A quack doctor selling his remedies on the streets of London - despite objections. Wood engraving by E.L. Sambourne, 1893.
DR. DULCAMARA UP TO DATE: OR, WANTED A QUACK-QUELCHER.

["The jury, in giving their verdict, strongly censured the gross ignorance of the accused, and regretted that there was no law to prevent them from practising surgery."]

Begone, Dulcamara,
I prye thee begone from me!

Begone, Dulcamara,
Thou and I will never agree!

Agree? By all good powers, no! no more than oil and water!
For to the conscious humbug honest wrath should give no quarter;

And if Punch’s ready bâton lays its thwacks on any backs
With special zest, it is on those of charlatans and quacks.
Quack! Quack! Quack! Oh the pestilent pack!
If there is a loathsome chemist, it is Quack! Quack! Quack!