

A quack doctor selling his remedies on the streets of London - despite objections. Wood engraving by E.L. Sambourne, 1893.

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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."]



Mr. Punch sings, *soito voce* :—

*Begone, Dulcamara,
I prythee 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 pestilential pack!
If there is a loathsome chorus, it is Quack! Quack! Quack!