

A
SOUTHERNER

—JUST ARRIVED.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY

HORACE WIGAN,

(COMEDIAN),

Author of *Real and Ideal*, *A Conjugal Lesson*, *Observation and Flirtation*,
A Fascinating Individual, *A Base Impostor*, *Change for a Sovereign*,
A Charming Woman, *Friends or Foes*, &c., &c.

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SOUTHERNER JUST ARRIVED.

*First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on
Monday, November 3rd, 1862.*

Characters.

FELIX FOISTER	Mr. H. NEVILLE.
EBENEZER FRANCHISE	„ G. COOKE.
JABEZ JULEP	„ H. WIGAN.
DOESKIN.....	„ H. COOPER.
MULATTO	„ FRANKS.
MARY FRANCHISE	Miss F. HAYDON.
SPRY.....	Mrs. W. S. EMDEN.

Scene—Manchester.

Time—1862.

Time of Representation, 40 Minutes.

COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD.

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A
SOUTHERNER
—JUST ARRIVED.

SCENE.—*Room in the House of Franchise. Doors, R. and L.; door, C.; window in flat, L., practicable, through which is seen sloping roof; fireplace and chimney, practicable, R.*

At rising of the curtain, stage empty for a few seconds—tremolo in orchestra—window is thrown up violently, and FOISTER appears on the sill, looks round hurriedly and jumps in.

FOIST. Ouf! safe at last! I've given him the go by. (*shuts window*) Go, miserable mixer of deleterious compounds! Vile Columbian confectioner! and whilst you are trotting on the tiles, I'll trip down stairs and let myself out at the front door. (*looking round*) Confound it all! I've mistaken the window. I thought this was the house to let, and I've come into an inhabited domicile. What's to be done? If I open this door I may stumble on some one—that some one will ask me if I'm not some one else, and I shall turn out to be no one. Oh, woman, woman, why did I yield to your syren wiles? Deuce take all adventures that begin with a smile, and end with a husband! (*walking about*) Why, why did I take lodgings opposite a pretty woman? that pretty woman the wife of a confectioner—that confectioner a Columbian, bred amidst bowie knives and reared amidst revolvers. Ha! I thought I heard footsteps! Psha!—nonsense! they're my own. First of all we gazed at each other to pass away the time, and then we passed away the time in gazing at each other, till one fatal day, a glance shot through me, a glance that plainly said, "I am at home, and he is out." In an instant I annihilated the intervening space. I threw myself at the feet of my Dulcinea, and I said—I said—(*to PIR*) What did you say when you found yourself tête-a-tête with a glance that said I am at home and he is out? Well, whatever you said I said exactly the same thing. Suddenly the door opened, and I found myself face to face with a pistol—that pistol was not alone—there was a being at the butt of it, and that being was a husband. Flight was

my only refuge. The window overlooked a roof. I dashed through it like a gorilla. He leaped after me like a leopard, and after ten minutes chevey round the chimney pots, I bounced like a bombshell through this window which opened its sheltering sashes to receive me. And now where am I, or where am I not? anything to escape. (*opens and closes c. door quickly*) By Jove! the servant! (*going R. door*) Footsteps this way. (*going door, L.*) Voices that—(*going to window*) I'll take to the roof again. (*recoiling*) Deuce take it! the husband! Why the place is surrounded; I'm taken like a rat in a trap! Ha! the chimney! there can't be anybody there! (*conceals himself hurriedly in chimney—goes out of sight*)

Enter MARY, R., FRANCHISE, L., with newspaper.

FRANCH. (*waving newspaper*) Victoria! Victoria! Liberty for ever!

MARY. What's the matter, papa?

FRANCH. Great news, my child—most encouraging intelligence; the Federal General—something or other, I can't read his name—has gloriously defeated the Confederate General—something else, I can't read his name either. Where the deuce are my spectacles?

MARY. Well, papa, and what then?

FRANCH. What then! why don't you understand? The good cause is evidently triumphant, and

“Freedom's flag afar floats fair and free!”

By the way, have they sent the ten thousand emancipation tracts I ordered?

MARY. Yes, papa.

FRANCH. Good, they will serve to amuse my leisure hours. Is the apartment prepared as I ordered?

MARY. Yes, papa; but you haven't said a word about who it's for.

FRANCH. No, prop of my age, joy of my declining years; but I will—I expect its occupant every minute.

Enter SPRY, C. with a paper.

SPRY. Oh! sir, here's an eccentric dispatch.

FRANCH. Quick, give it me. How my heart beats. (*reads*) “Liverpool—take train 10·35—arrive at 2.” (*looking at watch*) A quarter to one! In 75 minutes I shall fold him in these arms. Spry.

SPRY. (L.) Sir.

FRANCH. (C.) Is the room——

SPRY. Ready, sir.

FRANCH. Is the mattress——

SPRY. On the bed, sir.

FRANCH. Is the carpet—

SPRY. Down, sir.

FRANCH. Are the yellow curtains—

SPRY. Up, sir.

FRANCH. That's right. Yellow and brown go beautifully together.

SPRY. There ain't no brown, sir, leastways, they might pass for whitey-brown.

MARY. (R.) Well, but papa, what does all this mean—surely it's not a riddle?

FRANCH. A riddle! Fiddle! No, no, it's a most serious matter. You are aware, that of all the fabricators of fibre in this Northern Cottonopolis, I, Ebenezer Franchise, am the only one who has taken part against the slave-holding Southerners. Like you, my child, I was weaned in wadding and cradled in cotton. I confess it with shame. I've passed thirty consecutive years in down, and my spirits are down when I think of it. Yes, I blush to own it. I have made a fortune.

MARY. But why blush, papa?

FRANCH. Because I never sold a bale of cotton without thinking of the unfortunate slave that gathered it—every pound that I made was a weight of remorse, and two thousand pounds worth of remorse weighed annually on my cash box. I mean, my conscience.

SPRY. Poor master!

FRANCH. One day a dreadful idea crossed my brain. Yes, I exclaimed, for thirty years I have fed on African perspiration, and at that thought my heart grew sick.

SPRY. I'm not surprised at it—so does mine!

FRANCH. I registered a vow, that the very first negro I fell in with I would fully compensate for all that I had unwittingly inflicted on him or his fellow countrymen.

MARY. Well, papa.

FRANCH. Chance has enabled me to redeem my pledge.

MARY. I don't understand.

FRANCH. Did you not read in the evening paper that a slave on a plantation in South Carolina had succeeded in effecting his escape, and after unheard-of sufferings the unfortunate quadroon had been taken aboard an English ship and was just disembarked at Liverpool.

MARY. Well?

FRANCH. Well, 'tis he that I expect.

SPRY. What, the spittoon?

FRANCH. Quadroon, you foolish girl.

SPRY. Yes, I know—a blackamoor.

FRANCH. Black, more or less. A Southerner. I sent a telegraph to say he would find aid, protection, and liberal board in my house. My correspondent has started him by return carriage paid. I wanted a confidential servant, and provided you don't object to the color——

SPRY. La! why should miss object; I shall have to keep him company. He'll do the knives and the shoes, and the rest of the hard work, becos' they say that black men are very strong.

FRANCH. Such is the popular impression, and now you know as much as I do; give him a hearty welcome, and remember that all mankind are brothers.

SPRY. No, sir, some of 'em are sisters.

FRANCH. Spry, get everything ready.

SPRY. That I will, sir; and what games we will have. (*sings*)

“Clear de kitchen, clear de kitchen,
Ole folk, young folk, clear de kitchen.”

(*dances off, L.*)

FRANCH. You, my girl, watch for his approach, and let me know; I will go into my study and labour for your happiness. I must think over your settlements, and if Doeskin, your future husband, arrives——

MARY. But, papa, is then this marriage permanent?

FRANCH. Certainly. Did you think it was only temporary?

MARY. But, papa, I don't love Mr. Doeskin.

FRANCH. Love comes without our thinking of it; so think of it as little as possible and it will come all the sooner.

MARY. No, never—he is so ugly.

FRANCH. Beauty, my love, is ephemeral, whilst ugliness is indelible. I have said you shall be his, and his you shall be!

(*crosses to R.*)

MARY. (*L.*) But, papa——

FRANCH. Not another syllable; my word is passed—and here he is.

MARY. Oh, dear! what will the young man opposite say?

Enter DOESKIN, C., comes down R.

DOE. (*R.*) I beg you ten thousand pardons, Miss Mary, I am aware I am too late.

MARY. (*L., turning from him*) On the contrary, you are too soon.

DOE. You are too kind.

FRANCH. (*C.*) Ungrateful girl, be more polite. Would you make me look like Jeptha, sacrificing my own child?

MARY. Well, papa, it's your own fault.

DOE. What did you say, Miss Mary?

MARY. What did I say? I say I've a bad headache, and that I must go to my own room. (*flounces out violently, L. D.*)

DOE. Miss Mary does not appear quite to idolize me.

FRANCH. 'Tis nothing, nothing more than the confusion—I mean the emotion inseparable from a first husband. No doubt when, like me, she's buried half a dozen she won't think so much of it.

DOE. Like you—buried!

FRANCH. Wives, in my case, as a matter of course; but we are losing time. Come to my study and we can talk over the settlement.

DOE. With all my heart; the sooner it's settled the better. After you. (*bowing*)

FRANCH. No, no—after you.

DOE. No, no—I always follow my superiors.

FRANCH. Superiors! Nonsense, sir; all men are equal. Nay, more—all mankind are brothers. *Exeunt arm in arm, door R.*

Re-enter FOISTER, from chimney—his face is smeared with soot.

FOIST. I can't stand the chimney any longer, so I've given notice to quit. I overheard voices; the deuce take me if I could make out who they belonged to. Never mind—I must risk it; better perish by the sword than by the soot. (*going to door R., recoils*) Some one coming—what the deuce shall I say.

Re-enter FRANCHISE, door R.

FRANCH. (*speaking off*) I'll come back directly. (*entering*) What the deuce can I have done with my spectacles? A stranger! and evidently trying to conceal himself. Can it be possible—that swarthy tint—where are my spectacles? that troubled aspect—I can't be mistaken—'tis he—my mulatto—how frightened he appears.

FOIST. How frightened I am! I dare say I'm as white as a sheet!

FRANCH. I was expecting you, my friend; come here—approach—don't be alarmed.

FOIST. Sir!

FRANCH. I know you are timid; it's natural after all you have suffered; but fear nothing—from this moment your chains are broken—you need not dread the scourge.

FOIST. Chains! scourge! (*recoiling*)

FRANCH. Well, well, don't be alarmed—I will inform my people—stay where you are—but what is your name?

FOIST. Felix.

FRANCH. Felix! no, no—that name is too common—we must find you a more interesting appellation. I'll name him as Robinson Crusoe did his sable servitor, after the day of their

acquaintance. He called him Friday—not to copy him too servilely, I'll call you Saturday—to be sure to-day's only Thursday—but that's no matter. Come, come, don't be alarmed, Saturday—make yourself at home, Saturday—I'll let them all know you are here. How terrified the poor fellow seems. Good-bye for the present, Saturday. He's a capital colour—not too black. Good-bye, Saturday, good-bye. He certainly is a capital colour! *Exit, R. door.*

FOIST. What on earth does all this mean? Out of the frying pan into the fire; the fellow outside was mad with rage, and this one seems raging mad! What made him call me Saturday? There was a wildness in his eye that made me feel quite uncomfortable. I'm getting into a funk—I'll be bound I'm as pale as a ghost. (*looking in glass, R.*) By jove, the fright has turned me black. Ah, of course, the chimney! Now I understand the ravings of this old Robinson—he was expecting a man of colour, and has mistaken me for him. Takes me for a Friday and calls me Saturday. Confound it, what humiliation! I daren't go out, I'm sure the husband is there. What's to be done? Here goes—I'll humour the joke and complete the deception. A situation like this is enough to make any man change colour. (*goes to chimney and blacks himself, looks in glass and sees MARY*) Confusion! a young lady!

Enter MARY, L. door.

MARY. (L.) Papa told me the black man was here.

FOIST. (R.) I'm afraid I'm not up in the African dialect.

MARY. My dear dark brother, papa has informed you—

FOIST. Yes, missee, dada tell dis nigga.

MARY. Good gracious! Why, his hands are white! He's not black—he's piebald!

FOIST. Stumped out first ball!

MARY. (*looking hard at him*) Ah! I know you, now; you're the young gent from over the way.

FOIST. Yes, (*putting on gloves*) fairest of thy sex, I am a gent—but gent as I am, you are a gentler; and, by that gentler heart, do not betray me.

MARY. Oh, sir, if you wished to speak to me, you might have found some more prudent means than this disguise.

FOIST. To speak to you!

MARY. But it is quite in keeping with your folly in blowing kisses to me out of window, which would have got me into terrible disgrace if papa had seen you.

FOIST. (*aside*) Ah, I understand! She has mistaken my pantomime to that Columbian syren.

MARY. But why this air of surprise? Have you not twenty times made signs to me that you were burning to speak to me?

FOIST. True, true, fairest of beings,—I burned to such a degree that it has burned me black.

MARY. I understand—you knew that we expected a man of colour, and you——

FOIST. Exactly, and I——

MARY. Oh, sir, you are just in time; if you knew all——

FOIST. Ah, yes, *if* I knew all—but, at present, I confess my knowledge is limited.

MARY. Oh, sir, they would force me into a detested marriage.

FOIST. Is it possible?

MARY. But now you will protect me—you will aid me to escape?

FOIST. Certainly. (*aside*) And I hope she'll return the compliment.

MARY. Oh, thanks, thanks; Papa is coming! Now I can take courage.

FOIST. Yes, do—take all you can get, and if you've any to spare, give it to me. (*aside*) One woman got me into this mess, perhaps another may get me out of it!

Re-enter FRANCHISE, R. door, and SPRY, L. door.

FRANCH. Where are my spectacles? Now, Spry, make haste with some refreshment—the poor fellow must be dying with thirst—he's just arrived from a hot country.

SPRY. Me wait on a nigger? I thought he was to wait on me.

FRANCH. Doeskin! Doeskin!

Enter DOESKIN, R. door.

DOE. What's the matter, father-in-law?

FOIST. (*aside to MARY*) Father-in-law! Is that your persecutor?

FRANCH. (*pointing to FOISTER*) What do you see there?

DOE. Can't say—it's a man or a monkey.

FRANCH. Monkey! Nonsense, it's a man—a sable brother. I will tell you his interesting story—or, rather, he shall tell it himself—won't you, Saturday?

FOIST. My story—well, I——

FRANCH. Of course, I know what you would say—Doeskin, how brutal, how unthinking you are—the poor creature is sinking for want of food—Spry!

SPRY. (*down, R. c.*) Sir.

FRANCH. Suppose you were to fetch him a few cocoa-nuts for his breakfast.

SPRY. Cocoa-nuts!

FOIST. If it's the same to you, I prefer a mutton chop.

FRANCH. Would you? Beautiful simplicity! that's fortunate—there's one just ready for my lunch—fetch it, Spry.

Exit SPRY, who returns with chop, &c., placing table for him.
Be seated, child of the torrid zone. Doeskin, you shall act as cup-bearer.

DOE. (R.) Not I—let him wait on himself.

FRANCH. (*by table, R.*) Doeskin, I am ashamed of you—is he not a man and a brother? Now, son of the desert, recruit your failing nature, and at the same time, regale our ears with your sad story.

FOIST. What the deuce shall I say?

MARY. (L.) Invent something!

FRANCH. (*bringing chair down to C.*) We listen, dark denizen of the forest, we listen with beating hearts and weeping eyes. (*they all sit, except SPRY*)

FOIST. (*aside.*) Confound it, I've whitened my nose!

FRANCH. (L. C.) Stay, before proceeding with your narrative, explain, how being a negro, you are not all black?

FOIST. That is a secret of a domestic nature.

FRANCH. I guess as much. Now for it.

DOE. (R.) Why, father-in-law, he's got a white nose and red ears. (*MARY rises*)

FRANCH. Of course, he's going to explain; he's a mulatto of a peculiar species.

FOIST. My mother was black, and my father was white.

FRANCH. I understand; you're a mongrel. Oh, I meant no offence, I should have said a half breed.

FOIST. Exactly; between the red ears and the white noses.

FRANCH. But the planter—

FOIST. Planter! what planter?

MARY. From whom you escaped.

FOIST. (*aside*) I've escaped! I wish I could do it now.

FRANCH. Yes, the tyrant who enslaved you; wasn't he a monster.

FOIST. He was; he was a monster of deformity and hideous as—as this gentleman. (*pointing to DOESKIN*)

DOE. Sir! (*all rise*)

FRANCH. Oh, the miscreant! he tortured you?

FOIST. He did, horribly! Whenever he came home—and he was going out, and coming home all day—he forced me to kneel at his feet, and wipes his shoes on my devoted head.

FRANCH. Oh, infamy! to turn a human being into a door mat!

FOIST. Alas! that's not the worst.

FRANCH. Is it possible!

FOIST. (*in half whisper*) Whenever he took physic he tried it on me first, and whenever he was dull, he stuck me all over with blisters by way of amusement.

OMNES. Oh, horrible! (SPRY *puts back table*)

MARY. (*aside*) You are getting on capitally; sing a song.

FOIST. One day with sinking heart and smarting sores and soul all sickening for sympathy, I sang a song of my own sun-lighted land.

FRANCH. You did! Oh, let us hear the tender strain. (*all sit*)

Song.—FOISTER.—Air, "Lucy Neal."

I was born in Carolina, that's a long way off, you know;
And then I've suffered all you've read in Mrs. Beecher Stowe.
I was bought and sold in heat and cold, in short they treat me so;
I got no wool upon the place where de wool ought to grow.

Chorus. What a cruel fix, what a shame and sin!

Where all are free, to let Legree

Put de poor nigger in.

(*change to great exultation*)

Air, "Somebody in the House."

But now dere's a jolly shine—a

Kickin' up on de Ohio.

And Sambo and his Dinah,

Will get their own, I trow.

Chorus. Yes, yes, dere's a jolly shine—a

Kickin' up on de Ohio.

&c., &c., &c. (*dance*)

Air, "Hoop de dooden doo."

Oh, just before the row began,

They say de nigga's not a man;

To keep him slave dey say's de plan,

And prove it plainly too.

But now de ting is different quite,

As soon as dey begin to fight;

Oh, den dey say de black is white.

Up de dooden doo.

Chorus. Yes, yes, dere's a jolly shine—a

Kickin' up on de Ohio.

&c., &c., &c. (*all rise*)

FRANCH. Oh, that I had the tyrant here!

FOIST. One day he raised a pick-axe to chastise me—my blood was up. I seized him. (*seizes and shakes DOESKIN*)
"Wretch!" I exclaimed.

DOE. Confound it! you'll throttle me!

FRANCH. Now, Doeskin, do not interrupt the story. (*shakes him*)

FOIST. From that moment the ice was broken——

FRANCH. You fled——

FOIST. You're right, I did—I concealed myself under the leaf of a cabbage—I mean a banana—and waited the approach of night.

FRANCH. He concealed himself—what courage!

FOIST. Then, creeping stealthily from my hiding place——

FRANCH. Go on—I follow you!

FOIST. No, don't; you'd have to follow me too far. I hadn't run above a hundred miles, when—when I heard the feet of my pursuers—I dashed into the thicket, and extending my hand to put aside the branches, I seized hold of something. (*catches hold of DOESKIN'S nose*)

DOE. Let go, sir!

FRANCH. Do not interrupt. It was—— (*pulls him away*)

FOIST. A trunk.

DOE. Of a tree?

FOIST. No—of an elephant; the animal was close by—I leaped on his back. (*jumps on DOESKIN'S back*) I struck spurs into him——(*kicks his behind*)

FRANCH. Spurs! why where did you get them?

FOIST. In the forest, to be sure: did you never hear of the American spur tree *Crategus Rowellana*? grows expressly for the wild horses.

FRANCH. How wonderful is nature!

FOIST. The elephant started full gallop—we reached the shore—an English ship rocked in the offing—I plunged into the deep—I reached its side—I dashed into the rigging—I clambered to the topmast, and not till then did I exclaim—"Ha, ha! I am free!" (*throwing his arm up and bringing it down again on DOESKIN'S hat and crushing it over his eyes*)

DOE. Help! murder! (*goes up, R., struggling with hat—SPRY goes off, R. door*)

FRANCH. Doeskin! I am ashamed of you; have you no pity for misfortunes such as these. (*shakes him*)

Re-enter SPRY, R. door.

SPRY. The room is ready, sir.

FRANCH. That's right; go, Saturday, my worthy friend, go in there and lie down; after so terrible a journey you must need repose.

FOIST. You are too good.

FRANCH. No, no, not good; but better than a Carolina planter. Where are my spectacles?

MARY. (*aside*) It's all right.

Exit, door, L. 1 E.

FOIST. The husband must be gone by this time, and if I can find an open door, I'll shut it and bolt myself.

Exit into room, R. 1 E.; SPRY, L. 1 E., after signalling to him.

DOE. (*coming down, &c.*) Hang that fellow, he has quite upset me!

FRANCH. (L.) Really, Doeskin, your selfishness is stupendous. Do you suppose that the poor fellow himself is not upset as you call it?

DOE. Why then to speak more plainly it looks very black.

FRANCH. Black! Why how would you have a negro look?

DOE. I don't allude to his complexion, but his language; he speaks English as well as you or I do.

FRANCH. Certainly; and that proves that these unfortunates are gifted with much more intelligence than people give 'em credit for.

DOE. Yes; but it proves more than that.

FRANCH. Then what does it prove? Why don't you speak out?

Enter JULEP mysteriously at back, as if searching for some one dressed in white linen suit of cook, but takes up a small straw hat already on stage, which gives him an appearance to favour the idea of FRANCHISE, who takes him for a Planter, as appears in subsequent dialogue. He must exchange his own paper cap for straw hat, during his agitation, and quite unconsciously.

JULEP. (*up stage*) Guess the critter ca'ant be fur off. I've followed him up and down, an all round, and I'll fix him ez slick ez grease, sure as my name's Jabez Julep.

FRANCH. (L.) Well, sir, what's your business?

JULEP. (C., *looking round*) Waal stranger, taant business, taant pleasure, but sorter kinder haaf and haaf like; guess you'll hev to cipher pooty considerable some afore you fix it no haow!

FRANCH. Indeed, then perhaps you'll be good enough to explain. I'm all attention.

JULEP. Waal citizen, my name's Julep, but you won't get much out of that; you see I've come into these diggings after a loafer.

FRANCH. (*aside*) A loafer! I see, comes begging! (*aloud*) My friend, I haven't a loaf to give away; but I can give you a ticket for soup if you like.

JULEP. What! Now look here, stranger, don't you rile me, 'cos when I'm streaked I wake snakes and cut up ugly. I'm here on an affair. (*looks round*) He's here!

FRANCH. On an affair—

JULEP. That's as clear as figgers!

FRANCH. Possibly so; but what is it?

JULEP. Well stranger, my business' ll want help—it will by mighty.

FRANCH. We're not mighty, but we've plenty o' strength—there's my son-in-law, here.

JULEP. (*contemptuously*) *That!* Calc'late he's not worth a V. spot!

DOE. (R.) Sir!

FRANCH. (L.) Then there's my confidential servant.

JULEP. (C.) Servant! you mean a help! Expec' he's my man.

FRANCH. No, no—he's *my* man; a mongrel—I mean a mulatto.

JULEP. A nigger? then he's no go. The consarned 'coon's taken to the roof agin. (*goes up to window*)

DOE. Father-in-law, I begin to suspect.

FRANCH. (C.) Son-in-law, so do I.

JULEP. (*coming down and seating himself, R. C., putting feet on table, and straw hat on his head from table*) Waal, he may du jest what he damn pleases, but here I am, and here I'll stick, like a 'skeetur on a buffalo. (*claps straw hat on his head*)

FRANCH. (L.) Once for all, sir, what's your business?

JULEP. (C.) I guess I told you—mebbe I'm wrong.

FRANCH. Yes, sir, you are wrong; so state it at once, or go.

JULEP. Go! What, jest when I'm on the creetur's track? Oh, no, sirree.

FRANCH. Track! horrible suspicion! Doeskin, do you observe that Southern garb—that swarthy tint; do you remember what the worthy Saturday told us of his tyrant master?

DOE. (R.) The Carolina planter?

FRANCH. Hush! 'Tis he! (*they both glance mysteriously at JULEP*)

JULEP. Calc'late they're taking stock o' me!

FRANCH. (*creeping to door R. 1 E.*) Hush! now for the proof! Saturday, my friend, come here a moment.

FOIST. (*appears at door, R. 1 E., and seeing JULEP, closes it suddenly*) The Yankee! the devil!

FRANCH. Poor creature! his terror is conclusive proof. (*speaking through door*) Don't be alarmed, Saturday, I am here; I will protect you—trust to your Ebenezer.

JULEP. Tellee what, stranger, talk of your Ebenezer, don't you raise mine, for if you stan' starin' at me like a rattlesnake at a rabbit, I shall fly right off the handle.

FRANCH. Enough, man of violence, enough! Doeskin, leave us; I have private business with this gentleman. (*puts DOESKIN off, L. door; closes door after him, looks round mysteriously, and comes slowly towards JULEP*) The hour of recognition has come.

JULEP. (*astonished*) Haow!

FRANCH. (*solemnly*) That of retribution is at hand.

JULEP. Now, look you here, you can't gum me, I tell ye, naow, and so you needn't try.

FRANCH. Dissimulation is useless. I know your secret. (*whispering*) Carolina.

JULEP. (*aside*) Carolina! my wife! (*aloud*) Then you know—

FRANCH. I know all. You seek a man.

JULEP. Waal, I don't deny it. I'm rough and ready—fair and squaar—huf, taller, horns and skin—my story's sune told.

FRANCH. I know it.

JULEP. You du?

FRANCH. Yes, and it makes me shudder.

JULEP. Kinder shocking, I guess.

FRANCH. Shocking! Atrocious!

JULEP. Calc'late smelt a rat. Let on, I was gone by rail—come back, short meter—and there I ketched him.

FRANCH. You did—and then —?

JULEP. Then, stranger, he skeedaddled.

FRANCH. What! skeedaddled!

JULEP. Skeedaddled! cut and run, and I arter 'un, goin' it like sixty. (*brandishing revolver*)

FRANCH. The unfortunate escaped, and but for that you would have shot him.

JULEP. Reckon I should, arter all he cost me.

FRANCH. Cost! Humanity has no price, vile trafficker in flesh, and if he fled, the fault was all your own.

JULEP. Haow?

FRANCH. Of course he was naturally attached to your property.

JULEP. What?

FRANCH. And but for your harsh treatment he never would have left it: you should have shared it with him.

JULEP. What! do you take me for a Mormon? Now you just shut up—I expec' my eye teeth every mail, and if I find 'un, I'll whip him sure as my name's Julep.

FRANCH. Whip him! This is too much—I must make him an example. (*calling*) Doeskin, lock the street door. The hour of vengeance is arrived. Monster, your doom is sealed; I'll teach you to make door mats of the human head. (*opening door, R. 1 E.*) Come forth, Saturday, come forth. (*drags FOISTER in, R.*)

FOIST. Confound it—I must face him!

JULEP. (L.) Whv, tarnation, that's he!

FRANCH. (R. C.) True, man of blood! Now, tremble, tyrant!

JULEP. (*presents revolver*) Stand away, stranger, while I let daylight through him.

FOIST. Come, come, I say, no d——d nonsense!

JULEP. Once, twice, thrice! (*snaps revolver*) Consarn it—it's empty.

FOIST. (*springing to his feet*) Empty! ha, ha! I laugh your power to scorn.

FRANCH. (*giving cat-o'-nine-tails to FOISTER*) See, Saturday, defend yourself—revenge your country's wrongs.

FOIST. Here goes! He knows me; perhaps if I pitch into him I may drive myself out of his recollection. (*threatens JULEP*)

JULEP. Hollo! what are you about.

FRANCH. About, sleuth-hound of humanity; about to take vengeance—about to organize a man hunt. (*seizing tongs—to FOISTER*) You assault him on that side, I'll attack him on this. Charge, Saturday, charge! On, Franchise, on!

(*they chase JULEP round room; FRANCHISE seizes the seat of his trousers with tongs and holds him whilst FOISTER flogs him with cat-o'-nine-tails—he breaks loose, and FOISTER whacks him till he runs out, door in flat, when he turns and thrashes FRANCHISE*)

FRANCH. (*taking cat*) Why, why do you spare him; I'll pursue him to the death. Charge, Saturday, charge! On, Franchise, on! *Exit, brandishing cat, door in flat.*

FOIST. It strikes me I'm in a lunatic asylum, and the sooner I'm off the better. (*going, L. D., is met by MARY, who enters*)

MARY. Are you alone?

FOIST. I was till you arrived.

MARY. Oh, sir, I fear—I fear you don't know—all is lost.

FOIST. Then banish your alarm—I know it well. (*sings*)
"All is lost."

MARY. No, no—I mean that all is *really* lost. Mr. Doeskin is gone to the lawyer's to settle about my two thousand pounds.

FOIST. Your two thousand pounds!

MARY. Alas, yes, and I hate Doeskin!

FOIST. Two thousand pounds! of course you do; Doeskin is poison—Doeskin is pigskin. What you require is a tender party—a disinterested party—a loving party—an affectionate party.

MARY. Alas, it is too late! I have come to conjure you to fly.

FOIST. Fly! never! I have sworn to pass my life at your feet, and I shall begin at once. (*kneels*)

MARY. What are you about?

FOIST. Keeping my vow.

Enter DOESKIN, door in flat.

DOE. The Chimpanzee at the feet of my intended! Here, Franchise, Franchise!

Re-enter FRANCHISE, brandishing remains of dilapidated cat-o'-nine-tails, door in flat.

FRANCH. Victory! victory! I've given him toko and no mistake.

DOE. (R.) Mr. Franchise, I found this blackamoor at the feet of my bride.

FRANCH. (R. C.) Ha! what means this dark proceeding?

FOIST. (L. C., *aside to MARY*) Keep it dark.

MARY. (L.) It means, papa, that I don't like Mr. Doeskin, and that I do like this gentleman.

DOE. Her meaning's plain.

FOIST. As plain as black and white.

FRANCH. Marry a slave! can you be serious?

MARY. (*crossing to L. C.*) Certainly, don't you always say that all mankind are brothers.

FOIST. Of course I am your brother.

FRANCH. Thoughtless girl; if he's my brother he's your uncle, and you can't marry your uncle.

MARY. I'll marry him, or die an old maid! (*going up*)

DOE. (R.) Very well, Mr. Franchise, your grandchildren will be piebald.

FRANCH. Doeskin, it would be a great example for the cotton trade—My children, I'll think of it!

MARY. Oh, you dear darling papa!

FOIST. Oh, how shall I express my gratitude—here, on my knees? (*about to kneel*)

FRANCH. (*preventing him*) No! here, on this bosom, poor persecuted boy!

FOIST. (*embraces him, and blacks his face*) Oh, I shall choke with joy!

Embraces DOESKIN and serves him the same, goes to embrace SPRY, who enters at the moment, L. door.

SPRY. (*avoiding him*) Go along, black man; don't you come a nigh me! (*noise outside at back*)

DOE. The planter returned with a reinforcement.

FOIST. The planter? hide me somewhere!

FRANCH. (*opening door, R. 1 E., and putting him in*) Fear nothing—I will protect you!

Re-enter JULEP, door in flat, armed with long ladle, and followed by two ASSISTANT COOKS.

JULEP. (C.) You keep watch outside—I'll fix him here!

FRANCH. You here again?

JULEP. (*brandishing ladle*) Guess I am! the 'tarnal bung is loose, and the lid is off the everlastin' tea pot!

FRANCH. Doeskin, kick him out—I'm black in the face with anger.

DOE. And I declare, so you are!

SPRY. (*up C.*) And so are you! you're both as black as the chimley! (FRANCHISE and DOESKIN *run to glass*)

FRANCH. Horrible suspicion! that embrace! then he's not a Southerner—he's a sweep!

SPRY. As sure as a gun he's a chummy.

FRANCH. Horrible! he has swindled me out of my sympathy!

SPRY. Swallowed my chops!

DOE. And smashed my gossamer!

FRANCH. Black-visaged traitor! Who is he?

JULEP. Why, consarn it all, didn't I tell you I ketched him this morning makin' love to my wife?

MARY. (*aside*) To his wife.

FRANCH. Your wife! why she's in America.

JULEP. Nonsense! at my stores in the next street—Jabez Julep, Columbian confectioner, compounder o' brandy smash, gin sling, and cocktail.

FRANCH. Why, you said you came from Carolina.

Enter MULATTO at back, door in flat, and tries to hide behind screen.

JULEP. Of course, that's my wife.

FRANCH. I see it all! Doeskin, run for the police!

Exit DOESKIN, door in flat.

(*seeing MULATTO*) Ha, scoundrel, this time you shall not escape me! Columbian, you shall have revenge. (*they chase the MULATTO round, and FRANCHISE captures him*) Now, villain!

JULEP. (*flourishing ladle, R. C.*) Hold on, stranger, let me give him linkum vitæ.

MULATTO. (*falling on his knees*) Oh, massa!

FRANCH. Stop, it's not he!

JULEP. Waal that beats all nature! (*they release him—he goes up to table, and sits*)

FRANCH. No matter; we'll secure the culprit!

Re-enter FOISTER with clean face, R. 1 E. door.

FOIST. Quite unnecessary—I surrender!

FRANCH. Who is this stranger?

FOIST. A young man, of poor, but honest, parents, whose visage became suddenly black, but whose soul has retained it's pristine purity—I love your daughter—your daughter loves me! and all that is wanting is your consent!

FRANCH. Give my girl to a man I don't know?

FOIS. True! you don't know me; but your neighbour, Mr. Julep, does—and he'll give me an excellent character.

JULEP. Waal, jigger my jumps!

FOIST. (*aside to him*) Take care! if you spoil my marriage, you'll take the consequences.

FRANCH. Well, neighbour, what do you say?

JULEP. Cal'clate gal might du better!

FOIST. Eh?

JULEP. It's kin' o' mortifying to put up wi' sich a scaly trick, and so she might do wus! 'Cos every one is free to expect precisely what he pleases.

FRANCH. Then you didn't catch him this morning?

FOISTER. Hush! don't you see it was Doeskin—wasn't it?
(JULEP *nods and goes up, L., angrily*)

FRANCH. Spry, when Mr. Doeskin calls, I'm out!

SPRY. Yes, sir, but what's to be done with the dark gent?

FRANCH. The real Southerner? I'd forgotten him. (*brings MULATTO down, he has his mouth full and bottle in hand*) My worthy friend, take my advice, go back to Liverpool.

FOIST. Then you renounce your purpose?

FRANCH. Yes, let the North and South settle it between them.
(*giving MULATTO money*) You can take a third-class ticket.

FOIST. No, no, let him stay.

FRANCH. What, can you make use of him?

FOIST. Yes, I shall set up a snuff shop here, (*putting hand on MULATTO's hand*) and keep him for the sign; and I trust that Northerners, Easterners—aye, and Great Easterners and Westerners will welcome our Southerner, Just Arrived.

JULEP.
R.

MULATTO.

FOISTER.

MARY.

FRANCHISE.
L.

Curtain.