILLIONAIRE. Allow us to congratulate you, Doctor, on getting your diploma to-day.

BOMBASTES. Aye, permit me to express to you my profound gratitude for your disinterested congratulations on the present distinguished occasion.

JOHN, THE BROTHER [*Who, continuing to hold the newspaper in front of him, mutters sotto voce:*) Oh! there's that bombastic fool again. I wish he'd swallow some of his darned old powders and they'd blow him up.

BOMBASTES CONTINUES. And you [*addressing himself to Melinda*], my adorable creature, how can I adequately express the thankful emotions that spontaneously well up in my bosom for this stupendous, magnificent, odoriferous floral offering. Its purity and sweet fragrance are emblematic of my own Melinda's virtues and qualities.

MELINDA. Dear Doctor [*leaning affectionately on his arm and looking up tenderly*], I do so love to hear you talk and use such fine words. Let us sit down on the sofa.

BOMBASTES. With the greatest pleasure imaginable, my precious Melinda, and we will hold a sweet *tete-a-tete*.

BROTHER JOHN. [*Sotto voce.*] There's that cursed fool again; the fellow's holding a young flower garden in one hand, a thundering roll of paper in the other, and now talks about holding a *tatcatate*. What in the deuce does he mean by a *tatcatate*? Well, if he holds it any place he's got to put it on his *head*.

[*Bombastes and Melinda are engaged in low conversation on the sofa. Bombastes rising, handing Melinda a guitar, says aloud:*]

BOMBASTES. Yes, Melinda, I would have you to regale me with those heaven-born strains of melody which have so often fallen upon my enraptured ears. I would have you fill the inner recesses of my soul with celestial music, such only as could be poured forth by Orpheus himself in the temple of the Muses.

MELINDA. [*Who plays and sings a selection, producing execrable music and singing like a nocturnal serenade of cats.*] Well, Doctor, how do you like it?

BOMBASTES. Oh! delicious, transporting, charming.—Jenny Lind and Patti are excelled. Hereafter the musical world will be filled with the fame of but *one* woman, that woman the great Melinda.

[*Here there's a heavy knock at the door. It is opened to a Rustic Gentleman, exceedingly boorish and rough. He speaks to, and shakes hands with, his old friends, and is introduced to Dr. Bombastes by Melinda.*]

BOMBASTES. [*Who eyes Rustic through his glasses. Rustic stares wildly at B.*] It is a source to me of unbounded gratification and inexpressible felicity, Mr. Rustic, to have the honor of your personal acquaintance. Our mutual

friend, Miss Melinda, has, on multitudinous occasions, mentioned your name in most exalted terms, and inspired me with an extraordinary desire to cultivate intimate social relations with a gentleman of such primitive virtues and rural simplicity.

RUSTIC. Well, you don't *say* so. John [*calling John aside*], what's that chap talking about? Who in the tarnation is he, anyhow? Where did he come from? Did he drop from the moon or come up out of the sea? Is he from Honolulu, Hakodadi, Kamschatka, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, or what damn place is he from?

[*Here Miss Melinda, who has overheard the last remark, has a sudden fit of hysterics, fainting, with a shriek, falling into the arms of Dr. Bombastes; whereupon the old woman goes off suddenly into a fit, and is caught by the old man. Here there is a general commotion.*]

BOMBASTES. Somebody run for *sal volatile*.

RUSTIC. John, you go after Sal. I don't know where she lives.

BOMBASTES. At the drug store. Accelerate your pace and hastily produce *sal volatile*

JOHN. [*Exit.*] I'll go; but I'll be teetotally dumbfounded if I know Sal Volatile, or Betsy Volatile, or any of the family.

RUSTIC. [*Who has been hustling around generally, not knowing exactly what to do, makes some such remarks as these:*] Now, here's a pretty kettle of fish. A nice mess this, indeed. And all on account of that foreign chap there, with his darned gibberish.

[*Here the old woman, after much struggling and being vigorously fanned, recovers sufficiently to spy Rustic.*]

Mrs. Millionaire. *You*, sir. You monster, you were the cause of all this. I'll have you flogged, shot, hung.

Rustic. *Me!* What did *I* do?

Mrs. M. *Me!* Yes, *you;* and I'll fix you off directly. Ah! Melinda, are you getting conscious? Doctor, is she coming to?

Bombastes. Yes. Nature, unassisted by artificial stimulants and the usual remedial accessories, has asserted her supremacy, and I am happy to inform you that Melinda is now manifesting such decided evidences of convalescence as induce a belief in her speedy restoration to a perfect state of salubrity.

Mr. M. Is Melinda *better?*

Bombastes. Yes!

Mr. M. I understand *that.*

[*Here Rustic, getting agitated and nervous, exclaims:*]

Rustic. I don't like the old woman's eye; things are getting a little too hot here for me; I think I'll absent myself for awhile. [*Exit Rustic in a hurry.*]

Enter John. [*With a black woman.*] Well, now, you folks have given me a pretty race. I went to Dr. Scott's drug store and asked to see his cook, Sal. I asked her if she was Sal Volatile? She said her name was Sal Jones. I then ran up to old Pestle's store, and getting, by a back way, into the kitchen, inquired for Sal Volatile, and this gal sprang up and said she believed that that was her name, but she was not quite "sartain," as the *culled* fokes where she got her bringing up didn't never have but one name. I thought I'd bring her along anyhow. Isn't she a healthy looking specimen? I hope she's come in time. [*Melinda recovers and stares curiously at the black woman.*]

BOMBASTES. Shades of the Fathers! was there ever such an egregious blunder! A man deputed for the procurement of *sal volatile* and a live Ethiopian produced. Well, she may be a very volatile Sal, and redolent with strong smells, but they are not precisely of such a character as make them applicable to the olfactories of Melinda.

SAL VOLATILE. Well, I guess as how if I *is* a Hetheopean Ise as good as any white trash, and I'd jest like to know what you're gwine to do with me, and what yes done fetched me here for.

[*Here there is a knock at the door. It is opened, and Rustic ventures timidly in, occupying back ground, unnoticed.*]

BOMBASTES. [*To Sal Volatile.*] Venerable Ethiopian, of ebon complexion, veritable descendant of classical Africus, permit me to express to you our profound regrets for the singular misapprehension of our friend here, which resulted in your abstraction from your native hearth and culinary labors. We take pleasure in according to you the privilege of returning thereto.

SAL VOLATILE. Sir, you be's a very larned gentleman, and must have had your bringing up on dictionaries. I doesn't 'zactly know what you sais, but bleves this is no siety for a decent culled lady. I leaves it. [*Exit.*]

BOMBASTES. [*Espies Rustic.*] Aye, my friend, I felicitate myself upon your return to this domestic circle.

[*Rustic advances cautiously, with one eye on old woman.*]

MRS. M. You here again. You were the cause——

BOMBASTES. Restrain your indignation, madam. The syncope of the fascinating Melinda was produced by a peculiar combination of unavoidable circumstances, the primary

one being a constitutional proclivity to hysteria, and our rural friend can hardly be held amenable for the occasional spasmodic manifestations of a hereditary derangement.

Mrs. M. Well, Mr. Rustic, we will forget and forgive.

Rustic. Thank you, old lady, and thank you, too, Mr. Scientific. When you come down to our part of the country we'll put you through in bully style. Know how to ride a horse and hunt, don't you?

Bombastes. Rather an indifferent equestrian, Mr. Rustic, though entertaining the profoundest admiration of equine sports.

Rustic. Fond of fishing?

Bombastes. Passionately. No disciple of Walton ever enjoyed angling for the finny tribe more. To sit under an umbrageous oak, by a placid stream, in some quiet nook, with rod and line and book, and sweet Melinda near, would afford me the supremest gratification and unbounded rapture.

Rustic. And I suppose you wouldn't care a darn whether you caught any fish or not?

Bombastes. Not particularly. The realization of the presence of Melinda in that rural solitude would render me completely oblivious of all piscatory results.

Rustic. Well, when you come down to Valley Farm, fetch your girl with you, but, mind you, leave your spelling books and dictionaries at home, or, by thunder, you'll have the whole country turning out to see what kind of a furriner you are, and I'll have a deuce of a time keeping the boys from poking sticks at you, to see if you will bite.

Bombastes. All right, my friend. And now, Melinda, allow me to congratulate you on your convalescence, and intimate to you the propriety of exonerating our friend from all culpability in the matter of your recent attack.

MELINDA. Yes, Mr. Rustic, we will go a fishing, and I'll catch a nice little golden fish.

BOMBASTES. [*Aside.*] *She* is the golden fish I am angling for. The old man has a cool million in good securities. She loves me for what she calls my science and big words. I love her for the *glittering* qualities of the old folks. This is a deucedly good reciprocal arrangement, especially for a poor M. D., who has to depend upon the practice of the regular school. In the eloquent language of my Uncle Tobey, or somebody else:

"A wife may turn out bad,
But, gad! the money never will."

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.

Sick Chamber—Patient, Mother, Black Nurse, Black Bill.

MOTHER. Well, Nicholas, my son, I have tried every domestic remedy I can think of, and have carefully nursed you. Betsy here, too, has done all she could, but you get no better, and I am becoming uneasy. I think of sending for Dr. Drastique.

PATIENT. Well, mother, if you so desire it let Bill go for him.

MOTHER. Bill, go to Doctor Drastique's office, and tell him to come immediately. [*Exit Bill.*]

NURSE. I'se got my pinion of this disease. Brudder Jones, who druv for Dr. Nomuch, sais it is an unfeciency of the gastitis juces in the bominable reguns. Now, Brudder Jones is a science nigger, and nos wats wat.

[*Enter Drastique, with grave expression and professional air.*]

MOTHER. Well, Doctor, I wish you would examine our patient and see what is the matter.

DR. DRASTIQUE. [*Examines pulse, requests patient to extend his tongue, auscultates and percusses his breast, and, after asking questions in undertone in regard to bowels, &c., proceeds to remark:*] This, madam, is a case of pneumonia. We will have about 100 cups and 350 leeches applied to his breast, and after he has lost a gallon of pure blood, you will please give him the medicine referred to in the prescription.

[*Exit Dr. Drastique. Black Bill is sent to apothecary's. A Cupper and Leecher is sent for, who pretends, behind a curtain, to apply cups and leeches, the patient meanwhile giving some heavy grunts. A bucket of imitation blood is poured out into another vessel, observed by the audience. The nurse carries it off, saying:*]

NURSE. A hull bucket of blood! Bress his soul! I wonders if he's got any more left in his body. If they'd take that much from this chile, she'd kick the bucket, sure.

[*Black Bill returns with the medicine, contained in a large bundle and box, carried on his head.*]

MOTHER. Aye! here's the medicine. Now, my son, I hope you'll soon get well.

[*Proceeds to undo the bundle, whereupon six huge powders, each about the size of a large-sized envelope, are disclosed. Reads on the outside—"Two every minute." Goes behind the bed curtain and pretends to give them, speaking loudly.*]

MOTHER. Swallow them kindly, my son. Dr. Drastique knows what is good for you.

PATIENT. Good heavens, mother, how am I going to get all that medicine down my throat?

MOTHER. I don't know, son, but *try*. There, that's a good boy. Now, nurse, hand me those pills. [*Nurse hands three pills, each about as big as a large apple.*] And now, my pet, here are some pills; take them, and then you can enjoy a nap.

PATIENT. Pills! Mother, do you call those cannon-balls pills? Why, it would require a shark's throat to take one of them down whole.

MOTHER. But, my son, Dr. Drastique recommends them, and we must do what *he* says.

PATIENT. Then give them to me and I'll *chew* them up. [*Such exclamations as these are heard from behind the curtain:*] Phew! horrid! atrocious! give me some water! quick! quick! [*The patient continues restless, tosses about in bed, and exclaims:*] I'm getting worse and worse. [*In the meantime there is an arrival of inquiring friend.*]

MRS. JONES. Mrs. Morris, I thought I would stop in and see how Nicholas is getting.

MOTHER. Thank you, Mrs. Jones; he is not improving, though he has been treated by the great Dr. Drastique.

MRS. JONES. Dr. Drastique! Why, Mrs. Morris, you surprise me. How *can* you believe in such a system as Allopathy, where they shovel down such big doses that you would think they had cormorants for patients?

MOTHER. Well, I am inclined to believe that the doses *are rather* large.

MRS. JONES. Large! they're prodigious, awful, and ought not to be tolerated in a civilized community. No, Mrs. Morris, Nicholas will never get well under such treatment. Take my advice, and employ Dr. Hanmann. He's the man. He cured our little Susie of the scarlet fever after Dr. Dras-

tique had given her up, and my old man never got rid of his rheumatism until he was treated by Dr. Hanmann. Good morning, Mrs. Morris, and do not fail to employ the great Homœopath, Dr. Hanmann. [*Exit Mrs. J.*]

MOTHER. My son, our good friend, Mrs. Jones, has been here, and recommends, as you have not improved under Dr. Drastique, that Dr. Hanmann be sent for.

PATIENT. As you please, mother.

[*Dr. H., being sent for, arrives.*]

DR. HANMANN. [*Enters, and goes through the usual process of examining tongue, pulse, &c.*] This, madam, is a case of gastritis, and is very easily cured. All the patient has to do is to literally carry out my instructions and he will soon recover. [*Takes out of his pocket a wallet, from which he unrolls tiers of small bottles and powders. Takes one of the diminutive powders and hands it to the mother.*] You will dissolve this powder, madam, in a hogshead of rain water, and give the one-hundredth part of a drop of that solution once a week to the patient. And, if you think his stomach will stand such a heavy administration of physic, you might give one of these pin-headed pills in the morning, repeating the dose once a month. I bid you good morning, madam. [*Exit Hanmann.*]

[*Mother goes behind the curtain and appears to be very busy attending to patient. There is a shifting of the scene, and a certain period has supposed to have elapsed to test the efficacy of Homœopathy. The same persons reappear.*]

MOTHER. Well, we have tried Dr. Drastique and Dr. Hanmann, and neither of them have done any good. Now, I will try my old friend, Dr. Presnitz. I have heard of some remarkable cures of his, and I will give Nicholas the benefit of his system.

[*Dr. Presnitz, being summoned, makes his appearance, asks a few questions as to general condition of patient, who has been attending him, &c., &c.*]

Dr. Presnitz. Great humbugs, great humbugs, madam, are Drs. Drastique and Hanmann. My remedy is indispensable as the air we breathe, and is the great healer of human complaints. You will proceed to give the patient a cold bath, warm bath, a shower bath; wrap him up in wet cloths, throw water over him, give him water to drink. Water, water, nothing but water; that is what his system requires. Remember, madam, Nature's medicine is water. [*Exit Presnitz.*]

[*The attendants now, under the observation of the audience, proceed to carry out Presnitz's instructions. They place patient in a bath-tub. They bind him in wet cloths until he looks like an Egyptian mummy. They splash water on him and bring him water to drink. Black Bill and the nurse are kept busy fetching water. At length the patient cries out:*]

Nicholas. Murder! Stop, stop, hold up, I can't stand this any longer. [*They desist, and patient, sitting up in the bath-tub, thus exclaims:*] Water! well I've had enough of it to last me the balance of my lifetime. I'd like to have Dr. Presnitz by the nape of the neck just now, at the sea shore; I'd kick him so deep into his own element that the devil himself couldn't find him. Water, I used to like, as a boy, to swim and splash in it; I believe it is very good for washing and navigating purposes; I *have* thought it was, *occasionally*, a right good beverage; but since the aqueous experience I have just gone through, I'd rather be excused from having anything more to do with it. I shall go back to first principles at once. Bill, give me a glass of unadul-

terated whiskey. [*Drinks, smacks his lips, and says he feels better. Is taken out of the bath and put to bed.*]

[*Here there is a ringing of door-bell. A gentleman enters who announces himself as Dr. Anesthesia.*]

Dr. A. Good morning, my friend. I am informed that you are suffering from the effects of some inveterate and mysterious disease that has baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of the different schools, and I have called, in the interests of humanity, to relieve you of your pains, and restore you to health.

Patient. Oh! a thousand thanks, Doctor. I have almost gone through the tortures of the damned. I've been overdosed, underdosed, and flooded. I've been purged, vomited, and bled, until I have been so reduced that I thought of hiring myself out to some medical college as a skeleton. I have suffered—no matter what, only cure me and name your fee. No matter what it is, it shall be paid.

Dr. A. [*Examines the patient and pronounces the complaint a case of toothache.*] My friend, the pain which you are suffering simply arises from a decayed tooth. There are dyspeptic symptoms, but they will vanish with the extraction of the tooth.

Patient. But, Doctor, the pain of extracting.

Dr. A. No pain, sir, none in the least. The nitrous oxide gas will render you insensible to pain, and you can have the tooth extracted whilst you are in a perfect state of unconsciousness.

Patient. All right, then; go ahead.

[*Patient is seated in a chair with a reclining back, head thrown back. Dr. A. proceeds to administer the gas in usual way. Patient, during the operation, sings "Hail Columbia,"*

"Hallelujah," and laughs immoderately. The Doctor then takes an immense pair of pincers and proceeds to pull out the tooth. At length, after much pulling and tugging, one or two of those present catching hold of the Doctor's waist and helping him to pull, he succeeds in extracting the tooth, which is an immense fang.]

PATIENT. [*Awake. Looking wildly around, exclaims:*] Where am I? What does all this mean? I have been dreaming.

DR. A. It is all over, my friend. [*Handing patient the tooth, who examines it. Exit Dr. A.*]

PATIENT. Good heavens alive! do you mean to tell me, my friends, that this elephant's tusk came out of my jaw?

SEVERAL. We all bear witness to that.

PATIENT. Well [*putting his hands on upper part of his back*], I believe it has taken my backbone with it. But [*pressing his breast with both hands*] I feel a deuced sight worse than I did before. Oh! oh! help! help! [*Friends support him, whilst he appears to suffer great pain.*] What shall I do? What shall I do? [*Some one in a private box sings out, "Send for Dr. Quack."*]

PATIENT. So let it be. Send for Dr. Quack.

[*Black boy goes for Dr. Quack, who soon arrives, and is announced as such. Quack rubs the patient's head with his Magic Liquid, and he at once recovers and dances a hornpipe, with orchestral music. Finale of dancing Patient, Mother, Nurse, Black Bill, and self-satisfied Dr. Quack, bowing his thanks to an appreciative audience.*]

[*Curtain.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Dr. Quack's Office. Flaming Placards of his Great "Cure All"—"All the ills that Flesh is heir to instantaneously Cured"—An Usher. Old Man, masked as such, and bent almost double, enters.]

DR. QUACK. Well, my ancient friend, I suppose you have heard of my great success in curing Mr. Nicholas Morris, after he had been given up by all the leading Doctors of the city. Pray be seated.

OLD MAN. [*Feeble and tottering, drawls out:*] I have, indeed, Doctor, heard of your miraculous cures, and have come to be cured of old age and a dislocated spine.

DR. Q. No difficulty with these slight ailments—none in the least. [*Rubs the old man's back with his liniment and then gives him a potion to drink, which, whilst in the act of doing, the patient being hid from the audience by the Doctor (?), enables the mask to be removed unperceived by the audience, and the old fellow immediately jumps out a young man, straight as an arrow, gives the Doctor (?) a roll of greenbacks, and skips off the stage.*]

[*A fellow with a huge lump on side of his neck, about the size of a watermelon, enters.*]

SWELL NECK. What do you think you can do for me, Doctor?

DR. QUACK. I will remove that tumor in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Q. rubs, adroitly unfastening the connections at the same time, and the tumor drops to the floor, whereupon the patient is so relieved and delighted that he dances over the stage, using the tumor as a foot-ball.*]

[*Here there is great rapping at the door and the commotion of many people outside, seeking admission.*]

USHER. Keep back. One at a time. The Doctor will attend to you all.

[*Blind man enters—has his eyesight restored by one application. Lame man on crutches cured—throws his crutches away and dances for joy.*]

[*A Bloomer enters. Man in woman's clothes, assuming female voice.*]

DR. QUACK. Well, sir, or miss, or whatever you be, what can I do for *you?*

BLOOMER. [*In a squeaking, feminine voice.*] I want to be a *man.*

DR. Q. As easy done as said. [*Quack passes his hands over her face, improvising a moustache or heavy beard. She then dashes off in a masculine way, singing in masculine voice.*]

BLOOMER.—

Bully for Dr. Quack.
And now I am a man,
And I don't care a d—n;
For I can fight and vote,
Can wear men's pants and coat,
Can smoke cigars and drink,
And at the girls can wink.
So here's to women's rights,
Their right to wear the tights;
Their right to change their sex;
Their right the men to vex;

Their right to office hold,
Or high officials scold ;
Their right to ride, with speed,
On gay velocipede,
Or drive a fancy team,
And go ahead like steam.
So hurrah for the tack
And the wonderful knack
Of the great Doctor Quack.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.

Young Doctor's Office—He is Reclining on a Lounge, Smoking and Reading.

Dr. Simpson. Well, these are lively times, I must confess. Here I have been lounging about the office all day, and never had a pull at the door-bell. Yet, there is that Dr. Quack, one of the greatest humbugs of the age, has one half the town running after him. It is wonderful how easy people are imposed upon ; how they patronize ignorant pretenders, whilst regularly educated physicians, men of skill and science, are entirely neglected. Indeed, the world seems to love to be humbugged and deluded ; the greater the absurdities of the impostors, the more numerous are their votaries. There is very little encouragement for the practice of legitimate medicine.

[*A ring of the door-bell. Old medical chum enters.*]

Dr. Wilson. Well, how are you, old fellow ? How's business ?

Dr. Simpson. Business! Did you say business, Bob ? Why, I haven't had a patient to darken my door for a fortnight. Dr. Quack, the inventor of Ready Reliefs, Instan-

taneous Restorers, Magic Ointments, and Infallible Pills, is doing all the business. The people are flocking to his office, as though he were capable of miraculous cures.

Dr. Wilson. There is no question about that, Doctor. I only hope that the sober second thought of the people will soon prevail, and that they will determine that Charlatanism and Quackery must give way to true science.

[*A pull at the bell. Another Doctor enters, much excited and agitated.*]

Dr. Hope. Glorious news, Bob. Glorious news, Wilson. [*Skips around with joy, hurrahing, &c.*]

Simpson and Wilson. Why, what in the deuce is the matter with you, Hope? If you have gone crazy we will have a strait jacket put on you and send you to Mount Hope.

Hope. Why, young men, haven't you heard the splendid news?

Simpson and Wilson. No; let's have it.

Hope. Why, the good ship "Spreadwide" has just arrived at Quarantine with about a hundred of the nicest cases of Asiatic cholera on board that you ever heard of. Several of the patients have come up to the city, and the disease is spreading gloriously. Splendid chance for an epidemic. Hospitals will be full, private houses full, and business lively. So, three cheers for old King Cholera. [*They cheer.*]

Simpson. Grand old news, indeed. Now, there's a chance for the regulars. Let's send for old Dismal, the undertaker, so that he can participate in our joy on the present occasion.

[*Dismal is sent for.*]

HOPE. Yes, Doctor, there will indeed be a chance for the regulars. In case of ordinary ailment, when people do not entertain any serious apprehension of their lives, they will trust to quacks and quack nostrums; but when a pestilence is devastating the community, and the whole air appears to be filled with disease and death, it occurs to me that they will be inclined to avail themselves of the skill and science of the regular physician.

[*Dismal arrives.*]

SIMPSON. Dismal, have you heard the refreshing news? Hope tells us that the Asiatic cholera is in town and spreading like wild-fire. Manifest yourself, Old Fell.

DISMAL. Heard it? Certainly! Had an order for two hundred coffins yesterday. Business is looking up handsomely. I want to give you another little piece of information which will delight you. I learn that the Board of Health have concluded to let these pools of stagnant water in the neighborhood of Malaria Square and Plague streets remain undrained.

SIMPSON. Too much good news at once. Bob, order champagne, and let's drink the health of old King Cholera and Miasma.

[*Wine brought. They seat themselves around a table.*]

SIMPSON. Gentlemen, permit me to propose a toast:—"The Municipal Authorities and Sanitary Board of Maladmore." The thanks of the profession are eminently due them for permitting the visitation of the present epidemic and the spread of miasma. Bob, suppose you give us a song, eulogistic of old Asiatic.

[*Song by Robert.*]

TO KING CHOLERA.

Hah! hah! hah! hah!
King Cholera,
We welcome thee from foreign shore;
We'll dull care sink,
And to thee drink,
Whilst thou dost stalk through Maladmore.

Chorus.—So take the cup,
And drink it up,
And thank the gods for this good chance
To busy be,
And pocket fee,
Stop mourners' wails and death's grim dance.

A groan for Quack,
Soon off he'll pack,
For now his avocation's gone.
In ev'ry ill
He'd always kill;
His patients lay in churchyard lawn.

Chorus.—So take the cup, &c.

Our thanks are due
To those men true
Who form the Sanitary Board;
And keep the town,
Up hill and down,
With thee, oh Pest! in full accord.
Chorus.

Now, fellow Docts,
Whi'st Chol'ra mocks
The practice, vile, of charlatans,
May success crown,
Throughout the town,
All rational means to break its bans.
Chorus.

And may we all,
At duty's call,
Be ever faithful to our trust;
Be ever quick
To heal the sick,
And to each sufferer be just.

Chorus.

Thus we will find,
Among mankind,
That Science, linked with Truth's bright name,
Will e'er inspire
What we desire—
Their confidence and loud acclaim.

Chorus.

ACT IV.

Mrs. Millionaire's Private Parlor—Dr. Bombastes and Professor Reglar.

[THREE YEARS AFTER.]

BOMBASTES. By the way, Professor, have you heard the latest intelligence in regard to the fate of the victims of Dr. Quack, who figured so extensively in the community some three years since, and acquired such a wonderful reputation on account of the alleged miraculous cures which he then achieved?

PROFESSOR. Vague rumors have reached my ears in regard thereto.

Bombastes. Well, sir, I am reliably informed that the person whose adipose tissue was so suddenly augmented has relapsed into his primitive condition, and is in a more decided state of atrophy than ever before; the tumor of the swelled neck individual has again manifested itself, increased in magnitude and virulence; Quack's ancient patient evidences greater senility than prior to his treatment; his bloomer patient has resumed her original sex, and mightily laments the loss of the masculine prerogatives with which she was temporarily invested; and Mr. Nicholas Morris, who was unsuccessfully treated by the various pathies, and suddenly restored by Quack, did not survive the latter's treatment over a few days, and is now quietly reposing in Greenmount Cemetery.

Professor. Well, such results of Empiricism and Quackery should convince the public that their only reliance is upon a rational and legitimate practice of Medicine—a practice which *investigates* and *removes* the *cause* of disease; which tempers the administration of physic to the habits and constitution of the patient; which adopts the *good* and rejects the *evil* of all the schools; which is not blinded by theories or swayed by prejudices; which is based upon a thorough acquaintance with the human system, and evidences an appreciation of its requirements, whether in a normal or abnormal state.

Bombastes. Most assuredly, Professor. I fully concur with you in the doctrines which you have just enunciated, and consider it a matter of great gratification that the theories which we mutually entertain have been so triumphantly vindicated and sustained; but, with your permission, we will dismiss these serious topics, and recur to one of great per-

sonal concern to myself. I presume you are aware that the lady, Miss Melinda Millionaire, to whom, whilst I was yet a student at the Medical University, I plighted my affections, has been, for nearly three years, residing in Paris. There she has been benefited by the teachings of the most eminent and successful instructors. Letters from her indicate a remarkable proficiency. To be sure, like most American girls educated in France, she affects rather a greater fondness for the French than her own vernacular; but this is pardonable, since, as our *Fashions* come from the French capital, why not the language of their originators? With your permission, I will read an extract from the last letter received from her :—

PARIS, ——, 1869.

Mon cher Docteur :—

It makes me *un grand plaisir* to inform you that, though I have had *tres agréable* time in *la Belle France* during the last three years, yet that I am so soon to embark for *l'Amerique*, and will, before long, enjoy a *réunion* with *tous mes amis*. Ah! *Docteur, c'est impossible* for you to imagine *l'inquietude* and *la nostalgie* which I endure *jusqu' à présent*, as the time approaches for me to set sail for *les Etats-Unis*. I expect to return in the Bremen steamer, which will reach Baltimore about ———— —.

Jusqu' au revoir, et toujours, tout à toi, MELINDE.

PROFESSOR. Why, my friend, that is this very day.

MRS. MILLIONAIRE. Yes, Professor; Millionaire has now gone to await the arrival of the steamer, and we are hourly expecting to see our long absent Melinda.

[*Door bell rings. Enter Rustic, dressed up.*]

RUSTIC. How are you, Mrs. Millionaire. My old friend, Dr. Scientif, I hope you are well. [*Is introduced to Dr. Reglar. They express their pleasure at seeing Rustic, and to find him in such good health.*]

Mrs. M. Mr. Rustic, do you know that we are expecting, almost every moment, the arrival of Melinda from Paris? She is on board the steamer which will be in port to-day.

Rustic. Glad to hear it. Hope she wont have any French airs, and put on any hifaluting. She behaved herself mightily well when she came down to Valley Farm with Scientif. You haven't heard about that trip, have you? Well, Scientif, that awful learned man there, and Melinda, and her Pap, came and spent a few days with us. The next day after they arrived, we went a-gunning. Scientif had an old gun that had been standing in the corner about twenty-five years. He put, all unbeknown to me, about five fingers of powder and about an ounce of No. 6 shot in it. A flock of wild pigeons had lit in a tree just ahead of us; for politeness sake, I gave Scientif the first crack. He banged away, and the first thing I knew, he measured his length in a patch of yellow clay. The gun flew over his shoulder, and stuck upright in the ground. The pigeons stayed where they were, not at all alarmed. I tell you, Scientif hadn't time for dictionary words when he keeled over. The only *big* word he bawled out was "*damn it.*" I picked him up. His fancy tights were split into ribbons; his nutria beaver was doubled up like an old-fashioned calash, and his face looked as if he had been doing a good day's work in a brick-yard. I *tell* you he was a picture. How to get him home without the folks seeing him was the point. I walked right before him, and spread out my coat-tail as much as possible. Science followed in the rear, like a shadow. Just as we were entering the garden gate, whom should we spy coming down towards it but Melinda. I shall never forget Science's manner when he said, "Good heavens! what's to be done?"

and, oh, how he cuddled up to me! But something I knew *had* to be done. No time was to be lost. I whispered to him to seize me round the neck, and threaten to choke me, whilst I hollared "Murder," and sung out to Melinda to run and tell the folks that I was seized by an assassin. "Rush, Melinda," says I, and Melinda *did* rush, and she did shriek, whilst I shot poor Science into an outbuilding, where he stayed until I carried him some decent clothes. He didn't tell Melinda anything about *that* gunning expedition. He went a-fishing a few days afterwards, and, whilst sitting on a bank, a portion of the earth gave way, and he toppled over into the water. Of *course*, Melinda, who was with him, shrieked. Women always *do* shriek in such cases; it does them *good*, and *helps the sufferer*. Science floundered about in the water for awhile, and climbed up the bank, looking like a drowned rat. He vowed he had enough of the country, of gunning and fishing, and left Valley Farm next day, in disgust.

BOMBASTES. [*Affected tone.*] I fully corroborate the narrative of our friend from the rural regions.

[*Door bell rings. Enter Mr. Millionaire, with Melinda, dressed in a jaunty French travelling costume. Hair, &c., done up in latest French style. They are also accompanied by a pretty French waiting maid. Melinda and Mother embrace and kiss, Mrs. M. expressing herself as being so happy to have her back. Melinda shakes hands with Bombastes and Rustic, and is introduced to Dr. Reglar, remarking to her Mother:*]

MELINDA. Ah, *je suis bien charmée* to arrive at *chez nous*, and see *toute la famille de nouveau.. Mais, Paris, c'est une grande ville*, and I very much desire that we all,

some day, return there and *y rester longtemps*. *Ma chère Mama*, you look very well, but if you live in Paris you become very *distinguée*. And, *mon Père*, you will look so *aristocratique*, when you wear moustaches *comme cela*. Dr. *Bombaste*, you received my last letter, *n'est ce pas?* Mr. *Rustique*, I hope you *portez* yourself *bien*. Ah, *je suis fatiquée* from my *voyage*.

[*She sits down during the delivery of the above remarks. Rustic stares curiously at her and the French maid. The Mother, Dr. Bombastes, and Melinda sit close to each other, and pretend to be in earnest conversation. At length, after Rustic has walked around the maid several times, and looked at her in an inquiring way, he remarks to Melinda:*]

Rustic. And does that pretty girl there talk the infernal lingo which you have just been propelling?

Melinda. *Certainement. C'est une Française.*

Rustic. [*Repeats.*] Certain man! She is Francis! Look here, Melinda, I don't want any foolishness. You say she is a certain man, and her name is Francis. Well, all I can say is that Frank makes a pretty-looking girl. I'll talk to him. I say Frank [*going up and slapping her on the back*], you do this thing up brown, I tell you. By Jove, I'd sworn you were a woman.

French Maid. [*Who starts back in utter astonishment, and exclaims:*] *Monsieur, je ne vous comprend pas.* What you mean by such *manierè?* You give much pain at the back. I no understand.

Rustic. And I'll be darned if I do either. Won't somebody explain?

Melinda. Yes, Mr. *Rustique*. You did not understand my remark. When you asked me if she comprehend the French, I told you, certainly, she was French woman.

RUSTIC. Oh, you did, did you? Well, I'll leave it to anybody if it didn't sound exactly as if you said she was a certain man by the name of Francis. Miss Francis, I owe you a thousand apologies. If I'd thought you were a lady, I wouldn't have slapped you on the back for the whole world.

FRENCH MAID. *Il n'y a pas de quoi.* No *apologie* is *necessaire.*

RUSTIC. I nicht fush stay, but suppose it's all right. I'll make love to this pretty French woman. [*Sides up to her, and they ogle each other.*]

[*Dr. Bombastes, rising, requests Melinda to entertain the company with a song—a French melody—(A Selection)—which she executes well, with orchestral accompaniment. Melinda takes Bombastes' arm. Rustic extends his to French maid, who accepts. The old folks link arms.*]

DR. BOMBASTES. [*Addressing audience.*] We have heard, my friends, to-night, of various remedies for different complaints, but in this present scene you witness a sovereign cure for that most dangerous of all aches—the heart-ache. Our venerable friends there [*pointing to the old man and woman*] have long enjoyed the balm of matrimony. My intentions in this quarter [*pointing to Melinda*] are well understood, and it is to be hoped the gentleman from the rural regions will, in such a *striking* manner, manifest his love for the fair French maid as will soon result in their enjoying the [*affected*] *ecstasies of connubial felicity.*

THE END.