

17.
THE IRISH DOCTOR.

THE IRISH DOCTOR.

on Wednesday May 1812.

IRISH DOCTOR;

OR, THE DUMB LADY CURED.

A Farce, IN ONE ACT.

BY GEORGE WOOD, COMEDIAN,

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

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THE IRISH DOCTOR.

*First Performed at the Queen's Theatre,
on Tuesday, November 19th, 1844.*

Characters.

<i>Queen's Theatre, London,</i>		<i>Broadway, N. Y.,</i>
1844.		1856.
SIR RALPH CREDULOUS...	MR. ROYER.	MR. WHITING.
WALTER LOVEWELL	MR. REYNOLDS.	MR. EYTINGE.
DR. FRANTIC.....	MR. RENAUD.	MR. HODGES.
DENNIS MURPHY (<i>a Broom- maker</i>)	MR. G. WOOD.	MR. B. WILLIAMS.
DR. MURPHY (<i>a Professor of Medicine</i>)		
SQUIRE ROBERT.....	MR. NORTON.	MR. HARCOURT.
DICK	MR. GRAY.	MR. ALLEN.
SIMON } <i>Servants to Sir Ralph</i> {	MR. LICKFOLD.	MR. VINCENT.
ROBIN }	MR. JOHNSON.	MR. CUTTER.
LAURA CREDULOUS	MISS STOKER.	MRS. NAGLE.
PEGGY (<i>her Maid</i>).....	MRS. GOUGH.	MRS. SEYMOUR.
BRIDGET (<i>Wife of Dennis</i>) ...	MISS WRIGHTON.	MRS. B. WILLIAMS.

Costumes.

PERIOD—about 1760.

SIR RALPH.—Old-fashioned square-cut coat, vest, breeches, stockings, shoes and buckles.

WALTER.—Blue cut-off coat, white pantaloons, top boots, low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, &c. *Second Dress*; Black cloak and broad-brimmed hat.

DR. FRANTIC.—Black suit and full-bottomed wig.

DENNIS.—Drab breeches, red vest, shoes and stockings. *Second Dress*; Black suit and full-bottomed wig.

DICK. }
SIMON. } Livery.
ROBIN. }

SQUIRE ROBERT.—Hunting coat, top boots, &c.

LAURA.—White muslin dress.

PEGGY.—Red skirt and blue bodice.

BRIDGET.—Dark brown petticoat and short gown.

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THE IRISH DOCTOR.



SCENE I.—represents a Wood and Landscape.—*A Wood-cutter's Cottage, R.*

Enter DENNIS MURPHY, followed by BRIDGET from *Cottage*.

DENNIS. I tell you I won't—it's my business to talk and to command.

BRIDGET. I tell you I shall—I wasn't married to *you* to suffer your ill temper.

DENNIS. By my soul, Aristotle never said a truer thing than when he told us "a wife was worse nor the devil."

BRIDGET. Hear the learned gentleman, with his Aristotle!

DENNIS. Aye, and a learned man I am; find me a maker of brooms that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast of such an education as mine.

BRIDGET. An education—ha! ha! ha!

DENNIS. Yes—and a real education: first, I attended Dashwood and Ballybunnion schools, where I larn'd reading; then I was valet to a gentleman at Oxford, where I larn'd very nigh as much as my master; then I was for six years with a travelling doctor—from him I larn'd physic.

BRIDGET. I wish you would have remained with him—cursed be the hour I answered the priest—I will.

DENNIS. And bad luck to the priest that asked you the question.

BRIDGET. I hope you haven't the assurance to think you deserve such a wife as me?

DENNIS. No—upon my soul, I haven't. I tell you what, Biddy Murphy, it was a lucky day for you, the day you got me.

BRIDGET. Lucky, indeed ! A fellow that eats everything I have.

DENNIS. That's a lie, for I drink part of it.

BRIDGET. That hasn't left me even a bed to lay upon.

DENNIS. You'll rise the earlier.

BRIDGET. That spends all his time and money in a pothouse.

DENNIS. That's fashionable—all gentlemen do the same.

BRIDGET. What am I to do with my family ?

DENNIS. Whatever you like, a'hager.

BRIDGET. My four little children, they are continually crying for food.

DENNIS. Give 'em a whippin' ; the best cure in nature for a crying child.

BRIDGET. (*running at him*) And do you imagine, sot—

DENNIS. Hark'e, my darlin', I'm getting mighty supple about the elbows.

BRIDGET. Psha ! you poor beggarly coward—touch me if you dare !

DENNIS. So, you will have, will you ? (*beats her with his rope round to R. 1 E.*)

BRIDGET. Oh ! oh ! murder! murder !

SQUIRE ROBERT enters, R., and interferes.

SQUIRE R. Fie, neighbour, fie ! to treat your wife in this scandalous manner.

BRIDGET. Well, sir, and if I've a mind to be treated so, what is that to you ? (*places her arms akimbo*)

SQUIRE R. I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

BRIDGET. Is it any business of yours, saucebox, eh ?

SQUIRE R. No, certainly not, madam; neighbour, I beg your pardon. (*crosses, L.*) Take and thrash your wife as you ought to do.

DENNIS. No, sir, I won't ; I'll beat her when I please, and no other time—she is my wife, not yours.

SQUIRE R. Oh, certainly. (*aside*) Well, if ever I attempt to interfere with a husband when he is beating his wife, may I be beaten myself. Exit, L.

DENNIS. (*soothingly*) Come, darlin', let us be friends.

BRIDGET. (*crying*) What ! after beating me so ?

DENNIS. Arrah, sure I was only joking.

BRIDGET. I wish you'd crack your jokes on your own bones, not mine.

DENNIS. Sure, you an' I are one—and I beat half myself when I beat you.

BRIDGET. Well, in future, be kind enough to beat the other half.

DENNIS. Come, my darlin', give us a kiss, and make it up.

BRIDGET. Well, I forgive you this time; (*kisses him*) but you shall pay for it. (*aside*)

DENNIS. That's right, acushla—now I'll off to the wood, and bring you home the makin's of as purty a load of birch brooms as ever swept a street.

Exit DENNIS, l.

BRIDGET. Oh, you villain! I wish I could hit on some plan of revenge. Ah! who have we here?

Enter DICK and SIMON, r.

DICK. My good woman, can you tell me where Dr.—Dr. Thingamy lives?

BRIDGET. Doctor who?

DICK. Doctor—Doctor—what's his name?

BRIDGET. Indeed, I don't know, sir. Are the villains quizzing me?

SIMON. Is there no physician in this neighbourhood celebrated for curing dumbness?

BRIDGET. I don't think *you* want such a person, Mister Shoebrush.

SIMON. You are in error, my good woman; the daughter of our master has lost her speech; we are in search of a physician, who lives in this neighborhood; we have lost the letter with his address, and we dare not return without him.

BRIDGET. There is a doctor lives hereabout, but he don't practise now; you would not get him to go thirty yards to save the life of a king.

SIMON. Direct us to where he lives, and we'll have him, if we are forced to carry him between us.

BRIDGET. He's considered one of the best doctors in the world, especially for dumbness.

SIMON. Quick! direct us to the house.

BRIDGET. If you watch hereabouts, you're sure to see

him: he often amuses himself by cutting birch for brooms in the wood.

SIMON. An M.D. cut brooms!

DICK. I suppose he amuses himself with the study of botany, you mean.

BRIDGET. No; he is a—hem!—an Irishman and an oddity. He dresses like a peasant—merely for the fear of being obliged to practise as a physician. You'll be forced, both of you, to take a good stick, and thrash him well, before he'll own he's a doctor; it's what we all do here, when we want him.

SIMON. And is he so very clever?

BRIDGET. Clever! Why, about two months since, my husband had been dead four hours—this doctor pour'd a drop of some cordial down his throat; it was no sooner done than up got my husband, and sat down to dinner, that was just ready on the table, as if nothing had ever ailed him.

DICK & SIMON. Wonderful!

BRIDGET. About three weeks since, a child of nine years old fell from the top of a haystack, and broke its head, legs, and arms. The doctor came, rubbed the child with some salve, when up it jump'd on its legs, and ran away to play.

SIMON. Egad! Dick, we must thrash him out of a pot of his salve;—but can he cure dumbness?

BRIDGET. I believe he can! Why, our parson's wife was born dumb—the doctor gave her a gargle that set her tongue going, and they've never been able to stop it since. Yonder is the man I speak of; be sure you don't spare his bones. Use your sticks on him; give it him as hard as you can.

SIMON. No fear of that.

BRIDGET. Ha, ha, ha! Now, my gentleman, I think you'll be paid off for the beating you gave me. I wonder if your elbows will be so supple in taking a beating as in giving one.

Exit, jumping into cottage, R.

Enter DENNIS, with a large bundle of broom, ready cut, upon his shoulders, singing. L.

SIMON. Sir, your most obedient servant.

DENNIS. (*taking off his hat*) Your servant, sir, back again.
(looks at them)

SIMON. We are happy to find you here, sir.

DENNIS. Same to you, and many of 'em.

SIMON. We are come, sir, to ask your assistance.

DENNIS. If I can assist you in anything, maboachal never say it twice. What's the job?

SIMON. First, let me entreat of you to be covered, sir; the sun will affect your head and complexion.

DENNIS. (*aside*) These are savvints, by their dress; but they're civil enough for parliament candidates.

SIMON. You will not be surprised at our coming in search of you; men of your capacity are sought for everywhere.

DENNIS. Sure, sir, you may buy cheaper brooms than mine; but if you find the fellow of them in all the country, you shall have mine for nothing—so no more fuss about it. You shall have 'em for ten shillings a hundred—an' I couldn't sell 'em a penny cheaper to St. Patrick himself.

DICK. I beg, sir, you will not jest with us in this matter.

DENNIS. Jest! By my soul, I'm so much earnest that I wouldn't bate a farden cheaper to my father.

DICK. Oh, sir, how can a fine physician, like you, shut yourself up from the world, and bury your talents in a forest?

DENNIS. (*aside*) That chap's cracked.

DICK. Come, sir, we know what you are.

DENNIS. What the devil do you know about me?

SIMON. Why, we know you to be a great physician.

DENNIS. Then, by my soul, you know more than I do.

SIMON. Come, sir, concealment is in vain; do not oblige us to—you know what.

DENNIS. Devil fire me if I do; but I'm no doctor.

DICK. Well, if we must, we must. (*beats him*)

DENNIS. Oh, murder! murder! (*they both beat him*) I'm whatever you please.

SIMON. Why, sir, will you oblige us to this violence? I assure you, sir, it pains me.

DENNIS. By my word, and so it does *me*. But what do you want to make a doctor of me for?

SIMON. What! do you deny it again?

DENNIS. Devil take me if I'm a doctor. (*they beat him*)

Oh, stop! stop! (*they stop*) I am a doctor, an apothecary, and a surgeon, if you like. Faix, maybe I am a doctor, and don't know it—but, are you quite sure I'm a doctor?

SIMON. Yes—the greatest in the world—one who has cured all diseases—who made a man eat his dinner after he was dead four hours—

DENNIS. Did I, though? (*looks with astonishment*)

SIMON. What! do you deny it? (*raising his stick*)

DENNIS. Oh! no, no, no!

SIMON. You set a child on its legs, after it had broken every bone in its body—

DENNIS. The devil a bone did I iver—(*they threaten*) Faith, maybe I did—I must have been mulvathered, then.

SIMON. And made a woman's tongue to go so that it can't be stopp'd.

DENNIS. Faith, an' if I could only stop a woman's tongue as well as set it goin', it's a clever doctor I'd be! but that would be a hard matter, once it begins. Well, I'm a doctor, but I forgot it. What am I to cure?

SIMON. Our young mistress has lost her tongue.

DENNIS. Devil a one o' me found it. I wish Biddy would lose her tongue, what a blessing it would be! Well, gentlemen, come, I must have a doctor's dress, for a doctor can no more prescribe without a wig than without a fee.

SIMON. Come along, we'll procure you a dress of some sort.

DENNIS. And a wig, and a good fee.

SIMON. Yes—if you cure the young lady's dumbness.

DENNIS. Do you think a good thrashing, such as yon gave me, wouldn't make her bawl out like murder?

SIMON. No, no, that won't do;—but come along, we've a chaise at the corner of the road—we'll only trouble you to walk that far.

DENNIS. A chaise, have you! O faith, thin, I'm your man; and if I can't cure the young lady, if she was deaf as well as dumb, I'm no doctor.

Exeunt, R.

SCENE II.—*Sir Ralph's House.*

Enter LAURA and PEGGY, R.

PEGGY. Well, ma'am, the doctor has arrived, and I fear our conspiratory will be frustrated.

LAURA. What sort of a person is he?

PEGGY. Oh, ma'am ! he's an Irish fouriner, and he talks all kinks of accountable French and Hembrew langridges, and he has such a wig, ma'm, just like a feather pillar without the case ; he's sure to find you out, so tell the truth at once, or we'll all be shot as Guy Faux was, for conspiratory.

LAURA. Don't alarm yourself—we are not in the least danger from discovery, for all the doctors in England cannot make me speak if I am determined to hold my tongue ; and even should he discover my dumbness to be feigned, I will tell him the whole plot—then must he indeed be cruel if he betray me.

PEGGY. Oh, law, ma'am ! do be advised—we will all be transported for emblazonment—I know we shall. (*knocking, L.*) O dear me, there's the suspector and a party of police to arrest us, I'm sure. (*crosses, R.*)

LAURA. Psha ! you silly girl, it's Walter's knock.

Goes off L. 1 E., and returns with WALTER, L.

My dear Walter, why have you been so long ? I haven't seen you for a whole day.

WALTER. My dear girl, you forget how strict you are guarded ; it does, inaeed, seem an age since I saw you ;—but tell me, how succeeds your plot ?

LAURA. Oh, admirable ! My father has not the least suspicion ; but I fear this doctor, who has just arrived, may not be so easily duped ; and if he does discover me, I must trust to love to extricate me—that dear little angel, who never yet deserted a faithful woman in the time of need.

PEGGY. Mr. Walter, you have some interest with her ; and for all our sakes, persuade her to include this scheme. We shall be incaskerated in the county jail, for obtaining money under false contenses.

WALTER. Fear nothing. I will see this doctor, tell him the true state of the case, and through his interest gain admission to the house—(this will be the more easily effected, as I am a stranger to Sir Ralph)—and if fair means fail, I will have a chaise in waiting near the end of the avenue, at six o'clock this evening ; and then, huzza ! for Gretna Green and the jolly blacksmith.

PEGGY. Worse and worse. Why, sir, they'd be sure to make that a case of High-men's robbery. Oh, dear! I see Sir Ralph coming, so you had better be going. Now, sir, be off—do.

WALTER. Remember, dearest Laura, at six o'clock, should all else fail. *Exit WALTER, L.*

PEGGY. And now, Miss, for fear your looks should betray anything, you had better be off too, and leave me to manage Sir Ralph.

LAURA. Well, Peggy, I'll take your advice; but be sure and not let your tongue betray our secret.

Exit, R. 1 E.

PEGGY. Never fear, Miss; I'll be as dumb—as you pretend to be. I wonder if we shall get out of this scrape: I'm all over of a twitteration. I hope he won't ask me many questions, or I'll get conbloberated, perhaps, and resolve the whole plot.

Enter SIR RALPH, L.

SIR R. Where's your mistress, Peggy?

PEGGY. In her room, sir. (*aside*) How savage he does look. I hope he don't conspect anything.

SIR R. Tell her, I wish to see her, the physician who is to cure her dumbness is waiting.

PEGGY. Yes, sir; I'll let her know your remands instantly. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

SIR R. Well, if this physician only succeeds as well with my daughter, as he has done in the cases Simon mentioned to me, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Strange he should be so unwilling to practise; but all men of genius have their whims—that, I suppose, is his.

Enter DENNIS, dressed as a Doctor, and SIMON, L.

SIR R. My dear sir, you are most heartily welcome. (*taking off hat, bowing*)

DENNIS. Hippocrates says we should both be covered.

SIR R. In what chapter, pray?

DENNIS. In his Chapter on Hats.

SIR R. Since he says so, I will obey him.

DENNIS. Doctor, after having travelled far on the mail-road of letters—

SIR R. Doctor! Pray, whom do you speak to?

DENNIS. To you, Doctor.

SIR R. I am a knight, thank the king's grace, but no doctor.

DENNIS. You're no doctor?

SIR R. No.

DENNIS. There, and there, and there. (beats SIR RALPH with his cane)

SIR R. In heaven's name, what's done?

DENNIS. Now you're made a Doctor of Physic; it's all the degrees I ever took.

SIR R. (to SIMON) Who the mischief is this fellow you have brought here?

SIMON. I told you, sir, the Doctor had odd ways.

SIR R. Ways! I'll show his doctorship the nearest way to the county jail, if he has any more of these ways.

DENNIS. Sir, I ax pardon for the liberty I took, and I'm very sorry for the polthouges I was obliged to lay so thick on you.

SIR R. Don't mention it, sir. Doctor, my daughter has been seized with a strange infirmity—

DENNIS. I am delighted to hear it, sir—an' I wish the whole lock, stock, barrel, and bilin' o' ye had the same call for me as your daughter, an' by my soul, I'd polish 'em off. What's your daughter's name?

SIR R. Laura.

DENNIS. Are you surc she was christened Laura?

SIR R. No, sir, she was christened Lauretta.

DENNIS. Hum! I'd rather she was christened Laura—it's an eligant name for a patient—and let me tell you, sir, the name's often as much good as the doctor.

Enter LAURA and PEGGY, R.

Is that the patient? By my soul, she looks as beautiful as a two-year ould colt. (LAURA smiles)

SIR R. You make her smile, Doctor.

DENNIS. So much the better, sir ; that's a sign the disease begins to clarify, as we doctors say. (*crosses to her*) Well, ahager, and what's the matter wid ye?

LAURA. Augh, ugh, eh !

DENNIS. What's that you say, darlin' ?

LAURA. Augh, och, oh, egh.

DENNIS. (*imitates her*) I don't understand a word she says—why, what kind of language is this. (*imitates her again*)

SIR R. This is her disease ; she has become dumb, and it has kept back her marriage.

DENNIS. Why so ?

SIR R. Her lover refused to have her until she was cured.

DENNIS. Oh, tare an' ouns ! what a kubbogue he must be, not to have a dacent wife. Does this ugh, augh, ho, oppress her much ?

SIR R. Yes, sir.

DENNIS. All right—has she got very great pains ?

SIR R. Very great.

DENNIS. More power then ; have you (*to SIR RALPH*) got the time o' day in your pocket.

SIR R. The time of day !

DENNIS. Yes, the clock.

SIR R. A clock—in my pocket ?

DENNIS. Arrah ! a watch—don't you understand, you gubburgh !

SIR R. (*pulling out his watch*) O ! yes, yes.

DENNIS. Lend me the loan of your old tin pot, sir. (*SIR RALPH gives him his watch*) Now give us your fist, my darlin'. (*feels LAURA'S pulse*) Oh ! this is a regular dumb pulse.

SIR R. You have guess'd her ailment.

DENNIS. Oh ! sir, we great min have a knack of telling an ailment the minit we know it—I know some of the somahauns in our college would have call'd it a boree, or a sinker, or a coupee, or twenty other things, but I give you my honor, sir, your daughter is neither more nor less than—dumb—so be easy, for devil a'other thing ails her, an' if she wasn't dumb, she'd be as well as I am.

SIR R. But I should be glad to know, Doctor, from whence the dumbness proceeds ?

DENNIS. Nothing so easy accounted for ; it's just from her losing her speech.

SIR R. But from what proceeds the loss of speech ?

DENNIS. All the best authors will tell you it's from impediment in the action of the tongue. (*puts the watch in his pocket*)

SIR R. But what are your sentiments, sir, on that impediment ?

DENNIS. Aristotle, on that subject, sir, has said iligant things—iligant things.

SIR R. I believe it, sir.

DENNIS. Oh ! he was a great man, a very great man—a man who on that point, sir—was—a mark—that—but, to return to our reasoning—I should say that this impediment was caused by humours, which our great men call —humours ! humours—you comprehend Latin ?

SIR R. No, indeed, Doctor.

DENNIS. (*aside*) So much the better for me—caberaes—thuram cathalimas, hic hac genitivo et similibus. That's Bog Latin.

SIR R. Oh ! why did I neglect my studies ?

DENNIS. Besides, sir, sartin spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver and lights, to the right side which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin whiskerus, in junction with the brain, which we call in Greek jackbootos, by manes of a hollow vein which we call in Haybrew pericmugus, meet in the road wid the spirits, filling the ventricles of the omodaunus, and bekase these humours have—you comprehend me, and bekase these humours have a sartin mal-ig-ni-ty—listen seriously, I beg of you——

SIR R. I do.

DENNIS. Have a sartin malignity that is caused—be attentive, if you plase.

SIR R. I am.

DENNIS. That is caused, I say, by acrimony of the opaque humours, ingendered in the concavity, thence it arrives that these humours accicummaribus, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum ! This, sir, is the cause of the dumbness.

SIR R. It is impossible to argue better, Doctor.

DENNIS. Of course it is.

SIR R. But sir, I always thought, till now, the heart was on the left, and the liver on the right.

DENNIS. So they were, sir, formerly; but we have altered all that now; the college at present proceeds on an entire new plan. But you know you're not obliged to know as much as we do.

SIR R. Very true, Doctor; but what would you have done with my daughter?

DENNIS. What I'd have done with her?—faith, I'll soon tell you that. Put her into a bed warmed with a copper warming-pan, then take a delph utensil call'd a jug, capable of containing four imperial quarts, first put in a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, on top o' that put a pint o' biling water, and mix them well together, thin put in two quarts of the best whiskey, then a quart of hot water, the juice of three lemons, and the skin of one, mix them all together, and the compound is complete.

SIR R. Why, this is punch, Doctor.

DENNIS. To be sure it's punch; an' what the devil can you have better to make people talk than punch? To the devil I pitch your julaps, and your gruels, and your slops; give me a rattlin' tumbler of whiskey punch, an' if that don't cure you, to pot with physic. (*holds out his hand for money*)

SIR R. I beg your pardon, sir, you shall be paid.

DENNIS. I'll return in the evening and see how she's getting on. (*crosses to PEGGY*) But I see another patient here.

PEGGY. I never was better in all my life, sir; I'm not the least conbilitated.

DENNIS. So much the worse, my honey. It's very dangerous to be too well; for when you're well, you've nothing to do but take physic, and be bled in both arms.

SIR R. Strange! Bleed when one's in health?

DENNIS. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, you may possibly be well two days longer; and it's always best to cure a disease before it comes on. What I order you at present, is to take one of these boluses (*out of a large pill-box*) every six hours.

PEGGY. Molasses! Why, Doctor, these look exactly like lump sugar?

DENNIS. Take one, I say, every six hours, and wash it down with a tumbler full of the young lady's mixture ; but don't either of you take a thimble-full of it till I come, and see that you don't drink it too hot. (*to SIR RALPH*) Have you got such a thing as a pinch of snuff ?

SIR R. Certainly, certainly. (*offering snuff, DENNIS takes the box*) But, Doctor, this girl does not show any symptoms of illness.

DENNIS. Let me tell you, sir, it 'll do you a dale o' good if you'll take a dose yourself. I'll make up something for you. (*puts box in pocket*)

SIR R. No, thank you, I have no need of medicine at present.

DENNIS. Why, thin, if I can get no more patients here, I must go somewhere else.

SIR R. But, Doctor, you are forgetting to return my watch.

DENNIS. Oh, bedad, so I am—there it is, sir, and many thanks for the loan of your ould tinpoticum, as we say in Latin—and now I bid you good-day.

SIR R. Doctor, I should like some snuff—and you have got my silver box.

DENNIS. I beg your pardon, sir ; I entirely forgot to return it to you—here it is. (*gives SIR R. the pill-box, who looks at it*)

SIR R. Doctor, you've made a mistake—this is not it.

DENNIS. You are right, sir—may be this is it. (*gives snuff-box*)

SIR R. Thank you, Doctor, thank you.

DENNIS. You're welcome to your own, (*taking pill-box*) but they are so much alike, in size, that I couldn't tell 'em asunder in my pocket. Now, girls, mind what I told you ; don't touch a drop o' that compound till I come and taste it first, to see if it's all right ; for to drink three tumblers of it might be poison to you, and set you to sleep, so that you wouldn't wake up for a month. *Exit, L.*

SIR R. Now, Peggy, go and prepare the medicine.

PEGGY. Yes, sir, I'll have it all ready by the time the Doctor returns. *Exit, L.*

SIR R. Come, Laura, I want you to read the newspaper. Oh ! I forgot, my poor girl, that you were dumb ; but

the punch will soon give you the use of your prattling organ.

Exit, L.

LAURA. (*aside*) I am much mistaken if that is a real doctor. His coat looks very much like one that used to hang in the old steward's room; and for the wig, I am sure it belongs to the village schoolmaster, and has been powdered up; as regards the prescription, he can drink it all himself—I wouldn't taste it for the universe. *Exit, R.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden, or Exterior of Sir Ralph's House.*

Enter DENNIS, L.

DENNIS. By my soul, this is a good beginning! (*looking at the money SIR RALPH gave him*) And since—

Enter WALTER, R.

WALTER. I've waited for you a long time, Doctor—I want your assistance.

DENNIS. (*feeling WALTER's pulse*) By my honor, you do want assistance—devil a such a pulse I ever felt.

WALTER. Ha! ha! ha! Doctor, you're mistaken—I am not ill.

DENNIS. How sir, not ill? Don't you think I don't know when a man's ill better nor he does himself?

WALTER. Well, if I have any ailment, it is love for that young lady from whom you have just come, and if you will convey this note to her, I shall be effectually cured.

DENNIS. Do you take me for a pimp, sir—a doctor for a pimp? (*aloud*)

WALTER. Don't make a noise, sir, I beg.

DENNIS. I will make a noise, sir; you are an impudent fellow, sir.

WALTER. My good sir!

DENNIS. I'll show you I'm not that sort o'chap, and that you're an insolent, saucy—(*WALTER puts a purse into his hand*) I'm not speaking of you, sir; but there are people in the world who take persons for what they are not, which always puts me into such a passion, and—

WALTER. I beg pardon, sir, for the liberty I have taken.

DENNIS. No offence in life, (*pockets the purse*) only tell me how I can serve you.

WALTER. This disease which you've been sent to cure is feigned—the true cause is love—and it is an invention of Laura's, to prevent a match she dislikes.

DENNIS. Suppose you was to dress as an apothecary.

WALTER. I am not very well known to her father, so I may pass for one.

DENNIS. Go dress yourself, and I'll wait for you here.

Exit WALTER, R.—Song introduced.

Enter SIMON and ROBIN, L.

By the long walls o' Derry, I'll remain a doctor all the days o' my life.

SIMON. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

ROBIN. Doctor, my poor wife has kept her bed these six months.

DENNIS. (*holds out his hand each time he speaks*) What ails her?

ROBIN. Why, one says 'tis dropsy, and another tumpany; a third, rheumatiz; a fourth, slow fever; a fifth—

DENNIS. What are the symptoms? (*holds out his hand*)

ROBIN. Why, she be always craving for drink, and eats nothing; then her legs be swelled as big as a handsome post, and as cold as ice.

DENNIS. Speak to the purpose, friend. (*holds out his hand, and works his fingers*)

ROBIN. The purpose, sir? I want to know what you wish done with her.

DENNIS. I don't understand what you mean. (*holds out his hand, &c. &c.*)

SIMON. His wife is ill, Doctor, and he's brought you a guinea for advice. (ROBIN gives money)

DENNIS. Now here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is taken sick with dropsy, and always calling for drink—give her as much as she likes—she can't drink too much—and give her this bit of cheese—it comes from a cheese, o' which this is a part, that has cured more people of the dropsy than ever had it.

ROBIN. I'll go, and make her take it instantly.

Exit ROBIN and SIMON, L.

DENNIS. Do, and if she dies, bury her dacently. (*turns round, laughing*)

Enter BRIDGET, R.

Oh ! devil burn me, but here's my wife.

BRIDGET. I'm likely to pay dearly for my frolic, if I've lost my husband by it.

DENNIS. What in the name of buttermilk has sent her here. If I could persuade her to take a pill or two, I'd be a doctor to some purpose. Come, child, let-a-me feel-a-you pulse-a. (*goes to take her hand*)

BRIDGET. What have you to do with my pulse ?

DENNIS. I am de French docteur, and feel-a de poulse of all the pation.

BRIDGET. What ails the fool ?

DENNIS. Begar you shall take-a de peel. (*offers the pill-box*)

BRIDGET. (*mocks him*) Begar, I sall not take de peel.

DENNIS. I'll try her now. (*aside*) My dear, you sall cure me ; you sall be my docteur, and I vill give you de fee. (*gives purse*)

BRIDGET. Oh ! my stomach does not go against these pills ;—and what must I do for you ?

DENNIS. Oh ! begar, me vill show you ; you must come kissa me, kissa me.

BRIDGET. (*kisses him*) As I live, my husband ! (*aside*) Well, Doctor, are you cured now ?

DENNIS. Dis is not de propere place for de kiss ; but I vill kiss again before the peoples come, den I vill visper in your ear—

BRIDGET. And I'll whisper in your ear. (*boxes his ears*) There, take that, and that—dare you insult me, you villain ! (*runs after him round the stage*) There, take your purse again. (*she empties the purse, throws it to him, and puts the money in her pocket*)

DENNIS. But where is de gold ?

BRIDGET. The gold I'll keep as a lasting monument to my virtue.

DENNIS. Oh ! what a lucky devil I am, to have so good and virtuous a wife. Oh ! Bridget, avourneen, behold your own dear darlin', Dennis Murphy.

BRIDGET. Are you really my Dennis ?—and have you any more purses ?

DENNIS. Not at present, acushla ma chree ; but in a few

days I'll have some hundreds of them—for the strangest thing happened—

BRIDGET. Aye, but it's to me you are indebted for that accident.

DENNIS. Oh ! thin it's you I'm to thank for the thrashin'—I'm much obliged to you, my honey. (BRIDGET goes up)

Enter DR. FRANTIC, R.

DR. F. I believe I address the eminent physician who has lately arrived here.

DENNIS. Yes, sir, I profess medicine. (*aside*) Devil a lie in that, for I don't know nothing about it.

DR. F. Sir, I should be glad of your advice.

DENNIS. Let's feel your pulse.

DR. F. Not for myself, Doctor. I am a brother of the faculty—what is generally called a mad doctor ; I have at present a patient whom I can neither induce nor compel to speak.

DENNIS. By my soul, thin, I'll soon make him spake, if there's any spache in him.

DR. F. I'm delighted to find you, sir.

DENNIS. So am I, sir. You see that woman there, she imagines every man she sees is her husband. Now, sir, if you'll take her into your madhouse—

DR. F. Most willingly, sir.

DENNIS. First, take thirty ounces of blood from her, thin shave off all the hair from her head, use the lash well four times a day, and see she gets no food, barrin' bread and water.

DR. F. I highly approve of your method, sir, which is extremely mild and wholesome. (*crosses, L.*)

DENNIS. This gentleman will conduct you to my lodgings. Sir, I beg you will pay particular attention to this lady.

BRIDGET. Twon't be long before I see you, husband.

DR. F. This is the strongest case I ever met with.

Exeunt with BRIDGET, L.

DENNIS. I think, my dear wife, I'll discharge my debt to you now.

Enter WALTER, dressed as an apothecary, R.

WALTER. I think that I make a pretty good apothecary.

DENNIS. Faix, you're nearly as good an apothecary as I'm a doctor.

WALTER. If I did but know a few medical words.

DENNIS. Tare and fire, do you want to know as much as the whole faculty in a minit—come along, come along. (*WALTER is hurrying off, L., DENNIS turns him back to R.*) The doctor always before the apothecary. *Exeunt, L.*

SCENE IV.—*same as Scene II.*

Enter DENNIS and WALTER, L. 1 E.—SIR RALPH and LAURA, R. 1 E.

DENNIS. Well, how's my patient?

SIR R. Rather worse, sir, since she took the prescription you ordered—she drank the whole of it. (*looks at WALTER*)

DENNIS. (*aside*) Faith, if she did, she wouldn't be standing there. I'll be bound I shall have it all to myself—well, if she is worse, it's a sign it operates on the head.

SIR R. (*aside to DENNIS*) Who is that gentleman with you?

DENNIS. An apothecary, sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you'll apply the song I ordered.

SIR R. A song, Doctor?

DENNIS. Yes, a song—is there anything strange in it? Blur-an-ages, man, if you know better nor I, why did you send for me? By my honor, this song 'ud make a stone speak;—but, if you please, sir, you and I'll confer at a distance during the application, for the song 'ud do you as much harm as it'll do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Pillbox, pour it down the ear very close and tinder. (*WALTER shows a piece of paper, and goes up the stage with LAURA—DENNIS comes forward with SIR RALPH*) It

is a great and subtle question among the doctors, whether women are more easy cured than men? Some say, no—others say, yes; but, for myself, I say neither yes nor no, forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of woman, and the cause that the insensible part will always prevail over the sensible, one sees that the inequality of opinion depends upon the back movement of the circle of the moon, an' as the sun that darts his rays on the concavity of the earth, finds—

LAURA. (*laughing*) You talk a deal of nonsense.

SIR R. My daughter speaks. (*dances for joy*) Oh! thou miraculous Doctor, how shall I reward you?

DENNIS. (*paces the stage*) This case has given me the devil's lot o' bother and trouble.

LAURA. Yes, sir, I have recovered my speech, to tell you I'll never marry any but Walter Lovewell.

SIR R. (R.) But I say—

LAURA. I say, I'll not submit to this tyranny, and if I don't marry the man I choose, I'll die an old maid.

SIR R. You shall have Mr. Timkins—

LAURA. No, sir; you may confine me, beat me, nay, kill me,—do what you will, use me as you will, but I never can consent to marry Mr. Timkins—I loathe him, I hate him, he is my aversion—you wish to make me miserable, but I am resolved neither you nor Timkins shall accomplish your design.

DENNIS. By my word I think I put her tongue in nice working order.

SIR R. Order—for heaven's sake make her dumb again.

DENNIS. That's impossible, but leave it to me, I'll manage it; it's a disease, and I know the cure.

SIR R. Is it possible you can cure disease of the mind?

DENNIS. I can cure anything. I say, Mr. Pillbox, you see that her love for this Walter is against the will of her father; an immediate remedy is necessary; that remedy is, four ounces of draught of elope, mixed with two drachms of pills of matrimoniac, and three handfulls of Gretna-greenica; go walk in the garden with her first; quick, for the remedy must be taken immediately.

Exit LAURA and WALTER, R.

Enter BRIDGET, L.

BRIDGET. There is the rogue, this pretended doctor. Oh, you villain! would you have destroyed your wife? Would you have been guilty of murder, brute? (*follows him about*)

DENNIS. Tare an' ouns, what mad woman's this?

SIR R. For pity sake cure her, Doctor.

DENNIS. I will, sir, if you'll give me a fee; you'll see me cure her in a shake.

BRIDGET. You'll see me cure you, villain!

Enter SIMON, R.

SIMON. Oh, sir! your daughter has run away with Walter Lovewell, who was here in disguise of an apothecary; and that rogue of a doctor contrived it all.

SIR R. How! swindled? Bid my clerk bring ink and paper instantly, I'll send this rogue to the county jail forthwith.

BRIDGET. Are they going to hang you, dear?

DENNIS. Yes! I think I'm going to get my die-ploma now.

Enter WALTER and LAURA, R.

WALTER. Behold! that Walter, whom you forbid your house restores you your daughter, even when he had her in his power. I have received this letter, informing me of the death of an uncle, whose estate exceeds that of your Timkins, your intended son-in-law.

SIR R. Your virtue is beyond riches; take her and be happy.

WALTER. Now my fortune makes me happy, indeed. Doctor, I'll make your fortune, too.

DENNIS. Maybe you'd be so obligin' to make a doctor of me in earnest?

SIR R. I beg to know, sir, whether you are a physician, or not?

DENNIS. I think, sir, after the cure you've seen me perform, you've no need to ask if I'm a doctor.

BRIDGET. Why, you vain fool, the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

DENNIS. Hould your prate. (*to the audience*) Here's my jury, and the success or failure of my cure for dumbness depends on them. If I pass an examination from you maybe I'll have lave to practise here upon another occasion. You know my prescription. It's whiskey—do you like it?—if you do, whenever you feel troubled with the blue devils, come and consult the IRISH DOCTOR.

R.

SIR RALPH. WALTER. LAURA. DENNIS. BRIDGET. SIMON.

L.

Curtain.