

**THE SCARLET  
STIGMA: A DRAMA  
IN FOUR ACTS**

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The Scarlet Stigma: A Drama in Four Acts by James Edgar Smith

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**JAMES EDGAR SMITH**

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STIGMA: A DRAMA  
IN FOUR ACTS**



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The Scarlet Stigma

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A Drama  
In Four Acts

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By  
JAMES EDGAR SMITH.

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Founded upon Nathaniel Hawthorne's Novel,  
"The Scarlet Letter."

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WASHINGTON, D. C.  
JAMES J. CHAPMAN,  
1899.

STIGMATIZATION is a rare incident of ecstasy. Not many well authenticated cases have been reported by competent medical authorities, and yet there can be no doubt of its occasional occurrence. See *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, article on Stigmatization by Dr. Macalister, and references therein cited; also the work on *Nervous and Mental Diseases* by Dr. Landon Carter Gray, page 511. That it may occur in men of a high order of ability is instanced by the case of St. Francis of Assisi.

It ought not to be necessary to point out that the entire third scene in the second act of this play is a dramatic transcript from the diseased consciousness of Mr. Dimsdell, that the Satan of the play is an hallucination, and that the impress of the stigma upon Dimsdell's breast is merely the culmination of his auto-hypnotic ecstasy, or trance.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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ROGER PRYNNE, called *Chillingworth*, a physician.

ARTHUR DIMSDELL, a youthful divine.

JOHN WILSON, a good old minister.

BELLINGHAM, Governor of the Colony.

BUTTS, a sea captain.

SATAN, an hallucination of Dimsdell's.

BRONSON,

WARD,

LANGDON,

ARNOLD,

} Members of the Governor's Council.

DIGGORY, a servant to Governor Bellingham.

HESTER PRYNNE, wife of Roger Prynne.

MARTHA WILSON, daughter of Rev. John Wilson.

URSULA, a nurse.

BETSEY, a milkmaid.

MOTHER CAREY, keeper of a sailor's inn.

*A Clerk, a Crier, a Jailor, Councilors, Citizens, Soldiers,  
Sailors, Indians, Servants.*

SCENE—*Boston.*

TIME—*June, 1668.*



# THE SCARLET STIGMA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A tavern and a street in front of it. Settles on porch. SAILORS smoking and drinking. Enter CAPTAIN BUTTS, singing.*

*Butts.* *The Margery D. was a trim little ship,  
The men they could man, and the skipper could skip;  
She sailed from her haven one fine summer day,  
And she foundered at sea in the following way,—*

*To-wit:*

*All.* *A-rinkety, clinkety, clink, clank, clank,  
The liquor they bathed in, the spirits they drank;  
A sailor at sea with three sheets in the wind  
Can hardly be called, sirs, quite sober.*

*Enter MOTHER CAREY, from Tavern.*

*Carey.* *Cap'n! Cap'n Butts! Gen'le gen'lemen! would*

ye rune a pore widdy woman by a singing of sech filthy tunes? And me up for my license again nex' Tuesday!

*Butts.* Peace! Peace, Mother Carey, hear your chickens screech! Come, boys! [Singing.]

*The captain was thirsty, and so was each man,  
They ladled the grog out by cup and by can,  
The night it was stormy, they knew not the place,  
And they sang as they sank the following grace,—*

*To-wit:*

*All. A-sinkety, sinkety, sink, sank, sunk,  
Our captain is tipsy, our mate is quite drunk,  
Our widows we leave to the world's tender care,  
And we don't give a damn for the Devil!*

**Ha! Ha! Ha!**

*Carey.* O, Lord! O, Lord! If the magistrates should hear that song, they'd close my place!

*Butts.* There, there now. [Chucks her under the chin.]  
The magistrates are not as quick to hear a sailor sing as thou art to take his orders. Bring us a pint apiece.

*Carey.* Thou naughty man! [Slaps his jaws.] A pint apiece? [Exit.]

*Butts.* Aye. Now, lads, bargain out your time; ye'll not see a petticoat for many a day. [Lights pipe and sits.]

*Sailors.* Aye, aye, sir.

*CITIZENS cross stage, singly and in groups, all going in the same direction. Enter MOTHER CAREY from house with ale, serves it, looks up and down street as in expectation of some one, then goes in.*

*Butts.* Mother Carey's lost one of her chicks. Here lads!

here's to the mousey Puritan lassies! They won't dance, they can't sing—Ah! well! here's to them till we come again! *[All drink.]*

*Enter along the street two COUNCILORS.*

*Arnold.* 'Tis very true; but, sir, though many break this law and go unpunished, our godly Company should not wink at known adultery.

*Langdon.* In other words, we must find scape-goats to bear our sins.

*Arnold.* Nay, not exactly that. We vindicate God's laws, and— *[Exeunt Councilors.]*

*Butts.* He must be Privy Councilor to the Lord Himself!

*Enter a group of WOMEN.*

*First Woman.* Her beauty, say'st thou? Pretty is as pretty does, say I. I'd beauty her! Go to! Who knows the father of her brat; can any tell?

*Second Woman.* Thou dost not doubt thy goodman?

*First Woman.* Trust none of them. I know mine own; dost thou know thine? As for her she hath shamed our sex, and I would— *[Exeunt Women.]*

*Butts.* God's-my-life, there's more poison in their tongues than in a nest of rattlesnakes? What's all this pother, lads?

*Sailor.* There's a trial, sir, on a charge of bastardy.

*Butts.* Ha! ha! ha! You rogues had better ship elsewhere; if the wind sits in that quarter, you'll find foul weather here.

*Sailors.* Ha! ha! ha!