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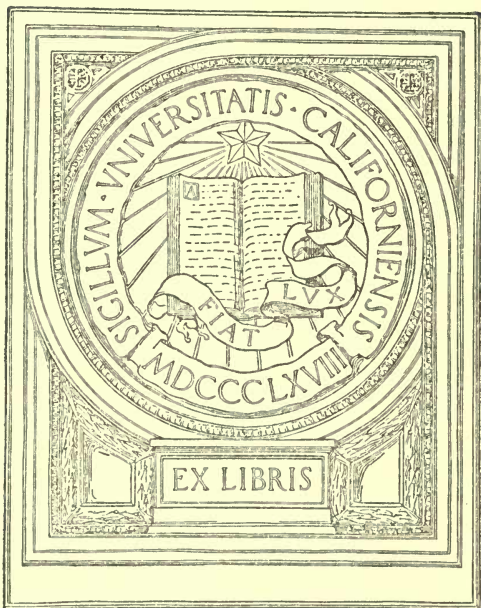


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WARD
GARRETT

A Story of Mars
by

HARRY PORTER



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*My mother
— Harry Porter*

Edward Garrett

A STORY OF MARS

BY

HARRY PORTER

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William S. Hatcherley
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Very truly (supplement to

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March 23-1899

GIFT

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1909
MAIN

EDWARD GARRETT

REPRESENTING

CONRAD ALMONT.

JOHN ALMONT, son of Conrad, friend of
Garrett.

CHARLES ALMONT, son of Conrad, friend of
Verness.

VERNESS, a gentleman.

ROYAL CARROLL, a gentleman.

ANTHONY, cousin of Carroll.

EDWARD GARRETT.

OLT, BEN, robbers, friars, servants, etc.

MARION ALMONT, daughter of Conrad.

MARY CARROLL, sister of Royal.

AGNES NANCE.

HOSTESSES, etc., etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before a cottage, GARRETT a horse,
COTTAGER and BOY.*

Gar. And what said I my name? Pretty
blushet,

Dreaming dolt, and have you so soon forgot?

Boy. Good.

Gar. Well, that's good enough; bright light
of wit.

Old man, take him and treat him as you can;
[*To Cottager.*

Foster it and see it grown to manhood.

And I charge thee, rear him well. Be it so.

I just took him from a band of gypsies.

Now, indeed, find his parents if thou canst.

They stole him and I just took him from them.

Five miles to rear I met a native son.

Said he, "Hold! Ho, Garrett, highwayman. Stop!

You stole that boy." And then I said, "You lie."

Then he grabbed my halter; then drew his sword;

He lunged, yea, and sure would have struck the
boy;

Then I knocked him; his soul is soaring now.

The whole town will be mad in my pursuit.

Now, in his training lavish not too much

On finer niceties, and that his soul

May be not small, nor picayune of heart.

But dwell upon his greatness and all that;

The expansiveness of his attainments;

His excellence, majesty, mastery,

And the magnitude of his creation.

Impress on him anent his nobleness;

And that when he grows unto be a man

He will be noble as the ocean's broad:

And so when he begins to know himself

He will be grace and depth and loveliness.

Ah, we admire to see a man where'ere;

For in his carriage there's deportment, air;

He's charming, he is gentle, he is fair.—

All time ever was or ever will be

'S interested in this lad I bring thee;

And the whole eternity of things are,
For why? because this boy I bring thee is.
And so, therefore, old man, thou mind him well;
Teach him in his youth for to be all truth,
When he grows to be a man, to be square;
Always even dealing with his fellow.
And now do try, good man, keep his heart clean;
Mind uncloud by sin of his poor passions;
And so that when love's awakening comes
Fires of his entrancement will delight him;
His purest, his divinest soul sublime
Shall widen, as the dawn makes wide the morn;
And love's fond light disintegrate the dark
Of the night of his pacific nature.
Hark! I hear them. I charge thee, guard him
well.

Cot. I shall, never fear, guard him well as can.

Gar. Do not kill the laughing spirit in him,
But grant he shall be brave and honest, too.

Cot. Yea, sir, if precept and example can.

Gar. And teach him to parry and to carry
His arms forward; to kill ere he be slain.
Verily, teach him skill in it, good man.
Yea, thy start is humble but 'tis better. [*To Boy.*
Poverty routs petulence, makes a man,
Just as do tribulations whet the ends
Of extrication.—There's horse in my rear!
Quick! Curl you in your chrysalis and sleep!
Get you into your cabin. I go. So ho!

[*Exit. Exeunt Cottager, Boy.*

Enter Pursuit and Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Nance's; Time, night.*

Agnes. He is the outlaw Garrett, I am sure;
With a woman's instinct I suspect him.

Enter GARRETT on the threshold.

That name of Garrett hated far and near;
The curse of men, the scare of children;
The chiefest villain, the bloodiest rogue
Ever trod in the empire of his crimes.

<p><i>Gar.</i> But they can't guess the base- ness of my birth; And by villainy of which I am bound To villainy, to anger and to blood. Behold; hear, hear how the dastards seek me.</p>	}	<i>Aside.</i>
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[In the distance hounds are heard.]

Enter GARRETT.

Oho!

Agnes. 'Tis he!

Gar. 'Tis I. But why tremble?
What fear's this I see reflected in thee?

Agnes. The tree that leaneth o'er the mere
reflects
Itself, a shadow, nothing;— ah, but thou,
Ah, hanging o'er me thus must see in me
Confusion.

Gar. Mine eyes do not deceive me;
Night is on thy soul, and I see the ghost
Of something stalking there; yea, and the blush
That burns upon thy cheek is not pretty,
But this something I speak of puts it there.

Agnes. The same may be pure whose stream
seems dirty;
The blood may be true whose blush seems murky.

Gar. Nay, thou dost dissemble; some disquiet
Doth enripple the waters of thy calm.

Agnes. And truth answers thee; 'tis but thy
breathing
Presence that insouls its lazy current.

Gar. Nay, nay; thy charms but speak the lie
thy lips
Would not utter; nay, some annoy doth make
Disturbance in the ocean of thy heart.

Agnes. As the seas upheave so doth the fer-
ment
Of this meeting make agitation there.

Gar. The billows of dark and rolling trouble
In great uproar do pound upon thy shore.

Agnes. And do the fathoms of those tossing
tides
Behold but the tempest of my welcome.

Gar. Can it be that she suspects who
I am?
Can't be me that she doth fear? Sir,
sheer off. —

[In the distance hounds are heard.
The roads are choking; the hounds are
baying.
I know the prowling scouts are near my
scent.

} *Aside*

Agnes. Hast tumbled in soft sleep's oblivion?

Gar. Ah, my dear? Ah, Yes, musing on a joke.

'Twas o'er the road. — Undone in that killing.

[*Aside.*]

Agnes. Thou dost seem uneasy.

Gar. Bless you, no, dear.

Agnes. Thy face stern and fretted belies thy words.

Gar. Instead of cheer did the alchemist spill
In me double dose severe; formation
From waste scraps of truculence sorted out
My face. So, dear, the danger in a smile
Is that I rip the patcher's lace. And so,
I come an' to no more than say, I go.

Agnes. Away so sudden? Hearken me to stay.
Linger, for I shall be thy company.

Gar. But I must go. — The wolves are yet
outwit. [*Aside.*]

What's this on this paper? [*Picks up writing.*]

Agnes. Do not read it.

Gar. 'Tis not unfit, or I for it unfit.

[*Reads.*]

*Thought draws to thee, sits at its feast;
And leap in presence breasting the aurora:
The sluggard is creation's sin — thou creation's
king,
Apparelled in the poetry of nature's garnered
rhymes. —*

*Like the sun my love's a thief,
And men like timid shadows creep to their retreat,
At the dawn's first crimson flush of thy coming.*

*The star of even emerges from the clouds of night,
So wondrous and alone in the gloaming;
Lost in the interminable vastness of thy heights,*

*Secure in the royal fastness of thy impregnable
wold. —*

*Like the star my love's a thief,
Ranging in his might the world of night;
Watching in the untrodden wilds of thy security.*

Who is this something sun, this something star;
Tell me again who is this something imp?

Agnes. A thing of fancy which the mind perceived.

A dream, a poesy, a phantasy.

Gar. I wonder if it is for me she feels? —
I love these intensely; but I must go. [*Aside.*
I go. — The dogs on guard; 'tis death delay.

[*Aside.*

Agnes. Haste not yet; stay a while; the night
is fair,
And I'll endeavor entertain thee, friend.
Stop, and we will ope the floods of harmony;
Stay a while and together we will sail
Down the stream of song, o'er the dancing waves;
By banks of enchantment, rapturous shores;
Through those scenes, through those captivating
lands,
In rare music's fair country of the soul.
And we will fill a heavenness in the air;
And for while dost sing shall I play for thee;
And like a passion sweeping through the vale
Shall the angels' choirs throng unto our song.
We'll fright the canny stillness of the night,
And drive the ghost of silence through the hills;
With resounding melody we will thrill
The heart of nature in its listening depths.

Gar. O, Agnes Nance, I must, I must, depart.—
If speed's to win I should be gone e're now. —

[*Aside.*

I must depart. — Hark, hear the bitches bark. —
[*Aside. Dogs in distance.*

I should be gone e'er this; pardon my transgression.

Agnes. O, sweet transgression! in my heart
Most pardonable. Fy! Love levels insolent
laws.

Six may swing upon the gate when sixty
Were deranged. Love alone may break these laws
Of porcelain, when custom common
Makes it wanton.

Gar. I beg a thing of you.

Agnes. That it were less you begged and more
You asked, for grants grieve to see thee
Begging and make a pleasure weep.

Gar. A kiss. Good-night. Good-night to thee,
dear heart. [Kiss. *Exit* GARRETT.

Agnes. Good-night. Why, for sure. Good-
night. Ah, he's gone.

I feel so altered. Wherefore this weakness?
My head's in frenzy and my bosom swoons.
Ah! who is she that taketh up this corpse?
Who is this insensate trembling creature?
Where I stood this confuséd reeling wretch?
Who am I so besot, staggering so?
Is this palsied frame the form of Agnes?
Ah, I am traversing the gloom, my world
Is in eclipse, and shutters in the change:
And confusion is abroad in my life. —
Ah, ho, there is a rift in the darkness;
Yea, and love discovers me a woman.

I trace the light. 'Tis dawn; 'tis my new morn;
 I am beatified; I am appalled;
 And the madd'ning fires of my affection
 Unquenchable through my eternal soul.
 I love thee, Edward, with unending love,
 My passion is exalted to the heavens;
 I love thee, Garrett, as the tigress loves,
 Ravenous for any who would touch thee.
 Like woman of abandon do I love;
 And though disasters trail me to my doom;
 Though my name become a shame to utter;
 Despite of fates, the storms of time, I love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Room in Carroll's,* MARY CARROLL and JOHN ALMONT.

John. In two days hence — weary while till then; —

On to-morrow's morrow eve I'll return.
 And then when I do come I'll bring a ring
 And place 't upon thy finger for a sign
 Thou art to be my own dear girl for aye.
 Farewell, my love.

Mary. Farewell thee, John. Farewell.

[*Exit* JOHN.]

Pledged to him and promised to his brother.
 But what's a promise? Ah, 'tis but a breath
 Sealed but in a mortal's less assurance;
 Our wind but shaped to some well-meant intent.
 Things of fancy bred i' the summer's sun,
 To perish i' the chilling season's change. —
 Our good intentions a huntsman novice,
 Foiled i' the future, trapped in his own traps,

Prey to the wolves of contrary fortune.
 A promise but a feather in fate's weather;
 And pledges as bubbles the child doth blow,
 Blissful in review of the things it sees;
 In contemplation sweetly glories there;
 Fondly bewitched, in ecstasies most charmed;
 Longing for the beauty is painted there;
 When lo, the visionary scheme doth bust.
 Charles, I fling your ring into the burning.

[*Throws ring into fire.*]

I do hope thou'lt endeavor to forget.

Enter ROYAL CARROLL.

Roy. The hunt collects. Will you go?

Mary.

Will I stay?

Fancy me. I will lead them all to-day.

[*Exit* ROYAL.

This hunting is the passion of my life.

My love's the whip, the horse, the dogs, the fox.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Space in Almont Gardens.*

CHARLES ALMONT *reading letters.*

Chas. How soft disorders steal upon the throne
 Of our plans, like the velvet tread of night.

To capture thee I'll risk half my fortune;

To get thee in my clutch once again

Shall be the end of a one ambition.

Let me read o'er again what 'tis he says.

"*I am in possession; I am master.*"

Master? He? Ridiculous! The party

And the power what rank mad opposites

In all particularities that pair. —

Ho! an other. It smells of love. Within too

[*Comes to another letter.*

I wager in that love-lorn, self-same savor.

Deferential, sure! Obedience shines

As in that time bends she her mind to mine.

Mine eyes! No, no! All the works of vengeance

Could not change her so! Sight's inebriate,

Light inverteth. Read o'er again the facts!

“Prithee friend, tell him not that I've loved thee;

Just keep it in thy sorrow's secret heart.

For so, your life and mine must never blend.”

Thy soul to perdition; thy bones to hell!

Thou drab, thou bawd, thou witch of a liar,

Hast thyself delivered to an other?

Hast for my brother thou forsaken me?

He, that shooter of poison in my face;

That striking reptile of malevolence;

Born to hate, the wrath of my existence;

Detested infant, my youth's opponent;

Whom in his cradle pommeled, saucy brat;

Enmity's intens'ty freak of un'ty;

Shall he win the fortune of my plotting?

I will shatter this new god you adore;

From his pedestal tip this new image;

Yea, for this form of my brother shall fall!

Yea, this night I will slip him in his sleep;

The hushed hour to muffle him, his angel

Doom's to ensnare him to eternity:

As when in sleep art gone I'll bolt the door

From thy return. Ah, John, thou ne'er hast dreamt

One half as deep as thou shalt dream to-night

In those dear fathoms of unconsciousness.

Carroll, I won thee; thou art mine in right;

I'll charge again the fortress of thy heart;
Thou'lt find me pleading at thy feet again.

Ahem. *Enter JOHN.*

John. Deject, distressed thou seem'st and sad.

Chas. Paddling in the past; wooing brother
when

We were more of friends.

John. Humph. Ah, so, you were.

Chas. Ah, and I thought of time when we
were boys

Grown in love together; fore came those winds
Of coldness and of devastating blight.

Like bugles calling o'er the barren moor

Sounds of our ancient laughter come to me.

Brothers, the air was rare in brotherhood;

And our world was full of bloom and sunshine;

Earth elastic to our tripping spirits;

Boyhood, bounding in unbounded freedom.

Then quicker than a woman's wit, I say

Changed the smiling scene to snarling sullen.

And the lowering skies and sighing winds,

Bemoan the mournful vista of these years.

I walked but yesterday where we have roamed;

And through those scenes where we did join our
sports;

The trees were bare, a chill was in the air;

The rustling leaves the only sound 'twas heard

In that dear place where we did run at play.

My hand out offers thee its fellowship;

If can't be brothers let us least be friends;

My heart doth bleed to know thee once again.

I step forward to renew — [*Advances to greet.*]

John. Tell, is love
Thus impulsive? There's no good in thine eye.
Smooth extorter what of me is it envy'th?
I tell thee brother fico for your love. [*Exit.*

Chas. Soon that stiff tongue in a stiffer sticks;
And Satan stirs sensation in the mix.
This very night, to-night I am to it,
In his bed, in his sleep to strangle him;
Till his eyes shall leave their sockets empty.
Stop, stop; I ramble like a child unblessed;
For then he might get up and strangle me.
I'll stab him; it is by far the safer;
And I will stick him where I love him most.
But, suppose he shift and but wounded him;
He might again get up and grapple me;
I might find myself bleeding fast to death.
Murder outs. 'Tis a truth begun with Cain.
For in my cups I might give way the tale;
Or suspicion catch me all unbuttoned. —

Enter GARRETT, a gentleman.

In Azar there was a Garrett bandit.
Who knows this lately settled may be he?
[*Aside.*

Gar. Art sick, friend, or just down in your dear
luck?
Ah, Charles, methinks thine are golden troubles.
Let not mania for gold chain thy heart;
Nor greed prison thee in its dungeon walls.
Mingle more with men thou'lt be more sane.
To-day in hell the rich are digging deep;
And in a region paved with diamonds
Are a host of counting damned.

Chas. Garrett, dear,
'Tis a more tender tumult in my heart.

Gar. A petticoat; some young hustling widow;
Some roundabout, some tricky little dame.
Or laughing lass with eyes of innocence,
Sent by her mother just to corral thee.
Some coy old rip would wed thee to riot
In thy riches. Ho, ho; ha, ha; Almont!
Get up, get up, and do a dance with me.

Chas. I wish with thee 'twere I could celebrate.

Gar. Why canst thou?

Chas. She's gone from me forever.

Gar. Won't she return?

Chas. Never.

Gar. And is she dead?

Chas. She lives, but lost to me the same for aye.

Gar. Say not so; love should never cease to
hope.

Chas. Hope? Hope an' saidst thou, sir? Aye,
holds a stench

Unto the nose, aye, and tickles the nape
With emblem flower; whiles with sulphur stuffs
The stomach, puts sweet fragrance in the hair.
I am mad and most distract, dear Garrett.
An other woos her with eyes and nonsense.

Gar. Love — Jealous. Which simply proves
thou dost love.

For 'tis inborn in the science of things
That if thou dost love thou shalt be, jealous.
'Tis corollary of too long wooing.

Chas. Some one takes my place in her affections.

Gar. Love's mind is morbid; thou dost fancy it.

Chas. Nay, fancy, but in fact is this rival.

Gar. Two jealous cats round an offal barrel.

Chas. Pity me. O, help me, Garrett, if you can.

Gar. 'Tis like she's endeavoring lure thee on;
Thou too slow she mentions of an other;
She wants thee quick, and takes these means to it.

Chas. She doth recant and to my brother goes.
She is mine, — she is rich, riches unknown.

Gar. The thief, her home, and not her heart
he'd own. [*Aside.*]

Chas. O, Garrett, but thou alone canst help me.

Gar. This wretched sprawl antic to deceive me.
[*Aside.*]

Chas. My heart is rent. .

Gar. Why then and not mend it?

Chas. Ah, but how?

Gar. Thou rollest love up a hill.
Like a hog, made your golden palate god,
And grunting under much thy groans are more.

Chas. We would marry when my brother met
her.

Gar. And men fling sparrows crumbs to hear
them sing;
To nuptials thee invite to see thee grin.
I must go. [*Going.*]

Chas. Hold! Stay. Haste not yet away.
Pray do not leave me in my great extreme.

Gar. He beat thee. Now, let thy revenge to be
Just in some bus'ness scheme to leave him in.

Chas. Tell me, dost not believe I love?

Gar. As fain
 Would he be cunning who slobbers over
 Craft so oft is too much diligence thief
 Of the mask.

Chas. I meet thee on the level.

Gar. 'Tis said thou art gymnastic hypocrite.

Chas. It's an overmastering mystery
 Who thou art, for none do claim to know thee.

Gar. My folks had riches, I was left their all.
 But who I am, what matters it to thee?

Chas. My brother tells, — O, so horrent to the
 ear —

Such tales, that one must strike his breast exclaim,
 Of thee, and with more blood than eloquence,
 Less love than either, until they, I say,
 Are murderously plain, yea and murder
 Is their key, — thy past was bandit robber.
 Like vulture wouldst pounce upon a village,
 With a horde of devils following thee,
 Unfeeling and unpitying monsters,
 And murder men and burn and sack and rape.
 Silence him or he'll hang thee with his tongue;
 Stifle him or hang upon a gibbet;
 With an instant's jab of thy rapier
 Thou shalt whittle quickly happy fortune;
 My gold thy gain shall wipe away the stain.
 He calls thee friend, but he's thy fellest foe;
 I say, put a dagger in thy danger,
 For in his malice he is worse than wrath;
 In his perverted nature he is deep;
 He smiles, he's fair, he's tricky and he's sweet,
 He proclaims thee outlaw and that is death.
 She's rich. And I love her mostly for it.

But if my brother'll kill due part I'll give, —

Gar. Is Garrett sought dark haunt plots to enter;

For the approach of muffled felony;
 Haven for minions of depravity;
 That dark array, that soulless host of blood;
 Grim murder's strangling, sanguinary band?
 The tacit access, the dissembled door,
 For revolting villainy's frightful fiends
 To gain the prostitution of my soul?
 The hidden passage and the hushed hope,
 The way, the silent gate to crime's descent?
 Thy strange offence is thumping in my brain;
 My rage rising in my froke doth throake me!
 This my blade, my blade doth crave to carve thee!
 My fingers cry aloud to throttle thee!

Chas. Mistake! The fiend! He'll kill me!

[*Aside.*

Gar. Dastard! Louse!

[*Exit CHAS., hurriedly.*

Garrett move again. Roam wher'ere thou wilt
 The devil of my past seems informer.
 His and not his brother's the idle tongue
 So plays suitor to my evil record.
 The fam'ly. The father and his fav'rite
 'Gainst the mother and her son. And such hate;
 And so sad, so ungracious, so unkind.
 Edward Garrett, wherever got thy name,
 Hadst thou but a mother — 'Tis my hobby;
 Well — well — And grace is guest where least
 received.

Agnes, thee in vision kept me in peace;

One thought of thee kept me from killing him;
 In temptation thou'rt lily in my path,
 Or in rage appear'st forget my fury,
 As it were gently tugging at my arm.
 What conquering witchery's in woman!
 Softly breathing in the will of men;
 Strengthless as babes, ah, but what strength is
 theirs;

Dependent quite, but ah, what might is there;
 Compelling fate and ruling destiny.
 Aye, wise was the wisdom and not stint
 Of matter said thy sacred seed was small. [*Going.*
 Good-night, darling. Keep me in thy prayers.
 It may be so, but thee I never wed;
 Lest learn, or guess, hold hidden intercourse,
 As quiz my maund'ring dreams as how I was born.
 [*Exit.*

Re-enter CHARLES.

Chas. On the hill miserable in his hut
 The hermit kill; John's crime prove it Conrad,
 For the which he will banish him away.
 Then to Mary Carroll shall I prove it;
 And our love and reconciliation suckling
 As on the dug of that other's baseness.

Re-enter GARRETT, *unnoticed.*

Till nine I'll prepare for the hermit. [*Exit.*

Gar. There's mischief in his mind, in his mis-
 sion;
 To-night, myself, walk round see the hermit.
 [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Room in Almont's.* CONRAD seated.

Con. Ow! that leg. Ah, what pain do I endure.
 Ugh! Each move uproots a groan. Each muscle —
 Oh! Ah! Why was I born to suffer so!
 The brain to drugs enchained, surround with care,
 Charged with cure, rammed with physic, dosed to
 death,
 Plugged with sympathy, and still rheumatics
 Mock the doctors rapidly plucking me.
 My day rolls on; my day rolls on. Like the
 Hydrangea in the winter I soon
 Shall leave my slender stem and blow and roll
 Away.

Enter CHARLES.

Chas. Good morrow to thee, father, dear.

Con. Good morrow to thee, son; good morrow,
 son.

Chas. Feel — ?

Con. Dressed for death, summed up for
 destruction. —

Some evil ails. What is't, my son, that ails?

Thy face, thy face is picture of despair.

Hast lost our wealth? hast of our fortune lost?

Chas. Father, I falter.

Son. Son, son, answer me.

Chas. Not fortune lost, but in the coils disgrace.
 'Tis bad for me and sad for me, but worse
 For thee.

Con. Praised!

Chas. What saidst thou?

Con. I am amazed.

Chas. Our name in death, dishonor and disgrace.

Con. Disgrace, thou saidst?

Chas. And knits the very face
Of heaven in abhorrence; makes seas of hell
To seethe in their unrest. — I must not speak.

Con. Is the splendor and honor of our name —?

Chas. It is, I said. — Yes, but I must not tell.

Con. I bid thee, speak!

Chas. I do fear thy weakness.
Can courage cut the cancer from our side — ?
Mefears thou art sickly and not staunch to't.

Con. Once a boy it was I did fight a bear.
When right stands to be wrought, what though the
deed

Defies, still thy father does defying.

Chas. For and thou hast command me I do
speak.

I would my tongue could hire my will; ah, so,
My mouth could fly; or death had sealed my lips,
And stilled each sense that here can signify.

I pray, sir, must I breathe in banishment?

Must I lop the silent felon and stamp

Him in his crime? For he is my brother;

O, then, distress me not with his deserts.

Con. Son, face thy father, see into his eyes,
Speak to my hearing; let thy lips work loose,
And from 'round thy heart come its concealings.
Speak as by thy brother's bier, and thou wert
Compelled to speak; yea, do speak as thou wert
Judge before his soul and could not utter

Falsely: of all thou know'st of any act,
 Design, intent, intrigue or crime by him,
 'Gainst God; the laws of decency and man;
 Or serious and substantiated
 'Gainst the state. For son, I command thee, speak.

Chas. Ah, but thou must know that he's my
 brother;
 My love, howe'er he is unkind to thee.
 He's mother's dotage and he dotes on her;
 For if she knew of it, if she were here,
 She's fight for him till but her teeth were left.
 Again must not he be put in durance;
 She'd camp just by his prison to be near;
 And thus her simple feelings feed of fire.
 And so, I invoke thy heights of leniency,
 And, dear, thy clemency with eagle's wing
 To hie along his life's most wretched length,
 The terrible length of his base career.
 Be commiserate, be gentle with him;
 Do not imprison or behead him here.
 Banish him. Put on thy sterner habit.
 Hear me now, I shall not be accuser.

Con. Wherefore shalt not?

Chas. Yea, I fear my weakness.

Con. I say to the marrow of the matter!

Chas. Softly hear me; John thy son hath murdered.

Con. Consuming violence! word of ag'ny!
 This falling form lost in bleak dishonor;
 And tottering time in the storm of scorn;
 My feeble years foundering in disgrace;
 And snows o' mis'ry piling my old age!
 He e'er defied, despised, scorned, in his youth

Annuled my counsels, now at man he's wrecked ;
 Ashore on the shoals of retribution ;
 Sinking in the slough of untimely end.
 Manhood has seldom power to rescue
 Youth in mistuition schooled. — Murdered who?

Chas. The hermit killed for his famous jewels.

Con. May not fatality be building, son,
 Of thy fallibility? Suspicion
 Builds for us —

Chas. Down his hoary channeled chest,
 Wandering strange on its unwonted ground,
 Trickled the disappointed stream of life.
 For I did pull it out from where 'twas plunged,
 This hunting-knife, thy gift upon a time.
 All whet and pointed for his keen intent ;

[*Displays a knife.*

But these mute marks are not the blood of doe.
 Home I shadowed him; after to his room;
 And through the door I saw, O, father, saw,
 In my brother's place did a demon pace;
 Upon his face is hung a ghastly pallor,
 More devilish in his dishevelled hair.
 In bloody hands he holds the miser's wealth;
 He trembles as if haunted by some fear;
 He smiles, laughs, chuckles at the plunder;
 With inhuman eye gloating o'er his spoils.
 He starts, he staggers, takes a step and halts;
 Quick upon his person he secretes them,
 And plunges for the door, but I am gone.

Con. Haste and hither bring him in my presence.

Chas. Keep thou close from notice till he denies.

[*Gives CON. knife.*

I'll not call. It would seem like exulting
 In his fall. I'll be by when you arraign.
 Curb acerbity and do not weaken;
 Keep in mind one thing; thou shalt banish him.
[Exit.

Enter MARION.

Con. Go, find thou John; summon him before
 me. [Exit MARION.

Yea, some crimes in their tearful penitence
 Seem dropping pearls in propitiation;
 Some of the most heinous of offences,
 Condoned in aggravating circumstance.
 But this most woeful act cries for vengeance;—

Enter JOHN.

How fine thou stand'st in all thine innocence!
 Siree, I am about to charge thee with a crime.

John. The monarch abdicates and dome of man
 Crashes in a chaos. How sad it is
 When this intellect, man's splendid reason
 Topples in the river of such ravings.

Re-enter MARION.

Con. Where wert thou i' the middle o' last
 night?

John. Thy base curiosity I'll not serve.

Con. How thick is the tongue in mouths of
 culprits.

John. Hate loves to toy with this thing in his
 throat,

Soon ascending wreath of suspicion's smoke.

Con. I will show thee loon more voluble soon.

Mar. My father, dear, prithee, let lenity

Deploy more gracious ardor; spite eat not
A parent's proper premise.

Con. Thou wert where?

John. Where wert thou when Solomon was
around?

Con. Not here.

John. Nor neither either else was I.
Well, well, old cove, give up; what's your secret?

Con. Some one slew the hermit; robbed him
dead.

Ah, see now how unsteady he doth stand,
And trembleth in the presence of his guilt.
He's dead. That thou didst kill him dost deny?

Mar. And should my brother so befoul his
breath? —

Ah, fastidious tooth, thou eat'sts my heart!

[*Aside.*

Con. Son, list thou unto the lips of edict.
Stern perforce, within me I am weeping.
Go nor enter thou my life evermore;
Betake thee quickly; hence, be on thy way.
The matter still will be our secret grief,
None shall know the meaning of thy going.
Get thee to some other far off country;
Quite far beyond our minds and memory.
Let it be as if the grave did keep thee,
In its lone and close and silent bondage.
With my curse to rest thee thou now must, start.

Mar. Thy accusation is most thin, senile,
Base and bias. 'Tis thy mind's illusion.
Where to thy words of prating hast fetched proof?

Con. They are on him or shall grind my knees
till

Pardon's dust.

Mar. Each word in such certainty. — [*Aside.*
Then some traitorous monster milks the truth
And poisons with immensity.

Re-enter CHARLES.

Chas. Trouble?

Mar. Mother, dear, how much thou
art needed here! } *Aside.*
How can I contend between their
hatreds? —

In a blackest cloud he would confound,
Drive hence forever our love and brother.

[*To CHAS.*

Con. I am thy father.

John. I, thy hated son;
'Tis this o'ersick passion vomits judgment.

Con. But the jewels are about thee somewhere.

Mar. I'll pry each pucker, I will pick each
plait — [*Attempts to search.*

Con. 'Tis not his play comply.

John. Go on, thou dear.

Mar. Not there — nor there — nor there —

Con. What if thou hast erred?
[*Aside to CHAS.*

[*MARION finds, fumbles, and jewels fall.*

Con. Huzza! huzza! the brazen one doth
shrink.

And that there was implement of this imp.

[*Throws knife on floor.*

John. The bound and bitten victim of cabal. —

Else I did do it in my drunkenness.

The curse of it! I can not remember. — [*Aside.*

Ah, say, what time did I come home last night?

Chas. Forefend, I was in bed; I do not know.

John. Marion, what time was it I came home?

Mar. Too late, too drunk to offend friend or foe.

John. The plot it thickens, and it sickens me. — [*Aside.*

I must be gone; it were best I should go.

Good-bye, good-bye to thee, thou old legend;

[*To CON.*

Good-bye, thee, thou hairy caterpillar;

[*To CHAS.*

A kiss, sweet sister, keep it in thy heart;

[*To MAR.*

A kiss, girl, and give it to my mother. [*Going.*

Mar. No, no, no! Life of my love, stay, I pray!

The gray and ugsome bugs and worms that fat
Neath damp decaying log, or the lizard

[*Prostrates before father.*

Neath the rock, or the snake within the swamp:
Disturb the log, or trespass on their haunt
And see them run.

But man of blessed strength, valorous might,
Oh — ah — eh — shall he scurry fore the worm?
Or shall he crawl and prejudice be grand?
Thy manhood run away?

I am kneeling, father, at thy favor,
My prayer to place in his salvation.

O do thou see't. Ope love or ope dungeon.

For without him life is but a prison,
 Thou'lt kill the mirth and music of my youth,
 Yea and make the poetry of girlhood
 A tragedy of years. O, pardon him.
 I am kneeling, father, pleading to thee.
 Behold her in tresses of your praises,
 And eye of tone so like unto your own,
 Love, speak out my father his forgiveness,
 'Tis I contend at thy gates for mercy,
 Yea, in Heaven's dear name be not perverse:
 My tend'rest feelings burn before thy soul;
 The unrestrained wildness, yea the flood
 Of my existence surges to thy heart.
 Zepher comb the lion's mane, and parteth
 I' the eagle's breast, and the grasses sway,
 The oak bends to will of wind, all nature
 Weak and mighty doth bow before benign:
 Canst not the gentle breath of Marion's agony?
 Move thee, or passive make thee to my heart?
 Art thou impervious, immovable, unbendable,
 To the aching winds of my anguish soul?
 Granite to endure mantling moss and change,
 Mortal wilt not mantle in love's desperation?
 Mountains massive and abrupt, earth's fair piles
 Teeming angles sightly, grotesque in liberty,
 Ah, and canst not thou be grotesque in love?
 Call it odd break all laws to thine own son?
 Against all sense let thine own son go free?
 'Tis my soft, girlish passion pleads with thee.
 That dear's he to me if he goes I die.

Chas. Advance, ad — be steadfast.

[*Aside to CON.*

Con.

It is too late.

John. Ah, my stay but seres thy sadness, sister.

Mar. My intellect yet striveth for the light,
[*To CON.*

Yet I perceive thou art vixen villain;
Child, but in this alarm I am woman;
Curse thee, yea, I demand that he go free!

John. Eh, my stay but galls thy sadness, sister.
I'll return, in a week, or little while;
When this matter is clearer in my mind.
Marion dear, I'll keep thee in my thoughts;
Purest angel, keep me in thy prayers. [Exit.

Enter GARRETT.

Gar. My love, what means this face in this
sour mash?

Mar. See upon the floor —

Gar. Come, tell me aside.

[*Aside. Converse apart.*

Con. He denied.

Chas. A pleading, denying world.

Con. He did deny.

Chas. And stuck to it, which was well.
The world's a woman, an angelic liar.
The towns-folk are in arms. [A noise without.

Con. Seek they him?

Chas. Seems.

Mar. Edward, hear who comes.

Gar. I will bolt the door.

Con. Admit them in.

Gar. Stay.

Chas. Sir, this is my house.

Gar. Ah, no doubt, but once it was thy father's.
Thou in stormy locks, and busy tragus,
[*To CON.*

Massy brows and rheumy brills, O, how thou
Shouldst plunge in prayer and supplication
For this most damnable, outrageous charge,
Against the life of an innocent man.

Burst in several of the Towns-people.

Be still, gentlemen.

1st T. John Almont —

Gar. Be still.

Marion, dear, I will confess to it. —

[*Aside to MARION.*

This din thy sin. I heard thee say thou'd go;
On call mine own find dead, thy cloak and glove. —

[*Aside to CHAS.*

As time dipped it in the dawning, — Up lies. —

[*Aside.*

And life 'gan to scroll the day, — What'll I say? —

[*Aside.*

It was yesterday. Does any doubt it?

And mine eyes fly ope to dreams of revenge.

A petty grievance. Ah, hath marked the time? —

Why do I get myself in this muddle? — [*Aside.*

I've said petty grievance, but prodigious

Is the growth of working germ, soil and time.

Ah so, black soil ye say for virgin growth;

Black souls I say — Ah, I'll let ye guess it. —

For whom do I get me in this muddle? — [*Aside.*

All day despite my will it tarried there,

Despite commands and man, — Is it for her? —

[*Aside.*

Yea, until grievance grew my conqueror,
 Like a tragedy ramped and tore my hair,
 My teeth were clashing swords. — What's she
 to me?

If I confess my life I give for his. — [Aside.

'Tis night and I am journeying on.

It's late, it is midnight, hush and awful;

Lo, for a thought speaks blackly to my heart.

I tie my horse and clamber up the hill;

The moon's eclipse is aegis to my stealth,

As toiling up the fastness of the mount,

Buckled 'bout me darkness, and stumbling oft

In the blackness, through ravine, until at last

I obtain the clearing. The miser's hut

Is just before me. So quiet, so still.

What magnificence! O, what rarity!

The moon emerging and the world asleep.

Such wild intoxicating grandeur!

God in beauty hath pictured up the night.

Charmed i' the tranquility; the winds blow

Cooling to my temples; the night's delights

Bring rapture to my soul; peace reign in me;

And my purpose doth collapse; but — the fiend

Again assails; my blood from origin

To flood rocks in fury's might; and from end

To utter end a storm of madness sweeps

Upon me. I leap into the cabin;

Recoiling self, calling self a coward;

I hiss it in his ear, I draw my dagger, —

[Several of the Towns-people rush to seize.

Hold, let no tawny villain come too close!

Remember I've not yet confessed to it.—

If John escapes, he's free. Marion

grieves.

Whilst an' if I confess I lose my head.
If I say 'twas Charles did it, Charles
hangs me;

Garrett, the outlaw, dangles from a tree.
Then what becomes of Agnes? She
loses. —

Aside.

Which way did John go? [*Aside to MAR.*

Mar. Went north by the road,

[*Aside to GAR.*

Gar. Girl, I'll not confess to it. [*To MAR.*]

Men, 'tis crime

None o' mine.

Ist. T. Why these lies and this delay?

If not guilty, John Almont we suspect.

Gar. He's gone. Gone south by the road. I
saw him.

Ist T. Fellows, all pursue him! All haste,
pursuit! [*Exeunt Ts.*

Gar. I go, too, Marion, perhaps for good.

[*Exit.*

Chas. To the top o' the house —

Con. I'll not a jot.

Chas. Wilt breakfast?

Con. Appetite? Nay, I have none.

Pick up those stones. We'll see what they are
worth. [*CHAS. picks up jewels.*

Chas. Come thou out into the light. There
we'll tell.

Con. Thy arm.

Chas. Garrett, thou art a deep-sea eel.

[*Aside.*

Con. Ah, thou hast made me put away my wife;
 Anw now again I've driven afar my son;
 And withal to hear my daughter curse me.

[*Exeunt CON. and CHAS. Exit MARION.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Carroll's.*

Enter MARY CARROLL.

Mary. Plighted, but the days they seem as
 blighted;
 Betrothed, but naught is bliss but worriment;
 A dumpishness instead of gaiety.
 What sadness stealeth in my sleep of late!
 Again last night, what dreams were they I dreamt;
 Even now tingling in the fear of them;
 And rippleless rest a storm emotion;
 The dreams of love's time drunk in destruction;
 And sorrow's stream harbor in my pillow:
 And foreboding, I am sure, something ill.
 Charles, I fear my promise broken to thee;
 Rejected lover, how thoult act in it,
 As when 'tis thou dost find thyself outside.
 Thou belong'st not in my thoughts. Thou are past
 And belong in grave of the forgotten. —
 To-day's the day art promised to return,
 My John of knightly look; my lord, my — Hish!
 [*Aside.*]

Enter CHARLES, feigning not to see.

Chas. Ah, how ruthlessly she tampered with this
 Most sacred ingenuity of heaven;

Ah, and how malevolently trod she
 The infinitesimals of divine
 Structure; made low art of love's creation;
 Broke end and centre of sweet existence;
 Powdered with the dust the hopes of a man;
 Seared with her damnation thoughts of a soul;
 Blew her sweet curses in a broken heart;
 And made of me the demon of despair;
 Turned my voice into hopeless wail of hell;
 Changed my coursing blood into chillest steel;
 Made of my mind a million scorpions;
 Stung me to this hissing, purblind madness.
 Wand'rer in fury of my wanderings:
 Madness! madness! what madness is in mine!
 That I did die in my crib's innocence
 Before burst life's bands of understanding;
 Or sense was saddled neath her excellence
 And urged to this dire anguish. — She is gone,
 To my brother, most offensive monster,
 Foulest villain —

Mary. Silence!

Chas. My joy! my joy!

Ah, yes, its path of death. My heart! my heart!
 Ah, yes, its grave; my soul, its solitude.
 My love in labyrinth, bruised and broken
 In bewilderment, too great to retreat,
 Flounders forward to greet, to clasp thee, —

[*Advances to embrace.*

Mary.

Nay!

Nay, now, my friend, I am of an other;
 Promise soon possession of your brother.
 'Twas sin I accepted thee as lover.
 In predicament now but one way out;

And it must be transit through thy sorrow.
 But thou art a man and a manly heart,
 Thus and fortified for your misfortune.
 And you may accuse nor can I excuse
 The brazen fact never loved thee, took thee
 Life's to be last master, for aye to be
 The eternal keeper of my being.
 'Twas for thee too ardency of fancy,
 'Twas too rash, too hasty, headlong wooing;
 And this is thy unhappiness. My fault
 In thought; and though I grieve it yet am glad.
 For now I do stand where conscience bids me;
 And then I stood where convenience stood me.
 Or, my dear friend, or may you have it be
 My love with him is selfish, life with thee
 Beyond my charity.

Chas. Be not so stubborn.

My dear, thy faith more worthy common thief
 Than this most base, conscienceless, poor caitiff.

Mary. As swung on malice, thy tongue it creaks
 Unjust. I say, presume not on my ears.
 It is ten of any sin to scandal
 Blood and brother.

Chas. Thou play'sts upon the harp
 Of nature; yes and fill'sts the giddy cups
 Of music for the drinking of my soul.
 Brother: word once was filled with mirth;
 That word to-day so filled with murder.

Mary. I say, get gone! Mute of mouth or
 turn't out!

Stay yet! I kneel for my asperity. [*Kneeling.*]

Chas. But heed my words thou wilt beware of
 him.

Since caution is the cause of sanctity.
 For approval of his lust all he needs
 Souls engage to his winning lechery;
 For woman fair his snares are constant set;
 His slaves to fallacy and venery.
 Beware, beware; beware and heed my words;
 For our dear fancies are as rash as fools;
 Lash on admonition; palm to peril;
 One most unhappy skein of contraries.
 I know, woman, this heart you have in hand
 Is much possessed; and is now quite bestowed
 To twice a score;—

Mary. In foul gullet of your
 Obloquious mouth must I look warrant?
 Thou gull, thou thing of Satan, get thee gone,
 For cert he appears to me in less guile,
 More a rock of truth, less a talking wight,
 And more a man.

Chas. Proteus-like his habit:
 More casts than has the sky; more ways than fill
 Scale of wise and wicked from here to hell.
 He's designing; cute as he is cunning;
 Each twitch is with him taut some intention.
 Glig in the tavern, he's dog dure at home;
 He is vain; to deception he is vain;
 With shine of manner, elegance of grace,
 He's captivating, charming when he likes.
 Ah, how many his ways, manners wooing:
 Shy and sheepish awkward goodness winning;
 Or a very devil at repartee.
 With wit or with solemnity equal in't;
 Or mildness or in passion pretty in't.
 Ah, could speak the cemeteries dotted

In those souls of his perfidiousness;
 But would walk upon a night for thy sight
 The teary ghosts of his graveyard host
 As yet the grass still thin o'er their young graves;
 Those most wrongéd ones deserted in their shame,
 Or sought their own destruction in disgrace.

Mary. I have light to study him. All wavers
 Is not lost. Repulse we read's oft but van
 Of victory. Faith may lapse to retrench.
 And now we'll deliver him from our minds.

Chas. Last night he murders — dear, ah yes,
 murders;
 And old age in its bed succumbs to him.
 Father wept as when he accused; then proof
 Dropped in searching, the weapon and the prize
 And sister plead for guilt.

Mary. Thou dog, thou brute,
 Thou serpent, thou tedder'd engine Satan's!
 May such imps of agony crowd thy bones,
 As that thy groans be wind to warn the world;
 May thy carcass rent in stench; thy soul rush
 Forth in the hideous aspect it conceals,
 And men and dogs flee thee as a monster!
 Ah, thou adder, thou liar, that thine eye
 May flash the bane it keeps, all beholding,
 All fall who approach; that mouthéd snake
 Increase, may it coil round your neck and squeeze,
 Dangle in leaping, lapping flames of hell.
 Go, go. My veins are rushing virulence!
 My revenge would drench't in thy hateful blood.
 Get thee out! get thee out!

Chas. But, but —

Mary. Go! Gone! [*Exit CHAS.*]

O fortune, thou deformed and gnarling god,
 Thou blood-brain of revolt, thou hissing hand
 Of hundred fangs, heart — Behold, behold.

Enter JOHN.

From base suspicion free thee fore further
 Thou com'st near.

John. My dear, in dense dishonor.
 Ah then, no nearer dear I come helpless
 On this guilt.

Mary. Hast thou learned the shining superficial
 Needs quicker patching than the drab? to life
 How is lustre little value, but makes
 The mender harder matching? Reputation's
 Most sheer exterior elegance torn
 How e'en the devil may not darn that rent's
 Disclosure? Then be true, be no more fraud.
 For insincere stumbling in suspicion
 Conspicuous in his plight; just as lives
 Like plots complex in extrication cheap;
 For dissimulation wears a danger,
 The slink oft leaves his sleeve upon a nail;
 Since hypocrisy must sleep, exposure
 Is a most stealthy tyrant of the night.
 Hark and hear: Sir, I now do bid you go.

John. Ah, I met thee but to mourn thee, kissed
 thee

But to weep thee; blessed to be so unblest;
 And wild love's illimitable delight
 Such illimitable sorrow doth brave
 My confines of endurance. Ocean thought
 On humble shores of each succeeding day
 For life to be the gulf of my despair.
 Adieu, my dear. Anon, dear, I'll return.

And 'twill maybe to prove my innocence. [Exit.

Mary. And gone with that voice art the angels
flown

But now so thronging my felicity.

The world wearies on in errand of heart. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Robbers' Camp in Wood.*

GARRETT, *a Robber.*

Gar. In the e'er descending scale of baseness;
From hills of culture to gullies vulgar;
From society's comfort to spurs of flight;
From life with men to life of flight from men.
Thief. Again. Again thief. A chief of thieves.
Ah, but for a Monica to pray for me!
Before my Rome a mother plead with me!
To be ruffian methinks my fate's decreed
For my nature's dark, my mind's a monster,
My heart's degenerate and — They are not.
How quick in quaint nomenclature we can
Rig defect in disfavor and must stay!
As in soft phrase couch our compunctious grief,
And in palliating accusation
Build our abomination,
In mud other term slick o'er the exact!
I'm not bad at heart but bad in manner
Gotten. My birth's to blame that I'm a rogue
And thus a thief so full of villainy.
Yea, as once a maiden wantoned in crime's
Unhallowed sheets behold the collied fire
The phenix springs, 'twas I — 'twas then — begot.
Yet, perhaps the girl I do condemn her.
Some polished scoundrel used in conning

Strumpets, and virtue deigning dalliance
 Promenade,
 O then to meet persuasions from the street.
 Now for charnel house I'd change my shame,
 My portion in the world for asylum
 With the dead. — I wax sad. My state must stand.
 In face of no alternative I should
 Be pleasant. Oho, this — Oh no, this sore
 Too old and sore to soothe in the absurd,
 And this ache to tickle in the gewgaw
 Of an empty word.

Enter AGNES, disguised and garbed a robber.

Come here, dear fellow.

Agnes. Aye, aye. Commend my mind to your
 command.

Gar. Last night when I would be ambushed
 'twas thou
 Swerved this assassin's sword? Saved my life?

Agnes. *Ay.*

Gar. It was most adroit, and so timed in time's
 Own nicety. Undoubtedly thou'rt sent,
 Divinely to prevent this wretch killing me.
 Dear friend, my tongue is fool in softer school,
 And if I mutter thanks I mock my thanks. —
 Thou art not masculine, excuse if I say't
 Tender built; thy flesh in folds, nor knotted
 For world's warfare. He'd killed me, he'd turned
 on thee.

Agnes. Thou dost think too much of it. Well,
 so long. *[Going.*

Gar. Thy voice is soft; the skeleton doth
 stalk. —

But; I am burning gratitude. Tell me
 For thee in my power aught act may repay
 An' if 'twere pick mountains off Sahara.

Agnes. Ne'er to wed determined yet
 lovest me
 Thou dost. Determination like sleepless
 savage
 Peep'th perdu behind that soul strains
 to me.
 Aye, behind thy gratitude thou art brute;
 Behind thy gratitude thou'rt stubborn still.
 Garrett, when thou art weaker in thy will
 Time then am opportune. Till then must
 wait
 Fore again an' plead my heart and know
 What cursed strangness keeps thee from
 me.

} *Aside.*

Gar. A secret chacks in silence; tell me it.
 Lad, did not thy lady love thee fairly?
 Ah, for sure, these grains of thymy mischief
 Weigh in truth so tremendous on a man.
 Is't this weights thy gait? For sir I have much
 Observed thy solemn step, o'erweary pace
 In stately sad and tempered gravity.
 I'm thy friend, confide in me thy sorrow.

Agnes. In this villainous morass wherein we
 meet
 Wouldst have me take thee for a confident?
 For where couldst find men deeper dyed in villainy?
 More universal criminal, odious and base;
 More contemptible, treacherous to the core;
 More false, insensate, sodden wretches

Than in this bunch of knaves collected here?
 Than in this medley camp of ruffians?
 Where? Captain? Nowhere. Thou'rt but dog
 in front.

I have my friends in whom ofttimes I confide.
 Excuse me if in my friends I wish to still confide.

Gar. Boy, wert bold in truth, mean in subter-
 fuge,
 Not now in the boggy land of outlaws.
 Confide, dear friend, gratitude thy server.

Agnes. Nay, thy expressions gratitude my boon
 To further service. Yea I will be true. [*Going.*]

Gar. Some twenty days ago I was near death;
 A peculiar accident.

Agnes. Tell me it.

Gar. You were going. Dost stop just to hear
 this?

Agnes. I do.

Gar. You said you would be true. Will
 you?
 Just let me hear thy childish speech again.

Agnes. But wilt not tell me of this accident?
 How thou cam'st so near to thy death?

Gar. I will.
 O 'tis dreadful, I know no other word,
 As when this world of mortal man o'erwhelms
 In that awful revolution. From wilds
 Unknown of a body's boundaries lost,
 Is dear nature coming to the struggle
 With unseen forces of thy million fears.
 Flesh is spending spasms supernatural
 To save it pounding void; steel splintering strength

Emptying in the atmosphere; frothing
 Efforts volleys in the catchless ether;
 And utmost in a multitude of doves
 Pouring from the loft of power. Meanwhile
 The brain distraught in double tragedy.
 Thought in terror, as while the mind reviews;
 The spirit gasps, a whirlwind in the soul.
 For lo, in vision there appears my life,
 With its mountains, and its cascades rushing;
 With its plains and shadows chasing. My youth,
 So serene, so enrapturingly fair;
 Spring we'd say buttoned up in her splendors,
 Like a fairy isle sunk in an ocean
 Innocence. On sudd'n trembles to the tread
 Of angry, its most surly arbiter.
 Behold, 'tis I in pride, offense and sin.
 Look, look! The isle erupts, the skies convulse!
 The green and glitter gone. Madness; remorse!
 For a curse is on, and the day is damned;
 The land of my enchantment is no more.
 By my soul — Ah, but yet let me first ask
 Wert thou e'er spread in sweat condensed of death?
 Of those ominous drops of horror wet
 And cold of ulterior hand? No? Ne'er
 In the icy gust of death's pushed open
 Gates caressed?
 Nor from thence the diabolical burst
 Of death's licentious laughter? Heard from hell
 That dread sonorous resonance as thought
 Ne'er echoed in corridors of mortal?
 I mean, wert thou ne'er in accident nigh closed
 Upon existence? Shook on the feeble
 Shoot of life? Answer now. No?

Agnes.

See the wretch

How he quakes at the meeting of his soul. —

Gar. No? ah? [*Aside.*

Agnes. No.

Gar. Then 'tis impossible tell.

Agnes. 'Twere horrible to die with all one's sins
All still upon him.

Gar. Out, thou art but horn
To my melancholy howl.

Agnes. Hear me sir;
Discontent is volant; from man to man
Is silent envy stealing through the camp.

Gar. What do they envy?

Agnes. Sir, thy leadership.

Gar. These moral reprobates, rebels the world
Jealous of my standing 'mongst them? Dissen-
sions,

Dear, are ever rifest 'mong deserters.
But who's sedition's chief? In that same skin
I believe is assassin of my life.

Agnes. Whom do you most love in camp?

Gar. Thee.

Agnes. But who
Most courts your love in manner likely?

Gar. Thee.

Agnes. But who, captain dear, so with love and
laugh
So commendatory and agreeing?

Gar. Anthony? Dost thou think that it is he?

Agnes. Do thou beware. For my heart doth
plead it. [*Exit.*

Gar. Verily a strange chap and deceptive;

And dipping in demeanor like a coot
 Goes down sage old buck, comes up gosling youth;
 First he doth seem rough old mountaineer;
 Next beseems a gentlemanly fellow.
 But for him I were despoiled my title man. —
 Man; what fair solemnity in a name!
 A goblet of unique — a rose — a sword —
 A kingdom! gabion of dark profound
 And surname of that wondrous mystery.
 Man. Man? Ah, and what is man more than
 name?

He's naught but putrid matter round a maw;
 Mean and vulgar entity of no use;
 Brought forth by nature, but a toy for time;
 An animated atom, but a scrawl
 Upon mortality and form was man's.
 Evolved of nowhere to nowhere speeding;
 Unwound of nothing and in a circle
 See him.

Bosh. These balanced sides, reign of lib'ral lines
 Of some wit directed; these plastic parts
 Attempered and arranged in recesses
 Of predestination. Ah, indeed this
 Reservoir of blood in pelt of pattern
 On business fraught; this putrescence split
 And gashed for some contrivance sure.
 'Tis true some day this flesh must fail, resolve
 And disappear into its native clay;
 But must this spirit speaking lapse in that
 Demise? Like as when consciousness into
 Unconsciousness descends, and then and does
 My lovely soul in death become the air?
 Man I know thee not, and what I know is
 So in question in my philosophy

Must hold thee mongrel out of mystery
 And a doubt; and arrayed dost seem in eyes
 Of my understanding as it were twixt
 Gloom and myth standing in the dappled light.
 Ah so — But, a fool's strength is in his theme;
 To be a fool 'tis make thy theme supreme.

Enter ANTHONY.

Ah ha. Behold, behold, will you behold. [*Aside.*]

Ant. Ha ha, captain.

Gar. Pardon, I am thinking.

Ant. For thoughts so glum —

Gar. Indeed, I am merry.

Ant. Just let me in I'll drive the laughter out.

Gar. Joke thine nine of yesterday.

Ant. Thou art ill.

'Tis so; forsooth you smile exceeding ill.

'Tis measles; no, I am wrong. It is gout.

Gar. 'Tis measles if that has aught to do with
 mean;

And 'tis most like I caught the thing from thee.

No, 'tis gout; thou didst hit upon it then;

'Tis mine this disease excess. For hast thou
 Not met that shallow soul and lean, cheap wit
 Sick'ning in his senseless excess? So long.

Ant. But thy indisposition let me give
 Potion, simple formula will unclog
 The wheel of health.

Gar. If thou depriv'sts a mouse
 Of sense unbless him not of scent.

Ant. What think'sts?

Gar. Thou stink'sts of treachery and I mistrust

Thou seek'sts to doctor me to poison me,
 To make succession easy, for I'm known
 Thy sequacious soul aspires a spirit
 Leading; thy wish to be head in my stead.
 Anthony, Anthony, forbear my life. [Exit.

Ant. Suspects my schemes, perceives my strategy.

We forget moon has two sides, as has he;
 The side we see, the side we've never seen.
 One side beaming fair and kind, t'other turns,
 And now his hate he grinds into my face,
 Rancor replaceth his regard. How quaint,
 Lofty, stiff and haughty roams he the earth.
 But I'll soon cut the comb of his conceit;
 And one prig I know soon shall find his fall;
 The silent one shall tumble to his end.
 Although he is wary now and watching,
 I'll knife him yet, and I'll be captain here.

Enter two Robbers.

He walks the world and we are incidents
 Unworthy for his talk.

1st Rob. Well, who's it now?

Ant. The captain.

1st Rob. No more than he is reserved.

Ant. Yes, much more. Silence stockades him
 feeble.

Were given he to speech this grand manner
 Would show character most weak.

1st Rob. Ah, hit him,

Throw him down and beat him, knock him, kick
 him.

The fault with thee is thou dost talk too much.

Ant. I'll be captain, you two my lieutenants.

2nd Rob. Good! but how?

1st Rob. Mind him not, disturb him not,
Or thoult find him wolf tearing at thy throat.

Ant. Nominate me, name me to be captain,
When you see the men they are divided;
For I have wrought in them a prejudice,
And I can count on more than half of them.
Here they come. They come now; be in among.

Re-enter AGNES, disguised, and many Robbers.

Knights —

Agnes. See, he will beguile thee with his wiles;
In vain titles, gentlemen, he'll flatter thee.

Ant. Thou are pert.

Agnes. And thou art assembled dirt.

Ant. Who art thou?

Agnes. I'm the eye of thy deceit;
The teeth of thee, thou formed and fangéd fiend.

Ant. Thou art a brat.

Agnes. But with all my poor parts,
I don't seek my friend's life i' the darkness.

Ant. Thou art a breathing, panting, lying knave.

Agnes. Thy nature is as black as blackest night;
The hole of thy soul but a parent swamp
Where thought is nourished in contagious depths,
And thou art bred a traitor.

Ant. You're a funk.

Agnes. What mistake made thee man and not
a skunk?

Ant. The same that made thee neither man or
skunk;

Thou barking, whining, singing, whistling fool.

Agnes. Thou shameless mess, stinking wretch,
thou vomit;

Thou false, unsafe and deadly crawling worm;

Thou gnawing rat; merciless, biting bat;

Thou toad of honor; thou most loathsome louse;

'Tis vanity of vanity for thee to speak,

When thou shouldst purr and keep thy scratching
state;

And hiss and not offend thy creeping fate.

Ant. Insult —

Agnes. Nay, I could not miss but praise thee.

Ant. I challenge thee.

Agnes. What mouthful 'tis for thee.

Ant. Draw, I declare.

Agnes. So do I; draw away. [*They fight.*
My brother would fight here, my love fights here;
And my love and blood can not retreat.

Ant. Ah thee, I almost had thee!

Agnes. Heaven help me!
Heaven! Heaven! for I am fighting in thy name!

Ant. Just see his unskill. Aye, before the count
Of ten I'll have thee crawling up my sword;
That is, the flesh of thee, the rest of thee
Shall have gone to —

Rush in GARRETT.

Gar. Ho! ho! ho! ho! Hold there!

[*Breaks down their swords.*

Anthony, dost pick this youth, awkward boy
To lay cold? Coward! In thy teeth I sling't!
Yea, before the nightingale is in tales

To the moon get thee thy guts and luggage
 Out of camp. Soothing salve and pestilence,
 Hence thou worthless breeder of discontent.
 Get thee gone, get thee gone. Or if there is
 Aught in thy currish blood can take offense
 I slap thee with my hand that thou wilt stand
 And fight upon this ground till I damn thee.

1st Rob. Take courage, Anthony.

2nd Rob. Fight, Anthony.

Gar. Fight, sir, fight, sir, or else thou must go.

Ant. Haughty and catarrhy, cantankerous
 And dyspeptic wretch, I shall have thee yet. [*Exit.*

Gar. Please an' do to withdraw; leave me
 alone. [*To Men.*

Please lead them off; I want to be alone.

[*Aside to 1st Rob.*

1st Rob. Come, boys, let us help see Anthony
 off. [*Exeunt Men.*

Gar. Stay thee. — Sir, duty is blunt business.
 [*To AGNES.*

Hence; Thou must get out of here. Get thee
 home. [*AGNES going.*

Stay yet! Thou'rt heat unto my friendly heart.
 Why didst fight him? 'Twas most foolish of thee,
 For know'st of swords as thou dost of swearing.

Agnes. I could see him restless till he killed
 thee;

And thou indifferent till he did thee.

Gar. And because I love thee, in raging vice
 I see thy drowning youth I send thee home.
 Go out and woo the world as would thy wife;
 Or as thou would some factious, handsome girl.

If art poor and poverty afford thee
 But three hairs braid them. Or if thou be rich
 Condemned to wealth be not compelled to ease.
 Endeavor be current problem in all
 Fortunes: Aspire alway but early learn
 Thy limit, for without man's little lot
 It is cold, he is hungry and distressed.
 Scorn extremes, be a plain and quiet man,
 For it is minds advanced perceive the paths
 Of beauty leading to simplicity.
 Strive on; to drift to death is damnable,
 Despicable to shamle in success.

This ring wear. *[Takes ring from finger.]*

Agnes. No; I'll not.

Gar. Thou wilt wear it.

With all my blood and murders yet I love
 A man and I love thee. Thou'rt so gentle,
 So good, so true, and so unsociable,
 That withal I must think thou'rt honest too.
 We must part. It shakes my frame to say it;
 For thou dost take one half my heart with thee.
 This ring wear.

Agnes. No; I'll not.

Gar. Thou wilt wear it.

[Slips ring on AGNES' finger, kisses her hand and holds it.]

Agnes. Ancient fires, how thou blazeth in my
 love! — *[Aside.]*

Take it off! take it off! I'll wear it not,
 For languish lose or hunger give away;
 Better scar, unjoint, figures more impress;
 Take't whole 'twill snap thy hydra-head offense;
 Take't, 'twill pluck thee to't; 'twill beckon in thee.

Gar. What thing art thou?

Agnes. I am no thing at all.

Gar. Sir, tell me, tell me, tell me who thou art.

Agnes. I will tell thee nothing, nothing, nothing.

Gar. What is that great shame forbids thee
tell me

Of thy past some little circumstance? Bright
Suits seek display, the sockless but avoid
Exposure. Defy thy pride and tell me.

Agnes. I told thee what I would tell thee;
nothing.

Gar. Thou art condemned to death or I must
know.

If't be in thy throat I will tear it out;
If't be in thy heart I will pluck it there.
This is no boast that listens to the breeze;
'Tis an oath that takes from God His jacket;
'Tis a wild man's menace thou shouldst beshrew;
Madness that'll chuck thy entrails in thy face;
Suck thy dying breath till thy secret rout;
And whistle after thee down the road to hell!

Agnes. Harm me not! O spare me!

Gar. I'll spare thee not!

Agnes. O then, O sir, O through this ring I
ask —

Gar. O gracious sir, I kneel, press for pardon.

[*Kisses AGNES' hand again.*

And still upon my knee do I implore; —
Tell I beg thee, in what art wise of me.
Thou'll not go to hell for being honest;
Then tell me art crazy and but warble,

Or strange through ways of artificial man
Individual in facts fore my life?

Agnes. A mortal mourns thee on a rock teary,
Stark and starless; bound to night of her woe;
Lost in the darkness of a hopeless day.
Once lily tall now rakish restant;
And form and grace empetalled in its grief:
In her swamp of death a reed all unblest;
Most perfect flower shrivelled in despair.
One more round fit circle of thy fancy?
Ignoble cur an' to fancy's fitful
Circumstance? I know not. Thy ring I'll keep.

[*Exit.*

Gar. So strange, most strange, so canny and
unreal.

I'll take't for omen, find my Agnes out.
To-night to her nor in my birth bury her.
No more the craven thing but trust to love
Thou wilt not scorn if learn how I was — Hist!

Enter 1ST ROBBER.

1st Rob. Captain, this stranger's gone.

Gar. And Anthony?

1st Rob. Here.

Gar. He'll not return. Bid Anthony
wait.

'Gainst bear 'tis safer be in company;
An' goes my way we may travel for a day.

1st Rob. Do you intend to go away?

Gar. I do.

I will speak with Anthony myself. Come,
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *Two Rooms in Carroll's.*

In Room 2. GARRETT and ANTHONY eating.

Gar. Why so opposed to enter here for food?

Ant. And did I look opposed?

Gar. Well you said so.

Ant. Eager to be cute ofttimes tricks the truth.

Enter SERVANT with more food.

Gar. Servant of this manor thine's a goodly act,
Indeed, for since the eve our leaving camp,
Long-starved and saddle-sore we have travelled,
In our woods-man bold attire not daring
A village enter, two days we've hungered,
Nor yet have tasted more than brackish water.
Be thou content to take as giving we.

[Gives servant gold.]

Enter MARY CARROLL in Room 1. Listens.

Ant. Tell me, how long have you been servant
here?

Ser. Ah, these years. Since mistress' mother
married.

Ant. Is thy mistress' mother living?

Ser. She's not.

Ant. Is thy mistress' father dead?

Ser. Aye, he is.

In Room 1.

Mary. One voice in habiliments familiar.
Who? Who? Wits, my wits where so wildly
run?

Ha, the friends in recollection. No? Yea.
For I will swear I've heard somewhere that voice.

In Room 2.

Ant. How'd he die?

Ser. I' faith didn't; murdered was he.
Mistress' cousin-german killed him.

Ant. That's me. [*Aside.*]
How do you know?

Ser. I don't; the mistress knows.

Ant. Where's she?

Ser. Asleepin', behaps adreamin'.

Gar. Anthony, I leave thee at the cross-roads.
Sir; with me to the stable. [*To Servant.*]
Anthony?

Ant. Wait me; wait for me. I'll be there
direct. [*Exeunt GAR. and Servant.*]

In Room 1.

Mary. Those words with teeth in them. Now
I know thee!
'Tis he! 'Tis now I understand that tongue.

In Room 2.

Ant. Time's here; the opportunity is now,
In thy guts leave a knife for thee to clutch.
For my crime in proof stirs and sleeps with thee;
I'll creep to where she dreams and advance her.
Marry, Mary, as did thy father go,
So groanless thou I shall speed to join him.

Enter ANTHONY, Room 1.

Mary. Hold! Ha, Anthony. Behold her in
grace

Thy wrong's revenge hath given. Shrink, diminish,
Canst escape these weary years precision.

[*Unfolds a knife.*

Look for to see this cast iron that ploughed
My father's simple heart; as stained in't
This steel ran his sacred stream — death's ground
edge

So took up in the temple of his life.

'Twas thou mad'st hallowed home a haunted hole;

And hung a pall o'er this benighted house;

Stuck eye of fate in this forbidding gloom,

To wink at us in this unlucky place.

His eyes were open, thy knife was in his breast.

Heap a prayer, for thy wrong erects reward;

Thy end's at hand, let clang thy last amen;

With my habitual curse to damn thee,

Me now intends to push thee into hell,

Thou cursed, most accursed, damnable villain!

Re-enter GARRETT, Room 2.

Gar. The servant's bound; I've lead the horses
round.

Anthony! Anthony! Where has he gone?

Enter GARRETT, Room 1.

Mary. Monster of hate, slaughter's slave, thou
diest!

Ant. No! no!

Mary. My father's murderer, thou wilt!

[*Holds knife to strike.*

Gar. Let not that dagger judge thee!

[*Knife falls; ANT. picks it up and holds
to strike.*

Mary. Ho! Mercy!

Ant. I am mercy's monkey. Dig there! Punk, plunge! [*Attempts to strike and GAR. kills.*]

Gar. An ape may never more than imitate! —
 Woman, own'st thou that remarkable reptile
 Blush for it nor look so pale in horror.
 For when recreants return wherefore grieve?
 The grave their rightful keepers. Coils wound
 round,

He was ever snake glinting in the grass,
 Panting in precaution, so pernicious
 In security, — ah, a tear? my dear,
 He's not worth it. — Thou unexampled thief
 How sleep'st? And lo, the villain's arm grows
 stiff!

How oft i' the night did't lift cleave my neck
 An' but to find mine were watchful higher?
 There, repose thy arms; there's thy head heaven-
 ward. [*Fixes him.*]

Mary. Man, thou art fair.

Gar. Ah, yes; some. But where?

Mary. Great —

Gar. But sad in faculties' expression.

Mary. How odd —

Gar. Greatness is agate oddities.

Mary. Thy voice sounds to me fondest melody.

Gar. But I swear I cannot help it, madam.

Mary. My prince, my passion —

Gar. Nay, passionate prince.

Mary. My prince, I do plead for thee my
 passion.

Gar. So it seems; but that does not demean me.

Mary. Thy life's fair plan my span of destiny.

Gar. Straddle of his fate, cover of his doom.

Mary. I love thee. [Points at ANT.]

Gar. Thou liest.

Mary. 'Tis truth.

Gar. 'Tis rot.

Mary. I flatter thee —

Gar. No, I am too human.

Mary. I beg thy pardon if I flatter thee.

Gar. But you don't, you feed it me with shovel.

Mary. I flatter thee and ply thee to the end,
That thou, O sir, wilt take the body out.

Gar. Is thy name Carroll?

Mary. 'Tis.

Gar. Ugh! I know thee.

Gave thy hand two brothers within a week
If but thy record I remember right.
Thou can'st near being in the family,
But it happed there were only brothers two.

Mary. Who is he —

Gar. Mine's Ephesian history.

In removal, woman thou, be minute,
For suspicion's a most relentless sleuth:
Too, procrastination is a sophist
Dissipating opportunity.

[Going.]

Mary. No!

Waters in a tumult, scorn a tempest
In the heavens wilt launch me to contumely,
To death, to base and depthless, dark disgrace!
They'll say I did't; remove, for I cannot.

Gar. My safety is thy sleep in incident;
Thy head chopped off the circumstance is dead.

Mary. Trust me in sworn and solemn secrecy!

Gar. Woman's secrecy's hangman's noose for
fools.

Well, remember speech is specious, silence
Is immortal logic. — Say he's heavy.

[*Exeunt through Room 1, GAR. dragging ANT.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Cabin in mountains about Almont
Manor.*

Enter GARRETT, OLT and BEN.

Gar. Thou art, for and each word I say is true,
Both of thee kings of infinite domain.
Laugh not: idiots push where wise men pause.
Oppose with limits the ends of thine own
Nature; let thought sit down at its borders
And but ponder thy bounds of creation.
Behold thy power incomparable;
Behold the splendent army of thy might;
Manœuv'ring on fields of thy existence;
Putting to rout the universal night;
Freeing the ages of enlightened life;
Yea, hear the crashing shackles of the world
Tumbling to thy will. For doth it not breathe
Rebellion in the intellect regnant
Kings to serve the censure of a captious
Master? — Thou art, each word I speak is truth,
Sovereigns over everlasting realms;

Eternal monarchs of undying time;
 The emperors of a tractless empire.
 Go if't behooveth thee; the way is wide.

Olt. Mine —

Ben. Nay, stop, stop. Nay he doth but fool
 thee.

Gar. Hold though. But once thou wert young.
 Hunt again

In innocence; regale again with truth;
 Turn back the deluge of thy blood and guilt;
 Ah, knaves, forget the fighting prostitutes
 In armor of thy forging; drink, thieves, thought
 At freedom's font of fear; tremble murd'ers
 In voice of conscience's dread authority:
 Turn back the deluge of thy blood and guilt;
 Stand again in thy unpolluted age;
 See in memory thy unsullied youth;
 Those scenes of childhood call thee back again.
 And didst leave upon thy fortune and fear
 Their ridicule without it? or jilted
 By some laughing damsel wouldst spite thy life
 In crime's career? Go if thou dost wish it.

Olt. What drove me from home was —

Ben. Wilt thou shut up?

Gar. List instructions. I was born thousand
 miles

From here. My mother had sixteen children;
 But of this big brood yet but I am left.
 Some were still-born; some came in three, four
 months;
 And I remember there was one I killed.
 Cousin or second cousin none have I;
 So do not question through the country who

I am. I beg of thee not bother me.
 If seem in sorrow do not comfort me;
 Or in silence just leave me in the same.
 Pray, with me do not interfere, invite
 Me to confer, thy disputes refer, yea
 Or nor be two sycophantic asses.
 For I seek certain woman I am here.
 This hut's base operations in her quest.
 Follow me I show thee how the land lays. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Almont's Garden.* MARION.

Mar. O see the east! behold the breaking day!
 Behold the wondrous painting of the sky!
 See how the surpassing hand of genius
 As with blood made yon dear heights vermilion;
 Behold how the lavish hand of nature
 Hath spent its gold to lend the heavens its hue;
 See the rapturous blue how it looks through
 Sacred blending of this transcending scene!
 Yea behold how the clouds are tinged with flame
 For a frame for this celestial picture!
 O light what art! what sea of sympathy!
 Careless execution of the sublime!
 O dawn, O morn how thou art beautified
 In noiseless labors of the night! Such medley
 Of charms awakes my gracious wonderment;
 And such divine arrangement is in this,
 That my soul of hopes takes inspiration;
 My intuitive knee bends to thee, O God. —
 'Tis spring; filled of balm and Elysian calm.
 Thought eterne doth kiss the hand of nature;
 E'en as the oak does curtsy to the elm;

The stream seems fuddled in new-found passion;
 And like love's ineffable sentiment,
 Confused i' the cheek, so bespeaks the sense,
 So color the fields for the part it feel'sts.
 'Tis spring; and terrine havior make profane
 To move in less than grace. — My favorite

[*Talks to flower.*]

Flower saved I from winter's fang, tell me
 The things of thy mute world so beautiful
 To know. Exquisite in thy crimson skirt,
 Thy purple polonaise, and golden slippers
 So airily, fairily tripping it
 To tireless sorc'ry's swift Terpsichore; —
 More pleased in praise, quicker in my presence,
 Life and refinement be not a goose, tell
 Whereof the hues dyed my lady's texture. —
 'Tis spring; and fair earth is sown in sanction:
 Arbutus tells o'er its eternal tale;
 The violet hardy in devotion
 To'ts rugged, pagan regularity.
 The sparrow pipes its ancient, little lay;
 The dove's out to welcome its awakening;
 The crow's forth to interp'rate its delight;
 And — Charles, Verness; how early in affairs

[*Exit.*]

Enter CHARLES, VERNESS.

Ver. Then 'tis agreed paid this amount she's
 mine?

Chas. If the farmer follow not his pickers
 He'll market half his crop. — 'Tis not agreed
 As you have granted. [Aside.]

Ver. The price's on your lips.

Chas. Beauty yet unbreathed to bloom, yet un-
come

In the opening season of its flower.

Ver. As I have heard thee prating still before.

Chas. A marvel justly carved in gentle truth;
In whose pliant lines grace without equal.

Ver. Even as art given to repeating.

Chas. Pre-eminent in her kind, and undimmed
In the radiance of her loveliness.

Ver. 'Tis but echo of what has said before.

Chas. So amorous in her innocence as
Make us melancholy for our scandals.

Ver. And if I deal with thee maybe I'm stuck.

Chas. What divinity of form! matchless face!
Think delights there dally; possession, weigh't.

Ver. Draw document honor.

Chas. Honor needs none.

Ver. A mark in understanding stops debate,
And devil recoils from no discussion.

Chas. Will chicanes in obligation jealous.

Ver. If men are mailed in skirmish first with
straws,

Well then were not prevision happier
For then in having been particular?

Chas. Thou finished fool wise, but in thine own
words. [*Aside.*]

Ver. Yea?

Chas. How much more for me before I sign?

Ver. A tenth.

Chas. Just two thirds more we will make it.

Ver. I'll not.

Chas. Then we'll call't just a third.

Ver. I'll not.

Chas. I think I better not go into this.

Ver. For a third wilt sign contract I shall write?

Chas. Just write the contract and I will sign it.

[*VERNESS sits to table and writes.*

Her cheek contends the rose;

Her eyes defy the skies.

She is fair, she is fond,

This image of my soul.

What a comical sprawl! If 'tis witty
As 'tis written —

Ver. Sign it.

Chas. What's that?

Ver. Sign it.

Why do you not sign it?

Chas. I will not sign.

Is not father dead and mother? Strikes me
That thou wert absent at their funerals.

Ver. I was away —

Chas. Liar. Thou wert not there.

Then, the contract is not equitable.

Ver. Then if no, earth contains no contract so.

Chas. The contract is too contradictory.

Ver. But tell me wherein it doth not agree.

Chas. Besides the contract calls for not enough.

Ver. Would beggar make?

Chas. Beggary elevate.

Ver. If thou art obdurate then I must go.

Chas. Pass along the money and I will sign.

[*VER. counts out. CHAS. recounts.*

But ah; wherefore an' my dear is that third?

Ver. To-morrow —

Chas. And to-morrow I shall sign.

Enter GARRETT.

Dread the devil! hogs and ignorance! Pest!

Gar. I am voice from the sepulchre. Aghast!
 Did thy tongue turn reptile and attacking;
 Did the demons in thee dance before thee;
 Thy surprise not more nor hate more rooted.
 I am returned. Think not basely of me;
 Secrete in thy malice naught unkindly;
 Nor let craft crowd thee into killing me.
 Let not success be thief of other thought,
 Nor push cross borders anger, ruth and blood;
 For murder's my shroud, my soul's a brothel:
 Descend thou into verity I am
 Thy ladder into hell. — And thee, Verness,
 Be not puppet too native to the spring,
 Yea my dear an' do fence thee from that thing.

Ver. Let's be out of here. [*To CHAS.*

Enter OLT and BEN.

Chas. Whose cut-throats are those?

Olt. They talk like friends of yours. [*To GAR.*

Gar. And so they are.

Chas. Not room enough there come up to the
 house. [*Exeunt VER. and CHAS.*

Gar. Hello.

Olt. Hello.

Gar. Well, what do you know?

Ben. This Nance went away on trip for pleasure.

Olt. And found it so pleasant did not return.

Ben. Her mother's dead they said of broken heart.

Gar. She is not returned. She is not returned.
Where, where, O God, hath my Agnes gone?
Be Thou monster or be Thou merciful,
Hear me; out of the world a man I cry,
For my bleeding heart staggers in the dark.
Come back, Agnes, for life's dear light it out;
Fierceness of despair whips me to the end;
Impenetrable night envelopes me;
And a certain madness creeps upon me.
The demon of my grief whelps more demons;
My sorrow splits in a million passions;
The volcano of my love vomits fire! [*Exit.*

Ben. That inhuman dog. Who would have guessed it.

Olt. He must be an ass to think of her so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Cabin in Mountains about Almont Manor;* GARRETT.

Gar. Space and compass minister to this grace;
Powers in prospect keep from harm my Nance.
How ill fit thee this gross, unpolished sphere.
Point perfect, tower of excellence, untamed
Degree. Woman wide, heaven deep, true as truth;
For ne'er did ways so run in quantity

And proportion. Before I met thee thus,
And happy Agnes Nance. But now unhomed,
Non-bound, unguided and ungoverned — lost.
But the curse it stands — I met thee.
Like havoc in the sleep of innocence,
Villain fleet as angel, woe on wings
Of stealth. Then fairest modesty succeed
Of its shame; beauty poured aloft ornate
In simple sanctity stripped as in the
Pathetic spell-work of the palmer-worm;
Purity in obscurity like snow
The shadow shelters until trespassed laws
Of lust vast as vanity. Ah, too late
Does folly speed the errand of regrets,
Heed ruptures hard processional on
Disesteem; for then my turn straight it spurns,
I, spurn of womb, man and world, creation,
And creator, I of dishonesty
Thine only honesty refused. Surly,
Sententious, dogged, fickle fool, outcast
Send thee; thy face upturned and piteous
Finds no pity in me; kneeling, pleading,
Advantage falling whips upon complaint.
'Tis true once a slave can best lash a slave;
The wretch who's always borne contemptuous fate,
To an other's can add science to their load.
My heart a groan; a tear it knew the road.
A villain may love when men emotioned
Ordinary are known but vows and mode.
Eye for a glance! O for daylight of thy smile
In these thick senses fast and dark! What fields
And cities may grow o'er partition; what
Passionless sky stretch its successive length;
This epoch of my longing rumbling on;

This waste of desert air in mournful dirge
 Blows from my unhappiness. — But why pout
 O'er portion when it is doom admeasures?
 Or a rabbit stamp enjoined by lion?
 Or hope with grace and tears of antelope
 Fate to captivate? I know what I'll do.
 Agnes, I will learn to hate thee! Just so,
 I will scribble billet muse or read it [Writes.
 Ev'ry tolling hour till eternity
 Take care of me. Till then I will do it,
 Though I become maniac rehearsing.
 Agnes, ne'er again shall puny impluse
 Gather me to thee. Unto my pocket,
 Now and know thou art to patch a sadness.

[Paper falls. Exit.

Enter AGNES.

Agnes. Heart hold. Why knock'st about my
 body so?
 Lighter footfalls; and softer be my step.
 Ah what! my soul dost thou plead to return?
 And do I tread in on death's sleeping king?
 A trembling wretch before the throne of blood?
 If he's a monarch I'm a monarch's queen.
 In rights I'm splendent; in wrong's train parade;
 So no more will I kneel but as of old
 Thy idol of affiance I'll oppose.
 Said, "My slave toiling in my wonders' world."
 Said I, "You romance." Said he, "Dear, you lie."
 Said I, "Sir, your assertions tickle me."
 Quoth he, "And my devotion pleases me."
 A paper. 'Tis in his hand! First to kiss.

[Picks up paper; reads.

*With a hate as fierce as flesh I hate
 Agnes thee and thy polluted freight;
 Brittle be my blood, my lids in grip,
 Nance, fore thou across my vision trip!*

O breath dissolve. O thought be gone. O ye
 Frowning followers of that nether depth,
 Ye fretful shades of fireful hell — come, come. —
 Swiftly with me in my impotence, burn
 Out of me all conceit of him for whom
 I die! Do not I die? Can I not die?
 O black passion give me the drink of death!
 O ye twisted fires quick entangle me!
 Ye demons dark of endless chaos come
 And take me to thy depths oblivion;
 O grave come quick and take my empty corpse! —
 Standing on brink of my eternity,
 Beating obliquely against my naked soul,
 The stress of wind and hail of my dismay,
 In fury surging to my overthrow, —
 Below the pit of dread mortality,
 In silent night's impenetrable gloom,
 Why dost thou not, O my offended sprite,
 Pitch adown into peace and thy release,
 And let the wraith of my poor fate expire!
 Can I not die? Do I not die? Hark, hark!

[Writes. Exit.]

Enter GARRETT.

Gar. Agnes' voice, heels methought. Eyes are
 liars.

Like a ghost she followeth. My senses!
 If I see red leaf she had redder lips;
 Blue flowers, red flowers, white flowers all
 Remind — Poor Nero. How oft the rosied

Occasion must have dragged thee to thy trough
 Of blood; or in thy walks but a pansy
 Careless grown must have called thy thoughts to
 earth. [Picks up paper; reads.]

*Once love in bliss and ring;
 Now scorn in hiss and sting.*

I am after thee thou elusive flea. [Sounds horn.]
 Huddling in thy narrowing ambit trapped
 In a trice. — Oho Olt! Ben! Where art thou!
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *In Almont's garden. Enter*
 GARRETT.

Gar. Aye, e'en may his shades of generation
 Unto men shoot shafts to split the moon.
 Why it is seen gimcracks borne and adored
 Though he be brainless, weak and delicate,
 Because he happed to be of noble birth.
 Or a little fellow, God assisting,
 Wrought a little wonder, on the instant
 Popularity becomes his very
 Hatchet-man from whom he leaps in ordeal
 Of adulations, feasts, receiving men's
 Esteem; till the issue he is dizzy.
 O world, thou bubble of idolatry!
 Depraved time, O degenerate age!
 When dignity hangs on idiocy;
 Virgin's strut, angling to sinful banter;
 Power's drunk, orders shoulder with the bold;
 Noble sembles base, beauty barter's grace;
 And drear fidelity forsakes its trust;
 All because valiant, tyrant or a thief;

Or, as I say, because his father was.
 O souls of men what noise, what clamor, what
 Lack of circumspection; alas, what heat,
 What sin, what gross pushing for position,
 When thou doth swarm to ape at passing fame.
 But woe wild fault once they turn honor's hounds!
 Ah, how oft my dreams discover phantom
 Of my dishonorable orphanage!
 For what of life's worse — hush, words are adders,
 And guilt in herring hundreds shimmers in
 My shame. Guilt? Aye, and men step back three
 feet.

Can men be my judge? These base mortals rule
 On my right of life? Am I but flourish
 Of a sin? Can irregularity
 Before my birth chase me through existence?
 Are there some circumstances prodigies,
 Wrought so ungracious in their origin,
 As to o'erleap consistency? Tush, tush.
 In this universal scheme who may blame
 Result nor know it be above them — who
 Contumely on a consequence a cause
 They can not criticize? Our of wedlock got,
 Admit I be product infamy how
 Can that poesy transmit? But fools and
 Fatalists linger in dualities
 Congenital. Out of wedlock got I'm but
 Breach of custom, less etiquette, less law;
 And law but lines on time, habit harnessed.
 I am a man, yea the absolute rose
 Of beauty, and never may be beauty
 Be oblique to ends of ordination.
 And so if men are to be weighed by birth
 Why then it is at birth they should be weighed.

Enter OLT and BEN.

To your stations. If you see her trail her.
If in doubt just call her name Agnes Nance.
Do thou go and anon I'll rejoin thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHAS. ALMONT.

Chas. Ah, happy is the sleep of poverty
Pious in't; as if his mother's spirit
Sate by the bed of his unruffled soul;
Or scabby crown the vermin errant o'er
The bolster scraping in contentment on,
Than is that head in dread adversity
Come stealing in tiptoeing in his snores.
Ah what unrest, unrest doth keep the breast
Of the all worldly too ambitious soul;
What earthly tiredness doth occupy
The earthly tired, striving, grasping knave.
Since childhood have I lived but for to cheat,
To cover lest loss sweat through inducement;
How like a lynx I've watched my fellow men
For of their vain possessions to disseize.
What barren, hapless, yea what sleepless years
Have gone ever wrangling with base fortune,
Years dear life hath wrung for a gainless gold,
O now, behold me watching reunion
With my blind ideals running in so
Farcical; and life's best heart assailing
To escalate but attainments empty.
Now there's Verness, that glittering disgrace;
For shall I consent my Marion's sale
To this wondrous wretch and his vile seizen?
Where love of it don't enter it at all,
And her single sin is hatred for him,
Shall I deliver slave unto his lust?

Just give this girl to his unholy clutch?
 Ye cheerless years, imbittered memories,
 Ye my store of inward grievings are ye
 In this to be augmented in thy store?
 Were Carroll out it were out of muddle;
 This most bashful gatch and awkward lover.
 Were but Carroll dead. Were but this Carroll out.

Enter VERNES.

Ver. She's as the mountain's peak in cold and
 snow,
 The which we fain would climb in the azure's
 Clear sunshine, increasing and coruscant,
 So insuperable and alluring,
 When from simple matter spring to issue
 Matrimony am tumbled to defeat
 And torn on jutments of discouragement.

Chas. Thou'rt bleeding on the precipice of
 strife.

Ver. My burning words I've whispered to her
 soul,
 Whereat she looks abstractly at my place,
 Nor doth she seem to see me yet at all.

Chas. Plays with vacancy when thy suit most
 smokes.

Ver. Pauses, blushes, in confusion upstarts.

Chas. Never boggles at Carroll's swainish ways.

Ver. She's a fire in depths of my loving heart.

Chas. Thy heart is the disgraceful part of thee.

Ver. My love's a sleepless passion in my heart.

Chas. Thy heart is the craziest part of thee.

Ver. Damn thee, I wish I ne'er had done with
 thee.

Chas. If wishes were fishes and men were wise
They'd fished for their wishes when they had time.

Ver. How apt art thou now in ridicule,
Where once thou wert whet, intent to tally.

Chas. Thou unnatural abomination;
Thou hissing, sibilant, soulless serpent;
Thou talking, nothing, merry tingling brass;
Yea thou piece of incest, thou braying ass;
I am ashamed ever I did meet thee.

Ver. I impoverished more than shamed for
thee.

'Tis I bear expense of this acquaintance.

Chas. Art thou not made acquaint with my
sister;

My own sweet sister, orphan, only tie;
And who loves thee with such great devotion?

Ver. In your soul you call yourself a liar;
In your soul you know that she loves me not.

Chas. You'll listen till I tell thee what she said.
It was in the garden I o'erheard her,
As she communed aloud quite unto herself.
You will listen until the while I quote
The precious words stole from her perfect lips.
"Summer's murmur in my cheek he is near;
My blood a quick'ning rill Verness is near.
Carroll, the stolid moon; yet is the clown
As tides attracts controller o' my soul."

Ver. And said she — ?

Chas. Cut my tongue out if she didn't.
Shalt let this jade outrun thee for the prize?
Shall this cur take the bone away from thee?
Or like the star that shines beside the moon,

Shall thy dear light be dimmed in his conceit?
 But in his extinction art thou distinct;
 Just but rip his heart Marion's thou art
 Alone in the court of her rare beauty.
 Ah, think, the orbit of those arms whose touch
 Will trickle in thy toe; think, free traffic
 In those lips like fruit voluptuous in
 Eden of temptation.

Re-enter GARRETT in influence of drink.

Gar. Saints in session.

Ah ho, Almont there's blood upon thy cuff.
 Look at him look. He knows it should be there.
 Trickster! — Not thee; I'm whistling for my dog.

[*To CHAS.*

Treacher! — Not thee; I'm calling for my dog.

[*To CHAS.*

Traitor! — Dost think I'd have thee for a dog?

[*To CHAS.*

Liar! — I forgot; his name's same as thee.

[*To CHAS.*

Thief! — Curse him, I think I'll give dog to thee. —

[*To CHAS.*

Fly little wren for the serpent is near; [*To VER.*

Serpent is singing to catch thee, my dear:

Fly away little bird while yet you can;

Haste to make speed you small bit of a man.

Verness, go thou home and say thy prayers;

Put his proposition in thy pocket

And when thou art home put figures to't.

Chas. Come, Verness, let us walk a while.

[*Exeunt VER. and CHAS.*

Gar. They're gone.
Ah, Verness, how you trifle with your God,
When you linger to trifle with that man. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGNES NANCE *and* ROYAL CARROLL.

Roy. I have travelled all the night.

Agnes. So have I.
But tell is Marion thy purpose here?

Roy. Why Agnes, thou hast turned the secret round.

Agnes. Since thou art a lover I wish thee luck.

Roy. I am fearful —

Agnes. No, no, no; thou wilt win.
For where is the girl that could withstand thee.
But pray, Royal, do not be conceited;
For conceit, dear, we know will spoil a king.
Let not thy will parade before her mind;
Or yet cringe fore the creature of her whims.
Neither try hop in favor down her throat,
Nor yet again my dear treat at arms-end.
Set thy nobility against her beauty;
In affection ardent not improper;
Each impulse challenge; kiss and cool again. —
But I must haste. Friend I shall watch thy love.
Bid me success as I bid thee for I
Unto my heart to-morrow! I must go.
And I must humbly take my leave of thee.
Adieu.

Roy. And may joy attend thee, Agnes.

[*Exeunt differently.*]

Re-enter CHAS. ALMONT *and* VERNESS.

Ver. He speaks of thee as if thou wert a fiend.

Chas. And of thee as if thou wert a ninny;
And talks as if he knew he stood on facts.

Re-enter GARRETT.

Gar. Part, part, part with his luckless company,
Or Verness thou wilt to hell in jig time.
He is more relentless than the spider;
Yes, less merciful than the weasel.
Beware, beware cavilling villainy,
His treacherous respectability.

*Re-enter ROYAL CARROLL, MARION
ALMONT.*

Roy. Nothing in glory of the spreading dawn,
Compares with crimson of thy cheek this morn.

Gar. Rot!

Roy. Garrett!

Gar. Restrain thy 'feminate tongue.

Roy. Doth my voice offend I crave thy dul-
gence.

Gar. Thou lone-working destroyer of virgins.

Roy. Why art not even decent greeting me?

Gar. Thou self seeking, most stinking wretch,
stand back.

Roy. Dost think to quell me with such senti-
ment?

Gar. Back, back, back, back or callow youth
of fall!

Roy. Yea, when Carroll's blood in his feet
revolts

And then and do thou call Carroll coward.

Gar. Then you must fight.

Roy. And then if fight we must.
[*Fight.*]

Gar. My dear I shall have ta'en thy shoon off soon.

Mar. Carroll, stop!

Chas. Play well, play well, gentlemen.

Gar. See him. What a hero for a picture. — Murdered! watch! see!

Roy. Dost thou wish to desist?

Gar. Pass neath my arm and nip the viper there. Almont, Almont! He'll stab me i' the back!

Roy. Almont, Almont, step from behind him, do.

Chas. I will; aye, most assuredly, I will.

Gar. Murderer cross ever thou before me. Attempt ere to get the windward of me Thou shalt live no longer — Come on, Carroll; My foeman, come, we'll try to it again. [*Fight.* Thy master taught thee was too nice with thee. — Couldst thou outlive this fight wouldst change thy style. —

Perhaps his meals were in't not to hurt thee. —

Mar. Stop! I fling me! I die between your swords!

Chas. Marion, I hold thee! I implore thee! Let them fight — let them die — let them be damned.

Gar. Drop not thine eyes where next intends to hit. —

Mar. Garrett! Carroll! Stop! My heart is breaking!

Chas. Marion, they don't hear or see a thing.
 Ah, Verness, what is the anchor with thee?
 Why don't you run in and stab both of them?

Gar. We'll all be here to-night to greet thy
 ghost;
 We shall all be here to shake hands with thee.

*Re-enter AGNES NANCE, Garrett's sword falls
 from his hand.*

Agnes. Searching the world with eye malevo-
 lent;
 Breathing thy bane in community's peace.
 What tale in the story of his life
 Justifies to thy arm this bloody part?
 What is that great extreme calls for his death,
 And thou shouldst lay his clod upon the sod?

Gar. Woman, explain thy name. I know thee
 not.

Agnes. I am she makes thee fling thy sword
 from thee.

Gar. Deny not thy name. Tell me who thou art.

Agnes. I'm the watchword of thy unhappy
 heart.

Gar. And yet withal thou wilt not tell thy name.

Agnes. I'm remorse in thy memory for aye.

Gar. Explain —

Agnes. And dost thou deny me, Garrett?

Mar. Agnes dear, pray and do thou come with
 us.

Chas. We sympathize in death of your mother.

Gar. Be still, or I will wash thy face in blood.
 Where's my sword!

Agnes. Garrett — sticking in my heart.

[*Exeunt* ROY, MAR. and AGNES.]

Ver. She's sad-hearted for her mother.

Gar. Mother;
All made from papers, powders, paints and pads.
How well I remember too, her father,
Effete, unfaithful; those two dutiful hairs
Struggling cross his glassy pate.

Ver. Hip and lip she is queen of all I've seen.

Gar. I feel as if my soul had ta'en its flight,
And I were left empty cavern of death.
I feel as if my soul had slipped from me.
Agnes! Agnes! Agnes! holloo Agnes!
Come back, for I was drunk, am sober now. —
Agnes Nance; from the turret of my heart
That name like the chimes bursting on the chill,
Dark autumnal evening of my being. —
Go! or nor wait or hesitate; but go!

[*To* CHAS., VER.. *Sounds horn.*]

Chas. Kindly remind this garden is my own.

Enter OLT and BEN.

Gar. Olt, if these fellows go from here not now,
Do thou cut them to their deaths without thought!

Ver. Let us leave them Charles.

Chas. 'Twill give them more room.

[*Exeunt* VER. and CHAS.]

Gar. Ben, do thou ride northwest to Charleny;
Olt, do thou ride southwest to the Grass Head;
Then both converge and meet me at Stonehouse.
For this woman whom we seek has been here;
Though afoot was dressed in riding habit,

And so, therefore, she may be riding now.
Remember she before eluded thee.
So now, then, let us forward.

Olt.

Ay.

Ben.

Ay, ay.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter oppositely, riding, MARY CARROLL, two attendants, and ROYAL CARROLL.

Mary. Brother! Brother! Thou dost drink
eye of life!

Come near that I may feel and know 'tis thee!

Roy. Sister, thou dost flush and fuss like the
lass

Had her beau concealed beneath the sofa.

Mary. Sought thee wide, places ceasing hope
ceasing;

Fears like ivy twined my desperate soul.

Roy. Don't you pity her in her dilemma?

Mary. We feared thy mortal anger and wert
bled

In some encounter.

Roy. Sister not a drop.

Scratched by the brush, sister, but nothing more.

Mary. But why not tell where thou went? Tell
what prompt

Thy travels in this queachy thicket met?

Roy. On a run, jumped the gully, rest go round.

Mary. On hunt went held thee dead in accident.
Who follow thee?

Roy. Why there is one, Verness;
And then again there's Almont; —

Mary. Escape him.

Roy. Surely seems —

Mary. Hist, 'tis but a way he has.

1st Attend. Robbers! [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Mary. Royal, Royal, where will we fly!

Ride in Band of Robbers.

1st Rob. Careful of her lady!

2nd Rob. Hello, rich one.

Mary. Buzzards!

3rd Rob. That's what I say.

4th Rob. That's what I say.

Mary. What seek ye?

3rd Rob. Animals and valu'bles.

4th Rob. When we're gone it is that in which
you're loss.

Roy. Give me my arm free, I'll take any three!

5th Rob. Come here and help me cut this fel-
low's throat.

Enter GARRETT.

Gar. Strike any man of mine a blow, he dies!
Carroll! Carroll! In thy soul cool thy sword.

Men, of any of their things thou shalt not.

Remember men of thy allegiance sworn;

Remember oath of thy obedience;

Thy silence pledged in face of all commands.

Men of their things thou shalt not. We'll forward.
 For I'll reward thee with what here hast lost.
 Every man to his horse and, forward!

[*Exeunt* Band.]

Woman, I remember thee. Far, down and
 Deep in a hole I buried him. [*Exit.*]

Mary. He's gone.
 Know him?

Roy. As the humming-bird by its hum.
 But says he knoweth thee?

Mary. I fed him once.
 He came to our door once in a starving state,
 And begged of us food for his horse and man.

Re-enter Two Attendants.

Roy. Here sister are back thy two attendants.

Mary. Ye vermin, for the sake of your small
 lives,
 Did you put all that hurry in your haste?
 To-morrow to the field, no more to wait
 On me. — I must go; I hear them coming.
 Come with me.

Roy. At even-tide I'm after.

Mary. Well then, will my attendants follow me.
 [*Exeunt* MARY and Attends.]

Enter riding, CHARLES, MARION and
 VERNES.

Enter oppositely, a GYPSY *on an ass.*

Gypsy. With the stars I'm in conference;
 With wise maids I'm in preference.
 Once huswife of the busy sky,
 Baked thy future in fortune's pie.

Chas. Gypsy, ope moldy coffer of decrees.

*Gypsy. Obolus or coin round the key;
True, e'en the gods wait on a fee.*

*Chas. Here are coins a few, but abuse nor spot
[Gives Gypsy money.*

Of the lily of her intellect. Ye
Shameless hags build in the blood the embers
Of obscenity; in concentration
Scandaling turrets peaceful purity.

*Gypsy. Sir, thy money's not enough in;
Sir, I swear thou art a ruffian.
I can prove it by this girl's doom;
And by thy father in his tomb.*

*Chas. I pay thee not to hear my fortune told;
[Gives Gypsy more money.*

I pay thee that this girl may hear her own.

*Gypsy. Black hands lower thee to thy grave;
Girl, and greed of a murd'rous knave.
Thy horrid fate stalks behind thee;
Thou canst erase nor from it flee.
Pure as snow, spotless as the dove;
Thou art sold to unhallowed love.*

Mar. Methinks thou art most sad and inexact.

*Gypsy. Ah, wench, I have read the papers;
Just as written by these traitors.
There are contained within this crew;
Two names whose living thou shalt rue.
'Tis Charles hath sold thee to thy shame;
Verness that bought thee for the same.
Ah, child, I've seen the money go;
And talk therefore only what I know.
[Exit.*

Roy. I believe.

Mar. And I grieve that you believe.

Roy. And tell me Marion dost love me yet;
No reconsideration in regret?

Mar. I love thee so to tell I know not how.

Roy. Yet I believe.

Mar. I grieve that you believe.

Roy. Methinks that I should kill them on the
spot;

And heaven sure would acquit me of the deed. —
I must go at once.

Mar. We shall go at once.

Roy. My will is lightning, my sword is sinning;
I fear travelling swiftness of my arm.
Yes we must go. — No, stand back Marion
Till I cleave the villains to the earth!

Mar. Ah, in blossom's shower oft whole flow-
ers fall.

Be not in the way of wind lest with thy words
Misfortune fall. To covert love lest swept
By passion. Don't insist and now resist.

Roy. Like a dog I am frothing at the mouth;
And my angry blood doth move me like a beast!

Mar. Come with me I plead! 'tis Marion
pleads!

Chas. What deep apology thou shalt owe me,
When a cooler moment comes upon thee!
For I would put this hand into the fire,
Yea and pull it out from there a cinder,
Carroll, fore one tittle I would harm thee;
Or this girl I would do an injury.

Mar. Royal, come.

Roy. Thou hast said't, Marion yes.

[*Exeunt* MAR and ROY.]

Chas. Who'll deny ghosts do brood abroad at night;

That the spirits of men rise from the graves;
That souls of the corpse in judgment of death,
Do mope upon earth or flit through the air;
When a witch accursed with a wooden voice;
A withered hag with voice like a coffin;
A little she-devil built of our plans;
Who divines our present, explodes our past;
Breathes in our presence our terrible thoughts;
Puts terror before us in broad daylight;
Comes in and goes out like shade of the damned;
And leaves us dear shaking for mercy of God!
Verness, we pursue false ends; we mistake. —
And, Conrad, what was that she said of thee? —

[*Aside.*

Verness, please an' do not look so stupid.

Come Verness, we'll find some cheer out of here.

Ver. Give me back my payments —

Chas. Do come, Verness;

Do, for we must find some cheer out of here.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Cabin in the Mountains about Almont*

Manor. Lieutenant and Band of Robbers.

1st Rob. But unhitch our ignorance from the race.

Lieut. The race! The race? Ah, call it not by that,

For name as such is less the name so much
As to rob wonders of this masterpiece;
And despoil a spectacle sublime.
Why I have seen scabby dogs to race, turn
Bite a flea bedding in their stringy tails
And that was named race. But this grand thing
In grandeur's middle made all other sports
As seeming vices. Elysium's gaydom;
The women married to all brightness
Seemed crowded tulips in this glorious
Patch of happiness; nodding to the winds
Of their most nervous, anxious ecstasy.
But the race! Lank and lean were made to stretch;
Nimble hounds in ebullient eagerness
They looked, those colossal dogs of purpose.
They are bunched above the line and all trained
And tempered to the time. They dance and plunge
And make false starts, come back again. They're
off!

The dust! the rush! to hear their iron march!
Their smallest jockeys crouching low cowards
To ev'ry inch of wind; and arms encircling
Their steeled steeds as if fondling speed
From in their throats. The ground's ablaze! They
go,
They're gone! furious speed ensconsed between
Their legs prompts them on! Favorite's
In the rear and seems but there to see it;
Alpha's running third, Princess is nowhere.
Quarter: Favorite's fourth, Princess is third;
Alpha back. They're all working on their job,
And beating it for a place. Like juggler's
Changes and transposition is complete.
Half: Favorite has a nose and Princess is third;

Money horse takes a drink and Alpha's fifth.
 They come! they come! ah, like a whirlwind mad!
 Fav'rite has a length, Princess comes from place;
 Alpha lifts, flies to with Princess even;
 They're head and head and neck at twenty yards;
 The same at ten. Alpha stumbles; few flaps
 Of fish out of fathoms and he is done.
 What think you then?

1st Rob. Tell.

Lieut. False-hearted Fav'rite —
 Quit! and Princess won the race.

2nd Rob. Long race.

Hal. We were there and saw ev'ry ace of race.

3rd Rob. It seems to me that you like horse
 races.

4th Rob. Seems me you like to see feats of
 horses.

Enter GARRETT.

Lieut. And where wert thou, dear Hal?

Hal. Ah, me;
 To church, despite proverb prayed for riches.
 See this packet product of a prayer. [*Holds forth.*
 For whiles he served up the Prodigal Son,
 On delinquent I in my attentive
 Corner aimed his eye, I wept, went with him.
 He was a very good fellow but simple;
 Though nothing lax yet a little slack;
 For showed me where he kept his revenue.

Gar. Thou unequalled, insinuating thief. [*Aside.*

Lieut. And tell me where wert thou?

4th Rob. I was fishing.

Lieut. You can't fish.

4th Rob. Who says I can't?

Lieut. Where's your fish?

Hal. George and I know a farmer forty miles
From here who keeps a cradle full of eels.
These are all refined, educated eels.

He gets them young and trains them day by day,
Till by and by they come feed right from his hand.
When they are grown he takes them to the shore,
At the whereat he teaches them to dive,
Whereto, and to catch other fish for him.
Isn't that so, George?

Geo. That's right.

Hal. You're a liar.

Gar. Yes, tell me where were you?

4th Rob. I don't know.

Gar. You don't know? Then you must been
drunk.

4th Rob. I was.

Gar. Tell me where's your horse?

4th Rob. Gone; methinks he's lost.

Gar. Aye, met a rustic with forked stick driving
Angles in a cow; and more in detail,
Induced and duped and diced thee out of it.
Truth should save thy neck; I've rebought thy
horse.

But spank me if truth saves thy neck again.

Lieut. Just while I'm at it tell me where were
you?

5th Rob. I met a maid in cambric; — I'm no
poet;

Line at your disposal, supply the rhyme.

Hal. What's Davy grub?

[*Referring to Davy without.*]

6th Rob. I've discovered Croesus.

3rd Rob. We must see into his case by —

Lieut. We wont —

Not here, nor now, nor for fun speak the Name.

1st Rob. Zounds, hurrah!

All. Hurrah!

3rd Rob. Hurrah for —

Lieut. Mind you.

Gar. Who carries this small point wins in it all.

[*Aside.*]

Lieut. Persist in pertinence, 'tis mutiny.

Damn thee, you will not defy me, or I

Will have the tongue, the nails and life of thee!

Hal. Where away lies this gentleman of your Impatience?

6th Rob. In hut on the river front;

A hungry guard of wonderful bloodhounds.

7th Rob. Which reminds me, five — no, 'tis more, 'tis six —

Hal. 'Tis six.

6th Rob. Crack that craven's bump of membrane.

Thou hoary, gory lecher speak I'll stab!

Still now, but like a blister he'll refill.

Enter DAVY bearing a flagon.

Hal. Davy, what hast thou there?

Davy. A sum of —

Hal. What?

Davy. Pray and do please let me see your tongue.

Hal. Why?

Davy. Methinks show symptoms curious.

Hal. What's it?

Davy. Dew and roots, mixture midnight, words and signs.

Dear believe me friend that who unduly
Drinks these elements in enmity, this
Fighting flagon so clear and innocent,
Supps but water delicious, different,
Until — well, he'll split himself in madness.

6th Rob. Ye fools it is jabber on forever.
Let him rot in squalor, we do not need
His money. Men? Nothing but old women.

Hal. How long a ride is't to this friend of yours?

6th Rob. If we start now in two days at midnight.

Lieut. I think all in all we had better go.
Captain, we should go —

Gar. I think you should too.
But I'll stay behind.

Lieut. We will all to horse.
Get you ready all of you for the march.

[*Exeunt Lieut. and Band.*]

Gar. In these dark passes of society,
As on those broader plains of righteousness,
Aye, since the institution of things first,
It is men ceaseless after pomp and things.
From babes at birth to ailments' palsied years;

From crying, squalling times in the cradle,
Until come the death-rattles in his throat:
From once they are souls till at last they're free;
Fighting in rigid rules economy,
According to each his own philosophy;
Fighting, struggling with ambition's burden,
Yet and always is the goal quite as far.
Everywhere is life embroiled in strife.
I' the world to be exalted, to reign
A little; how it burns in the hearts of men!
Some to be a king, but to wear a crown,
Would quickly lead a million men to slaughter;
Themselves to waste in buzz of assassins.
Some there are tie their passions up to lust;
Who never thought of crown or kingdoms.
Some spend their lives chasing false ideals;
The very butterflies of vagaries.
The zealot with his streaked forms fanatical
Of urged adoption, whose only holy wish
To unmoor the world and steer it into bliss.
The whiles some more sullen, practical men
Wear with ease the blushing rose of fortune
All the time, yet have no admiration,
Imagination or beauty in their souls.
And then there are these thieves, these murderers,
And unto whom is peace oppressiveness,
And knife in one anxiety the next.
There are in study some would better gauge
Their ignorance, that folks may call them wise.
Or away some where some silent genius
Plugging for just to read his name in fame.
There are some — there are some — and some —
 some ones —
Be short with it. Thou art the bull-dog leashed

Dead Edward straining to no definite
 End. — Agnes — that name again! and scribbled
 When 'tis meant mine own; ending each dear
 thought,

Pronounced upon my lips, or yet or hushed
 Within my heart. Love her? Love her? Love
 thee?

Ho, ho; it is thunder in my bosom
 Reverberating terrible, and curse
 Of it flashing in the rolling, rumbling
 Craggs of consciousness! No contrition is
 Redemption, or no laurel hath power. —
 This fool's brew. I'll quaff his loquacity.

[*Drinks from flagon.*]

Enter AGNES.

Agnes —

Agnes. Some horror steals into thy looks;
 Thou dost grin and chatter'st so to scare me.

Gar. False — false — false — false — false
 statement — very false.

Agnes. Edward!

Gar. Don't interrupt. Thy feet, what feet.
 The farmer — hell, no, I mean the painter
 Left the leaves from the trees thereof, I say,
 Very appropriately for the scene
 'Twas winter.

Agnes. Garrett dear, where are thy thoughts?

Gar. Like a good boy empty this swill for your
 Mother. — That's my mother talking to me.
 Thou ask'st me son why it is I love thee?
 Because thou art the beauty of my soul;
 Because — because thou art mine eye, my God; —

Agnes. Why do you ramble when thy love is here?

Gar. The heat here attains to the oppressive. —
A stubborn son is worthy of but stones.
But I'm not in pale of any of that.
Ev'n, v'en, ev'n religion can not reach me.
But for't Agnes, I'd been thy turtle dove.

Agnes. Edward!

Gar. I see you are laughing at me.
You mock me for you think I am afire.
You know it is unlucky to burn bread crumbs;
But you do not know how my bones doth burn!

Agnes. He —

Gar. Ask not pedant in a pool qualities
Of leeches, — I am scorched in rush of fumes.

Agnes. O Edward, come back, come back to
reason.
O Edward Garrett, dost thou not know me?

Gar. Thou art Agnes. But who stands beside
thee?
Who's that looks so curiously at me?

Agnes. I'm Agnes, wants to know what 'tis
afflicts —

Gar. I see and thou say'st thy name is Senna?
Spell't backwards till I see if thou art she.
I'll spell't. S-E-N — enough! 'Tis Senna. —
My thoughts are toppling o'er each other for
An exit. — Tell me who art thou out there?

Agnes. I am Agnes, who desires to know —

Gar. My lips are in anguish, my blood's at war!
Fighting for a foothold — my mem'ry's gone. —
Ho 'tis hell; those great bugs are blasphemies.

Whe! a virgin — floats 'long — a song of vows.
 I'll wait. One hand's canary, other hand's
 A snake. She teems like a thing of evil.
 Escape! Escape! Escape! She's thousand snakes!

Agnes. He beckons me. Sir, sir, list while I
 speak, —

O madness measure me, in his senses
 Bury me!

Gar. Agnes! Agnes! pity me!

Agnes. Garrett, Garrett, tell me can I help thee!
 For thy predicament my heart is rent!

Gar. Who is it opes my heart? 'Twas said!
 I heard't!

Crow, just chirp again thou blatant coward,
 And I will carve, I'll scald, I'll chew, I'll spawl! —

Agnes. Wherefore has this frenzy come upon
 thee,
 Whose voice was music and whose tongue was
 wise?

Gar. I say a wasp! I'll pull in two and pike
 Thy suffering halves! See that demon there!
 O behold those drear abominations!
 Those souls, those spectres, those figures, those
 shapes!

See that monster with those reasonless eyes;
 And lashing his tail of furious flame;
 The which he seeks entwine me to my end!
 Help! Help! My men! beat back that vulture
 there!

Agnes. My love, my love, it is but I am near.

Gar. Ah, thou wouldst corner me to conquer me.
 Fiend, turn, or I will pitch to deeper pit.

Thou seek'st to clutch and choke me in thy fist.
 Get thee gone, return, thou burning manner;
 Seek thy hole, thou goblin of damnation!
 At last, at last, I have thee in my thrall;

[*Wrestles* AGNES.

At last to now to crush thee in thy spell!

Agnes. Garrett! you mangle me! you strangle me!

Gar. Cunning thing your startling eyes scare me not;

Ha, ha; now where's thy power? Ha! there! there!

[*Wrestles* AGNES *without*; *runs fleeing away.*

SCENE III. *A trysting place in the Wood.*

CHARLES ALMONT.

Chas. In silence of a father keeps a crime;
 Crime, O father, thy poisoning by me.
 And who should smell his belly, suspecting
 Spill him in analysis proscribes my
 Necessary neck. Must be re-interred
 For I am fears of late; deeper hid his
 Supper-dish. True, his thread was cut quite
 through;
 Yet however slight 'tis apprized a life,
 And has needs the devil of a beaver
 Do I needs sentence on my sense of guilt.—
 A brother's wrong popping in these open
 Moments; a blabbing drunkard secure in
 Sober bosom; like a poor relation,
 Circumstance of poorer station, appears

To grig the taspe slave little luck, —
 Kicking himself for it, second marriage's
 Penalty for divorcing memory; —
 Wrong, O brother, thy banishment by me.
 Because of dearth of him her death for him;
 Mother, sweet and tender, dying pining.
 And now is Royal Carroll down to die;
 Within these minutes few and noble youth
 To fall from sneaking thrust of fell Verness.
 Yea and if thou stab'st him i' the back or
 Stick him turned away, is not that murder
 Of most foul, malignant kind? Is he not
 Murd'rer after manner? And if first thrust
 Do fail and I must finish him, wherein
 One whit more excellent or less am I?
 We just kill her lover to marry her
 To a lascivious fool. Here comes now
 The heathen to be my brother-in-law.

Enter VERNES.

Health to thee, and peace and spirits plenty.

Ver. O Almont, say, I'm weighted with unrest.

Chas. Health dumps and spirits sulks; mon-
 otony.

'Tis monotony; but once felled this calf —

Ver. No —

Chas. But when thou hast felled this calf, the
 vale

Of thy deserted soul shall take on cheer;
 Joy shall reign in heart of thy dear nature.

Ver. No; I will not do it. Last night I
 dreamt —

Chas. Before he comes what wast didst dream?
 Go on.

Ver. Appeared ravishing head of an angel.
 Nearer, nearer, came its orbs of wisdom,
 Like quiet flames of grace, like tiny lakes
 Immortal; looking at me wondrously;
 And seemed appealing to me from their depths.
 Faintly in the distance bells and music,
 Vanished. Then methought thrust in a demon;
 'Twas dight in dirt, deceit and ignorance;
 Mouthing at a crown it would hand a sword;
 Detestable sight it was then I woke —
 'Twas then I woke, conjuring it to go.

Chas. Ye inspirations of Saint Patrick! Slush!
 Fool, you talk like The Wearing of the Green.
 Thou didst eat some superstitious cheese, which
 In thy sleep got to walking round in thee.
 It made thee dream. But dost let dreams rule
 thee?

Dost ever read the tealeafs in thy cup?
 Hast ever read the pimples in thy face?
 Tush; 'tis naught but thy fears and flesh conspired
 To fright thee. For so it oft occurs in
 Excitement's sleep of cowards.

Ver. I am through.

Chas. Some nights ago thou hadst a sweaty
 smell;
 As thy darting sword did vie the lightning;
 And thy whole air like doom arranged to rain;
 Threats in rhythm till his disease was hopeless;
 Lifeless did he seem me in the glimpses
 Of thy performing implement. Fie! Fie!
 Dire in desire wilt fear be thy defeat?

Ver. My dream is there; 'tis death to disobey.

Chas. Thou art an imbecile.

Ver. It may be so,
But still I mind this angel of my sleep.

Chas. Are not these eggs, is not this nest all thine?

Ver. And if I refuse to sit what bus'ness thine?

Chas. See her, look at her again. Behold where Peerless parts of beauty are assembled;
Where soul of elegance is enthroned;
Where heaven and her graces are enamored
Of a creature; — behold, thou long-eared ass,
Those eyes like stars defying inviting
Love's deciphering; behold those lips in
Rapture's riot like wanton storming bliss;
Whose talk is music, and whose smile's delight;
Whose mind like dawn fill thy dark life with light.
She's wit, wink and eyelash of perfection;
Each thought in crimson ribbons, lilies dressing;
She's charm and pride of loveliness sublime.
Man, fan thy fires! be not so zero cold;
Behold is youth and all its treasures thine.
With foot and gait like the fox's pretty trail, —
He comes; and I almost had his angel. [*Aside.*
He comes; whom thou didst swear to finish here.

[*To VER. VER. going.*

Art flight in sight? But stay — I say — I'll do't.

Enter ROYAL CARROLL.

Roy. I received thy message inviting me
To attend thee here and upon this ground.
What may thy business be of me?

Chas.

Strike.

[*Aside to VER.*

Roy. I say got your note bidding me be here.

Sirs, what may thy business be of me?

Chas. Strike, he cannot parry.

[*Aside to VER.*

Ver. I am gone.

[*Aside. Going.*

Chas. Stay. [*Aside.*

Roy. Say what may thy business be of me?

Chas. Just let me think. I know I sent for thee.

Yea, by this sky, — that bird adream on high, —
What manner bird do bethink you that? ha?

They say sea-birds inland forecast a storm.

[*Stabs him; CAR. staggers; falls.*

Not yet; he breathes. Verness, here dispatch him.

Aha, would have me guilty only? Strike!

What, afraid the foulness of his matter

The serpent of his soul already flown?

Ver. He is not dead, for yet his eyes doth roll.

Chas. Hold your sword thus; dip it, dig it,
do it.

Ver. I do fear; he stares at me, he knows me.

Roy. Too slow — ha! Sister, Marion, I die.

[*On his back hits VER.; VER falls and both die.*

Enter MARY CARROLL.

Mary. Where is my brother?

Chas. He is behind you.

[*Strikes MARY CARROLL; she dies.*

[*Exit CHAS.*

Drive in several robbers led by GARRETT.

1st Rob. Ho! See! see! dead three.

Gar. It's a strange affair.

Why I know them all!

1st Rob. What?

Gar. I know them not.

1st Rob. Her wound's here.

Gar. This I think is her brother.

[Addressing ROY.

2nd Rob. His hurt is here. [Addressing VER.

Gar. Methought he'd die of fear.

Let's take them up and lay them near the road.

We must by means report it to the town. —

Blood, death and silence and a hungry grave, —

[*Aside.*

3rd Rob. She's not dead very long.

4th Rob. Hurry on there. [To 3rd Rob.

[*Exeunt with the bodies.*

SCENE IV. *Apartment in a House.* MARION
and HOSTESS.

Host. I crave my rent.

Mar. There's a pearl upon thy nose.

Host. I need it now.

Mar. It broke upon the floor.

Host. I am alone.

Mar. All short, all sense, no variation;
The commatic compositions of a boy in school.
Thou art as thin as a grave-yard spirit;
Thy soup as thin, as thin as sin.

Thy skin's so tight the wrinkles stint;
 Thy soul's so tense thy pitch is strange.
 Be advised thou'll eat three meals
 Or more a day; furnish up thy face
 And move thy nose out of the way.

I'll don my best, [Sings.
Let beggars wear the rest,
And spend the night in waking.

Say soul, I go away to-day.

Host. Dear me.

Mar. There, take't, feed't. I say that to-night
 I die. [Throws money at her.

Host. Dear, my good girl, dost mean anything
 rash?

Mar. Good? Said't? Paid I to lie? As foul
 a mess

As e'er purity did put its foot in.

Get out; you make me hungry look at you.

Host. Little bit cheery, just little bit daft.

[Aside.

Mar. He ogled me, I spat into his eye;
 And then I kicked his cane into the air;
 That muddy minded, that silent minded,
 That bald-headed, old creeping reprobate
 Met me yesternight as I was going out,
 As he was coming in to visit thee,
 To smoke his pipe and kiss thee in his lap.
 Then you tell the people he's but your trustee,
 Confidant, old friend and adviser.
 I'll bet when he's frisky, there's glee in thee;
 When he's confidential thou'rt near as he;
 When he's thy friend you know it for a fact:

When he advises there's heat in all his words;
 When he advises you think he doth entreat.

Host. I wonder if 'tis this the neighbors think?
 [Aside.

Mar. Go on; gums wet and sliding tongue,
 begone.

*I'll wear my red; red's for frolic;
 Colors dun for the wedded drudge;
 I'll wear my red; red's for frolic;
 Black's better hauled before the judge.*

Why don't you go? art waiting to hear more?

[To HOST. Exit HOST.

*Ah who's to be my pork to-night?
 Ah, who is he to make me wince?
 'Tis thou dear Death wilt hold me tight;
 'Tis thou's to be my naked prince.*

Come thou mirror until I fix my hat.
 This dam skimmed half the silver from thy back.
 Who art thou looking at me in this glass?
 Who art thou in abandon of that eye?
 In the red an lechery of those lips?
 In the vile disdain of that once sweet face?
 Thou look'st as if a rotten egg had splashed
 Against that picture once of Marion.
 Mother, for thy sweet sake to-night I die;
 And squelch the serpent of my mad career.
 Mother, thou sweetest creature ever born,
 Behold thy daughter in her infamy;
 And forgive my heart for the life it lead.
 O father, who I condemned to silence,
 Just for the sending of my John away,
 O forgive the wretch who pleads thy daughter.

My John forgive thy favorite sister;
And whose blood like thine did flow a rebel.
Charles, — my misgivings at thy name are o'er;
Just forgive the girl who calls thee, brother.
O forgive the girl who calls thee lover;
For my fond soul to-night doth take its flight.
Royal, my breath is sweeter in thy name,
Forgive her whom thy slaughter made a slut.
You kissed me fair; ah would you kiss me now?
Would thy faith hold out 'gainst my fallen state?
Of the depths of my deep and silent grief
Who can guess of its abyss. O my heart!
How it was shattered in thy going off;
O how despair didst seize my inmost soul;
My life was sunk in days of its despond!
Maybe it were better could I have wept,
But the tears were frozen in my blackened heart;
And sorrow hails me for a profligate;
Drove sweet modesty with curses from me;
Strangled the angel of my chastity;
And, to make my debauchery more sad
Dipped me to my awful degradation.
O Royal, what a fall! what a damned fall!
Now churlish women, these light-headed fools,
As from the heights of their own rottenness,
Look down on my besottedness, and now
When I come in some where, duck out from there,
And stick their noses higher in the air
To sniff the wind as if it were corrupt;
As if the presence of the strumpet stunk: —
With swish of dress and skirts picked up pass out,
As they talk of prostitutes among them.
While men more cant, more charitable men
Upbraid me for a whore, upbraid mind you,

Yea, as they smiling bargain for my soul.

Re-enter HOSTESS.

Host. I —

Mar. You look like my seven years bad luck.
Get out! I've told thee thrice before to go.

[*Throws mirror at* HOSTESS' head. *Exit* HOST.

Ye walls collapse, for I'll ne'er see ye more. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *An Inn; seated,* JOHN ALMONT,
Gentlemen and others. *Enter* MARION.

to another table.

At John Almont's Table.

1st Gent. I'm a dog on a desert. Where is she?

2nd Gent. Hie, thou flabby darling, shaking
love! Ale. [*To* Host.

1st Gent. Ale here.

2nd Gent. Order his for John; he's asleep.

1st Gent. Well then, you'll bring ale to the three
of us. [*Exit* Host.

2nd Gent. You say this place is famous for
its ale?

1st Gent. No, say I John is famous for his stare.

2nd Gent. Is that a tear there standing in thine
eye? [*To* JOHN.

What explains that thing standing in thine eye?

John. Some dust.

2nd Gent. I'm sure some sadder particle.

1st Gent. Is silent driving grief in construction

Here? Turn him out! burn him — no, drown
him out. [Hostess returns.]

John. Who's she standing there?

2nd Gent. Fair bawd frequent here.

1st Gent. Gentle bred and reckless it is her
curse,

As 'tis so often in this world of ours,
That charms did graciously attend her birth,
And attractiveness dealt with her so fair.

John. My sister much; but then a bud, in dews
Of these years she there rivals her in mind.
A child in faith, full and infinite grace,
Do chimes recollections thus explain this
Ecstasy of tears. She was of our hearts
The beats.

2nd Gent. Let's now carouse to her long life.

John. Pardon; who's that lady standing yon-
der? [To Host.]

Host. Well you may call her lady if you like.
And if don't believe it she will show you.

John. Who's that lady stands near yonder table?
[To 2nd Host.]

2nd Host. Some one lately called her Desperate
Chance;
You may get well, or you may go to hell.

At Marion's Table.

Mar. I'll have wine, yea and some one tell a lie.
My throat's parched; I'm very, very dry.
But that needn't prevent you in the least going
Ahead with the story. Some wine, boys, wine!
My dinars drained, and ta'en my fun'ral fee;

Order fop; yea and I'll be thy Bacchante.

[Fop orders.

At John Almont's Table.

2nd Gent. Wink, wink soon or thy lids will never lock.

John. Strangely same, similar, I can but gaze.

At Marion's Table.

Mar. Tell't without the date and hacking proem;

An eclogue on the lea, yea something tucked

I' the bosom of domesticity;

For know ye not that I go home to-night?

At John Almont's Table.

John. Her face, her face, her face; why don't she turn!

At Marion's Table.

Mar. Make imagination manufacture;

Respire, bestir capering waves of wit,

Or else think I must, and that I dare not!

At John Almont's Table.

John. If e'er I saw her, she's manner's mimic.

At Marion's Table.

Mar. Who can't lie a little is derelict

Indeed. Well, my honored hearers, once I

Had a lover. Woe walked in with a knife, —

Fop. Thy story's old; 'tis old; thy lover died.

Mar. Died?

[Throws wine in Fop's face and grabs his.

Died?

[Throws that in Fop's face and grabs an other's.

Ach! Ach! thou scab unfit to crown

His sore, — [*Hour sounds.*

At John Almont's Table.

John. See her anger, commotion there.

At Marion's Table.

Mar. 'Tis the hour — the hour — the hour.
Drink, girl, drink.

[Puts poison into wine; drinks.]

I had intended tell thee how he died.

Behold this glass Royal, Royal, Royal;
E'en as thou didst perish, perish, perish.

[Glass drops to floor; she falls.]

At John Almont's Table.

John. Drops. They take her out. I must,
must see her.

[Exeunt some bearing MAR., curious, all follow.]

SCENE VI. *Room in Almont's.* CHAS
ALMONT.

Chas. Oh, what have I accomplished? accom-
plished?

Life what have you done? Life what have you
wrought?

Oh what is finished that was well begun?

Alone with all but my grinning pile of gold;

Friendless, for all whom I have ever met

Are buried, buried neath my pile of wealth.

A craped and weeping grief a sister once,

Love-crazy ran away to ways that's vile.

The slaughter sly of her lover manly,

In draining flow dark rivulets of woe.

Though louse, Verness, and meanness in your death,
 Through me you're stuck, and stick in my remorse.
 Father poisoned, brother banished, mother —
 Destruction nip him! pluck him where he comes!

Enter JOHN ALMONT.

The longer is unbroken the dearer
 Interruption! Welcome ship synonym
 Of my sad, watching soul. Welcome! Welcome!
 Thrice welcome my own beloved brother!

John. I have met our sister Marion — met and
 Buried her. With dread diseases on her,
 Foul, unclean and matterated harlot,
 Rotten, rotten to the roots of her hair.

Chas. Sister! my most sweet! most precious
 sister!

John. That bad that none did care to handle
 her;

Buried away in the clothes that she wore on.
 It was thou drove her to this corruption;
 Yea it was thou didst sell her to Verness,
 You well know to wed she was to Carroll.
 Thy life this day shall pay the penalty.

Chas. It is a lie; I never did such thing!

John. Thou great, big bed-bug, big in innocence,
 Thou'll see I've chocked crannies can contain thee.
 This paper did Garrett take from the corpse
 Of dead Verness. He likewise thinks thou
 Wert in on deaths of Carrolls and this wretch.
 After that he positively asserts,
 He swears it on his honor thou didst kill
 Miser for the whom I was driven off.

Chas. Precisely: You're a liar and I know it.

Enter AGNES.

Agnes. A servant dying hath confessed that
thou
Didst pay him to poison of my mother.

Chas. Ah, go thou to hell with your damned
mother! *[Stabs her.*

John Villain!

Chas. No truer word didst ever speak.

[Fight and Exeunt fighting.

Enter GARRETT.

Gar. Agnes! Agnes! behold Humility
Bending low; grovelling for forgiveness
Edward like a cur.
Dear, let the art of my intensity
Envelop like cloud of sweet compassion
Thy soul of pitying kindness. Turn not
Thy head away from Garrett at thy feet;
Turn not from him the light of thy dear star,
That he yet may look in heavens of his love.
O turn not from Garrett in the anger
Of thy justice or he will pitch to hell;
O close not the gate —

Agnes. Hold up thy sin for here my heart's
blood runs.

Gar. A cut! a lance aslant!

Agnes. Vindictive — deep!

Gar. Dost die? Didst suicide? Love, wast
murder?

Re-enter JOHN.

Agnes. 'Tis he didst basely hit.

Gar. Then 'tis you did't.

John. No, no, no, he's dead did basely do it.

Gar. Liar, thy ruddy sword proclaims the deed.
On a spit thou shalt roast in hell to-night!

[*Strikes, JOHN falls and dies.*

Agnes. Support me. O Ed I am blind in death.

Gar. Rouse reptile and for help! Help! oho!
help! [Kicking JOHN.

Agnes. Who's't did kill?

Gar. John —

Agnes. Mistake. 'Twas Charles
did stab.

Gar. Shall love empty in my arms? Help! ho!
Help!

Agnes. Kiss me.

Gar. So cold. [Kisses her.

Agnes. 'Tis sweetness fills my veins.
Read — it. — And I loved thee till my last —
breath. [Holds paper and dies.

Gar. O love, O love, my love, my love art gone.
How royally sits highness on that face;
So queenly poised serene on womanhood.
Thy hand, my lady? No? No? Rigid — so —
There's my ring like the shining hour wherein
I put it there; — immutably there,
Like the immutable thing it stood for;
Where I, infatuated, put it there.
Ha! ha! ha! I say, rememb'rest my
Confusion looking for't. Like parasite
Wondrous fixed, feasting on thy fasting
Sunning in inconstancy what torments
Lived with thee, — There's that other as I live!

A vision! or my jewel I did give —
 Rogue discovered! That smirk discloses thee.
 Thou'rt that strange character i' the wilderness,
 That strange character these years hath haunted me;
 Did save my life, this ring at parting token;
 And did charge me with the woman of my wrongs.
 Art thou he, she so near? — This message clutched.

With a hate as fierce as flesh I hate, — [Reads.

Damnation seize! — 'Tis not! I wrote it not!
 Agnes forgive — and if I kneel she'll fall on me.
 Dead? In that noiseless surg of no return?
 Down the tide to fathoms dark yond all life?
 Why thy jaw droppeth? those eyes thus opeth?
 Dost strive to see? hast breath? a secret yet?
 Dead? Dead? I'll conjure heaven and make a
 span

With hell! I'll kindle thee, tear thee ope and
 Breathe in thee! Up. Come my pleasant labor.
 Die? Ha, ha. Hear my melancholy laugh.

[Exit with body.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Just as I said; a fight. Two brothers too.
 John returned and last of the fam'ly dead.

Enter several *some with body of* CHARLES.

Gawks, gawks, what's the matter? Have ye not
 heads?

Place to-gether in the room. I'll report.

1st Ser. This is a nasty finish for this pair.

2nd Ser. It means wind-up and shut-down of
 this house.

3rd Ser. Have you got him?

4th Ser.

Yes.

5th Ser.

Hold on. Now then,

lift.

[*Exeunt with the bodies.*

SCENE VII. *Hut in the Wood.* GARRETT *on pallet;* three Friars.

Gar. Though shakes — of death — are on me
— fear thee not.

In shades of death — I mind not the — darkness.

Ye grinning jaws o' death — I mock thee to't.

Ye chattering bones — do ye fear me not.

Ye hounds of hell — ye who would hand me fire —

Ye can not fright me; — and I despise thee.

1st Fri. Observe your silence; stand ye over
there. [Two friars *remove.*

Gar. Agnes, let me hope you wear your rubbers;
Agnes, let me hope you say your prayers;
That you take that exercise I asked thee to:
That there's always comedy in your smile;
And, Agnes, that you shake whene'er you laugh.
What is that that standeth there before me.

[*Wakes.*

Intruding priest, intruding priest, begone.

1st Fri. Wherefore, wherefore, dear friend, do
I offend?

Gar. But go not yet; I want to ask thee first,
How long have you been here?

1st Fri. A little while.

Gar. And did I talk in my delirium?

1st Fri. You did.

Gar. And pray what all did I say?

Did I speak about my mother, how kind
 She was to me? and how scarce she would let
 Me stray three feet away from her? Did I
 Recite any of her old-fashioned songs?
 My mem'ry's long; did I tell thee how she
 Taught me how first to walk and how to talk?
 Tell me if I called the name mother once;
 Did I give 'bout my birth a single word?

Ist Fri. Of either them you never mentioned
 aught.

You talked of Agnes —

Gar. That was my mother.

Now believe me — you best — you best — to go.

Ist Fri. Why, friend, may I not stay ev'n if't
 be but

To serve thee?

Gar. You better — you better — go.

Ist Fri. Sir, sir, soon thou wilt be beyond all
 help.

Gar. Sir, sir, answer me specifically,
 What'st thy bus'ness here?

Ist Fri. Succor and to save
 The cursing, the couchless and the crossless.

Gar. Their heart's abomination, murder here
 For buttons. Gone to fetch me medicine
 Soon return two murderous friends of mine.
 So as I told thee you had better go. —
 This pain of mine is almost maddening!
 Strikes through me and almost shocks me — speech-
 less.

I will not die! I cannot die! I won't!

I'll stand upon my feet and defy it.

True-hearted girl, did Agnes die thus so.

Where's my dress? my something put my legs in?
I'm unsteady on my feet; 'tis nothing;
But simply I've not stood on them for months. —
Hand me my blouse there; I like it; 'tis white;
I want to wear't in honor of my love.
You need not help me; I can die quite alone.
I'm used to't: I've lived always quite alone.
The birds are all will miss me when I'm gone. —
Hand it to me; hand me my black cravat;
For I must needs to put my mourning on.
This little cravat cost ten men their lives:
For when I rode in the town to buy it,
They thought they had me captured i' the place. —
See my shoon, so clean and in position;
All ready for my walk. These faithful dogs
To get me medicine have now but gone
Have don't for me. My mother, thou villain,
Had you been but one part as faithful I
Would not now be dying here deserted.
I am rent with a torrent of torments!
And I am spent with a shower of pain!
Hurry there; give me my belt and sword there.
O sword, all the blood you have shed was vain,
For it could not paint for me a picture
Guiltier e'en than my own sense of shame.
And all the horrid murders you have done
Were done in vain, for couldst not make my life
More dreadful than my inward life of shame;
Nor yet couldst thou build in thought a horror
Than that thought always kept me in its terror.
My dear horse I shall ride thee once again.
How my sufferings doth remind me of thee.
My ag'ny like steed doth plunge within me,
And rears and balks and seeks to throw me off.

1st Fri. Garrett!

Gar. What makes thee strike that strident note!

Or is't my distress hollos in my ears?
Why dost sound that name so peculiarly?

1st Fri. He told me that thou wert a gentleman
Of many parts. And, Garrett, it was thou
Supplied my life from your extravagance.
The boy whom you left to with that old man
Doth now remember thee, addresses thee.
I didn't know 'twas Garrett, robber, helped me so;
But now I humbly thank thee from my heart.

Gar. Who are those two devils over yonder?
Thou dulcet, honey-tongued tool of Satan,
Thou'rt in a plot to take me. But thou'lt not!

[*Stabs him.*

1st Fri. Step not too near that violent man.

[*Rush forward other two friars.*

Garrett dear, thou hadst no right to kill me.

2nd Fri. Father, art thou badly hurt?

1st Fri. In truth, yes. —

If there is aught of virtue in my death,
Garrett, 'tis consecrate to heaven for thee.
Be contrite for some act of thy past life.
Thou art on threshold of eternity,
And 'tis necessary for to save thee.

Gar. I am very sorry that I slew thee.

1st Fri. O haste and be sorry to heaven for it,
And thy life's past too many offenses.
Shake hands in spirit with thy God above;
He's nothing if not a Splendid Fellow;
Ask Him from thy manly heart forgiveness.

Gar. For this priest's sake, say, God, I am sorry.

2nd Fri. He's dead. [1st Friar *expires.*

Gar. Maybe it is he doth but faint.

Take him and lave him at that yonder spring.

Pardon me for killing of thy brother.

Haste, it yet may be that you may save him.

[*Exeunt* friars *with* body.

Thou dear young man thou art already saved.

It was shame thus that I did strike thee down,

Who came to me in mercy — my foster-son.

Ha, there goes the death rattles in my throat.

Said I was gentleman of many parts.

He meant gentleman of many places.

The very many places I have been,

And this place whereunto I am going.

If not upon the cross I yet may die

Upon my horse. [*Mounts* his horse.

Ride in two robbers.

Adieu, adieu dear friends.

I only, only hope that yet that in

The great immensity of heaven that there

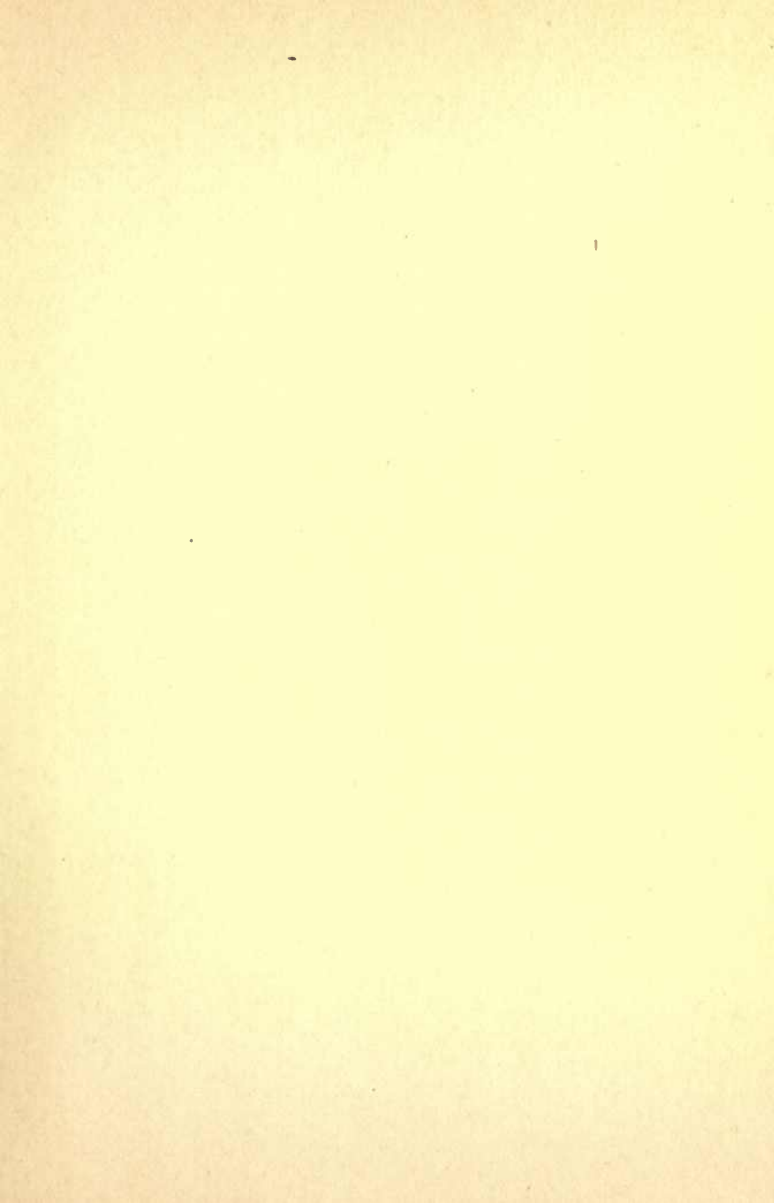
Yet may be room for yet an other — thief. [*Dies.*

1st Rob. Hold him on your side, I'll hold him
on mine;

And we'll drive toward that clump of chincapins.

[*Exeunt.*

FINISH.



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