

**The Doctor  
in spite of Himself  
(Le Médecin malgré lui)  
by Molière**

**Translation by Paulette Collet and Anna-Lyn Di Paolo  
Prepared for performances by La Troupe des Anciens de l'Université de Toronto  
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**Text abridged from the full version.**

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DRAMATIS PERSONS.

GÉRONTE, Lucinde's father.

LÉANDRE, Lucinde's lover.

SGANARELLE, Martine's husband.

M. ROBERT, Sganarelle's neighbour.

LUCAS, Jacqueline's husband.

VALÈRE, Géronte's servant

THIBAUT, Perrin's father.

PERRIN, Thibaut's son, a peasant.

LUCINDE, Géronte's daughter.

MARTINE, Sganarelle's wife.

JACQUELINE, nurse at Géronte's, and Lucas' wife.

THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

(LE MEDECIN MALGRÉ LUI.)

## **ACT I.**

The scene represents a forest.

### **SCENE I. SGANARELLE, MARTINE (appearing on the stage, quarrelling).**

SGAN. No; I tell you that I'll do nothing of the kind, and that it is for me to speak, and to be master.

MART. And I tell you that I want you to live as I like, and that I am not married to you to put up with your gallivanting.

SGAN. Oh! how exhausting to have a wife and how right Aristotle is when he says a woman is worse than the devil.

MART. Look at this clever guy, with his stupid Aristotle!

SGAN. Yes, clever guy. Find me another woodcutter who can talk about things as I can, who served a famous doctor for six years, and who, when only a boy, knew his Latin grammar by heart.

MART. A curse on this first class idiot!

SGAN. A curse on the slut!

MART. Cursed be the hour and the day when I took it into my head to say yes.

SGAN. Cursed be that cuckold of a notary that made me sign my own downfall.

MART. Really! you have every right to complain on that score! Shouldn't you rather thank Heaven every minute of the day that I am your wife? and did you deserve to marry a woman like me?

SGAN. It's true you did me a great honour, and that I had cause to rejoice on our wedding night! Really! Don't make me talk about that: I might say certain things ...

MART. What? What would you say?

SGAN. Enough; let's drop the subject. It's enough that we know what we know, and that you were very glad to meet me.

MART. What do you mean very glad to meet you? A fellow who will drive me to the poorhouse, a debauched, deceitful wretch, who gobbles up every cent I have got!

SGAN. That's a lie: I drink part of it.

MART. Who sells piecemeal every stick of furniture in the house!

SGAN. That is living economically.

MART. Who has taken my very bed from under me!

SGAN. You'll get up earlier.

MART. In short, who does not leave me a stick of furniture in the whole house.

SGAN. It will make moving easier.

MART. And who from morning to night does nothing but gamble and drink!

SGAN. I don't want to get bored.

MART. And what am I to do in the meantime with my family?

SGAN. Whatever you like.

MART. I have four poor little children on my hands.

SGAN. Put them down.

MART. Who keep on asking me for bread.

SGAN. Whip them. When I've had my fill of food and drink, everyone in the house ought to be happy.

MART. And do you imagine, you drunkard, that things will continue in the same way?

SGAN. My dear wife, let us proceed gently, if you please.

MART. That I'll put up forever with your rudeness and your debauchery?

SGAN. Let's not get angry, wife.

MART. And that I shan't find a way to make you behave as you should?

SGAN. My dear wife, you know that I am not very patient, and that I can hit hard.

MART. Your threats make me laugh.

SGAN. My sweet wife, my pet, your skin is always itching.

MART. I'll show you that I am not afraid of you.

SGAN. My better half, you want something from me.

MART. Do you think that your talk frightens me?

SGAN. Sweet object of my affections, I'll box your ears.

MART. You drunkard!

SGAN. I'll thrash you.

MART. Walking wine-bag!

SGAN. I'll pummel you.

MART. Infamous wretch!

SGAN. I shall curry your skin.

MART. Wretch! rogue! liar! coward! scoundrel! criminal! rogue! scamp! thief! ...

SGAN. So, you want some?

*(Takes a stick and beats her).*

MART. *(shrieking)*. Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

SGAN. That's the only way to keep you quiet.

**SCENE II. M. ROBERT, SGANARELLE, MARTINE.**

M. ROB. Come! Come! Come! Goodness! What is this? What a disgraceful thing! Cursed be the rogue who beats his wife in this way.

MART. (Her arms akimbo, speaks to M. Robert, and makes him draw back; at last she gives him a slap on the face). I like him to beat me.

M. ROB. Oh! I have no objection at all.

MART. Why are you interfering?

M. ROB. I am wrong.

MART. Is it any of your business?

M. ROB. You're right.

MART. Just look at this nincompoop, who wants to stop husbands from beating their wives!

M. ROB. I apologize.

MART. What has that got to do with you?

M. ROB. Nothing.

MART. Do you have the right to poke your nose into this business?

M. ROB. No.

MART. Mind your own business.

M. ROB. I'm not saying another word.

MART. I like being beaten.

M. ROB. Agreed.

MART. It doesn't hurt you.

M. ROB. That's true.

MART. And you are an ass to interfere with what doesn't concern you.

M. ROB. Neighbour, I humbly apologise. Go on, thrash and beat your wife as much as you like; I'll help you, if you wish. (He goes towards Sganarelle, who also speaks to him, makes him draw back, beats him with the stick he has been using, and puts him to flight).

SGAN. I don't want you to.

M. ROB. Ah! That's a different thing.

SGAN. I'll beat her if I want to; and I won't beat her if I don't want to.

M. ROB. Very good.

SGAN. She's my wife, and not yours.

M. ROB. Of course.

SGAN. It is not for you to order me about.

M. ROB. All right.

SGAN. I don't need your help.

M. ROB. I'm delighted.

SGAN. And you're a fool to meddle in other people's business. Remember that Cicero says that between the tree and the finger you should not put the bark. (He drives him away, then comes back to his wife, and says to her, squeezing her hand).

### **SCENE III. SGANARELLE, MARTINE.**

SGAN. Come, let's make up. Take my hand.

MART. Yes, after beating me so hard!

SGAN. That's nothing. Give me your hand.

MART. I don't want to.

SGAN. Eh?

MART. No.

SGAN. My dear wife!

MART. No.

SGAN. Come, I tell you.

MART. I'll do nothing of the kind.

SGAN. Come, come, come.

MART. No; I want to be angry.

SGAN. Bah! It's a trifle. Come, come.

MART. Leave me alone.

SGAN. Give me your hand, I tell you.

MART. You have treated me too badly.

SGAN. All right then, I beg your forgiveness; put your hand there.

MART. I forgive you, (aside, softly), but I'll make you pay for it.

SGAN. You're silly to give importance to that; these are small things that are necessary now and then when people care; and a good wacking between people who love each other, only revives their feelings. There now! I am going to the wood, and I promise you that you'll have over a hundred faggots today.

#### **SCENE IV. MARTINE, alone**

Go on, though I put on a smiling face, I am still angry; and I am dying to find the means to punish you for the blows you gave me. I am well aware that a wife always has the possibility of taking revenge on her husband; but that is too gentle a punishment for my rascal; I want a revenge that will really strike home, or I shan't feel compensated for the insult I have received.

#### **SCENE V. VALÈRE, LUCAS, MARTINE.**

LUC. (To Valère, without seeing Martine). I think we've undertaken a queer errand; and I don't know what we hope to catch.

VAL. (To Lucas, without seeing Martine). What's the use of grumbling, my good man! We have to obey our master; and, besides, we both have something to gain if his daughter, our mistress, regains her health; and no doubt, her marriage, which has been postponed because of her illness, will bring us some reward. Horace, who is generous, is the most likely to succeed among her suitors; and although she has shown some inclination for a certain Léandre, you know very well that her father has always refused to have him as his son-in-law.

MART. (Musing on one side, thinking herself alone). Can't I find out some way of getting revenge?

LUC. (To Valère). But what kind of a silly idea has he got into his head, since doctors have no idea what the problem is.

VAL. (To Lucas). You may sometimes find if you search hard enough what cannot be found at first; and often in the most ordinary places...

MART. (Still thinking herself alone). Yes, I must have revenge, no matter at what cost. Those blows weigh heavily on me; I can't forget them; and ... (She is saying all this musingly, and as she moves, she comes in contact with the two men). Oh, gentlemen, I beg your pardon, I didn't notice you, and I was thinking about something that puzzles me.

VAL. Everyone has his troubles in this world, and we also are looking for something that we would like to find.

MART. Is it a matter in which I can be of help?

VAL. Perhaps. We are endeavouring to meet some clever man, some special doctor, who could give some relief to our master's daughter, suffering from an illness which has suddenly deprived her of speech. Several doctors have already exhausted all their knowledge treating her; but sometimes one finds people with wonderful secrets, and certain special remedies, who very often succeed where others have failed: and that is the sort of man we're looking for.

MART. (Softly and aside). Ah! What an inspiration Heaven is sending me to revenge myself on my rascal (Aloud). You could not have come to a better place to find what you want; and we have a man here, the most wonderful man in the world to take on hopeless cases.

VAL. Oh, please, where can we find him?

MART. You'll find him right now in that place over there, busy cutting wood.

LUC. A doctor who cuts wood!

VAL. You mean busy gathering medicinal herbs?

MART. No; he's a strange fellow who enjoys that sort of thing; an odd, eccentric, unpredictable man, whom you would never recognise for what he is. He goes about dressed in a most extraordinary fashion, sometimes feigns to be stupid, keeps his knowledge to himself, and every day avoids above all using the marvellous talents which God has given him to heal the sick.

VAL. It is a wonderful thing that all great men always have some whim, some slight grain of madness mixed with their learning.

MART. This man's madness is greater than can be imagined, for sometimes it drives him to wish to be beaten before confessing his knowledge; and I warn you that you will not get the better of him, that he will never own that he is a doctor, unless you each take a stick, and compel him, by dint of blows, finally to confess what he will conceal at first. That's the way we proceed when we need him.



VAL. That's a strange kind of madness!

MART. That's true; but, after that, you'll see that he works wonders.

VAL. What's his name?

MART. His name is Sganarelle. But it's very easy to recognise him. He has a big black beard, wears a ruff, and a yellow and green outfit.

LUC. A yellow and green outfit! He's a parrots' doctor then?

VAL. But is he truly as clever as you say?

MART. What do you mean? He's a man who works miracles. About six months ago, a woman had been given up by all the other doctors; she had been thought dead for at least six hours, and they were getting ready to bury her, when they dragged by force to her bedside the man we're speaking of. Having seen her, he poured a small drop of something or other into her mouth; and at that instant she rose from her bed, and began immediately to walk around her room as if nothing had happened.

LUC. Hah!

VAL. It must have been a drop of liquid gold.

MART. It could have been. Not more than three weeks ago, a twelve years old child, fell from the top of the belfry, and smashed his head, arms, and legs on the stones. As soon as they brought our man, he rubbed the whole body with an ointment, which he knows how to prepare; and the child immediately stood up and ran away to play at hopscotch.

LUC. Hah!

VAL. This man must know all there is to know about medicine.

MART. Is there any doubt?

LUC. Goodness! That's the very man we want. Let's quickly go and get him.

VAL. We thank you for being so helpful to us.

MART. But remember the warning I gave you.

LUC. Hey! leave it to us. If all he wants is a good thrashing, he's ours.

VAL. (To Lucas). We are very glad to have met this woman; and I am now very hopeful.

## **SCENE VI. SGANARELLE, VALÈRE, LUCAS.**

SGAN. (Singing as he enters holding a bottle). La, la, la ...

VAL. I hear someone singing and cutting wood.

SGAN. La, la, la. ... Really I have done enough to deserve a drink. Let's take a little breath. (He drinks).  
This wood is devilishly salty. (Sings).

How sweet to hear, My pretty flask, How sweet to hear, Your little gurgles! No fate with mine could vie,  
If you never ran dry, Oh / darling little flask, Why are you not always full!

Come! Hang it! We must not get depressed.

VAL. (Softly to Lucas). This is the very man.

LUC. (Softly to Valère). I think you're right, we've just hit on him.

VAL. Let's look a little closer.

SGAN. (Hugging the bottle). Ah! you little rogue! How I love you, my pretty dear! (He sings; but perceiving Lucas and Valère, who are examining him, he lowers his voice.)

No fate ... with mine ... could ... vie, If...

(Seeing that they examine him more closely]. Whom are these people after?

VAL. (To Lucas). It's he, for sure.

LUC. (To Valère). That's him, the spit of the fellow she described to us.

SGAN. (Aside) (At this point he puts down his bottle; and Valère stooping down to bow to him, he thinks that it is in order to snatch it away, and puts it on the other side. As Lucas is doing the same thing as Valère, Sganarelle takes it up again, and hugs it to his breast, with various grimaces which make a great deal of by-play). They're consulting each other and looking at me. What do they want?

VAL. Sir, aren't you called Sganarelle?

SGAN. Hey! What I

VAL. I ask you if your name is not Sganarelle.

SGAN. (Turning first to Valère, then to Lucas). Yes, and no. It depends on what you want from him.

VAL. We want only to pay him our compliments.

SGAN. In that case my name is indeed Sganarelle.

VAL. We are delighted to see you, Sir. We have been sent to you for something we are looking for; and we come to beg for your help, which we need.

SGAN. If it is anything, gentlemen, that has to do with my little trade, I'm quite ready to oblige you.

VAL. You're too kind, Sir. But put your hat on, Sir, if you please; the sun might be harmful.

LUC. Come, Sir, put it on.

SGAN. (Aside). How formal these people are. (He puts his hat on),

VAL. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come to you. Clever people are always sought after, and we have been informed of your talents.

SGAN. It's true, gentlemen, that I am the best man in the world to make faggots.

VAL. Oh! Sir ...

SGAN. I spare no pains, and make them in a way that leaves nothing to be desired.

VAL. Sir, we are not talking about that.

SGAN. But I charge a hundred and ten cents for a hundred.

VAL. Let us not speak about that, please.

SGAN. I assure you that I could not sell them for less.

VAL. Sir, we know what's what.

SGAN. If you know what's what, you know that that's my price.

VAL. Sir, you're joking...

SGAN. I'm not joking, I can't lower my price.

VAL. Let's not talk this way, please.

SGAN. You may be able to find some elsewhere for less; there are all kinds of faggots; but those which I make ...

VAL. Please, Sir, let's not go on this way.

SGAN. I swear that you would not get them for a penny less.

VAL. Heavens!

SGAN. No, really, you'll have to pay that price. I am speaking frankly, and I am not a man who overcharges.

VAL. Should a gentleman like you, Sir, waste time in a vulgar farce, should he stoop to talking as you do? Should someone as learned, a famous doctor such as you are, wish to disguise himself before the world and keep buried his great talents?

SGAN. (Aside). He is mad.

VAL. I beg you, Sir, do not pretend with us.

SGAN. What do you mean?

LUC. All this beating about the bush is useless. We knows what we knows.

SGAN. What do you know? What do you want with me? Whom do you take me for?

VAL. For what you are, for a great doctor.

SGAN. Doctor yourself; I am not a doctor, and I have never been one.

VAL. (Aside). He's got one of his mad fits. (Aloud). Sir, don't deny things any longer, and please, don't force us to take extreme measures.

SGAN. What extreme measures?

VAL. Certain things that we should be sorry for.

SGAN. Really! Take whatever measures you like. I am not a doctor, and don't know what you are talking about.

VAL. (Aside). Well, I can see that we shall have to use the remedy. (Aloud). Once more, Sir, I beg you to confess what you are.

LUC. For Goodness, sake, don't dilly-dally any more, and confess plainly that you're a doctor.

SGAN. (Aside). I'm furious.

VAL. What is the good of denying what we know?

LUC. Why do you play tricks? What's the use?

SGAN. Whichever way you want me to put it, gentlemen, I tell you that I am not a doctor.

VAL. You are not a doctor?

SGAN. No.

LUC. You ain't a doctor?

SGAN. No, I tell you.

VAL. Since you so wish, we have no choice. (They each take a stick, and thrash him).

SGAN. Ouch! ouch! ouch! gentlemen! I'll be anything you like.

VAL. Why, Sir, do you force us to resort to violence?

LUC. Why do you give us the trouble of beating you?

VAL. I assure you that I am deeply sorry.

LUC. Really, I'm sorry too.

SGAN. What the devil does it all mean, gentlemen? For pity's sake, is it a joke, or are you both gone out of your minds, to wish to make me a doctor?

VAL. What! you don't give in yet, and you still deny being a doctor?

SGAN. The devil take me if I am one!

LUC. Isn't true that you be a doctor?

SGAN. No, may I be damned if I am! (They begin to thrash him again). Ouch! ouch! Well, gentlemen, yes, since you want it so, I am a doctor, I am a doctor, an apothecary into the bargain, if you like. I prefer to agree with everything rather than be beaten up.

VAL. Ah! That's good, Sir; I am delighted to see you sensible.

LUC. It does my heart good to hear you speak in this way.

VAL. I sincerely beg you to forgive me.

LUC. I ask you to forgive the liberty I've took.

SGAN. (Aside). Yeah. Am I perhaps mistaken, and have I become a doctor without being aware of it?

VAL. Sir, you'll not regret having revealed to us what you are; and you'll see that you'll find satisfaction with us.

SGAN. But, tell me, gentlemen, are you not yourselves mistaken? Is it quite certain that I am a doctor?

LUC. Yes, for sure!

SGAN. Really and truly.

VAL. Undoubtedly.

SGAN. The deuce if I knew it!

VAL. What! You're the cleverest doctor in the world.

SGAN. Ha, ha!

LUC. A doctor who's cured I do not know how many complaints.

SGAN. Heavens!

VAL. A woman was thought dead for six hours; she was ready to be buried when with a drop of something, you revived her, and made her walk at once about the room.

SGAN. The deuce I did!

LUC. A child of twelve fell from the top of the belfry, by which he had his head, his legs, and his arms smashed; and you, with some kind of ointment, made him get up on his feet at once, and off he ran to play hopscotch.

SGAN. Goodness!

VAL. In short, Sir, you will find satisfaction with us, and you'll earn whatever you like, if you allow us to take you with us.

SGAN. I'll earn whatever I like?

VAL. Yes.

SGAN. In that case I am a doctor: there is no doubt. I'd forgotten it; but I remember now. What's the problem? Where am I to go?

VAL. We'll take you. We have to go and see a girl who has lost her speech.

SGAN. Too bad! I have not found it.

VAL. He likes to joke! (To Sganarelle). Come along, Sir!

SGAN. Without a doctor's gown!

VAL. We'll get one.

SGAN. (Presenting his bottle to Valère). You carry this: I put my juleps in there (Turning round to Lucas and spitting on the ground). And you, step on this, doctor's orders.

LUC. Wow! There's a doctor I like. I think he'll be good, for he's a joker.

## **ACT II.**

(The scene represents a room in G ronte’s house.)

### **SCENE I. G RONTE, VAL RE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.**

VAL. Yes, sir, I think you will be pleased; we have brought the greatest doctor in the world with us.

LUC. Oh! Yeah! this one beats everything; all the others can’t hold a candle to him.

VAL. He has performed some marvellous cures.

LUC. He has cured dead people.

VAL. He is somewhat whimsical, as I have told you; and at times there are moments when his mind wanders, and he does not seem to be himself.

LUC. Yes, he loves a joke, and you would sometimes think that he has a screw loose.

VAL. But truly, he is most knowledgeable; and often he says remarkable things.

LUC. When he wants to, he talks just as good as if he was reading a book.

VAL. He is already known around here, and everybody comes to consult him.

G R. I am dying to see him; send him to me quickly.

VAL. I am going to get him.

### **SCENE II. G RONTE, JACQUELINE, LUCAS.**

JACQ. Really, Sir, this one will be just the same as all the rest. I think it will be six of one and half a-dozen of the other; and the best medicine to give your daughter would, in my opinion, be a handsome and good husband, whom she liked.

G R. Yes, my dear nurse, you’re meddling in many things!

LUC. Hold your tongue, wife Jacqueline; it is not for you to poke your nose in that business.

JACQ. I say and I repeat that all these doctors won’t understand a thing, that your daughter has no need of rhubarb and senna, and that a husband is a plaster which cures all girls’ complaints.

G R. Would anyone have her in her present condition, with that handicap? and when I intended to get her married, didn’t she refuse to obey me?

JACQ. Of course. You wanted to give her a man she doesn't care for. Why didn't you choose that Monsieur Léandre, whom she fancies? She would have been very obedient, and I'm sure that he'd take her just as she is, if you were willing to give her to him.

GÉR. That Léandre is not what she needs; he hasn't got money like the other one.

JACQ. He's got an uncle who is rich, from whom he'll inherit.

GÉR. All this wealth to come seems to me a mere dream. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and you might be making a big mistake if you expect to get rich only when someone dies. Death is not always at the beck and call of heirs; and you have time to grow hungry while you're waiting for someone's death to be able to enjoy life.

JACQ. Well, I have always heard that in marriage, as in everything else, happiness is more important than money. Fathers and mothers have this cursed habit of always asking: "How much has he got?" and "How much has she got?" And old Peter has married his daughter Simonette to fat Thomas, because he had a small vineyard more than young Robin, whom the girl fancied; and now the poor creature has become all yellow, and has not been well ever since. That's a good example for you, Sir. We have only our pleasure in this world; and I would sooner give my daughter a husband she likes, than all the wealth in the country.

GÉR. Goodness, nurse, how you chatter! Hold your tongue please; you're too much of a busy-body, and you'll spoil your milk.

LUC. (Slapping GÉronte's shoulder at every word) Yeah, shut up; you're too saucy. The master doesn't need your speeches, and he knows what he has to do. Just feed your baby without arguing so much. Our master is his daughter's father, and he is good and clever enough to know what she needs.

GÉR. Gently, gently.

LUC. (Still slapping GÉronte's shoulder). Sir, I wish to put her in her place, and teach her the respect due to you..

GÉR. Very well; but all those blows are not necessary.

### **SCENE III. VALÈRE, SGANARELLE, GÉRONTE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.**

VAL. Sir, get ready. Here is our doctor coming.

GÉR. (To Sganarelle). Sir, I am delighted to see you in my house, and we really need you.

SGAN. (In a physician's gown with a very pointed cap). Hippocrates says ... that we should both put our hats on.

GÉR. Hippocrates says that?



SGAN. Yes.

GÉR. In which chapter, if you please?

SGAN. In his chapter ... on hats.

GÉR. Since Hippocrates says so, we must do it.

SGAN. Doctor, having heard of the marvellous things ...

GÉR. To whom are you speaking, tell me?

SGAN. To you.

GÉR. I'm not a doctor

SGAN. You're not a doctor?

GÉR. No, truly.

SGAN. Really?

GÉR. Really. (Sganarelle takes a stick and thrashes GÉronte). Oh! Oh! Oh!

SGAN. Now you're a doctor, I have never had any other degree.

GÉR. (To Valère). What kind of a devilish man have you brought me!

VAL. I told you he was a man who liked to joke.

GÉR. Yes; but I'd send him packing with his jokes.

LUC. Don't take any notice, Sir. It's only in fun.

GÉR. This kind of fun doesn't appeal to me.

SGAN. Sir; I apologise for the liberty I have taken.

GÉR. I am your humble servant, Sir.

SGAN. I am sorry ...

GÉR. It is nothing.

SGAN. For the blows

GÉR. There's no harm done.

SGAN. Which I have had the honour to give you.

GÉR. Let us forget it, Sir. I have a daughter who is suffering from a strange complaint.

SGAN. I am delighted, Sir, that your daughter needs me; and I wish, with all my heart, that you also needed me, you and all your family, so that I might show you how much I wish to be of use to you.

GÉR. I am obliged to you for these kind feelings.

SGAN. I assure you that I am speaking from the bottom of my heart.

GÉR. You do me great honour.

SGAN. What is your daughter's name?

GÉR. Lucinde.

SGAN. Lucinde! Ah! a pretty name to treat! Lucinde!

GÉR. I'll go and see what she's doing.

SGAN. Who is that tall woman?

GÉR. She's my baby's nurse.

#### **SCENE IV. SGANARELLE, JACQUELINE, LUCAS.**

SGAN. (Aside). Wow, that's a fine piece of furniture. (Aloud). Ah, nurse! Charming nurse! my knowledge is the very humble slave of your nursing, and I'd like to be the fortunate little babe to suck the milk of your kindness. (He puts his hand on her bosom). All my remedies, all my knowledge, all my skill, are at your service; and ...

LUC. With your permission, Mr. Doctor; leave my wife alone, if you please.

SGAN. What! is she your wife?

LUC. Yes.

SGAN. Oh! really! I did not know that, and I am delighted for the love of both of you. (He pretends to embrace Lucas but embraces the nurse).

LUC. (Pulling Sganarelle away, and placing himself between him and his wife). Easy, if you please.

SGAN. I assure you that I am delighted that you are married. I congratulate her on having a husband like you; and I congratulate you on having such a beautiful, wise, and shapely wife. (He pretends once more to embrace Lucas, who holds out his arms, he slips under them and embraces the nurse).

LUC. (Pulling him away again). Goodness! Not so many compliments, please.

SGAN. Don't you want me to rejoice with you at such a beautiful match?

LUC. With me as much as you like; but with my wife no more compliments.

SGAN. I share in your mutual happiness equally; and if I kiss you to show you my joy, I kiss her also to show her that same joy.(Same by-play).

LUC. (Pulling him away for the third time). Heavens above, Mr. Doctor, stop all this fuss!

**SCENE V. GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.**

GÉR. My daughter will be here directly, Sir.

SGAN. I am waiting for her, Sir, with all my knowledge.

GER, Where is it?

SGAN. (Touching his forehead). In there.

GÉR. Very well.

SGAN. But as I am interested in your whole family, I must test your nurse's milk and examine her breasts. (He draws close to Jacqueline).

LUC. (Pulling him away, and swinging him round). Nothing of the sort, nothing of the sort. No, no, no. We don't need any of that.

SGAN. It is the doctor's job to see the breasts of the nurse.

LUC. I don't care, I won't have it.

SGAN. Have you the nerve to go against a doctor's wishes? Away with you.

LUC. I am not afraid.

SGAN. (Looking askance at him). I'll give you a fever.

JACQ. (Taking Lucas by the arm, swinging him round also). Get out of the way. Am I not old enough to take care of myself, if he does anything to me which he shouldn't?

LUC. I don't want him to touch you.

SGAN. Oh naughty, naughty; he's jealous of his wife!

GÉR. Here comes my daughter.

**SCENE VI. LUCINDE, GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, VALÈRE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.**

SGAN. Is this the patient?

GÉR. Yes she's my only daughter; and I would be very upset if she were to die.

SGAN. She must not do anything of the kind. She must not die without the doctor's order.

GÉR. Chairs, please!

SGAN. (Seated between Geronte and Lucinde). This is not a bad-looking patient, and I think a healthy man would be pleased to have her.

GÉR. You have made her laugh, Sir.

SGAN. Excellent. When a doctor makes the patient laugh, it's a very good sign (To Lucinde). Come now, what is the matter? What ails you? What is it you feel?

LUC. (Replies by motions, by putting her hand to her mouth, her head, and under her chin). Ha, hi, ho, ha!

SGAN. What? What are you saying?

LUC. (Continues the same motions). Ha, hi, ho, ha, ha, hi, ho!

SGAN. What?

LUC. Ha, hi, ho!

SGAN. (Imitating her). Ha, hi, ho, ha, ha! I don't understand you. What the devil is that language?

GÉR. Sir, that's her disease. She has become dumb, and up to now, no one has been able to discover the cause; and this mishap has forced us to postpone her marriage.

SGAN. Why?

GÉR. The man she is supposed to marry wants to wait for her recovery before concluding the marriage.

SGAN. And who is this fool who doesn't want his wife to be dumb? Would to Heaven mine had that complaint! I'd take great care not to have her cured.

GÉR. In a word, Sir, we beseech you to use all your skill to cure her of this affliction.

SGAN. Don't worry. But tell me, does this pain oppress her much?

GÉR. Yes, Sir.

SGAN. Good. Does she suffer acute pains?

GÉR. Very acute.

SGAN. That's excellent. Does she go to ... you know where?

GÉR. Yes.

SGAN. Profusely?

GÉR. I don't understand these things.

SGAN. Is the substance healthy?

GÉR. I am not versed in those things.

SGAN. (Turning to the patient). Give me your hand. (To GÉronte) This pulse tells me that your daughter is dumb.

GÉR. Yes, Sir, that is her illness; you've found it out at once.

SGAN. Of course!

JACQ. See how he guessed her complaint.

SGAN. We great doctors, we discover things immediately. An ignoramus would have been puzzled, and would have said: it's this, it's that; but I hit the nail on the head from the very first, and I tell you that your daughter is dumb.

GÉR. Yes; but I'd like you to tell me what causes this.

SGAN. Nothing is easier; it is due to the fact that she has lost her speech.

GÉR. All right! But, please, what is the reason for her having lost her speech?

SGAN. Our best authorities will tell you that it is because there is an impediment to the movement of her tongue.

GÉR. But, once more, your opinion on this impediment to the movement of her tongue.

SGAN. Aristotle on this subject says ... many wonderful things.

GÉR. I dare say.

SGAN. Ah! He was a great man!

GÉR. No doubt.

SGAN. Yes, a very great man. (Holding out his arm, and putting a finger of the other hand in the bend). A man who was greater than I by this much. But to come back to our argument: I believe that this impediment to the movement of her tongue is caused by certain humours, which among us learned

men, we call peccant humours; peccant that is to say ... peccant humours; inasmuch as the vapours formed by the exhalations of the influences which rise up in the area of diseases, coming, ...so to say... Do you understand Latin?

GÉR. No, I don't.

SGAN. (Suddenly rising). You don't understand Latin?

GÉR. No.

SGAN. (Assuming various comic attitudes). Cabricias arci thuram, catalamus, singulariter, nominativo, hac musa, the muse, bonus, bona, bonum. Deus sanctus, estne oratio latinas? Etiam, Yes. Quare? Why. Quia substantivo et adjectivum, concordat in generi, numerum, et casus.

GÉR. Ah! Why didn't I study?

JACQ. There's a clever man!

LUC. Yes, it is so beautiful that I don't understand a word of it.

SGAN. And so, these vapours which I speak of, passing from the left side, where the liver is, to the right side, where the heart is, it so happens that the lungs, which in Latin we call armyan, having communication with the brain, which in Greek is termed nasmus, by means of the vena cava, which in Hebrew we call cubile, meet in their course the said vapours, which fill the ventricles of the shoulder blades; and because the said vapours ... try to understand this argument, please ... and because these said vapours are somewhat malignant ... listen carefully to this, I beg you.

GÉR. Yes.

SGAN. Are somewhat malignant ... pay attention, if you please.

GÉR. I do.

SGAN. Because of the acidity of the humours engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it happens that these vapours. ... Ossabandus, nequeis, nequer, potarinum, quipsa milus. That is the reason why your daughter is dumb.

JACQ. Ah! Isn't that beautifully put, husband!

LUC. Why can't I speak like that?

GÉR. Your reasoning is most eloquent, of course. There is but one thing that surprised me: that's the position of the liver and the heart. It seems to me that you place them differently from where they are; that the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right.

SGAN. Yes; this was so formerly; but we have changed all that, and we now practise medicine in an entirely different way.

GÉR. I didn't know that, and I apologise for my ignorance.

SGAN. There is no harm done; and you don't have to be as clever as we are.

GÉR. Of course. But what do you think, Sir, ought to be done for this complaint?

SGAN. What do I think ought to be done?

GÉR. Yes.

SGAN. My advice is to keep her in bed, and to make her take as a remedy plenty of bread soaked in wine.

GÉR. Why so, Sir?

SGAN. Because there is in bread and wine mixed together a power which makes people speak. Don't you see that they give nothing else to parrots, and that, by eating it, they learn to speak?

GÉR. That is true. Oh! the great man! Quick, plenty of bread and wine.

SGAN. I'll come back tonight to see how she is getting on.

SGAN. (To Jacqueline). You, wait a moment. (To GÉronte). Sir, I must give some medicine to your nurse.

JACQ. To me, Sir? I am in perfect health.

SGAN. Too bad, nurse, too bad. This good health is dangerous, and I ought to treat you to some friendly blood-letting, to give you some gentle enema..

GÉR. But, Sir, that's a method I can't understand. Why bleed folks when they're not ill?

SGAN. It doesn't matter, the method is sound; and as we drink for the thirst to come, so must we bleed for the disease to come.

JACQ. (Going). I couldn't care less, and I won't have my body made into an apothecary's shop.

SGAN. You object to my remedies; but I'll get you to see the light...

SGAN. I wish you good day.

GÉR. Wait a moment, please.

SGAN. What do you want to do?

GÉR. To give you your fee, sir.

SGAN. (Putting his hands behind him, from under his gown, while GÉronte opens his purse). I shall not accept it, Sir.

GÉR. Sir...

SGAN. No, really.

GÉR. Just a moment.

SGAN. In no way.

GÉR. Please!

SGAN. You're joking.

GÉR. That's settled.

SGAN. I shall do nothing of the kind.

GÉR. Come!

SGAN. I am not practising to make money.

GÉR. I believe it.

SGAN. (After having taken the money). Is it full weight?

GÉR. Yes, Sir.

SGAN. I am not a mercenary doctor.

GÉR. I am well aware of it.

SGAN. I am not interested in money.

GÉR. I do not for a moment think so.

SGAN. (Alone, looking at the money he has received). Really, things look pretty good and provided ...

### **SCENE IX. LÉANDRE, SGANARELLE.**

LÉAN. Sir, I have been waiting for you for some time, and I come to ask for your help.

SGAN. (feeling his pulse). That's a very bad pulse.

LÉAN. I am not ill, Sir; and it is not for that reason that I come to you.

SGAN. If you're not ill, why the devil don't you say so?

LÉAN. No. To tell you the matter in a few words, my name is Léandre. I am in love with Lucinde whom you have just seen; and as because of her father's opposition, all access to her is denied to me, I venture



to beg you to help my love affair, and to give me the opportunity to use a plan that I have invented, so that I can say to her a few words, on which my whole life and happiness absolutely depend.

SGAN. (In apparent anger). Whom do you take me for? How dare you come to me to assist you in your love affair, and show so little respect for my dignity as to expect me to stoop to such deals.

LÉAN. Don't make so much noise, Sir.

SGAN. (Driving him back). I want to make noise. You're an impertinent fellow.

LÉAN. Ah, speak softly Sir.

SGAN. An ill-advised wretch.

LÉAN. Please!

SGAN. I'll teach you that I am not the kind of man to do what you ask, and that it is extremely insolent...

LÉAN. (Taking out a purse). Sir ...

SGAN. To wish to employ me ... (taking the purse). I'm not speaking about you, for you are a gentleman; and I should be delighted to be of use to you; but there are certain rude people in this world who misjudge others; and I must admit that it makes me furious.

LÉAN. I apologise, Sir, for the liberty I have ...

SGAN. You're joking. What is it all about?

LÉAN. I have to tell you, Sir, that this disease which you wish to cure is a feigned disease. Doctors have argued about it at length, and of course, they have not failed to give their opinions, one, saying that it came from the brain; another, from the intestines; another, from the spleen; another yet from the liver; but the fact is that love is its real cause, and that Lucinde has only invented this illness to avoid a marriage which she did not want. But so that we are not seen together, let us go away from here; and I'll tell you as we walk along, what I wish you to do.

SGAN. Come, then, Sir. You have inspired me with the greatest sympathy for your love; and all my medical knowledge will prove useless, or the patient shall either die or be yours.

## **ACT III.**

(The scene represents a spot near G ronte's house.)

### **SCENE I. L ANDRE, SGANARELLE.**

L AN. I think I look fairly convincing as an apothecary; and as her father has scarcely seen me, this change of dress is likely to make a good disguise.

SGAN. Certainly.

L AN. If only I knew five or six long medical terms to adorn my speech and make me seem a learned man!

SGAN. Come, come! it's not at all necessary. The dress is enough; and I don't know any more than you do.

L AN. How is that?

SGAN. The devil if I understand anything about medicine! You're a gentleman, and I don't mind confiding in you, as you have confided in me.

L AN. What! Then you are not really ...

SGAN. No, I tell you. They've made me a doctor against my will. I have never attempted to be so learned as that; and I only went to school to the sixth grade. I don't know how the idea came to them; but when I saw that they were determined to make me a doctor, I decided to be one whoever might have to pay for it. However, you would not believe how this false rumour has spread, and how everyone wants to believe me to be a learned man. They come looking for me from everywhere; and if things go on in this way, I am resolved to stick to the profession all my life. I think that it is the best of all professions; for, whether we do well or not, we are paid just the same.

Errors are not imputed to us and it's always the dead who are to blame. And the best about this profession is that there is among the dead an honesty and a discretion such as one finds nowhere else; for you never see one who complains about the doctor who killed him.

L AN. It's true that the dead are very honourable in that respect.

SGAN. (Seeing some people advancing towards him). There come some people, who look as if they want to consult me. (To L andre). Go and wait for me near the house of your loved one

### **SCENE II. THIBAUT, PERRIN, SGANARELLE.**

THIB. Sir, we come to look for you, my daughter Perrine and myself.

SGAN. What's the matter?

THIB. Her poor mother, whose name is Perrette, has been sick in bed for the last six months.

SGAN. (Holding out his hand as if to receive money). What do you expect me to do?

THIB. I'd like you to give me some little doctor's stuff to cure her.

SGAN. We must first see what her illness is.

THIB. She is ill with the hypocrisy, Sir.

SGAN. With the hypocrisy?

THIB. Yes; I mean she's swollen everywhere. They say that there's a lot of liquid in her inside, and that her liver, her belly, or her spleen, as you would call it, instead of making blood makes only water. She has, every other day, the quotiguan fever, with fatigue and pains in the muscles of her legs. We can hear in her throat phlegms that are ready to choke her, and she is often taken with faintings and conversions, so that we think she is gone. We have in our village an apothecary who, begging your pardon, has given her, I do not know how much stuff; and it has cost me more than a dozen good crowns in enemas, pardon me, Sir, in apostumes which he has made her swallow, in infections of hyacinth, and in cordial potions. But all that, as they say, was no use. He wanted to give her a certain drug called ametile wine; but I was really afraid that this would send her to the other world; and they say that those big doctors kill Lord knows how many people with that new invention.

SGAN. (Still holding out his hand, and moving it about to show that he wants money). Let's come to the point, friend, let's come to the point.

THIB. The point is, Sir, that we have come to ask you to tell us what we must do.

SGAN. I don't understand you at all.

PER. My mother is ill, Sir, and here are two crowns which we have brought you to give us some stuff.

SGAN. Ah! you I do understand. There's a girl who speaks clearly, and explains herself clearly. You say that your mother is ill with the dropsy; that her body is swollen all over; that she has a fever, with pains in her legs; that she sometimes suffers fainting fits and convulsions, that is to say that she loses consciousness.

PER. Yes, Sir! That's just it.

SGAN. I understood you at once. Your father does not know what he is talking about. And now you're asking me for a remedy?

PER. Yes, sir.

SGAN. A remedy to cure her?

PER. That's just what I mean.

SGAN. Take this then. It's a piece of cheese which you must give her.

PER. A piece of cheese, Sir?

SGAN. Yes; it's a specially prepared cheese, in which there is gold, coral, and pearls, and a great many other precious things.

PER. I'm very much obliged to you, Sir, and I'll go and give it to her directly.

SGAN. Go, and if she dies, have her buried her as best you can.

**SCENE III. (The scene changes, and represents, as in the Second Act, a room in G ronthe 's house)  
JACQUELINE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS, at the far end of the stage.**

SGAN. Here is the pretty nurse. Ah! you darling nurse, I am delighted at this meeting; and the sight of you is the rhubarb, the cassia, and the senna which purges all melancholy from my heart.

JACQ. Really, Mr. Doctor, you speak too well for me, and I don't understand your Latin at all.

SGAN. Get ill, nurse, I beg you; get ill for my sake. I'll have the greatest joy curing you.

JACQ. No thank you; I'd much rather not be cured.

SGAN. How I pity you, beautiful nurse, to have such a jealous and unpleasant husband.

JACQ. What am I to do, Sir? It's a penance for my sins; and where the goat is tied down she must browse.

SGAN. What! Such a boor as that! A fellow who is always watching you, and will let no one speak to you!

JACQ. Alas! you have seen nothing yet; and that's only a small sample of his bad temper.

SGAN. Is it possible? and can a man have be mean spirited enough to ill-treat a woman like you? Ah! How many I know, beautiful nurse, and who are not very far off, who would be too happy to kiss only your tiny toes! Why should such a well-made woman have fallen into such hands! and why should a mere animal, a brute, a nincompoop, a fool ... Forgive me, nurse, if I speak in that way of your husband.

JACQ. Oh! Sir, I know very well that he deserves all those names.

SGAN. Undoubtedly, nurse, he deserves them; and he also deserves that you should plant something on his head to punish him for his suspicions.

JACQ. It's true enough that if I didn't have his interest at heart, he would drive me to do some strange things.

SGAN. Indeed it would just serve him right if you were to take revenge on him with some one. The fellow well deserves it, I tell you, and if I were fortunate enough, beautiful nurse, to be chosen by you ...

(While Sganarelle is holding out his arms to embrace Jacqueline, Lucas passes his head under them, and comes between the two. Sganarelle and Jacqueline stare at Lucas, and depart on opposite sides, but the doctor does so in a very comic manner).

#### **SCENE IV. GÉRONTE, LUCAS.**

GÉR. I say, Lucas, have not you seen our doctor here?

LUC. Oh yes, I've seen him, by Heaven, and my wife too.

GÉR. Where can he be?

LUC. I don't know; but I wish the devil would take him.

GÉR. Just go and see what my daughter is doing.

#### **SCENE V. SGANARELLE, LÉANDRE, GÉRONTE.**

GÉR. I was just inquiring after you, Sir.

SGAN. I had been amusing myself in your courtyard expelling the superfluity of drink. How is the patient?

GÉR. Somewhat worse since your remedy.

SGAN. Good; it shows that it's working.

GÉR. Yes; but while it works, I'm afraid it will choke her.

SGAN. Don't worry; I have some remedies for everything! and I will treat her when she is at death's door.

GÉR. (Pointing to Léandre). Who is this man you are bringing?

SGAN. (Intimates by motions of his hands that it is an apothecary). It is...

GÉR. What?

SGAN. He who ...

GÉR. Oh!

SGAN. Who ....

GÉR. I understand.

SGAN. Your daughter will need him.

**SCENE VI. LUCINDE, GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, JACQUELINE, SGANARELLE.**

JACQ. Sir, here is your daughter, who wishes to stretch her limbs a little.

SGAN. That will do her good. Go and feel her pulse, Mr. Apothecary, so that I may consult with you presently about her complaint. (At this point he draws G ronte to one end of the stage, and putting one arm upon his shoulder, he places his hand under his chin, with which he makes him turn towards him, each time that G ronte wants to look at what is passing between his daughter and the apothecary, while he holds the following discourse with him). Sir, it is a great and subtle question among doctors to know whether women are more easily cured than men. I pray you to listen to this, if you please. Some say "no," others say "yes:" I say both "yes" and "no;" inasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours, which are found in the natural temperament of women, causes the brutal part to struggle for mastery over the sensitive part, we find that the conflict in their opinions depends on the oblique motion of the circle of the moon; and as the sun, which darts its beams on the concavity of the earth, meets ...

LUC. (To L andre). No I cannot change my feelings.

G R. Here's my daughter speaking! O, great power of the remedy! Oh, wonderful doctor! How obliged I am to you, Sir, for this marvellous cure! And what can I do for you after such a service?

SGAN. (Strutting about the stage, fanning himself with his hat). This case has given me a great deal of trouble.

LUC. Yes, father, I have recovered my speech; but I have recovered it to tell you that I shall never have any other husband than L andre, and that it is in vain that you wish to give me Horace.

G R. But ...

LUC. Nothing will shake the resolution I have taken.

G R. What ...

LUC. All your arguments will be useless.

G R. If ...

LUC. All you talk will be wasted.

G R. I ...

LUC. I have made up my mind about it.

GÉR. But . .

LUC. A father's authority cannot compel me to marry against my will.

GÉR. I have ...

LUC. You may try as much as you like.

GÉR. It ..

LUC. My heart cannot submit to this tyranny.

GÉR. There ...

LUC. And I will sooner go into a convent than marry a man I don't love.

GÉR. But...

LUC. (In a loud voice). No. In no way. It's no use. You're wasting your time. I shall do nothing of the kind. The matter is settled..

GÉR. Ah! what a torrent of words! I can't bear it. (To Sganarelle). Sir, I beg you to make her dumb again.

SGAN. That's impossible. All I can do to help you is to make you deaf, if you like.

GÉR. I thank you. (To Lucinde). Do you think ...

LUC. No; all your arguments will not have the slightest effect upon me.

GÉR. You'll marry Horace this very evening.

LUC. I would sooner marry death itself.

SGAN. (To G ron te). Stop, for Heaven's sake! stop. Let me treat this matter; she is the victim of a disease, and I know the remedy that must be applied.

GÉR. Is it possible, Sir, that you can also cure this disease of the mind?

SGAN. Yes; trust me. I have remedies for everything; and our apothecary will help us for the cure. (To L andre). A word! You see that the passion she has for this L andre is entirely against her father's wishes; that there is no time to lose; that the humours are very acrimonious; and that we must quickly find a treatment for this complaint, which might get worse if we wait. As far as I am concerned, I see only one, which is a dose of purgative flight, which you will mix carefully with two grains of matrimonium pills. She may, perhaps, be hesitant to take this remedy; but as you are a clever man in your profession, it is up to you to get her to agree to the treatment, and to make her swallow the thing

as best you can. Take her for a short walk in the garden to prepare the humours, while I speak here with her father; but, above all, don't waste time. Apply the remedy quickly!

**SCENE VII. GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.**

GÉR. What drugs are those you have just mentioned, Sir? It seems to me that I never heard of them before.

SGAN. They are drugs which are used only in urgent cases.

GÉR. Did you ever see such insolence as hers?

SGAN. Daughters are a little stubborn at times.

GÉR. You would not believe how infatuated she is with this Léandre.

SGAN. The heat of the blood affects young people in that way.

GÉR. As for me, as soon as I discovered the strength of that love, I took care to keep my daughter under lock and key.

SGAN. You acted wisely.

GÉR. And I prevented all communication between them.

SGAN. Good.

GÉR. Something terrible would have happened, if I had allowed them to see each other.

SGAN. Undoubtedly.

GÉR. And I think she would have been willing to run away with him.

SGAN. You have acted with great prudence.

GÉR. I was told that he is trying everything to get to speak to her.

SGAN. The rascal!

GÉR. But he'll be wasting his time.

SGAN. Oh yes!!

GÉR. And I'll prevent him from seeing her.

SGAN. He is not dealing with a fool, and you know some tricks that he does not know. Anyone sharper than you is no fool..



**SCENE VIII. LUCAS, GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.**

LUC. Goodness! Sir, what a to-do. Your daughter has fled with her Léandre. He was the apothecary, and there is Mr. Doctor who has arranged all this.

GÉR. What! To kill me in this way! Quick, get the police, and don't let him get away. Ah villain! I will have you punished by the law.

LUC. Well, well, Mister Doctor, you will be hanged. Don't stir from here, I tell you.

**SCENE IX. MARTINE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS.**

MART. (To Lucas) Good gracious! what problems I had to find this place! Just tell me what has become of the doctor I recommended to you?

LUC. Here he is; going to be hanged.

MART. What! my husband hanged! Alas, and for what reason?

LUC. He helped some one run away with our master's daughter.

MART. Alas, my dear husband, is it true that you are going to be hanged?

SGAN. You see. Ah!

MART. And must you end your days in the presence of such a crowd.

SGAN. What am I to do?

MART. If you had only finished cutting our wood, I wouldn't feel so bad.

SGAN. Go away, you break my heart.

MART. No, I will remain to encourage you to die; and I will not leave you until I have seen you hanged.

SGAN. Ah!

**SCENE X. GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, MARTINE.**

GÉR. (To Sganarelle). The police will be here presently, and you will be put in a place from which there is no escape.

SGAN. (On his knees, hat in hand). Alas! can't you change that to a few blows?

GÉR. No, no; the law shall decide. But what do I see?

**SCENE XI. GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, LUCINDE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS, MARTINE.**

LÉAN. Sir, I appear before you as Léandre, and I come to restore Lucinde to your authority. We intended to run away, and get married; but we have abandoned this plan for a more honourable one. I do not wish to steal your daughter from you, and it is from you alone that I want to obtain her. I must at the same time tell you, Sir, that I have just now received some letters informing me that my uncle is dead, and that I inherit all his property.

GÉR. Really, Sir, I am fully aware of your great qualities, and I give you my daughter with the greatest pleasure in the world.

SGAN. (Aside). Medicine has had a narrow escape!

MART. Since you're not going to be hanged, you can thank me for having become a doctor; for it is to me that you owe this honour.

SGAN. Yes, it is to you I owe Lord knows how many blows.

LÉAN. (To Sganarelle). The result is too good for anyone to harbour resentment.

SGAN. Very well (To Martine). I forgive you the blows on account of the dignity to which you have elevated me; but be prepared from now on to behave with great respect towards a man of my importance; and consider that a doctor's anger is more to be dreaded than people imagine.