

THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT SARCASM OF THE AGE!

TRAGIC TABLEAU COMEDY,

—ENTITLED—

Lessons in Search of Greatness;

OR,

STEPPING DOWN THE LADDER!

FOUR INTERMISSIONS, AND FOURTEEN SCENES.

EACH SCENE CLOSING WITH AN EXCITING TABLEAU.

BY SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D.

Author of "The Devil's Kingdom." "The Social War of 1900 ;
or, The Conspirators and Lovers." "The Insane Lover ; or,
Fate of the Libertine." "The Fiend ; or, Torturer of
Innocence." "Mesmer, the Terror of the Rich," &c.

PRINTED, BUT NOT PUBLISHED,

By the Author, *Dr. S. M. Landis*, at his Medical Institution,
13 NORTH ELEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1875.

THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT SARCASM OF THE AGE!

TRAGIC TABLEAU COMEDY,

—ENTITLED—

Lessons in Search of Greatness;

OR,

STEPPING DOWN THE LADDER!

FOUR INTERMISSIONS, AND FOURTEEN SCENES.

EACH SCENE CLOSING WITH AN EXCITING TABLEAU.

BY SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D.

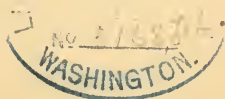
Author of "The Devil's Kingdom." "The Social War of 1900 ;
or, The Conspirators and Lovers." "The Insane Lover ; or,
Fate of the Libertine." "The Fiend ; or, Torturer of
Innocence." "Mesmer, the Terror of the Rich," &c.

PRINTED, BUT NOT PUBLISHED,

By the Author, *Dr. S. M. Landis*, at his Medical Institution,
13 NORTH ELEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1875.

π



75635
29 L 2566

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

AGE.

SCENE I.

- 16. SIMON PURE, Esq. Linen suit, wide pants, long coat, broad brim straw hat. (Overalls.)
- 35. PROF. PHRENOLOGY. Genteel black, modern suit.
- 30. WILLIAM STOVER. Coarse grey farm suit.

FARMERS.

SCENE II.

- 19. SIMON PURE, Esq. Dark modern suit.
- 30. JIM. Modern servant's suit.
- 55. MRS. RHEUMATICS. Genteel dark modern suit.
- 16. MISS SWEETNESS. Fashionable modern genteel suit.

MR. SEXTON and NEIGHBORS.

SCENE III.

- 25. MR. THICKHEAD. Gay suit. Other characters as in Scene II.

SCENE IV.

- 20. SIMON PURE, Esq. Common country suit.
- 30. MR. SIX FOOTER. Coarse farm suit, shirt sleeves, pants in boots.
- 35. MR. FARMER. Similar to Mr. Six Footer.
- 13. MASTER HOMELY FOOTER. Common boy's suit.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS, SCHOLARS, &c.

SCENE V.

- 21. SIMON PURE, Esq. Genteel new black suit.
- 24. TOM. Beau of Miss Aptitude. Country suit.
- 18. MISS APTITUDE. Plain Country suit.
- 20. MISS BLANK. Similar to Miss Aptitude.

YOUNG LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

SCENE VI.

- 40. PROF. CONTRARIA CONTRARIIS. Dark genteel suit.

MEDICAL STUDENTS. SIMON PURE, Esq., as in Scene V.

SCENE VII.

- 50. MRS. SCOLDITIS. Modern old lady's dress.

JIM and FAMILY. SIMON PURE, Esq., as in Scene V.

SCENE VIII.

- 21. MRS. SIMON PURE. Dark stylish modern dress.
- 35. PROF. SIMILIBUS. Genteel modern dark suit.
- 40. DR. HOMEO. Similar to Prof. Similibus.

ATTENDANTS. JIM and SIMON PURE, Esq., as before.

SCENE IX.

- 24. SIMON PURE, Esq. Fashionable broad cloth suit.
- 45. MR. LOVELINESS. Genteel modern suit.
- 20. MISS LOVELINESS. Stylish modern suit.
- 22. MRS. SIMON PURE, No. 2. Stylish modern light suit.

SERVANTS.

SCENE X.

- 45. MR. NERVOUS SOT. Dressing gown.
- 25. PETER. Common servant's dress.

FAMILY and SIMON PURE, Esq., as in Scene IX.

SCENE XI.

- 30. SIMON PURE, Esq. Dark suit, white cravat, standing shirt collar, with overcoat.
- 14. BOY. Common suit.

SPECTATORS and STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

TMP96-007099

SCENE XII.

40. SIMON PURE, Esq. Overcoat off, same as in Scene XI.
50. MR. MAN. Ordinary modern suit.
40. OFFICER. Usual Court suit.
40. MRS. PROSECUTING ATTORNEY. Genteel dark suit, Yankee style.
LADY JURY, SPECTATORS and PRISONERS.

SCENE XIII.

45. SIMON PURE, Esq. Fashionable black suit.
40. MISS DOMINEER. A strong-minded white woman. Plain Yankee suit.
30. MRS. SIMON PURE, Esq., No. 3. Anti-Woman's Righter, fierce and dangerous. Genteel dark modern street suit.
STRONG-MINDED WHITE AND COLORED FEMALE SPECTATORS.

SCENE XIV.

45. SIMON PURE, Esq. As in Scene XIII.
30. THADDEUS STEVENS, JR. Fop Negro. Yankee suit.
45. MR. DEMOCRAT. Fine broad cloth suit, slovenly.
— WHITE MALE SENATORS. All ages, and all sorts of suits.
— STRONG-MINDED WHITE FEMALE SENATORS. Ages and dresses varying.
— COLORED MALE and FEMALE SENATORS. Ages and dresses varying.
35. TWO COLORED GODDESSES OF LIBERTY.
OFFICERS, SPECTATORS, &c.

Lessons in Search of Greatness;

OR,

STEPPING DOWN THE LADDER.

SCENE I.

Lawn of SIMON PURE, ESQ. PROF. PHRENOLOGY examines his head, and he is cutting WM. STOVER's hair.

Simon Pure, Esq.—My father wants me to become a farmer; yes, I am to drive these “cussed” oxen, and work in that stone quarry after I have hauled all the stones to the lime-kiln! Oh! I am blasted mad! I could bite a log chain in two! [*Looks raving mad.*] Father imposes all the dirty work upon me, and when I hurry all week to get everything finished by Saturday noon, so I can prepare for a little courting fun at old Steinmetz's; he—my ignorant father—says: Simon you are a good boy to have hurried with the work, now go to bed early to-night, because you must be tired! Then, you ought to see my insides kicking and rumbling with aggravated rage! Yes, I get so fiery indignant that I could kill everything before me! [*Raves.*] Damnation! Accursed be the dirty farm work! I'll search for greatness, if I rot in the attempt! [*Cools down.*] Well, well, I must do something that will make me great!

[*Enter PROF. PHRENOLOGY.*]

Halloo! there's a fine looking man, I wonder what he does for a living! [*To him.*] Say, Mr. Man, what are you doing for a living, you have such smooth hands and soft head?

Prof. Phrenology.—[*Aside.*] Curse the little whipper-snapper. [*To him.*] Sir, I am an itinerant Phrenologist.

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Itin-rant-phrenol-gist. What is that I wonder! Can it be a preacher? I'll try and find out. [*To him.*] Say, nice-looking, Mr. Itin-rant-phrenol-gist, what do you do for a living—

Prof. P.—Have I not told you, my young man, that I am a Phrenologist.

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Now, he is a Phrenol-gist. But a while ago he was the other thing. [*To him.*] What do you do for a living?

Prof. P.—Ha! ha! ha! Why I feel people's heads and tell them where their greatness lies—

S. P., Esq.—The devil you do! Tell me mine, because I have a madness to become great, I am in search of that article.

Prof. P.—I will do it, but you had better know my terms, before I go to work.

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Terms! What does he mean by terms? [*To him.*] You want me to know your terms before you go to work! Well let me see your terms, and then quickly go to work and tell me my greatness, before my stupid father comes home, or he'll send you off.

Prof. P.—Do you understand me? [*Holding out his hand.*]

S. P., Esq.—Yes, I understand you. You want me to know your terms, but you did not show them to me yet, please trot them out—

Prof. P.—I want fifty cents, before I examine you!

S. P., Esq.—Fifty cents before you examine me! Damn me, fifty cents is a great deal of money, and I wont be examined by you or any one else, if you'd give me a dollar.

Prof. P.—All right, my boy! my services don't go begging. Good day Sir. [*Moves off.*]

S. P., Esq.—Stop! stop! fine man; don't go yet, I'll go in the house and get the fifty cents, if you will tell me where my greatness lies without examining me—

Prof. P.—I can't do it. [*Angry.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] I hate to strip all my clothes off out here, my dear little Sallie Mohler might see me! But let me see. [*Meditates.*] I might ask him into the house, but Mother and my Sisters are so inquisitive, that I cannot do that. I'll try it out here. [*To him.*] Nice man, I go and bring the fifty cents. Wait a little. [*Exit S. P. Esq.*]

Prof. P.—What a sin, to raise children in such ignorance. This youth is very apt, and if his father would give him an education, he would make a first-class citizen. I'll write a note to his father, soliciting him to give the boy an education.

[*Re-Enter S. P. Esq.*]

S. P., Esq.—Say, Mr. Itin-phrenolges, you must hurry up and examine me quickly, because I wouldn't be seen naked for the world—[*Begins to undo and throw off his clothes speedily.*]

Prof. P.—Stop, stop, don't undress yourself. [*Catches and holds him.*]

S. P., Esq.—What do you say? Are you going to examine me through my clothes, and charge me fifty cents for an outside examination? No sir, old fellow, fine as you look, [*In a rage.*] you cannot bamboozle me in that manner! I want the thing done right or not at all; do you mind that?

Prof. P.—Ha! ha! ha! You poor boy, do not understand me; it is your head, not your body that I want to examine to tell your greatness!

S. P., Esq.—Why in thunder didn't you say so at first? [*Sits on a stool.*] Go ahead then and do it quickly; here is your money. [*Hands him fifty cents.*]

Prof. P.—[*Feels his bumps.*] You are impulsive, energetic, quick to perceive, soon angry and soon over it, love the girls, would go to the end of your life to surmount obstacles, love to rule others, will make a powerful inventor and discoverer, fearless, courageous, fiery, open, rough and yet very cautious in case of danger, beloved by the women, a master of everything you undertake, and searcher after novelties. Go ahead young man, and learn even from an enemy, when you will become the greatest man that ever lived. You will never make a farmer, mechanic, nor anything except a professional man of the first water. Get your father to give you an education, when you will rise in the world like a man when he runs at two-forty up stairs. I have done!

S. P., Esq.—My Mars! all that for fifty cents! I'll beswitched, if I don't believe every word you have uttered, with the exception of a few words which I do not understand, but with such talents for greatness, my fine-looking man, I will soon study the meaning of everything! I am hell on finding things out—

Prof. P.—Now Sir, I must leave you. [*Hands him a note.*] Here, give this letter to your father, it will show him the necessity of giving you an education! Farewell. [*Exit PROF. P.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Meditates aloud, alone.*] I always felt in my inners, that I was born to be a great man! the way my pulse beats for lofty positions, when I see nice-looking professional men, like doctors, lawyers, school teachers, barbers, horse jockeys, and idlers generally, convinced me long ago that I was more by far than a common man! Yes, by jingoes, I'll step boldly out and up, and if I must upset the whole world; because, great minds, like mine, don't mind trifles; but, now what shall I do first, in the advent of my lofty career? I have neither money nor anything else, except these tools. [*Pulls a comb and a pair of scissors from his pocket.*] By my own sweetness! I'll commence the barbering profession! Here comes William Stover, our stone-quarry man; I'll persuade him to let me cut his hair.

[*Enter WM. STOVER.*]

Wm. Stover.—Simon, we must go to work in the quarry.

S. P., Esq.—Say, Billy, look here, your hair is ungodly long, let me cut it after the latest style—

Wm. S.—I have no objections, if you cut it nicely—

S. P., Esq.—Of course, I will; I am an expert at that business. Sit down here. [*Stool.*]

Wm. S.—But you must hurry, because your father will be here soon—[*Back to audience.*]

S. P., Esq.—Never mind, I'll hurry. [*Aside.*] My heavens! I am awfully nervous. [*Shakes.*] I don't know a thing about cutting hair; but as I am to be a great man, I'll do it—

Wm. S.—[*Fixed with towel around his throat, &c., sitting still.*] Simon, what are you doing? hurry up.

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Doing; you'll find out what I am doing very soon. [*To him.*] Now sit still, and don't move until I have touched you off in the very latest style! [*He goes at him, cutting to the bare skin the first clip, so as to expose it freely. Stops and*

looks amazed. Aside.] My Mars! look at that; that will never do, but thank fortune it is on the back of his head where he can't see it! [*Trembles.*]

Wm. S.—Why do you stop and mumble?

S. P., Esq.—Shut up your mouth! Don't you want your hair cut nicely, in the latest style?

Wm. S.—Yes, of course I do.

S. P., Esq.—Then, be quiet. [*Aside.*] There it goes again. [*Cuts notch after notch, but by the time he gets in front he has learned the secret of cutting without notching.*] Ah! I have learned the secret of doing it right. Look here boys—[*Covers up the back of his head.*]

[*Enter FARMERS.*]

Farmers.—[*Shout and laugh.*] Look at Simon; he has turned barber! [*Spy the spots, towel falls off.*] Ha! ha! ha! look at that—

S. P., Esq.—[*Blinks, motions, &c.*] Be silent, you poor thick-headed boobies, you don't know what is the latest style! [*Exit FARMERS.*]

Wm. S.—Simon, haven't you cut my hair too short? [*Rubs his hand over it.*]

S. P., Esq.—Certainly not. You wanted the very latest style, and you have got it. [*Aside.*] Got it notched like a leopard. I must urge him to leave now, before he will discover my little imperfections.

Wm. S.—[*Fixes his clothes, &c.*] Have you a looking glass handy? I want to see your very latest style—

S. P., Esq.—[*Trembling.*] No Sir, I have no glass; listen, I hear father coming, so you had better hurry off to the quarry; I'll be with you as soon as I get my tools put away!

Wm. S.—All right, I'll be off. [*Exit.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Sighs.*] O my! what a relief to get him off my hands! [*Arranges his tools.*] But those "cussed" stupid farm-hands will surely tell him of those spots on the back of his head! I feel a very queer sensation in my heart. [*Puts hand to heart.*] I dare not go to the stone quarry to-day; I will feign sickness to father and stay in my room for a few days! [*Holds his head.*] Oh! but I feel queer, some strange foreboding seems to loom up before my great mind; still, come what may, I have taken a wise step toward greatness, and I am now an expert at the barbering profession.

[*Noise without. Enter FARMERS.*]

Wm. S.—[*Speaks boisterously without.*] Wait, my lads, until I get him, I'll lather him, the little scoundrel—

S. P., Esq.—Great Mars! [*To the farm hands.*] Boys, you'll stand by me, wont you? [*Scared.*]

Farmers.—Of course we will stand by, and see the fun.

S. P., Esq.—Fun! fun! [*Indignantly.*] By my great future, I see no fun in it! [*Trembles.*]

[*Enter Wm. STOVER with Cowhide.*]

Wm. S.—[*Runs and grabs S. P., Esq.*] Now, you infamous

scoundrel, prepare for a drubbing, for notching my head in this manner. [*Points to the back of his head and shakes SIMON.*]

S. P., Esq.—Indeed! indeed! Billy, it is the very latest style of great professional men!

Farmers.—[*Laugh boisterously.*] Ha! ha! ha! hear that? ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks mad at them.*] Beasts and fools.

Wm. S.—Great professional men! I'll great professional men you! [*Lays on the cowhide.*]

Farmers.—[*Laugh and squirm.*] Ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—[*Gets fiery mad, cuts WM. S. on the hand with his scissors, twists himself from his grasp, and assumes a tragic and victorious attitude, shouting.*] Down with you, fools; greatness always conquers! Ha! ha!

TABLEAU.

SCENE II.

Dental Office of SIMON PURE, ESQ. JIM, MRS. RHEUMATICS and MISS SWEETNESS.

Jim.—[*Cleaning and fixing office.*] I have an easy place wid Simon Pure, Esq. who is a risen' genus! Be-dad! ef he didn't jerk things around at old Jacob's. [*Bell rings.*] There, be-dad, an' I shouldn't wonder ef that waren't a patient a'ready! [*Goes to door.*]

[*Enter MRS. RHEUMATICS and MISS SWEETNESS.*]

Plaze, they doctor will soon be in, will ye take a sate, and be 'asy a bit, an' I'll fetch him to ye—

Mrs. Rheumatics.—Thank you. Tell him I have the Rheumatism. [*Exit JIM mumbling.*]

Miss Sweetness.—Dear Aunt, I believe that we are in the wrong place; this seems to be a dentist's office. [*Goes to Dental Instruments and fingers them.*]

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ. and JIM.*]

Jim.—[*Aside.*] My dear doctor, the ould lady has the Rhenmatis—

Simon Pure, Esq.—What do you say?

Jim.—She said, I should tell ye, that she had the Rheumatis.

S. P., Esq.—[*Meditates. Aside.*] Well, yes, yes! Here is another obstacle to surmount! [*Goes to ladies. To them.*] Good morning, my dear ladies, what can I do for you?

Mrs. R.—I have the Rheumatism very badly in my back, and I have been recommended to you as being a very skilful physician!

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] My Mars! my greatness has already scattered all over the land! [*To her.*] Of course, certainly; I am well known as a success! [*Aside.*] I be blasted, if you wont find out my greatness before I get through with you. [*To them.*] Ladies, you'd better walk into my parlor, until I prepare my remedies, and when I am ready, I'll send for you, and will then do things after the very latest style. [*To Jim.*] Jim, show the ladies to the parlor.

Jim.—[*To LADIES.*] This way. [*Exit LADIES and JIM.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Goes to his tools.*] I have bought these instruments with the money I made at the barbering profession, and thus I took one step down the ladder, from the top of the head to the jaw; and this old creature has the Rheumatism in her back, and if I should cure her by some hocus pocus, I should already be two steps down the ladder! My Mars! but I feel a curious sensation across my back, where Billy Stover counter-irritated me! An idea strikes my great brain, [*Slaps his head.*] I'll counter-irritate the old woman by pulling her teeth, which may be as effectual as the lathering which the brutal stone-quarry man gave me! [*Rings for JIM. Enter JIM. To him.*] Jim, bring the ladies in; but wait a moment. Do you remember how that old farmer used to pull our teeth, by putting our heads between his knees?

Jim.—Ha! ha! ha! I does that.

S. P., Esq.—Don't laugh so boisterously, you'll scare my patients or make them think that we are stupid back-woodsmen! Now go and bring them in, and then stay by the door, and if I ask you any questions you must say yes!

Jim.—All right, yer honor. [*Exit JIM.*]

[*Enter LADIES and JIM.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Lord, but I am nervous. [*To LADIES.*] Ladies, please be seated. [*Goes to his instruments, takes one and goes to her.*] Permit me to examine your mouth—

Jim.—[*Snickers out loud.*] Ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks daggers at him.*] Yes, O yes, I see you have the olypus, and I find that you have a couple of snags in your mouth, which are the cause of your Rheumatism; and if you will be advised by an expert, you will let me pull them out!

Mrs. R.—I have never known that pulling teeth cured the Rheumatism!

S. P., Esq.—But madam! Your Rheumatism is caused by the olypus, and the olypus is caused by bad teeth, and I am the man who always goes back to the original cause! [*Aside to JIM.*] Jim, how was that for a great mind? Hah!

Jim.—Fine, yer honor!

S. P., Esq.—[*To her.*] Well, Madam, shall I be about my business and remove your roots?

Mrs. R.—Certainly! [*To MISS SWEETNEES.*] What do you think my dear niece?

Miss Sweetness.—Of course, the doctor seems to understand his business, therefore, I'd let him pull them.

S. P., Esq.—[*Bows profoundly to MISS S.*] Your very good judgment and excellent taste are becoming your beauty and name!

Miss S.—Thanks, you flatter me!

S. P., Esq.—Oh! no, by my own great stars, I vow, that you are sweet enough to eat—

Mrs. R.—Please, doctor, my Rheumatism is very painful, so you had better at once treat me as you see fit!

S. P., Esq.—Instantly, your ladyship. [*Hops around lively.*] But

you must get down on your knees, and put your head between my legs. [*Showing how.*]

Jim and Miss S.—[*Laugh.*] Ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—[*Is now in a rage.*] James, be silent, you worry me, and disturb the equilibrium of the madam!

Mrs. R.—[*Amazed.*] I have never had teeth pulled in that manner, and I don't like it!

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks at JIM.*] Jim, is this not the very latest style of extracting teeth?

Jim.—Yis, ma'am; Oh! yis—

Mrs. R.—But I cannot bend my back! [*Tries to get down, but screams, which makes MISS S. nervous.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*To MRS. R.*] Wait a moment. [*Goes to MISS S.*] You had better take a seat in the parlor until I have finished this little job!

Miss S.—As you please! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. R.—Doctor, I cannot get on my knees.

S. P., Esq.—Then you must lie down on the floor.

Mrs. R.—I actually don't like that, I never heard of such a manner of pulling teeth, and I dislike it very much.

S. P., Esq.—[*In a rage.*] Madam! we live in a progressive age, and whatever I do, I do in the latest style; I was born to be a great man, and great men are always original, and so long as you cannot bend your back and get on your knees, you will be compelled to lie straight on the floor on your back. Please let me assist you to go down! [*Takes hold of her, and lets her quietly down.*] Now, lie still, and I'll soon fix you! [*Aside.*] My Mars, I feel as if the spirit of William Stover, the stone-quarry man, was hovering over me; but I am born to rise in the world, and therefore I shall surmount all trifling obstacles! [*Gets foreeps, feels the gums of the lady, after raising her head a little and putting it between his knees. To her.*] Madam, I find three or four snags, now open your mouth wide, and hold perfectly quiet until I have finished! [*He now pulls, twists and screws with all his might.*]

Mrs. R.—[*Screams.*] Murder! murder! [*Faints.*]

[*Enter NEIGHBORS.*]

Mr. Sexton.—[*Grasps S. P., Esq. by the hair and neck and jerks him into a corner.*] Ruffian, you have murdered her!

S. P., Esq.—[*Jumps upon a chair.*] I am Simon Pure, Esq., the greatest man living, I was born great, and I do everything in the latest style! [*Here he strikes a pugilistic attitude.*] and want all you mean, low, rough looking working people to know, that I am not to be bluffed off by a lot of intruders like yourselves, so either get out of my office, or wait a moment when you will see a miracle performed!

Mrs. R.—[*Groans.*] Oh! O!

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] She is coming to, and now is my time to swoon! [*Goes off.*] Oh! O, I feel faint! [*Falls and faints.*]

Miss S.—[*Rushes in.*] Goodness, what is the matter?

Mrs. R.—[*Comes to entirely, looks around.*] What does all this confusion mean? Where is Dr. Simon, Pure Esq? [*Feels her*

mouth.] Are my teeth out? Surely they must be, because the rheumatism has left my back!

S. P., Esq.—[*Groans.*] Oh! O!

Miss S.—[*Pets him.*] Poor fellow, has been overcome by this confusion! [*Strokes his temples and pats him on the cheek.*] There, there, dear doctor, all will soon be well!

S. P., Esq.—Where am I? What have I done? Is she dead?

Miss S.—Who do you mean?

S. P., Esq.—I mean the old lady; my patient.

Mrs. R.—Here I am; cured of my rheumatism; and you are bound to be the greatest man living!

S. P., Esq.—[*Runs to his instruments, gets his large forceps and goes for the neighbors.*] Now, you ruffians get out, or I'll pull all your fangs out of your accursed jaws.

Neighbors.—[*Scream terribly and run into a corner.*] A-a-a.

Miss S.—[*Rushes to S. P., Esq.*] Please, don't dear doctor! [*Falls in his arms.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Drops forceps and embraces Miss S.*] Sweetness you are a sugar lump. [*Kisses and hugs her fiercely.*]

Mrs. R.—[*Coolly comes up with her fan, and fans S. P., Esq., and MISS SWEETNESS.*] Blessed doctor!

TABLEAU.

SCENE III.

Parlor of Mrs. RHEUMATICS. Mrs. RHEUMATICS, MISS SWEETNESS and Mr. THICKHEAD.

Mr. Thickhead.—H'o! h'o! but h'I 'ave the tooth h'ache. [*Holds his jaw and moans.*] If h'only h'I knew of a skilful dentist I would 'ave h'it pulled! H'o! h'it h'aches like the devil. [*Jumps and goes on high.*] Mrs. Rheumatics, Miss Sweetness; h'o my graciousness there hain't no one h'about. H'o! h'o! darn this tooth h'ache. [*Rings bell vigorously.*] H'I would go to h'a dentist but h'I can't walk; [*Staggers,*] h'I feel faint! H'o! h'I believe h'I h'am dying. [*Swoons, and falls on the lounge or sofa. Enter Mrs. R., and Miss S., they run up to him and scream.*]

Mrs. R.—Oh! what in the world is the matter with cousin?

Miss S.—He is dying. [*Tries to lift his head.*]

Mr. T.—[*Acts limber, but upon recognizing Miss SWEETNESS, grows better; winks at her.*] H'o! my dear cousin, H'o! h'o! [*Grasps his jaw with both hands and screws himself into a knot.*]

Mrs. R.—[*Gets drugs.*] Here, here, dear cousin, take this, it will make you better.

Mr. T.—H'I can't do h'it; my tooth h'aches too badly—

Mrs. R.—Run, dear niece, and send the servant for Dr. Simon Pure, Esq., who will soon cure your toothache! In the meantime drink this panacea.

Miss S.—[*To Mr. T.*] Shall the doctor bring his dental instruments and draw your tooth?

Mr. T.—No, my sweet cousin, h'I want to 'ave the nerve destroyed—H'o! h'o! [*Holds his jaw.*]

[*Exit MISS SWEETNESS.*]

Mrs. R.—[*Rubs medicine on his cheek.*] There, there, this will help you, until the doctor comes, who will soon cure you! He is a great man!

Mr. T.—H'I h'am delighted, that you 'ave skilful surgeons; but h'I believe *you* h'are a good doctor, because my tooth is much h'easier h'already.

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ.*]

Simon Pure, Esq.—[*Runs to MADAM.*] My most excellent madam, I am at your service! What is your hasty pleasure? [*Speaks very fast.*] I am so full of business that I cannot loose much of my very valuable time! You must know that a man who is born to rise in the world by lightning velocity, can't fool much time away! You are cured of your—

Mrs. R.—Let—

S. P. Esq.—Rheumatism, and I am delighted to see you look so well. [*Shakes her hand vigorously.*] But, why did you wish me to bring my dental instruments with me, you have no more teeth in your jaws—

Mrs. R.—Please—

S. P., Esq.—Therefore, I don't see what you desire me to do.

Mr. T.—[*Now jumps around crazy from toothache.*] H'o! h'o! [*Holding his jaw.*]

Mrs. R.—See, see—[*Points to MR. T.*]

S. P., Esq.—Yes! by my own greatness, I see. [*To MR. T.*] Sir. [*Slaps him with all his might on the back.*] I'll cure you in the twinkling of an eye. What in thunder is the matter? [*Looks into MR. T's eyes, lifting his eyelids.*] You have got the jumpus toothitis!

Mrs. R.—There, I knew that Dr. Simon Pure, Esq., knew instantly what ailed our dear cousin.

S. P., Esq.—Is he your cousin? [*To him.*] Cousin, consider me your second cousin! I expect to marry Miss Sweetness sooner or later!

Mr. T.—[*This shocks and worries him, because he also wants her.*] H'o! h'o! my tooth, my 'ead! Please, doctor quickly destroy the nerve, and fill h'it with gold!

S. P., Esq.—[*To him.*] All right, old fellow, [*Hits him again on the back.*] I'll do it sharp!

Mr. T.—[*Squirms, blinks, &c.*] No sir, h'i don't want h'it done sharp; but, h'I want the nerve destroyed—

S. P., Esq.—All right. [*Strikes again at him.*]

Mr. T.—[*Jumps aside and squirms, &c.*] H'I don't h'exh'actly like the way you deal your stuff h'out—

Mrs. R.—[*Laughs.*] Never mind, dear cousin, the doctor has a great many original ideas, that are not in vogue elsewhere, but he is always successful in all his undertakings—

Mr. T.—[*Listens patiently.*] H'Ah! you don't say so?

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Ye gods, here is another step down the

ladder; this thickheaded Englishman wants the nerve of a tooth destroyed, and I do not know a thing about killing nerves! Let me see. [*Rubs his head.*] I have it, I will pour some Oil of Vitriol into the cavity of the tooth; by St. George, that is strong enough to kill any living thing, and why should it not destroy this nerve? [*To him.*] Mr. Thickhead, [*Opens his box of tools.*] here, hold this on your jaw and sit still on that chair, until I prepare my remedies. [*To Mrs. R.*] My most precious aunt—

Mr. T.—[*Looks, listens and grumbles.*] H'accursed be that fool of h'a dentist, h'I love Miss Sweetness myself.

S. P., Esq.—[*Overhears his grumbling.*] Leave us for a few hours, until I fix this thickheaded fellow—

Mrs. R.—*Mr. Thickhead*, our cousin; dear Dr. Simon Pure, Esq.—

S. P., Esq.—Just so; I'll make it all right, in my usual great style; [*Nodding his head wisely.*] as I do all my professional jobs; so please ask Jim, my coachman, to come in, and then trust your H'English cousin in our charge! [*Smiling and winking.*]

Mrs. R.—[*Smiles.*] I will do as you say. [*Exit.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Goes to patient.*] Where sir, is your tooth situated?

Mr. T.—[*Opens his mouth and points to an upper molar tooth.*] 'Ere, this molar tooth in the h'upper jaw.

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] My Mars; in the upper jaw! How in thunder will I get the Oil of Vitriol to run into the cavity? By my own greatness, I must set the thickheaded Englishman on his 'ead! Ha! ha! ha! I'll do him up, in my usual latest style! Ha! ha! [*Turns serious, as he thinks.*] My Mars! I feel quite queer; yes, I feel as if Billy Stover, my father's stone-quarry man was hovering around me!

[*Enter Jim.*]

Jim.—Doctor, what makes ye look so deathly pale—

S. P., Esq.—Oh! never mind, I have a dreadful case on hand in which you must assist as usual, and do what I say, mind me!

Jim.—Certainly, yer honor!

S. P., Esq.—[*To Mr. T.*] Well sir, I am now ready to destroy the nerve; but you must for a moment stand on your head.

Mr. T.—[*Looks amazed.*] What sir, do you say, stand on my 'ead?

S. P., Esq.—Yes sir; standing on the head is the very latest style of destroying nerves of teeth in the upper jaw.

Mr. T.—But, doctor, h'I positively h'object to doing such h'an h'ungraceful h'act.

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Now is my time to stand upon my professional dignity. [*Clears his throat.*] Ahem! Sir, I wish to know whether I am to be trifled with,—am I not the professional man; say, Mr. James, do I know what I am about to do?

Jim.—Yis, yer honor, an' ye do.

S. P., Esq.—There, there! [*Haughtily.*] you see, I know what is best for the jumping toothache. [*Aside.*] By my own greatness, I'll make you jump worse than your tooth, before you'll

get through with me, you old bummer! [*Trembles.*] Do I tremble! Oh! ye gods of greatness steady my nerves! [*Looks heavenward.*] Listen! listen, the spirit of the old lady whispers, even now, words of comfort to my soul! [*Becomes steady and courageous.*] Hark! she says: "Take courage, young Socrates, you are going to be the greatest man that ever lived!" All right! Now for the Oil of Vitriol. [*Pours it into a tea spoon. To MR. T.*] Sir, are you ready to stand on your head?

Mr. T.—Well sir, do h'as you think fit, for h'I must be relieved soon, h'or h'I'll go mad.

S. P., Esq.—[*Puts pillow on floor. To JIM. Aside.*] James, when I turn our noble patient up side down, you must balance him whilst I perform the operation. [*Gets sweet oil, &c., ready.*]

Jim.—All right, yer honor.

S. P., Esq.—Come on sir! now do just as I direct, and don't resist in anything, no matter how much pain I give you for the time being. [*Aside.*] He is thickheaded enough to stand a pint of Vitriol.

Mr. T.—H'I will h'obey you.

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] I think you had better! [*Now turns him up side down on pillow, and JIM steadies him. Gets his medicine.*] Oh! heavens! but I am nervous, but here it goes, kill or cure, by my own greatness. [*Pours it in his mouth.*]

Mr. T.—[*Turns a somersault, screams and rants about the room like a roaring lion.*] H'o! h'o! h'o! h'o! 'ell!

[*Enter MRS. R. and MISS S*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Grasps a bottle of sweet oil, and grabbing MR. T. pours it into his face and mouth.*] There, that sweet oil will ease you, be a man, not a fool, the nerve is destroyed, and to-morrow I will be able to fill the tooth, and I warrant you will never have the jumping toothache any more.

Mr. T.—[*Wipes the oil from his jaws, face and mouth.*] H'o! My dear Cousin! [*Reaching for MISS SWEETNESS but the doctor says.*]

S. P., Esq.—Come to my arms, my sweetest sugar lump. [*Opens his arms and receives her, then puts his thumb to his nose, wiggles his fingers at MR. T.*]

Mr. T.—[*Looks amazed, and tries to faint.*] H'o! h'o! cousin!

Mrs. R.—[*Catches him in her arms.*] All will be well.

Jim.—[*Laughs in the back ground.*] Ha! ha!

TABLEAU.

SCENE IV.

School Room. DIRECTOR'S Meeting, consisting of three or four FARMERS.

Mr. Six Footer.—Gentlemen, I have just received a letter from Simon Pure, Esq. who has accepted our school for this winter. We are very fortunate to secure such an apt scholar and gentleman.

Mr. Farmer.—Who is this Simon Pure, Esq.? I have never heered of him 'afore.

S. F.—Never heard of Simon Pure, Esq. Ha! ha! ha! Neighbors listen to Mr. Farmer! He has never heard of the greatest man of the age! Ha! ha!

Farmers.—[*Stare at each other with amazement, and laugh sarcastically.*] Ha! ha! ha!

S. F.—Say, neighbors, lets do honor to this young Socrates—

Mr. F.—[*Aside.*] Socratees! [*Rubs his head.*] Who inthunder was he? I wish I was larned, like Mr. Six Footer.

S. F.—Mr. Farmer, what are you mumbling about now! Displeased again, hah! at our choice?

[*Enter MASTER HOMELY FOOTER.*]

Master H. Footer.—Our new teacher has comed; mum sent to ask ef he shall wait to home for you, or must I show him in the school here?

S. F.—Bring him here. [*Exit MASTER H. F.*] I am delighted with him. [*Points to where SIMON comes.*] Look there, he is a noble looking gentleman. [*Rises to meet him. Enter SIMON PURE, Esq.*]

Simon Pure, Esq.—Good day, gentlemen. [*Looking quickly around at the room and FARMERS.*] I suppose this is the School Room—

S. F.—Yes sir; and I suppose this is Simon Pure, Esq. our new teacher?

S. P., Esq.—[*Clearing his throat.*] A-hem! I flatter myself that I shall condescend to do that thing, in the very latest style, and thusly, take another step down the ladder. I am an expert at drinking in lofty ideas; and as I am already an expert in several professions, my zeal now lies in a purely literary field of greatness, where I shall achieve a vivid understanding of highflying literary decoctions; hence, this step to your Swamp, for the purpose of indoctrinating your urchins into the philosophies of true greatness! A-hem. [*Aside.*] By my own stars! I have done that finely! This is the ugliest and stupidest set of ragamuffins that I ever met in all my search of greatness.

[*FARMERS rise and Exit.*]

S. F.—Sir, we are perfectly charmed with your appearance and learning; and we shall now leave you, but your scholars will be here in a few minutes! [*Bows awkwardly.*] Good day Sir! [*Exit.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Rubbing his chin and looking after them.*] My goodness, these people already esteem me to be as great as the angel Gabriel, who conquered in heaven! This is the Swamp, and these "Swampers" believe anything I say; simply because they are too damp dutch to understand my fine English. I'll spread myself before them, like an eagle when he is bitten by a snake. [*Spies a lot of books on desk; picks them up and stares with amazement.*] What do I see? [*Holds his head.*] Lord! my head swims, and I have that queer feeling, which I used to have on former occasions, when Billy Stover and Mr. Thickhead

were my pupils! [*Looks in book again.*] A dutch book, by thunder! Great Jupiter! Here is another fearful obstacle to surmount! I promised to teach German, but I don't know all the letters of the Alphabet! [*Reads German A. B. C's.*] A. B. C. [*Is stuck, and feigns sickness, &c.*] I feel awful. Let me think! Ha! ha! ha! I have it; the "Swampers" hold me in such mighty esteem, that I can easily shut up their blinkers! Be-gad, I'll talk professional Latin at them! Here come my scholars! [*He ascends to a high platform upon which a desk stands. Enter SCHOLARS. He meditates, as he gazes through his fingers at his SCHOLARS.*] Of all the God-forsaken, mugheaded little urchins, my scholars beat them! My Mars! am I never to get over my troubles? How under the high blue firmament can I get to teach these Dutch brats? I sit here, like a royal master, behind this enormous thing, called a desk, and wonder what to do, which my noble scholars undoubtedly take for holy contemplation! If they knew my thoughts, they would both tremble for fear, and pity me in my agony and disgust; because, I am thinking, that they are the tarnaest ugly and mostshockingly disgusting set of little devils that I ever saw in all my great days; and I feel it in my bones, if they act half as stupid and disgusting as they appear, I shall murder some of them in cold blood! They even now look at me in ignominious amazement. I will speak to them! [*To them.*] Amen! [*Said as if finishing his prayers.*] My noble scholars, I am your new teacher! My name is Simon Pure, Esq., and I wish you to know from this moment [*Pounds the desk with a club, book or hammer.*] that you must call me by my full name, namely: Simon Pure, Esq. Don't forget the Esquire. [*Striking desk forcibly, they jump and look scared to death.*] Now, I want you all to come around my pulpit here, [*Points, they come.*] and tell me what you know, what you have been studying, etceteras, etceteras! [*At the last words, they tear their eyes wide open, amazed.*] Do you hear me? [*Knocks on desk.*]

Scholars.—Yes! Yaw! [*Trembling.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] I must contrive a plan to learn my German alphabet! I have it. [*To them.*] All those of you who have German books, and wish to become proficient in that sweet language, come here with your books! [*Smiles kindly now, is gentle.* SCHOLARS obey, and surround his desk.] Those of you who read, will please favor me with the recital of a chapter.

Scholars.—[*Look at each other and whisper; then a fierce girl of twelve years rattles off several verses, which seem well read by the TEACHER.*] Hab gesaht, nun, das sie, sein ein, schaff kopf.

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks wise and pleased.*] That is finely executed. [*Aside.*] I don't know whether it is right or wrong; because, I am a Pennsylvania dutchman, and she reads German, which seems very different. [*To the READER.*] Come up here my dear young lady! [*She goes to him. He pats her on the head and looks affectionately at her.*] Now, my brave heroine, I wish to promote

you to greatness, like myself; I suppose you know that I am born to be the greatest man that ever lived! Did you know that?

Scholar.—No, I didenty—

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks amazed.*] Didenty? [*Rubs his chin and snickers.*] A-hem! Yes, you know it now, don't you?

Scholar.—Yaw!

S. P., Esq.—Yes! yaw! you make a better German scholar, than English. [*Aside.*] Didenty! [*To her.*] I want you to hand me a German Primer, and then you will instruct these little children, [*Pointing to them.*] whilst I watch you; and if I find that you know all your letters, etceteras, I will give you a premium and elevate you. Now begin with the alphabet.

Scholars.—[*Repeat alphabet, until they get to the S's and T's, when S. P., Esq. stops them.*] S. S. S., T. T. T.

S. P., Esq.—Stop, stop; what do you call those letters?

Teacher.—S. S. S., T. T. T. [*SCHOLARS amazed.*]

S. P., Esq.—Are you sure that they are all S's and T's. [*Looking wise.*]

Teacher.—Certainly, them are. [*More amazed.*]

S. P., Esq.—Of course, I know they are, I only wanted to see whether you also knew them. [*Quite relieved.*]

Master Homely Footer.—[*The ugliest boy.*] Any fool, I guess knows them letters.

S. P., Esq.—[*In a furious rage. Aside.*] You tarnel ugly looking beast, I be darned if I don't thrash you nasty, dirty rascal! [*Takes another angry look at him.*] I'll be teetotally squelched, if I don't thrash you godforsaken, beastly-looking noodle for your impudence. [*To him.*] Master Homely, come here! [*Draws his large hickory stick from its hiding place, and says.*] You dirty little scalawag, and nasty beast, I'll make an example of you; take this. [*Thrashes him awfully.*] Now, go home, each one of you, and dream over this first day's progress; and when you come to-morrow, remember this gentle reminder. [*Pointing to his rod of hickory. SCHOLARS Exit.*] Oh! what a relief, to get rid of those beastly looking scholars. [*Meditates.*] Well, well; my Mars! didn't that little rascal squirm and bleed! [*Strikes his breast fiercely.*] I am truly a mighty man! Greatness stares me everywhere in the face—[*Stores and stands like a statue.*]

[*Enter MR. SIX FOOTER and SCHOLARS.*]

Six Footer.—[*With sleeves rolled up to elbows, grins with rotten, black teeth.*] Scoundrel, you have well nigh killed my boy, now prepare for a drubbing.

S. P., Esq.—[*Screams and runs around his desk, over chairs, &c.*] Murder! murder!

S. F.—[*Finally catches him by the neck and is going to strike him.*] Now, coward!

S. P., Esq.—Murder! [*Runs between his legs and upsets him, throwing him under a bench before S. FOOTER can strike him. He now jumps on his desk, his SCHOLARS surround him, he smiles gleefully and victoriously, uplifting his hands. S. FOOTER gazes at him with grinning teeth.*] TABLEAU.

FIRST INTERMISSION.

SCENE V.

Meeting House. SIMON PURE, ESQ. *teaching Singing School.*

Simon Pure, Esq.—[*Sitting alone, meditating.*] When I think of my speedy rise in my upward course, I astonish myself, as well as the masses of white trash! Bless me! how soon I became an expert in teaching school in the “Swamp.” Ha! ha! ha! [*Sobers up instantly.*] By my own sweet stars, there is one thing, I think is becoming monotonous. It is the envy, the jealousy of some ignorant snob, who always puts himself in my way,—as it were—and kicks up a row, thereby spoiling my mental equanimity! But, great minds, like mine, don’t mind trifles, and I always manage to come out victor, which gives me renewed zeal whilst in search of greatness. I had a contemptible dream last night, which ran something like this: I thought I was teaching writing-school, and as I was training a class of lubberly fellows, to make these flesh-hook scrawls, [*Presents a card with hooks, viz: ? ? ?.*] a little vixen in the shape of a black-eyed lass of sweet sixteen, accompanied by a big-eared rough, made her appearance at the twelfth lesson, and as she spied these [*Points to hooks.*] hooks, she roared out the most tantalizing laugh, and said: “Prof. Simon Pure, Esq., what do you call these things? Look here, Tom, did you ever see such writing in all your life? Ha! ha! ha! we have an old Tom cat at home that can make better scrawls than these!” My heaven, then I was mad! and I shouted: Silence, you disturb the equanimity of the nervous centres of my pupils by your rude conduct. Then you ought to have seen the big-eared rough retort in a menacing tone, thusly: “Sir, do you mean to insult Miss Aptitude? I insist that you make an apology to her, instantly.” Now, he struck a pugilistic attitude, something like this, [*Strikes position.*] which was actually heart-rending to behold. I felt for a moment, squeamish all over; but as good luck would have it, an original idea flashed through my great brain: I will appeal to my noble class for protection; instantly I shouted, after springing on a bench, [*Jumps on a bench.*] like this: “Noble scribes, I appeal to you for protection, put this ruffian out.” A terrible fight ensued, whilst I hid behind a desk, but instantly heard a most charming voice, which brought me forth—[*Enter MISS APTITUDE, crying.*]

Miss Aptitude.—[*Cries and screams awfully.*] Ah-a-a, they have struck and hurted my poor Tommy! [*Screeches, until NEIGHBORS, both LADIES and GENTLEMEN rush in.*] Ah-a-a-a—
[*Enter LADIES and GENTLEMEN.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Responds to Miss A. in crying, bellowing and turning it into singing.*] Yea, yea, yea, verily I say—

Miss A.—Oh! ho, Simon Pure, Esq.

S. P., Esq.—Stop I say! [*All is quiet.*] My dear friends and fellow citizens: Miss Aptitude and myself have been practicing our parrot-like voices previous to opening the singing lesson of

to-day! If you will linger a few moments, until the hour appointed for singing arrives, I will be very much obliged. [*Walks aside and meditates.* LADIES and GENTLEMEN talk amongst themselves.] I see envy and jealousy already in the countenances of those masculine boobies, because their ladies cannot take their eyes from my perfect physique! [*Admires himself.*] I am not egotistical, but by my sweet self, they detect greatness in every spot of my superb countenance, and O Lord! when I commence to sing, the features of my external, as well as my internal person are perfectly beautiful,—being symmetrically level, normally tinted and pleasingly flavored; in fact, everybody says I am a perfect beauty, and the paragon of animals! And when I sing the higher climaxes, my beautiful breast is thrown out and heaves like a blacksmith's bellows; my artistically chiseled nostrils expand and snort like a locomotive; my heavenly blue eyes twinkle, twinkle, like little stars, and roll toward the spirit world; my sweet mouth opens several inches, which makes one grand *expose* of my spotless ivories and nimble tongue, I fairly charm the millions! A-hem. [*Looks self-satisfied. Enter balance of AUDIENCE. They take their places.*] The house is crowded and we must begin. [*Straightens up, &c. To the AUDIENCE.*] Ladies and Gents:—The hour for our musical exercises has arrived! A-hem! [*Clears his throat, strikes a musical attitude, and invites LADIES around him. They obey.*] Ladies will take front seats, and observe my delicate notes and physical and facial mobility! [*LADIES rush around him, clambering fairly on top of each other to get a sight of his throat, &c.*] Prepare to sing! [*Strikes desk with stick.*] Do Ra Me Fa Sol La Se Do! [*LADIES now climb on his back, shoulders, and hang on him in every conceivable manner, seeming spell bound. He sighs, labors, sweats and shouts.*] Intermission for an hour. [*He falls exhausted into a chair. The LADIES still surround him making remarks.*]

Miss A.—Wasn't he charming when he sang, and ain't he delicious now? [*Stroking his temples.*]

Miss Blank.—Hasn't he got a beautiful wind pipe? How I love to look into his gullet when he sings!

Ladies.—[*Together.*] Oh! he is bewitching.

S. P. Esq.—[*Waves them off.*] Ladies, your good taste is fully appreciated I swear, but some of your loud breaths, horse hair lumps, musk cow perfume, and cloudy teeth, have almost smothered me with delight, so please accept my greatest gratitude in taking this huge step down the ladder! [*Sighs.*] O-h! [*Stares a moment.*] Hark! methinks I hear some bass voices in the distance! [*All are silent.*]

Tom.—Let's hang him, he's making love to our girls!

Gents.—Yes, yes; let's go for him!

Tom.—He's worse than Brigham Young.

S. P., Esq.—[*Springs upon the preacher's desk, strikes an appropriate, bold attitude.*] Let's all sing: "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing."

Ladies.—[*Flock closer around him.*] Oh! not yet, sweet Simon Pure.

Gents.—Be accursed, we shall give you thunder. [*They rush upon him, a muss, LADIES scream, S. P. ESQ., knocks MEN down, and then they get him on the floor, the LADIES all faint, when the GENTS must catch them, and thus S. P., ESQ., gets a chance to rise and jumps on the table victorious.*]

TABLEAU.

SCENE VI.

Allopathic Medical College. PROFESSOR'S platform, desk, vessels full of human lungs, livers, &c. STUDENTS with copy books. PROF. CONTRARIA CONTRARIIS Lecturing.

Prof. Contraria Contrariis.—Gentlemen, we are the standards; because, we stand still. We never change our base, nor do we recognize Progressives, or any of the apostates and charlatans of this scientific and *elite* age. Gentlemen, our motto, I wish you to remember, is *Contraria Contrariis Curentur*; that is, we cure all diseases, by giving medicines that produce a contrary effect to the disease we treat, and thus we have power to knock either the disease or life teetotally out of our patients, which is the sublime doctrine of the standard—The Allopathic Practice, and which is often called “The Old School,” of which cognomen we may well be proud! [*Looks haughty and proud. STUDENTS imitate him and write it down.*] Gentlemen, put all these fundamental principles down in your books; and come what may, or come what will, swear that you will kill or cure by our standard motto and scientific remedies;—Hem! [*Clearing his throat.*] I mean, use all the medicines, in large doses, that are capable of producing greater opposite symptoms and commotions, in the patients' systems, than the disease creates, and thusly, you become the terror of quacks, and are at once respected and courted as “The Medical Legitimists.” [*Clears his throat and handles lungs in vessels.*] Hem! hem!

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ.*]

Simon Pure, Esq.—[*Aside.*] This must be the Medical College, and that [*Pointing to PROF.*] must be *Prof. Contraria Contrariis Curentur*. By my own greatness, I will step fearlessly, with my usual lofty air, into the Medical Profession; nor do I begin at the bottom, but at the top of the ladder; [*Proudly.*] because, I never imitate clod-hoppers, who always begin at the bottom! [*Wipes his face with a cloth.*] My lessons in search of literary greatness, as obtained by school teaching, etceteras, etceteras, have convinced me, that Profession means something which one does not actually possess; which no fellow can find out; in other words, profession inculcates popular greatness; do-nothing-of-much-sense-sort-of-a-thing; whilst science, means damp dirty work; bah! who wants anything to do with science, that desires to become truly great and yearns to be esteemed by the *elite* and select! [*Looks at PROFESSOR and STUDENTS.*] This must be the

Standard Medical College, because, that Professor [*Points to him.*] stands infernally still. Ha! ha! ha! I'll speak to him, and make myself known to this unmannerly set of donkeys. [*To the PROFESSOR. Rushing towards him.*] Prof. *Contraria Contrariis Curentur*, permit me a word or two. [*PROFESSOR and STUDENTS stare at him, with mouths agape and eyes like saucers.*] I believe this is the Regular Standard College; I have been entered here—

Students.—Ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks mad at them.*] And I have come for my first lesson. My name is Simon Pure, Esq.—

Students.—[*Laugh worse.*] Ha! ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—I am in search of greatness, and you most excellent Professor *Contraria Contrariis Curentur* will undoubtedly do me justice—

Students.—[*Laugh boisterously and scream.*] Ha! ha! ha! a-a!

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Damn me! now I am hopping mad! [*Snorts, foams and spits. To PROFESSOR.*] Professor *Curentur*, you have got the most “cussed” set of unmannerly and beastly whelps here, that I ever met in all my search of greatness, and I'll be blasted, if I wouldn't like to give them several thousand doses of *Contrariis!*

Students.—[*Laugh still more.*] Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—[*Spies and points to lungs, livers, &c.*] Mars and Jupiter, take that! [*Runs to vessel, grabs lungs, &c., in both hands and throws them vigorously all over the room into STUDENTS' faces and open mouths; they begin to strangle, cough and jump high into the air.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs and doubles himself into a heap from laughter and points at STUDENTS.*] Ha! ha! ha! *Contraria Contrariis Curentur* by thunder! [*Striks a victorious attitude, whilst the PROF. bows humbly by his side, STUDENTS looking purple, choked, and horror stricken.*]

TABLEAU.

SCENE VII.

Chamber of SIMON PURE, ESQ'S., Mother-in-Law, MRS. SCOLDITIS.

Mrs. Scolditis.—Were women ever so slandered, as we poor Mother-in-laws are! If we look to the welfare of our Son-in-laws, we are accused of being meddlers; or, if we interest ourselves in our Sister-in-laws, we are denounced as exacting fools; and if we desire our Grand-Children to be properly raised, we are branded as nasty, scolding Mother-in-laws! I would rather be anything, than a Mother-in-law! and yet I cannot help being one! [*Rants, &c.*] Oh! I am indignant enough to profane the author, who invented Mother-in-laws. [*Rants, and kicks her big toe around, then is taken with a sharp pain in her stomach. Holds stomach.*] Oh! O, Lord! The thought of it, gives me the stomach-ache! [*Speaks very fast and boisterous now.*] I always get

these spasms, when I meditate upon this be-slandered topic ; I could kill all those who libel us poor, affectionate Mother-in-laws ! Yes, there is my stuck-up Son-in-law, Simon Pure, Esq., who thinks he was born to ride over his poor, abused Mother-in-law ! [*Cries.*] Hah ! hah ! a-a-h ! I wish he had never been born ; then, my noble daughter, Mrs. Simon Pure, Esq., would not be in one continual state of nettles, on account of Simon's search of greatness, or stepping down the ladder, as the dunce chooses to call his pranks ! What do you think ? He has just graduated at the Old School of Medicine, and he wants me to become his patient ! He says : I have the Scolditis, which is a congestion under the tongue, and a rupture in the bread basket, in complication with nervous spasms, that cause me to jerk my big toe around loose ! [*All the time she has been jerking her toe around ; and suddenly, she looks at said toe, lifts up her dress, and concludes.*] As I live, I believe the fool is right ! [*Screams and falls on lounge.*] Oh ! Ah ! a-a.

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ.*]

Simon Pure, Esq.—[*Runs up to her, and jams his pocket handkerchief into her mouth.*] There, keep quiet, until I can prescribe Allopathically. [*Aside. She is still.*] Having graduated in the Standard Medical College—whose motto : *Contraria Contrariis Curentur* I have successfully established, as I took my first lesson ; [*Laughs and doubles up.*] Ha ! ha ! ha ! when I think how I chucked those pieces of lungs, liver, etceteras, etceteras into those beastly students' wind pipes, it makes me almost laugh. Ha ! ha ! ha ! My Mars ! I'd have to laugh, if it would murder my charming Mother-in-law. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Gads ! I produced a speedy opposite effect ! Of course, being intuitively and congenitally great, and always doing things in the very latest style, I must do my Mother-in-law, [*Points to her.*] in the same standard manner ! [*Goes to her.*] She is easy just now, but when that temporary plug, which I put in her chops comes out, you'll see her go on ever so high ! but my greatness generally brings her down contrariwise ! [*Gets paper and pencil.*] I must write my prescriptions, and send Jim for the medicine ! I'll have some fun at her expense ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Doubles up.*] When ever I think how those Medical Students jumped and hopped about, it jerks my risibles so vehemently that I must laugh ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Grows serious instantly.*] Great heavens ! but I feel queer ! [*Rubs his back, head and throat.*] some spirits seem to be hovering around my back, head and gullet ! Can the spirits of Billy Stover, Mr. Thickhead and Miss Aptitude be about ? Is another new trouble to overtake me ? No Sir, never, because I am now standing on the very top of the ladder—*Contraria Contrariis Curentur*. Therefore, prescription number one, Syrup of Squills and Ipecac, each, two pounds. No. 2. Jalop, Senna and Aqua Fortis, each 17 ounces. No. 3. Gamboge, Epsom Salts, Lobelia and Cod Liver Oil, each, one gallon. No. 4. Tincture of Capsicum, Potassium, Gooses Fat and Hobensack's Vermifuge, each two quarts. Dose—a teacupful of each, taken every ten minutes alternately day and night. No. 5. Calomel and Castor Oil, each, one

pound. No. 6. Laudanum and Dovers Powders, each, seven quarts. Dose—three tablespoonfuls every two minutes during the day. The whole to be followed every morning and evening by twenty four Seidlitz Powders, Castor Oil and Gamboge. [*Rings bell for JIM. Enter JIM.*]

S. P., Esq.—James take these prescriptions, [*Hands lots of papers to JIM.*] and go to a standard drug store, and procure those stuffs.

Jim.—What sthore, yer honor, did ye say?

S. P., Esq.—Stupid fool! To the Standard Drug Store.

Jim.—[*Blinks and hesitates.*] Sthandard drug store! 'an where is that?

S. P., Esq.—[*In a rage.*] Where is it, fool? Where can it be, but where you see large red, green, blue, green, yellow, red, green and blue glass jars in the big windows.

Jim.—All right, yer honor, 'an I'll go. [*Is going.*]

S. P., Esq.—Stop a moment, until I write a few more. [*Writes and talks it.*] Brandy, Whisky, Wine, Ginger-pop and Asafætida as stimulants, a pound of each—

Jim.—Yer honor, they don't sell whisky by the pound—

S. P., Esq.—What do you know about it? Ain't I the graduated M. D., you fool? Here, take this and go. [*Hands paper to him. Exit JIM.*] Whilst the druggist prepares those *Contraria* medicines, I'll bleed her six quarts in the calves of her legs, to prevent jerking of her big toe; next I'll apply a fly blister over her mouth, nose, eyes, ears and cheeks to remove the inflammation under her tongue, which causes the Scolditis; and lastly, but not leastly, I'll apply six hundred leeches to her spine and anterior trunk, whilst her tender feet must be soaked for three days and nights in scalding mustard and brandy water, and if this don't cure her contrariwise, I am no great man!

Mrs. S.—[*Jumps and raves.*] Oh! O, Oh! [*Throws herself on the lounge, foams, jerks her toes, contracts her muscles, &c.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Rings bell furiously. Enter the FAMILY.*] She must be bled, blistered and leeches, come all of you and do as I direct. [*They surround her, SIMON PURE, ESQ., hands materials.*] Here, bleed her calves, blister her mouth and face, leech her spine and anterior trunk.

[*Enter JIM with bundle of drugs.*]

Just in time. [*Takes them from JIM and places them on the table.*] Give her these as directed. [*They lift table to her side and pretend to give them.*] Now, I must be off and attend to other patients. [*To them.*] Should she need my services, send for me. [*Lifts his hands. Aside.*] Jupiter and Mars, pity my poor sick Mother-in-law! [*Exit.*]

Jim.—She can't swallow any more, ye had better send for the Doctor agin!

Family.—[*Lament.*] She is dying. [*Re-enter SIMON PURE, ESQ., runs to her, has her raised up a little, she is dying in the presence of the COMPANY.*]

S. P., Esq.—Ye everlasting gods! *Contraria Contrariis Uur-*

entur works like a charm ! Friends, I am an expert ! See she will never have the Scolditis any more, I have cured her permanently ! However, I am sorely sorry that the disease has taken such a popular turn ; but, truly, this is the way that all flesh and blood must go, where the Standard Practice is in vogue ! Firstly, greatness, and nextly stepping down and out ! Farewell ! dear Mother-in law ! [*He weeps, she expires, all kneel, but SIMON PURE, ESQ., stands raising his hands in a suppliant manner.*]

TABLEAU.

SCENE VIII.

Medical Office of SIMON PURE, ESQ., with a bed chamber back of it, where his WIFE sleeps, having the screeching nightmare ! MRS. SIMON PURE, and servant, JIM.

Mrs. Simon Pure.—James, have a light supper to-night ; you know what I am fond of—

Jim.—Yis, ma'am, ye loves belonee, and catsup—

Mrs. S. P.—Yes, have five or six pounds of fried bologna sausage, peppered and catsupped ; yes, and two or three quarts of chicken salad with cod-liver oil—

Jim.—[*Gags. Aside.*] Pah ! cod-liver ile !

Mrs. S. P.—Yes, yes, and half a dozen pounds of fried pork and beans, seasoned with cayenne pepper and mutton broth ! Yes, O yes, ten pounds of succotash, made of equal parts of green corn, green tomatoes, green turnips and any other greens that you can find ! And James, have me seven pounds of mutton chops, clams, fried oysters, stewed herring and drawn mackerel ! Oh ! yes, and as no one except myself will be at supper to night, you need not get more than one gallon each, of strong tea, strong coffee, ice-water, brandy, wine and egg-nog. [*Rubbing her hands gleefully and smacking her lips.*] That will be a delightful light supper ! Go now, James, and hasten up, I am very hungry ! [*Exit JIM.*] I wonder, why I am troubled so much, with the nightmare ? My darling Simon says : that I scream louder than any locomotive whistle, when I get one of these horrid attacks. I'd give my life to find out what would cure them ; he says : that I eat too much supper, so I have ordered only a small allowance for to-night, and then we'll see if I won't have the torturing spasm !

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ.*]

Simon Pure, Esq.—How are you sweetest of my mighty bosom ?

Mrs. S. P.—Very well, lovely Simon, [*Kisses him.*] only I am mighty hungry—

S. P., Esq.—Then you'll eat too damned much stuff again for supper, after which you'll screech all night as usual with the nightmare, which ought to be called screech-mare !

Mrs. S. P.—[*Mad and slings off.*] You're a nasty, hard-hearted man ! [*Exit MRS. S. P.*]

S. P., Esq.—That is a great wife of mine ! She is as great at eating huge suppers, as I am at searching after greatness ! Her vic-tuals lie a little heavy on her spine, as she lies on her back, which

frequently gives her these attacks of the nightmare, and which cause her to scream a great deal louder than any locomotive, and this cussed noise sometimes wakes me up. Before I was a "Regular" expert in Allopathy, I used to shake her, pound her, pinch and kick her, to wake her up; but as all these manifestations failed to stop her from screaming, I then took to biting her heel, which, being the butt end of the spine, proved a success. However, as I have now graduated as a "Standard" M. D., I have made up my mind, that the next time she gets the nightmare, I will not bite her on the heel and wake her up, but have instant resort to an Allopathic dose of chloroform!

Mrs. S. P.—[*Screeches inside.*] A-a-a-a.

S. P., Esq.—[*Gets large sponge, pours a gallon of chloroform on it, then runs to her room with sponge*] Lord! she has even now an attack! Here is my bath sponge, and here is chloroform, I will slash this on her face. [*Exit, in a run, runs in again, and out at side, pretending to have gone to his MOTHER-IN-LAW'S room for her feather bed, brings bed in.*] Here, I have my dear old Mother-in-law's feather bed, which I will pile on top of the sponge to prevent evaporation. [*Exit in a run to WIFE'S room.*]

Mrs. S. P.—[*A death rattling scream without.*] Ah! O, Oh!
[*Re-enter S. P., Esq. with downcast head.*]

S. P., Esq.—Oh! Jupiters and Venuses! [*Sadly.*] My wife is now cured contrariwise and I feel lonesome, and miss the delicate suppers I used to enjoy, seeing her going into with the zest of a Hottentot. Ah! me; ah! most profound loneliness! I do not think that my great mind is quite satisfied with this "Standard" cure-all practice! It is not exactly the thing for a Christian, like myself, to cure and pickle all my patients, like dead swine in barrels; and hence, I will take one step down the medical ladder to the Homeopathic platform of *Similia Similibus Curentur!* [*Exit S. P., Esq. Enter HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS and SERVANTS carrying a sick MAN on a litter.*]

Professor Similibus.—Gentlemen, put down the litter. [*Sick MAN looks pale.*] He has been badly injured. [*Examines him. PHYSICIANS flock around PATIENT in serious consultation.*] What think my homeopathic brethren of this case? please examine him.

Dr. Homeo.—My dear friends, I have no hope—

[*Enter SIMON PURE, Esq., with a rush.*]

S. P., Esq.—Halloo! what is the matter, friends? [*They separate to expose the PATIENT to SIMON PURE, Esq.'s, gaze.*]

Prof. S.—Dr. Simon Pure, Esq., this poor fellow has been thrown twenty feet into the air by a runaway horse, and we have no hope of his recovery! What think you?

S. P., Esq.—[*Feels him a second.*] Well, gentlemen and fellow citizens, it is my usual custom to drink in at a glance, everything that falls in my way; and as I have just made up my mind to turn Homeopath, and as you are of that gigantic faith, I will instanter bring into full force this almighty principle of *Similia Similibus Curentur*; which, it seems is not fully understood by

yourselves, as professors of the Homeopathic Medical College! Brethren, permit me, ahem! to reiterate, that this is a heavy surgical case, therefore, in the name of the glorious Homeopathic motto: *Similia Similibus Curentur*, bring the man to me. [*He now jumps on a table. They, unseen having removed sick man and placed a light mummy on the litter, which they hand* SIMON PURE, ESQ.] Now, all ye small-minded fellows stand back, and observe how the latest style of *Similia* is rendered true to its all pervading and inexhaustable motto, namely: this man was made sick by a tumble and fall high in the air, and now behold *similibus*, after which you will recognize me as the "buster," who drank in the entire principle of *Similia Similibus Curentur* at a glance! [*They have moved sofa, chairs, &c., to center of stage, and then* SIMON PURE, ESQ. *throws the mummy up high and causes him to fall on said sofa, &c. All are thunderstruck. SIMON PURE, ESQ., smiles victoriously.*]

TABLEAU.

SECOND INTERMISSION.

SCENE IX.

Parlor of Mr. LOVELINESS. MISS LOVELINESS and Father.

Miss Loveliness.—Father, I am charmed with Homeopathy; it is a delightfully sweet way of being doctored, and Dr. Simon Pure, Esq., is a perfect expert; moreover, his sugar pills are as sweet as he is handsome and great—

Mr. Loveliness.—Daughter, Simon Pure, Esq. is a very fickle fellow! He is continually changing his tactics; he never sticks to any one thing long, and therefore he is not to be relied upon in matters of love—

Miss L.—But, I am *sure* he loves me more than any one else, for he has said so, and—

Mr. L.—You were fool enough to believe him. He has only been a widower for a few months, and if his love could be relied upon, he would not have forgotten his wife already!

Miss L.—He has not forgotten her; but he says, that I put him in mind of her, because I look and act so much like she did, that he cannot live long without me; and by this you can see that he loves and wants me!

Mr. L.—You are crazy! Don't you know that he killed his wife? Had he loved her so much, he would not have treated her Allopathically.

Miss L.—You must know that he did not intend to kill her, but then he was an Old School doctor; but now he is a full-blooded Homeopath, whose prescriptions are comparatively harmless, still are very sweet—

Mr. L.—I hope his love is as harmless as his Homeopathic Medicines, but—

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ.*]

Simon Pure, Esq.—Good morning, my most lovely friend. I

am delighted to see you look so charming and happy. [*Goes to Miss L. pats her on the cheek.*] You look sweeter than our infinitesimal sugar philosophy, of which I am now a great advocate and almighty buster. Ahem! I can beat any living man, or woman, at squelching the hydra-headed monster—disease. Since I have cured my wife by Allopathy, I have gotten a similar disease to what puppies have; in fact, platonic and puppy-love is my complaint—

Mr. L.—[*Disgusted. Aside, slurts off.*] The disgusting, soft fool! [*Exit.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Stares at him, amazed.*] Ahem! hem! [*Aside.*] Darn that old cox-comb! He seems to be too stupid to appreciate intuitive greatness! Gads, but I hate snobs. [*To Miss L.*] say, Miss Loveliness, your father does not fully conceive the beauty of *Similia Similibus Curentur*; but it is otherwise with you and me; is it not?

Miss L.—Certainly, we love Homeopathy as much as we love each other! [*Looks modest.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks shy and curious, hesitating what to say.*] Well, hem! Yes, but when I courted my dear wife, who loved me as much as I love Homeopathy; and of course, I loved her similarly, and thus we cured each other of our complaints by taking the infinitesimal sugar potions of *Similibus* and by clutching in wedlock, we effected a perfect cure! Verily, I loved her so much, at first, that I felt as if I could have eaten her up, but now, I have already another similar disease to that of my Homeopathically begotten wife—

Miss L.—[*Screams and faints.*] A-a-a.

S. P., Esq.—What in thunder struck you? [*Catches her in his arms, and lays her on lounge.*] Now for my skill! [*Gazes at her in admiration.*] Oh! My Mars! but I see several Homeopathic globules on her lips! I'll cure her of a similar complaint! [*Kisses her amorously.*]

Miss L.—[*Aroused.*] Where am I?

S. P., Esq.—Are you well? Of course you are; Homeopathy works wonders!

Miss L.—Indeed it is charming!

S. P., Esq.—I warrant! If I had not been married a month ago to my second wife I'd be tempted to wed you—

Miss L.—Oh! Married! You married! [*Screams.*] A-a-a.

[*Enter SERVANTS.*]

S. P., Esq.—Please, take her into her bed room, and put her to bed, she is sick. [*Exit SERVANTS and MISS L. Enter MRS. SIMON PURE, ESQ.—No. 2.*]

Mrs. Simon Pure—No. 2.—Simon, you know very well, that you often said when we were first married, that you loved me so much, that you could have eaten me up; I felt the same then, but now I am very sorry, that I did not eat you up!

S. P., Esq.—Ditto, by my own greatness! Ha! ha! ha! Here is a similar disease again. You just have faith in *Similia Similibus Curentur* and be still until I go and sugar-pill a Shys-

ter, who is sick for the want of greasy lucre, and who will get us a divorce ; hence, we keep intact, our virtuous *Similibus* principle and Saccharine Lacta philosophy.

Mrs. S. P.—*No. 2.*—Oh ! noble and great, Simon Pure, Esq., you always have a remedy, and if it were not necessary to change our remedies sometimes, to produce new impressions, I almost swear that I would not adhere to our motto, but it is always better to be out of the world than out of the fashion ; therefore, I obey our holy *Similibus*, which must cause the infinitesimal spirit of Hahnemann to smile similarly ! [*Smiles and grins.*]

S. P., Esq.—By Jupiter and Venus, you are proving the infallibility of *Similibus* ; because you see how our similar loves were cured by the sweet dose of connubiality. Ahem ! All one has to do, when sick, in the Homeopathic practice is, to abstain from gross Allopathic doses of poison, live up to Nature's laws and have faith in sugary things, which are so sweet and easy to take, that even innocent babes, like you and I, cry for them, and thus our ills are instantly cured by simultaneous combustion ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Touches her under the chin.*]

Mrs. S. P.—*No. 2.*—Ha ! ha ! ha ! Noble Simon Pure, Esq., I must leave you now, having an engagement, with a young gentleman, who is my new *Similibuster* ! [*Exit laughing.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks after her, and acts jealous, &c.*] By gad, I don't know as I like too much of that *Similibustering*. [*Acts vexed and angry.*] But, I hear some one come, it must be Miss Loveliness ! [*Smacks his lips.*] She is the sugar pill for me ! Yes, the aroma arising from our similia-bussing has impregnated the atmosphere for miles around, so that thousands of married and single people, who suffered from similar diseases, partook of a similar dose of sweet *Similibus*, and to the utter astonishment of my own great self, all were made calm and healthy ! Now, in the name of all the trouble that I have ever had, whilst in search of greatness, what proved so delightful as stepping down the ladder to the sweet panaceas of *Similia Similibus Curentur* ? These delightful prescriptions produce no griping, no pain, no dread, short of a few months, anyhow ! hence, I universally recommend Homeopathy to all who suffer from the plantonic diseases that carry no huge complicated suppers—like my Allopathic wife,—nor foreign matter of any kind with them through life ! [*Smacks his lips.*] I now, even now, feel like similia-bussing Miss Loveliness, who is coming this way.

[*Enter MISS LOVELINESS Singing.*]

Isn't she luscious ? [*Wipes his mouth, opens his arms to her.*] Come to my sweet bosom, you Homeopathic dose of *Similia*. [*Kisses her amorously. Enter MR. LOVELINESS with a huge cane.*]

Mr. L.—[*Grasps SIMON PURE, Esq.*] Simon Pure, Esq., you are a turn-coat, and free-lover, two properties, I despise. hence I shall give you a taste of sugar cane in an Allopathic dose.

S. P., Esq.—[*Falls upon his knees, implores, &c.*] Indeed ! indeed ! Mr. Loveliness, I am damnably opposed to Allopathic

doses of any kind, and I have had enough trouble in that line, and as I have discovered sweet *Similibus*, [*Reaches for Miss L.*] it hurts my feelings to be rudely torn away from my own devoted practice!

Mr. L.—[*Raises his cane as to strike, and shakes him.*] Fool—
S. P., Esq.—Yes, you are a fool, if you please—

Mr. L.—[*Raising cane.*] You are a fool and married man, therefore take this! [*Strikes; SIMON PURE, ESQ. dodges the blow, MISS L. runs in SIMON PURE, ESQ.'S. arms, the OLD MAN falls on the floor in missing SIMON PURE, ESQ. SIMON PURE, ESQ. is again victorious, kisses and hugs MISS L. whilst the OLD MAN on floor stares in anger and amazement.*]

TABLEAU.

SCENE X.

Sick Chamber. MR. NERVOUS SOT and his SERVANT—PETER.

Mr. Nervous Sot.—Peter! Peter! [*PETER is asleep.*] Damn that stupid fellow; he can sleep, whilst I am cold, clammy, nervous [*Jerks, having triangular spasms.*] and jerky! Peter!

Peter.—Oh! [*Stretches himself.*] Master are you calling me?

Mr. N. S.—Calling you! [*Jerks awfully.*] Well, yes, I think I have been calling you, you stupid sleepy-head! Come, fool and give me my medicine.

Peter.—[*Hands him some drug.*] This is the last of the medicine the doctor left; and if I were you, I would try something hotter and more searching, than this.

Mr. N. S.—Peter, you have a wise head! I want something “hot and searching.”

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ. with saddle bags.*]

Dr. Simon Pure Esq., can't you give me something hot and searching? [*Spasms continue to jerk him.*]

Simon Pure, Esq.—Certainly, in a minute. [*Aside.*] Curse the old drunkard; he is so thoroughly galvanized and tanned in his insides, that I have long since exhausted every drug that is used by each practice now in vogue. [*Meditates.*] But let me see! Yes, sure as fate, I have never yet stepped down the ladder to Thomsonianism, which must now become my delight! I'll send Peter for a Sweat Bath, Lobelia, No. 6, Third Preparation and a hot Grid-iron! [*To PETER.*] Peter, take this prescription [*Hands him a paper.*] To Dr. Thomson, and tell him to send me instantly all the hot and searching herbs that are used by the steam doctors!

Peter.—I will do it quickly. [*Exit.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] Let me see! hem! Has Thomsonianism any motto? [*Blinks, meditates and looks wise.*] Yes, O yes! this is it: “Warmth is life, and cold is death?” My Mars, but wont I warm him up, when Peter returns with them stuffs!

[*Enter PETER with Grid-iron, Medicines and Blankets for Bath.*]

Peter.—[*Out of breath.*] Ah! I am tired out. [*Throws all down at SIMON PURE, ESQ.'S. feet.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Picks each up.*] What is this?

Peter.—A sweating blanket.

S. P., Esq.—And what are these?

Peter.—This is the Grid-iron; you set him on it, then make fire under it, this way, [*Shows how.*] then you cover him up with this blanket, and give him this Lobelia, No. 6, Third Preparation—[*Hands each separately to SIMON PURE, ESQ., who stares at PETER with indignant amazement.*]

S. P., Esq.—Fool! as if I didn't know how to work Thomsonianism? [*Pushes PETER, and throws him on the floor.*] Stand aside, idiot, and let me show my great dexterity at this last step down the medical ladder! [*Arranges things, and puts PATIENT in operation, firing up, &c.*]

Mr. N. S.—[*Jerking vehemently.*] My dear doctor, your medicines are all too weak! Can't you warm me up?

S. P., Esq.—[*Thunderstruck.*] The devil they are. [*Aside.*] Thunder! this sot is a perfect sheet-iron monitor; fire, powder, bombs and grid-irons don't seem to faze him! What shall I do with him? Look, he jerks worse than ever! Ye gods of peace, if I could only get one second's relief from this twitchy and jerky patient, I'd give one-half of my greatness! The damn thing is soul-harrowing! By St. Moses! a new idea strikes my great brain: I will give him a pint of Oil of Vitriol, which is the shrewdest body-heating stuff of the whole accursed Materia Medica! Ha! ha! ha! This idea reminds me of the lively somersault that the thick headed Englishman effected, when I destroyed the nerve of his tooth! Ha! ha! ha! [*Striking his knee.*] Gads! he got hot enough, and Mr. Nervous Sot, will likewise snap and jump, when I give him this! [*Is now preparing Oil of Vitriol.*] I'll prepare myself to get out of his way, immediately after he takes it, because, I have got my new collar and vest on, which I don't wish injured by any didoes that he may make, for he will surely turn a violent somersault! [*To MR. N. S.*] Here, take this medicine, it will heat you up, and cause you to jump, instead of those contemptible little jerks.

Mr. N. S.—[*Swallows it.*] Blessed Doctor, your medicines are all too weak; O, give me something stronger!

S. P., Esq.—[*Holds his head.*] Lord! am I sane, and awake?

Mr. N. S.—It is a pity that you can't find something that would warm me up!

S. P., Esq.—Damnation! Now, I'll cure your detestably unruly nerves, or I'll be teetotally squelched! [*Grasps the red hot poker and singes him on his hands, face, bare arms, &c.*] Here, take that—

Mr. N. S.—Oh! that feels good! Please tickle me again with that flesh brush!

S. P., Esq.—[*Staggers, looks bewildered, with eyes like saucers, aside.*] Is this man alive, or is he dead? or is he a devil or a spirit that speaks to me? My great brain swims amidst the mysteries of greatness. Now, by my burning soul, I'll have recourse to the last remedy, and which cured my Allopathic wife soundly;

it is chloroform on my bath sponge. Here it is. [*Gets sponge, pours chloroform on it, and slaps it on his face.*] Here, that's my last and most gigantic remedy! [*Looking delighted, then amazed.*]

Mr. N. S.—[*Sucks sponge.*] Blessed doctor, O how sweet and delicious! Please give me more.

S. P., Esq.—[*Acts mad.*] Here, I'll put four additional gallons on sponge. [*Applies it again. But Mr. N. S. sucks worse and nastier than before, dries it in a moment, and cries for more.*]

Mr. N. S.—Give me more, more, more! [*Calms down and screams.*] A-a-a.

[*Enter FAMILY.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Looks horror stricken and stands like a statue, with eyes fixed on Mr. N. S., who falls limber on his back.*]

TABLEAU.

THIRD INTERMISSION.

SCENE XI.

Street Scene. Stump speech by SIMON PURE, ESQ. Crowd of SPECTATORS.

Simon Pure, Esq.—Fellows and Citizens: Hear me for my cause, and keep quiet that you can understand my lofty principles! I was born to be the greatest man that ever lived! [*Boisterous laughter, &c.*]

Spectators.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! [*Point at him.*]

Boy.—Look at the sap-head. Ha! -ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—[*Indignant.*] Yes, I'd have you all know, that I have risen in this world of trouble, with an agility that is wonderful to behold—

Boy.—Risen with an agility! Ha! ha!

Spectators.—[*Roar.*] Ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—Damn you stupid lubbers, have I not told you to be quiet and hear me for my cause? [*Looks haughty.*] Ahem! My cause, is *your* cause; and if you will vote for me for Judge of the Supreme Court for Criminals, I will convince you in my first decision that I am the greatest man that ever lived and ruled a lot of ragamuffins like yourselves.

Spectators.—[*Look at each other with indignant amazement.*] Shut pan.

Boy.—No, let the old puddin'-head go on; he can't do any harm.

S. P., Esq.—Good for you, my Boy; I'll make you my private secretary! But now I wish to tell you how I have made a slight mistake in the onset of my great career, as many common people have done! Ahem!

Spectators.—[*Laugh quietly.*] Ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—Now, for the sake of your country, I invoke you to keep serious and quiet, until I deliver myself of the inherent

disgust I have for the professional men of this era! [*Applause.*] Good, by my own great stars, you appreciate lofty sentiments, and if you will only shut up your damn mouths, until I unload the burden of my soul, I will astonish you! Will you keep quiet?

Spectators.—[*All are quiet.*] Yes! Yes; of course.

S. P., Esq.—[*Spreads himself.*] Well, noble and distinguished [*Winks aside.*] hearers, I was born a stupid dutch Pennsylvania boy! I was, however, imbued with the spirit of Napoleon I. But, where I made my mistake, in the beginning of my search of greatness, was, that I stepped fearlessly into the Medical Profession, and although I instantly took to all the pathies, or medical systems; like a sucking pig takes to its lactiferous mother, which is a hypothesis from head to tail—

Boy.—What is a hypothesis?

S. P., Esq.—Noble boy, if you wish to become my private secretary! Ahem! You must keep private in your remarks; because, [*With an indignant flourish.*] I am no walking dictionary; but, on this one momentous occasion, I will define this word, or these saints might think, I was too ignorant to give you the meaning of “hypothesis.” [*With a flourish.*] I said, that the Medical Profession was a hypothesis from head to tail! [*Waits for a reply and stares at Spectators.*]

Spectators.—Yes! yes!

S. P., Esq.—Well then; I'll prove it to you; I began with the big dose system, called Allopathy, which was synonymous to the top of the ladder, and finding that my great brain was not pulsating calmly under the ministrations of the Standard Allopathic practice, I instantly took one step down that hypothetical ladder unto Homeopathy, but finding no staple relief in the little sugar pill system, I stepped down through all the other hypothetical modes of curing people, and I succeeded sometimes pretty well in quieting my patients; but I came across a beast of a jerky, twitchy sot, whom I could not quiet with anything, and this proved my assertion, that the Medical Profession is a hypothesis from head to tail; because, there is no reliance to be placed on medicines, now you have the meaning of hypothesis. However, I once had a notion to become a “Doctor of Nature,” but the idea instantly gurgled into my sweet mouth: If you do that, you will be taken for a quack and will commit the unpardonable sin; hence, I left the Medical Profession in abhorrent disgust; and this is my apology for appearing before you this beautiful evening as a candidate for the honor of Judge of the Supreme Court for Criminals! [*Applause.*] Thanks! [*Bows profoundly.*] Oh! I feel it in my great soul, that you will all vote for me! if you do, I'll judge you damn smoothly when you will be tried for theft, murder, bigamy and such; but, Oh! wo, be unto the man or beast who does not vote for me, after what I have said and done! [*Applause.*] Millions of thanks! [*Aside.*] They take. I bet they have heard of some of my former acts. [*To them.*] In conclusion, I wish to remind you, that I am an independant candidate! I despise parties and sects, but if any corrupt Republican, drunken Democrat

or virtuous Reformer wishes to vote for me, I am not the man who will put his great foot upon that man or woman who thus votes for me; but, by jingoes, I nearly forgot one very important thing; that is, the Woman Question. I am a "buster" on beautiful, charming women!

Spectators.—[*Roar.*] Ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—That seems to make you tear your ternal ugly mouths wide open, but if you are too stupid to appreciate this question of your mamma's, you are not fit to vote for me; and they who dare to ascribe evil motives to women, because they want to go to the polls to vote and fight on election day, are jackasses, with long ears inside of their befuddled brains.

Spectators.—[*Manifest displeasure.*] Ho-o-o.

S. P., Esq.—You may well grunt.

[*Enter a lot of STRONG MINDED WOMEN.*]

Look, here come the dam-sells of my choice. [*To WOMEN.*] Ladies of the ballot, I have just this moment pictured your rights to this crowd of fellows, who kind of groaned, when I shoved your lawful rights under their pug noses! But, [*Grins and smiles.*] I'll be darned, if I wouldn't rather be elected by your votes, as an independent candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court for Criminals, than by these [*Points to SPECTATORS.*] ragamuffins, and if you will elect me, damn me, if I don't sentence every son of a mother, of this crowd, [*Points to them.*] for life the moment I sit on that lofty bench! [*A riot takes place; SPECTATORS throw things at SIMON PURE, ESQ. The WOMEN surround him, and dash things back; SIMON PURE, ESQ. is elevated by WOMEN.*]

TABLEAU.

SCENE XII.

Court Room. SIMON PURE, ESQ. on the bench. MALE and FEMALE LAWYERS. CRIMINALS tried. FEMALE Jury.

Simon Pure, Esq.—Order in the Court. [*Pointing to SPECTATORS.*] Say, you fellows, you must behave in this august Court, [*They are all as quiet as mice.*] you are not at a political meeting now, where I am making a speech, begging for your dirty votes, and I warn you in due time, that I am an immaculate and almighty Court, and if you misbehave in the very least; especially, you male cattle who have opposed woman's rights, I'll be da— [*Stops, halts and changes this word.*] be blasted, if I don't imprison you in the dungeons of the Penitentiary for your natural, contemptible lives! Ahem! Do you hear that, and do you see my greatness now? Ahem! I suppose you know now that I was born to be the greatest man that ever lived! [*Looks at LAWYERS.*] Go on with those cases of repeating at the polls.

Mrs. Prosecuting Attorney.—[*A strong minded WOMAN.*] Which are they, your noble honor?

S. P., Esq.—[*Haughty.*] Ahem! It is some of that white trash over there! [*Points amongst the SPECTATORS.*] Bring them into

the dock! I forfeit all bail in my immaculate Court; hence, prisoners must be put into the dock.

Officer.—Which of them shall I put in the dock?

S. P., Esq.—McClure, Childs, Peirce, Stokley, Gibbons, and every one else, who voted against me, and belong to the political "rings." I'll have no rings outside of female society! [*OFFICER drags a dozen or more into dock. To PRISONERS.*] That is the place for you! [*Strikes desk with gavel.*] I'll plaster your nests for your attempts and conspiracies to deprive women from voting, you beasts! Mrs. Prosecuting Attorney, take the floor and smear these fellows over with all the dirt that they have thrown at you for centuries, and when you have done, I'll give the defence a minute to beslime and slander the prosecution, after which I'll charge this delicate jury to convict every son of an old foggy mother! Ahem! I have done for the present. [*Aside.*] I guess they understand where greatness lies by this time! [*Haughtily.*]

Mrs. P. A.—[*A most disgustingly strong-minded WOMAN.*] Your noble honor, [*JUDGE bows profoundly.*] and Ladies of the Jury, these usurpers [*Pointing to PRISONERS.*] have all been found ring-leaders against the woman's cause, therefore I have had them indicted for high treason and woman slaughter.

S. P., Esq.—[*Aside.*] A great woman, and a just indictment. Ahem! Don't ever tell me again, at the risk of your life and freedom that women are inferior to men! Look at her? [*Smiles.*]

Mrs. P. A.—Firstly, Treason, because they have conspired against our rights as independent citizens and voters. Secondly, woman slaughter, because they have murdered our principles of freedom, equality and justice. Gentlemen of the Jury! Oh! damn the gentle-men; I mean, Gentlewomen of the Jury. [*To JUDGE.*] Your noble Honor, you see that our minds have been so enslaved all our lives by men, that we forget to use gentle woman's name, when addressing a jury of our peers!

S. P., Esq.—You are an angel, and if I were not congenitally a great man, I'd step down and proclaim you even *my* equals; but of course, the dignity of the bench, which is damn hard, [*Points to it.*] would be lowered by such an act; however, nevertheless, etceteras, etceteras, I swear by a stack of Bibles as high as Hamen, where I intend to hang these fellows, [*Points to PRISONERS.*] that you are the greatest woman that ever breathed a contemptible father's breath! Go on, and let your oratorical tongue wag at these carrion monsters, who have sneered and jeered at every attempt gentle woman has ever made in her own behalf! Yes, give them a thousand fold more than they bargained for, and when you have done with them, I'll astonish the civil righters. [*Strikes desk.*] Silence in the Court. [*Falls back exhausted.*]

Mrs. P. A.—In conclusion, Gentlewomen of the Jury, you need not mind anything that the man-lawyer may say to you, but remember our old grudge and let us vent our feminine spleen on these cut-throats, as they have always done, before the Honorable Judge Simon Pure, Esq., rose to the dignity of dictator and

womans righter! I have finished for the present, now let Mr. Man make his defence.

Mr. Man.—Your Honor—

S. P., Esq.—[*Strikes the desk vehemently and yells.*] Stop, stop! when you address the bench, say: Your noble Honor! Now, proceed with great caution, or I'll be-be-darned, if I don't send you below for life for contempt, you most dastardly and contemptible male fool!

Mr. M.—Your noble Honor—[*JUDGE looks pleased.*] and Gentlemen of the Jury—

S. P., Esq.—[*In a rage.*] Gentle-women of the Jury. [*Strikes desk.*]

Mrs. P. A.—Your most noble Honor, Mr. Man meant to be sarcastic, when he said Gentlemen of the Jury, because he remembered well enough that I made that mistake—

S. P., Esq.—So he did! So he did. [*To MR. M.*] Sit down, Mr. Man, instantly, or I'll squelch you with contempt.

Mr. M.—I'll note an exception to the ruling of the Court.

S. P., Esq.—[*Rises amazed.*] What, what! dare you presume to do such a thing? Do you know that you have no masculine bumper, no politician, no ring leader, no weak kneed conspirator who can be bribed on this bench? But I am Simon Pure, Esq., the greatest man that ever lived, and I search for greatness among the woman portion of this superior century, which is honored by my birth and steps, such as no century ever was! [*Applause by LADIES.*] Good, good! most delicious sisters; I love you as man never loved! Hang me, if I don't marry every one of you, and start a salted lake right here; and so long as I am the Judge of the Supreme Court for Criminals, I can squelch all bigamy trials; but, should I catch any of these masculine cattle [*Pointing to MEN.*] having more than one wife, I'd send them up for life, so let them beware! beware! [*Strikes desk.*] It behooves me, and me alone, to enjoy a nation of ladies' society. Ahem! Because, I say, because, I am their advocate, their protector from the onslaughts of the beastly men! Silence in the Court! [*Strikes desk, but no one made any noise.*]

Mr. M.—[*Rises.*] May it please your noble Honor, to let me finish—

S. P., Esq.—[*Strikes desk and yells.*] No Sir, my noble Honor wont be pleased by you, and you have finished, so sit down, and don't dare to get up again until I give you my consent. [*To MRS. P. A.*] Lovely sister, go on, and close for the common poverty, formerly called by the men officials, Commonwealth! By way of clearing my throat; hem! hem! do you know why they called it the Commonwealth?

Mrs. P. A.—No Sir, your noble Honor.

S. P., Esq.—Because they stole enough from the state to make them wealthy; and it being so common among these male cattle [*Points to them.*] to steal and get wealthy, and hence the nomenclature—Commonwealth; but now as the Woman's cause is in power, we don't steal, we only take; but we find that the State is in

debt over head and ears, hence, we shall call it the Commonpoverty! This is my definition after the latest lexicographer's style! [*To MRS. P. A.*] Please go on, and finish your address to the Gentlewomen of the Jury!

Mrs. P. A.—[*Rises.*] Gentlewomen of the Jury, it is not necessary for me to prolong my remarks, you have had ample argument from the bench.—[*All are quiet.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Hammers desk fiercely and yells.*] Silence in the Court.

Mrs. P. A.—Therefore, bring in a verdict of guilty for treason and woman slaughter, against all those who are in the dock, and may heaven have mercy on their souls! His most noble Honor, will charge you according to law!

S. P., Esq.—Gentlewomen of the Jury find instantly, as directed by our superior Prosecuting Attorney.

Jury.—[*Whisper a moment.*] Guilty, guilty, guilty. [*FOREWOMAN rises.*]

S. P., Esq.—What say you, exquisite Forewoman of the Jury? Guilty, or not guilty?

Forewoman.—Guilty in the highest degree.

S. P., Esq.—[*Throws documents into the air and shouts.*] Glorious! May the peace and comfort of this feminine nation spread amongst the four winds of the earth, and thrill with terror every masculine heart, whilst the dam-sells will glory in riding rough-shod over their former opponents. [*To PRISONERS.*] Rise up, each one of you, and say your prayers; because, this inexorable and immaculate Court sentences all of you to be hung in five minutes by your tarnal ugly necks, until you are teetotally defunct. [*JUDGE and JURY rise with uplifted hands and with smiles upon their countenances, whilst the SPECTATORS and PRISONERS droop their heads and sigh.*]

TABLEAU.

FOURTH INTERMISSION.

SCENE XIII.

Street Scene. A WOMAN'S Political Meeting. SIMON PURE, ESQ., and STRONG-MINDED WOMEN of all colors.

Miss Domineer.—Ladies, we have arrived at a period of Woman's Rights, when our colored ladies should have equal rights with the colored men! [*Applause.*] We want a Woman's Civil Rights Bill passed in our next Congress; and although I don't deem it pre-requisite to have such a bill drawn up by a man, so far as its merits go, still it would look more generous and have a better effect upon the masculine cattle in Congress, if it were presented by a great statesman and jurist, like Simon Pure, Esq., whose virtues and greatness are world wide. [*Deafening applause by COLORED WOMEN.*] I, therefore, nominate the greatest man of any age as an Independent Woman's Candidate for Congress. What is your pleasure, ladies?

Spectators.—Hear! hear! hear!

Miss D.—Yes, hear, hear! I do hear, but shall we nominate him unanimously?

Spectators.—Yes, yes, yes.

Miss D.—Therefore, let she who is opposed to the unanimous nomination of Simon Pure, Esq., for Congress manifest it now, if she dare, by shouting no! [*All are silent.*] Unanimously nominated. [*Tremendous applause and shouting.*] I move now that a committee of five sisters, three American and two African, be appointed to wait upon the most honorable Judge Simon Pure, Esq., and invite him to accept the nomination.

Spectators.—Hear! hear!

Miss D.—I shall nominate sisters Hannah Straight Jacket, Katy Stan Ton, Susan Aunt Sony, Dinah Dark and Tinted Swan, who will instantly wait upon his noble honor and invite him into our august presence. [*Exit COMMITTEE.*] Ahem! Now, beloved sisters, I breathe freer, and I am convinced that this great man, this Woman's advocate, will use his utmost endeavors to have a Woman's Civil Rights Bill passed, so that our colored sisters can enjoy the society of the common white male trash!

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ., and COMMITTEE, arm in arm. A NEGRESS next to his noble HONOR.*]

Miss D.—[*Shouts, assisted by SPECTATORS.*] Hurrah! for the most honorable Simon Pure, Esq. Three cheers for his greatness. [*All hands.*] Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Simon Pure, Esq.—[*Bows profoundly, and kisses his hands right and left to LADIES.*] You overpower and overshower me with sweet scented honors and compliments.

Miss D.—Conduct his highness to our platform! [*He is so conducted and seated.*] It gives my maiden soul endless joy, and swells my breast with talismanic ecstasy to be able to announce to you, [*Bows very gratefully to SIMON PURE, ESQ.*] your most noble honor, that we have unanimously nominated you for the next Congress of the United States; and you, my dear brother, [*Embraces him.*] know that a nomination is quite equivalent to an election! [*BLACK and WHITE SISTERS gather closely around him, embracing and kissing him.*] And I hope you will accept the nomination.

S. P. Esq.—[*Rises. The SISTERS keep close to him.*] Most angelic, worthy, luscious, great, sweet and enchanting ladies, I swear, [*Strikes his breast and wipes his eyes.*] I-I-I, excuse me! [*Bursts out in a crying fit.*] I am so overcome! [*They fan him.*] I am so overjoyed that I can scarcely utter forth the speech which quivers in my bosom! But, but, let me, firstly, assure you that when I take my seat in Congress, I wont take any Pacific Railroad, Credit Mobilier, or any other stock for services; but I'll prove true to you; you, my noble benefactresses! [*Happy now.*] You, my sugar and molasses dam-sells! You, who have been overlooked, down-trodden, libeled, besmeared and harassed by a set of ink-suckers and whelps, who are too all-fired stupid to either understand or appreciate the physiological development

and pathological wants of refined womanhood! [*Aside.*] This is the place to pile on some of my great medical dexterity, being now damn near down the ladder. [*To them.*] I am so aroused, [*Becomes awfully excited.*] that I could jump down some of your dam-sell's throats! [*They now hug and kiss him.*] Oh! Ah! [*Sighs. Aside.*] Ye gods of Cupid, if Mrs. Simon Pure, Esq., No. 3, should see this, she'd kick up particular hell. [*To them.*] I am vastly grateful for these extra honors, but, hark! Methinks I hear the voice of my wife, Mrs. Simon Pure, Esq., No. 3.

[*Enter MRS. SIMON PURE, ESQ., NO. 3.*]

Oh! there she is! [*Acts uneasy. LADIES hold him.*]

Mrs. Simon Pure, Esq., No. 3.—[*Gazes at him for a moment, then rushes upon platform, jerks WOMEN aside, grabs him by the ear, shakes him.*] O, Oh! You scoundrel, I have caught you this time. [*To WOMEN.*] And you miserable free-lovers ought to be hung! [*Still holds on to his ear. LADIES look amazed. S. P., ESQ., winces under pain of his ear. MRS. S. P., turns toward him to strike him; he jerks away from her; a darkey wench grasps her, draws her back; S. P., ESQ., strikes a victorious attitude; WOMAN'S righters smile, &c.*]

TABLEAU.

SCENE XIV.

United States Senate Chamber. Nearly One Half FEMALE MEMBERS, and Several MALE and FEMALE COLORED MEMBERS. WHITE MALE MEMBERS sit with feet on desks or tables, reading newspapers, chewing tobacco and smoking pipes and segars. MISS SPEAKER in the CHAIR.

Thaddeus Stevens, Jr.—[*Colored young buck.*] I rise, Miss Speaker, this morning, to introduce a resolution in this progressive Senate in behalf of our down-trodden colored sisters! [*White MALES stare at him, with papers and segars in hand, to listen what is coming.*] Thanks, to the great men of former days, for our own Civil Rights!

[*Enter SIMON PURE, ESQ.*]

Simon Pure, Esq.—[*With a huge green bag in one hand, books and papers in the other.*] What do I hear? [*Rushes in front of SPEAKER'S desk.*] I am Simon Pure, Esq., the greatest man that ever lived; I have been in search of greatness all my noble life; and I have taken step by step down the ladder; and now, most immaculate Miss Speaker, I have reached the bottom of the ladder. Ahem! I am a Woman's Rights Senator, and I am here to pass this bill, [*Unrolls immense scroll.*] which I call the Woman's Civil Rights Bill; and which will make things odoriferous all around. [*Looks at DARKEY MEMBERS, who smile and grin.*] I am an almighty "buster," and—

Mr. Democrat.—[*Rises, angered.*] You are a fool!

S. P., Esq.—Mars and lightning, [*Throws his things on floor, and strikes one of his favorite pugilistic attitudes.*] now am I as mad as a distempered bull! [*Snorts and spits.*] Do you know who I am? [*Stares and looks daggers at him.* *The whole SENATE is aroused.*] I am the only great man that ever lived! I have risen like a thunder cloud in a whirlwind; and I have cured thousands of whelps like you in the twinkling of an eye when they stepped into my path! And I am fully equipped to hurl any car- rion ring leaders, like you, billions of fathoms into forgetfulness! Ahem! [*Foaming.*] Do you comprehend your perilous situation? If you don't, beware in the hour of your dirty existence or you may speak when you are defunct, dead, and can't recall your rash act toward an innocent saint like myself? [*SENATOR sits down, looking scared.*] Ahem! [*Aside.*] I have settled his hash. [*Takes his seat, exhausted.*]

T. S., Jr.—Miss Speaker, I rise to say, amen to every word that the Hon. Simon Pure, Esq., has uttered, and as long as we are now becoming a majority, I propose that Senator Simon Pure, Esq., will forthwith present his Woman's Civil Rights Bill—

Mr. D.—The infamy of some of our would-be Statesmen is becoming oppressive, and for my part, Miss Speaker, I object to the introduction, at this time, of any bill that has reference to the Woman's hobby—

S. P., Esq.—[*Rises in a rage.*] Officers, put that ruffian out, I'll commit him for contempt, for the balance of his disgusting and ruffian life!

White Senators.—[*Fairly scream.*] Ha! ha! ha! ha!

S. P., Esq.—[*Foaming.*] You think that damned funny, don't you? If you are not very careful, I'll send every one of you copper- heads along with Mr. Democrat, and then the laugh will be on the other side of your rot gut and cud mouths! [*Chews fast and hard, in imitation of the WHITE MALE tobacco chewers.*] Mum! Am-mum! [*Spits as they do.*] Filthy beasts! You are a fit set to make laws for delicate ladies and innocent children! The hangman's rope would be a more fitting gear for the likes of you! [*Turns up his nose at them.*] Go, go, hide your diminished heads and rotten mouths under a bushel!

White Senators.—[*Become serious and white with rage and shout in concert.*] Put him out!

S. P., Esq.—I call upon all the progressive members of every color, age and sex to stand up for Republican Civil Rights.

Woman's Advocates.—[*All rise to their feet.*] Hear, hear!

S. P., Esq.—[*Points to WHITE SENATORS.*] Where are you now. [*To his friends.*] Noble and mighty immaculate civil reformers, I now propose to chuck this bill, [*Picks up his scroll.*] under the noses of this white trash, and I want immediate and decisive action upon it! [*To the CHAIR.*] Miss Speaker, I invoke your ma- jestic co-operation—

Miss S.—The Hon. Simon Pure, Esq., has the right to the floor!

S. P., Esq.—[*Frowns at white trash.*] Ahem! hem! [*Reads*

bill.] To the Honorable Senators who are of sound progressive minds, greeting :

1. Be it enacted, that the Colored Ladies of the United States are hereby lawfully privileged to court, kiss, marry and so forth, the white trash, the same as the others do.

2. Be it enacted, that a Colored Lady is at any time as fond of good things, and fonder, as the white trash.

3. Be it enacted, that a buck nigger is any fellow who is too niggardly to give the Colored Ladies the right and title to their full force of smell, taste, touch, sight and feeling.

4. Be it enacted, that hereafter, if any of the white male trash refuse to be hugged and kissed by any Colored Lady, he shall have his nerves of sensation cauterized.

5. Be it enacted, that all Colored Ladies shall hereafter be privileged to go to bed last in winter, so that their husbands can warm a spot and then roll out of it for their wives.

6. Be it enacted, that everything else that has been omitted in this bill, shall be included, especially that no Colored Ladies shall ever be arrested for stealing from white male Senators, etceteras, etceteras, etceteras, etceteras, etceteras. So it be. Thus endeth the Woman's Civil Rights Bill which has caused me to step down the ladder on solid ground! Ahem! [*Sits down satisfied.*]

T. S., Jr.—I move that this bill be passed at once, and that a vote of thanks be tendered the Honorable Senator, Simon Pure, Esq.

Negress.—I second that motion.

Miss S.—It is moved and seconded, that the bill before the Senate shall be passed! Are you ready for the question?

W's. A.—[*Rise and shout in concert.*] Question, question?

W. S's.—[*Rise also same time and shout at once.*] Miss Speaker! Miss Speaker!

Miss S.—[*Strikes desk furiously with gavel.*] Silence in the Senate! [*Quiet is established.*] It has been a custom from time immemorial, in Parliament and in this Senate to give the members an opportunity to discuss the merits and demerits of a bill before its final passage.

W's. A.—O, for shame! Miss Speaker! Hiss-s-s-s.

S. P., Esq.—[*Springs to his feet.*] I object to any such nonsense, and if our immaculate Chairwoman, Miss Speaker has the soul of a turtle, she will remember that these [*Pointing to the OPPONENTS.*] male inksucker have been gabbling and cutting up their monkey shines long enough in this Senate Chamber, therefore I object to the preposterous proposition of the chair! These are progressive times! Haven't I stepped *down* the ladder, instead of *up*, as usually has been the custom by these bloody bummers; [*Points to OPPONENTS.*] and haven't I sacrificed almost my own comforts for the Woman's Civil Rights Bill, and am I to be insulted; I, the greatest man that ever lived, by adhering to any old fogy custom that has been run through every political thief and numbscull "from time immemorial?" I say, pass the bill now or bust up!

W's. A.—[*Shout.*] Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for Simon Pure, Esq.

T. S., Jr.—[*Jumps upon a desk.*] Let us pass this bill, and then proclaim the most Honorable Simon Pure, Esq.—President and Dictator of the United States during his natural life!

W's. A.—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! [*Now the grandest row takes place, that any disorderly set of cut-throats could create. MEN, WOMEN, black and white shouting and jumping up and down like fools.*]

S. P., Esq.—[*Rises and strikes a dictatorial attitude; all become silent.*] Noble friends, fellows [*Points to his OPPONENTS.*] and citizens; heretofore any thing could be bought in this country, from a sucking pig to the highest office of this immaculate and almighty republic, but I'll be jerked into flinters by nitro glycerine, if this buying things shan't stop the moment I am Dictator or President! I don't care a continental mill-dam, whether you make me Dictator or President, because I can take all the presents that can be mentioned in twenty seven years, and thereby squelch any male sot of a President by my inherent greatness—[*His OPPONENTS now make for him, but are checked by the WOMEN and COLORED MEN, the latter surround SIMON PURE, ESQ.*]

Miss S.—[*Comes forward.*] I pronounce, the Honorable Simon Pure, Esq., President and Dictator of this country during his natural life!

W's. A.—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! [*Two COLORED GODDESSES OF LIBERTY crowd forward with flags and bring SIMON PURE, ESQ., upon the SPEAKER'S desk; flags are flung around him. SIMON PURE, ESQ., embraces the GODDESSES. Music.*]

TABLEAU.

THE END.







DR. S. M. LANDIS' NEW
TO
STAR ACTORS, ACTRESSES
AND
MANAGERS OF THEATRES.

DR. S. M. LANDIS, Author and Proprietor of the following
Entirely Original Plays, offers the same to "Stars" and
to Managers of Theatres. He will lease or sell these
Plays, or, if desired, portray the "Star"
characters himself, viz:

1. *The Great American Spectacular Drama*, entitled, **THE
DEVIL'S KINGDOM.** PROLOGUE, FIVE ACTS AND
SEVERAL TABLEAUX. DR. LANDIS as *The Devil*. A lady can
play this character—THE DEVIL.

2. *The "Prophetic" War Drama*, entitled, **THE SOCIAL
WAR OF 1900; or, THE CONSPIRATORS
AND LOVERS.** Five Acts and Ten Grand Tableaux.
DR. LANDIS as *Dr. Victor Juno*. A lady "Star" as *Miss
Lucinda Armington*.

3. *Tragic Tableau Comedy*, entitled, **LESSONS IN
SEARCH OF GREATNESS; or, STEPPING
DOWN THE LADDER.** Four Intermissions and
Fourteen Scenes. Each Scene closing with an Exciting Tab-
leau. DR. LANDIS as *Simon Pure, Esq.*

4. *Stirring Comedy Drama*, entitled, **THE INSANE
LOVER; or, FATE OF THE LIBERTINE.**
Three Acts and Seven Tableaux. DR. LANDIS as *Insane Lover*.

5. *Soul-Harrowing Tragedy*, entitled, **THE FIEND; or,
TORTURER OF INNOCENCE.** Two Acts and
Seven Tableaux. DR. LANDIS as *The Fiend*.

Address

DR. S. M. LANDIS,
No. 13 N. Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Plays will be written to order for
"Stars" of either sex, or for "Stock Companies."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 103 871 4

