

**SOROSIS! OR ONWARD MARCH
TO FREEDOM. A DRAMA IN FOUR
ACTS. ALSO, A POEM ENTITLED
REMINISCENCE OF THE
IMMORTAL WEBSTER**

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Sorosis! or Onward march to freedom. A drama in four acts. Also, A Poem Entitled
Reminiscence of the Immortal Webster by Wm. Bush

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THE ONWARD MARCH TO FREEDOM.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

ALSO

A Poem Entitled Reminiscence of the Immortal Webster.

BY

WM. BUSH.

ALSO

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Cast of Characters.—[BOROSIS; OR THE ONWARD MARCH TO FREEDOM.]

ACT I. SCENE I.—AN ILL-TREATED WIFE.

Mrs. Paulina, Wife of Antonius.
Miss Margaret, her Servant.

SCENE II.—GAMBLERS.

Mr. Snow, Mr. Young, Mr. Antonius, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Clifford, Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Sings, Mrs. Grandberry, Mrs. Lightfoot, Mrs. Antonius.
[*Constables and Deputies*] *Mr. Orthop, Buckstone, Sanders, Mr. Park, Morris, Smith.*

ACT II.—BOROSIS.

Mrs. Lion (Baroness), Miss Kingsberry, Mrs. Bridget Blein, Mrs. Antonius, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. LeBrun.

SCENE I. ACT III.—WOMEN SURING FOR LIBERTY BY PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

Mrs. Lyons, Miss Kingsberry, Mrs. Bridget Blein, Mrs. Antonius, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. LeBruno Messrs. Langford, Dupas, [Judges.]

SCENE II.—OLD CUSTOMS AND LAWS BURIED. A GRAVE-DIGGER AND FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Mr. Goodwick, Mr. Beldam, Mr. Brush, Mr. Popinjay, Mr. Burr, Mr. Blow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.—ELECTION.

Mr. Compound, Mr. Müller, Mr. Goodfield, Mrs. Antonius, Miss Kingsbury, Mrs. Bridget Blein, Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Gandy, Miss Touchmenot, Mr. Antonius, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Satisfied.

SCENE II.—FOREST. SPIRIT'S JURELLE.

Fairies, goblins, apertions.

SOROSIS; OR THE ONWARD MARCH TO FREEDOM

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in a suburban residence. Mrs. Paulina sitting in a night-gown at a table in the middle of the room, with her hand on table supporting her reclining head. A clock hanging on the wall which strikes eleven o'clock.*

Mrs. P. What! eleven o'clock already? and my husband not yet returned home. What did I say, husband? I scarcely trust my senses—my brain is burning like a volcanic fire; the storm is raging within. [*pointing to her breast.*] All is calm without. Yes, now dimly I remember, once I called him by that endearing name. It is long since then, when he first put this ring [*showing finger-ring*] on my snow-white finger, then member of a playful hand, which was prompted by a merry heart. Oh! what a delightful time was that! How he swore, conjured the God's to witness this true love now. But alas! how swift my dream of elysian pleasure and honeyed matrimony has vanished. How soon was I forgot by

him "who was so much adored by me." My paraphernalia all gone into the brokers hand, no cosmetic powder now for my withering cheeks, no new fashioned dress or Parisian bonnet, no jewels to ornament my ears, hands, head and breast. I cannot call him husband now. Oh! ye walls! [*she facing walls addressing them*] how often have ye witnessed his perjured vows, his cruelties, and my sufferings! Could ye but speak, how eloquent you would discourse my miserable condition. Ah, now I see "though your tongue is sealed," yet you perceive my grief. I see you weep. Oh, those are delicious drops which flow down your lovely cheeks. [*Some drops like tears flow down the wall.*] Harken, the wind moans as if he would share my sorrow. [*Some sound produced like whistling of wind.*] But let me see, to-morrow the Ladies Sorosis meets, then I shall advocate womens right and women's wrong. Rest I cannot, I must see where the wretch is, "that curious compound husband" brute that he is. What servant ho! asleep. [*Rings bell which hangs at wall.*]

Enter MARGARET rubbing her eyes.

Mrs. P. Do you know where my husband is?

Mar. [*Indignant*] You wrong me mistress. Am I his keeper?

Mrs. P. Well, let that be; but good Margaret, do you know where and what company he keeps? Tell me, have you heard and seen, and what does the common talk of friends and neighbors bring to your faithful ears.

Mar. Well in this digestive womb and reservoir of time, [*pointing to her breast*] lays many a strange matter concealed from the common eye, which I do not like to bring to light. ' [*hesitates*] Yet If you by this cross will swear [*shows cross*] that you will not disclose to any living ear that I am your informer—

Mrs. P. [*Trembling*] I will swear by this holy cross not to disclose anything you say to me to a third and unbidden ear. *Mrs. P. holding up hand while swearing*

Mar. Seal it, then, by kissing this holy cross. [*holds the cross to her, she kisses it.*]

Mar. Mistress, you know I have been a Godly girl since I have been with you, kept your kitchen, table and chamber neat and tidy, and was pious. Went to High Mass every Sunday, and said my evening prayers. But your darling husband often and anon did smile and wink at me, caught my unwilling hand, squeezed it, whispered loving words in my innocent, unsuspecting ears. [*MRS. P. starts convulsively back, then bends forward with her hand at her ear listening.*] How strange men are! but how it makes me blush—yet I will tell the whole. You remember six weeks ago, it was a bright and lovely day, you had gone shopping.

Mrs. P. I remember it well.

Mar. I was in my chamber sitting, busy with some work. I heard him gently knocking at my chamber door. I opened it, and asked him what could be his wish, and told him distinctly I did

not like him to come to my chamber door. But he professed he loved me, and would woo me. So then he spoke with admiration of my feet; said I had well-formed limbs, was well-proportioned, had a small waist, a lily face, and a silver voice, said he had a fine new dress for me, and among many such protestations slung his arms around my waist. [*Showing how he did it by embracing* MRS. P., *who shrieks as if fainting.*] Oh, be still; he did not spoil me; I was bewildered and almost paralyzed. I would have struggled, repulsed him back, but I could not, and so you see, I had to keep quiet, but as he was about to give me the second saucy, yet sweet kiss, I heard the footsteps of my lover to whom I am soon to be married, approaching my chamber door. I cried aloud. Then your husband, "that naughty man" through a side door from me parted. Oh! how my heart did beat, my cheeks blush at that encounter.

Mrs. P. Was this all he did to you, and is this all you know? You drive me mad.

Mar. Beshrew thee, was it not enough? I had almost fainted. [*Hesitating awhile.*] But let me see, yes still do I remember when on one bright summer eve I was strolling along with my future groom, imbibing the sweet evening air in yonder grove near St. Antonio castle. [*pointing in direction sideward.*] Suddenly I heard the clatter of horses hoofs. Presently I saw your worthy lord galoping past, quite rapidly, with a stately black eyed dame. They were riding on two full-blooded coursers.

Mrs. P. Enough! enough! thou speakest daggers which pierce my poor heart. Oh! that I had him here, I would tear his heart [*passionately*] as he has torn mine; but Margaret, does thou know where he has gone to-night? [*Inquiring attitude.*]

Mar. At nightfall, just when I was standing at the gate I saw him slip in the back door of yonder house. [*pointing*]

Mrs. P. Prepare thyself quick with cudgel and other arms, I will do the same, and we will hence to find him out. For revenge must be, when woman is the wronged. [*with emphasis.*]

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in a gambling house. MR. ANTONIUS* husband of *PAULINA*, sitting at the table gambling, with others close by. A bar in one corner where they sell liquors and refreshments. Ladies of the light brigade in attendance, some sitting around table playing, another group sit in another part of the room, drinking wine, singing and are merry. Squad of police enter and arrest them.

Mr. Ant. [*Jumps at the table.*] Well, this is foul play. This hundred ducats I lost through fraud and not fair play. Thou didst not shuffle the cards well. Did I not see thee wink? [*Addressing shufflers*]

All. [*Gamblers rise.*] Oh, yes, the play is fair. The cards were shuffled well, but thou canst not see straight.