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Voodoo

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

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Author of

'The Pulcherian War Loan' 'Human Nature' 'The Arabian Lovers' 'The Shuttlecock' 'The Statue and the Wasp' also 'Placing Paul's Play' 'Which should she have Saved' with Mrs H. F. DOWNING

LONDON

FRANCIS GRIFFITHS

34 MAIDEN LANE, STRAND, W.C.

To
SIR JOSEPH LYONS

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BY HENRY FRANCIS DOWNING AND FRANCIS GRIFFITHS

VOODOO

MADGE BOTTLE, Bottle's wife.
KATE TRUCKLE, Truckle's wife.
PLEASANT SPLUNCH, Splunch's wife.
LUCY GRANT, condemned to be sold at Barbadoes.
RACHAEL DROOD, Lucy's mother.
MOTHER SMIRCHLY, landlady of 'The Three Pigs.'
ALSATIANS, POTMAN, KEEPERS, SLATTERNS,
TOWNSPEOPLE, ETC.

(ACTS II, III, IV)

SIR JOHN GRACE, Governor of Barbadoes.
GEOFFREY BLOUNT, Captain of His British Majesty's
Forces at Barbadoes.
GILES BROADBENT, Blount's foster-brother.
THOMAS PENFIELD, Governor's secretary.
EARL OF DARE, Lady Bettie's father (an Orange-
man).
DANGLER, a planter.
JACOB ROSENBAUM, a Jew money-lender.
CHECKLY, an auctioneer.
GOODENOUGH FLEECE, a non-conformist minister.
ANGWIE, an Ashanti (Government spy).
TUFFY, a page at Government-House.
SAMPSON, Blount's negro servant.
SPUTTLE, }
BROWN, } English planters (Blount's friends).
GALLET, }
RUMNEY, }
DUMAS, }
BADEL, } French planters (Dangler's friends).
LECOMPT, }
DUCHESNE, }

VOODOO

PAUL, a negro boy.
PETER, a negro boy.
SARGEANT.
LADY BETTIE BLOUNT, the Earl of Dare's daughter.
JANE BROADBENT, Giles' wife.
AUNT TULIP, a negress vendor of cakes, etc.
SOLDIERS, COLONISTS, BLACKS, BUGLER,
VOODOO-HAGS.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I.

Scene I:—The Royal Garden at Whitehall. Autumn. Forenoon.
Scene II:—A small room at 'The Three Pigs' tavern in Alsatia. A week later. Forenoon.
Scene III:—Quay at Bristol Port. Three days afterwards. Afternoon.

ACT II.

Scene I:—Bridgetown, Barbadoes. Springtime. At sunrise. Stockaded Plaza at Government House.
Scene II:—Living-room at Blount's cabin. The same day, at night.

ACT III.

Scene I:—Governor's room at Government-House. Early morning on the following day.
Scene II:—Tropical forest in the vicinity of Bridgetown. The same day at night.

VOODOO

ACT IV.

Scene:—The same as Scene I, Act II, with platform removed. Two days later. Just before sunset.

Places—England and Barbadoes.

Time—1688-89.

ACT I.

Scene I:—The Royal Gardens at Whitehall. Autumn. Forenoon. At the Right is the Royal Palace. Trees, flowering plants and shrubs are abundant. A wide path runs into gardens between the palace and the Back. A path runs into the gardens at the Left near the Footlights; another path runs into the gardens at the Left near the Back. The Thames dotted with boats, and the Surrey side of the river at the Back.

At Rise:—GEOFFRY BLOUNT, WILLIAM PENN, and GILES BROADBENT, entering by L. 2 E.

PENN (*as he enters*). Geoffry Blount, such aid as it be in my power to give I, with all willingness, promise thee; but, as it behoves me to say, I have but slight, if any, hope of accomplishing thy desire. James is much incensed against thy friends because of their treatment of the Irishry. He is not at all in a mood to pardon them; nor is he, in any particular, disposed to override the judgment of the Lord Chancellor. Howsoever, I shall endeavour to persuade the King.

BLOUNT. I thank you, good Master Penn, and pray God that your interest with his Majesty may enable you to move him into favouring my appeal.

PENN. The King is not easily persuaded to mercy,

VOODOO

I fear—But if thy desire is to be effected, I must to him in his closet at once. (*Gazes at GILES.*) Thy follower, methinks?

BLOUNT (*smiles at GILES*). At times my leader, Master Penn. Giles Broadbent is my foster-brother, and always staunch friend.

PENN. Perchance, he is strange to the ways of Courts. If that be so then it were well wert thou to keep him close at thy side, lest he come to harm. Simplicity, at the King's palace, is but a target for presumptuous courtiers, and mischievous Maids-of-Honour, to aim their sorry wit at. I shall return anon.

[*Exit L. U. E.*]

GILES (*grins*). Master Geoffry, were the Quaker's warning a garment it would fit you quite as well as it would me?

BLOUNT (*smiles*). Yes, Giles, I imagine that the courtiers and maids he spoke of would consider my wisdom and your simplicity much akiu.

[*Laughter off at right.*]

GILES. Some of them now come, Master, and in a merry mood. Perchance, we soon will learn their opinion of our merit.

BLOUNT (*smiles*). My wisdom urges me to move aside and thus avoid their notice. (*Crosses towards L. U. E.*)

GILES (*follows BLOUNT*). My simplicity persuades me to follow you.

[*Exeunt BLOUNT and GILES by L. U. E.*]

[*Enter LADY BETTIE and LADY MARGOT by path at right.*]

VOODOO

MARGOT. I would prefer his Lordship to the—you will not venture to disobey the King?

BETTIE. Would you have me submit and be miserable?

MARGOT. Heaven save you from unhappiness, but I fear his Majesty's anger. Were you to oppose his will he would show you but scant mercy,—would deal with you, as is his nature, most harshly. Forget not that he holds you as hostage against your noble father's good behaviour.

BETTIE. I will appeal to her Majesty, the Queen.

MARGOT. 'Twould be useless; for Lord Courtney is a creature of the Lord President, who, as you well know, just now is much in favour with her Majesty. It would serve you better to solicit Lord Jeffreys.

BETTIE. The Lord Chancellor has a heart of stone, Lady Margot; furthermore, he would do nought which might earn him a frown from him whose power has raised him so high. An appeal to his lordship would be utterly futile.

MARGOT. If that be so there is nought you can do but submit.

BETTIE (*emphatically*). I become Lord Courtney's wife? Never! I'd sooner wed the most abandoned wretch who finds asylum in Alsatia! If his Majesty endeavours to force me, I'll—I'll run away.

MARGOT (*smiles*). Where to, dear Lady Bettie?

BETTIE. Anywhere, provided I am saved from the thing I hate! I'd sooner be exiled—go to the Indies, than marry Lord Courtney.

[*Enter LORD COURTNEY by L. 2 E.*]

VOODOO

COURTNEY. Good morning, ladies. As I approached I gazed upon many flowers and all of them to me seemed fair; but I find the fairest here.

BETTIE (*coldly*). His lordship's experience enables him to judge—Doubtless he has plucked a many from hedge, as well as from cultured plant.

COURTNEY. The flower I fain would wear—cherish as a precious gift from Heaven, I hope soon to pluck.

BETTIE. My lord, 'twould live longer unseparated from its stem than in your hand; treasure it as you may.

COURTNEY. Dear Lady Bettie, nurtured by my great love it would bloom as never flower bloomed before! (*Impressively*) Sweet lady, its perfume would outvie that of attar.

BETTIE (*coldly*). Content yourself, my Lord, with the odour of the flowers you have already plucked. I bid you adieu, my Lord. (*Courtesies to him; to MARGOT*)—Lady Margot, shall we away? (*Starts to go.*)

COURTNEY (*quickly*). Lady Bettie Dare, I bring you a command from his Majesty, the King.

BETTIE (*pauses*). I await to hear it, my Lord Courtney.

COURTNEY. His Grace, whose kind heart ever moves him to sympathize with lovers, has said I shall be happy.

BETTIE (*haughtily*). Lord Courtney's happiness concerns not Lady Bettie Dare.

VOODOO

COURTNEY. His Majesty has placed it under your gentle care, dear Lady Bettie.

BETTIE. My Lord, in what manner have you offended his Highness that he should condemn you to a fate so sad? Certainly, he does not wish you well, otherwise would scarcely force you into the charge of one who never could learn to deal by you tenderly.

COURTNEY (*smiles*). Your sex, fair lady, like the days of April, are changeable in their moods. That which to-day they hate, to-morrow they love. Their smiles and their tears are so closely related that one emotion seems the parent of both; and, therein is their ever abiding charm. Though you frown upon me now, sweet Lady Bettie, I am not despairing of the future.

BETTIE. Your lively imagination, my Lord Courtney, creates a fanciful picture which I fail to discern, and refuse to believe can be.

COURTNEY (*frowns*). Our gracious master, the King, has so willed it.

BETTIE. His Majesty is not omnipotent, my lord.

MARGOT (*warningly*). Be careful, Lady Bettie, what you say.

COURTNEY (*to BETTIE*). Nevertheless, he will compel you.

BETTIE. I will seek the help of One even greater than he!

COURTNEY (*sneeringly*). Dutch William, as has the earl, your father?

BETTIE. If needs be, yes.

VOODOO

MARGOT (*gazes about; nervously*). Hush! hush! Lady Bettie, you talk treason!

COURTNEY. Which, were the King to hear, he would become much incensed.

BETTIE (*to COURTNEY; scornfully*). Lord Courtney would not lower himself in my esteem were he to repeat my disloyal words to his Majesty. Adieu, my Lord.

[*Exit by path at right.*]

MARGOT (*as BETTIE crosses*). Pay no heed to Lady Bettie's rash words, my Lord, for she meant them not. Farewell, my Lord.

[*Exit by path at right.*]

COURTNEY (*gazes darkly after BETTIE*). Aye, beat your wings, but they will only break.

[*Enter KING JAMES II, PRINCE GEORGE, LORD JEFFREYS, and PENN, by L. & E.*]

KING (*as he enters; to JEFFREYS*). My Lord Chancellor, this petition of Master Penn's? What say you should be my answer?

JEFFREYS (*insinuatingly*). Your Majesty, it would be ill were you, moved by tenderness of heart, to pardon the recusant. It is only by sternly trampling upon the evil that your Highness will teach your subjects the duty they owe the Crown.

KING (*to PENN*). Master Penn, you have heard his lordship's opinion, which I am well disposed to agree with.

PENN (*humbly*). Your Highness is ever wise; yet do I, in all humility, venture to beg his just Majesty to do his faithful servant this great favour.

VOODOO

KING. I will consider further of the matter, Master Penn. (*To PRINCE GEORGE*) Prince, I have heard a strange tale concerning your wife, my daughter, the Princess Anne. It is said she is tired of bearing her royal title, and chooses to name herself plain Mrs Morley.

GEORGE (*vaguely*). Est-il-possible?

KING. Mrs Morley—It pleases me not! See to it, your Highness!

GEORGE (*vaguely*). Est-il-possible?

KING (*to COURTNEY*). My Lord Courtney, have you declared my will to the Lady Bettie Dare?

COURTNEY. Your Majesty, I have—only a moment ago.

KING. What said she?

COURTNEY. Sire, were I to repeat her words, your Highness might see reason for being displeased.

KING (*frowns heavily; harshly*). Let her take heed!—There are rebels a-plenty in her family already. Advise her Ladyship, my Lord.

COURTNEY. Your Majesty's command shall receive prompt obedience.

KING. See to it! (*Turns to go.*)

[*COURTNEY removes his hat and bows low to KING.*]

[*Exeunt KING and GEORGE by L. U. E.; JEFFREYS and PENN follow them to entrance and pause.*]

PENN (*to JEFFREYS; suggestively*). My Lord Chancellor, Master Blount has fetched five hundred pounds with him to London.

VOODOO

JEFFREYS (*smiles*). Were Master Blount to give some portion of the money to some worthy charity—at my selection, good Master Penn—perchance, I might be able to persuade his Majesty to look upon his petition with more favour.

PENN. He shall be so advised, my lord.

JEFFREYS. Say to him that with a full purse in generous hand, and discreet tongue, he will thrive at court.

[*Exeunt* JEFFREYS and PENN *by* L. U. E.]

[COURTNEY *crosses towards* L. 2 E.]

[*As* COURTNEY *crosses enter* GILES *at* L. 2 E. *He gazes off, over his shoulder, and collides against* COURTNEY.]

COURTNEY (*spurns* GILES; *to him angrily*). Clown, how dare you! (*Brushes his clothes with his hand.*)

GILES (*resentfully*). Master, I am not a hog—My touch has not made you filthy!

COURTNEY. How now! Impertinent? (*Raises his cane to strike* GILES.)

[*Enter* BLOUNT *L. 2 E., unobserved by* COURTNEY, *whose back is towards him; he advances hastily.*]

GILES (*faces* COURTNEY *firmly; warningly*). Be careful, Master, what you do!

[BLOUNT *seizes hold of cane and wrenches it from* COURTNEY'S *hand.*]

BLOUNT (*throws cane to the ground; sternly*). Sir, your stick must make no acquaintance with my follower's shoulder.

COURTNEY (*handles the hilt of his sword; to*

VOODOO

BLOUNT, *fiercely*). Perhaps the master would make acquaintance with Lord Courtney's steel?

BLOUNT (*coldly*). I seek no quarrel with you, my Lord.

COURTNEY (*sneeringly*). Why seek for that which you have already found? Draw, sir! (*Unsheaths his sword.*)

BLOUNT (*protestingly*). My Lord, I have no desire to—

COURTNEY (*breaks in*). Cease chattering, Sir—Draw!

BLOUNT (*draws his sword unwillingly*). If I must, my Lord.

COURTNEY (*with much sauvity*). Sir, I do not care to kill a gentleman whose name I do not know—Will you pardon my ignorance and cure it?

BLOUNT (*smiles*). My Lord, if my friends chose to erect a monument to my memory they will engrave upon it the name—Geoffry Blount.

COURTNEY. Of the family of he who wedded the Lady Lettice, cousin to her late Majesty, Queen Elisabeth?

BLOUNT. Yes, my Lord.

COURTNEY (*salutes* BLOUNT *with his sword*). Master Blount, a most excellent lineage—On guard, Sir!

BLOUNT. At your service, my Lord.

[COURTNEY and BLOUNT *fence.*]

GILES (*eagerly*). Master Geoffry, six him!—Six his lordship!

COURTNEY (*fencing; to* BLOUNT). Is your fellow's 'six' ought like this? (*Lunges at* BLOUNT.)

VOODOO

GILES. Now, Master Geoffry!

COURTNEY. Or this? (*Lunges again.*)

BLOUNT (*parries*). No, my Lord, it has more cunning—Thus! (*Disarms COURTNEY; lowers point of his sword and smiles.*)

COURTNEY (*as sword flies from his hand*). Damnation! (*To BLOUNT; proudly*) Sir, I await your—

[*Enter HEAD-KEEPER hastily by R. U. E.*]

HEAD-KEEPER (*as he enters interrupts COURTNEY; loudly*). My Lord!—Sir!—Hold your hands! (*Stands between COURTNEY and BLOUNT.*) It is treason! I must arrest you!

[*As HEAD-KEEPER exclaims enter PENN by L.*

U. E. He crosses to OTHERS.]

COURTNEY (*to HEAD-KEEPER; haughtily*). I will answer for my act to his Majesty.

HEAD-KEEPER. My Lord, I must ask you to surrender your sword.

COURTNEY (*points at his sword upon the ground*). My sword lies there—If you so desire take it.

[*HEAD-KEEPER moves to take sword from the ground.*]

PENN (*to BLOUNT quickly; in a loud whisper*). Away with you to Sanctuary—to Whitefriars! Away at once!

GILES (*excitedly*). Fly, Master Geoffry, fly!

BLOUNT. To Sanctuary! (*Races towards L. U. E.*)

[*Enter FOUR KEEPERS at L. U. E. and endeavour to stop BLOUNT.*]

BLOUNT (*dashes past FOUR KEEPERS*). Follow me, Giles!

[*Exit running by L. U. E.*]

VOODOO

[*The FOUR KEEPERS divide. Two of them pursue BLOUNT, while others spring towards GILES.*]

[*COURTNEY and PENN place themselves in the way of the KEEPERS. KEEPERS are unable to reach GILES.*]

COURTNEY (*to GILES*). Knave, away with you!

HEAD-KEEPER (*springs upon GILES; to him*). Surrender!

GILES (*struggles with HEAD-KEEPER*). Not today, Master. (*Dashes KEEPER to the ground and races towards L. U. E.*)

HEAD-KEEPER (*rises and pursues GILES; loudly*). Treason! Treason! Help! Help!

[*The OTHER KEEPERS pursue GILES shouting, and exclaiming; COURTNEY and PENN smile, meanwhile:—*

CURTAIN

Scene II:—A small room at 'The Three Pigs' tavern in Alsatia. A week later. Forenoon. The room is scantily furnished and its bare floor is sanded. At its Right, half-way between Back and Footlights, is a wide fireplace. A door is at L. 2 E. An open window at the Back. A long deal table, with bare top, stands opposite fireplace, towards centre of the room. A high-backed chair stands at right end of table; a long-legged stool at left end of table; other similar stools at both sides of table. A stool stands near high-backed chair, at its Down side.

VOODOO

At Rise:—Ragged POTMAN entering carrying flagons, and long-stemmed pipes, and canisters of tobacco. He distributes his load upon table then passes from room.

[ORCHESTRA plays 'The Rogue's March.']

Enter BOTTLE, 'Duke' of Alsatia, TRUCKLE, SACKLEIGE and ALSATIANS. BOTTLE and TRUCKLE are dressed in tawdry finery, SACKLEIGE in a seedy clergyman's costume. ALSATIANS are all more or less ragged, and down-at-the-heel.

BOTTLE (as he enters). Master Secretary, has Master Blount been advised of my order?

[Sits in chair at right of table.]

TRUCKLE (sits at left end of table). Highness, he is coming hither at once.

[SACKLEIGE sits at Down side of table near TRUCKLE; ALSATIANS sit upon stools at both sides of table. All drink from flagons, and proceed to smoke pipes.]

BOTTLE (to SACKLEIGE as he sits). Reverend Father, the report which you have made us, regarding Master Geoffry Blount's wealth, are you certain of its truth?

SACKLEIGE. Yes, Highness, Master Blount is well-to-do. (Lights his pipe and smokes.)

BOTTLE (rubs his hands together and smiles). It pleases me to hear it. We must endeavour to find profit from our knowledge.

[Enter BLOUNT and GILES.]

BOTTLE. Welcome, Master Blount; also you, Master Giles. But be seated and partake of our cheer.

VOODOO

BLOUNT. I am not at all thirsty. (Sits upon stool at right of BOTTLE.)

[GILES stands at BLOUNT's side.]

BOTTLE (to BLOUNT). Master Blount, you have been summoned into our presence in order that you may have the chance of winning a fair damsel with the dice. Your follower as well, for this is a democracy where all men stand upon an equality each with the other, except with me, of course.

BLOUNT. Your Highness, I am not ambitious to become the master of any damsel, no matter how fair she may be; therefore, with your gracious permission, I will take no part in the dicing.

ALSATIANS (more or less together). Privilege! Privilege! (Continue exclaiming.)

BOTTLE (raps upon table with flagon). Order! Order!

[ALSATIANS hush.]

BOTTLE. You have no choice, Master Blount. You chose to become a member of our community and must conform to our laws. The maiden is of marriageable age, and I, her liege lord, am required to provide her with a husband. I have declared my intention of doing this, and have decided that the event shall be decided by the dice.

TRUCKLE (to BLOUNT). Master Blount, you enjoy the immunities and privileges of our community, so must bear your share of its pains and penalties.

AN ALSATIAN (beats upon table with flagon). That's the right patter, Bully Truckle!

[ALSATIANS exclaim approvingly.]

VOODOO

GILES (*to* BLOUNT). Master Geoffrey, be not disturbed. Should fortune serve you so ill a trick as to make you win the maid, why, am I not ready to take her off your hands?

SACKLEIGE (*sanctimoniously*). No man without sin may dispossess another of his lawful wife.

BLOUNT (*impatiently*). What mean you? Is it intended that, in the event of my throwing the winning main, I must wed the girl?

BOTTLE. Even so, Master Blount. Would you have me ruin the maid's fair fame? Out upon the suggestion! Our Bishop Sackleige, here, is a Clerk in Holy Orders. He is fully qualified to tie the knot, and, I warrant you, will do it with all due ceremony, and in perfectly proper form.

SACKLEIGE (*sanctimoniously*). Verily, I will do the same quite as effectively as could my well-beloved brother Sancroft; and, that without proving myself a spendthrift of words.

BLOUNT (*angrily*). I am not to be imposed upon thus! To your laws, in this respect, I will be a rebel.

[ALSATIANS *gaze at* BLOUNT *and murmur angrily.*]

BOTTLE (*to* ALSATIANS). My loving Subjects, be not incensed. He knows not our power. (*To* BLOUNT, *sternly*) Master Blount, we are not to be trifled with.

GILES (*to* BOTTLE). Mighty Lord, my Master would not offend, he merely wishes your Highness to learn that he is under a vow not to marry; and, therefore, humbly begs to be permitted to decline

VOODOO

your most gracious and kind intention. Now, so far as Giles Broadbent is concerned it is quite different; for, give him the chance and he will marry the maid right willingly;—that is, provided his master be excused.

BLOUNT (*to* GILES). No, Giles, you shall not thus encumber your—

GILES (*interrupts; smilingly*). Easy, Master Geoffrey, I have seen the maid.

BLOUNT (*smiles*). So, there is reason for your quick compliance?

BOTTLE. Master Blount, we have heard your plea and are inclined to be merciful, but must require you to pay a fine.

BLOUNT. Highness, I will pay it without complaining.

BOTTLE. Ten guineas must you pay into our treasury— not clipped nor battered coin, mark you, but good, broad pieces of gold. Do this, and We, out of Our graciousness, will excuse you. (*To* ALSATIANS) My subjects, what say you? Have I decided well?

TRUCKLE. Like a veritable Solyman!

SACKLEIGE. Aye, wisdom personified!

[ALSATIANS *murmur approvingly.*]

BOTTLE (*to* TRUCKLE). Master Secretary, command Dame Smirchly to prepare for us, and our loyal subjects, a generous feast—to have it ready on to-morrow night for our enjoyment.

[ALSATIANS *exclaim loudly with satisfaction.*]

[*Female voices off laugh boisterously.*]

BOTTLE (*breaks in on exclaiming* ALSATIANS).

VOODOO

Silence! Silence! The bride comes and we must receive her with fitting dignity. (*To TRUCKLE*) Master Secretary, name those who will do the dicing.

TRUCKLE. Your Highness, there is only one—Giles Broadbent.

BLOUNT (*to BOTTLE*). It appears that, had you not excused me, there would have been but two to gamble for the prize—Giles Broadbent and I?

BOTTLE. What would you have? All here, except you and your follower, are already blessed with help-mates. Do you suppose any of us would be false to our dear wives? (*Grins leeringly at BLOUNT.*)

BLOUNT. My Lord, your cleverness whereby you secure means for providing a feast, much moves my admiration.

BOTTLE (*grins*). Master Blount, we are pleased to know that you have proper appreciation of our planning.

[*Enter MADGE BOTTLE, KATE TRUCKLE, JANE PACE and WOMEN. JANE, urged forward by MADGE and KATE, enters reluctantly.*]

MADGE (*as she enters*). The wench is stubborn—I have been compelled to persuade her. (*To JANE; harshly*) Wench, move on! (*Pushes her towards table roughly.*)

BOTTLE (*to MADGE*). Gentle lady, I have abiding knowledge of your powers of persuading; therefore, had the bride not given way I should have wondered much—possibly, have sought from her some lessons. (*To JANE*) Mistress, I hope my gracious consort persuaded you with all gentleness?

JANE (*sullenly*). She beat me—tore out my hair.

VOODOO

KATE. An' I wonder she did not throttle you, Vixen! Had I been——

TRUCKLE (*interrupts KATE; to her*). Peace, wife!

[*KATE remains quiet, but shakes her fist at JANE.*]

GILES (*to JANE, as KATE shakes her fist*). Mistress, if His Highness's intention be carried out, none other than your husband will dare cudgel you.

JANE (*fiercely*). If husband cudgel me let husband beware! Perchance, he would never cudgel another.

BOTTLE (*smiles at JANE*). Maiden, you display a right proper spirit—one which does credit to our example and training. (*To GILES*) Master Giles, you will find her a most dutiful and pleasing wife.

GILES (*to JANE*). Mistress, if you become wife of mine, the cudgel I'll use for your good, will be kindness. It will not hurt you overmuch.

JANE. Kindness! Has the word a meaning?

GILES. Yes, one which I hope to teach to you.

BLOUNT. Be not faint-hearted, Mistress. Fortune could not be more unkind to you than she has already been.

JANE. Master Blount, such pains as I have suffered here have hurt me sorely, but there may be even greater woes of which I have no knowledge. Yes, my poor body bears the marks of many cruel blows, but my heart has never been wounded. I fain would save it from——

BOTTLE (*breaks in; impatiently*). Enough! Enough! Cease the sorrowful relation, or, so easily moved am I to tenderness, you will see me weep. We are wasting time and our throats are dry with much

VOODOO

talk. This is your wedding day, Mistress, and your face, as befits the occasion, should be wreathed with smiles. (To MADGE) Sweet Pimple, come and sit at your loving husband's side, so we may proceed with the joyous ceremony.

MADGE (*sits near BOTTLE and gazes into his flagon; to him*). Sponge, it is empty and I'm athirst.

[KATE *sits near TRUCKLE; other WOMEN, excepting JANE, sit here and there at table.*]

GILES (to JANE). Courage, Mistress! (*Crosses to her and speaks to her in a low tone.*)

BOTTLE (*as GILES speaks low to JANE beats with flagon upon table; loudly*). What ho! Drawer! Fetch ale! Ale!

[ALSATIANS *beat upon table with flagons, and cry out loudly for ale.*]

[Enter MOTHER SMIRCHLY. *She is a wicked-looking old hag and speaks in a high, thin voice.*]

SMIRCHLY (*as she totters in; angrily*). Thieves! Drunkards! would you wake the dead? What want you now?

BOTTLE. Good Mother Smirchly, we are making merry over our sweet subject, Jane Pace, who this day does marry. My consort, who honours us with her company, with much grieving over the coming loss of our dear maid, has wept all the liquid from her body and is now athirst. Send us fresh flagons, good mother.

TRUCKLE. And let them foam high, Mother Smirchly!

VOODOO

ALSATIANS (*beat upon table with flagons more or less together*). Ale! Ale! Old Witch, ale!

SMIRCHLY (*fiercely*). Cutthroats! Drabs! Close up!

[ALSATIANS *hush.*]

SMIRCHLY (to BOTTLE). Bottle, the money first. No money, no beer! (*Extends her hand towards BOTTLE.*)

MADGE (to SMIRCHLY). Hag, fetch the ale!

SMIRCHLY (*her hand still extended*). I know you, Mistress Bottle. No money, no beer!

BOTTLE (to SMIRCHLY). Mercenary Woman, you insult our dignity. However, have no fear, for the score will be settled by our wealthy subject, Master Geoffrey Blount. Fetch the ale, Mother!

SMIRCHLY (to BLOUNT). What say you, Master Blount?

BLOUNT. I will settle the score, Dame.

[ALSATIANS *applaud.*]

MADGE. Be quick, old Scold!

KATE. Aye, F'aggot, set you heels to hurry your toes!

SACKLEIGE. Aye, aye, be speedy! thus earn a blessing from a humble servitor of the Church.

SMIRCHLY (*going*). Master Blount's money will do me more good.

[Exit.]

BOTTLE (to GILES). Bridegroom, since you have no rival for the maid's hand, we annul our order as to the dicing, and command our Bishop to make you happy at once. (To SACKLEIGE) Reverend Father, proceed with the ceremony.

VOODOO

SACKLEIGE (*rises*). Your Highness, I'll buckle them together in a trice, and that so tightly that no one would be able to pull them apart. I have used the book—its leaves, I mean—for shaving-paper, but the forms are well embedded in my head, so it matters not. (*To GILES*) Giles Broadbent, will you take this woman, Jane Pace—

MADGE (*breaks in*). Wait, wait, there should be bridesmaids to grace the act.

TRUCKLE. Aye, there should be. (*To KATE*) Cockle, we were not without them?

KATE. Curse you, and them, and the day we did!

MADGE (*to KATE*). Mistress Truckle, put a curb on your tongue and summon my Maids-of-honour.

[*KATE rises; crosses to window, murmuring, and beckons out.*]

BLOUNT (*as KATE crosses*). Giles, pause—bethink what you do.

JANE (*to GILES*). Aye, your master warns you wisely. Pause before it be too late.

GILES (*to BLOUNT*). Master Geoffrey, it pleases me to marry the maid if it be only to rescue her from her sorry plight.

JANE (*to GILES*). Play not the fool! You know me not.

GILES. Mistress, I know you better than you know yourself, and despair not that you and I will journey, in each other's company, without too much jangling. Say no more, for I'm well content.

[*Enter ATTENDANT with flagons. He distributes them, then passes out of room.*]

VOODOO

JANE (*to GILES*). Be it so, but complain not later on!

[*Enter SLATTERNS.*]

MADGE (*to SLATTERNS*). Ladies, our beloved Jane Pace is about to wed and you must be her bridesmaids. Range yourselves accordingly.

[*SLATTERNS laugh and exclaim coarsely, cross to JANE and stand near her.*]

BOTTLE (*to SACKLEIGE*). Now, Holy Father, proceed!

SACKLEIGE (*to GILES*). Will you marry Jane Pace?

GILES (*takes JANE'S hand*). Aye, gladly!

SACKLEIGE (*to JANE*). Do you wish to become his wife?

JANE (*sullenly*). Do with me as you will.

SACKLEIGE. Which, being said by a woman, means yes. I declare you man and wife. Amen! (*Sits and drinks from flagon.*)

BOTTLE (*rises*). To your feet—all of you!

[*ALSATIANS rise.*]

BOTTLE (*raises his flagon on high*). To the happiness of bride and groom! Long life to them! (*Drinks.*)

[*ALSATIANS exclaim and drink.*]

GILES (*to JANE as ALSATIANS exclaim*). Mistress, we will marry properly later on.

JANE (*smiles for the first time*). Husband, as you please.

[*Loud shouts and exclamations off.*]

BOTTLE (*interrupts ALSATIANS*). Silence! Silence!

[*ALSATIANS hush.*]

VOODOO

BOTTLE. What means this clamour? (To TRUCKLE) Master Secretary, see.

[TRUCKLE crosses to window.]

BOTTLE (as TRUCKLE crosses; *uneasily*). No server of writs has, we hope, ventured to—

TRUCKLE (as he gazes out of window). Highness, one—a Quaker by his clothes—is in the hands of your gallant guards.

BOTTLE (*sternly*). He shall pay dearly for his temeri—

BLOUNT (*breaks in*). Your Highness, perchance the Quaker is seeking me. I pray that he—

[Enter COTTON.]

BOTTLE (to COTTON). Captain Cotton, what is it? Why has our revelry been thus disturbed?

COTTON (*stands in doorway*). Your Highness, one not free of our province—a thee-and-thou Quaker—seeks speech with Master Blount.

BOTTLE. Have him in!

COTTON. At once, my Lord. (*Out through doorway*) Fetch the Quaker in.

[Enter GRACELY, guarded by two armed ALSATIANS.]

BOTTLE (to GRACELY). What would you in Alsatia, Quaker?

GRACELY. Friend, I would speak with Geoffry Blount.

BOTTLE (*points at BLOUNT*). There stands Master Blount, but, before you may speak to him, your message must be disclosed to me.

GRACELY. Friend, that which I have to say to Geoffry Blount concerns thee not.

[ALSATIANS murmur.]

VOODOO

BOTTLE (to ALSATIANS). Peace! Peace! He is uninformed, but shall be taught. (To GRACELY) Quaker, you may not speak to Master Blount without my consent; therefore, if you would—

BLOUNT (*breaks in; impatiently*). Enough of this folly! He has come to—

BOTTLE. Folly, Master Blount? I am responsible for the safety of my subjects and must use care. If the Quaker refuses to disclose to me, he shall not to you; furthermore, my guards shall cudgel him across our border.

GRACELY (to BLOUNT). Geoffry Blount, the message I have to deliver may be spoken in the presence of all here, and no harm be done to its sender, nor to thee.

BLOUNT (*impatiently*). Then be quick and say it!

BOTTLE. Speak, Master Quaker.

GRACELY. Geoffry Blount, he to whom thou entrusted thy money, to effect thy desire, sends thee word that the King consents to pardon thy grave offence, committed at Whitehall against the person of Lord Courtney, in so far, that His Majesty, instead of having thee incarcerated in the Tower, commands thee to depart for the Island of Barbadoes; and there report to Sir John Grace, the Governor, who will give thee, under himself, the command of His Majesty's forces there stationed. The King has named thee Captain for that purpose. Thou art to take passage on the barque 'Dear Martha' which sails from Bristol Port three days hence. The King's Commission, thy property, and the remainder of thy money—part of it having been expended for thy

VOODOO

good—awaits thee in the hands of the captain of the good ship. I have delivered the message; now, what reply shall I carry to him who sent it?

BLOUNT (*displays surprise*). His Majesty commands me to Barbadoes—the Indies!

GRACELY. So he who sent me affirms. He is not one who lies.

BLOUNT. I have no desire to sail for foreign parts. But what thinks he, whose message you have fetched, of the King's command?

GRACELY. Friend, he strongly advises thee to obey the King's command. He says that youth, strength, and courage are thine; that travel will help to make thee wise to avoid unseemly brawls. Furthermore, he opines that there is no choice for thee but to obey the King.

BLOUNT (*thoughtfully*). I am not so certain of that. However—— (*To GILES*) Giles, what say you of this tangle?

GILES. To the Indies, or anywhere else, Master Geoffry, what matters? As the Quaker said, we are young and strong. Perchance we will better our fortunes. (*To JANE*) Mistress, you will not say nay?

JANE (*tersely*). I will go with you.

BLOUNT. So be it, then. (*To GRACELY*) Master, say to him who sent you that the King's command will be obeyed.

GRACELY. Friend, I will deliver thy message; and now, with thy permission, will make my departure. I bid thee farewell. (*Starts to go.*)

BOTTLE (*to GRACELY*). Quaker, before you depart there are certain dues which you must pay. By

VOODOO

making such collections we are able to support the State. We require from thee one golden guinea; but, if the spirit moves thee to be generous, we will accept even more.

GRACELY (*who has halted; to BLOUNT*). Friend, if there be charges they should be paid by thee.

BLOUNT (*to GRACELY*). You are in the right. (*To BOTTLE*) Your Highness, I will pay the charge.

BOTTLE (*smiles*). It matters not who pays so I receive—I am content. (*To COTTON*) Captain Cotton, escort him in all safety beyond our jurisdiction.

COTTON. First, Highness, I must quench my thirst. (*Crosses to table and drinks from flagon.*)

BOTTLE (*as COTTON drinks*). Let the wedding feast be resumed.

SACKLEIGE. I shall take my pay from the bride's sweet lips. (*Staggeres towards JANE to kiss her.*)

JANE (*to SACKLEIGE; fiercely*). Stand back! My lips are not for you! (*Draws knife from her bosom and directs it against SACKLEIGE.*)

SACKLEIGE (*halts; viciously*). Hell-cat!

GILES (*takes knife from JANE*). Mistress, give the knife to me. (*To SACKLEIGE*) Reverend Father, my wife thanks you for the intended courtesy, and so do I—thus! (*Knocks SACKLEIGE to the floor.*)

MADGE (*as SACKLEIGE falls*). Good blow! Well struck!

[ALSATIANS *exclaim approvingly, meanwhile—*

CURTAIN.

Scene III: Quay at Bristol Port. Three days afterwards. Afternoon. The place is of large ex-

VOODOO

panse. At right, partly facing footlights, is the facade of 'The Three Jolly Sailors.' The tavern has its door upon ground floor. A street runs into quay at R. U. E. Another street runs into quay at L. U. E. At the Back, moored against the landing, is the Dear Martha, barque. Beyond barque is sheet of water, shipping at anchor and sailing, etc. Goods stacked at R. U. C.

At Rise: SAILORS upon barque coiling ropes, and otherwise employed. TOWNSPEOPLE upon dock watching SAILORS and chatting. PRESS-GANG drag in CITIZEN by L. U. E.

CITIZEN (*as he enters; whiningly*). Masters, I'm no sailor—I don't like water.

ONE OF GANG. He drinks it only when forced—never washes in it.

[PRESS-GANG *laugh*.]

CITIZEN. Good gentlemen, let me go and I'll show you where to put your hands upon a batch of the right kind.

ONE OF GANG. On board with you!

[PRESS-GANG *drag CITIZEN on board the barque and disappear with him behind bulwarks*.]

[*Enter SPLUNCH and BOWLS by door of tavern.*

BOWLS *wipes his lips with the back of his hand*.]

SPLUNCH (*as he enters*). An' you cast loose and sail this afternoon?

BOWLS. Aye, Master Splunch, as soon as the tide serves. It's not sorry I'll be, either!

VOODOO

SPLUNCH. All your earnings spent?

BOWLS. Not a shot in the locker; an' were it not for you my butt would be dry as—as gunpowder.

SPLUNCH. You'll settle the score on your return from the Indies; and, maybe, fetch me a leaf of coral, or something strange?

BOWLS. Trust me, Master Splunch, that I will! I'll fetch you a parrot with red tail, a monkey, a—

SPLUNCH. Stop, stop, no tailed blackamoors an' it please you. I would be right—

BOWLS (*points off and interrupts*). Master, yonder comes your dame with the skipper conveying her—I'll aboard. (*Boards barque hastily*.)

SPLUNCH (*as BOWLS crosses*). And I'll inside.

[*Exit hastily by door of tavern*.]

[*Enter SKIPPER and PLEASANT SPLUNCH by L. U. E.*]

SKIPPER (*as he enters*). Yes, Dame Splunch, just as soon as our passengers are on board it's up yards and sail away!

PLEASANT. One of your passengers—a Captain Blount—has been in the 'Three Jolly Sailors,' since yesterday, waiting the coming of his followers. Besides these, have you any other human freight?

SKIPPER. Aye, an unfortunate lass who has been condemned to be sold at Barbadoes.

PLEASANT (*sadly*). Poor soul!

SKIPPER. Aye, I pity her wonderfully.

PLEASANT. You ever had a kind heart. What fault was hers that she is to be so cruelly punished?

SKIPPER. I would not name that which she did a

VOODOO

fault, but a Christian's act. Into your ear, Dame. (*Glances about; close to her ear*) She sheltered one against whom the King was grievously angered. An aggravation of her good deed is that her husband was hanged, by the order of Lord Jeffreys, for being one of 'King' Monmouth's men. His Majesty neither forgets nor forgives.

PLEASANT. Alack-a-day! King James is cruel.

SKIPPER. Were it not treason, Dame, I would say the same.

PLEASANT (*vehemently*). I've said it, and were he and the bloody Lord, here at Bristol Port to hear me I'd say it to their very faces.

[*Enter BLOUNT by tavern door.*]

PLEASANT. But here comes Captain Blount.

BLOUNT (*to her*). Good evening to you, Dame, have you heard ought of our truant skipper of the 'Dear Martha'?

SKIPPER. I am here to answer for myself, Captain Blount. I am pleased to greet you. I have your luggage, and other things, in charge, all of which I will surrender, in exchange for your quittance, so soon as you choose to board the 'Dear Martha.'

BLOUNT. I thank you for your courtesy. I await the coming of my foster-brother and his wife. Immediately they arrive we will embark; but meanwhile, Skipper, a stoup of good Dame Splunch's prime Canary may do you no harm, and help us to quick acquaintance.

SKIPPER (*smiles*). I'll join you in that pleasing task most gladly. I venture to believe that you'll be

VOODOO

joyous company for me during the night-watches under the stars. (*Crosses towards door of tavern.*)

BLOUNT (*crosses with SKIPPER*). So I hope.

PLEASANT (*follows others*). I shall give you the best in our cellar, and then, perchance, sometimes you will speak kindly of Dame Splunch.

SKIPPER. We will that, Dame.

[*Exeunt by door of tavern.*]

[*Enter GILES and JANE by R. U. E. GILES carries a small trunk upon his shoulder.*]

GILES (*as he enters*). Mistress, we are at our present journey's end. (*Points at the ship.*) There is the 'Dear Martha' barque (*Points at the tavern*) and there's the tavern. (*Places box upon ground.*) Sit you upon the box and rest until I return.

JANE. I am not tired.

GILES. Your voice sounds sad. Do you regret sailing away to foreign parts?

JANE. You are kind and I am grateful — even pleased; and yet, though England has been none too gracious to me, I am loath to leave.

GILES. I am not without qualms myself, Mistress, but what would you? The master is forced to the Indies and I must go with him; but it is not so with you. If it grieves you to leave, stay behind. I will send you to my old mother, who will care for you right bravely.

[*Enter BETTIE by R. U. E., cloaked and hooded. She stands at entrance and gazes about uncertainly.*]

JANE. Husband, I go with you; therefore, say no more. Seek Master Blount.

VOODOO

GILES (*smiles*). Mistress, you please me much. But, I'll to the master.

[*Exit by door of tavern.*]

[BETTIE *crosses to* JANE.]

BETTIE (*to* JANE). Madam, perhaps you can instruct me. (*Points at barque.*) Is that the 'Dear Martha'—the barque which soon sails for the Indies?

JANE (*shortly*). Aye, it is.

BETTIE. I have to speak to her commander—know you if he be on board?

JANE (*surlily*). Ask some one else.

BETTIE (*angrily*). Impertinent! How dare you? (*Controls her anger and changes her tone.*) Madam, I beg you to pardon my impatience; but, I am—

JANE (*interrupts*). Mistress, you change your manner strangely. At one moment you speak like one used to command, at another as if trained to obey. Who are you? (*Studies* BETTIE.)

BETTIE. I am a poor maid, Madam, who flees from those who persecute her.

[*Enter* LUCY GRANT, TOPPS and JUNT *by* R. U.

E. *She droops her head and the men show that they are guarding her. They halt at Down side of goods.*]

JANE (*as* LUCY *enters*). Would you go to the Indies?

BETTIE. Yes, on the 'Dear Martha.'

JANE (*points at* LUCY). Be companion with such as she?

BETTIE. Yes; and, if needs be, would gladly change places with her.

VOODOO

JANE (*somewhat gently*). Mistress, your trouble must be passing great. But may I not call you Lady? (*Points at ring upon* BETTIE's *finger.*) That ring is not one which any but a high-born dame would wear. But perhaps you stole it. Did you?

BETTIE (*as if horrified*). Merciful Heaven! Madam, do I look like a thief?

JANE (*smiles*). I am answered as to that, now trust me further. Fear not! I journey with my husband, and his master, upon the barque to the Indies, and, if you accompany us, may find occasion to do you good service. I am well acquainted with unhappiness; so, perchance, I may pity you. Trust me.

BETTIE (*studies* JANE *during a few seconds; impulsively*). Yes, I will trust you! Your suspicion is well founded. I am Lady—

[*Enter* GILES *by* *tavern door.*]

JANE (*perceives* GILES *and interrupts* BETTIE; *warningly*). 'Sh! here comes my husband. Tell me later on.

GILES (*to* JANE). Mistress, we sail immediate.

JANE. Husband, the barque's commander—where is he?

GILES. He is in the tavern with good Dame Splunch, making settlement of his score.

BETTIE (*to* JANE). I will go inside and speak to him.

[*Exit by door of tavern.*]

GILES (*gazes after* BETTIE). Mistress, who is the maid?

JANE. She would sail with us to the Indies.

VOODOO

GILES. A strange desire for her to be possessed of, Mistress?

JANE. Aye.

GILES. It concerns not us, however, so, I'll away and make a purchase for the master. Watch the box, Mistress.

[Exit R. U. E.]

[Enter RACHEL DROOD L. U. E. She stands a second at entrance, then hurries across to LUCY.]

RACHEL (as she crosses; plaintively). Lucy! Lucy!

LUCY. Mother! (Throws herself into RACHEL's arms and weeps.)

RACHEL (emotionally). My poor Child, God pity you!

LUCY (sobbingly). Mother, my heart will break!

RACHEL. As will your grey-haired mother's!

LUCY. Mother, we will never see each other again.

RACHEL. Darling, wicked men may part us here but not in Heaven!

LUCY. I wish God would take me to Himself.

RACHEL. Hush, Dear! It is His will and we must submit.

LUCY. Alas! What have I done that He should thus burden me?

RACHEL. Yet, He loves you, Dear!

[RACHEL and LUCY are silenced by emotion and weep in each other's arms.]

[Enter SKIPPER and BETTIE by door of tavern.]

SKIPPER (as he enters). Mistress, it is impossible! There is not room on the 'Dear Martha.'

VOODOO

BETTIE (pleadingly). Master, I would pay well,— would be content with but—

SKIPPER (impatiently). Enough, enough, it cannot be! I must go on board. (Crosses hastily towards barque.)

BETTIE (as SKIPPER goes from her). What shall I do? (Crosses dejectedly to JANE.)

TOPS (stops SKIPPER; to him). Master, we have fetched Lucy Grant and desire you to rid us of our charge. It is not a pleasing one.

SKIPPER (gazes pityingly at LUCY). Poor wench! Is it her mother with whom she weeps?

TOPS. Aye. The sight is not a joyous one.

SKIPPER (wonderingly). Are you not bailiffs?

JUNT. Aye, Master; an' what if we are?

SKIPPER. I wonder that you are so compassionate.

TOPS. So sad a sight might well soften harder hearts than ours. (To JUNT) Comrade, what say you?

JUNT (gruffly). I like it not—I have a daughter of my own.

SKIPPER (heartily). Go into the 'Three Jolly Sailors,' lads, and quaff your fill of Dame Splunch's drawing. Say to her to mark the score up against me.

TOPS. But the girl, Master?

SKIPPER. I take her into my own charge. Go inside and anon I'll send you a quittance for her.

JUNT (to TOPS). Comrade, I'm mortal thirsty.

TOPS. So be I. Come, we will drink safe voyage to the master.

[Exeunt TOPS and JUNT by door of tavern.]

VOODOO

SKIPPER (to LUCY). Courage, Mistress, there be worse places than Barbadoes. (Starts towards barque.)

[As SKIPPER starts, loud shouts come from barque, mingled with curses, etc.; CITIZEN springs from barque to landing and races off L. U. E. SAILORS spring to landing from barque, and with SKIPPER pursue CITIZEN; TOWNSPEOPLE follow, shouting.]

[Immediately OTHERS are off JANE whispers eagerly to BETTIE, meanwhile points at LUCY.]

BETTIE (gazes at LUCY; agitatedly). What is it you suggest?

JANE. You will accomplish your wish; besides, do a deed of mercy.

BETTIE (drags ring from her finger). I will do it! Take the ring. (Hands JANE ring then hastens across to LUCY; to her). Mistress, change cloaks with me. (Removes her cloak and offers it to LUCY; drops her handkerchief.)

LUCY (wonderingly). What means this—

BETTIE (breaks in; impatiently). Ask no questions, but obey!

[Snatches cloak from LUCY'S shoulders and places her own cloak over LUCY'S shoulders.]

Draw the hood over your face and join the mistress there by the box. Be off!

LUCY (hesitatingly). But—I—I—

BETTIE (breaks in fiercely). Go, go, Fool!

RACHEL. Obey, my Child!

VOODOO

LUCY (wonderingly). What does it mean? (Draws hood over her face and crosses to JANE.)

[As LUCY crosses, BETTIE turns to RACHEL and buries her face against her breast.]

LUCY (to JANE). What means this?

JANE (to LUCY). Mistress, you are my sister come here to bid me farewell.

LUCY (hesitatingly). I—I—fail to—

JANE (impatiently). Do you not see that we would save you? Sharpen your wits and play your part closely—

[Enter BLOUNT by tavern door.]

JANE (to LUCY in a low tone; quickly). I am your sister Jane.

BLOUNT (to JANE). So, Mistress, you have come. I hope you are not weary with the journey?

JANE. No, Master Blount.

BLOUNT (gazes at LUCY). Who have we here—a friend?

JANE. She is my sister come to say good-bye to me, Master Blount. (To LUCY) Sister Cassie, courtesy to Master Blount. (LUCY makes a courtesy to BLOUNT.)

BLOUNT (to LUCY). Thank you, Mistress. (To JANE) I knew not that you had a relation in a degree so close, and—

[Enter LIEUTENANT and file of SOLDIERS by R. U. E.]

BLOUNT (gazes at SOLDIERS). But what have we here?

[JANE turns to LUCY and talks with her.]

VOODOO

LIEUTENANT (to SOLDIERS). Halt!

[SOLDIERS halt and ground arms; LIEUTENANT crosses to BLOUNT.]

LIEUTENANT (to BLOUNT). Sir, I have it in charge to arrest a Lady Bettie Dare who has stolen herself from the King's care. It is suspected that her Ladyship purposes taking passage on the barque 'Dear Martha' for the Indies. (*Gazes hard at JANE and LUCY.*) Have you seen one who might be the errant lady?

BLOUNT. We have no court butterflies here, Lieutenant. (*Motions towards JANE and LUCY.*) These are Mistress Broadbent, wife of my foster-brother, and her sister. I am Captain Blount.

LIEUTENANT (to BLOUNT). Thank you, Captain.

[Salutes BLOUNT then crosses to RACHEL and BETTIE.]

JANE (to LUCY). Courage, Sister.

LIEUTENANT (*gazes hard at RACHEL and BETTIE; to RACHEL.*) Madam, you weep bitterly—Why?

RACHEL. My daughter is sailing to the Indies to be sold. Alas! Respect our grief.

LIEUTENANT. I pity you. (*Crosses to SOLDIERS; to them*) Attention! Shoulder arms! (*SOLDIERS shoulder arms.*)

LIEUTENANT. Forward march!

[*Exeunt LIEUTENANT and SOLDIERS by R. U. E.*]

[BLOUNT crosses to RACHEL and BETTIE.]

BLOUNT (to RACHEL). Be not broken-hearted, Dame, for we all are in the care of God.

VOODOO

RACHEL (*brokenly*). Aye, Master.

BLOUNT. I too sail upon the 'Dear Martha,' exiled from all I love—my Country and my home, yet am not hopeless.

RACHEL (*brokenly*). Sir, I pray you be kind to my poor Lucy.

BLOUNT (*fervently*). She shall be to me as a sister!

RACHEL. God will bless you.

[*Enter SKIPPER, SAILORS and TOWNSPEOPLE by L. U. E. SAILORS pass into barque; TOWNSPEOPLE group upon landing.*]

SKIPPER (*as he enters; loudly*). On board, on board everybody! The tide has served and we sail immediate. (*To BLOUNT*) Captain Blount, it is time to get on board. (*To RACHEL*) Dame, I must take your daughter from you.

BLOUNT (to SKIPPER). I will fetch Mistress Lucy Grant.

SKIPPER (to BLOUNT). Without delay, I pray you. (*Boards barque.*)

BLOUNT (to RACHEL). Mistress, we must go on board.

[*Enter GILES by R. U. E.*]

GILES (*as he enters*). I have it, Master Geoffry.

BLOUNT. It is well, Giles; now go on board.

[*Turns to RACHEL and BETTIE and talks to them in a low tone.*]

GILES (to JANE as BLOUNT talks to OTHERS). Mistress, are you ready?

VOODOO

JANE (to LUCY). Farewell, Sister. (*Embraces her.*)

GILES (*surprisedly*). An' she is your sister?

JANE (to GILES). Husband, be not over curious. (To LUCY) Now, Sister, go. (*Releases her.*)

[LUCY crosses to L. U. E. and stands.]

GILES (*as LUCY starts*). As you please, Mistress—Come! (*Raises box to his shoulder and crosses towards barque.*)

[JANE crosses with GILES.]

BLOUNT (to BETTIE as OTHERS cross). New, Mistress Lucy.

RACHEL (*embraces BETTIE closely*). Farewell! Farewell!

BETTIE (*sadly*). Mother, oh, my Mother! (*Offers BLOUNT her hand.*)

BLOUNT (*takes BETTIE'S hand; enthusiastically*). Courage! Mistress Lucy, be not dismayed! Forget not that you are an Englishwoman and have the future of our Country in your care. The spirit which belonged to our forbears is not absent from our bodies! We but go abroad to extend our loved Country's greatness! It is through the suffering of such as we that, one day, our glorious flag will fly upon the breeze in every quarter of the world! Lands to us now unknown will acknowledge England's sway, and gratefully obey her beneficent rule! Courage! Courage! We are God's instruments and should be glad!

RACHEL. Yes, God's will be done!

BETTIE (*proudly*). If so it be, then I say, Amen!

VOODOO

BLOUNT. Brave Maid! Come. (*Leads BETTIE towards barque.*)

BETTIE (to RACHEL as she crosses). Adieu, Mother adieu!

RACHEL (to BETTIE). Farewell! Alas, farewell!

[BLOUNT and BETTIE board barque, followed by GILES and JANE.]

[Immediately OTHERS pass on board RACHEL joins LUCY and the two hastily pass off by L. U. E.]

[As BLOUNT and OTHERS board barque SKIPPER with a speaking-trumpet in his hand appears upon poop of barque.]

[Enter SPLUNCH and PLEASANT by tavern door.]

SKIPPER (*waves his hand at PLEASANT*). Farewell, Dame!

PLEASANT. A prosperous voyage, Master!

[Enter TOPS and JUNT by tavern door.]

JUNT (*as he enters*). Comrade, we have not the quittance.

TOPS. Rest content, it will come.

SKIPPER (*loudly*). Cast off! Cast off! Lively, all of you! Cast off!

[BOWLS and SAILORS spring from barque to landing; BOWLS crosses to TOPS and hands him paper, then returns to SAILORS and assists them to cast off hausers which hold barque to dock.]

[BLOUNT, GILES, BETTIE and JANE appear upon poop of barque.]

VOODOO

SKIPPER (*loudly*). Haul in the hausers! Haul away!

[*BOWLS and SAILORS spring from landing to barque; Boatswain's whistle sounds on board; SAILORS chantie, sail spreads, barque slowly glides from dock.*]

SAILORS (*Chantie*).

Yo he! yo ho, my bully boys!

Pull away, pull away with a will!

Bend your necks, and bow your backs,

Haul taught, haul taught, 'til hauser cracks,

Pull away, pull away, with a will!

Let winds blow hard,

Come sleet, come snow,

Strong tides retard,

Or torrents flow,

Pull away, pull away, with a will!

One watch on deck,

And one below,

Sail fair or wreck,

Is all we know,

Pull away, pull away, with a will!

Yo he! yo ho, my bully boys!

Pull away, pull away with a will!

Bend your necks, and bow your backs,

Haul taught, haul taught, 'til hauser cracks,

Pull away, pull away with a will!

[*As SAILORS chantie barque gradually disappears and SAILORS' voices become more and more indistinct; meanwhile OTHERS upon landing shout, and wave hats and handkerchiefs watching barque the while.*]

VOODOO

PLEASANT (*turns from watching barque; to SPLUNCH*). Inside with you, Master. (*Crosses towards tavern.*)

[*SPLUNCH follows PLEASANT; TOWNSPEOPLE and OTHERS turn from landing and cross towards tavern.*]

[*Enter COURTNEY and LIEUTENANT followed by SOLDIERS by R. U. E.*]

COURTNEY (*as he enters*). Lieutenant, was your search thorough? (*Crosses towards stacked goods.*)

LIEUTENANT. My Lord, the search was—

[*As LIEUTENANT speaks COURTNEY picks BETTIE'S handkerchief from the ground, gazes at it a second.*]

COURTNEY (*excitedly*). It's Lady Bettie Dare's handkerchief! She has been here! Where's the barque?

[*Rushes across to landing and gazes in direction of barque. Points off after barque.*]

Malediction! She's off! (*Loudly.*) What ho! A boat! A boat! Waterman, a boat!

LIEUTENANT. My Lord, 'twould be useless.

COURTNEY (*wildly*). I'll pursue her! A boat! A boat! (*Shakes his fist in direction of barque.*) You shall not escape! I'll follow you if it be into hell itself!

[*As COURTNEY exclaims all upon landing gape at him.*]

CURTAIN

ACT II.

Scene 1: Bridgetown, Barbadoes. Springtime. At sunrise. Portion of grounds belonging to Government-House fenced in by a tall stockade. It is a large place and it contains tropical trees, plantain and other shrubs, and flowers. Government-House stands at Right with its facade partly facing Audience. The building is made of roughly hewn timber, has two floors with windows at each, and has a wide veranda. Upon the roof of veranda, at its Up end, is a grated pot-like vessel, full of inflammable material. A door gives access to house from veranda. A short flight of wide steps connects veranda with ground. At Centre of ground is a small platform with steps. Upon the floor of platform is an auctioneer's stand with a mallet; a small table and a chair stands near table. A stockade extends at Left from near Footlights to Back. A large double-gate in stockade at half-way between Footlights and Back. A small gate at L. U. E. Double-gates are closed and barred, small gate is open. A tall flag-staff near platform. At Back is the harbour with ship anchored in the distance. Entrances to place at

VOODOO

R. U. E., R. 2 E., by the large gates now closed, and by the small gate at L. U. E. Birds dart to and fro through the air.

At Rise: A sentry stands at small gate: a BUGLER stands upon veranda at head of steps, sounding a Reveille; SARGEANT and file of SOLDIERS enter by R. U. E. and cross to flagpole.

SARGEANT (as he reaches vicinity of flag-staff).
Halt!

[SOLDIERS halt; Two SOLDIERS cross to flag-staff and proceed to raise the English Ensign.]

SARGEANT (as Ensign ascends). Present arms!
(Stands at salute.)

[SOLDIERS and SENTRY present arms to ascending flag; BUGLER salutes it.]

(ORCHESTRA plays "The British Grenadiers.")
[When the Ensign reaches the top of flag-staff the two SOLDIERS return to file; SENTRY turns; BUGLER joins SOLDIERS; ORCHESTRA ceases playing.]

SARGEANT. Attention!

[SOLDIERS shoulder arms.]

SARGEANT. Forward march!

[Bugler plays a quick-step and marches off followed by SARGEANT and SOLDIERS; excunt by R. U. E.]

[Enter RALPH DANGLER and THOMAS PENFIELD, followed by a negro boy carrying small bag, by R. 2 E.]

DANGLER (as he enters). Too much delay in this business, Penfield. (Crosses to vicinity of platform.)

VOODOO

PENFIELD (*crosses with DANGLER*). Do you think so?

[*Boy follows them across.*]

DANGLER (*positively*). Yes, I do! More than a month has passed since the 'Dear Martha' dropped her anchor in the bay, and had custom been followed the girl would have been sold long ago. She needed no feeding up, nor doctoring. I spied her when she landed, and she appeared well nurtured. I saw that the wench was handsome, and, in my mind, marked her for myself; and have been impatient to have her on my plantation. If she be obedient I may be persuaded to raise her to first place in my household.

PENFIELD. And what would Marion say to that?

DANGLER. Marion begins to pall upon me. It's full time I retired her and favoured another more fresh.

PENFIELD. Will she be content? She has served you faithfully, and, I do believe, does love you passing well.

DANGLER. What matter how much she loves me if I desire a change? She is my property to do with as I please, is she not? Will anybody dare question my right and privilege in the matter?

PENFIELD (*deprecatingly*). No, no, Master Dangler, I merely was thinking of your own comfort. An angry, jealous woman,—especially one with hot blood of Africa in her veins, as has Marion,—is not likely to be a pleasant companion.

DANGLER. Should she prove unruly I would know how to tame her.

PENFIELD (*assentingly*). Doubtless, doubtless.

VOODOO

DANGLER. Does his Excellency, the Governor, attend the sale?

PENFIELD. A ship from home anchored in the bay last night, and Sir John has gone to the landing to meet her commander.

DANGLER. Know ye what cargo she brings—if there are passengers?

PENFIELD. No communication has been had with the vessel, as yet.

[*Enter SPUTTLE, BROWN, GALLET, RUMNEY, DUMAS, BADEL, LECOMPT, and DUCHESNE, laughing and talking, by small gate, and cross to platform.*]

SPUTTLE. Good morning, Dangler, you are early here?

[*PENFIELD ascends to floor of platform, sits at table and busies himself with papers from his pocket.*]

DANGLER (*as PENFIELD ascends*). The sale was cried to take place at this hour, I think.

BROWN. Aye, it was.

GALLET (*points at bag in charge of negro*). Dangler's treasury travels with him. (*To DANGLER*) Do you bid for the wench?

DANGLER. I have so determined, and, if needs be, I shall bid high.

BROWN. Dangler has the appetite of a cormorant.

RUMNEY. I have been advised that the lass is comely.

DANGLER (*sneeringly*). Too comely to be worn by any other than me, my Masters.

VOODOO

SPUTTLE. Your fat purse, Dangler, gives you an advantage over us to which neither the quality of your wit nor your courage entitles you.

[BROWN, GALLET, and RUMNEY murmur approvingly.]

DANGLER. Master Sputtle, such advantage as I have contents me; for, it will enable me to purchase the wench, bid against me whosoever may.

SPUTTLE. An' she becomes servant of yours, Dangler, I pity her.

DANGLER (*sarlingly*). Pity your own wench, Sputtle.

DUMAS. If Dangler chooses to purchase the wench who may say how he must use her?

BADEL. Each of us should smoke his own pipe and not his neighbor's.

LECOMPT. If he garners for himself the choicest growth of the weed I am well pleased.

DANGLER (*to LECOMPT*). Lecompt, a full shipload of exiles are hither bound from Bristol, and, if you will, the fairest of the lot shall be yours. If your purse is not sufficient for the need you shall dip into mine. What say you to my friendship?

DUMAS. A most generous promise.

LECOMPT. Of which when the time comes I will take advantage.

[Enter AUNT TULIP and negro boy by small gate. Boy balances upon his head a large tray containing cakes, etc., and small flagons and gourds.]

TULIP (*as she enters, loudly*). Here am cakes, an'

VOODOO

cookies, an' odder goodies! Who am 'gwine to buy? Who wants to tas'e Aunt Tulip's cookin'? Don't ebberybody shout at de same time.

DANGLER (*to TULIP*). Old Witch, what have you? (*Crosses to her.*)

[DUMAS, BADEL, LECOMPT, and DUCHESNE cross with DANGLER.]

TULIP (*grins at DANGLER*). Heaps ob good things! Dar am cakes, milk ob de cok'nut, an' cookie filled wid sweetmeat. Mos' anything you mought want, Marse Dangler. (*To boy*) Nigger, what's de matter wid you? Took de tray off your head so Marse Dangler mought help himself.

[*Boy takes tray from his head and holds it before DANGLER.*]

DANGLER (*gazes at contents of tray*). They are not poisoned, Tulip?

TULIP. What's I gwine to poison you for, Marse Dangler?

DANGLER (*smiles*). Marion may have employed you.

TULIP (*grins*). 'Spec you isn't much frougthed of dat gal doin' you any harm, Marse Dangler.

[DANGLER laughs, helps himself to cake and eats; FRENCHMEN help themselves to cake. All eat and talk among themselves.]

SPUTTLE (*to BROWN, as DANGLER helps himself from tray*). If Aunt Tulip is Marion's grandame, as rumor says, she ought to know.

BROWN. Dangler is streaked himself, so his connection with Marion is fit—But Aunt Tulip's wares

VOODOO

persuade me—Come! (*Crosses to TULIP and helps himself from tray.*)

[SPUTTLE, RUMNEY and GALLET cross with BROWN and help themselves from tray.]

[Enter BLOUNT and GILES by R. 2 E.]

BLOUNT (*as he enters*). Aye, Giles, I am much concerned.

GILES. You must outbid any who would buy Mistress Lucy.

BLOUNT. If I may, but my purse is none to heavy.

GILES. Jane bade me say you must bid, and fear not but that you will pay.

BLOUNT. What warrant has she for advising thus?

GILES. I know not; but, that she has reason hidden in her mind I would swear. She is not one who talks lightly.

BLOUNT. She is not.

GILES. Should your bid succeed will you wed Mistress Lucy?

BLOUNT. It would not please me were she unwilling

GILES. Besides, Master Geoffry, her forbears may be but common folk, and—

BLOUNT (*interrupts*). What matters her forbears? Is she herself not in all ways seemly.

GILES. Aye, she is. Jane's devotion to her passes my understanding.

BLOUNT. Mistress Lucy Grant is a comely lass, and, I conceit me, most lovable.

GILES (*smiles*). Your many communings with her

VOODOO

during the days of our long tossing upon the sea have been enlightening?

BLOUNT. Aye—But, Aunt Tulip is present with her wares and I'm disposed to indulge my appetite. Come, Giles. (*Crosses to TULIP.*)

GILES (*crosses with BLOUNT; smilingly*). I know the quality of the blackamoor's providings and admire them much.

DANGLER (*as BLOUNT approaches; to him*). Captain Blount, are you disposed to follow our example?

BLOUNT (*helps himself from tray*). As you perceive, Master Dangler.

GILES (*to TULIP*). Black Tulip, what have you that will please the particular taste of Giles Broadbent? (*Gazes at contents of tray.*)

TULIP (*grins*). Marse Giles, 'spec dar am something you mought like. (*Points at tray.*) Dat tart in de corner looks as if it mought fit your mouf.

GILES (*grins and takes tart from tray*). Were your eyes yard-wands, Tulip, they could not measure my capacity better. (*Eats.*)

BLOUNT. Aunt Tulip, I will swallow a cooling draught.

TULIP. Sertainly, Captain Blount (*Pours coconut-milk into a flagon and hands it to BLOUNT.*)

DANGLER (*as TULIP pours milk takes flask from his pocket*). Captain Blount, poison not yourself with the white whey, but please your palate with some of this—It is pure juce of the sugar-cane.

BLOUNT. I thank you, Master Dangler, but the wine-of-the-nut will better quench my thirst. (*Drinks milk and places flagon upon tray.*)

VOODOO

DANGLER (*to BLOUNT*). Please yourself, but 'tis drink for infants. The generous juice of the cane for me! (*To OTHERS*) Neighbors, do you drink with me? (*Takes flagon from tray and pours liquor from flask into it.*)

OTHERS (*more or less together*). Aye! aye! (*Take flagons from tray.*)

[*As DANGLER pours liquor GILES takes cake from tray and hands it to PENFIELD upon platform, then returns to OTHERS.*]

DANGLER (*hands flask to DUMAS*). Divide it fairly, friends.

[*DUMAS pours liquor from flask into flagons held by OTHERS then returns flask to DANGLER, who, after shaking it and smiling, places it into his pocket.*]

DANGLER (*raises his flagon on high*). Neighbors, good luck to all! (*Drinks.*)

PLANTERS (*more or less together*). Good luck! Good luck! (*Drink.*)

DANGLER (*throws flagon to the ground*). Aunt Tulip, I pay for all.

[*English PLANTERS place their flagons upon tray; FRENCHMEN throw theirs to the ground; meanwhile DANGLER hands TULIP a coin.*]

TULIP (*gazes at coin*). Ebbery body, Marse Dangler?

DANGLER. Yes, all of us.

BLOUNT. Thank you, Master Dangler, but not for Giles Broadbent, nor for me.

DANGLER (*sneeringly*). Captain Blount has too

VOODOO

proud a stomach to drink with us poor planters, Neighbors.

BLOUNT (*smiles*). I've emptied a cup with several of those who are here, Master Dangler.

[*Enter JACOB ROSENBAUM by small gate and cross towards OTHERS.*]

DANGLER. But never with me.

BLOUNT. I chose my companions as best pleases myself. (*Turns his back towards DANGLER.*)

[*DANGLER gazes darkly at BLOUNT while FRENCHMEN murmur angrily.*]

GILES (*to BLOUNT as FRENCHMEN murmur; whisperingly*). Master Geoffry, is it wise to grow enmity betwixt yourself and the half-breed?

BLOUNT (*carelessly*). I can't abide him, Giles.

[*ROSENBAUM endeavours to pass DANGLER and rubs against him.*]

DANGLER (*turns upon ROSENBAUM; fiercely*). How now, Jew! What mean you by rubbing your pollutions against a Christian?

ROSENBAUM (*deprecatingly*). Pardon, pardon, Master Dangler, I touched you not willingly but by chance;—pure chance, good Master Dangler. I will brush off the touch. (*Starts to dust DANGLER'S sleeve with his hand.*)

DANGLER (*repels ROSENBAUM*). Hands off, Dog!

ROSENBAUM (*shrinks back*). Pardon, I intended no—

DANGLER (*interrupts*). Who licensed you to pass through the gate? Would you dare bid against Christians—venture to purchase a Christian maid?

VOODOO

ROSENBAUM (*humbly*). No, no, good Master Dangler, the Jew is too sensible of his demerit. He would be of use to his Christian masters. Perchance, one may wish to bid yet not be provided with money, and, if any be so circumstanced, I am prepared to advance him his shortage,—the security being good, and the interest sufficient to induce the acceptance of the risk. I would be content with cent-per-cent. I will ask no more, good Master—not a penny more.

DANGLER. No one wants your money, so begone! Leave the mart!

ROSENBAUM (*whiningly*). Good Master Dangler, be not unkind to the poor Jew. Let me remain, and, if at any time you need me I'll be ready to serve you as—

DANGLER (*breaks in; harshly*). Go from the place! Remain another second and Christian foot will defile itself by making acquaintance with your accursed carcase. Begone, I say! (*Moves threateningly towards ROSENBAUM.*)

ROSENBAUM (*places himself behind BLOUNT, to him; pleadingly*). Captain Blount, help me.

BLOUNT (*stands between ROSENBAUM and DANGLER*). Master Dangler, the Jew has done you no wrong, so restrain your temper. (*To ROSENBAUM*) Jew, who gave you permission to enter the place of sale?

ROSENBAUM. Master Penfield, Captain Blount. He issued an order to the sentry at the gate to that effect.

BLOUNT. Very well, if you desire to stay stand by me and none shall do you wrong.

VOODOO

ROSENBAUM. Captain Blount, the Jew will not forget.

DANGLER (*angrily*). Nor will I forget, Captain Blount. (*Touches the hilt of his sword.*)

[*Enter CHECKLY by R. 2 E. and cross towards platform.*]

BLOUNT (*as CHECKLY crosses; indifferently*). Whenever you please, Master Dangler.

CHECKLY. Good morning, my Masters. We are somewhat late, but I hope your patience has not been worn to threads?

DANGLER (*glances black at BLOUNT*). Men of substance, and worth, Master Checkly, may well grow impatient when kept waiting in the society of a Jew.

CHECKLY. Master Dangler, at times Rosenbaum is most useful to the Colony's treasury, therefore he is favoured. (*Ascends to floor of platform; to PENFIELD.*) Master Penfield, are you ready?

PENFIELD (*rises*). Aye, Master Checkly, but before you begin there is something I would say.

[*CHECKLY and PENFIELD converse in a low tone; OTHERS talk among themselves.*]

[*Enter BETTIE and JANE by R. 2 E. JANE'S arm embraces BETTIE'S waist.*]

JANE (*as she enters*). Courage, Mistress! (*Pauses at entrance.*)

BETTIE (*pauses with JANE; agitatedly*). My heart fails me, Jane.

JANE. Disclose the truth and the sale will be stopped.

BETTIE. Perchance, if all else fails, I will—But does Captain Blount bid?

VOODOO

JANE. Aye, Madam, to the limit of his power.

BETTIE. If his present means be insufficient give him the ring, which he may either sell or pledge as may be most convenient—It is worth more than enough to purchase ten such foolish maids as I.

JANE. He might wonder how you came possessed of so rich a gem.

BETTIE. He wonders much about me even now; so, one more wonder may not do him hurt.

GILES (*perceives BETTIE and JANE; to BLOUNT*). Master Geoffry, Mistress Lucy Grant is come.

[OTHERS turn and gaze at BETTIE.]

CHECKLY (*to BETTIE; loudly*). Mistress Grant, come to the platform to be gazed at—Our masters here all are fair judges of feminine charms and—

BLOUNT (*breaks in; angrily*). Master Checkly, your duty is to sell the maiden to the highest bidder. You are not required to add to her confusion and shame.

[English PLANTERS murmur approvingly.]

CHECKLY (*as PLANTERS murmur*). Captain Blount, I know my duty. (*To BETTIE; sarcastically*) Mistress Lucy Grant, will you kindly pleasure me, and the masters assembled here, by ascending to the platform's floor?

[BETTIE and JANE cross towards platform.]

CHECKLY (*to BLOUNT, as BETTIE and JANE cross*). Does my style now please you, Captain Blount?

BLOUNT (*sternly*). Proceed to your duty, Master Checkly.

DANGLER (*to BETTIE*). Mistress, I would be cer-

VOODOO

tain if you are sound and— (*Advances his hand to handle her.*)

JANE (*roughly pushes DANGLER'S hand from BETTIE; fiercely*). Touch her not!

DANGLER (*to JANE; angrily*). Damned Cat, you need a lesson! (*Raises his hand to strike JANE.*)

GILES (*catches hold of DANGLER'S wrist and prevents him; sternly*). Be careful, Master, she is my wife! (*Thrusts DANGLER to one side.*)

DANGLER (*staggers back a pace or two, then advances, drawing his sword, towards GILES; furiously*). Scum! How dare you—

BLOUNT (*places himself between GILES and DANGLER at the same time interrupts; sternly*). Stand back, Master Dangler! But, if you must come to blows let it be with me.

SPUTTLE. Aye, Dangler, stand back, you are in the wrong. Let the sale begin.

CHECKLY (*to BETTIE*). Ascend, mistress.

[BETTIE and JANE ascend to floor of platform.]

DANGLER (*to BLOUNT, as BETTIE and JANE ascend; snarlingly*). I'll settle with you later on, Captain Blount. (*Sheaths his sword.*)

[BLOUNT smiles scornfully.]

CHECKLY (*to PENFIELD*). Now, Master Secretary.

PENFIELD. My Masters, by order of his Majesty, King James, Mistress Lucy Grant will now be sold at auction to the highest bidder. The terms of the sale are immediate payment in cash—not in produce, nor other merchandise; furthermore, no servitor, nor Jew, may bid. (*To CHECKLY*) Master Checkly, please proceed. (*Sits at table.*)

VOODOO

CHECKLY (*points at BETTIE*). Masters, there stands the fairest wench who ever has passed through my hands. She is sound of limb, has not a blemish of any kind, and her temper is of the sweetest—an angel's! a saints! We should be very grateful to his Majesty for sending us so choice a maid.

[DANGLER and FRENCHMEN gaze at BETTIE *gloatingly, and laugh*; BLOUNT and English *frown and otherwise display displeasure.*]

BETTIE (*shrinks closer to JANE; distressedly*). Horrible! Horrible!

CHECKLY. Furthermore, my Masters, the maid is modest, and—

SPUTTLE (*breaks in; impatiently*). Enough, Checkly; I bid ten pounds!

BADEL. A smile from the wench is worth more than that—Twenty!

GALLET. And I say thirty!

BROWN. Forty!

DANGLER. Neighbors, give up the quest—I bid one hundred!

BLOUNT (*tersely*). Two hundred!

[*All gaze at BLOUNT amazedly.*]

DANGLER (*sneers at BLOUNT*). Three hundred pounds!

BLOUNT. Four hundred!

DANGLER. Five!

BLOUNT. Six!

DANGLER (*scowls at BLOUNT*). One thousand pounds!

BLOUNT (*displays distress*). Alas!

VOODOO

JANE (*to GILES*). Husband, give Master Blount the ring.

GILES (*takes ring from his pocket*). Here, Master Geoffry. (*Hands BLOUNT the ring.*)

JANE. Sell or pledge it!

[BLOUNT examines ring.]

[ROSENBAUM gazes over BLOUNT's shoulder at ring.]

DANGLER (*to CHECKLY as BLOUNT examines ring; impatiently*). Proceed! Proceed! My bid is a thousand pounds!

CHECKLY. Master Dangler has bid a thousand pounds. If no one bids better the wench becomes his. (*Raises mallet on high.*) Going! Going!

BLOUNT (*eagerly*). Stop! (*Holds ring on high.*) I have here a jewel which I conceive is worth much more than a—

DANGLER (*breaks in*). The terms of the sale is immediate payment in cash, not in gems. Master Checkly, I demand that you conform accordingly.

PENFIELD. Captain Blount, Master Dangler is in the right.

CHECKLY. One thousand pounds has been bid—Any better offer? (*Raises mallet on high.*) Going—once!

[ROSENBAUM *whispers to BLOUNT while CHECKLY talks.*]

CHECKLY. Going—twice!

BLOUNT (*hands ROSENBAUM the ring*). One hundred better, Master Checkly!

VOODOO

[*English PLANTERS exclaim with pleasure; FRENCHMEN murmur disappointedly; BETTIE smiles hopefully.*]

DANGLER (*snarlingly*). Fifteen hundred.

ROSENBAUM (*eagerly*). Bid, bid, Captain Blount!
(*Takes bag from under his jacket.*)

BLOUNT. Sixteen hundred!

CHECKLY. Sixteen hundred! Who will raise it to seventeen? What say you, Master Dangler?

[*As CHECKLY speaks DANGLER edges himself towards ROSENBAUM.*]

CHECKLY. Sixteen hundred. Will none better it. (*Raises mallet on high.*) Going!

DANGLER. Seventeen hundred!

[*BLOUNT gazes at ROSENBAUM.*]

[*ROSENBAUM nods at BLOUNT encouragingly.*]

[*DANGLER snatches bag from ROSENBAUM'S hand and springs back.*]

ROSENBAUM (*wildly*). My money! My money!
(*Advances towards DANGLER.*)

DANGLER (*avoids ROSENBAUM'S outstretched hands*). Jew, I borrow it. I will pay cent-per-cent for its present use. I shall—

BLOUNT (*to DANGLER; furiously*). Scoundrel, hope you to reach your purpose thus! (*Unsheathes his sword.*) I will teach you better manners! Give the Jew his money, or—

DANGLER (*draws his sword*). I have borrowed it, Captain Blount, and if you—

SPUTTLE (*breaks in*). Dangler, return the money!
(*Draws his sword.*)

VOODOO

DUMAS (*draws his sword*). Hold tight, Dangler!
GILES (*draws his knife*). At him, Master Geoffry!

[*BROWN, GALLET and RUMNEY draw their swords and range themselves beside BLOUNT, FRENCHMEN draw their swords and stand near DANGLER.*]

BLOUNT (*to DANGLER*). Villain, will you surrender the money?

DANGLER. Take it from me!

[*Enter GOVERNOR and COURTNEY by door of house to veranda.*]

BLOUNT. I will! (*Attacks DANGLER.*)

[*DANGLER and BLOUNT fence; OTHERS start to engage.*]

GOVERNOR (*upon veranda; loudly*). How now! How now! Bared swords at each other's throats! Put away your weapons!

[*BLOUNT and DANGLER stop fencing and, with OTHERS, sheath their weapons.*]

[*BETTIE perceives COURTNEY; exclaims and seizes JANE'S hand as if for support.*]

GOVERNOR (*descends steps as OTHERS sheath swords*). Master Checkly, you will stop the sale at once.

[*COURTNEY crosses to platform.*]

GOVERNOR (*to BLOUNT and PLANTERS; sternly*). Captain Blount, and Masters all, if you are eager to use steel, let it be against our rebellious slaves. (*To BETTIE*) Mistress Lucy Grant, His Majesty, King James, has graciously granted you a full pardon, and has sent Lord Courtney here to escort you back to England.

VOODOO

COURTNEY (*to BETTIE; removes his hat*). Mistress, I am at your service. (*Bows low to BETTIE.*)

[*BETTIE turns to JANE and sinks into her arms.*]

CURTAIN.

Scene II: Living room at BLOUNT' cabin. The same day, at night. It is a small room, primitive in character, containing only a few pieces of common furniture. A table and chairs at Down R. C. A burning candle upon table lights room. A door giving access to bedroom at R. U. E. A door giving access to room directly from grounds outside of cabin at L. 2 E. A small cabinet containing flacons, decanters, dishes, etc., between this door and Back. A large window with closed shutters at Back. A settle against wall under window. Upon the floor, of rough planks, are spread, here and there, a few fancy grass mats.

At Rise: SAMPSON is cleaning a sword blade; now and then he makes passes with it into the air and grins as if pleased by his dexterity.

SAMPSON (*pauses, poses, and listens*). Now, who's dat comin' in such a hurry?

[*Enter BLOUNT, BETTIE and JANE hastily by door at Left; BLOUNT supports BETTIE in his arms.*]

SAMPSON (*as they enter; surprisedly*). Good Lawd, he's done it! (*Places sword upon table.*)

VOODOO

BLOUNT (*supports BETTIE across to chair*). Rest, Mistress.

[*As BLOUNT and BETTIE cross, JANE closes door.*]

BETTIE (*as she sinks upon chair; gaspingly*). Water, please!

BLOUNT. Sampson, fetch some water.

SAMPSON. Marse Blount, dar isn't none in de house. Must I fetch some from de well?

BLOUNT (*impatently*). Yes, you lazy beast! Be quick!

SAMPSON (*grumblingly*). I isn't lightning. (*Starts to go.*)

JANE. Never mind, Sampson.

[*SAMPSON halts.*]

JANE. Captain Blount, wine will do Mistress Lucy more good.

[*Crosses to cabinet, pours wine from decanter into a flagon and carries it to BETTIE.*]

SAMPSON (*as JANE crosses; complainingly and sotto voce*). Lazy beast! Nice name to call a pusson!

BETTIE (*takes flagon from JANE; to her*). Thank you. (*Drinks.*)

[*JANE takes flagon from BETTIE and returns it to cabinet.*]

BLOUNT (*to SAMPSON as JANE crosses*). Sampson, go outside and watch. Should you hear any one approaching, warn me. Go!

SAMPSON. All right, Marse Blount. If any pusson comes, I'se gwine ter hear 'em a mile off, an' let yer know moughty quick.

[*Exit hastily by door at Left.*]

VOODOO

BLOUNT (*to BETTIE*). Mistress Grant, persuaded by your appeal, I have stolen you from the Governor's charge; but, how your present freedom will avail you I fail to see.

BETTIE. Captain Blount, I pray you think of some way for the preventing of Lord Courtney forcing me to England.

BLOUNT. What may I do? Shall I kill his Lordship?

BETTIE (*horrificed*). Heaven forfend! No, discover some less deadly means.

BLOUNT. I can see none, Mistress.

BETTIE. Perchance you are not willing?

BLOUNT. Lord Courtney is armed with King James' order, which Sir John must obey. I am powerless, Mistress.

JANE (*suggestively*). The King's order refers to Lucy Grant, Master Blount.

BLOUNT. Aye, Mistress, so I said.

BETTIE (*impatiently*). Let be, Jane; Captain Blount is dull.

BLOUNT (*earnestly*). Mistress Grant, our long companionship, and many communings, has endeared you to me wonderfully. To see you taken away from Bridgetown would grieve me sorely, but what may I do? Shall we abscond into the forest, and hide there until such time as his Lordship chooses to sail away?

BETTIE. Were we to do that, Captain Blount, the gossips of the town would have much to say.

BLOUNT (*dolefully*). True; and yet I know not what else we might do.

VOODOO

JANE. Mistress Lucy, has Master Blount ever told you in what manner my husband, Giles, rescued me from Alsatia?

BETTIE. Never, Jane.

JANE. Persuade Master Blount to the telling of it, Mistress.

[*Exit by door at Right.*]

BETTIE. Captain Blount, will you pleasure me? Perchance, in the telling of Jane's tale you may find some hint as to the assisting of Lucy Grant.

BLOUNT. 'Tis but a simple relation, Mistress. My foster-brother found means for bettering Jane's then sad condition by the help of an Alsatian clergyman—an outlaw.

BETTIE. He married Jane to her husband—to Giles?

BLOUNT. Aye, and that without lengthened ceremony.

BETTIE (*shyly*). Master Blount, I wonder if—if— (*Pauses and displays embarrassment.*)

BLOUNT (*gazes at her wonderingly*). Yes, Mistress Grant?

BETTIE (*hesitatingly*). Are—are there no—no outlawed clergymen or ministers at Bridgetown?

BLOUNT. Of Nonconformists, Mistress, there are many.

BETTIE. Perchance, if you were to speak to one of them he might—might—teach you how— Oh, I cannot! (*Displays much distress.*)

BLOUNT (*agitatedly*). Mistress, what does this mean? Do you suggest that—

VOODOO

BETTIE (*distressedly*). Don't look at me! (*Buries her face into her hands.*)

BLOUNT (*emotionally*). Mistress Lucy, am I to take it that you would become my wife?

[BETTIE *sighs.*]

BLOUNT (*emotionally*). Speak, Mistress—speak, Lucy! I thought not to confess to you, but now my passion is so stirred that it bursts the gates of silence. Lucy, I love you! If—

[SAMPSON *pokes his head into room by door at Left.*]

SAMPSON (*interrupts; eagerly*). Marse Giles and Marse Fleece comin'! (*Draws his head out and closes door.*)

[Enter JANE *by door at Right.*]

BLOUNT (*gazes at BETTIE wonderingly; to her*). Giles fetchin' Master Fleece here! Do you know what for?

BETTIE (*gazes at floor; nervously*). Ask Jane.

BLOUNT (*to JANE*). Mistress, what means this coming of Master Fleece?

JANE (*smiles*). Ask Giles, Master Blount.

[Enter GILES and GOODENOUGH FLEECE *by door at Left.*]

FLEECE (*as he enters*). God be with all here!

OTHERS. Amen!

BLOUNT (*to FLEECE*). I am pleased to welcome you, Master Fleece, but your presence was unexpected. (*To GILES*) Giles, what occasion have you for fetchin' Master Fleece hither?

GILES (*grins*). Ask him, Master Geoffry.

BLOUNT (*impatiently*). It is nothing but ask! ask!

VOODOO

ask! (*To FLEECE*) Master Fleece, what is your errand?

FLEECE. Giles Broadbent hastened me here to marry you—make husband and wife of you and Mistress Lucy Grant.

BLOUNT (*displays much astonishment*). What!

FLEECE. Has Giles Broadbent deceived me—drawn me from the bosom of my family for nought?

BLOUNT (*gazes at BETTIE questioningly; stammeringly*). I—I—knew not that—that—

[*Overpowered by emotion, pauses and gazes at BETTIE appealingly.*]

GILES. Master Geoffry, the King's order is for the return to England of Mistress Lucy Grant; but, no mention does it make of Mistress Blount.

BLOUNT (*thoughtfully*). True; were she Mistress Blount we might defy them. (*To BETTIE; eagerly*) Mistress Lucy, what say you?

BETTIE (*weakly*). If there be no better way.

BLOUNT (*earnestly*). I would not be pleased to trade upon your emergency, Mistress.

BETTIE (*rises and gazes into BLOUNT'S eyes frankly; firmly*). Captain Blount, you are an honourable gentleman! I trust and respect you fully!

BLOUNT. Mistress Lucy, I value your respect, but fain would hear you say that you lo—

BETTIE (*interrupts*). Sir, be content—there's my hand! (*Offers him her hand.*)

BLOUNT (*takes BETTIE'S hand*). Mistress, even as I deal by you, so may Heaven deal by me! My heart is all your own and—

SAMPSON (*pokes his head into room by door at*

VOODOO

Left and interrupts). Marse Blount, de Gov'nor, and dat Lord Courtning am comin' wid a whole army of soldiers. (*Withdraws his head and shuts door.*)

BLOUNT (*to GILES; excitedly*). Giles, bar the door!

[GILES *springs across to door and drops bar into sockets.*]

BLOUNT (*to FLEECE, as GILES acts*). Master Fleece, marry me to Mistress Lucy Grant, speedily—briefly as may be, without too much ceremony.

FLEECE (*takes book from his pocket*). Master Blount, I will now ask you to—

BLOUNT (*breaks in; impatiently*). Master Fleece, if you wish to earn your fee—a fat one—be sudden!

[*Loud knocks outside on door at Left.*]

GOVERNOR (*on the outside*). Open, in the King's name!

BLOUNT (*urgently*). Quickly, Master Fleece!

FLEECE (*hesitatingly*). I—I—think, Captain Blount, it would be well to first admit Sir John, and—

BLOUNT (*angrily*). 'Sdeath, man, marry us!

GILES (*snatches sword from table and advances its point against FLEECE; fiercely*). Proceed! Proceed, or—

GOVERNOR (*outside of door at Left*). Open! Open!

FLEECE (*eyeing sword askance; rapidly*). Geoffry Blount do you take this woman Lucy Grant to be your wife?

BLOUNT. Aye, right willingly.

VOODOO

GOVERNOR (*outside*). Open, in the King's name! (*Knocks at outside of door.*)

FLEECE (*at same time as knocks*). Lucy Grant do you take this man Geoffry Blount to be your husband? Promise to love, honour and obey—

BETTIE (*interrupts*). Yes.

FLEECE (*hesitatingly*). This is most irregu—

GILES. Finish! Finish! (*Pricks him with sword.*)

FLEECE (*springs away from sword; spasmodically*). I pronounce you man and wife!

BLOUNT (*to BETTIE; tenderly*). Mistress, it is done. (*Kisses her hand.*)

JANE (*to BETTIE*). Mistress, I am glad.

FLEECE (*wipes his face with handkerchief; sotto voce*). A pack of savages!

[*Violent knocks at door.*]

GOVERNOR (*outside, at same time as knocking*). Captain Blount, must we force an entrance? Open! Open!

BLOUNT. Giles, open the door.

GILES (*grins*). Aye, Master Geoffrey. (*Places sword upon table, crosses to door and opens it.*)

[*Enter GOVERNOR and COURTNEY.*]

GOVERNOR (*stands in doorway and speaks out*). Sergeant, should I call, come in at once. (*Turns and advances into the room.*)

[*COURTNEY advances with GOVERNOR; GILES closes door.*]

GOVERNOR (*to BLOUNT; sternly*). Captain Blount, what means this?

BLOUNT (*smiles*). Sir John, I humbly beg you to

VOODOO

pardon my discourtesy in not admitting you speedily, but Master Fleece was marrying me to Mistress Lucy here.

COURTNEY (*starts and gazes madly at BLOUNT*). Malediction!

GOVERNOR (*smooths his beard to hide a smile*). 'Twas suddenly done, Captain Blount! (*To FLEECE*) Master Fleece, you are wondrous accommodating?

FLEECE (*nervously*). Your Excellency, I acted under duress. I fain would have refused to perform the ceremony, but—

GOVERNOR (*interrupts*). Even so, Master Fleece, yet the deed is done. I have often heard of marriages being nulled and voided because of groom being deceived, or bride forced, but never because minister was coerced. I conceit me the contract is good and will stand. (*To COURTNEY*). My Lord Courtney, what say you?

COURTNEY (*frowns at BLOUNT*). Sir John, the marriage is most irregular. His Majesty will have it annulled.

GOVERNOR. Months must pass before that can occur, meanwhile Captain Blount and his new-made mistress will dwell together in peace; and, I hope, (*smiles at BETTIE*) in all happiness.

[*BETTIE courtesies to GOVERNOR.*]

COURTNEY. They should be separated at once.

GOVERNOR (*coldly*). My Lord, I am not a judge competent to the divorcing of them. (*To BLOUNT*) Captain Blount, grave news has arrived regarding the rebellious negro slaves who are camped amongst

VOODOO

the hills, and I would advise with you anent same. Come to the Government-House with me. (*To BETTIE; smilingly*). Mistress Blount, I wish you much happiness. I shall send your husband back to you right soon. Farewell, Mistress. (*Bows to BETTIE, then passes out by door at Left.*)

[*Exit COURTNEY by door at Left.*]

BLOUNT (*to BETTIE*). Mistress Blount, my foster-brother's wife will care for your comfort this night. I will visit you in the early morning. Sleep in peace—adieu! (*Kisses her hand and crosses to door.*)

BETTIE (*as BLOUNT crosses*). I am your wife, Captain Blount, and will obey you in all things.

BLOUNT (*pauses at door and smiles at BETTIE*). Which means, Mistress, that we will obey each other, or I you? However, we will see. (*To FLEECE*) Master Fleece, to-morrow I will content you for your great service. (*To GILES*) Come, Giles.

[*Exit by door at Left.*]

[*Exeunt GILES and FLEECE by door at Left.*]

JANE. Madam, we have succeeded, and I hope your troubles are all over.

BETTIE (*anxiously*). Do you think my husband loves me, Jane?

JANE. He adores you, Madam! How could it be otherwise?

BETTIE (*smiles*). He said he did, and I am much disposed to believe him. I wish—

[*Enter COURTNEY by door at Left.*]

BETTIE (*to COURTNEY; angrily*). My Lord Courtney, this passes all courtesy!

COURTNEY. Pardon me, La—La— (*Hesitates.*)

VOODOO

BETTIE (*breaks in; haughtily*). Mistress Broadbent is well aware of who I am, my Lord.

COURTNEY. Lady Bettie, I pray you put an end to this absurd masque. If you are not willing to return to King James' Court, then permit me to escort you to that of the Prince of Orange, and there surrender you to your noble father, the Earl of Dare, who is much favoured by William. Nor am I without credit at the Hague; for, like many another who serves King James, I have found occasion to be useful to His Highness, Prince William. So, dear Lady Bettie, be advised, and—

[*Enter SAMPSON hastily by door at Left.*]

SAMPSON (*as he enters; excitedly*). Dem tarnation debbles am comin'! Marse Dangler an' a heap ob bad niggers from de hills is at de doh! Dey isn't gwine to cut dis pusson's throat!

[*Exit hastily by door at Right.*]

[*Noises off, at Left.*]

COURTNEY (*draws his sword; wonderingly*). Who comes?

JANE (*snatches sword from table*). A villain who—

[*Enter DANGLER and Negroes hastily by door at Left.*]

DANGLER (*springs towards BETTIE*). My turn, Mistress!

COURTNEY (*springs between DANGLER and BETTIE; to him, furiously*). Scoundrel, stand back!

[*COURTNEY and DANGLER fence; Negro steals up behind COURTNEY and fells him to the floor with a club; Negroes overpower JANE; DANGLER seizes BETTIE, who faints into his arms.*]

VOODOO

DANGLER (*excitedly*). Fetch the wench for your voodoo. (*Raises BETTIE to his shoulder and passes hastily out with her by door at Left.*)

[*Exeunt Negroes, forcing JANE struggling and screaming to accompany them, by door at Left.*]

SAMPSON (*pokes his head into room by door at Right*). Is dey all gone? (*Enters, crosses to door at Left and drops bar into sockets, turns and perceives COURTNEY*). Heabenly Father! am he dead? (*Crosses to COURTNEY and bends over him*). Lawd, is you still among de livin'?

COURTNEY (*groans*). Summon help!

SAMPSON. Dis am ter'ble! What am Marse Blount gwine to say?

COURTNEY (*gaspingly*). Call for help! (*Becomes unconscious.*)

SAMPSON. Heabens! (*Hurries to door at Left and starts to raise bar; pauses*). If I opens de doh dey mought come back an' smash me. (*Drops bar back into sockets, then crosses to window; jumps to seat of settle and throws open shutters; snatches a bell from window ledge and rings it violently out of window, and, at the same time, shouts at the top of his voice.*) Help! Murder! Fire! Marse Dangler done took off everybody! Help! Help!

[*As SAMPSON shouts and rings bell—*

CURTAIN.

ACT THREE

Scene I: Governor's room at Government-House. Early morning on the following day. The room is small. It is furnished simply, in accord with the period and place. A table containing papers, books and writing material at Down R. C. A large chair is at Up side of table. Chairs and stools here and there. A door at R. U. E. A settle at Right between door and footlights. A large bamboo screen partly hides door at R. U. E. A door at L. 2 E. A large French window at Back. The window is open and through it is seen portion of veranda, stockaded enclosure and the bay.

At Rise: GOVERNOR sitting in large chair at table, writing; PENFIELD entering by door at Left.

GOVERNOR (*drops quill to table and sits up*). Good morrow, Master Penfield, have you come to tell me how it fares with Lord Courtney?

PENFIELD (*stands near table*). Sir John, his Lordship's hurts mend apace. Doctor Manders promises that a few days hence he will be as well as ever.

GOVERNOR (*heartily*). That's excellent news. Now, what have you learnt regarding the villain Dangler?

VOODOO

PENFIELD. Nothing as yet, Sir John.

GOVERNOR. Let me once get hold of the scoundrel and he shall hang as high as ever did Haman!

PENFIELD (*approvingly*). An' he deserves to hang, Sir John.

GOVERNOR. But we must catch before we may hang. I set the Ashanti upon his track. Has he returned?

PENFIELD. Not yet, Sir John.

GOVERNOR. Captain Blount and Giles Broadbent—What about them?

PENFIELD. Sir John, they and Master Sputtle, with some others, hastened last night to Dangler's home.

GOVERNOR (*concernedly*). I hope they will not be too venturesome—rush into danger to their hurt. At this present emergency we could ill spare even one of them.

PENFIELD (*reassuringly*). Master Sputtle is cunning, Sir John; besides, Captain Blount is not unwise, nor is Giles Broadbent a fool.

GOVERNOR. Urged by the passion of anger, and fear for their wives, they may forget their wisdom.

PENFIELD. I saw them start, Sir John, and marvelled at their coolness.

GOVERNOR. I warrant you, Penfield, that, under the appearance of calm, their blood was at fever heat.

PENFIELD. Doubtless, Sir John. Will your Excellency send troops to the rescue of the abducted women?

GOVERNOR (*peevishly*). I dare not. Every man

VOODOO

we have is required here for the protection of the town. The black devils may descend from the hills upon us at any moment, and, should we be caught short-handed, would overpower us with ease. I am sorely grieved to be thus positioned, but there is no help—I can do nothing.

[Enter TUFFY by door at Left.]

GOVERNOR (to TUFFY). Well, boy, what is it?

TUFFY. Marse Sir John, Marse Captain Blount is wantin' to come in.

GOVERNOR. Show the Captain in, Tuffy.

TUFFY. Yes, Marse Sir John.

[Exit by door at Left.]

GOVERNOR (anxiously). I hope he fetches good news.

[Enter BLOUNT dejectedly.]

GOVERNOR (to BLOUNT). Welcome, Captain Blount, I hope you come with a pleasing report?

BLOUNT (gloomily). The pursuit failed.

GOVERNOR. Too bad! But sit down and tell me all.

BLOUNT (sits). Supposing that the scoundrel had carried his prizes to his home, we hastened there; but, only to learn that we had judged in error.

GOVERNOR. He rules his negroes with a rod of iron; so, if he commanded them to know nothing, they would be dumb. Are you sure they have not deceived you?

BLOUNT. There was not a single person upon the place. An old negro, who lives in a shed near Dangler's house, informed me that the dwelling and

VOODOO

the huts upon the plantation have not been occupied for several days.

GOVERNOR. That is strange! Have you any idea what it means?

BLOUNT. The black further said that Dangler had moved himself and all his people to the hills.

GOVERNOR (anxiously). Joined the rebellious blacks?

BLOUNT. So the old man suspected.

GOVERNOR. Then our suspicion that he is head and front of the revolt was well founded. Damn him!

[Enter TUFFY by door at Left.]

GOVERNOR (to TUFFY; impatiently). Well?

TUFFY. Angwie done come, Marse Sir John.

GOVERNOR. Send him in at once!

TUFFY. Yes, Marse Sir John.

[Exit by door at Left.]

GOVERNOR (to BLOUNT). Possibly Angwie has discovered the whereabouts of your wife, and Mistress Broadbent.

BLOUNT. I pray God he has.

PENFIELD. If he has not I'll be much surprised.

[Enter ANGWIE by door at Left. He is a tall, slim black, stern of countenance and dignified in his carriage.]

GOVERNOR (to ANGWIE; eagerly). Welcome, Angwie; have you discovered anything?

ANGWIE (tersely). Dangler done carry two mammy hill.

GOVERNOR. We are already aware of that—What else?

ANGWIE. Dangler give Giles wife to nigger for

VOODOO

make voodoo. Dangler keep tother Mammy for him wife.

[BLOUNT *groans.*]

PENFIELD (*as BLOUNT groans*). The scoundrel!

GOVERNOR (*to ANGWIE*). Are you certain of it?

ANGWIE. Angwie steal into nigger camp. Angwie hear Dangler and Dumas talk. Talk plenty.

GOVERNOR (*surprisedly*). Dumas! Is he with Dangler?

ANGWIE. Dumas, Badel, Lecompt, Duchesne, all with Dangler.

GOVERNOR (*to BLOUNT and PENFIELD; anxiously*). Gentlemen, this is serious. I have always doubted the Frenchmen's loyalty, but never thought they would go to this length.

PENFIELD. They are capable of anything black, Sir John.

GOVERNOR. So it would seem—(*To ANGWIE*) But continue, Angwie.

ANGWIE. Next day after to-morrow Dangler, Frenchmen, and nigger come Bridgetown. Take everybody's head!

GOVERNOR. The day after to-morrow?

ANGWIE. Yes, Gov'nor.

GOVERNOR (*smiles grimly*). We'll receive them pleasantly.

PENFIELD. Might we not surprise them at their camp, Sir John?

GOVERNOR (*to ANGWIE*). Angwie, what do you think?

ANGWIE. Gov'nor, Angwie think suppose Dangler fetch nigger Bridgetown to fight soldier, Dan-

VOODOO

gler big fool! Suppose Gov'nor take soldier hill to fight nigger, Gov'nor damn fool!

GOVERNOR (*smiles*). My opinion exactly.

ANGWIE. Nigger too many—S'pose soldier go hill nigger eat soldier up too quick.

BLOUNT. But my wife and Mistress Broadbent? They must be rescued from—

ANGWIE. Blount, no want soldier for take two Mammy from nigger. Angwie make steal Mammy. Angwie have cunning plenty! Angwie make Softly—catch—monkey!

BLOUNT (*eagerly*). How is it to be done, Angwie?

ANGWIE. Angwie show Blount. Nigger in camp be damn fool too much! Angwie go shut nigger eye easy. When night time come we go hill and steal two Mammy from nigger.

BLOUNT (*excitedly*). By God! we will make the endeavour! Sputtle and my other friends will help me, and—

ANGWIE (*breaks in*). Angwie, Blount, Giles be plenty; any more too many. We no fight, Blount, we make steal.

GOVERNOR. Angwie is right, Captain Blount.

[NEGRO *upon veranda shows his face at window, stares in at OTHERS, shakes his head then disappears.*]

BLOUNT. Sir John, I suppose he is. (*To ANGWIE*) Angwie, it shall be as you may direct.

ANGWIE. Good! Now go cabin and make eat, and sleep—When time come for go Angwie call you.

GOVERNOR (*to BLOUNT*). Yes, Captain Blount, you are worn out—Go and rest.

VOODOO

BLOUNT. I cannot rest, Sir John. Anxiety is killing me!

GOVERNOR (*sympathetically*). I know how you feel, but you must rest; the adventure will require a clear brain.

BLOUNT. I'll make the effort, Sir John.

ANGWIE (*to GOVERNOR*). Guv'nor, you ready for die?

GOVERNOR (*displays astonishment*). Ready to die!

[OTHERS gaze at ANGWIE *wonderingly*.]

ANGWIE. Yes, Gov'nor, die!

GOVERNOR. Zounds! What are you talking about?

ANGWIE. Angwie hear Dangler say s'pose Gov'nor dead he go take Bridgetown easy. Dangler done send nigger Bridgetown take Gov'nor's head.

GOVERNOR (*half starts from chair*). What! What!

[OTHERS *exclaim as GOVERNOR starts*.]

ANGWIE. Nigger outside now.

BLOUNT. How do you know?

ANGWIE. Angwie just now see nigger peep in window. When Gov'nor alone nigger sneak in and make Gov'nor full of hole.

PENFIELD. I'll have the scoundrel arrested. (*Starts to go*.)

GOVERNOR (*quickly*). Stop, Master Penfield, I fain would catch him red-handed.

[PENFIELD *pauses*.]

GOVERNOR (*thoughtfully*). But, how is it to be accomplished?

VOODOO

ANGWIE. Wait, Gov'nor, Angwie know.

[*Crosses to window and gazes out, turns and smiles; puts his fingers to his lips.*]

'Sh!—Nigger close window now. Just as soon we go he sneak in. I fool him. (*Places screen before window.*) Now, he no see in room we do. (*To GOVERNOR*) Gov'nor, turn face table and make believe write book. We go tother room and watch. Nigger no go touch you, Gov'nor.

GOVERNOR (*smiles*). Excellent, excellent, Angwie! (*To BLOUNT and PENFIELD*) Into the other room with yourselves, gentlemen.

BLOUNT (*protestingly*). Sir John, is it wise? I do not think you should risk the—

GOVERNOR (*impatiently*). Captain Blount, please go into the other room at once!

BLOUNT. Very well, Sir.

[*Salutes GOVERNOR then crosses towards door at Right.*]

[ANGWIE and PENFIELD follow BLOUNT.]

ANGWIE (*at door; smilingly*). No fear! Angwie no let nigger take Gov'nor's head.

[*Exeunt BLOUNT, PENFIELD and ANGWIE by door at Right.*]

GOVERNOR (*loudly*). Good-bye, gentlemen! Good-bye, Angwie! (*Turns his back towards window and pretends to write.*)

[*A brief pause during which ANGWIE, BLOUNT, and PENFIELD peep into room.*]

[*Negro peeps from behind screen at GOVERNOR, comes from behind screen with a knife in his hand and sneaks towards GOVERNOR.*]

VOODOO

[ANGWIE sneaks after negro.]

[Negro reaches GOVERNOR and raises his knife to strike him.]

ANGWIE (seizes NEGRO'S uplifted wrist). Wow!

[ANGWIE and NEGRO struggle with each other;

BLOUNT and PENFIELD rush towards OTHERS;

GOVERNOR springs to his feet and strikes

NEGRO to the floor with a chair.]

ANGWIE (spurns prostrate NEGRO with his foot).
Nigger damn fool too much!

CURTAIN

Scene II: Tropical forest in the vicinity of Bridgetown. The same day at night. The place is an expansive depression surrounded by great rocks, trees and dense undergrowth. At the Right towards Footlights is a heap of boulders. A path runs into place at top of boulders. Paths run into place at bottom at L. 2 E. and at L. U. E. At Back are great boulders, trees, etc. A small structure stands at Down R. C. The structure has a grass roof, is open at its Up, Left, and Down sides, is closed at its Right side by a mat. Inside of shed are a table and four stools. Upon the table are a jug and four flagons, also a small heap of silver coins. A fire burns upon the ground at L. C. A large pot, containing a steaming mixture and a long-handled spoon, stands upon stone tripods over fire. A tall stump of a tree, denuded of its bark, stands at R.

VOODOO

C. The moon, her rays ribboning between the branches of the trees, dimly and weirdly, lights the place; the sky is thickly spangled with brilliant stars.

At Rise: DUMAS, BADEL, LECOMPT, and DUCHESNE are sitting at table in shed gambling with cards; PETER and PAUL stand at either end of table holding aloft flaring torches.

DUMAS (throws his cards upon table). Masters, I win!

BADEL (angrily). Damnation! Rooked again! I play no more! (Dashes his cards upon table and rises.)

LECOMPT (drops his cards to table and rises). Nor I!

DUCHESNE (rises). Dumas is much too fortunate, Comrades.

DUMAS (pockets coins from table). Improve your skill and the fickle jade will smile on you as she does on me. But, if you will have no more, the game is ended. (Rises.)

[Whistle sounds off at Left.]

BADEL. Dangler summons us.

LECOMPT (surlily). With a whistle as though we were dogs.

DUCHESNE. We but follow at his heels until Bridgetown has been won.

[Crosses towards L. 2 E.]

[DUMAS, BADEL, and LECOMPT cross with DUCHESNE.]

DUMAS. And our Country's flag flies over it.

VOODOO

BADEL. Viva le Grand Monarque!

OTHERS. Viva! Viva!

[*Exeunt.*]

PAUL (*points towards L. U. E.*). Wow!

PETER (*gazes towards L. U. E.*). Paul, what he be?

PAUL. Voodoo!

PETER. You 'fraid?

PAUL. What for I 'fraid? Voodoo eat white mammy, no eat me.

PETER. White mammy have fat plenty!

PAUL (*warningly*). 'Sh!

PETER. More better we go.

[*Exeunt by L. 2 E.*]

[*Enter age-shrivelled NEGRESS by L. U. E. followed by four OTHERS. They cross to fire and the first stirs contents of pot with spoon, meanwhile the OTHERS circle around fire.*]

FIRST NEGRESS (*stirs with spoon; in a sing-song and wierdly*).

Boonce, boonce, boo-oo-oo!

Soonce, soonce, soo-oo-oo!

OTHERS (*circling*).

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

FIRST NEGRESS (*still stirring*).

Boonce, boonce, boo-oo-oo!

Soonce, soonce, soo-oo-oo!

OTHERS (*still circling*).

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

[*Enter NEGRO by L. U. E. He carries upon his head a grotesque figure and is escorted by*

VOODOO

four Negroes armed with naked cutlasses; following these come on Negroes and Negresses shouting, screaming, yelling and jumping. NEGRO deposits grotesque figure upon the ground at U. C. OTHERS stop noise and action and gaze expectantly towards L. U. E.]

[*Enter DUMAS, BADEL, LECOMPT and DUCHESNE by L. 2 E.*]

DUMAS (*as he enters; gazing at negroes*). I don't like this business, Comrades.

BADEL. Nor do I.

LECOMPT. Daugler ought to have prevented it.

DUCHESNE. The niggers refused to move until after they had performed the rite of voodoo, and, not only that, insisted upon having a white person to do their hellish work upon—I don't suppose any of us would have volunteered to fill the rôle? I know I wouldn't have.

BADEL. I'm sorry for the wench.

DUMAS. So am I.

LECOMPT. It's not a white man's job—let's go.

DUMAS. Certainly, not this white man's.

[*Exeunt by L. 2 E.*]

[*Enter NEGRO carrying a large knife by L. U. E. He is followed on by two other Negroes who drag on JANE. She is partly naked and her hair hangs loose. JANE is forced across to stump of tree and bound to it. After JANE is bound all the Negroes silently dance, circling, around her, directing threatening and mocking motions at her.*]

VOODOO

[Enter ANGWIE sneakingly by path at top of boulders. He gazes cautiously over boulder down at OTHERS then turns and beckons off.]

[Enter BLOUNT and GILES by path at top of boulders. They whisper eagerly to ANGWIE then cautiously gaze over boulder down into depression.]

GILES (*distractedly*). My God, there's Jane! The fiends are about to sacrifice her. I shall— (*Starts to descend.*)

ANGWIE (*prevents GILES*). Wait, Giles, plenty time.

[Black clouds begin to blot out the sky.]

GILES (*hesitates*). Should they kill her—

ANGWIE (*reassuringly*). No trouble, Giles, plenty time—Angwie no let Mammy die.

BLOUNT. But where is my wife?

ANGWIE (*points towards L. 2 E.*). See Blount, mammy come. Dangler have sharp eye—Make hide. (*Dodges down behind boulder.*)

[BLOUNT and GILES exclaim in a low tone and dodge down behind boulder.]

[Enter DANGLER by L. 2 E. followed by two negroes forcing BETTIE forward.]

BETTIE (*as she enters drags back; agitatedly*). I pray you force me not to look upon this cruel sight!

DANGLER. Consent to my proposal and the sight shall not be thrust upon you.

BETTIE. I will give you riches—have you—

DANGLER. Will you consent?

[BLOUNT, GILES and ANGWIE peep over boulder at OTHERS.]

VOODOO

BETTIE (*emphatically*). Never! Never!

[When BLOUNT perceives BETTIE he exclaims and moves as if to descend; GILES restrains BLOUNT.]

DANGLER (*to Negroes who hold BETTIE and pointing at structure*). Place her inside the shed so she may see plainly—Guard her closely! (*Crosses to fire.*)

BLOUNT (*shakes his fist at DANGLER; fiercely*). You damned monster, wait! I will—

ANGWIE (*interrupts*). Softly, softly, Blount! Talk no good.

[As DANGLER crosses Negroes force BETTIE to shed and push her inside, then stand outside and watch the doings of those around fire.]

[DANGLER halts near fire and stands.]

BETTIE (*Extends her hands towards JANE; loudly and distressedly*). Jane! Jane!

JANE (*gazes at BETTIE and points up*). In Heaven, Mistress!

BETTIE (*very emotionally*). Alas! God have mercy upon us. (*Sinks to stool and buries her face into her hands against table.*)

[NEGRO with knife shouts and squats; other Blacks squat; DANGLER kneels; ALL bow their heads and worship grotesque figure, meanwhile moan and groan.]

ANGWIE (*as BLACKS and DANGLER worship chuckles*). Now we steal Mammy from shed—Come softly. (*Descends rocks at their Down sides to bottom, then steals across to Right side of shed.*)

[BLOUNT and GILES follow ANGWIE.]

VOODOO

GILES (*as they cross*). Master Geoffry, do you—

ANGWIE (*interrupts; sternly*). Giles, shut mouth!

[*They reach shed and ANGWIE cuts hole in mat.*]

BLOUNT (*through hole to BETTIE in a loud whisper*). Lucy! Lucy!

[*BETTIE starts; she is about to glance towards hole.*]

BLOUNT (*quickly, as BETTIE is about to glance towards hole*). Don't look but listen. In a moment I'll call, then come at once and without making any noise.

[*While BLOUNT speaks to BETTIE, ANGWIE enlarges hole; BETTIE rises and stands with her hands pressed against her bosom.*]

ANGWIE (*drags off piece of mat thus leaving large hole*). Now, Blount.

BLOUNT (*through hole to BETTIE*). Come!

[*BETTIE steals out of shed through hole.*]

BLOUNT (*takes BETTIE into his arms*). Lucy, thank God!

BETTIE. Amen! Husband.

GILES. Now for Jane.

BETTIE (*releases herself from BLOUNT'S arms; eagerly*). Yes, she must be saved! They would murder her!

GILES. Not while I'm alive! (*Starts towards JANE.*)

ANGWIE (*prevents GILES from going*). Stop, Giles—S'pose you go now everything spoil.

[*The angry clouds now almost blot out the stars.*]

VOODOO

ANGWIE. Blount, horse be ready?

BLOUNT. Yes, Sampson has them in charge.

ANGWIE. Sampson be Bassa man—Bassa man be damned coward! Blount, more better you take Mammy, put him horse and go Bridgetown one time. Giles and Angwie fetch tother Mammy.

BLOUNT (*to BETTIE*). Yes, Mistress, let us go. (*Offers to take her hand.*)

BETTIE (*draws back; pleadingly*). No, no, let me stay, please. Indulge me, husband.

BLOUNT. Stay, wife.

ANGWIE (*to BLOUNT*). Take Mammy top stones—Stay there!

BLOUNT (*to BETTIE*). Yes, Lucy, it will be safer there—Come!

[*BLOUNT and BETTIE steal across bottom to boulders and climb to top.*]

ANGWIE (*as BLOUNT and BETTIE cross*). Giles, Mammy make Blount fool plenty. S'pose Mammy b'long me I do—

GILES (*breaks in*). Shall we act?

ANGWIE (*points to clouds*). Wait! Soon much wind—plenty dark.

[*Negroes and DANGLER arise. Negress stirs contents of pot and croons, other Negroes gaze at JANE and moan ominously; DANGLER crosses to shed.*]

DANGLER (*gazes into shed*). Mistress, have you yet made— (*Springs inside; madly.*) Damnation! (*Rushes out and gazes about uncertainly.*)

[*As DANGLER rushes out Sky suddenly blackens and place darkens.*]

VOODOO

ANGWIE (*as sky blackens*). Giles, we make do!
(*Rushes across to JANE.*)

[GILES *rushes across with ANGWIE.*]

[*As GILES and ANGWIE start from shed lightning flashes; a great gust of wind descends upon the place, scatters the fire, upsets the grotesque figure, and levels the shed to the ground.*]

[*Negroes and Negresses, frightened by the angry elements, run about place, as if demented, howling and yelling.*]

[ANGWIE *cuts JANE loose; GILES seizes JANE'S hand and rushes with her across towards boulders upon the top of which stand BETTIE and BLOUNT, almost crazy with excitement; ANGWIE follows GILES and JANE.*]

[DANGLER *perceives them crossing, draws his sword and endeavours to intercept them; meanwhile calling loudly.*]

DANGLER (*as he runs with difficulty through the wind*). This way! This way! This way!

[*Enter FRENCHMEN by L. 2 E. They fight through storm towards DANGLER.*]

[GILES, JANE and ANGWIE *reach bottom of boulders, climb to top and join BLOUNT and BETTIE.*]

[DANGLER *reaches bottom of boulders and starts to climb to top, meanwhile FRENCHMEN draw near bottom of boulders.*]

[*Exeunt BLOUNT, GILES, BETTIE and JANE hastily.*]

[DANGLER *climbs towards top.*]

VOODOO

[ANGWIE *picks up a great rock from the ground and hurls it at DANGLER.*]

[*Rock strikes DANGLER; he staggers back and falls into the arms of DUMAS.*]

[*A vivid flash of lightning; a loud peal of thunder.*]

ANGWIE (*as DANGLER staggers back, and as lightning flashes, and as thunder rolls; sardonically*).
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit by path at top of boulders as rain begins to descend.*]

CURTAIN

ACT IV.

Scene: The same as Scene I, Act II, with platform removed. Two days later. Just before sunset. Water-butt and flagons near veranda.

At Rise: PENFIELD, inside of Government-House is gazing through spy-glass out of second floor window, at surrounding country, and the bay; GOVERNOR, COURTNEY, with his head bandaged, and BETTIE descending steps at veranda.

GOVERNOR (*as he descends*). Madam, now that I am aware of your quality I may not venture to trifle with his Majesty's command. There is much difference betwixt what I might have done for Mistress Lucy, to please Captain Blount, and the treatment I must tender Lady Bettie Dare who——

BETTIE (*interrupts*). Lady Bettie Blount, Sir John.

GOVERNOR (*testily*). Even so; but, be it Dare or Blount, I must send you back to England. His Majesty, King James, holds you as hostage for the good behavior of the noble earl, your father, who now is at the court of Prince William of Orange; and I, holding the King's commission, must act accordingly.

BETTIE. Sir John, were times to change in Eng-

VOODOO

land—as when I left they promised—my father would not prove ungrateful for any courtesy you might show his daughter.

GOVERNOR (*coldly*). Madam, I am a plain soldier and obey those who are in authority.

COURTNEY. Sir John, there be those at home, and near the person of King James, who trim their sails to catch the wind from whichsoever direction it may blow.

GOVERNOR. My Lord Courtney, I am no politician, but, as I just this moment said, only a plain soldier.

BETTIE. Since you will send me to England, Sir John, it will be under my husband's care?

GOVERNOR. Madam, your husband shall accompany you. Should Lord Courtney object to Captain Blount's society his Lordship may remain in Bridgetown.

COURTNEY. I admire Lady Bettie as much as ever, but am content to rest her loyal servant and friend; aye, and even her gallant husband's. Perchance the clout given me by the negro let some of the folly out of my head.

BETTIE (*gratefully*). My Lord, for myself, and in my husband's name, I thank you. (*Offers him her hand.*)

COURTNEY (*takes her hand*). Dear Lady Bettie, commend me to the good opinion of Captain Blount. (*Kisses her hand then releases it.*)

GOVERNOR. Well said, my Lord.

BETTIE. He will value your friendship, my Lord, even as does——

VOODOO

PENFIELD (*at the window; loudly*). Sir John, a ship sails towards the harbour.

GOVERNOR (*eagerly*). Does she flaunt her banner—can you discern it?

PENFIELD (*gazes through glass towards bay*). She flies no colours, Sir John, but the shape of her, and the set of her sails, say she is English.

GOVERNOR. A most welcome arrival at this emergency.

PENFIELD (*still using glass*). She raises her ensign—yes—yes—A King's ship, Sir John! (*Waves his arm; joyously.*) Hurrah! Hurrah!

GOVERNOR and OTHERS (*loudly*). Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*Enter SPUTTLE, BROWN, GALLET and RUMNEY hastily by R. U. E.*]

SPUTTLE (*as he enters; excitedly*). What is it—are the rebels coming?

GOVERNOR. Masters, a King's ship sails into the harbour.

[*SPUTTLE and OTHERS exclaim joyously.*]

[*Enter SARGEANT by R. 2 E.*]

SARGEANT (*salutes GOVERNOR; to him*). Sir John, all are at their several posts.

GOVERNOR. Has the ammunition been served out?

SARGEANT. Yes, Sir John.

GOVERNOR. Thanks to the parsimony of those at home we are very short of powder, so see to it that not any is wasted—Are all the womenfolk in the house?

SARGEANT. Yes, Sir John.

VOODOO

GOVERNOR. Very well. To your post and tell the men not to forget that they are Englishmen. Away, sir!

[*Enter ANGWIE by R. U. E.*]

SARGEANT (*smiles grimly*). We will not forget, Sir John. (*Salutes GOVERNOR.*)

[*Exit hastily by R. 2 E.*]

GOVERNOR (*to COURTNEY*). My Lord, the sailors from your ship guard the West gate. Is Master Rodney fitted for the charge? Would it not be well were you there?

COURTNEY. Sir John, Master Rodney is both brave and skillful. I shall do my devoir here under Captain Blount.

[*Enter JANE by door of house. She descends from veranda and joins BETTIE.*]

GOVERNOR (*to COURTNEY*). Do as may best please yourself, my Lord.

COURTNEY. Would it not be wisdom, Sir John, to send a messenger to the King's ship advising her Commander of our strait?

GOVERNOR (*eagerly*). My Lord Courtney, a happy thought! (*To PENFIELD; loudly*) Master Penfield, indite a message to the Commander of the King's ship advising him of our emergency, and asking him for sufficient and speedy relief. Do it quickly!

PENFIELD. Immediate, Sir John. (*Disappears from window.*)

GOVERNOR (*thoughtfully*). Now, who shall carry the message?

ANGWIE (*advances to GOVERNOR*). Angwie take message, Gov'nor. Sampson be fool but he know

VOODOO

paddle. I take him canoe and make him paddle like debble!

GOVERNOR. Good! I'll send you, Angwie. You may make a report to the Commander of all that is passing here, and say that the occasion is one in which he should act speedily.

[Enter TUFFY hastily by door of house with a note in his hand.]

ANGWIE. I tell Commander all, Gov'nor.

TUFFY. Marse Sir John, Marse Penfield send book. (Hands note to GOVERNOR.)

[PENFIELD appears at window and gazes out through spy-glass.]

GOVERNOR (reads note, folds and hands it to ANGWIE). Away with you, Angwie. Do the errand loyally and I'll reward you well. Be off!

ANGWIE (going). Angwie do!

[Exit hastily by R. U. E.]

[A volley of musketry at a distance off at Left.]

GOVERNOR (loudly). Master Penfield, what is it?

PENFIELD (gazes through glass towards Left). Captain Blount, Sir John, is retreating this way before a horde of the blacks— (A brief silence.) Ah!

GOVERNOR (eagerly). What now, Penfield?

PENFIELD (excitedly). Captain Blount is down—

[BETTIE exclaims and displays alarm.]

JANE (to BETTIE). Courage, Madam.

PENFIELD. Bravo! Giles beats the blacks back— Blount is up!

[Volley of musketry off at Left near.]

VOODOO

PENFIELD. Blount's men fire—they are coming— open the gate!

GOVERNOR (crosses hastily towards double-gate). Open the gates! Open! Open!

[Sentries close and bar small gate, meanwhile SPUTTLE and OTHERS open double-gates and stand ready to close them quickly.]

[Shouts and yells off at Left.]

BLOUNT (off at Left). Fire!

[Volley of musketry off at Left, followed by screams and yells.]

[Enter SOLDIERS hastily by double-gates, followed by BLOUNT and GILES; SPUTTLE and OTHERS close gates and bar them hastily.]

GOVERNOR (to BLOUNT). Well done, Captain Blount!—Any one hurt?

BLOUNT (pantingly). None of ours, Sir John.

GOVERNOR (smiles). Excellent! Excellent!

COURTNEY. I hope the blacks cannot say as much?

BLOUNT (smiles grimly). Some of them will never rebel again.

GILES (grins). Unless they do so in hell.

[Sun disappears behind horizon of the bay and the place grows appreciably darker each moment.]

GOVERNOR. Did you settle accounts with any of the leaders?

BLOUNT (regretfully). I am afraid not, Sir John.

GILES. I smashed in a head which, I conceit me, was that of the Frenchman, Dumas.

GOVERNOR (rubs his hands together). Good!

VOODOO

Good! There will be more smashing of their heads, I hope. Captain Blount, a King's ship is entering the harbour.

BLOUNT. I am cognizant of it, Sir John. I saw her from the Point; furthermore, I ventured to send a message to her Commander informing him of our plight, and requesting him for aid. I advised him to land at the further side of the Point, and thus be able to take the rebellious blacks at their rear and thus at a disadvantage. Some two hours have passed since I sent the message, and by now the landing party should be ashore and marching hitherward.

GOVERNOR (*joyously*). Wisely ventured, Captain Blount!

BETTIE (*to BLOUNT; diffidently*). Master Blount, have you no greeting to give poor me?

BLOUNT (*takes BETTIE'S hand; tenderly*). Dear Mistress Lucy, I think of you at all times. (*Kisses her hand.*)

COURTNEY (*to BLOUNT*). Captain Blount, if you will so far favour me as to grasp my hand I'll thank you heartily. (*Offers BLOUNT his hand.*)

BLOUNT (*shakes hands with COURTNEY*). I do so right willingly, my Lord.

COURTNEY. Now, with your permission, I will present you to——

GOVERNOR (*breaks in*). Anon, my Lord—at present we have matter more serious to deal with. (*To BETTIE*) Madam, I pray you to join the women in the house. (*To JANE*) Mistress, you also.

BETTIE. I come of a family of warriors, Sir John. I beg you let me remain here.

VOODOO

JANE. I can load a gun and, if need be, fire one.

GOVERNOR (*proudly*). Gentlemen, our women display a most martial spirit. What should we be willing to do for them, our Country and our King?

COURTNEY. Die for them!

PLANTERS. Aye, aye, die for them!

BLOUNT. No, gentlemen, conquer and live!

GILES. 'Twould please me and Mistress Jane better.

[*Place suddenly becomes dark.*]

GOVERNOR (*loudly*). Master Penfield!

PENFIELD (*at window*). Aye, Sir John?

GOVERNOR (*loudly*). Set fire to the beacon and let the scoundrels see we are ready, and fear them not.

PENFIELD. Yes, Sir John. (*Climbs out of window to roof of veranda and crosses to prepared beacon.*)

GOVERNOR. Now, gentlemen, if you will——

[*Shots, yells and other noises off at Left.*]

GOVERNOR. To the stockade, gentlemen!

[*Beacon upon roof of veranda flames and place is dimly lighted; PENFIELD returns to house.*]

BLOUNT (*as beacon flares; to SOLDIERS*). My Men, to your stations! He who drops the rebel Dangler shall receive ten guineas. To your posts and do your duty!

[*SOLDIERS hurrah, scatter and place themselves at stockade.*]

DANGLER (*off at left*). This way, you Black Dogs! Shoot! Shoot!

[*Shots and yells off at Right and Left.*]

VOODOO

GOVERNOR (*loudly*). Fire! Down with the fiends! Fire!

[*During a short time fierce firing both by those inside of stockade and those on its outside at Right and Left; accompanied by screams, yells, etc.; meanwhile several SOLDIERS fall.*]

COURTNEY (*fires through port-hole*). One Frenchman less!

BLOUNT. Don't waste your shots, Men! (*Fires.*)

[*Stockade near GOVERNOR gives way; DANGLER, DUCHESNE, and blacks pour through breach into enclosure.*]

GOVERNOR (*as stockade gives way; loudly*). This way, everybody! (*Springs at DANGLER.*)

[*OTHERS hasten to breach and fierce hand-to-hand fighting occurs; BLOUNT runs DUCHESNE through and the latter staggers out through breach; DANGLER and his followers are forced out through breach; BLOUNT and OTHERS repair stockade; BETTIE and JANE fetch water to OTHERS, all of whom drink.*]

[*At the same time as struggle occurs upon stage, shots, yells, etc., off at Right.*]

[*After DANGLER and his followers are driven out a short intermission of the fight.*]

[*Enter PENFIELD musket in hand.*]

PENFIELD (*as he enters; agitatedly*). Sir John, there is no more powder.

GOVERNOR (*displays dismay*). No more powder!

[*BLOUNT and OTHERS exclaim.*]

PENFIELD. We opened the casks which were supposed to contain powder only to find sand.

VOODOO

GOVERNOR (*furiously*). The trick of some commissary trusted by his Majesty. Hell burn him! Gentlemen, after the powder in our flasks is exhausted, until aid comes we must trust to good steel.

[*Shouts, etc., off.*]

BLOUNT. Again they come!

GOVERNOR. Each man to his post.

[*All start to go; volley of musketry off at Left and Right followed by screams and yells, and loud hurrahs.*]

GOVERNOR (*excitedly*). Our friends! Throw open the double-gates!

[*BLOUNT, COURTNEY and OTHERS hurrah loudly; meanwhile GILES and PENFIELD open double-gates.*]

GOVERNOR (*as GILES and PENFIELD open gates*). Take the wounded into the house.

[*SOLDIERS carry their wounded companions into house; as SOLDIERS start enter EARL OF DARE and Officers by double-gates; shooting and other noises off gradually die away in the distance.*]

DARE (*as he enters; to GOVERNOR*). Sir John Grace, I arrived at a fateful—

BETTIE (*breaks in*). Father! (*Rushes into DARE'S arms.*)

DARE (*to BETTIE; sternly*). Yes, Wench, your father drawn here by your unmaidenly wanderings. I wonder at your courage in seeking my arms lest they spurned you.

BETTIE (*in his embrace*). Noble father, I have no fear.

VOODOO

BLOUNT (*to BETTIE; sternly*). Mistress, what means this?

DARE (*to BETTIE*). Who is he that dares question my daughter so commandingly?

BETTIE. My Lord, 'tis Master Geoffry Blount, my—my— (Pauses and displays embarrassment.)

DARE (*sternly*). My what? Continue girl!

BETTIE (*with a tremor in her voice but boldly*). Why should I hesitate? I owe Captain Blount my life—I owe him more—my honour! My Lord and Father, he is my husband! I love, honour, and respect him!

[BLOUNT removes his hat and bows to BETTIE.]

COURTNEY (*as BLOUNT bows*). Brave Lady Bettie!
[OTHERS exclaim approvingly.]

GOVERNOR (*to DARE*). My Lord, had I a daughter, and Captain Geoffry Blount sought her for his wife, I would consent to the alliance most joyously.

DARE (*to BLOUNT*). Captain Blount, are you of the family of Sir Christopher?

BLOUNT. I am his nephew, my Lord.

DARE. Sir Christopher and I are good friends. I will speak to you regarding this connubial tangle anon; meanwhile, take care of your wife.

[Pushes BETTIE gently towards BLOUNT.]

BLOUNT (*takes BETTIE into his arms*). My Lord, I thank you.

DARE (*smiles*). Say as much to me a year hence and I'll be well content. (*To GOVERNOR*) Sir John, I would be glad were you to summon all the people. I bring them a message which I fain would deliver.

VOODOO

[As DARE is speaking enter ANGWIE by gate. He carries a bundle against his back hanging from over his shoulder.]

GOVERNOR (*to PENFIELD*). Master Penfield, summon everybody; then write a paper stating that I will pay one hundred guineas for the body of Dangler, dead or alive.

PENFIELD. Immediate, Sir John. (*Crosses to R. 2 E.*)

GILES (*to ANGWIE as PENFIELD crosses*). Angwie, what have you there? (*Points at bundle.*)

ANGWIE (*smiles*). Giles, one hundred pounds.

GILES. Of what?

ANGWIE (*smiles*). Of Dangler. I take him head! You want see? (*Starts to take bundle from his shoulder.*)

GILES (*shrinks from ANGWIE*). Savage, no!
(*Crosses to JANE.*)

ANGWIE (*gazes at GILES wonderingly*). White man damn fool! (*Replaces bag.*)

PENFIELD (*shouts off*). This way all! Sir John summons you, come at once! Master Strong, come hither! (*Ascends to veranda and shouts through door into house.*) Mistress Green, fetch out your charges. The danger has passed and you are required by Sir John. (*Descends from veranda and joins OTHERS.*)

[Enter SARGEANT, SOLDIERS, TOWNSMEN by R. U. E.; WOMEN enter by door of house; SARGEANT forms SOLDIERS into rank; TOWNS-PEOPLE form in groups, some of them standing upon veranda.]

VOODOO

GOVERNOR (*to DARE*). My Lord, all are here.

DARE. Thank you, Sir John. (*Loudly*.) Sir John Grace, my Lord Courtney, Gentlemen all, I bring to you happy news. Persuaded by his fears King James has deserted his people—has fled to England's arch enemy the infamous French King. The English Lords and Commons have recognized the great deserving of William of Orange, and his consort Mary, and have had them crowned King and Queen of the Kingdoms.

GOVERNOR. The Lords and Commons having so done it becomes our duty to declare ourselves the loyal subjects of King William and Queen Mary.

COURTNEY (*waves his hat in the air; loudly*). God save King William and Queen Mary!

ALL (*more or less together and excitedly*). God save King William and Queen Mary.

[*As OTHERS shout and wave hats SARGEANT and SOLDIERS present arms, meanwhile ORCHESTRA plays 'Lillibullero.'*]

CURTAIN

END OF PLAY

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