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Title: The Imaginary Invalid

Le Malade Imaginaire

Author: Molière

Release Date: September 2, 2003 [eBook #9070]

HTML version added: November 25, 2008

Most recently revised: July 21, 2012

Language: English

Character set encoding: ISO-8859-1

\*\*\*START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE IMAGINARY INVALID\*\*\*

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**THE IMAGINARY INVALID.**

**(LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.)**

**BY**

**MOLIÈRE**

**TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE.**

***WITH SHORT INTRODUCTIONS AND EXPLANATORY NOTES***

**BY**

**CHARLES HERON WALL**

This is the last comedy written by Molière. He was very ill, nearly dying, at the time he wrote it. It was first acted at the Palais Royal Theatre, on February 10, 1673.

Molière acted the part of Argan.

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**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

*Argan, an imaginary invalid.*

*Béline, second wife to Argan.*

*Angélique, daughter to Argan, in love with Cléante.*

*Louison, Argan's young daughter, sister to Angélique.*

*Béralde, brother to Argan.*

*Cléante, lover to Angélique.*

*Mr. Diafoirus, a physician.*

*Thomas Diafoirus, his son, in love with Angélique.*

*Mr. Purgon, physician to Argan.*

*Mr. Fleurant, an apothecary.*

*Mr. de Bonnefoi, a notary.*

*Toinette, maid-servant to Argan.*

**ACT I.****SCENE I.——ARGAN (*sitting at a table, adding up his apothecary's bill with counters*).**

Arg. Three and two make five, and five make ten, and ten make twenty. Three and two make five. "Item, on the 24th, a small, penetrating, soothing enema, to prepare, soften, moisten, and refresh Monsieur's bowels." What I like about Mr. Fleurant, my apothecary, is that his bills are always very civil. "Monsieur's bowels, thirty sous." All right, Mr. Fleurant, but it's not enough to be civil, you must also be reasonable, and not rob the sick. Thirty sous for an enema! I'm your humble servant, I've already told you. In your other bills, you've charged me only twenty sous; and twenty sous, in an apothecary's language, means only ten sous. Here they are, ten sous. "Item, on the same day, a good purifying enema, made up of a double dose of catholicon, rhubarb, honey infused with roses, and other ingredients, according to the prescription, to scour, wash, and clear out Monsieur's bowels, thirty sous." With your permission, ten sous. "Item, on the same day, in the evening, a hepatic, soporific, and somniferous julep, compounded to make Monsieur sleep, thirty-five sous." I have no complaint about that one, for it made me sleep well. Ten, fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen sous six deniers. "Item, on the 25th, a good purgative and tonic mixture, made up of fresh cassia with senna from the East and other ingredients, according to Mr. Purgon's prescription, to force out and expel Monsieur's bile, four francs." You're joking, M.. Fleurant; you must learn to be reasonable with patients; Mr. Purgon never ordered you to charge four francs. Come! Let us put three francs, if you please. Twenty and thirty sous." Item, on the same day, a calming and astringent potion, to make Monsieur sleep, thirty sous." Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant. "Item, on the 26th, a carminative enema to evacuate Monsieur's wind, thirty sous." "Item, Monsieur's enema repeated in the evening, as above, thirty sous." Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant. "Item, on the 27th, a good mixture composed for the purpose of driving out Monsieur's bad humours, three francs." Right; twenty and thirty sous; I'm glad that you're reasonable. "Item, on the 28th, a dose of clarified and sweetened skimmed milk, to soften, soothe, calm, and refresh Monsieur's blood, twenty sous." Right; ten sous. "Item, an invigorating and protective mixture made up of twelve grains of bezoar, lemon and pomegranate juice, and other ingredients, according to the prescription, five francs." Ah! Mr. Fleurant, gently, if you please; if you go on this way, no one will wish to be unwell. You will have to be satisfied with four francs; twenty and forty sous. Three and two are five, and five are ten, and ten are twenty. Sixty-three francs four sous six deniers. So that this month I have taken one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight potions, and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve enemas; and last month there were twelve potions and twenty enemas. I am not surprised that I am not as well

this month as last. I'll speak to Mr. Purgon about it, so that he may set matters right. Come, let all this be removed. (*He sees that no one comes, and that he is alone.*) There's no one. It's no use talking to them, I'm always left alone; there's no way of keeping them here. (*He rings a hand-bell.*) They don't hear, and my bell doesn't make enough noise. (*He rings again.*) No one. (*He rings again.*) Toinette ! Ding, ding, ding! It's just as if I didn't ring. You hussy, rascal! Ding, ding, ding, I'm fuming. (*He does not ring anymore, but shouts.*) Ding, ding, ding. Wretch, the devil take you! How can they leave a poor sick man all on his own! Ding, ding, ding: isn't it pitiful! Ding, ding, ding! Oh heavens! They'll let me die here all alone. Ding, ding, ding.

**SCENE II.——ARGAN, TOINETTE.**

Toi. Coming, coming.

Arg. Ah! you hussy, you wretch!

Toi. (*pretending to have knocked her head*). Bother your impatience! You hurry me so much that I've knocked my head against the window-shutter.

Arg. (*angry*). You rascal!

Toi. (*interrupting Argan*). Oh!

Arg. There is ...

Toi. Oh!

Arg. For the last hour I ...

Toi. Oh!

Arg. You've left me ...

Toi. Oh!

Arg. Be silent! you baggage, and let me scold you.

Toi. Really! that's kind of you after I've hurt myself so badly.

Arg. You made me shout so much that I've lost my voice!

Toi. And you, you made me break my head open; one's just as bad as the other; so, we're quits.

Arg. What! you hussy....

Toi. If you go on scolding me, I'll cry.

Arg. You leave me, you wretch...

Toi. (*again interrupting Argan.*) Oh!

Arg. Hussy! You want...

Toi. (*still interrupting him.*) Oh!

Arg. What! Must I also to give up the pleasure of scolding her?

Toi. Scold as much as you please; I'll let you.

Arg. You're stopping me, you hussy, by interrupting me each time.

Toi. If you have the pleasure of scolding, I surely can have that of crying. To each his own! It's only fair.  
Oh! oh!

Arg. All right! I have no choice. Take this away, take this away, you rascal. (*Argan gets up from his chair. Maybe not!!*). Did my enema work well today?

Toi. Your enema?

Arg. Yes. Did I bring out a lot of bile?

Toi. Really, I don't meddle in that business. It's up to Mr. Fleurant to stick his nose in it, since he gets paid for it.

Arg ; See that you have some boiling water ready, for the other enema that I am to take soon.

Toi. That Mr. Fleurant and that Mr. Purgon find your body a good source of income. They're milking you dry, and I'd like to ask them for what disease they medicate you as they're doing.

Arg. Hold your tongue, simpleton; it's not for you to control the prescriptions of doctors. Ask my daughter Angélique to come. I've something to say to her.

Toi. Here she comes; she must have guessed your thoughts.

**SCENE III.——ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.**

Arg. Come closer Angélique. You arrive just in time; I wanted to speak to you.

Ang. I am ready to listen to you.

Arg. Wait a moment. (*To Toinette*) Give me my walking-stick; I'll come back directly.

Toi. Go, Sir, go quickly; Mr. Fleurant keeps us busy.

**SCENE IV.——ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.**

Ang. Toinette!

Toi. What?

Ang. Just look at me.

Toi. Well, I'm looking at you.

Ang. Toinette!

Toi. Well! What, Toinette?

Ang. Don't you guess what I want to speak about?

Toi. Oh! yes, I have some idea: you want to speak of our young admirer, since, in the last six days, all our conversations have been about him, and you aren't happy unless you constantly mention him.

Ang. Since you know that, why aren't you the first to speak to me about him? and why don't you spare me the trouble of being the one to bring up the subject?

Toi. You don't give me time, and you're so eager that it's difficult to forestall you.

Ang. I confess that I never tire of speaking of him, and that I am anxious to take advantage of every possible moment to confide in you. But tell me, Toinette, do you blame me for feeling the way I do towards him?

Toi. I'm far from doing so.

Ang. Am I wrong to indulge in my pleasant dreams.?

Toi. I'm not saying that.

Ang. And would you want me to remain unmoved when he tenderly declares his love for me.

Toi. Heaven forbid!

Ang. Tell me, do you not see, as I do, some act of Providence, some mark of Destiny in the unexpected event from which our acquaintance originated?

Toi. Yes.

Ang. Don't you think that the way he came to my defence even without knowing me, was the action of a true gentleman?

Toi. Yes.

Ang. That he could not have acted more nobly?

Toi. Agreed.

Ang. And that he did all that in the most charming manner.

Toi. Oh yes!

Ang. Don't you think, Toinette, that he is very handsome?

Toi. Certainly.

Ang. That he is most elegant?

Toi. Of course.

Ang. That there is something noble in what he says and what he does?

Toi. That's certain.

Ang. That there could never be more passionate words than those he says to me.?

Toi. True.

Arg. And that there can be nothing more painful than the restraint under which I am kept, and which prevents us from communicating those tender feelings which Heaven has put in our hearts.

Toi. You are right.

Ang. But, dear Toinette, tell me, do you think that he loves me as much as he says he does?

Toi. Ah! That's always hard to say. A pretence of love is very much like the real thing, and I have met with very good actors in that line.

Ang. Ah! Toinette, what are you saying? Alas! judging from the way he speaks, is it possible that he is not telling the truth?

Toi. At any rate, you will soon know, and since he wrote to you yesterday that he had determined to ask for your hand in marriage, you will soon find out whether he is telling the truth or not. That will be the proof.

Ang. Ah! Toinette, if he deceives me, I shall never in all my life believe any man.

Toi. Here's your father coming back.

**SCENE V.——ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.**

Arg. Now, Angélique, I'm going to tell you a piece of news which, perhaps, you're not expecting. Someone wishes to marry you. What's this? You're laughing? That word marriage is a pleasant one, isn't it? There's nothing so pleasing to young women. Ah! nature! nature! So, from what I can see, daughter, there's no need for me to ask if you're willing to get married.

Ang. I must do anything that you wish me to do, father.

Arg. I'm very glad to have such an obedient daughter; the matter is settled then, and I have accepted.



Ang. It is my duty, father, to do as you wish without asking questions.

Arg. My wife, your stepmother, wanted me to make nuns out of you and your little sister Louison She has always been keen on that.

Toi. (*aside*). The creature knows what she's doing.

Arg. She didn't want to give her consent to this marriage; but I carried the day, and my word is given.

Ang. Oh father, how grateful I am for all your kindnesses!

Toi. (*to Argan*). Really, I'm grateful to you for that, and it's the wisest thing you've ever done in your life.

Arg. I've not yet seen the person in question; but I am told that I'll be pleased and you, too.

Ang. Most certainly, father.

Arg. What do you mean? Have you seen him?

Ang. Since your consent to our marriage authorises me to open my heart to you, I will confess that we met by chance six days ago, and that the request which has been made to you is the result of the attraction we immediately felt for each other.

Arg. They didn't tell me; but I'm glad of it, and it's good that things should be so. They say that he is a tall, well-built young fellow.

Ang. Yes, father.

Arg. Elegant.

Ang. Yes, indeed.

Arg. Charming.

Ang. Certainly.

Arg. With a pleasant face.

Ang. Very pleasant.

Arg. Well behaved and from a good family.

Ang. Oh yes.

Arg. With very good manners.

Ang. The best in the world.

Arg. Who speaks fluent Latin and Greek.

Ang. That I don't know.

Arg. And who will become a doctor in three days from now.

Ang. He, father?

Arg. Yes; didn't he tell you?

Ang. No, indeed! who is it that told you?

Arg. Mr. Purgon.

Ang. Does Mr. Purgon know him?

Arg. What a question! Of course he knows him, since this young man is his nephew.

Ang. Cléante is Mr. Purgon's nephew?

Arg. What Cléante? We're speaking about the young man whom they want you to marry.

Ang. Yes, of course.

Arg. Well, he is the nephew of Mr. Purgon, and the son of his brother-in-law, Mr. Diafoirus; and this son is called Thomas Diafoirus, and not Cléante. Mr. Purgon, Mr. Fleurant and I decided on this match this morning, and to-morrow this future son-in-law will be brought to me by his father. What's the matter, you look stunned?

Ang. It is because, father, I realise that you have been speaking of one person, and I thought you were speaking of another.

Toi. What! Monsieur, you have conceived such a ridiculous plan, and, with all the wealth you have, you want to marry your daughter to a doctor?

Arg. What business is it of yours, you impudent hussy?

Toi. Goodness! Calm down! You immediately start abusing people. Can't we reason together without losing our tempers? Come, let's speak calmly. What reason do you have, if you please, for such a marriage?

Arg. My reason is, that seeing how incapacitated and sick I am, I wish to have a son-in-law and relatives who are doctors, in order to secure their assistance against my illness: I want to have within my family the source of the remedies which I need, and to have consultations and prescriptions at hand.

Toi. Well now! You're giving a reason, and it's a pleasure to answer one another calmly. But now, Monsieur, on your conscience, tell me, are you ill?

Arg. What do you mean, hussy, am I ill? She asks if I am ill, the rascal!

Toi. Very well then, Monsieur, you are ill; let's not quarrel about that. Yes, you're very ill, I agree with you, and more ill even than you think. Now, that's settled. But your daughter must have a husband for herself, and as she's not ill, there's no point in giving her a doctor?

Arg. It is for my sake that I give her this doctor, and a good daughter ought to be delighted to marry for the sake of her father's health.

Toi. Well, sir, would you like me, as a friend, to give you a piece of advice?

Arg. What is that advice?

Toi. Not to even to think of that match.

Arg. And your reason?

Toi. The reason is that your daughter will never consent to it.

Arg. My daughter will not consent to it?

Toi. No.

Arg. My daughter?

Toi. Your daughter. She'll tell you that she has no use for Mr. Diafoirus, nor for his son, Thomas Diafoirus, nor for all the Diafoiruses in the world.

Arg. But I have need of them. Besides, the match is more profitable than might seem. Mr. Diafoirus has only this son as his heir; moreover, Mr. Purgon, who has neither wife nor child, is giving Thomas his whole fortune when he marries; and Mr. Purgon is a man who has an income of eight thousand francs a year.

Toi. He must have killed a lot of people to have become so wealthy.

Arg. Eight thousand francs is something, without taking into account the father's estate.

Toi. That's very well, Sir, but, I still come back to my point. I advise you, between ourselves, to choose another husband for her; she's not the type to become Madame Diafoirus.

Arg. But I will have my way.

Toi. Come Sir! Don't speak that way.

Arg. What do you mean? Don't speak that way!

Toi., No, don't.

Arg. And why shouldn't I speak that way?

Toi. People will say that you don't know what you are talking about.

Arg. People will say what they like, but I tell you that I will have her make my promise good.

Toi. I feel sure that she won't.

Arg. I'll force her.

Toi. She won't do it, I tell you.

Arg. She will, or I'll shut her up in a convent.

Toi. You?

Arg. I.

Toi. Hah!

Arg. What do you mean hah?

Toi. You won't shut her up in a convent.

Arg. I shan't shut her up in a convent?

Toi. No.

Arg. No?

Toi. No.

Arg. Really! This is unbelievable I shan't put my daughter in a convent if I like!

Toi. No, I tell you.

Arg. And who will stop me?

Toi. You yourself.

Arg. Myself?

Toi. Yes. You'll never have the heart to do it.

Arg. I shall.

Toi. You're joking.

Arg. I'm not joking.

Toi. Fatherly love will overcome you.

Arg. It will not overcome me.

Toi. A little tear or two, her arms thrown round your neck, "My darling little papa," whispered tenderly, will be enough to touch your heart.

Arg. All that will be useless.

Toi. Oh yes!

Arg. I tell you that I shan't change my mind.

Toi. Nonsense!

Arg. You've no business saying "nonsense."

Toi. Heavens! I know you well enough; you've a kind nature.

Arg. (*angrily*). I don't have a kind nature, and I'm cruel when I want to be.

Toi. Gently, Sir, you forget that you're ill.

Arg. I firmly order her to prepare herself to accept the husband I have decided on.

Toi. And I firmly forbid her to do anything of the kind.

Arg. What have we come to? And what audacity is this for a rascally maid to speak in such a way before her master?

Toi. When a master acts thoughtlessly, a sensible maid is entitled to put him on the right path.

Arg. (*running after Toinette*). Ah, impudent girl, I'll kill you!

Toi. (*avoiding Argan, and putting the chair between her and him*). It's my duty to oppose those actions that would dishonour you.

Arg. (*running after Toinette with his cane in his hand*). Come here, come here, I'll teach you how to speak.

Toi. (*running to the opposite side of the chair*). I am anxious, as is my duty, to stop you from acting stupidly.

Arg. (*as before*). Hussy!

Toi. (*as before*). No, I will never consent to this marriage.

Arg. (*as before*). Jailbird!

Toi. (*as before*). I won't have her marry your Thomas Diafoirus.

Arg. (*as before*). Wretch!

Toi. (*as before*). She'll obey me sooner than she'll obey you.

Arg. (*stopping*). Angélique, won't you stop that hussy for me?

Ang. Come father, don't make yourself ill.

Arg. (*to Angélique*). If you don't stop her, I'll put a curse on you.

Toi. (*going away*). And I'll disinherit her if she obeys you.

Arg. (*throwing himself into his chair*). Ah! I'm done for. It's enough to kill me!

**SCENE VI. ——BÉLINE, ARGAN.**

Arg. Ah! come near me, my wife.

Bel. What's the matter, my poor dear husband?

Arg. Come to my help.

Bel. What is wrong, my darling boy?

Arg. My love.

Bel. My love.

Arg. They've just made me angry.

Bel. Alas! my poor little husband! How is that, my dearest?

Arg. That hussy of yours, Toinette, has grown more insolent than ever.

Bel. Don't excite yourself so.

Arg. She's made me furious, my dearest.

Bel. Gently, my child.

Arg. She's been opposing me for the last hour in everything I want to do.

Bel. There, there, calm yourself.

Arg. And she had the impudence to say that I am not ill.

Bel. She's impertinent.

Arg. You know, my dear heart, what the truth is.

Bel. Yes, my dear heart, she's wrong.

Arg. My love, that hussy will be the death of me.

Bel. Come, come!

Arg. She is the cause of all my bile.

Bel. Don't get so angry.

Arg. And I don't know how many times I've asked you to dismiss her.

Bel. Alas! my sweet, there is no servant, man or woman, without faults. We 're compelled, at times, to put up with their bad traits because of their good ones. This girl is efficient, careful, diligent, and, above all, loyal, and you know that nowadays, we must be very careful what kind of people we employ. I say, Toinette.

**Same scene in most books.**

**SCENE VII.——ARGAN, BÉLINE, TOINETTE.**

Toi. Madam.

Bel. Why do you make my husband angry?

Toi. (*in a soft tone*). I Madam? Alas! I don't know what you mean, and my only wish is to please the master in everything.

Arg. Ah! the deceitful girl!

Toi. He told us that he wanted to marry his daughter to Mr. Diafoirus' son. I told him that I thought the match advantageous for her, but that I believed he would do better to put her in a convent.

Bel. There is nothing wrong with that, and I think that she is right.

Arg. Ah! My love, you believe her? She's a rascal, and she said all kinds of insolent things to me.

Bel. All right, I believe you, my dear. Come, compose yourself. Listen, Toinette. If ever you make my husband angry, you will be dismissed. Come, give me his fur cloak and some pillows, that I may make



him comfortable in his armchair. You look so uncomfortable. Pull your nightcap right down over your ears; letting the air in through the ears is a sure way of catching a cold.

Arg. Ah, my love! how obliged I am to you for all the care you take of me.

Bel. (*adjusting the pillows, which she puts round him*). Raise yourself so that I may put this under you. Let us put this one for you to lean on, and that one on the other side. Let us put this one behind your back, and that other one to support your head.

Toi. (*clapping a pillow rudely on his head*). And this one to protect you from the evening chill.

Arg. (*rising angrily, and throwing the pillows after Toinette, who runs away*). Ah, wretch! you want to smother me.

**Same scene in my edition and most.**

**SCENE VIII. — ARGAN, BÉLINE.**

Bel. Now, now; what is it?

Arg. (*throwing himself in his chair*). Ah! I am worn out.

Bel. But why do you excite yourself so? She thought she was doing right.

Arg. You don't know, darling, the wickedness of that villainous baggage. She has totally upset me, and I shall need more than eight different mixtures and twelve enemas to remedy the harm done.

Bel. Come, come, my dearest, calm yourself.

Arg. My love, you are my only consolation.

Bel. Poor little pet!

Arg. To try to repay you for all the love you have for me, my darling, I want to make my will, as I told you.

Bel. Ah, my darling! Let's not speak of that, I beseech you. I can't bear to think of it, and the very word "will" makes me quake with grief.

Arg. I had asked you to speak to your notary about it.

Bel. He's in there; I've brought him with me.

Arg. Let him come in then, my love!

Bel. Alas! my darling, when a woman loves her husband dearly, she is not in a condition to think of these matters.

**SCENE IX.—MR. DE BONNEFOI, BÉLINE, ARGAN.**

Arg. Come closer, Mr. de Bonnefoi, come closer. Take a seat, if you please. My wife has told me, Sir, that you are a very honest man, and a good friend of hers and I have asked her to speak to you about a will which I wish to make.

Bel. Alas! I cannot speak of those things.

Mr. de Bon. She has explained your intentions to me, Sir, and what you mean to do for her; and in that regard, I have to tell you that you can give nothing to your wife through your will.

Arg. But why so?

Mr. de Bon. It is our regional law. If you were in a district where statute law prevailed, the thing could be done; but in Paris, and in almost all places governed by regional unwritten laws, it cannot be done; and the will would have no value. The only settlement that man and woman joined in marriage can make on each other is a mutual gift while they are alive, and even then, whoever dies first, there must be no children from either that marriage or from any previous marriage.

Arg. It's a very stupid law that says a husband can leave nothing to a wife who loves him tenderly and who takes such good care of him. I'd like to consult my lawyer to see what I could do.

Mr. de Bon. It is not to lawyers that you must go; for they are very particular on this point and think it a great crime not to respect the law. They are finicky people, who don't know how to bend the rules. There are others whom you may consult who are much more flexible, who have tricks for gently overriding the law, and for making lawful what is not allowed, who know how to smooth over the difficulties of an affair, and to find the means of eluding the law in some indirect way. Without that, what would become of us? We must make things easy; otherwise we would have no work, and our business would not be worth one cent.

Arg. My wife had rightly told me, Sir, that you were a very clever and honest man. What can I do, tell me, to give her my fortune and deprive my children of it?

Mr. de Bon. What can you do? You can discreetly choose a close friend of your wife, to whom you will give legally by your will, all you own, and that friend will give it all back to her afterwards. You may also sign a large number of I.O.U.'s for various creditors who will lend their names to your wife, and in whose hands they will leave a declaration that what was done was only to please her. You may also in your lifetime give her cash and I. O, U.s which you can make payable to bearer.

Bel. Alas! you must not trouble yourself about all that. If I lose you, my sweet, I no longer want to be on this earth.

Arg. My darling!

Bel. Yes, my love, if I am unfortunate enough to lose you ...

Arg. My dear wife!

Bel. Life will mean nothing to me.

Arg. My dearest!

Bel. And I will follow you to the grave, to show you all the love I feel for you.

Arg. You're breaking my heart, my love. Don't be sad, I beseech you.

Mr. de Bon. (*to BÉLINE*). These tears are untimely; things have not come to that yet.

Bel. Ah, Sir! you don't know what it means to love a husband tenderly.

Arg. My only sorrow, if I die, my darling, will be not to have had a child with you. Mr. Purgon told me he would make me have one.

Mr. de Bon. That may come still.

Arg. I must make my will, dearest, in the way monsieur advises; but, for safety, I will give you the twenty thousand francs in gold which I have in the wainscoting of my room, near my bed, and two I.O.Y.'s payable to bearer which are owed to me, one by Mr. Damon, the other by Mr. G ronte.

Bel. No, no! I don't want any of that. Ah! How much do you say there is in the wainscoting near your bed?

Arg. Twenty thousand francs, darling.

Bel. Don't speak to me about money, I beseech you. Ah! How much are the two I .O.U.s for?

Arg. One, my love, is for four thousand francs, and the other for six thousand.

Bel. All the wealth in the world, my love, means nothing to me compared with you.

Mr. de Bon. (*to Argan*). Shall we draw up the will?

Arg. Yes, Sir. But we shall be more comfortable in my little study. Help me, my love, please.

Bel. Come, my poor, dear child.

**SCENE X.——ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.**

Toi. They're with a notary, and I heard something about a will. Your stepmother doesn't waste time; it is, no doubt, some conspiracy of hers against your welfare to which she's urging your father.

Ang. Let him dispose of his money as he likes, as long as he does not dispose of my heart. You see, Toinette, to what violence it is subjected. Do not forsake me, I beseech you, in these terrible circumstances in which I find myself.

Toi. I, forsake you! I'd rather die. Your stepmother tries to confide in me and to make me her ally, but all in vain. I could never like her and have always been on your side. Trust me, I will do everything to help you. But, in order to help you more effectively, I'll change my tactics, hide my wish to help you, and pretend to share the views of your father and stepmother.

Ang. Try, I beg you, to let Cléante know about the marriage they have decided on.

Toi. I have nobody to employ for that duty but the old usurer Punchinello, my lover; it will cost me a few honeyed words, which I am most willing to spend for you. To-day it is too late for that, but to-morrow morning early I will send for him, and he will be delighted to ...

***Not another scene in most books.***

**SCENE XI.—BÉLINE (*in the house*), ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.**

Bel. Toinette.

Toi. (*to Angélique*). I am being called Good night. Trust me.

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**FIRST INTERLUDE.**


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**ACT II.****SCENE I.—CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.**

Toi. (*not recognising Cléante*). What is it you want, Sir?

Cle. What it is I want?

Toi. Oh! Oh! It's you? What a surprise! What are you coming here for?

Cle. To learn my destiny, to speak to the lovely Angélique, to know what her feelings are, and to ask her what she means to do about this terrible marriage which I have been told about.

Toi. Yes!; but no one can speak directly to Angélique as easily as all that; you must take precautions, and you have been told how narrowly she is watched. She never goes out, is not allowed to go out or speak to anyone. And it was only through the curiosity of an old aunt that we obtained permission to go to the play where your love began, and we have taken good care not to say anything about it.

Cle. Therefore am I not here as Cléante, and as one in love with her, but as the friend of her music-master, who has given me leave to say that I come in his stead.

Toi. Here is her father; go over there, and let me tell him you're here.

**SCENE II.——ARGAN, TOINETTE.**

Arg. (*thinking himself alone*). Mr. Purgon told me to walk twelve times up and down my room every morning, but I forgot to ask him whether it should be lengthways or across.

Toi. Sir, here is a gentleman ...

Arg. Speak softly, you rascal; you're splitting my head open; and you forget that you must not speak so loud to sick people.

Toi. I wanted to tell you, Sir ...

Arg. Speak softly, I tell you.

Toi. Sir ... (*She moves her lips as if she were speaking.*)

Arg. What?

Toi. I tell you that ... (*As before.*)

Arg. What are you saying?

Toi. (*aloud*). I'm saying that there's a man here who wants to speak to you.

Arg. Let him come.

**Not a new scene in some books**

**SCENE III.——ARGAN, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.**

Cle. Sir.

Toi. (*to Cléante*). Don't speak so loud, for fear of splitting open Mr. Argan's head.

Cle. Sir, I am delighted to find you up, and to see you better.

Toi. (*affecting to be angry*). What do you mean, better? It's not true. My master is always ill.

Cle. I had heard that Mr. Argan was better, and I think that he looks well.

Toi. What do you mean, he looks well? He looks very ill, and those who told you he was better are fools. He's never been in such ill health.

Arg. She's right.

Toi. He walks, sleeps, eats, and drinks just like everybody else, but that does not mean he's not very ill.

Arg. Quite true.

Cle. I am heartily sorry to hear it, Sir. I am sent by your daughter's music-master. He was obliged to go to the country for a few days, and as I am his close friend, he's asked me to come here in his place, to go on with the lessons, for fear that, if they were discontinued, your daughter should forget what she has already learnt.

Arg. Very well. (To Toinette) Call Angélique.

Toi. I think, Sir, It would be better to take the gentleman to her room.

Arg. No, tell her to come here.

Toi. He won't be able to teach her properly if they're not alone.

Arg. Yes, he can.

Toi. Sir, it will only make you dizzy, you; and you should have nothing to disturb or excite you in your present state of health.

Arg. No, no; I like music, and I'll be glad to.... Ah! here she is. (To Toinette) You go and see if my wife is dressed.

**SCENE IV. ——ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE.**

Arg. Come, daughter, your music-master has gone to the country, and here is a person whom he sends to give you your lesson.

Ang. (*recognising Cléante*). Oh heavens!

Arg. What's the matter? Why are you surprised?

Ang. It is ...

Arg. What can disturb you in that way?

Ang. Something really strange is happening here.

Arg. How so?

Ang. I dreamt last night that I was in the greatest trouble imaginable, and that someone looking exactly like this gentleman came to me. I asked him to help me, and he saved me from the great trouble I was in and my surprise was very great to find unexpectedly, on coming here, what I had been dreaming about all night long.

Cle. It is no small happiness to be in your thoughts whether you're sleeping or waking, and my delight would be great indeed if you were in any trouble out of which you would think me worthy of saving you. There is nothing that I would not do for ...

**SCENE V.——ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.**

Toi. (*to Argan*). Really, Sir, I agree with you now, and I unsay all that I said yesterday. Here are Mr. Diafoirus the father, and Mr. Diafoirus the son, who are coming to visit you. What a wonderful son-in-law you will have! You're going to see the most handsome and wittiest young fellow in the world. He spoke only two words, but I found them delightful, and your daughter will be enchanted with him.

Arg. (*to Cléante, who moves as if to go*). Don't go, Sir. I am about to marry my daughter, and they're bringing her her future husband, whom she has not seen yet.

Cle. You do me great honour, Sir, in wishing me to be a witness of such a pleasant meeting.

Arg. He is the son of a clever doctor, and the marriage will take place in four days.

Cle. Good!

Arg. Please inform her music-master so that he may be at the wedding.

Cle. I shall certainly do so.

Arg. And you're also invited.

Cle. You honour me greatly.

Toi. Come, make room; here they are.



**SCENE VI. —MR. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE, SERVANTS.**

Arg. (*putting up his hand to his night-cap without taking it off*). Sir, Mr. Purgon has forbidden me to uncover my head. You belong to the profession, and know what would be the consequences if I did so.

Mr. Dia. Our duty in all our visits is to bring relief to the sick, not to make them uncomfortable.

Arg. I receive, Sir (*Mr. Argan and Mr. Diafoirus speak at the same time.*)....

Mr. Dia. We come here, Sir....

Arg. With great joy....

Mr. Dia. My son Thomas and I....

Arg. The honour you do me....

Mr. Dia. To show you, Sir....

Arg. And I wish....

Mr. Dia. The delight we are in....

Arg. I could have gone to your house....

Mr. Dia. At the favour you do us....

Arg. To give you proof ....

Mr. Dia. In so kindly welcoming us....

Arg. But you know, Sir....

Mr. Dia. In the honour, Sir....

Arg. What it is to be a poor invalid....

Mr. Dia. Of your alliance....

Arg. Who can only....

Mr. Dia. And assure you....

Arg. Tell you here....

Mr. Dia. That in all things relating to our profession

Arg. That he will seek every opportunity....

Mr. Dia. As well as in all others....

Arg. To show you, Sir....

Mr. Dia. That we shall ever be ready, Sir....

Arg. That he is entirely at your service....

Mr. Dia. To show you our eagerness to serve you. (*To his son*) Now, Thomas, come forward.

Deliver your speeches.

T. Dia. (*to Mr. Diafoirus*). Is it not customary to begin with the father?

Mr. Dia. Yes.

T. Dia. (*to Argan*). Sir, I come to greet, acknowledge, cherish, and honour in you a second father; but a second father to whom, I make bold to say, I owe more than to the first. The first gave me birth; but you have chosen me. He was obliged to accept me, but you have welcomed me by choice. What I hold from him, I owe to his body but what I hold from you, I owe to your will; and as mental faculties are so much above corporal ones, so much the more am I beholden to you and so much the more do I consider precious this future relationship, for which I come beforehand to-day to offer you my most humble and most respectful gratitude..

Toi. Long live schools which form such clever men.!

T. Dia. (*to Mr. Diafoirus*). Did things go well, father?

Mr. Dia. *Optime*.

Arg. (*to Angélique*). Come, greet the gentlemen

T. Dia (*to Mr. Diafoirus*). Shall I give a kiss?

Mr. Dia. Yes, yes.

T. Dia. (*to Angélique*). Madam, it is with justice that heaven has given you the name of stepmother, since we see on your face...<sup>2</sup>

Arg. (*to Thomas Diafoirus*). It is not to my wife, but to my daughter, that you are speaking.

T. Dia. Where is she?

Arg. She will soon come.

T. Dia. Shall I wait, father, till she comes?

Mr. Dia. No; give your speech to the young lady while we're waiting..

T. Dia. Madam, as Memnon's statue gave forth a harmonious sound when it was struck by the rays of the sun, in like manner do I experience a sweet rapture at the apparition of the sun of your beauty. And as the naturalists state that the flower called heliotrope always turns towards the star of day, so will my heart from now on for ever turn towards the resplendent stars of your adorable eyes as to its only pole. Allow me, then, Madam, to make today on the altar of your charms the offering of a heart which longs and strives for no greater glory than to be till death, Madam, your most humble, most obedient, most faithful servant and husband. Thomas Diafoirus.

Toi. This is what happens when one studies, one learns to say fine things!

Arg. (*to Cléante*). Well! what do you say to that?

Cle. The gentleman does wonders, and if he is as good a doctor as he is an orator, it will be a pleasure to be one of his patients.

Toi. Certainly, It will be admirable if his cures are as wonderful as his speeches.

Arg. Come, quick, seats for everybody. (*Servants bring chairs.*) Sit down here, my daughter. (*To M. Diafoirus*) You see, Sir, that everybody admires your son; and I think you're very fortunate being the father of such a fine young man.

Mr. Dia. Sir, it is not because I am his father, but I can boast that I have reason to be satisfied with him, and that all those who see him speak of him as of a youth who has no evil streak. He has never had a very lively imagination, nor that sparkling wit which is found in some others; but it is for that reason that I have always augured well of his judgement, a quality required for the practice of our art. As a child he never was what is called sharp or lively. He was always gentle, peaceful, taciturn, never saying a word, and never playing at any of those little pastimes that we call children's games. It was a most difficult task to teach him to read, and he was nine years old before he knew his letters. "A good omen, I used to say to myself; trees that ripen slowly bear the best fruit. We engrave on marble with much more difficulty than on sand, but the result is much more lasting; and that slow understanding, that lack of imagination, predict sound judgment for the future. When I sent him to school, he found it hard work, but he tried to overcome the difficulties, and when they spoke to me his tutors always praised his diligence and hard work. Finally, by dint of continuous effort, he at last succeeded in gloriously obtaining his degree; and I can say, without boasting, that since then, in the last two years, there has been no candidate who has spoken more brilliantly than he has in all the debates of our school. He has become formidable, and when a thesis is presented he invariably argues fiercely against it. He stands his ground in arguments, adheres to his principles, never changes his opinion, and pursues an argument to its most intricate points. But, above all things, what pleases me in him, and a matter in which I am glad to see him follow my example, is that he is completely attached to the opinions of our old doctors, and that he has never tried to understand nor listened to the reasons and the experiments behind the supposed discoveries of our century concerning the circulation of the blood and other opinions of the same kind.<sup>3</sup>

T. Dia. (*pulling out of his pocket a long paper rolled up, and presenting it to Angélique*). I have against these circulators defended a thesis which, with Mr. Argan's permission (*bowing to Argan*), I make so bold as to present to the young lady as the first evidence of my intelligence.

Ang. Sir, it is a useless object for me; I don't understand these things.

Toi. (*taking the paper*). Give it all the same; the picture will be useful to decorate our room.

T. Dia. (*again bowing to Angélique*). With Mr. Argan's permission, I invite you to come one of these days to enjoy the dissection of a woman's body, about which I have to comment.

Toi. That will be pleasant entertainment.. There are some who give their loved ones to a play;; but a dissection is much more refined.

Mr. Dia. Moreover, as regards the qualities required for marriage and the generative function, I assure you that, according to the rules laid out by our doctors, he is such as you may wish, that he has to a high degree the power to generate children who will be strong and virtuous.

Arg. Do you not intend, Sir, to find work for him at court, and to obtain for him a post of physician there?

Mr. Dia. To tell you the truth, I have never enjoyed practising among the great; and I have always found that it is better for us to confine ourselves to the ordinary people. Ordinary people are more accommodating; and as long as you follow the common rules laid down by the faculty, no one cares about the outcome. But what is annoying with people of high rank among people is that, when they are ill, they really expect their doctor to cure them.

Toi. That's absurd. How arrogant of them to ask of you doctors to cure them! You are not employed by them for that, but only to receive your fees and to prescribe remedies. It is up to them to get well if they can.

Mr. Dia. Quite true. We are only bound to treat people according to the rules.

Arg. (*to Cléante*). Sir, please make my daughter sing before our guests.

Cle. I was waiting for you to ask, Sir; and I thought, in order to entertain the guests, to sing with the young lady a scene from an opera which was composed recently. (*To Angélique, giving her a paper*) There is your part.

Ang. Mine?

Cle. (*aside to Angélique*). Don't refuse, please; but let me explain to you the scene we must sing. (*Aloud*) I don't have a beautiful singing voice; but in this case I just need to be understood; and you will have the kindness to excuse me, because I need to make the young lady sing.

Arg. Are the lines pretty?

Cle. It is really a small extempore opera, and you will hear only rhythmical prose or a kind of blank verse, such as two people speak spontaneously when they are inspired by passion and urgency.

Arg. Very well; let us listen.

Cle. The subject of the scene is as follows. A shepherd was paying every attention to the beauties of a play which had only just begun, when he was disturbed by a noise close to him. He turns round and sees a scoundrel who was insulting a young shepherdess. He immediately defends a sex which all men must respect; and after having punished the brute for his insolence, he comes close to the shepherdess and sees a young woman with the most beautiful eyes he has ever beheld, filled with tears which he thinks the most beautiful in the world. He takes care to stop those beautiful tears, and the lovely shepherdess takes care to thank him for the slight service he has rendered her. But she does so in so touching, so tender, and so passionate a way that the shepherd cannot remain indifferent, and each word, each look is a burning shaft which penetrates his heart. "Is there anything in the world worthy of such thanks?" he thought. The whole play is performed without his paying any attention to it; yet he complains that it is too short, since the end separates him from his lovely shepherdess. From that moment, from that first sight, he carries away with him a love which has the strength of a deep passion that has lasted many years. He now feels all the pangs of absence, and is tormented no longer to see what he has beheld for so short a time. He does all he can to meet again with one whose sight is so dear to him, and the memory of which pursues him day and night, but the strict watch which is kept over his shepherdess leaves him powerless. The violence of his passion makes him decide to ask in marriage the adorable beauty without whom he can no longer live, and he obtains from her permission for doing so, by means of a note that she has succeeded in sending him. But he is told in the meantime that the father of his beloved has decided to marry her to another, and that all arrangements are being made for the ceremony. Imagine what a cruel wound this is for the heart of that poor shepherd! In his despair he finds the means of being admitted himself to the house of his shepherdess, so that he may know her feelings and to hear from her the fate he must expect. There he sees the preparations for what he fears; he sees the unworthy rival who, through a whim, her father prefers to one who is filled with lover; he sees that ridiculous rival triumphant near the lovely shepherdess, as if he were already sure of his conquest. Such a sight fills him with a wrath he can hardly master. He looks despairingly at her whom he adores, but the respect he has for her and the presence of her father prevent him from speaking to her except with his eyes. But at last he no longer restrains himself, and his great passion forces him to speak in this way. (*He sings.*)

*Phyllis, it is too hard to endure: Let us break this cruel silence, and disclose your thoughts to me. Tell me what my destiny will be: Am I to live or die?*

*Ang. You see, Tircis, that the marriage preparations which distress you fill me with sadness and sorrow. I raise my eyes to heaven, I look at you, I sigh. You understand me.*

Arg. Yes! I didn't know that my daughter was capable of singing directly from the book, without hesitation.

*Cl. Alas, beautiful Phyllis, is it possible that there could be a place in your heart for Tircis, who loves you so madly?*

.

*Ang. In the midst of this great sorrow, I cannot deny it: Yes, Tircis, I love you. ....*

*Cle. O blessed words! Did I hear right, alas? Say these words again, Phyllis, that I may trust me ears.*

Ang. *Yes, Tircis, I love you.*

Cle. *Once again, I beseech you, Phyllis*

Ang. *I love you,*

Cle. *Repeat it a hundred times, do not tire of it.*

Ang. *I love you! I love you! Yes. Tircis, I love you!*

Cle. *You kings and gods, who behold the world beneath your feet, can you compare your happiness with mine? But Phyllis! a thought troubles me in my happiness. A rival, a rival...*

Ang. *Ah! I hate him worse than death! His presence torments me as it does you*

Cle. *Your father wants to force you to obey his wishes..*

Ang. *I would rather die than consent to it. I would rather die, I would rather die.*

Arg. *And what does the father say to all that?*

Cle. *Nothing.*

Arg. *Then that father is a fool to put up withal this foolishness, without saying a word!*

Cle. *(trying to go on singing). Ah! my love....*

Arg. *No; no; that's enough. This play is in very bad taste. The shepherd Tircis is an insolent fellow, and the shepherdess Phyllis an impudent girl to speak in that way in the presence of her father.*

*(To Angélique) Show me that paper. Ah! ah! where are the words that you have just sung? There are only notes written down..*

Cle. *Are you not aware, Sir, that they have lately discovered a way of writing the words with the notes themselves ?*

Arg. *Very well? Sir, I am your servant. Good-bye for the present. We could have done very well without your stupid opera.*

Cle. *I thought I could entertain you.*

Arg. *Foolish things do not entertain, Sir. Ah! here is my wife.*

**SCENE VII.——BÉLINE, ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, MR. DIAFOIRUS, T. DIAFOIRUS, TOINETTE.**

Arg. My love, here is the son of Mr. Diafoirus.

T. Dia. Madam, it is with justice that heaven has given you the title of stepmother, since we see in you steps ...

Bel. Sir, I am delighted to have come here just in time to see you.

T. Dia. Since we see in you ... since we see in you.... Madam, you have interrupted me in the middle of my sentence, and that has interfered with my memory.

Mr. Dia. Keep you speech for another time.

Arg. I wish, my dear, that you had been here a few minutes ago.

Toi. Ah! Madam, how much you have lost by not being here for the second father, the statue of Memnon, and the flower named heliotrope.

Arg. Come, my daughter, shake hands with this gentleman, and pledge that you will be his wife.

Ang. Father!

Arg. Well? What do you mean by "Father"?

Ang. I beseech you not to rush things. At least, give us time to become acquainted, and to see growing in our hearts that attraction so necessary for a perfect union.

T. Dia. As far as I am concerned, Madam, it is already full-grown within me, and there is no need for me to wait anymore.

Ang. I am not so quick as you are, Sir, and I confess that your achievements have not yet impressed me sufficiently..

Arg. Oh! well well! There will be time enough for that to happen after you are married.



Ang. Ah! father, give me time, I beseech you! Marriage is a chain which should never be imposed by force. And if this gentleman is a man of honour, he ought not to accept a person who would be his only by force.

T. Dia. *Nego consequentiam*. I can be a man of honour, Madam, and at the same time be willing to accept you from the hands of your father.

Ang. To use force against someone is a strange way of trying to inspire love.

T. Dia. We read in the Ancients, Madam, that it was their custom to carry off by force from their father's house the young women they wished to marry, so that these women might not seem to go of her own accord into the arms of a man.

Ang. The Ancients, Sir, are the Ancients; but we are living now. Pretence is not necessary in our time; and when a marriage appeals to us, we go to it of our own accord without having to be dragged to it. Please be patient; if you love me, Sir, you must want the same things I want..

T. Dia. Certainly, Madam, but without prejudice to my love.

Ang. But the greatest mark of love is to fulfill the wishes of the loved one..

T. Dia. *Distinguo*, Madam. In what does not regard the possession of the loved one, *concedo*; but in what regards it, *nego*.

Toi. (to Angélique). What is the good of arguing? This gentleman has just completed his university studies, and will always have the last word. Why do you resist, and refuse the honour of belonging to the body of the Faculty?

Bel. She may have some other fancy?

Ang. If I had, Madam, it would be such as reason and honour allow.

Arg. Really! I look like a fool here!

Bel. If I were you, my dear, I would not force her to marry; I know very well what I would do.

Ang. I know what you mean, Madam, and how kind you are to me; but you may not have the good fortune of seeing your advice followed.

Bel. That 's because good, well-behaved girls like you, refuse to obey their father's will. That was all very well in olden days.

Ang. The duty of a daughter has its limits, Madam, and neither by reason nor law is it meant to include all things.

Bel. That is to say that your wish is to marry, but you want to choose a husband to your taste.

Ang. If my father will not give me a husband I like, at least I beseech him not to force me to marry one I can never love.

Arg. Gentlemen, I apologise for all this.

Ang. We all have our own end in marrying. For my part, as I want a husband only so that I can love him sincerely, and as I intend to remain attached to him all my lifelong, I confess I want to be cautious. There are some who marry simply to free themselves from the authority of their parents, and to be free to do all they like. There are others, Madam, who see in marriage only a matter of mere profit; who marry only to get a settlement, to enrich themselves by the death of those they marry and who go shamelessly from husband to husband, to inherit their estates.. These, no doubt, Madam, are not so difficult to please, and care little what the person is like.

Bel. I find you very argumentative to-day and I'd like to know what you mean by this.

Ang. I, Madam? What would I mean to say, but what I say?

Bel. You are so foolish, my girl, that you're unbearable.

Ang. You would like to force me to answer impertinently; but I warn you that you will not have the pleasure of doing so.

Bel. Nothing can equal your insolence.

Ang. It's of no use, Madam; you will not succeed.

Bel. And you have a ridiculous pride, a stupid vanity, which make you the scorn of everybody.

Ang. All this will be useless, Madam. I shall be well-behaved in spite of you; and to remove from you all hope of succeeding in what you wish, I 'ill withdraw from your presence.

***Not another scene in some books*****SCENE VIII.——ARGAN, BÉLINE, MR. DIAFOIRUS, T. DIAFOIRUS, TOINETTE.**

Arg. (*to Angélique, as she goes away*). Listen! Of two things, one. Choose either to marry this man or be sent to a convent within four days. (*To Béline*) Don't be anxious; I will bring her to her senses.

Bel. I am sorry to leave you, my pet; but I have some business in town, which I must attend to, I'll soon be back.

Arg. Go, my darling; call on the notary, and tell him to be quick about you know what.

Bel. Good-bye, my love.

Arg. Good-bye, dearest.

***Not another scene in some books*****SCENE IX.——ARGAN, MR. DIAFOIRUS, T. DIAFOIRUS, TOINETTE.**

Arg. How this woman loves me; it's incredible.

Mr. Dia. We shall now take our leave of you, Sir.

Arg. Can you please, Sir, to tell me how I am.

Mr. Dia. (*feeling Argan's pulse*). Now, Thomas, take the gentleman's other arm, so that I may see whether you can form the right judgment on his pulse. *Quid dicis?*

T. Dia. *Dico* that this gentleman's pulse is the pulse of a man who is not well.

Mr. Dia. Good.

T. Dia. That it is slightly hard, not to say hard.

Mr. Dia. Very good.

T. Dia. Strong. (*pulsating*)

Mr. Dia. *Bene*.

T. Dia. And even somewhat irregular.

Mr. Dia. *Optime.*

T. Dia. Which indicates an malfunctioning in the splenetic *parenchyma*; that is to say, the spleen.

Mr. Dia. Quite right.

Arg. No! Mr. Purgon says that it is my liver which is out of order.

Mr. Dia. Yes, of course; he who says *parenchyma* says both one and the other, because of the great link which exists between them by means of the *vas breve*, of the *pylorus*, and often of the *meatus choledici*. He no doubt orders you to eat plenty of roast-meat.

Arg. No; nothing but boiled meat.

Mr. Dia. Yes, yes; roast, boiled, it's all the same; he orders very wisely, and you could not be in better hands.

Arg. Sir, tell me how many grains of salt one ought to put to an egg?

Mr. Dia. Six, eight, ten, by

even numbers; just as in medicines by odd numbers.

Arg. Good-bye, Sir.

**SCENE X.——BÉLINE, ARGAN.**

Bel. Before I go out, my pet, I must inform you of something you must be careful about. While going by Angélique's room, I saw with her a young man, who ran away as soon as he noticed me.

Arg. A young man with my daughter!

Bel. Yes; your little daughter Louison, who was with them, will tell you all about it.

Arg. Send her here, my love, send her here at once. Ah! the insolent girl! (*Alone.*) I am no longer surprised at her resistance.

**SCENE XI.——ARGAN, LOUISON.**

Lou. What do you want, papa? My step-mamma told me you wish to see me.

Arg. Yes; come here. Come nearer. Turn around. Open your eyes. . Look at me. Well?

Lou. What, papa?

Arg. So?

Lou. What?

Arg. Have you nothing to say to me?

Lou. To amuse you, I'll tell you, if you like, the story of Peau d'âne or the fable of the Fox and the Crow, which I have learnt lately.

Arg. That's not what I'm asking you.

Lou. What is it then?

Arg. Ah! cunning little girl, you know very well what I mean.

Lou. No really, papa.

Arg. Is that the way you obey me?

Lou. What?

Arg. Have I not asked you to come and tell me at once all you see?

Lou. Yes, papa.

Arg. Have you done so?

Lou. Yes, papa. I've always come to tell you all I saw.

Arg. And have you seen nothing to-day?

Lou. No, papa.

Arg. No?

Lou. No, papa.

Arg. Quite sure?

Lou. Quite sure.

Arg. Ah! indeed! I'm going to make you see something ,

Lou. (*seeing Argan take a rod*). Ah! papa!

Arg. Ah! ah! little hypocrite, you don't tell me that you saw a man in your sister's room!

Lou. (*crying*). Papa!

Arg. (*taking Louison by the arm*). This will teach you to tell lies.

Lou. (*throwing herself on her knees*). Ah! my dear papa! Please forgive me. My sister had asked me not to tell you, but I'll tell you everything.

Arg. First you must be whipped for telling a lie. Then we'll see to the other matter.

Lou. Forgive me, papa!

Arg. No, no!

Lou. My poor dear papa, don't whip me.

Arg. Yes, you shall be whipped.

Lou. For pity's sake, papa, please don't whip me.

Arg. (*going to whip her*). Come, come.

Lou. Ah! papa, you have injured me. Wait I am dead! (*She feigns to be dead.*)

Arg. How, now! What does this mean? Louison! Louison! Ah! Heavens! Louison! Ah! my child! Ah! Unfortunate father, my poor child is dead! What have I done, wretched that I am? Ah! cruel whip! A curse on the whip! Ah! my poor daughter! My dear little Louison!

Lou. Come, come, dear papa; don't weep so. I am not quite dead yet.

Arg. See the cunning little wench! Well! I forgive you this once, but you must tell me everything.

Lou. Oh yes, dear papa.

Arg. Be sure you take great care, for here is my little finger that knows everything, and I will tell me if you don't speak the truth.

Lou. But, papa, you won't tell my sister that I told you.

Arg. No, no.

Lou. (*after having listened to see if any one can hear*). Papa, a young man came into my sister's room while I was there.

Arg. Well?

Lou. I asked him what he wanted; he said that he was her music-master.

Arg. (*aside*). Hem! Hem! I see. (*To Louison*) Well?

Lou. Then sister came later.

Arg. Well?

Lou. She said to him, "Go away, go away, go away. Heavens! you drive me to despair."

Arg. Well?

Lou. But he would not go away.

Arg. What did he say to her?

Lou. Oh! he told her ever so many things.

Arg. But what?

Lou. He told her this, and that; that he loved her dearly; that she was the most beautiful person in the world.

Arg. And then, after?

Lou. Then he knelt down before her.

Arg. And then?

Lou. Then he kept on kissing her hands.

Arg. And then?

Lou. Then my step-mamma came to the door, and, he ran away.

Arg. Nothing else?

Lou. No, dear papa.

Arg. Yet here's my little finger, which is saying something (*Putting his finger up to his ear.*) Wait. Stay, eh? ah! ah! Yes? oh! oh! here's my little finger, which says that there is something you saw, and which you did not tell me.

Lou. Ah! papa, your little finger is a liar.

Arg. Take care.

Lou. No, papa, don't believe him; he's lying, I assure you.

Arg. Oh! Well, well; we'll see. Go now, and pay great attention to what you see; go (*Alone.*) Ah! children are no longer children nowadays! What trouble! I don't even have time to think of my illness. Truly, I am worn out. (*He falls down into his chair.*)

#### **INTERMISSION HERE**

#### **SCENE XII.——BÉRALDE, ARGAN.**

Ber. Hello, brother! What's the matter? How are you?

Arg. Ah! very bad, brother.

Ber. What do you mean, very bad?

Arg. It's incredible how weak I feel.

Ber. That's unfortunate.

Arg. I 've hardly enough strength to speak.

Ber. I came here, brother, to suggest a match for my niece, Angélique.



Arg. (*in a rage, speaking with great fury, and starting up from his chair*). Brother, don't speak to me of that hussy. She's a wicked, good-for-nothing, insolent, girl whom I will send to a convent within the next two days.

Ber. Ah! all right! I am glad to see that you still have a little strength left, and that my visit is doing you good.

**.HERE' I HAVE CUT OUT THE BALLET AND CHANGED THE TEXT SOMEWHAT**

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### **ACT III.**

#### **SCENE I.——BÉRALDE, ARGAN, TOINETTE.**

Ber. (*continues his previous speech*). Since you are better (*Puisque vous vous sentez mieux*), we can have a little talk together.

Arg. Wait a moment, brother, I'll be back directly.

Toi. (*arrives while they are speaking*) Here, Sir; you forget that you cannot get walk without a stick.

Arg. You're right..

#### **SCENE II.——BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.**

Toi. Please, continue to protect your niece's welfare...

Ber. No, I shall do all in my power to make her wishes come true

Toi. We really must stop this foolish marriage which he has got into his head, from taking place, and I have been thinking that it would be a good thing to introduce here a doctor paid by us, who would put him off (another word) his Mr. Purgon, and his treatments.. But as we have nobody here who can do that, I have decided to play him a trick of my own.

Ber. In what way?

Toi. It's an amusing idea, and it may be more entertaining than wise. Leave it to me, but do what you can also. Here's our man.

**SCENE III.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE.**

Ber. Let me ask you, brother, above all things not to get angry during our conversation.

Arg. Agreed.

Ber. To answer without anger to anything I may mention.

Arg. Yes.

Ber. And to speak together about the business we have to discuss with your becoming angry..

Arg. Dear me! Yes. What a preamble!

Ber. How is it, brother, that, with all the wealth you possess, and with only one daughter—for I am not taking into account the little one—you speak of sending her to a convent?

Arg. How is it, brother, that I am master in my own home to do as I think fit?

Ber. Your wife doesn't fail to advise you to get rid of your two daughters in that way; and I have no doubt that, in a spirit of charity, she would be enchanted to see them both good nuns.

Arg. Oh, there we go! Immediately attacking my poor wife! She's the one who does all the harm, and everybody is against her.

Ber. No, brother; let's leave her alone. She's a woman with the best intentions in the world for your family, and has ulterior motives, who loves you most tenderly, and shows towards your children inconceivable love and kindness; that is a fact. Let us not speak of her, and let us come back to your daughter. What can be your reason for wishing to marry her to a doctor's son?

Arg. My reason is that I wish to have the kind of son-in-law I need.

Ber. But that is not what your daughter needs, and we have a more suitable match for her.

Arg. Yes; but this one, brother, is more suitable for me.

Ber. But the man she is to marry, must he be for herself or for you, brother?

Arg. He must be both for her and for me, brother; and I wish to take into my family people I need.

Ber. So, if your little girl were old enough, you would give her to an apothecary?

Arg. Why not?

Ber. Is it possible that you will always be obsessed with your apothecaries and your doctors, and that you will be determined to be ill, in spite of men and nature?

Arg. What do you mean by that, brother?

Ber. I mean, brother, that I know of no man less sick than you, and that I would be quite happy with a constitution as good as yours. One great proof that you are healthy, and that you have a robust body, is that in spite of all the remedies you have taken, you have not succeeded in damaging your sound constitution, and that you have not died of all the medicines they have made you swallow.

Arg. But are you aware, brother, that it is these medicines which keep me alive and that Mr. Purgon says that I should die if he stopped taking care of me for only three days.

Ber. If you do not watch out, he 'll take such care of you that he'll send you to the next world.

Arg. But let us reason together, brother; don't you believe in medicine?

Ber. No, brother; and I don't see that it is necessary for our salvation to believe in it.

Arg. What! Do you not hold true a thing acknowledged by everybody, and revered throughout all ages?

Ber. Between ourselves, far from thinking it true, I look upon it as one of the greatest follies which exist among men; and if I consider things from an intellectual point of view, I don't know of a more absurd piece of mummery, of anything more ridiculous, than a man who takes upon himself to cure another man.

Arg. Why won't you believe that one man can cure another man?

Ber. For the simple reason, brother, that the mechanisms of our body are mysteries about which men are, as yet, completely in the dark, and nature has put too thick a veil before our eyes for us to know anything about those mechanisms.

Arg. Then, according to you, the doctors know nothing at all.

Ber. Oh yes, brother. Most of them have a sound knowledge of the best classics, can speak fine Latin, can give a Greek name to all diseases, can define and classify them; but as to curing them, that they cannot do at all

Arg. Still, you must agree that in this field, doctors know more than others.

Ber. They know, brother, what I have told you; and that doesn't effect many cures. All their great art consists in pompous gibberish, in nonsensical lofty talk, which gives you words instead of reasons, and promises instead of results.

Arg. Still, brother, there are men as wise and clever as you, and we see that in the case of illness every one seeks the help of doctors.

Ber. It's a proof of human weakness, and not of the truth of their art.

Arg. Still, doctors must believe in their art, since they make use of it for themselves.

Ber. It is because some of them share the popular error, from which they themselves profit, while others profit by it without sharing it. Your Mr. Purgon, for instance, has no wish to deceive anyone; he is a thorough doctor from head to foot, a man who believes in his rules more than in any mathematical proof, and who would think it a crime to question those rules. **(CUT PART OF THE SENTENCE)** One must bear him no ill-will for any harm he may do; it is with the best intention in the world that he will send you into the next world, and in killing you he will do no more than he does to his wife and children, and than he would do to himself, if the need should arise.. <sup>4</sup>

Arg. You say this because you bear him a grudge. But let's come to the point. What is one to do when one is ill?

Ber. Nothing, brother.

Arg. Nothing?

Ber. Nothing. Only wait. Nature, when we do not interfere, will gently recover from the disorder into which she has fallen. It is our anxiety, our impatience, which spoil things, and most men die of their remedies, and not of their diseases.

**CUT OUT NEXT TWO SPEECHES**

Arg. Which means that all the knowledge in the world is contained in your brain, and you think you know more than all the great doctors of our time.

Ber. When you weigh words and actions, your great doctors are two different kinds of people: listen to them talk, they're the cleverest people in the world; see them at work, and they're the most ignorant of all men.

Arg. Yes! You're a great doctor, I see, and I wish that one of those gentlemen were here to refute your arguments and to stop your prattle.

Ber. I don't intend, to take on the medical profession, my dear brother and people, at their own risk, may believe what they like. What I say is only between ourselves; I would have liked you to alter your views, and as entertainment, to take you to see one of Molière's comedies on this subject.

Arg. Your Molière is a really insolent fellow with his comedies, and I find it him quite daring to go and ridicule honest people like doctors.

Ber. It is not the doctors themselves that he ridicules, but the absurdity of medicine.

Arg. It becomes him, truly, to try to control the Faculty! He's a real simpleton, and a really arrogant fellow to make fun of consultations and prescriptions, to attack the body of physicians, and to put on his stage people as venerable as those gentlemen.

Ber. What would you have him put there but the different professions of men? Princes and kings are on stage every day, and they are of as good a stock as your physicians.

Arg. No, by Heaven! if I were a physician, I would avenge myself of his arrogance, and when he falls ill, I would let him die without help. In vain would he beg and pray. I would not prescribe for him the least bleeding, the smallest enema, and I would tell him, "Die, die, like a dog; it will teach you to laugh at us doctors again."

Ber. You are terribly angry with him.

Arg. Yes, he is a fool, and if doctors are wise, they'll do what I say.

Ber. He will be wiser than your doctors, for he will not ask for their help.

Arg. Too bad for him, if he doesn't seek remedies.

Ber. He has his reasons for not wanting any; and he says they can only be used by robust and vigorous people who have the strength to bear their remedies in addition to their illness, and he has only just enough strength to bear his sickness.

Arg. What absurd reasons. Look, brother, don't speak to me anymore about that man; for it aggravates me, and you would make me sick again..

Ber. All right, brother; and, to change the subject, allow me to tell you that, because your daughter doesn't obey you immediately, it's no reason why you should decide to shut her up in a convent, that in your choice of a son-in-law, you should not blindly guided by your own obsessions and that in such a matter one must take into account a daughter's wishes, since it is for all her life, and the whole happiness of the marriage depends on it.

**SCENE IV. ——MR. FLEURANT, ARGAN, BÉRALDE.**

Arg. Ah! brother, with your permission.

Ber. What? What are you going to do?

Arg. To take this little enema; it won't take long.

Ber. You're joking, Can't you spend one moment without an enema or a medicine? Postpone it for another time, and let matters rest for a while.

Arg. Mr. Fleurant, I'll see you to-night or to-morrow morning.

Mr. Fleu. (*to Béralde*). What right have you to oppose yourself to the prescriptions of doctors, and to prevent the gentleman from taking my enema? You're a foolish man to show such audacity.

Ber. Come, Sir, go; it 's easy to see that you're not accustomed to speak to people's faces.

Mr. Fleu. You should not thus sneer at remedies, and make me waste my time. I came here with a good prescription, and I'll go and tell Mr. Purgon that I have been prevented from carrying out his orders, and from doing my work. You'll see, you'll see....

**NOT ANOTHER SCENE IN SOME BOOKS**

**SCENE V.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE.**

Arg. Brother, you'll be responsible for disaster here.

Ber. What a great disaster is it not to take an enema prescribed by Mr. Purgon! Once more, brother, is it possible that you can't be cured of this doctor disease, and that all your life, you will be a slave to their remedies?

Arg. Ah! brother. You speak like a man who is well, but if you were in my place, you would soon speak differently. It is easy to rail against medicine when one is in perfect health.

Ber. But what disease do you suffer from?

Arg. You make me furious. I'd like you to have my disease, and then we'd see if you'd prate as you do. Ah! here is Mr. Purgon.

**SCENE VI.——MR. PURGON, ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.**

Mr. Pur. I have just heard nice news downstairs, that you laugh at my prescriptions, and that you refused to take the remedy I ordered.

Arg. Sir, it is not ...

Mr. Pur. What a great audacity, what a strange revolt of a patient against his doctor!

Toi. It's frightful.

Mr. Pur. A n enema which I had pleasure in composing myself.

Arg. It was not I.

Mr. Pur. Invented and made up according to all the rules of the Faculty.

Toi. He's wrong.

Mr. Pur. And which was to have a marvellous effect in the intestines.

Arg. My brother ...

Mr. Pur. To send it back with contempt!

Arg. (*showing Béralde*). He's the one....

Mr. Pur. Such conduct is intolerable.

Toi. That's true

Mr. Pur. It is a fearful outrage to medicine.

Arg. (*showing Béralde*). He is the cause....

Mr. Pur. A crime of high treason against the Faculty, and one which cannot be too severely punished.

Toi. You're right.

Mr. Pur. I declare to you that I will have nothing more to do with you.

Arg. It's my brother....

Mr. Pur. That I no longer want to have you as a relation

Toi. You are quite right.

Mr. Pur. And that to end all ties with you, here is the deed for the gift which I was making to my nephew on his marriage to your daughter. (*He tears the document, and throws the pieces about furiously.*)

Arg. My brother caused all the mischief.

Mr. Pur. To despise my enema!

Arg. Have it brought here, I will take it directly.



Mr. Pur. I would have cured you in a very short time.

Toi. He doesn't deserve it.

Mr. Pur. I was going to cleanse your body, and to clear it of its bad humours.

Arg. Ah! my brother!

Mr. Pur. And it wanted only a dozen remedies to cleanse it entirely.

Toi. He's unworthy of your care.

Mr. Pur. But since you did not wish to be cured by me ...

Arg. It isn't my fault.

Mr. Pur. Since you have rejected the obedience you owe to your doctor ...

Toi. That cries out for vengeance.

Mr. Pur. Since you have rebelled against the remedies I had prescribed for you ...

Arg. No, no, certainly not.

Mr. Pur. I must now tell you that I give you up to your bad constitution, to your irregular bowels, to your tainted blood, to your bitter bile, and to your unhealthy humours.

Toi. It serves him right.

Arg. Alas!

Mr. Pur. And within four days I will have you become incurable..

Arg. Ah! mercy!

Mr. Pur. You shall fall into bradypepsia.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Pur. From bradypepsia into dyspepsia.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Pur. From dyspepsia into aepsia.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Pur. From aepsia into lientery

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Pur. From lientery into dysentery.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Pur. From dysentery into dropsy.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Pur. And from dropsy to the deprivation of life where your folly will have brought you.

**SCENE VII.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE.**

Arg. Ah Heavens! I am dead. Brother, you have killed me.

Ber. Why? What is the matter?

Arg. I am finished. I already feel that the Faculty is avenging itself.

Ber. Really, brother, you're crazy, and I certainly wouldn't for want people to see you acting as you're doing. Look at yourself I beg you, come to your senses and restrain your imagination.

Arg. You heard, brother, with what strange diseases he has threatened me.

Ber. What a naive fellow you are!

Arg. He says that I'll become incurable within four days.

Ber. These are words, not facts. Are those the words of an oracle? To hear you, anyone would think that Mr. Purgon holds your life in his hands, and that he has supreme authority to prolong it or to cut it short at his will. Remember that the springs of your life are in yourself, and that all Mr. Purgon's wrath can do as little towards making you die, as his remedies can do to make you live. This is an opportunity, if you

like to take it, of getting rid of your doctors; and if it's your nature not to be able to do without them, it's easy for you, brother, to have another physician with whom you run less risk.

Arg. Ah, brother! he knows all about my constitution, and the way to treat me.

Ber. One must confess that you are greatly prejudiced, and that you look at things with strange eyes.

**SCENE VIII.——ARGAN, TOINETTE, BÉRALDE.**

Toi. (*to Argan*). Sir, there's a doctor, here who wants to see you.

Arg. What doctor?

Toi. A doctor of the Faculty of medicine.

Arg. I ask you who he is?

Toi. I don't know who he is, but we're as much alike as two peas in a pod, and if I wasn't sure that my mother was an honest woman, I'd say that this is a young brother she gave me after my father's death.

Arg. Let him come in.

**NOT ANOTHER SCENE IN SOME BOOKS**

**SCENE IX.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE.**

Ber. You're served according to your wish. One doctor leaves you, another comes to replace him.

Arg. I greatly fear that you will be the cause of some disaster here.

Ber. Again! You're repeating yourself.

Arg. Ah! I keep on thinking all those diseases that I don't understand, those....

**SCENE X.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE (*dressed as a doctor*).**

Toi. Allow me, Sir, to come and visit you, and to offer you my modest services for all the bleedings and purgatives you may require.

Arg. Sir, I am obliged to you. (*To Béralde*) Toinette herself, I declare!

Toi., Sir, please excuse me. I forgot to give a small order to my servant. I'll be back immediately.

**SAME SCENE IN SOME BOOKS**

**SCENE XI.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE.**

Arg. Wouldn't you say that this is really Toinette?

Ber. It's true that the resemblance is very striking, but it's not the first time that we have seen this kind of thing, and history is full of those tricks of nature.

Arg. For my part, I am astonished, and ...

**SCENE XII.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.**

Toi. What do you want, Sir?

Arg. What?

Toi. Didn't you call me?

Arg. I? No.

Toi. I must have been hearing things then.

Arg. Stay here for a moment and see how like you that doctor is.

Toi. Ah! yes, indeed, I have things to do out there and I've seen enough of him.

**SAME SCENE IN SOME BOOKS**

**SCENE XIII.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE.**

Arg. Hadn't I seen them both together, I'd have believed it was one and the same person.

Ber. We read surprising stories about such resemblances; and we have seen some in our day that have taken in everybody.

Arg. For my part, I should have been deceived by this one, and would have sworn that the two are one person.

**SCENE XIV. ——ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE (*as a doctor*).**

Toi. Sir, I sincerely ask your forgiveness.

Arg. (*to Béralde*). It's wonderful.

Toi. You will not take amiss, I hope, the curiosity I felt to see an illustrious patient like you; and your reputation, which reaches everywhere, must be my excuse for the liberty I am taking.

Arg. Sir, I am your servant.

Toi. I see, Sir, that you're looking at me intently. How old do you think I am?

Arg. I think you must be at most twenty-six or twenty-seven.

Toi. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! I am ninety.

Arg. Ninety years!

Toi. Yes. You are witnessing one of the secrets of my art: to keep me fresh and strong, as you see.

Arg. Goodness, here's a fine young old fellow for ninety!

Toi. I am an itinerant doctor, and go from town to town, from province to province, from kingdom to kingdom, to seek out illustrious material worthy of my attention; to find patients deserving of my care, on whom I am able to test the great and beautiful secrets which I have discovered in medicine. I do not condescend to waste time on the great mass of common diseases, on trifles such as rheumatism, colds, light fevers, dizziness, and migraines. I want important diseases, such as good relentless fevers with delirium, good scarlet fevers, good plagues, good strong cases of dropsy, good pleurisies with lung inflammation. That is what I like, that is where I shine, and I wish, Sir, that you had all those diseases

combined, that you had been given up by all doctors, in despair, at the point of death, so that I might be able to show you the excellence of my remedies, and the desire I have of helping you.!

Arg. I am obliged to you, Sir, for your kindness to me.

Toi. Let me feel your pulse. Come, come, beat properly, please. Ah! I will soon make you beat as you should. Yes! This pulse is trifling with me; I see that you don't know me yet. Who is your doctor?

Arg. Mr. Purgon.

Toi. That man's name is not entered in my book among the great doctors. What does he say you suffer from?

Arg. He says it's the liver, and others say it's the spleen.

Toi. They're all fools. Your lungs are the problem.

Arg. My lungs?

Toi. Yes; what do you feel?

Arg. From time to time, my head aches.

Toi. That's it: your lungs.

Arg. At times it seems as if I had a mist before my eyes.

Toi. Your lungs.

Arg. I feel sick now and then.

Toi. Your lungs.

Arg. And I feel sometimes a weakness in all my limbs.

Toi. Your lungs.

Arg. And sometimes I have sharp pains in my stomach, like the colic.

Toi. The lungs. You enjoy your food?

Arg. Yes, Sir.

Toi. Your lungs. You like to drink a little wine?

Arg. Yes, Sir.

Toi. Your lungs. You feel sleepy after your meals, and enjoy taking a brief nap?

Arg. Yes, Sir.

Toi. Your lungs, your lungs, I tell you. What kind of food does your doctor prescribe?

Arg. He prescribes soup.

Toi. Fool !

Arg. Fowl.

Toi. Fool!

Arg. Veal.

Toi.Fool!

Arg. Broth.

Toi. Fool!

Arg New-laid eggs.

Toi. Fool!

Arg. And at night small prunes to relax the bowels.

Toi. Fool!

Arg. And, above all, to drink my wine mixed with water.

Toi. *Ignorantus, ignoranta, ignorantum*. You must drink your wine pure; and to thicken your blood, which is too thin, you must eat good fat beef, good fat pork, good Dutch cheese, gruel and rice, chestnuts and cakes,<sup>5</sup> which will coat your system. Your doctor is an ass. I'll send you one I have trained, and will come and examine you from time to time when I am in this town.

Arg. You'll oblige me greatly.

Toi. What the deuce is the use of this arm?

Arg. What?

Toi. I'd have it cut off immediately if I were you.

Arg. Why?

Toi. Don't you see that it grabs all the nourishment, and prevents that side from benefiting from it?

Arg. May be; but I need my arm.

Toi. You have also a right eye that I would have plucked out if I were in your place.

Arg. Pluck out my eye!

Toi. Don't you see that it interferes with the other, and robs it of its nourishment? Believe me; have it plucked out as soon as possible; you will see all the more clearly with the left eye.

Arg. There's no hurry.

Toi. Good-bye. I am sorry to leave you so soon, but I must attend an important consultation which is to take place about a man who died yesterday.

Arg. About a man who died yesterday?

Toi. Yes, that we may consider and understand what ought to have been done to cure him. Good-bye.

Arg. You know that patients do not see their guests out.

### **NOT ANOTHER SCENE IN SOME BOOKS**

#### **SCENE XV.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE.**

Ber. This doctor seems to be a very clever man.

Arg. Yes, but he goes a little too fast.

Ber. All great doctors are that way.

Arg. Cut off one of my arms and pluck out one of my eyes, so that the other may be better. I'd rather that it were not better. That's a fine treatment indeed, to make me a one-eyed and one-armed man



**SCENE XVI. ——ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.**

Toi. (*pretending to speak to somebody*). Come, come, I am your servant; I'm in no joking mood.

Arg. What's the matter?

Toi. Your doctor, Goodness, who wanted to feel my pulse!

Arg. Just imagine; at ninety-nine!

Ber. Now, brother, since you have quarrelled with your Mr. Purgon, won't you let me speak of the match which is proposed for my niece?

Arg. No, brother; I want to put her in a convent, since she has rebelled against my wishes. I see quite clearly that there is some love interest at the bottom of it all, and I have discovered a certain secret meeting which they don't realise I have discovered.

Ber. Well, brother, and suppose there were some little attraction, would that be such a criminal offence, and do you have any reason to be offended when it all tends to something as honourable as marriage?

Arg. Be that as it may, she shall be a nun. I've made up my mind.

Ber. You're trying to please somebody.

Arg. I know what you mean. You always come back to that argument, and my wife is always on your mind.

Ber. Well, yes, brother; since I must speak openly, it's your wife I mean; for as I can't bear your infatuation with doctors, I can't bear your infatuation with your wife, and the way you run headlong into every snare she lays for you.

Toi. Ah! Sir, don't talk so about madam. She is a person against whom there nothing can be said; a woman incapable of deceit, and who loves the master, ah! who loves him... You should not speak in this way.

Arg. (*to Béralde*). Just ask her about all the marks of affection she gives me.

Toi. That's quite true!

Arg. And the anxiety my sickness causes her.

Toi. Certainly.

Arg. And the care and trouble she takes to help me.

Toi. Quite right. (*To Béralde*) Would you like me to convince you; and to show you at once how my mistress loves my master. (*To Argan*) Sir, allow me to open his eyes, and to show him he is wrong.

Arg. How?

Toi. My mistress will soon come back. Stretch yourself full-length in this armchair, and pretend to be dead. You'll see her grief when I tell her the news.

Arg. Very well, I agree.

Toi. Yes; but don't leave her grieve too long, for she might die of it.

Arg. Trust me.

Toi. (*to Béralde*). You hide in that corner.

#### **NO NEW SCENE IN SOME BOOKS**

#### **SCENE XVII.——ARGAN, TOINETTE.**

Arg. Is there no danger in counterfeiting death?

Toi. No, no. What danger could there be? Only stretch out there. It will be great fun to prove your brother wrong. Here's my mistress. Mind you keep still.

#### **SCENE XVIII.——BÉLINE, ARGAN (*stretched out in his chair*), TOINETTE.**

Toi. (*pretending not to see Béline*). Ah heavens! Ah! what a tragedy! What an sad event!

Bel. What is the matter, Toinette?

Toi. Ah! Madam!

Bel. What is happening?

Toi. Your husband is dead.

Bel. My husband is dead?

Toi. Alas! yes; the poor man is deceased.

Bel. Really?

Toi. Really. Nobody knows about this unexpected event and I was all alone here. He has just breathed his last in my arms. Here, just look at him, full length in this chair.

Bel. Heaven be praised! I am relieved of a most great burden. How silly of you, Toinette, to be so afflicted by his death.

Toi. I thought I should cry, Madam.

Bel. Come, come, it's not worth it. What loss is his death to anybody, and of what use was he in this world? A man unpleasant to everybody, dirty, disgusting, with always an enema or a dose of medicine in his stomach, constantly snivelling, coughing, spitting; a dull, boring, bad-tempered fellow, who was for ever making servants tired and scolding his maids and valets night and day.

Toi. A fine eulogy!!

Bel. Toinette, you must help me to carry out my design; and you may depend upon it that I will make it worth your while if you serve me. Since, by a stroke of luck, nobody is aware of his death, let us put him in his bed, and keep his death secret until I have done what I want to do. There are papers, there is money that I want to secure and it is not right that I should have passed the best years of my life with him without compensation. Come along, Toinette: first of all, let's take all the keys.

Arg. (*getting up hastily*). Gently.

Bel. Ah!

Arg. So, my wife, that is the way you love me?

Toi. Ah! the deceased is not dead.

Arg. (*to Béline, who goes away*) I am very glad to see how you love me, and to have heard the beautiful eulogy you made on my person. This is a good warning, which will make me wise for the future, and will prevent me from doing many things.

**NOT ANOTHER SCENE IN SOME BOOKS**

**SCENE XIX.——BÉRALDE (*coming out of the place where he was hiding*), ARGAN, TOINETTE.**

Ber. Well, brother, you see....

Toi. Now, really, I'd never have thought such a thing. But I hear your daughter coming; lie down as you did just now, and let us see how she'll receive the news of your death. It's not a bad thing to try out; and since you're in the midst of the experiment, you will be able in this way to ascertain how your family feels towards you.

**SCENE XX.——ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.**

Toi. (*pretending not to see Angélique*). O heavens! What a sad occurrence! What an unhappy day!

Ang. What's the matter, Toinette, and why are you crying?

Toi. Alas! I have sad news for you.

Ang. What is it?

Toi. Your father is dead.

Ang. My father is dead, Toinette?

Toi. Yes, look at him there. He died only a moment ago of a fainting fit that came over him.

Ang. O heavens! what a misfortune! What a cruel blow! Alas! must I lose my father, the only being left me in the world? and to make my despair even greater, do I have to lose him at a time when he was angry with me? What will become of me, unhappy girl that I am? What consolation can I find after so great a loss?

**SCENE XXI.——ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.**

Cle. What is the matter with you, dear Angélique, and what misfortune makes you weep?

Ang. Alas! I weep for what was most dear and most precious to me. I weep for the death of my father.

Cle. O Heaven! What a misfortune! What an unforeseen blow! Alas! after I had asked your uncle to speak to your father on my behalf, I was coming to see him, in order to try by my respectful entreaties to persuade him to grant me your hand.

Ang. Ah! Cléante, let us talk no more of this. Let us give up all thoughts of marriage. Now that my father is dead, I will have nothing to live in the world, and will renounce it for ever. Yes, my dear father, if earlier I opposed your wishes, I will at least follow out one of them, and will in that way make amends for the sorrow I have caused you. (*Kneeling.*) Let me, father, give you my word here, and kiss you as a proof of my remorse.

Arg. (*kissing Angélique*). Ah! my daughter!

Ang. Ah!

Arg. Come; don't be afraid. I'm not dead. Ah! you are my true flesh and blood and my true daughter; and I am delighted to have discovered your good heart.

#### **NOT ANOTHER SCENE IN SOME BOOKS**

#### **SCENE XXII.——ARGAN, BÉRALDE, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.**

Ang. Ah! what a delightful surprise, father. Since Heaven has most fortunately given you back to me, let me here throw myself at your feet to implore one favour of you. If you do not approve of the feelings of my heart, if you refuse to give me Cléante for a husband, I implore you, at least, not to force me to marry another. It is the only favour I ask of you.

Cle. (*throwing himself at Argan's feet*). Ah! Sir, allow your heart to be touched by her entreaties and by mine, and do not oppose our beautiful mutual love.

Ber. Brother, how can you resist all this?

Toi. Sir, will you remain indifferent to such love?

Arg. Let him become a doctor, and I will consent to the marriage. (*To Cléante*) Yes, become a doctor, and I will give you my daughter.

Cle. Very willingly, Sir, if that is all that is required to become your son-in-law. I will become a doctor; an apothecary also, if you like. It is not such a difficult thing, and I would do much more to obtain from you the fair Angélique.

Ber. But, brother, a thought just strikes me. You yourself can become a doctor. It will be even more convenient to have all you want within yourself.

Toi. Quite true. That's the very way to cure yourself quickly. There is no disease daring enough to attack a doctor.

Arg. I think, brother, that you are making fun of me. Can I study at my age?

Ber. Study! Who speaks of studying? You're knowledgeable enough and there are a great many doctors who are no cleverer than you are.

Arg. But one must be able to speak Latin well, and know the different diseases and the remedies they require.

Ber. When you put on the doctor's cap and gown, you'll learn all that, and you will afterwards be much cleverer than you care to be.

Arg. What! We know how to discuss diseases when we have that dress?

Ber. Yes; you have only to hold forth; when you have a cap and gown, any nonsense becomes learned, and all foolish talk becomes rational.

Toi. Look, Sir; your beard is something in itself; a beard is half the doctor.

Cle. Anyhow, I am ready to do anything.

Ber. (*to Argan*). Shall we have the thing done immediately?

Arg. What do you mean, immediately?

Ber. Yes, and in your house.

Arg. In my house?

Ber. Yes, I know a body of physicians, friends of mine, who will come presently to perform the ceremony in your hall. It will cost you nothing.

Arg. But what can I say, what can I answer?

Ber. You will be instructed in a few words, and they will give you in writing all you have to say. Go and get dressed directly, and I will send for them.

Arg. Very well..

### **NOT ANOTHER SCENE**

### **SCENE XXIII.—BÉRALDE, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE.**

Cle. What is it you intend to do, and what do you mean by this body of physicians?

Toi. What is your plan?

Ber. To amuse ourselves a little tonight. The players have made a doctor's admission to the Faculty the subject of an interlude, with dances and music. I want everyone to enjoy it, and my brother to act the main part in it.

Ang. But, uncle, it seems to me that you're making fun of my father.

Ber. But, niece, it is not making too much fun of him as to accommodate his whims. All this is only between us.

Cle. (*to Angélique*). Do you consent to it?

Ang. Yes, since it is my uncle's idea.

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### **THIRD INTERLUDE.<sup>6</sup>**

Burlesque Ceremony *representing the Admission of Mr. Geronte to the Degree of Doctor of Medicine.*

*First Entry of the Ballet.*

PRAESES.

Savantissimi doctores,  
Medicinae professores,  
Qui hic assemblati estis;  
Et vos, altri messiores,  
Sententiarum Facultatis  
Fideles executores,  
Chirurgiani et apothicari  
Atque tota compagna aussi,  
Salus, honor et argentum,  
Atque bonum appetitum.

Non possum, docti confreri,  
En moi satis admirari  
Qualis bona inventio  
Est medici professio;  
Quam bella chosa est et bene trovata.

Medicina illa benedicta,  
Quae, suo nomine solo,  
Surprenanti miraculo,  
Depuis si longo tempore,  
Facit à gogo vivere  
Tant de gens omni genere.

Per totam terram videmus  
Grandam vogam ubi sumus;  
Et quod grandes et petiti  
Sunt de nobis infatuti.  
Totus mundus, currens ad nostros remedios,  
Nos regardat sicut deos;  
Et nostris ordonnanciis  
Principes et reges soumissos videtis.



Doncque il est nostrae sapientiae,  
 Boni sensus atque prudentiae,  
 De fortement travailler  
 A nos bene conservare  
 In tali credito, voga, et honore;  
 Et prendere gardam a non recevere  
 In nostro docto corpore,  
 Quam personas capaces,  
 Et totas dignas remplire  
 Has plaças honorabiles.

C'est pour cela que nunc convocati estis:

Et credo quod trovabitis  
 Dignam matieram medici  
 In savanti homine que voici;  
 Lequel, in chosis omnibus,  
 Dono ad interrogandum,  
 Et à fond examinandum  
 Vostreis capacitatibus.

PRIMUS DOCTOR.

Si mihi licentiam dat dominus praeses,  
 Et tanti docti doctores,  
 Et assistantes illustres,  
 Très savanti bacheliero,  
 Quem estimo et honoro,  
 Domandabo causam et rationem quare  
 Opium facit dormire.

BACHELIERUS.

Mihi a docto doctore  
 Domandatur causam et rationem quare  
 Opium facit dormire.  
 A quoi respondeo,

Quia est in eo  
 Vertus dormitiva,  
 Cujus eat natura  
 Sensus assoupire.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.  
 Dignus, dignus est intrare  
 In nostro docto corpore.  
 Bene, bene respondere.

SECUNDUS DOCTOR.

Proviso quod non displiceat,  
 Domino praesidi, lequel n'est pas fat,  
 Me benigne annuat,  
 Cum totis doctoribus savantibus,  
 Et assistantibus bienveillantibus,  
 Dicat mihi un peu dominus praetendens,  
 Raison a priori et evidens  
 Cur rhubarba et le séné  
 Per nos semper est ordonné  
 Ad purgandum l'utramque bile?  
 Si dicit hoc, erit valde habile.

BACHELIERUS.

A docto doctore mihi, qui sum praetendens,  
 Domandatur raison a priori et evidens  
 Cur rhubarba et le séné  
 Per nos semper est ordonné  
 Ad purgandum l'utramque bile?  
 Respondeo vobis,  
 Quia est in illis  
 Vertus purgativa,

Cujus est natura  
Istas duas biles evacuare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bone, bene respondere,  
Dignus, dignus est intrare  
In nostro docto corpore.

TERTIUS DOCTOR.

Ex responsis, il paraît jam sole clarius  
Quod lepidum iste caput bachelierus  
Non passavit suam vitam ludendo au trictrac,  
Nec in prenando du tabac;  
Sed explicat pourquoi furfur macrum et parvum lac,  
Cum phlebotomia et purgatione humorum,  
Appellantur a medisantibus idolae medicorum,  
Nec non pontus asinorum?  
Si premièrement grata sit domino praesidi  
Nostra libertas quaestionandi,  
Pariter dominis doctribus  
Atque de tous ordres benignis auditoribus.

BACHELIERUS.

Quaerit a me dominus doctor  
Chrysologos, id est, qui dit d'or,  
Quare parvum lac et furfur macrum,  
Phlebotomia et purgatio humorum  
Appellantur a medisantibus idolae medicorum,  
Atque pontus asinorum.  
Respondeo quia:  
Ista ordonnando non requiritur magna scientia,  
Et ex illis quatuor rebus  
Medici faciunt ludovicos, pistolas, et des quarts d'écus.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere  
 Dignus, dignus est intrare  
 In nostro docto corpore.

QUARTUS DOCTOR.

Cum permissione domini praesidis,  
 Doctissimae Facultatis,  
 Et totius his nostris actis  
 Companiae assistantis,  
 Domandabo tibi, docte bacheliere,  
 Quae sunt remedia  
 Tam in homine quam in muliere  
 Quae, in maladia  
 Ditta hydropisia,  
 In malo caduco, apoplexia, convulsione et paralytia,  
 Convenit facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,  
 Postea seignare,  
 Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.  
 Dignus, dignus est intrare  
 In nostro docto corpore.

QUINTUS DOCTOR.

Si bonum semblatur domino praesidi.  
 Doctissimae Facultati,  
 Et companiae ecoutanti,  
 Domandabo tibi, erudite bacheliere,  
 Ut revenir un jour à la maison gravis aegre

Quae remedia colicosis, fievrosis,  
 Maniacis, nefreticis, freneticis,  
 Melancolicis, demoniacis,  
 Asthmaticis atque pulmonicis,  
 Catharrosis, tussicolisis,  
 Guttosis, ladris atque gallosis,  
 In apostemasis plagis et ulcéré,  
 In omni membro démis aut fracturé  
 Convenit facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,  
 Postea seignare,  
 Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.  
 Dignus, dignus est intrare  
 In nostro docto corpore.

SEXTUS DOCTOR.

Cum bona venia reverendi praesidis,  
 Filiorum Hippocratis,  
 Et totius coronae nos admirantis,  
 Petam tibi, resolute bacheliere,  
 Non indignus alumnus di Monspeliere,  
 Quae remedia caecis, surdis, mutis,  
 Manchotis, claudis, atque omnibus estropiatis,  
 Pro coris pedum, malum de dentibus, pesta, rabie,  
 Et nimis magna commotione in omni novo marié  
 Convenit facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,

Postea seignare,  
Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.  
Dignus, dignus est intrare  
In nostro docto corpore.

SEPTIMUS DOCTOR.

Super illas maladies,  
Dominus bachelierus dixit maravillas;  
Mais, si non ennuyo doctissimam facultatem  
Et totam honorabilem companiam  
Tam corporaliter quam mentaliter hic praesentem,  
Faciam illi unam quaestionem;  
De hiero maladus unus  
Tombavit in meas manus,  
Homo qualitatatis et dives comme un Crésus.  
Habet grandam fievram cum redoublamentis,  
Grandam dolorem capitis,  
Cum troublatione spirii et laxamento ventris.  
Grandum insuper malum au côté,  
Cum granda difficultate  
Et pena a respirare;  
Veuillas mihi dire,  
Docte bacheliere,  
Quid illi facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,  
Postea seignare,  
Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.

Dignus, dignus est intrare

In nostro docto corpore.

IDEM DOCTOR.

Mais, si maladia

Opiniatria

Ponendo modicum a quia

Non vult se guarire,

Quid illi facere?

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,

Postea seignare,

Ensuita purgare,

Reseignare, repurgare, et reclysterizare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.

Dignus, dignus est intrare

In nostro docto corpore.

OCTAVUS DOCTOR.

Impetro favorabile congé

A domino praeside,

Ab electa trouppa doctorum,

Tam practicantium quam practica avidorum,

Et a curiosa turba badodorum.

Ingeniose bacheliere

Qui non potuit esse jusqu'ici déferré,

Faciam tibi unam questionem de importantia.

Messiores, detur nobis audiencia.

Isto die bene mane,

Paulo ante mon déjeuné,  
 Venit ad me una domicella  
 Italiana jadis bella,  
 Et ut penso encore un peu pucella,  
 Quae habebat pallidos colores,  
 Fievræ blancam dicunt magis fini doctores,  
 Quia plaigniebat se de migraina,  
 De curta halena,  
 De granda oppressione,  
 Jambarum enflatura, et effroyebili lassitudine;  
 De batimento cordis,  
 De strangulamento matris,  
 Alio nomine vapor hystérique,  
 Quae, sicut omnes maladiae terminatae en ique,  
 Facit a Galien la nique.  
 Visagium apparebat bouffietum, et coloris  
 Tantum vertae quantum merda anseris.  
 Ex pulsu petito valde frequens, et urina mala  
 Quam apportaverat in fiola  
 Non videbatur exempta de febricules;  
 Au reste, tam debilis quod venerat  
 De son grabat  
 In cavallo sur une mule,  
 Non habuerat menses suos  
 Ab illa die qui dicitur des grosses eaux;  
 Sed contabat mihi à l'oreille  
 Che si non era morta, c'était grand merveille,  
 Perchè in suo negotio  
 Era un poco d'amore, et troppo di cordoglio;  
 Che suo galanto sen era andato in Allemagna,  
 Servire al signor Brandeburg una campagna.  
 Usque ad maintenant multi charlatani,



Medici, apothicari, et chirurgiani  
 Pro sua maladia in veno travallaverunt,  
 Juxta même las novas gripas istius bouru Van Helmont,  
 Amploiantes ab oculis cancri, ad Alcahest;  
 Veuillas mihi dire quid superest,  
 Juxta orthodoxos, illi facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,  
 Postea seignare,  
 Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondero.  
 Dignus, dignus est intrare  
 In nostro docto corpore.

IDEM DOCTOR.

Mais si tam grandum couchamentum  
 Partium naturalium,  
 Mortaliter obstinatum,  
 Per clysterium donare,  
 Seignare  
 Et reiterando cent fois purgare,  
 Non potest se guarire,  
 Finaliter quid trovaris à propos illi facere?

BACHELIERUS.

In nomine Hippocratis benedictam cum bono  
 Garçone conjunctionem imperare.

PRAESES.

Juras gardare statuta  
 Per Facultatem praescripta,  
 Cum sensu et jugeamento?

BACHELIERUS.

Juro.<sup>z</sup>

PRAESES.

Essere in Omnibus

Consultationibus

Ancieni aviso,

Aut bono,

Aut mauvaiso!

BACHELIERUS.

Juro.

PRAESES.

De non jamais te servire

De remediis aucunis,

Quam de ceuz seulement almae Facultatis,

Maladus dût-il crevare,

Et mori de suo malo?

BACHELIERUS.

Juro.

PRAESES.

Ego, cum isto boneto

Venerabili et docto,

Dono tibi et concedo

Puissanciam, virtutem atque licentiam

Medicinam cum methodo faciendi

Id est,

Clysterizandi,

Seignandi,

Purgandi,

Sangsuandi,

Ventousandi,

Sacrificandi,  
 Perçandi,  
 Taillandi,  
 Coupandi,  
 Trepanandi,  
 Brulandi,  
 Uno verbo, selon les formes, atque impune occidendi  
 Parisiis et per totem terram;  
 Rendes, Domine, his messioribus gratiam.

*Second Entry of the Ballet.*

*All the Doctors and Apothecaries come and do him reverence.*

BACHELIERUS.  
 Grandes doctres doctrinae  
 De la rhubarbe et du séné  
 Ce seroit sans douta à moi chosa folla,  
 Inepta et ridicula,  
 Si j'alloibam m'engageare  
 Vobis louangeas donare,  
 Et entreprenoibam ajoutare  
 Des lumieras au soleillo,  
 Des etoilas au cielo,  
 Des flammas à l'inferno  
 Des ondas à l'oceano,  
 Et des rosas au printano.  
 Agreate qu'avec uno moto,  
 Pro toto remercimento,  
 Rendam gratias corpori tam docto.  
 Vobis, vobis debeo  
 Bien plus qu'à nature et qu'à patri meo:  
 Natura et pater meus  
 Hominem me habent factum;

Mais vos me (ce qui est bien plus)

Avetis factum medicum

Honor, favor et gratia,

Qui, in hoc corde que voilà,

Imprimant ressentimenta

Qui dureront in secula.

CHORUS.

Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat,

Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat!

Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,

Et seignet et tuat!

*Third Entry of the Ballet.*

*All the Doctors and Apothecaries dance to the sound of instruments and voices, the clapping of hands, and the beating of Apothecaries' mortars.*

CHIRURGUS.

Puisse-t-il voir doctas

Suas ordonnancias,

Omnium chirurgorum,

Et apothicarum

Remplire boutiquas!

CHORUS.

Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat,

Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat!

Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,

Et seignet et tuat!

APOTHICARIUS.

Puissent toti anni

Lui essere boni

Et favorabiles

Et n'habere jamais  
 Entre ses mains, pestas, epidemias  
 Quae sunt malas bestias;  
 Mais semper pluresias, pulmonias  
 In renibus et vessia pierras,  
 Rhumatismos d'un anno, et omnis generis fievras,  
 Fluxus de sanguine, gouttas diabolicas,  
 Mala de sancto Joanne, Poitevinorum colicas  
 Scorbutum de Hollandia, verolas parvas et grossas  
 Bonos chancros atque longas callidopissas.

BACHELIERUS.

Amen.

CHORUS.

Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat,  
 Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat!  
 Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,  
 Et seignet et tuat!

*Fourth Entry of the Ballet.*

*All the Doctors and Apothecaries go out according to their rank, as they came in.*

**THE END**

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**FOOTNOTES**

[1] As usual, Argan only counts half; even after he has reduced the charge.

[2] Thomas Diafoirus is evidently going to base some compliment on the *belle-mère*. The only way out of the difficulty in English seems to be to complete the sentence somewhat.

[3] Harvey's treatise on the circulation of the blood was published in 1628. His discovery was violently opposed for a long time afterwards.

[4] Molière seems to refer to Dr. Guenaut, who was said to have killed with antimony (his favourite remedy) his wife, his daughter, his nephew, and two of his sons-in-law.—AIMÉ MARTIN.

[5] *Oubliés*; now called *plaisirs*. "Wafers" would perhaps have been the right rendering in Molière's time.

[6] This piece is composed of a mixture of dog-Latin, French, &c. and is utterly untranslatable.

[7] It is said that it was when uttering this word that Molière gave way to the illness from which he had long suffered.