

The deformed transformed / by Ronald Ross.

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THE
DEFORMED
TRANSFORMED.

BY
RONALD ROSS,
AUTHOR OF 'THE CHILD OF OCEAN.'

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BANGALORE :
PRINTED AT THE SPECTATOR PRESS,
1890.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AZRIMAN.

MORVA.

ASTRELLA, *her daughter.*

ZOZIMO, *her son.*

The CARDINAL RAFFAEL.

The COUNT REICHENFELS.

LELITA, *his daughter.*

TRULLO, *his nephew.*

BRAN, *the captain of his guards.*

GANGOGO, *his jester.*

ZITELLA, *Lelita's maid.*

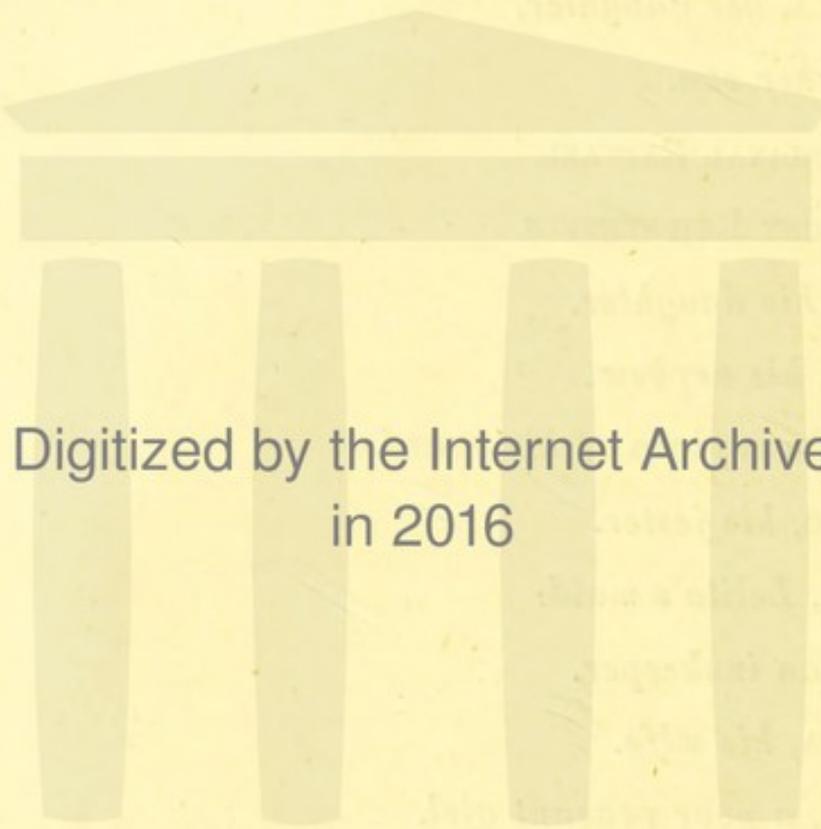
CAPON, *an innkeeper.*

POMPILIA, *his wife.*

BRUNDE, *a poor peasant girl.*

The PRINCE of ASTRA, *the lords* ZAMBA *and* MONTEFINE, SEVERUS *a philosopher,* CYNTHIAN *a poet,* OÏLUS *a physician,* HEDWIG, HANS, MUMM, *peasants; Guards, Soldiers, Servants, Peasants, Chamois Hunters.*

The Scene is laid in SWITZERLAND.



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THE
DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

PRELUDE. *THE AGONY.*

Summits of immense mountains. Stars and the early dawn.
Enter, from below, THE EVIL ONE, staggering and looking
back, as if in flight.

THE EVIL ONE.—Art Thou beyond there? Art Thou
there? desist!

I last no more the torture of Thine eye.
If Thou beest good, how is it that in revenge
Even me, Thy creature, whom omnipotent
Thou knowing didst create in scorn of peace
To blacken heaven with the blot of hell,
And be the scape-goat of Thy slack design,
Thou punishest, because I do Thy deeds,
Thy minister and the left hand of God;
And still with rage and persecution, scorn,
And all the pitiless pressure of thy gaze,
Drivest to hide me in the enrocked heart
And bosom of the earth in vain, or here,
Gasping on the icy summit of these hills
To shriek my deprecations to Thee? Cease!
Take off from me the torment of Thy gaze.

'Tis well I feel no eye save Thine upon me,
Here at the lofty summits of the world
Where death and silence sooth me: for my pride
And pestilent quality of my kind endures
No lesser scorn in this fierce agony.

He falls to one knee.

I reel, I faint, I fall: Not bastioned
And pent in adamantine mountains, I
Avoid thee; or lulled beneath the azure press
Of soundless and unsounded seas, or hid
In the confused forms of whirlwind, not
Thy chill regard whose awful virtue smites
Ice to this hot and bubbling brew of hell
Which is my passion and my pain, my pain
And my delight.

I asked Thee not for being.
I moulded not my features, but Thou, Thou,
Omnipotent but not omniscient, gavest

And beatest me for the thing Thou gavest, and
The thing I am : Thine and not mine my deeds.

Cease ! cease ! remit Thy intolerable stare !
Have not these windless pinnacles beheld,
Sole communists of the unimpassioned stars,
My passion ? Has the pale crystalline snow,
Wind-drifted on the monstrous ledges here,
Not melted at me ? or the moon-veiling mists
That stand ever about the frozen hills,
Frozen, not felt my fire of agony
And sapped themselves into a dew of tears ?
Cease ! cease ! I too am god. Cease ! cease ! degrade
No further, batter me down not utterly,
Here in the base aspect of these Thy creatures.
Hath Thy divinity no mercy left
For mine ?

No. Give me no mercy. Let me die.
I will not take Thy mercy : let me die.
Even with the extreme flash of Thy white wrath
Blast all my immortality to smoke,
A crack, a thunder, a thunder and a smoke,
And let me die : else God Himself sustains
The life of evil.

Woe ! let the ground tremble
That I do fling myself upon : let shake
These cavernless mountains till their jewelled crests
And crystaletts of snow do stumble off
Into the gulfs of everlasting gloom,
For I, I cry, the god tormented, on them.

He flings himself on the rocks.

I violate this silence, for my pride
Is nerveless out of scrutiny, where I faint.
The strands of nature do run double in me.
I writhe and roll in torment, or I stand
Flapping my wings, like night, upon the mountains,
In exultation. Evil my nature is,
And Heaven unmerciful that beholds and knows
I am its minister : but I too rejoice
In this my being when the anguish wanes,
As God is sad in heaven. Pride cherishes me
With a new hope of hatred, but my hate
Fills me with inspiration which is pain.
I walk like darkness great with terrible deeds,
From point to point of the adorned world ;
But still a voice, crowning achievement, cries
Within me, cursing me. I am impure,
And mixed with good.

Oh God, not here my hell,

And yet my hell is here. This spot of virtue
 Within me is my hell ; for not in kind,
 But in restraint of kind, the direst flames.

Oh not for me immortal bliss of angels ;
 Or even of men cheer and the fireside ease.
 Oh not for me their happy mortal fate
 And doom of death : but hate is my content,
 And scorn the heaven I have.

I am apart,
 Like God, for ever ; I, the brother of God,
 And each our hell or heaven : and I wander
 The felon outcast of the abhorrent void,
 No hope, no rest, no love, no joy, and alone
 For ever and for ever and for ever.

*He bows his head upon the ground. The distant music of
 Heaven is heard.*

Hark ! hark ! oh hear ! the far supernal strain
 Of heavenly sound descending !—Stay, sweet sound !

The music dies away.

It fades. It dies. The doors of paradise
 Swing to and shut upon it, and it dies.
 I am alone again with these great hills
 And the eternal torment of my soul.

What boots it that I strive ? of what avail
 My anguish ? why my labour ? let me go.
 I will give over, Heaven ; I am vanquished.
 There is no spirit in all the world that knows me ;
 I will give over—peace—peace.

Lo, I breathe,
 I live, I feel no more the dreadful gaze ;
 My soul is lightened and the horror passed.
 Away ! I will give over this vain strife.

You pinnacles of heaven, you airy fanes,
 Fade ; all you rosy-tinted palaces
 Visioned aloft to mock me, vanish and fade,
 Leave not a stain upon the silver stars,
 I do renounce you. You bright spirits that live
 Not knowing me, but still in detestation
 Cursing your would-be saviour, whose the brand—
 You spiritual and thin essences, farewell !
 I would not be the king of slaves. Away !
 I will become immortal man and taste
 Man's love, and mingle with the earth, to me
 More grateful than the white light where you dwell,
 Being half human-natured. I am resolved
 The world is mine and it shall be my heaven ;
 Even on the earth shall be my paradise.

Thunder and shout ye everlasting choirs,
 Ye cherubim new bathing your wild eyes
 Ever in the glory of your God, and make
 To tremble the vast planetary surge
 That beats about Him, I no more your foe.
 Better a man than an exiled god,
 And better I than either. Hear, oh stars,
 Not I your slave.

He descends in fire.

ACT I.—ZOZIMO.

SCENE I.—The eating-room of an old inn in a mountain pass. A door behind, to the kitchen, another to the porch; others on either side, to sleeping apartments. Rough tables and benches; hogsheads of beer and wine; hams hanging from the ceiling, &c. Without, wind and stormy weather.

Enter POMPILIA, dragging in CAPON with a pair of tongs by the nose, he having a pot of wine in each hand.

POMP.—You will do no work, will you? you bulged barrel, you pipkin, but be drinking, drinking! You will sit all day and digest more liquor than ten copper-nosed corporals, you suck-cellar, you fat-bodied angel. You will be for ever watering; feeding with wine this beacon bonfire nose of yours, which I will tweak off you, as it only lights you to drink—so, so.

CAP.—Mercy.

POMP.—What! you are patient and don't squeak? There then. O Lord, that ever I, the beauty of my village, should have married this paunchy old wen, this rotund old cheese! Oh you fat anguish, oh remorse, oh mountain-misery! [*Weeping.*]

CAP.—Woman, I am a philosopher.

POMP.—Aye, give me excuses for drinking. Five minutes work in you will buy all your philosophy.

CAP.—Though I be fat, I am wise.

POMP.—Will that help you to a pot of soup and a warm fire when the winter rages?

CAP.—Woman, I have read Aristotle.

POMP.—And that rhymes with pottle and bottle, and therefore you drink, drink, and take your beer for wisdom and your liquor for wit.

CAP.—Peace! This wine now in my left hand is aciã, French, bitter as virtue, binding as sin, tart as death, and fit only for Englishmen: this in my right, Spanish, soft, sweet, tender, honey mingled with fire. See, thus I, being a philosopher, drink them and the contrarieties of

fate together. If the left corner of my mouth be down the right is up, and so all is straight in the middle.

POMP.—Oh aggravation!

CAP.—On the one hand if my nose be often pulled, on the other it smells delightedly good provisions; on the one hand if my paunch be large, on the other it is assimilative; on the one hand if my wife be cantankerous, shrill, a shrew, voiced like a China cock,—

POMP.—Oh villain!

CAP.—With a tongue like a hawker's bell, ringing morn, noon and night,—

POMP.—Monster!

CAP.—Unwise, unlearned, despising high considerations; on the other hand she is comely, clean, thrifty, full of hustle, bustle, and muscle, does my business all day while I weigh well my philosophy, and at night puts me to bed when I have reached my—conclusions.

POMP.—I am a good wife to you.

CAP.—Excellent, excellent—but you conceive me wrong; do not fly to the pitch of the great argument, which is myself. This wealth of flesh I have is no prodigy but a virtue; for a fine mind fit for delicate discrimination must be bottomed with a firm body, as an astronomer's azimuck is built on a pyramid. Though I do not labour bodily, my mind sweats, putting me into a fever of thirst. Thus I convert good wine into good philosophy: and my philosophy is that all things are good, the seed of virtue lying in the soil of vice, pain being but a sauce to pleasure, and evil the shade and shadow of good, giving to us the form and outline of circumstance. It is a merry world and all is joy, joy, joy.

POMP.—Joy, joy! You make me sick! There is nothing of joy on this base earth. 'Tis all work, work, work, and a fat husband asleep in the corner.

CAP.—Pst!

POMP.—Will you lay the table?

CAP.—What sort of fowl am I to lay—a whole table?

POMP.—Will you churn the butter?

CAP.—Woman, out of the milk of observation I churn the butter of wisdom.

POMP.—Will you go sit on the new cheese? anything?

CAP.—Peace, hen, peace; go cackle in the kitchen and sit on your own cheeses. I am a hatcher of great thoughts: would you have me lay tables and hatch cheeses!

POMP.—Here's a brute now, and the lord Count coming within the hour, and the table not laid!

CAP.—Where is Zozimo then ?

POMP.—Plucking the goose and no idler.

Enter MORVA.

MORVA.—Peace be here.

CAP.—Alas, it is not.

MOR.—Here is money ; some wine, I pray you.

POMP.—Alas, good dame, I think you to be weary.

MOR.—I am never so. Some wine—the best.

CAP.—[*Whispering*]. The French, number three.

POMP.—Away ! am I your tapster ?

CAP.—Go along—whist, whist !

POMP.—Dame Morva, would you be husbanded by a beast—yon ? Look at him, not an ant's worth of work this week, and my name is Truth. He will not be content now with making me his packass but I must be his barmaid.

MOR.—Where is my son ?

POMP.—This once will I draw the liquor, but never more. [*Exit.*

MOR.—How does my son ?

CAP.—He that is a philosopher cannot but be happily married ; for the itch of marriage, which is the wife's tongue, cannot tickle him. My wife will abuse me and weep ; I shall be abused and laugh ; and the sharper the shrew the sweeter the pot. Pain is pain's friend and cures him.

MOR.—Does my son do well ?

CAP.—Good dame, you son is a most excellent tapster ; no more, no less. He fills pots with the most confident precision, and takes off a head of beer like a public decapitator. It is a high trade ; and he is a genius in it. I give you joy.

MOR.—Alas, nature has confined him.

CAP.—He is moreover amusing. When in the humour of a cap with two cocks' tail feathers he raises mirth, I assure you.

MOR.—I sent him here to labour.

CAP.—For an ape to wait at table is an excellent jocundity to the guests.

Enter POMPILIA.

POMP.—Here is the wine, good dame : but I beg that you will rest here awhile, for a storm is coming down the valley. Is your beautiful daughter well, I pray you ?

MOR.—She is well.

POMP.—Do you not think of finding soon a husband for her ? Is it possible that she can be the twin sister of Zozimo here ?

Enter ZOZIMO, begrimed and dirty, in his shirt sleeves and cleaning a plate.

MOR.—They are twins.

ZOZ.—My mother, is it you? [*kissing her hand*]

MOR.—You are well here?

ZOZ.—I am well.

MOR.—I have brought for you this little coat, made by your sister.

ZOZ.—I thank her for it: tell her, pray, that I love her.

POMP.—Zozimo does well, dame, I assure you. He has as much gift of movement as my bear husband yonder lacks, and is certainly no whit more ugly.

MOR.—I thank you.

POMP.—He is cheery and excellent tempered.

MOR.—Thanks.

CAP.—[*Who has been examining his casks.*] Ugly, ugly! a little crab dwarf no more ugly than me! [*Exit.*]

Enter BRUNDE, in rags, carrying her infant.

BRUN.—Some water, I pray you madam; I have money.

POMP.—Alas! poor creature, you are faint.

BRUN.— I am tired,

POMP.—Sit here then, while I pour you a pot of milk.

You come from the snow?

BRUN.— I seek the plains, madam.

POMP.—Heigho, 'tis ever thus.

MOR.— Is that a child

You carry, girl?

BRUN.— It is my child.

MOR.— Why then

This sunny weather do you swaddle it?

BRUN.—It has sore eyes, and the light hurts it.

POMP.— Look,

Here is your milk. For such a child as yours

I have prayed Heaven morning, noon, and night,

But—will you let me look at it? alas!

I love to see their innocent eyes.

BRUN. Good madam!

It is not well, and this chill air will hurt it.

MOR.—Is it deformed then?

BRUN.— Deformed?

MOR.— It is, deformed:

I have guessed it.

BRUN.— It is my child.

MOR.— Come, I will see it.

BRUN.—I shall not let you see it: you are rough,

Unkind.

MOR.—I shall then—Mercy! why do you shriek?

Think you I'd murder it?

- BRUN.— No, you shall not see it :
My child is beautiful, and you are a witch ;
It is my child—I shall not drink here.
- POMP.— There,
Poor creature ! drink this milk ; you have it for nothing.
She means you well.
- BRUN.— I shall not drink the milk ;
She is a witch and poisons it. [Exit.
- MOR.— Fie then !
A surly baggage—doubtless the brat is hunched.
- Zoz.—Oh look, look, look !
- Zozimo *points out a magnificent rapier, and a cloak and hat of fine velvet, embellished and embroidered with emeralds and diamonds. These are thrown carelessly on a rough bench, rather out of sight.*
- POMP.— Mercy upon us, child !
Where found you these ?
- Zoz.— But now I brought the bench in.
- POMP.—Who placed them here ?
- Zoz.— I cannot tell you, mistress.
- POMP.—Mercy upon us ! are these emeralds
And veritable diamonds that glitter ?
Heaven help us, one of these same gems would buy
A whole inn up,—beer, bacon, beef and all ;
And now these things are flung here all of a heap,
Like old duds !
- Zoz.— Shall I fold them, mistress ?
- POMP.— Touch not !
Not if you dare : it would be death to touch them !
Some mighty lord is here—run, Zozimo, run—
Bring the best tankard—doubtless he is gone
To the stable—I will meet him. Bustle, bustle,
The count will be here in an hour, and dinner
Not cooked, the table not laid ! Run, Zozimo, run ;
Put out the best cloth, have the flagons clean.
Bustle, bustle. [Exit.
- Zoz.— You have grown pale my mother.
- MOR.—Pale, yes ; and tremble. Let me see these things,
- Zoz.—Is it these clothes that frighten you ?
- MOR.— Touch them not !
I have grown pale indeed ! and their black colour
Confirms my whiteness.
Wind and storm without.
- Zoz.— Mother, you amaze me.
- MOR.—Some houses have a curse that hangs upon them.
The thing that maimed you menaces your sister,
Or I am mad to name it. Were you a man,
And not the feeble thing you are, I think

I could be still.

Zoz.— My sister!

MOR.— Hark! the wind—
Three times and in three midnights has your sister
Dreamed terribly.

Zoz.— Terribly!

MOR.— Started from her sleep,
And shrieking with the visions of the night.

Zoz.—A dream, sweet mother.

MOR.— Dreams like these are visions
Whose iteration stamps them.

Zoz.— Tell me it.

MOR.—It is some spirit of the midnight, when
The wakeful cricket drowzes in his watch,
That visits her.

Zoz.— What, a spirit!

MOR.— Yes, but as
A man; not human, but of evil godhead.
She has recounted to me every turn
And circumstance of her dreams, and how
The music thunders from his voice that woos her,
Steeped in the passion of a hell of pain,
Or very heaven of love toward her, till
Fear of her yielding senses wakes her.

Zoz.— Enough!
This is some rat's work! I smell some practice here!
By heaven, I'll have his blood who dares my sister!
This is his cloak then?—a man, a man, a man!
Here by his vesture I will keep my watch.
I have a dagger, and if I had not
Thorns would become my daggers in this cause.
Me, not two timorous women, he shall deal with.
I'll kill him when I see him.

Enter CAPON, with a pot of beer.

CAP.—What, idling! Come, come, come; what, a little
rogue dwarf and idle! do I pay you and board you for
this? I shall soon conceive a hot dislike to you. Jump,
mannikin, skip, hop, pigmy; lay the table, pimple.

Zoz.—Yes, sir; directly, sir; I will, sir.

CAP.—What, what, pustule; your hump sickens me.
About, about; shall I fetch my stick to you. [*aside*] No
more ugly than I, quoth she. [*aloud*] Jump, Geronimo,
jump, I say. [*tweaking his ear*] Eh, eh, eh;

Zoz.—Sir, sir, I go sir, I go!

CAP.—When I let you go. What! on my word, is
my tavern decked with flowers? for whom, pray?

MOR.—Do not hurt him, sir, I beg you.

CAP.—He is idle, he is lazy, he is ugly.

MOR.—But he has been bred delicately, sir.

CAP.—Why is my tavern set with flowers, then ?

ZOZ.—For the count, sir ; for the count.

CAP.—What ! a pander—a toady. Iniquity, iniquity. There, there, that will warm you. Be thrifty, quick, nimble, and not above your place—go.

Exeunt MORVA and ZOZIMO.

This is my prayer. For ever, oh Heaven, keep me in my pot-house, keep good ale in me, and vigour in my ale. There is a humour in ale that makes dark sides of things bright ; and those are not peevish who drink a mighty beer [*drinking*]. What though this be a world where the high mind must go drudge, and I, I, I am but a poor innkeeper, while there are kings, I have heard, whose concks are as hollow as a wind-pie. Yet it is well. What though I am more fit to carve kingdoms than capons, to rule a host than be one, to draw laws than ale. Yet it is well. I am poor, old, near to my end, and my wife has set up a phlegmon in my nostrils with a pair of tongs. I should be crusty as drawn bread, but by virtue of this—liquid wisdom—am contented, hilarious, jocund, seeing no evil anywhere, happiness everywhere, sin to be but the compulsion of nature, and the world most fit to the ends of the world.

Now for these wonderful vestments my wife has spoken of. Hum—let me see. Wonderful, wonderful ! He is a fool that has left these vestments thrown of a heap as here—a thief might pick here diamonds like blackberries—a thief, a thief. Ha, ha ! fools are our devils. There is more harm in an ounce of folly than in a pound of vice. This fool should be punished. I will punish him. I will play a jest upon him, to cure him of his folly, whoever he his. I will affect to steal some of these stones [*picking several of the jewels from the cloak and hat and hiding them about himself*] He is an incautious ass—I will affect to steal them—ha, ha !—a jest, a jest—I will affect it.

Loud knocking.

BRAN.—[*without*]. Tapster, tapster !

CAP.—Down, down, quick, so—mum. It is an excellent world.

Enter BRAN.

It is an excellent world.

BRAN.—Ho there, tapster !

ZOZIMO—[*from the kitchen*] Coming, sir, coming.

BRAN—Bring me a pot of ale, and a great one, d'ye hear ? What ! old bibulous, old philospher ! Have you

proved white to be black yet— eh? Ha, ha, ha! By my boots, I love you.

CAP.—Most worthy soldier! great captain! overcome me with your regard, sir.

BRAN.—Were my regard liquor, friend Capon, it would be at your disposal for the purpose. What, tapster! must I roar it? A pot of ale and a great one.

CAP.—What, Zozimo, a pot of ale and a great one.

Enter ZOZIMO, dressed cleanly, carrying a pot of ale.

Zoz.—Coming, sir, coming.

Enter MORVA.

BRAN.—How, Mannikin, my friend! Ho, ho! are you here still? Then we shall have sport, in faith! Ha, ha, ha! I love to see you, by my beard.

Zoz.—I thank you, sir.

BRAN.—Has no magpie devoured you yet? Well, well. Come, sit on my knee, cocky. How is the poor little hunch?

Zoz.—I am well, sir, but busy, sir.

BRAN.—Well? Ho—yes—as a starved sparrow, or a drowned polecat. By my boots, I love you. How old are you?

Zoz.—Twenty-two, come three weeks, sir.

BRAN.—Phew, I am wet to the skin! Nigh drowned in a storm coming down the pass. How long have you been here, thread?

Zoz.—Two weeks, sir, and one week since I saw you, sir, going up the pass, sir.

BRAN.—Howl wind! May the count prosper through it. Have you ever seen Gangogo, leaf?

Zoz.—No, sir, I have not, sir.

BRAN.—Oh, oh, oh! then we shall have sport. Laugh, laugh, roar me out a laugh now, snippet.

Zoz.—What shall I laugh at, sir?

BRAN.—Laugh at me, boy, and I will laugh at you. Ha, ha, ha, that is brave! You laugh like the corpse of a plucked chicken. Sing us a song now.

Zoz.—Please sir, I cannot sing very well, sir.

BRAN.—Sing how you can then, and be quick.

Zoz.—Shall I sing a merry song, sir, or a sad song?

BRAN.—Cock's-fat, begin with the sad one. Better to laugh after tears than the other.

Zoz.—I will then sing for you a little song, sir, of 'Janet or the faithful Nurse.' It is of a sweet little child that died. It will make you sad, sir.

BRAN.—I swear it will.

Zoz.—It begins thus :

‘ Lay me on your bosom, Janet,
For I am a dying child’—

BRAN.—Oh, the devil catch Janet! Sing us the merry song.

Zoz.—Yes, sir. I will sing a merry song of a mushroom and a puff-ball.

BRAN.—Well, sing on : but I wish it were of the miller’s wife and Tim the Corporal.

Zoz.—This one, sir, has an allegory ; for the puff-ball was poisonous, not wholesome ; but the mushroom was sweet and virtuous.

BRAN.—Therefore the mushroom was eaten when the puff-ball was left. Give me to be the puff-ball.

Zoz.—It begins :

‘ Said the mushroom to the puff-ball
On a fine summer day’—

BRAN.—News, my man, news ; Capon, I have news for you.

POMP.—[*Entering*] News, sir ! what news ?

BRAN.—Good day, dame. Foam me up the ale. By my beard, I love you : a kiss now. Come, the news, the news.

CAP.—Yes, the news, master Captain.

BRAN.—About the count’s daughter.

POMP.—Oh, oh !

BRAN.—The count has had it proclaimed, at home and abroad, by mouth and by trumpet, that none but the handsomest man in the land, be he count, carl, coster, or thief, shall wed the beauteous lady, Lelita, his daughter and heir.

POMP.—What says his daughter to that ?

BRAN.—Rejoices and agrees. In three months all the suitors shall gather at the castle, when there shall be feasting, and the lady herself will choose. Tush, it’s foolery.

POMP.—Dear, dear ; the handsomest man and no respect given to riches !

BRAN.—Aye.

CAP.—Will you be a suitor, noble captain ?

BRAN.—Of course.

CAP.—You are a monstrous fine man, master Bran, and a soldier.

BRAN.—A soldier, friend, with no girl’s face,—honest, blunt, and wholesome, ha, ha, ha!—and one that would make a bargain with you [*Smacking CAPON on the back*]

CAP.—A bargain, sir ?

BRAN.—A bargain, sir. I have a vat of the best Sicilian wine coming down the pass to-day. 'T was from the king of Naples' cellar.

CAP.—Sicilian!—oh, oh!

BRAN.—I do not love these vinegars, and will sell you the whole for a free pass to drink beer here during one week: what, friend?

CAP.—Sicilian, Sicilian.

POMP.—[*whispering*] Agree; we will give him—
[*whispers*].

CAP.—Well, I agree.

BRAN.—So then. Come, I have more news. The wine will presently be here. On the way we have fallen in with the great cardinal Raffael.

POMP.—Lord! the great cardinal Raffael!

CAP.—What is he?

BRAN.—The devil-finder; the protector of honest women; a defeater of Satan; a discover of fiends, spirits, and catamounsks that come and make love to women.

MOR.—A protector of women, sir?

BRAN.—Aye.

MOR.—How can he protect women against the devil?

BRAN.—Faith, he hangs the woman first, and exorcises the devil after. If you are wrung in that wither, old woman, I warn you against hemp. He has powers of the Pope. Tush, it's trash—yet I believe in it.

POMP.—Has not the cardinal an angel's face, sir?

BRAN.—Face! think you I would look at a man's face? It's the ladies' looks I love, I love. Where's dinner? Come, mull me a pot of beer. I'll to the stables, and the count will be here in ten minutes. Tush, it's foolery.

Exit, followed by CAPON and POMPIA.

Zoz.—Mother, I hate this man.

MOR.—Endure him.

Zoz.—Yes.

Where is my sister?

MOR.—I have bought this wine
For her, to bring her sleep to-night. To-night
She sleeps upon the mountains, for she says
There's baseness in the valley.

Zoz.—I must work.

He lays the table.

MOR.—Why do you sigh so often, son?

Zoz.—I feel

A thunder in the air that makes me sigh.

MOR.—Poor boy! and you have more to sigh at.

If you were handsome now, how chance would leap
With our ambition in this novel business

Of the count's daughter! I was beautiful once;
 Your father so, and so your sister is;
 But you—alas! Is there a fiend in nature
 Unpicks the piecing of the angel in it?

Zoz.—We are no lapidaries to judge the piece.

MOR.—Even I, your mother, look on you with pain;
 For I remember how, when you were born,
 I did not feel my mother's pangs, but, visioned
 With most exulting thoughts of you full-grown
 (You, not your sister, for you were the male)
 Conceived you would be hero: and your father
 (I dreamed of him in my poor widowed slumber
 Last night, before your sister's cry awoke me)
 Embraced me in his pride, until we saw—
 The nurse placed in my arms—

Zoz.— Oh mother, mother,
 You hurt me.

MOR.— Did you not hurt us then! Sometimes
 It is as much a sin to be as do.

Zoz.—I cannot think so. Heaven does often set
 A jewel in copper, glass in gold, and makes
 Our outward but the furnace where we live
 To purify us.

MOR.— Outward beauty is
 The stamp of inner beauty and hall-mark
 Of gold, whose superscription leads us straight
 To the bearer's worth.

Zoz.— I am not all deformed.
 My brow is high, although my back be crooked.
 Look, mother, at this arm; there's flesh in it,
 Although the skin's so white, an excellent arm
 Seen forward or backward.

MOR.— When he was unborn
 He leapt, tormenting me. Ha! if it be true
 The devil visits us with children sometimes?

Zoz.—Besides my arm and forehead, I am learned
 In various arts, and know to name the flowers;
 Write sweetly both in prose and parcelled verse;
 Will strike a likeness all by memory, or
 Paint me a portrait. Such the things I know.

MOR.—What now if he were handsome like his sister,
 And in this jewelled vesture dight to-day?
 For here's the chance where fate unclaws her hand:
 And oh! how miserably poor we are—
 Twice wretched poverty to those once rich!

Zoz.—But I have vices, love to dream vain dreams,
 Fly in a peevish temper and sometimes
 Am haughty—proud.

MOR.— Proud! you?

Zoz.— Yes, mother;
Sometimes I feel quite proud when I am well.

MOR.—Then let the worms besiege the stars with scorn,
Then let the haughty hares go strut. You worm,
You rabbit! Will you too dare to pride,
My living insult and my shame?

Your pardon.

Zoz.—I am still, mother.

POMP.—[*from the kitchen*] Zozimo, Zozimo.

Zoz.—Here, mistress, here; I am laying the table.

Exit MORVA.

If being be a sin, sin's innocence;
But fortune, like a boy, has cruel sports,
And I am one of them.

He takes a small looking-glass from his pocket.

Yes, here is the face,—

Not evil. See, the eyes are pure, though sad;
But overcharged with a brow like heaven—
So full of thought serene—and brows that clinch
Determination on the thought. Such fiery aspect,
Full mated with fit thews, had led the world
In war.

*He stands the glass on a bench, and puts on the hat,
cloak and sword.*

Thus should I stand and beacon hosts,
Thus diamonded, thus rapiered: and at last,
When front to front with the reluctant foe,
Thus draw my sword, and, pausing thus awhile,
The bright steel bent against the ground, survey
The astounded field; and, flaming thus to fire,
Leap thus to slaughter.

POMP.—[*from the kitchen*] Zozimo, Zozimo.

Zoz.— Here.

POMP.—The goose is over-frying—quick!

Zoz.—[*taking off the clothes*] I come.

Alas, alas, alas! no warrior I,
But better, for I shall be busy, good,
Unsoured by my calamity, just to all,
Kind and no scoffer, and belie myself.

POMP.—[*in the doorway*] Zozimo, shut the casements
quickly there;

The storm breaks down the valley.

Zoz.— I see, I see.

I think that strength alone oft wastes itself,
Lounged in content supine; but most when mixed
With weakness, like a fire with wind, runs on

To extreme rage of action. The noble hound
So cringes to the cur, and the small horse
Out-vaunts the blooded stallion. I am thus,
And though deformed will mete me with the highest.

A clap of thunder ; then a great gust of wind, which slams the doors, leaving them open. Enter AZRIMAN. He puts on the hat, cloak and sword, with a magnificent gesture, and goes out without seeming to have noticed ZOZIMO.

Zoz.—I quiver, I quake ! What afrit of the earth,
Or black embodied demon shook my sight,
Beautiful as a storm-star shot athwart,
Unpent from out the cracked thunder ! See
The master of my sister's dream.

Thunder and Wind.

Howl wind !

You seek in vain ; he is not here ; he's gone.
Tumble the house about my ears and go.
I am affrighted.

Enter POMPILIA

POMP.—Zozimo, Zozimo, I say ! Where is that rat of Satan ? Is there a devil in the house, for I feel my skin ruffle ? What, you peewit, you weazle, you grasshopper, have you not shut the shutters ! Quick, quick, quick ! must I scream it ? The rain is pouring in and my best dimity curtains spoiled. The wind will blow the house down. What ! are you struck or mad ? [*boxing his ears*]. Quick, quick.

Enter MORVA and CAPON.

MOR.—Where are the sable clothes ?

Zoz.—Gone, gone, gone ; there has a devil entered here, and taken them.

POMP.—You say ?

CAP.—[*aside, feeling in his pockets*] What, yes, they are safe. [*aloud*] Come hither little Zozimo, is this truth you say ?

Zoz.—Yes, sir ; I shake, sir.

CAP.—And you lie, sir ; for you yourself have stolen the clothes. Now, now !—do I not know that there are no devils in the world, but only the devil of human iniquity. Peace ! Oh, Zozimo, do not deny it, for I myself saw you steal the clothes—what ?

He starts about strangely.

MOR.—Fie, he is drunk.

POMP.—It was the lord sure, that owns the clothes, who took them.

CAP.—What's this !

POMP.—Are you ill, husband ?

CAP.—Help, help, help ! There are a thousand devils in my sit-em-downs ! They burn, they burn ; mercy, mercy !
He flings out from his pockets the jewels, which have become red-hot embers.

I confess, I confess ! Zozimo is innocent, and the devil exists.

POMP.—Help, my husband burns ! he is full of live coals. [*she flings water over him.*]

Enter BRAN.

BRAN.—[*beating the table with a tankard*] Ho ! ho ! blow ! blow ! the wind will blow the ramshackle down ; I love a brave wind. I love a brave thunder ; ho ! ho !

CAP.—Phew ! phew !

BRAN.—We are all mad, the house is bewitched, and the devil is throwing about his luggage, upstairs. Hell is loose, for I saw palpably the wicked old clock wink at a young handsome copper fry-pan—blow ! blow !

Thunder and wind. ZOZIMO and MORVA whisper together. A trumpet without ; then a loud knocking.

POMP.—You fool, you have been putting hot embers in your pockets.

CAP.—Wife, wife, let me hide my head in your apron. It is the Last Day, and I hear the trump of the archangel.

BRAN *opens the door. Enter the Count REICHENFELS, LELITA, the Cardinal RAFFAEL, TRULLO, SOLDIERS, LACQUEYS, and PAGES.*

CAP.—[*stopping his ears in his wife's apron.*] Wife, wife, wife, shelter me in your virtue, for the lightning may discover me. I have questioned deeply. Oh Heaven, I repent, I confess, I believe in the devil. Strike me not dead. Thy servant, Capon, heareth. If I must die, Heaven, let me die softly—translate me. Oh ! oh ! oh ! Lord have mercy upon me, a philosopher.

POMP.—[*boxing his ears*] The count, fool, the count.

COUNT.—What, what, what, is the man mad ?

POMP.—He is perplexed, your lordship, and conceives the end of the world near. Alas, his philosophy has confused him.

COUNT.—The end must be near indeed when such a fool lives. Why Capon, man ?

CAP.—Do I wake, do I dream ?

All laugh loudly.

LEL.—The Lord has had mercy on the philosopher, and he lives.

TRUL.—It would doubtless be painful to the fat rogue to have all his substance translated into ghost.

BRAN.—He has been translated from innkeeper to ass,

TRUL.—In being proved such a bitter fool he has not only passed judgment but gone to hell.

Exeunt ZOZIMO and POMPILIA. MORVA remains apart.

COUNT.—Come, dinner, dinner. Have the saddles shifted,
For we will presently onward to our castle.

Exit BRAN.

Daughter, how am I ?

LEL.— Like a young knight, father.

COUNT.—[*kissing her hand*] My daughter rather than
twenty sons—what, what,

Where is Gangogo ?

TRUL.— Coming after, uncle.

COUNT.—Lord Cardinal, you shall live with us, I hope,
While this your mission holds you in these valleys,
And at the closing of your visit, shall in fee of it
Perform an office here upon my daughter,
Who may require it—ha !

LEL.— May, or may not.

COUNT.—Sweet daughter ! We intend, my lord, for her
To gather all the finest youth of the world—
Ah, you have heard it—well, we are a race
Famous for beauty : when I was young—well, well.
And we have wonders too, my lord, to show you,
If that the terrible function that you have
Can grant you trifling ; these our lofty mountains,
That hem us in, pen in our qualities
And foster them : we are singular, opposite,
Diverse, and from the impatient hands of nature
Flung down half finished. This our pabulous host now
Is a philosopher.

CAP.— Oh, my lord !

COUNT.— He holds
Most pleasantly that the world's a pleasant place,
And all things by a mutual pressure tend
To oust out evil.

CAP.— Oh sir !

COUNT.— His arguments,
Faith, crack the brains of us blunt, heedless soldiers.
He'll prove you sin's an instinct, crime's a gust,
And that there is no sorrow in the world
But is a sauce to pleasure : finally, sir,
He scoffs at the very devil.

CARD.— I wonder, my lord,
Men are so weak to hear such witless trash.
Most of all things I scorn upon the earth
I scorn philosophy : where is the need
Of argument, wisdom, and the wordy war,
When God has planted in each soul of us

A conscience for the right? So help me Heaven,
One word that's in our heart is worth a book
Of brain-stuff!

COUNT.— Yes, yes, yes, I grant you.

CARD.—If there's no evil, who are you, old man?

Beware, or I will question further of you.

You mix your mind with mighty matters. Go.

Our enemy is a spirit, not of earth,

Beyond the leap of reason: combat him

With prayers, not arguments.

CAP.— Oh, I will, I will, sir.

LEL.—[*whispering*] Will not the Cardinal shift his
armour, father?

COUNT.—Your pardon, cardinal, but I see you use

The ancient excellent custom of security.

Pray flatter us by a higher trust in us;

We mountaineers are peaceful, have no foes.

I beg you—

CARD.—Pardon; I have cause; forgive me;

I have a secret enemy.

Exit MORVA. Enter BRAN, with men bearing a large barrel.

BRAN.— Way there, way!

Friend Capon see the wine I promised you.

Bring here the butt, boys.

COUNT.— What is this?

CAP.— Oh Captain,

You shall drink in this inn for ever. Oh,

The noble wine, the true butt, noble Sicilian!

Down here, fine fellows, ground it here.

TRUL.—[*aside to BRAN*] He thinks.

'Tis wine?

BRAN.—[*aside to TRULLO*] Aye, so; hush!

CAP.—[*with a pot and an augur*]. Where shall I tap it,
captain?

Oh, oh, where shall I tap it, tap it, tap it?

It smells like southern vintages elysian—

But—somewhat—cattish.

BRAN.— Are you so ignorant?

You would not tap Sicilian? Take the top off.

Thus, and so dip your beaker. [*aside*] Now keep back

For love of life.

CAP.— As men say grace ere meat,

So I at every cracking of a butt.

This goodly butt of ripe Sicilian

I'll christen with a grace as old as any.

'While Heaven gives us liquor Hell is shut,

'And there's an angel lives within the butt.

'Wine makes the floor uneven, fortune level,

And he who drinks need never fear the devil.'

As CAPON opens the head of the butt, GANGOGO leaps out and pursues him with a drawn dagger.

GANG.—Blood! I will drink you. I will suck your skull like a ripe-gooseberry. Bod! I will kill you.

CAP.—Help! help!

CARD.—Room there for my long sword.

COUNT.—Why, it is Gangogo. Help! he will be killed. Gangogo will be killed.

GAN.—Gog, I will gut you all; you shall have tripe for dinner; you shall drink your belly-fulls of Gangogo.

He wounds the CARDINAL and, knocking over CAPON, stabs at him: but his dagger bends.

This is not my dagger! it is a leaden one!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! grin, roar, yell, you cockerels; shout, you bull-faced bed-posts, I am Gangogo. It is a jest, a jest, and I am the jester. Roar, shout, shriek, I am the Count's jester, Gangogo, the merry-maker, the god of laughter, born out of a wine barrel, the jocund, the open-natured one.

He throws his dagger into the air and catches it by the point.

Look at me, laugh at me—that is my motto; and if I have a dagger it is one of lead. I am a good fellow, a good fellow.

He sits on the corner of the table.

CARD.—Your jest too is one of lead; for your leaden dagger has scratched me through my steel armour. Would your wit were sharper and your dagger blunter.

GAN.—Neither jest nor dagger is mine. If the dagger had been mine it would have unmade those who made the jest.

COUNT.—What, what, how came Gangogo in the barrel?

TRUL.—He was found drunk this morning in the inn.

COUNT.—The jest truly has been dangerous. Gangogo must be whipped if my lord Cardinal be wounded.

CARD.—I was deceived in him, sir. I pray you, forgive him.

COUNT.—Come, then, dinner, dinner, friend Capon—tut, tut, tut.

Exeunt COUNT, LELITA, the CARDINAL, and TRULLO to the side chambers. CAPON, POMPILIA, and the servants pass in and out, laying the dinner.

BRAN.—Come, dame, dinner, dinner. I am hungry as a lionless jackal, and, I'll be bound, my very beard looks starved.

POMP.—Coming, sir, coming.

GAN.—[*sitting on the corner of the table*] Plagues pelt it, why was not supper ready when we came?

BRAN.—You are tardy, you are tardy, oaf.

GAN.—‘Oaf!’ I spit at you.

BRAN.—Then shall I spit you [*touching his sword*].

GAN.—Do you think that you big men have a monopoly of abuse?

BRAN.—We have a monopoly of cudgelling.

GAN.—Were your wit as long as your beard I would contend with you.

BRAN.—Come, if you snap at me I shall thrash you. I am curst when I am hungry.

GAN.—And I curst when I am cursed.

BRAN.—That is always.

GAN.—Put your boots away, they fill the room. How in the name of spot-plague can the lacqueys lay table with your mountain hoofs in the way. If any were to fall over the precipice of your leg and die, you will be hanged for it, heaven smite me.

BRAN.—Come, I am out of humour. You are a bitter, poor fool, and there is no sucking jocosity out of you, but only tartness. A stick is your only cure.

GAN.—Aye, it is ever thus with you bullock-brained Hectors. Stick is your only epigram. You conceive the world to be driven with stick as the dung-tailed bulls your fathers were.

A LACQUEY.—Master Gangogo, we would lay the table here.

GAN.—Go hang. I will not budge.

LACQUEY.—We must be express, sir.

GAN.—Express yourself ‘non est’ then, or I will dagger you, ’fore God.

Enter TRULLO.

TRUL.—Aha, I am refreshed. How, friend Bran, my bearded Hercules, we are late—have you heard the sweet reason?

BRAN.—I have asked of this gall-gutted spider here, but he does nothing but spit fly-poison at me.

TRUL.—A miracle, a very Diana, a beauty! What should Gangogo know of it, he, poor fellow, being hid in a barrel.

GAN.—Yah!

BRAN.—Where is dinner, dame, dinner? Will you have me turn into a transparency before your eyes? I am too hungry to hear of miracles, unless of feedings in the desert. By my body, where is Zozimo? I have forgot him.

TRUL.—Who is Zozimo?

BRAN.—Now we shall have sport. Zozimo, I say. A delicate little creature that my soul loves, and no viperish yellow, black-haired, hunch-back monstrosity as yonder.

GAN.—[*half drawing his dagger*] Ya-ha, I will stab you.

Enter ZOZIMO, carrying a great pasty.

Oh, pest plague us! oh, the yellow-spot take us! by the jaundiced Vulcan, what is this? A mannikin tapster? Oh, oh! black brew my gall bladder! Come, let me measure myself upon him. [*he gets down from the table.*] Come, come, come, little brother, let me shake you by the hand. Are you well, child?

Enter MORVA.

ZOZ.—I am well, sir, but busy, sir.

GAN.—Excellent child! Be always busy, thrifty, clean; never pick your teeth, for it wastes good provender; nor sigh after eating, for it denotes a gluttonous habit; nor breathe in your beer-pot; nor clean your nails the one with other. I would have you perfect and wise.

ZOZ.—I do, sir.

GAN.—What! You puke on your front? Fie, fie, fie! You lick the butter from your bread? You hiccup in your mug and sneeze in the pie? Come, come, it is time you improved, at your age. Have you no consideration left in your philosophy?

ZOZ.—Whom, sir?

GAN.—Come, hold yourself straight before your betters, Why do you arch your back? Are you a cat?

ZOZ.—Alas sir, it is my infirmity.

GAN.—Ho, ho, ho, a troll, a dwarf, a pigmy, a mannikin, a little, thin, puny, peevish deformity! What, you will rival me, will you, and be smaller than myself, Gangogo, the Count's court wit? If so, I will swell up against you like a great poodle against a little one. Shall I eat you, devour you, bones and all? Ho, ho, ho! crunch, munch—do my eyes flash you to a cinder? Why do you rival me then? I am hairy, savage as the out-herded boar, strong as a drinker of warm blood; and you a shred, a moon-beam. Ya—ah, I could mash you between my tuskers.

ZOZ.—You are a bad gentleman, sir, and I do not wish to have to do with you.

BRAN.—Bravo fly; stick up to him.

GAN.—By this emerald in my cap, I love you, and will have you with me always. You shall be my jester, as I am the Count's, and on the same score: for it is sweeter to keep baser company than nobler. Ho, ho, I have not been so happy since I stabbed a child for mocking me.

BRAN.—You are a beast, and should have hanged for it.

GAN.—I sicken with joy. Come, peascod, am I not beautiful as a green speckled spider with a black fur? Look at my hands. I will embrace you.

ZOZ.—No, sir.

GAN.—Thus, thus.

BRAN.—Ha, ha, ha, may I never laugh less. It is the spider embracing the fly. Kiss him, kiss him! the loves of the angels! What, he will weep?

TRUL.—Faith, the little one looks unhappy.

BRAN.—Come, little soul, sit on my knee. I will not have you tormented. From this vantage you can spit at the foul yellow fiend-scorpion yonder. Now, now, by my beard I love you, and every one hates him. You are no uglier than he. Come, let me stroke the poor little hump then—ho, ha, ha!

Zoz.—[on BRAN'S knee, to GANGOGO] I hate you.

GAN.—Flea.

Zoz.—Scorpion.

GAN.—Frog.

Zoz.—Vampyre.

GAN.—Fly.

Zoz.—Dragon.

GAN.—What! you twisted mouse, you skip-rat, you abortion of an antediluvian lizard, you crow's vomit, bye-blow of Satan, you snip, you snail, you starved cad-dis-fly.

BRAN.—That is right—give him the whole zoology.

TRUL.—Begin with the reptiles, and so on to the birds and beasts.

BRAN.—Ugh! how the ugly venom pants and glowers.

GAN.—On the contrary, I am calm. It is ill of you, master Bran, to take from me my best friends. Give him back to me and I will be kind to him. Sweet little ugliness, here is a sixpence for you, and we will be reconciled.

Zoz.—I will not have it. Let me down, I am busy.

TRUL.—Where is dinner?

BRAN.—Where is dinner? [*shouting*].

GAN.—Aye, the copper-rot take us, where's dinner?

Enter CAPON in a white apron and cap.

CAP.—Ready, gentlemen, ready; my wife has gone to warn the count. What you little lead-footed toad, do I see you idling? There, there, [*boxing his ear*] that will arouse you.

Exit ZOZIMO. Enter the COUNT, LELITA, and the CARDINAL. All stand.

CAP.—My lord count, the dinner is served.

All, except the lacqueys, sit down, in order of rank. CAPON, POMPILIA, and the servants wait at the dinner.

LEL.—Who has so prettily adorned the room,
And put these violets—the buds I love—
Before me?

COUNT.— I have got no violets.
 LEL.— Good dame Pompilia, where is that poor dwarf
 Who so engaged me when before we stayed here,
 I pray you ?
 POMP.— He is within, but idle, madam.
 LEL.— Idle ! he was the pick of assiduous servants.

Enter ZOZIMO, running.

ZOZ.— I am here, madam, I am here.
 LEL.— I thank you then,
 For these sweet violets ; they smell of the woods.

She gives him her hand to kiss, and he waits behind her.

COUNT.— I do not love this jackanapes near me.
 CAP.— Go !
 Wait at the other end, trifle.

LEL.— Let him be.
 Father, he sets you off.

COUNT.— I see, sly puss. Well, well.
 Once I was handsome—well, I have endured
 Gangogo these many years, because he is
 The son of an old servant—an old servant.

LEL.— I see the liberal and the mountain air
 Has quickened you, gentlemen ; but as for me
 I am not hungry. Master Bran, acquaint me,
 If appetite leave you license for a word,
 Have you heard of our adventure ?

BRAN.— Nothing, madam.

LEL.— Then you must know it. After you had left us,
 With a most soldier-like advance of purpose,
 We then being at the summit of the pass,
 Amid the very ice-tops of the mountains,
 A snow storm overtook us—

TRUL.— Mark, to us
 'Twas nothing ; we being mountaineers from birth,
 Who fear the snow no more than you, my soldier,
 Fear paper bullets ; but the restive brutes,
 My uncle's and my cousin's horses, mad
 With confused terror, burst in peremptory flight.
 I alighted—

GAN.— Most peremptorily.

TRUL.— To hold them—

LEL.— Conceive of it ; the blinding flaw of heaven,
 The snowy ridges smoking with the wind,
 Our raging steeds, and the aguish abyss
 That baulked our right hand, where we saw below us
 The very eagles fly the imperious storm
 Fur-ruffled and confounded. I shrieked—

- TRUL.— My blood
 Rebated —
- GAN.— He being next heir.
- TRUL.— And I prepared me
 To dash to rescue them, when lo!
- GAN.— He stood still.
- TRUL.—A spirit, an angel, between the enfuried steeds
 Sprang, seizing the reins. 'T was done—a glimpse of
 light
 Flamed in her hair, and she was gone!
- BRAN.— A woman!
- TRUL.—Goddess! Hair gold, inclining to be silver;
 A face as of the boy Achilles, when
 He saved the daughters of Lycomedes,
 And eyes that would for chastity outstare
 The stars. I drink to her. The mountain maid!
- ALL.—[*drinking*] The maiden of the mountains!
- Zoz.— My lords, my lords,
 She is my sister!
- He spills a dish over the COUNT.*
- COUNT. Furies! fire! he scalds me!
- CAP.—Here is your sister, here, and here, and here
 [*boxing his ears.*]
- You worthless whipshot, will you soil the Count?
- Zoz.—My lords, she is my sister, she is my sister.
- CAP.—A thunder on you—to the scullery—go!
 And take these kisses with you. Hang you then!
- CAPON *cuffs* ZOZIMO, *who runs hither and thither between
 his legs. All laugh.*
- Zoz.—She is my sister.
- BRAN.— Dodge him, dwarf, he's drunk—
 Bravo!
- TRUL.— He flies, a cock-boat from a galleon.
- CAP.—I'll fall on you and crush you—lizard, worm,
 Now are you basted? Stand there in the middle
 And let the worshipful company see you—there
 A pretty tapster for an honest host!
Zozimo bursts into tears, and exit.
- LEL.—Alas, poor boy!
- COUNT.— This comes of these deformities.
 Their actions are as crooked as their backs
 In everything. Plague him. Look at my poor ruffle.
- BRAN.—[*rising*] We must begone, my lord. The evening
 gathers
 In storm upon the pass's head. Lights there!
 A soldier's hunger is quick but quickly stayed:
 I shall about the horses. [*Exit, with others.*]

LEL.— It is strange
 If she should be the sister of this dwarf.
 GAN.—Is dwarf a beast? Is dwarf not human—man?
 Bod, shall we not have sisters? By Judas' bowels,
 Here's to the health of dwarfs, hunch-backs, and
 monsters,
 Of all things hideous, hatched in midnight, black,
 Of efts, of toads, of knots of vipers, worms,
 The stew of slime, and all those things that live
 In festering fens, where dead leaves fall and rot
 Deep through the undiscovered gloom of woods,
 Or in those inky pools that are distilled
 Within the cracked chasms of the hills,
 And the enormous entrails of the earth.
 Look on us and shudder you pale works of day;
 For we are born of fire and darkness, and
 The heat that throbs about the heart of the world
 Does cherish us.

He drinks a deep draught.

LEL.—[*rising*] No; rather drink with me
 A bumper to the sun and air. My lords
 The health of beauty!

All shout and drink.

I will not but believe
 The things we like to look upon are good.
 The love of beauty is but nature's wisdom,
 Learnt without laws. Whose is the eagle eye,
 But his the eagle-minded? Whose the form
 Most pleases us, but his the strong? I care not
 What poverty or sorrow I were born to,
 In what mischance of fortune, misthought of fame,
 So long as nature had thus sanctioned me
 A lord of hers.

All shout.

COUNT.— This is my daughter—brava!

Darkness. Wind without. Enter servants carrying in lights. MORVA, who had advanced a little, retires again. Enter BRAN lifting in by the collar ZOZIMO, dressed in the Count's cloak, hat, and sword, and holding one of Lelita's gloves.

BRAN.—Look, here's a little rogue.

COUNT.— My hat! on my word!

BRAN.—I caught him thus, thus habited, sighing as if
 He were a lover, and with pouring tears,
 That some love-wasted paladin might use,
 Kissing the lady Lelita's glove.

LEL.— My glove!

COUNT.—My cloak and sword!

POMP.— The Count's hat!
 CAP.— The Count's cloak!
 GAN.—The Count's hat, the Count's cloak; his sword—
 oh, oh!

COUNT.—Oh dear, dear, dear!

GAN.— Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

COUNT.—I never can use them more.

GAN.— He never can.

BRAN.—[*holding up ZOZIMO by one hand in the air*]

See, sirs, the knight of the hump! What shall we do
 with him?

GAN.—Make bacon of him—hang him on the hook there.

ALL.—Bravo! make bacon of him!

BRAN *hangs ZOZIMO, dressed as he is, by the breeches on to one of the large hooks that hang from the ceiling. A paper falls from him.*

COUNT.— Now he may have
 My cloak and hat and all. Go bring me others.

Exit an attendant.

TRUL.—What is this paper?

ZOZ.— Oh no, give me the paper!

Kill me, but give me the paper; kind gentlemen,

Dear gentlemen!

BRAN.— Aye, give him back the paper,
 Poor little soul.

TRUL.—[*reading*] 'To the most beautiful lady'—
 Ahem!

LEL.—The 'lady Ahem'! Why who is she?

TRUL.—I would not read were't not such utter folly.

'To the most beautiful lady Lelita,'—

LEL.— Me!

TRUL.—[*reads*] 'No flowers about me strewn, no tender
 flowers,

'To bind me posies and beguile the hours,

'My thoughts of thee I will make bouquets of

'And hang them in my heart's chancel of love.

'In darkness now I move, disdained and poor,

'And misery haunts me at my humble door;

'But I will to the wars, a warrior chief,

'And move in conquest as I moved in grief!

'Noted above all others, and alone,

'Return with fame and win thee for my own!

'Your sincere, tender, but secret knight,

Zozimo.'

BRAN.—Oh God! ha, ha! 'knight' said he? knight, knight!
 knight!

I am nearly sick with laughing—'warrior chief!'

TRUL.—All hail, Knight of the Hump, and Warrior Chief.

He spins him round.

ALL.—All hail, great chief!

They each in turn spin him round.

LEL.— Alas! poor little dwarf!

MOR.—[*advancing*] I am his mother.

There is silence.

This circumspection here,
That rings me round with eyes, unmantles me
Down to the heart. These things, you think, must
pain me

That are but pin-pricks in the wider wound
Of my heart-wasting sorrow. What we bear,
We mothers bear for ever; and our children
Not separate, but other limbs upon us.
Often, I think, in them our ravelled natures
Do segregate themselves each to its issue.
Some, like our virtues, full of straining sap
That pushes all their buddings to perfection,
Grow perfect: others cramped, stubborn, vile,
Even like the crookedest vices that we have,
Do knot themselves in hell-shapes to our curse,
Monstrosities of evil.

Oh, I am still;

I am not troubled. The cure of shame is shame,
Its use its remedy; where I am well tried.

What mould in me are you the out-cast of?

Those pendulous lips, those tear-ensored eyes,
That form, that pitiable form—oh heaven!

Who pieced you up of all my feeblenesses,
Leaving my virtues out, and botched you so,
A quilt of rags, to hang in my abasement,
And like the painted figure of my faults,

Dishonour me for ever? Let me flame

Who did beget you, child of mine and worm.

A worm and child of mine!—hang there and rot

And leave me sonless.

[*Exit.*

LEL.— Terrible, 'tis his mother!

POMP.—Oh pitiless world! and he has not deserved it!

GAN.—The pest rain plagues on her that has out-cursed me,
In cursing this disease, this welt, this cancer.

But if it was your mother, I am glad,

A mother's curse bites deep—ho, ho; ho, ho!

Why, what but a she-rabbit could you kill, and what
sword wield but a little maid's knitting needle? Are
you mad, with your puny, crooked limbs, your shrunk
thighs, confined paunch, pigeon breast, your monstrous
hump, into which the rest of your body, like a snail into

its shell, has retracted itself; your witch's fingers and your wizened, cadaverous, little pinch-face, to aspire to my lady, the most advanced record of beauty, noted over the world, and loved by princes and lords? Do not lean on the greatness of your mind either. Had you the spirit of Agamemnon and the genius of Alexander, you would have no more command among men than a capacious coney or a meditative mouse; and were your inward to be pinned out of its shell like a winkle's, and put into a better one, you would still be the shadow of a blade of grass you are, you whisp, you wart, you poor little pitiful pismire—ho, ho! Who will defend you now? Is there an insect on earth so base that it will confess you nobler? Who will defend you now?

Enter ASTRELLA.

ASTR.—Who will defend you, rather?

She pushes down GANGOGO, and puts her foot on him.

GAN.— Mercy, angel!

Pardon!

ASTR.— I am the insect is so base
That will confess him nobler. With my foot
Upon you, I will swear he is more noble
Than this myself. Not mercy, but your vileness
Exempts you, reptile. Fear not that this staff,
That pierces but the unmarred mountain snow,
Shall drink your filthy juices.

ALL.— Good! bravo!

BRAN *takes down ZOZIMO from the hook. He lies writhing.*

ASTR.—Ungird your swords from off your shameful thighs,
Curs and not men.

She draws BRAN's sword and breaks it.

This honorable steel

Burns to be yours, and thus his heart breaks. So!

[*to the COUNT and LELITA.*]

Even now upon the mountains did I save you,
And you requite me by my brother's pain.
The God that made me thus, thus fashioned him,
And him the nobler: think you limbs are all,
And face and flesh? If I had known you then,
I would have let you die, and laughed to see
Your flying bodies shoot the awful verge
Chased by the mountain eagles—go!

COUNT.— Hout, tout!

I tremble, I am angry; come Lelita [*Exit with LELITA.*]

CARD.—Maiden, your speech is unbounded. [*Exit.*]

ASTR.— And my scorn.

GAN.—Ho! girl—no angel! stink! stink! [*Exit.*]

*Shouts of laughter. The candles relight themselves, showing
AZRIMAN seated at the table.*

Az.—What tapster, are you deaf or mad?

Zoz.— I come,
I come, sir.

Az.— Mad you are, I see; not deaf.
Why do you roll your eyes and tremble so?
A pot of ale and a great one.

Zoz.— Yes, sir; here, sir.

In drawing the ale he spills it: it burns upon the ground.

Az.—You play the ass, friend. Bring me yonder stool
then.

Zoz.—Now, sir; I will, sir.

The stool moves away as ZOZIMO tries to seize it.

Oh! I cannot catch it!

Az.—Come here, my friend; I do perceive you are
The completest ass of tapster.

He tweaks his ear.

Zoz.—[drawing his dagger]. Off! away!
I will endure no more from devil or man.
It cannot be but God will fight for me
Who am no sinner. Be you beautiful
As the bestarred night, I stand to you.
Because my soul is good as yours.

Az.— Your soul;
But for your body?

AZRIMAN imitates the motions of ZOZIMO before the glass,
as if he were on the field of battle.

Zoz.— Thus should a god move.

Az.— And thus
Not ever you.

Zoz. Never.

Az. Then listen to me.

You are deformed, poor, not half a man;
I beautiful, am I not?

Zoz.— Yes, so; but evil.

Az.—Well, well, but beautiful still. Come mark me now:
What if I suddenly change you to myself?

Zoz.—What will yourself become then?

Az.— You.

Zoz.— For this
My soul?

Az.— My own I have, and need not yours.

Zoz.—My sister then? What do you wish with her?

My pain made me forget her: now I hate you.

Az.—It is for her I move me to this end,
For I am virtuous.

Zoz.— I will not trust you.
 Az.—I have beheld your mind and found it noble ;
 And, in reproach of Heaven, compassionate grown,
 Behold, I pity you.

Zoz.— Pity you me ?

Az.—So much that I will yield my body to you.
 Ask me no more. My end is hidden but good,
 And, like a myriad-streamed alp, that gives
 Richness around, still keeps itself in mist.
 Refuse or take me. Yours the choice.

He wraps himself in his mantle.

For this

Great gift I give, I give it and not sell,
 Content if I relieve the pain of one.

He picks up the paper of verses and remains reading them.

Zoz.—That I am sleeping and dream I know,
 And will pursue the vision out.

Az.— You are awake.

POMP.—[*within*] Zozimo, Zozimo, clear the table ; quick.

Zoz.—Oh yes, I am awake. Come then, what are you !

Such power you have is not of upright men.

Az.—Virtue hates wisdom, for that wisdom is
 More virtuous than virtue. What I know
 I have learnt in pain, and use to other's pleasure,
 My witch-work being but the deed of thought
 That forces dull-wit nature toil for it.
 To boil an egg is magic to a fool.
 My art is human.

Zoz.— The change is painful doubtless ?

Az.—To me 'tis painful, but to you delicious.
 Your having is my losing ; for nature, friend,
 Gives never without bond, which she exacts
 Even to the uttermost farthing. It is simple.
 There is one thing I do, and you are me.

Zoz.—And you are me ! I am so low on earth,
 That I can sink no further save to hell,
 And that I fear not for I'm innocent. Oh,
 The great God waters us, his flowers, with sorrow
 That we grow fairer, but our sin alone
 Can damn us utterly. I will dare the feat.

Az.— Then seize my hand. I stab myself. Be quick.
 And drink my dying breath.

Enter MORVA.

MOR.— The Vision !

Zoz.— My mother !

Az.— Quick, quick !

MOR.— He practices on my son !

AZ.—

Away!

You have cursed away your right.

MOR.—

Help! oh my sight!

Oh horror!

AZRIMAN seizing ZOZIMO by one hand, stabs himself.

AZ.—

I die! my breath—

Flames spring up around them: they are transmuted.

Exit MORVA.

ZOZ.—*[in the shape of AZRIMAN]* Oh ecstasy!

Enwrap me, feed me, flame of heavenly fire!

AZRIMAN, in the shape of ZOZIMO, writhes on the floor.

Enter CAPON, intoxicated.

CAP.—Joy! rapture! Rejoice, oh world! I have now discovered the key of darkness; I have now uncorked the bottle of light; I have reached the ultimate philosophy. Evil exists, but it can work but in the chains of good: it is therefore in the end beneficent, and the devil is virtuous, laudable and harmless.

What! what! a guest, and this carrot Zozimo still kicking and crying on the floor!

My lord, my lord, confound me not with your reproaches, this my tapster, Zozimo, is drunk.

Zoz.—Is it the earth? Do I live?

CAP.—*[aside]* His lordship is somewhat—eh! *[touches his head]*

Zoz.—Air! air!

[Exit.

CAP.—What! is this the way you lose me my customers? Will you lie here so long because some gentlemen have made a jest of you? I must give you something to cry at.

He kicks AZRIMAN, who flashes out fire at him and exit.

CAP.—Oh Heaven, I am blinded. Zozimo is the devil!

[Exit running.

Enter ASTRELLA and POMPILIA in another doorway.

ASTR.—Where are you, brother?

POMP.—He is not here; he is doubtless within.

Exeunt.

ACT II.—LELITA.

SCENE I.—*A room in Morva's hut amongst the mountains. MORVA asleep on a rough chair before the fire. A little coat of Zozimo's, which she has been mending, lies on her knees.*

Enter AZRIMAN in ZOZIMO's shape, and ZOZIMO in AZRIMAN's shape.

Az.—Make not a noise.

Zoz.— I am a cat.

Az.— She is deep asleep.

Zoz.—But miserable still.

Az.— Hist! or you wake her;

Zoz.— Thus,

Sweet mother, without words I say I love you.

He puts a bag of money beside her.

Alas, in these three months, I have not seen her,
She has grown old.

Az.— She broods upon her loss.

Zoz. - [looking round] Were I a dog here I'd be happy.

Az.— Away

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The portico of the Count's palace or castle. On the top of the stairs the COUNT, TRULLO, BRAN, GANGOGO, Soldiers, Guards, Lacqueys, Gonfalon-bearers, Pages: at the foot of the stairs, the PRINCE of ASTRA, the lords ZAMBA and MONTEFINE, SEVERUS, CYNTHIAN, OILUS, HEDWIG, HANS, and MUMM, suitors to LELITA, with trains of Servants and Pages carrying presents. Loud Music.*

COUNT.—Welcome to all!

Prince, lords and friends, the errand that you have
Establishes you all equal for the nonce;

And so an equal welcome. I see before me

The caste of nature, god-like moulded men,

My guests, my daughter's wooers. Come, within,

The feast awaits you. After, we will judge

The prize, Lelita, to her choice of all.

Welcome again. Sound! sound!

Music and trumpets. The gonfalons are unfurled. The COUNT salutes each one of the suitors and enters with them. Exeunt OMNES.

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Palace. A platform covered with flowers, on which are raised two thrones of roses and violets. Opposite, among the shrubs, a statue of Venus and one of Apollo. In the back-ground a part of the old castle.*

Enter AZRIMAN and ZOZIMO.

Zoz.—My excellent Zozimo, you have worked on me
The kindest miracle both to mind and body
The fates have seen : if now you should destroy me,
I am your debtor. Tell me, speak it again,
Are these the very eaves of my love's house ?
Is this my nest of fancies, home of sighs ?
Bring me to her ; I die for her, my friend,
Kind Zozimo.

Az.— As I am your friend, not yet.
Be warned. For you too there's a part—to win her.

Zoz.—Only show her to me and I will win her ;
There is no faction in my fate to lose her ;
Cannot I hope, who catch the eyes of all,
To catch the heart of one perhaps ?

Az.— My lord,
Beauty is but the key of love, which used,
The casket opened, that within unworthy,
Love sickens soon.

Zoz.— Ah, there you have me—have me !
I know myself weak, timid, ignorant, bad
Perhaps : fate fits our poor soul to its case,
And what our body is our spirit grows to,
Alas, too often : break the mould, the shape
Remains. Yet you have shown me continents,
And taught me greater ones ; mixed me with men
Of every shape and people, given me wealth—
I should be better. Nay, I am. My mind
Expands, like a new nation, to its boundaries—
Good Zozimo, say so.

Az.— I think so too, my lord.

Zoz.—My lord ! fie how the rank puffs love away.
This is my single thorn—forgive me, friend—
I doubt you love me. I owe you such a debt
Without the discount of your love would break me.

Az.—Fear not my words, which I have reason for :
Look at my actions. In the commerce of life
Words are the silver change ; our deeds are gold.

Zoz.—And yours are diamonds. But I have another—
Another thorn.

Az.— Then I have served you badly.

Zoz.—Well, yes ; by serving me well. I mean, that husk
You have contracted does not fit you—hides you,

And pains me with a painting of the past
I shudder at.

Az.— There is no need, my lord.

Zoz.—Annoyance never has need. Good, kind Zozimo,
I beg you give yourself another me,
Or better, give me a glass to see my present
And not my past, or mate me as you have made me.
The noble nature feeding on itself,
Grows nobler ; but the evil bygone days
Work in the flesh of the future and unman us.

Zoz.—The wiser saying holds ; that nobleness
Faints in the bath of its continual beams ;
But weakness spurs itself to greatest deeds
I give you—

Zoz.— Arguments to lovers—no,
Give me no arguments, I will grant you all.
Look how the rosy-fronted doves embark
On the broad air to search my love for me.
Bring me to her ; come, I am sick for her.

Az.—You wish most surely for her love, do you not ?
Herself is nothing to you. By this choice,
If you succeed, you will but earn her fancies ;
You want her love.

Zoz.— I do most ardently,
Good Zozime.

Az.—If you mark me, you will win it.
The plan I have laid, my lord, I beg you follow ;
Your conduct, which is yours, yourself must manage.

Zoz.—Instruct me then, my tutor.

Az.— Yes, I will.
Be proud, apart, sententions, calm ; for men
Of baser sort despise an open mind.
Compound no friendship, for it will open in you
A window through which all the world can gaze.
Eat, drink and laugh—a little. Wreak your jest
But on the weak, and seldom then ; but turn
A lion's face to all who jest on you.
Break off before achievement, and contest
Your equals with a careless tone that signs you
Perhaps their better. So the jock-brained world
Will worship you.

Distant music is heard.

Zoz.— I will—oh heavenly thunder !

Az.—Haste ! now the suitors issue from the hall,
And will be here. I must away. You wish
Revenge too on your enemies, do you not,
That so annoyed you ?

Zoz.— Since I am no more

My former figure, let revenge go die—

Oh stir of musical elements, gentle storm!

Az.—What! not revenge!—Come, I will give you sport
Upon this cattle-minded rout. Away. [*Exit.*]

Zoz.—Oh agitation of delight, oh storm,
Oh musical thunder of sweet sounding strings,
Enwrap me! Am I not in a dream of mine?
Is this the garden where my love will walk
To take the morning scent and evening air?
Or cull those flowers most filled with young dew,
Until the buds she smells at jealous are
To be not pulled and die by her? Look now
The tender evening's here, and all the trees
Do garner gold; so my heart garners gold.
The time is come, with music; leap my heart!
If this be earth, earth's heaven, and heaven no higher
Than earth can be.

Enter LELITA and ZITELLA, behind.

LEL.— Zitella, look, who walks there?

ZIT.—By heaven, a man indeed!

Exit ZOZIMO.

LEL.— Who was it?

ZIT.— I know not.

LEL.—Not one of those?

ZIT.— Pray heaven it be, madam.

Such eyes and such a sigh! oh lord, poor soul!

The other wooers have faces cut on candles

To him.

LEL.— I think he is sad. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter HEDWIG, HANS and MUMM.

HEDWIG.—It is well for the Count that he put the
trial open to all men, and was not content with lords and
such like.

MUMM.—It is well.

HANS.—Ha, ha, ha!

HED.—For if not, we mountain boys would not ha'
come, and the lady been a loser. I am the finest man
here, no question, and the lords court me.

MUMM.—Hang 'em.

HANS.—Ha, ha, ha!

HED.—This house is mine, this garden mine, and
these marble anatomies mine, which I shall cheaply sell
for mortar. You are not in it, friend Mumm.

MUMM.—I hate these lordlings, that sneer a body into a
blue ague. I am as good as any, and will fight the pack
bare-fisted.

HANS.—Did a' see the gold pots and the silver pans? lord, lord! and the broths and the fries and the toasts? I am as full of all sorts as the pack of a newly started pedlar.

HED.—We three are the pick of the company, friends, and I saw the lady looking at us.

HANS.—Ha, ha, ha!

HED.—As for me I love better Nan of our village. It is the money I have a soul for.

MUMM.—How much is there o't, friend?

HANS.—A thousand pound?

HED.—A thousand, quot he! Poor simple soul—twenty thousand.

HANS.—Oh, oh, twenty thousand pound!

HED.—Looke lads, one of us brave boys of bone is bound to win this madam. Come, shall we agree that he that has her shall divide the fortune equally atween himself and the others?

MUMM.—Not I.

HANS.—Nor I.

HED.—Think, fools, think. Thus we shall stand upon certainty, whereas we now stand on good dame Chance's favour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEVERUS and CYNTHIAN.

SEV.—Fie, you are a mere poet.

CYN.—And you a mere chop-logic.

SEV.—A mere syllable taster, a sillabub-syllable maker, a go-between and pander, that brings together wind and nothing. You have no premises, deductions and conclusions, but all flatulent gossip, for which you bitterly imagine immortality. Immortality were then the very jest of God.

CYN.—Hang you, with your straight nose and crooked disquisition. If we have no conclusions we pretend to none; but you who affect finality of argument do not achieve anything but the explosion of each other, the creation of chemic stinks, and the production of petty utilities. Hang you, I will walk no more with you.

SEV.—No, nor with wisdom. [*Exeunt severally*

Enter OILUS, running, carrying a phial.

OIL.—I have done it, and was nearly caught for my pains. This neatly compounded elixir that I have poured into her drink will make her adore me, I am convinced. Thus will I get, as reward for the five years I have spent in the discovery, a rich wife and the greatest fame as a physician. [*Exit.*

Enter ZAMBA and MONTEFINE.

MONT.—Most noble lord Zamba; next to winning myself the lady of our adoration, I would wish you to win her. You being a soldier and I a politician, we should be friends.

ZAM.—My lord Montefine, I bow to you, I admire you. We men of the hand have the supremest regard for you men of the brain, I assure you.

MONT.—Your servant.

ZAM.—Your servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the PRINCE OF ASTRA.

ASTR.—Ho, ho! I will with a small contrivance supplant these paltry rivals. What! I, the Prince of Astra, master of lands, palaces, cities and towns, to be the co-lover of poets, physicians and clowns? Bah! this jewel on my finger is worth them all. Shall I compete, or no? I will, for the form: but I have made sure of the issue.

[*Exit.*]

Enter HEDWICK, MUMM and HANS.

HED.—Thus, friends, we are agreed, and I have written this bond, article, will, testament and signature to the end, whereby, et-cetera; and you have set your marks thereto.

HANS.—Are these law terms, friend Hedwig?

HED.—Trust me. My she-cousin's husband was an attorney. I have written out the same in a bold hand, and you have put your superscriptions under and above, as befits. [*aside*] But they do not know that they have signed away all rights in the lady's fortune to me. They cannot read.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BRAN and TRULLO.

TRUL.—Fie, fie, you will not be one of the suitors now? What has come over you, friend Bran? For the last month and more you have been moping. On my life, I believe you to be in love with a certain maid that broke your sword, and goes fair to break your heart—ha, ha!

BRAN.—Friend Trullo, I have heard you pacing your chamber of nights. Maybe I will ask what has come over you.

Enter GANGOGO.

GAN.—The hour is come—now for sport. All are clad in their best clothes, and each of the suitors struts like a peacock before a new hen. A piebald, scurvy crew as ever I saw. Death, there's not one of them that would not stoop to pick up a dropped shilling.

BRAN.—I would wrestle any two of 'em, one arm.

TRUL.—Did you mark how the clowns grinned to find themselves in good company? I would have them ducked to aspire to my cousin. There was not one of them dressed fit to drink slop with a bargeman.

GAN.—By death and the yellow spot-plague, I am of a mind to go in and over-triumph the pot-full of 'em.

TRUL.—You!—you will be a suitor!

GAN.—I—I—yes, I. By the bottomless pit, though I be hunched and hairy, yet have I a beauty of my own. There is never a man but will squelch and turn pale if I do but breathe on his eyes in anger. Look at this hand now, bristled with black hairs like the maw of Satan's pet tabby gib-cat. Were I not light tempered and a jester, I should be feared. I have a mouth full of white tushers, and eyes black, ardent and illuminous as the Fiend's lantern wherewith he looks for lost soulkins. ZOD! I am beautiful!

TRUL.—Most charming, Gangogo: but yet ladies love a softer sort. Besides, there is—

BRAN.—Look at this Bran here, who is mum as a mouse in the cat's ken; am I not as lovely as he? I am sick, sick.

TRUL.—What! you, sick!

Enter AZRIMAN, ridiculously dressed with a huge feather in his hat, and reading a book. Also ZOZIMO, who remains behind.

GAN.—By the fat of corpses, here is that little villain Zozimo, the tapster! I will swear it he is come to woo.

TRUL.—It is he, doubtless.

GAN.—Ho, ho, ho, for sport! I will bring you up a jest now, as the Witch of Endor raised Samuel, from hell. [*he goes to AZRIMAN and knocks up his book*] A pot of ale.

AZ.—Yes sir, coming, sir.

GAN.—Gad! what a devil's face the little scrape-farthing has got on him! You have a sister, chaff.

AZ.—Aye, I have, sir; and sorry I am that she knocked you down, sir.

GAN.—Peacod! She is beautiful, and if I were in the humour for it, I would love her.

AZ.—Yes, sir, the very toads, beetles, snails and worms follow her, sir.

GAN.—You nutshell! Why does she live on the mountains?

AZ.—To talk with the stars.

GAN.—What a-fury: are not men good enough for her?

AZ.—No, sir.

GAN.—True, she has not known me long.

AZ.—No, faith; for she has found you short, sir.

GAN.—Squirt! Do your mother and she live on the mountains alone?

AZ.—Aye, with God.

GAN.—Come, I will buy her of you for two shillings and twopence.

AZ.—She is too high-souled to be so low sold, sir.

GAN.—Stink, stink! What does she think of me?

AZ.—She does not, sir.

GAN.—I ask, what thinks she of me?

AZ.—She thinks excellently of you.

GAN.—Ha, I believe so. This icy virtue loves nothing better than hot flesh. Tell her I smoke for her. What did she say?

AZ.—She says excellently of you and with fitness, as all men think, that you are the beastliest spider of venom, malignity and ugliness that walks earth. In your heart she has read rage, lust, hatred, jealousy, spite and all things evil.

BRAN.—Ho, ho!

GAN.—Zod, I will beat you.

TRUL.—You are too blunt with him, Gangogo, and are defeated. Come, mannikin, do you remember the meat-hook whereon you hung like a spider from the ceiling?

AZ.—Yes, sir, alas, sir.

TRUL.—Ha, ha, ha! the sight I shall never forget. We have often laughed since over it. Your face, your raised eyebrows, your depressed mouth, your four claws like crab's claws—ha, ha, ha!

AZ.—And the verses, sir.

TRUL.—Do not mention them. Oh heaven!

‘I will to the wars a warrior chief,

‘And move in conquest as I moved in grief!’

Oh, god of laughter, stay me!

AZ.—And the conclusion, sir;—

‘Noted above all others and alone

‘Return with fame and win thee for my own.’

—My own.

TRUL.—What, are you absolute fool enough to try for my cousin?

AZ.—Aye, and to win her. I stand upon certainty.

TRUL.—You stand on an ass's legs.

AZ.—For you, sir, my success will matter little, for I heard your cousin say of you when you were leaving the inn, after my sister had disgraced you all, that you with your drawn mouth and feeble legs looked the completest fool in the company, and, unlike master Bran here, you

had not honour enough to be ashamed.

TRUL.—You are rude, you are gross, I am offended.

BRAN.—Ha, ha, ha, bravo!

GAN.—Come, you are not far from a rogue.

AZ.—Only a yard and a half, sir.

GAN.—You are an ass.

AZ.—No, for I cannot bear you.

TRUL.—True, you are more like an ape.

AZ.—No, for I cannot imitate you.

TRUL.—I will thrash you with this stick.

AZ.—As I you with my tongue.

GAN.—You stink.

AZ.—It is in your own nostrils.

TRUL.—You are a thief and a murderer.

AZ.—Were I to steel you or to steal you, I should yet be neither, for you are worthless and no man.

GAN.—You dwarf, you tapster.

AZ.—God made me one, and fortune the other. It is right that a small man draw small beer. But since I have met you I have given over beer-drawing for bear-drawing. I find bear-baiting excellent sport, and shall soon lead you about with a string in the nose to fairs and country places, where we shall be known as Bruno and the Dwarf. Well, is your ass-and-ape wit done yet?

TRUL.—See, I scorn you.

AZ.—That is only sufficient to make you ridiculous, for your face, on which nature has written fool, will no more express scorn, the privilege of gods, than a suet pudding will express rage. You are not based firm enough in wit for scorn.

TRUL.—I believe you to be Satan, not Zozimo.

AZ.—How!

GAN.—[*pulling him behind*] Satan.

When he turns round to GANGOGO, TRULLO pulls him behind.

TRUL.—Satan.

GAN.—Satan.

TRUL.—Satan.

They alternately pull him behind. He suddenly leaps in the air between them, and they are thrown violently upon their backs; all the suitors, who have been entering one by one, laugh loudly. ZOZIMO advances a little, and stands leaning against the statue of Apollo.

ZAMBA.—Fortune places us in strange company, Prince.

AST.—The touch degrades not, my lord—

ZAM.—Zamba.

AST.—My lord Zamba. Do you think that all are assembled, or must we fear more?

ZAM.—I note all of us.

AZRIMAN walks to and fro defiantly.

TRUL.—I shall see him chained before I touch him.

GAN.—Let us bash him. What! let us pummel him, though he be the devil—ha!

Exit AZRIMAN.

TRUL.—Keep back, he is dangerous.

AST.—Mark, yonder, the noble gentleman that leans
Upon the pillar there. I have not seen him.

ZAM.—A very noble gentleman.

CYN.— Look you there.

OIL.—Where?

SEV.— Near the statue.

MONT.— He in black and green?

MUMM.—Another lordy.

GAN. By the laugh of lepers!

Who is it I see yonder? Oh perdition!

BRAN.—By heaven, a figure that will oust the rest of us
As easily as a cuckoo sparrows.

GAN.— Fire!

I am inflamed.

He struts up to ZOZIMO and returns.

Bod, nature has no charter

To make men thus.

He struts up again and returns.

His jewels are worth kingdoms:

His cap against the Prince of Astra; his breeches
Against the rest of us. ZOD, I hate him.

Enter AZRIMAN. He runs to ZOZIMO and kneels to him.

AZ.— My lord,
Your blessing.

ZOZ.— Take this jewel with it, Zozimo,
And prosper.

GAN.— 'Tis that peppercorn Zozimo:
And he calls t'other master. He is at
Some villainy, I swear.

Trumpets. Loud music. Enter COUNT, leading LELITA, followed by her maid and a train of ladies and guests. All shout. LELITA seats herself on one of the thrones of flowers.

COUNT.—Most perfect gentlemen, before this trial,
My daughter begs me give you all her thanks.
Her love she keeps for one, but her respect,
She bids me tell you, is for all.

LEL.— I thank you
Kind lords.

HANS.— She calls us lords !

The suitors, with TRULLO, BRAN, GANGOGO, and the COUNT, one after the other kiss the hand of LELITA. Music.

COUNT.— Read out aloud.

The terms and limits of this trial, herald.

HERALD.—Count Reichenfels hereby ordains and gives
His daughter and his fortune to what man soever,
Whom she upon the view and choice of him
Pronounces handsomest, be he count or carl,
Or prince or herdsman ; with this one provision—
That he do sue her in all love and honour,
Being free to wed her both with hand and heart,
And that with no compulsion, trick or scheme,
He shall compound her favour, or foresway
Her judgment. Say, are all agreed to this ?

ALL.—We are.

HERALD.— I give the trial open then.

A loud march. All the Suitors, led by ASTRA, and the train ended by GANGOGO, march past LELITA, twice, and halt in a semicircle before her. They then approach her one by one.

AST.—These jewels lady, diamonds of Golconda,
I offer to the diamonds of your eyes.
Thus, thus to kiss your pearly foot inclines
The lord of Astra, Egremont and Vin,
Of Capoli and Castra, all those towns
That front the breaking of the orient sea.

LEL.—My lord, yourself I value more than these.
My thanks, sir.

ZAM.— See, the sword whose sparkling ray
Has led the van in hundred shocks of war,
I do endow you with, but will not bend
As lowly as this lord, for you I sue
With soul as upright as my body is.

LEL.—A pride which is the surety of love.

MONT.—These stars, which are the gratitude of kings
For noble offices, let me lay before you.

LEL.— And they, sir, shine less brightly than your meed :
I thank you.

SEV.— Diamonds and stars I have none,
But only the great soul that measures earth
And soars to heaven.

LEL.— Sir, I honour you.

CYNTH.—Then I will grasp your honour more, fair lady,
Whose soul out-soars his as the vaunting eagle.
The housing sparrow. I can give to you
Song and the immortality of song,
Before whose fire these earthly lights grow pale.

LEL.—Your suit, sir, of itself will give me fame.
 OIL.—The secrets of my art I will unfold you,
 Preserve your beauty and uphold your health.
 LEL.—I think your love, sir, needs no drug commend it.
 OIL.—[*aside*] The philtre works.
 HED.— We three have nought to give,
 Being nursed in labour and the toils of earth.
 Our love alone and passion brings us here.
 LEL.—The greatest gift of all ; for nature often
 Instead of fortune gives a soul sincere.
 TRUL.—Fair cousin, see me too among your train ;
 My soul you know.
 LEL.— Sweet cousin, thanks.
 BRAN.— I give
 Myself.
 LEL.— No more, my friend ?
 BRAN.— No more, nor less.
 LEL.—It is a worthy gift, sir. Tell me, father,
 Are there no more ?

The music sounds.

COUNT.— Look, yonder stands a man.
 LEL.—Oh heaven ! the properest of them all.
 GAN.— Sir ! madam !
 I too would speak—leave off that spot-plague din
 there.

The music ceases abruptly.

I too will woo you, madam.
 COUNT.— What, what, what !
 Gangogo too !
 GAN.— Yes, I. Why not Gangogo ?
 I have no gifts to give, neither of cash,
 Of love, or myself. I claim the prize
 Merely upon the prospect of the trial,
 Because I am the handsomest here.
 ALL.— Oh ! oh !
 GAN.—Yah, who will fight with me ? I will tear him to
 shreds.
 Come, who ? Down to his skeleton with these nails
 I'll dig in a trice, and in a second do
 The graveyard work of ages—look at me, look !

He walks round and round.

Think you that beauty lies in straight backs only ?
 No, but in fitness. What more beautiful than
 The bloody tiger ? I am one. Behold,
 If you will strip me you will find me spotted.
 Ha, look at me ; [*walks round and round*] look at me,

- LEL.— I admire you—cease ;
Gangogo, you have spoken.
- Enter AZRIMAN, running, with a large tray full of articles covered with a napkin.
- AZ.— Sir, sir, sir !
- AST.—The other deformity now !
- LEL.— It is poor Zozimo.
- AZ.—I too am a suitor. Listen, madam, listen :
To you this trayful I present. Alas !
I am poor Zozimo, that, you know, has loved you
So long in secret—poor, poor Zozimo.
- LEL.—What can I do then for you ?
- AZ.— Listen, listen ;
I have strange issues here. Madam, this tray contains
revelations under a napkin ; but first I give you this jewel.
- LEL.—It is a magnificent diamond !
- AZ.—This paper, which I will read to you, is more
worth your consideration. It is an agreement signed by
the gentlemen Hedwig, Hans and Mumm, to this effect :—
[HEDWIG, HANS, and MUMM look in their pockets.]
' We, Hans and Mumm, farmers, do hereby agree that
the one of us that wins the lady Lelita to wife shall with-
out demur or contention straightway hand over her and
her fortune to his honest friend Hedwig, farmer ; Pro-
vided that, in case he shall not desire her, she shall be
returned on and above the sum of five pound a year for
her maintainance. Signed Hans and Mumm, their marks.
Hedwig, witness.'
- HANS & MUMM.—[to HEDWIG] Villain !
- COUNT.—Monstrous, monstrous ! Sirs, I am surprised
at you. Those persons are out of the competition.
Write them out.
- AZ.—Here is a phial which was full of a love philtre
given to the lady by Oilus the physician.
- OIL.—Oh God !
- COUNT.—He is guilty ; his countenance accuses him.
Write him out.
- AZ.—Do you love him, lady ?
- LEL.—No, I hate him.
- AZ.—Then is his philtre worthless as his candidature.
Here are two rings, being the marriage rings given by
the philosopher Severus to his two wives, living, one in
Padua and the other at Geneva.
- SEV.—You lie, you lie.
- AZ.—Shall I give their names ?
- COUNT.—Write him out, his face betrays him.
- AZ.—Here is the note-book of the poet Cynthian,—
CYNTH.—Give it me !

Az.—in which is written, ‘List of notable and beautiful ladies to whom it is expedient that I pay court. The lady Amaryllis—item, sonnet: the lady Maria—item, sonnet: the lady Jacoba—item, idyll;’ and so on to ‘the lady Lelita—item, cunning; of no poetical apprehension!’

LEL.—Not to your verse, sir.

COUNT.—Write him out, write him out.

Az.—Here is the whistle with which the lord Montefine, politician, purposed to call together his confederates this evening for the purpose of carrying off this lady from her chamber to-night.

COUNT.—Do you deny it, sir?

Az.—He cannot, for I know his accomplices.

COUNT.—Write him out. Enough—

Az.—Here is a paper written by lord Zamba, the upright soldier slandering all the other suitors.

COUNT.—Alas, I know it. Write him out. No more, enough—

Az.—Here is the ducal coronet offered to the Count by the Prince of Astra, so that he obtain his daughter.

AST.—Ha, ha! I too am discovered. Upon my word he is the devil.

Az.—Wait, gentlemen, wait, here is a love letter, written by master Trullo the Count’s nephew, to a peasant girl, my sister; so fiercely foolish that I dare not read it: and a copy of verses by Bran, the soldier, to the same—

BRAN.—’S blood, give it me!

Az.—By your leave:

‘I that was once a warrior,
 Feel now sick and uneasy,
 And like a fading, dying flower,
 A pimpernel or daisy,
 By thinking on your charms, my dear,
 Am nearly crazy.

Your sick buttercup, Bran.’

To such a state love brings warriors, as, you all know, he turns into warriors, dwarfs—buttercup, buttercup!

LEL.—I have a rival, sir. Most noble suitors, I thank you. I am for none of you. You are an honourable race.

GAN.—Of me? Come, what of me? Peewit, what of me? Am I dishonest? Am I a plotter, come?

Az.—Gangogo is honest.

GAN.—Ho, ho; a judgment, a judgment!

Az.—Most noble lady, think of my patient love and of this my service and reward me.

TRUL.—This Zozimo is Satan.

BRAN.—His face has got a villainous expression. I used to love him.

SEV.—Ugh, the vampyre.

CYN.—Ape, ape, ape.

There is a pause. ZITELLA whispers the COUNT.

COUNT.—[to ZOZIMO, who has not moved] Most noble sir, I commend your patience. Will you not speak?

AZ.—[aside to ZOZIMO] Refuse now—courage!

ZOZ.—Your pardon, sir, I—

COUNT.—Did you not come to sue?

ZOZ.—I do but wait, sir, the suit of Zozimo, my excellent friend.

LEL.—[starting up] Let the trumpets
Break out! Let all the music sound! 'Tis over.

The music sounds

My noble paladins, farewell for ever;
Behold my choice between this dwarf and this,
Fie, hunchbacks are more straight than you.

My father,

I now will choose between these two.

COUNT.— What, what!

Go hang the trial, take the prince.

GAN.—[whispering] Take me,
And being my wife you will find me beautiful.

COUNT.—If she take Gangogo!

ZOZ.—[aside] Oh! the jest is cruel;
And I repent my office in it.

LEL.— Look,
I choose this dwarf, poor Zozimo, for I know
He is deserving, kind, and does adore me.

AZRIMAN *springs upon the platform and kisses her hand.*
Clamour.

ALL.—He is a villain, Zozimo is Satan!

ZOZ.—[aside] Heaven, what have I lost! I was a fool!

AZ.—Come, gentlemen, I am the winner here—
No crack or question. You must give her up.

Tumult.

Why then I see I am too low for you;
These gentlemen think I am too low for you.
Poor Zozimo is a dwarf.

LEL.— I have chosen you.

AZ.—These gentlemen will not have it so, I think.

I am unworthy; here I do resign you.

LELITA *bursts into tears. AZRIMAN kisses her hand and
leaps down by the side of ZOZIMO.*

GAN.—[*leaping upon the platform and seizing LELITA round the waist*]

Then by the shrieks of Tartarus she is mine !
 All, all are rascals save Gangogo—me ;
 I only honest. Come, you are mine indeed,
 And with this panting furnace-kiss I seal you.

LEL.—Help, help ! he breathes upon me ; help !

GAN.—Not all the packed hosts of hell can save,
 Nor all your starry tears remit you. Off !
 Approach me not or by the shudders of death
 I am a widower in a moment—Off !

He draws his dagger and threatens LELITA, while all press round the platform raging. ZOZIMO springs upon it, draws his sword, flings it away and approaches GANGOGO unarmed.

Zoz.—You are the vilest creature I have seen.
 My word, I am confounded that the poet, nature,
 Could have conceived, achieved, and made two persons
 Apart so much as you from me, or that
 One mould of God should form these limbs before you
 And all the intolerable baseness of your own.

GAN.—If you will stare at me I'll kill you—yah—
 I'll stab you.

Zoz.— You dare not, for you fear me.

GANGOGO stabs at ZOZIMO, who after a struggle disarms him and presses him upon the ground. He is seized and bound. LELITA faints.

COUNT.—Hang him from the battlement ! What !
 what ! little Lola, little daughter ! there, the red comes
 back. Hang him from the battlement.

LEL.—Where is he ?

COUNT.—There ; he shall hang for it.

GAN.—Why should I hang ? I have but defended my own.

Exeunt ZOZIMO and AZRIMAN secretly.

LEL.—Let him not hang, father : evil in him is a
 madness.

COUNT.—Well, well ; flog him then soundly till he
 roars.

GAN.—Why should I be flogged that have but defended
 my own ? [*Exit guarded.*]

COUNT.—I declare the trial to be without issue and
 my daughter to be free. My lords, this is but dull work.
 Where is the noble lord, my daughter's saviour ?

BRAN.—I saw him go, sir, secretly.

COUNT.—Come, sirs, within I have a little small
 banquet ready, but I fear we shall eat it with heavy

hearts. Let us be cheerly; tut, tut. Follow me all, I pray you.

Exeunt all, without music. The stage is left empty. The evening deepens and the stars and the crescent moon appear.

Enter ZOZIMO and AZRIMAN.

Zoz.—I observe no end in this. I have seen the lady I love hurt, slighted and wronged—have wronged her myself—and yet have achieved nothing. I have thrown away my chance, like a beggar his last crown, and have gained nothing by my renunciation.

Az.—Did you not wish for revenge?

Zoz.—No.

Az.—But you have done two things grateful to women—you have piqued her and saved her in danger. You shall earn her love now. Is that nothing—ha?

Zoz.—Nothing to my honour, for I do not think it honourable to trick the love of women. It is a thing that most dishonours her whom most we love. I have offended my own virtue and her sanctity.

Az.—I am your servant, my lord.

Zoz.—Good Zozimo—hist! she comes!

Az.—Now is your hour; I leave you.

[*Exit*

ZOZIMO retires. Enter LELITA running.

LEL.—The tension of the moment cracks the string:

I am not possible to life: this ends me:

Our proper pride being dead we are carrion—oh!

Oh jesting Heaven that this should be myself,

This slighted thing, Lelita, who the morning

Was lady of all hearts and queen of smiles.

Here in my throne of roses crack, oh heart:

Turn all your fragrance into poison, roses,

And suffocate me, or scorpion of steel

Bite me to death here where my honour died.

She draws a little dagger.

Zoz.—[*Coming forward and suddenly taking away the dagger*]

Scorpion of steel, away.

LEL.—

Help!

Zoz.—

I am it.

Sweet soul, sweet maid, bright planet of my life,

Give me your hand and hear me swear on it,

I never played more truant from my happiness

Than when I, fool, disclaimed myself your suitor—

Your slave, your suitor, your dog, your shadow.

Disclaimed myself, fool, and proclaimed myself one—

I, who to touch the tender of your hand

Would die for it.

LEL.—

Sir, I thought you scorned me.

Zoz.— No!

Forgive, forgive! Think you that I would win you
And like some tennis prize or racer's guerdon
Deserve you in the common stare of all?

LEL.—It is there I have offended to my scorn.

Zoz.—Think no more of it; I will bate your tears.

LEL.—You have not seen me, sir, above an hour.

Zoz.—When you not known me nigh, I have adored you.

Sweet soul, sweet maid, bright planet of my life,

Take, take these kisses and my soul with them.

Here on these delicate fingers let my lips,

Bring fiery roses, emblems of my love.

Your hand, your arm, I will devour you all.

Come enter me, my love, and be my heart;

Sit in my spirit like a star and see

The passionate utterance of my inmost thought.

Your hand, your arm! touch here my heart and feel.

The angry commerce of my riotous blood,

Sweet soul, sweet maid, sweet planet of my life;

My soul, my maid, dear passion of my life.

LEL.—You have no right to use me thus, sir.

Zoz.— Then

Bury me with roses at your knees and so

Let me die: hide me in bashful flowers and so

Let me die: tell me you love me not and so

Let me die: or touch my hand with yours sweet love

And bid me live. This makes me yours for ever,

Though I am mortal I am yours for ever,

Though I grow old still I am yours for ever,

Though I do die to-morrow I'll be yours

Still, still for ever.

LEL.— Are you so passionate?

Enter COUNT with servants bearing torches.

COUNT.—Ho daughter! Lelita! little Lola! where are you? Shout knaves. Come back to your poor father my lapwing, my peewit, my poppit. Oh, oh, where is my daughter? Oh, oh, she is dead, she is drowned! Search the pond rascals, run, run. Lelita, naughty pussy, come back.

LEL.—Give me my hand, sir.

Zoz.—I will keep it for ever.

COUNT.—What, what! how?

Zoz.—I have found your daughter for you, sir.

COUNT.—I think so. You play off and on strangely, sir, [aside] Well, since the Prince has gone away in a huff—[aloud] what is that you have in your hand, sir?

Zoz.—Your daughter's, sir.

COUNT.—When you leave it, sir, we shall go in to supper.

Zoz.—I shall not leave it till I stamp it mine,
Thus. Purer than this diamond is my love,
Too bright for it to emblem.

He puts a ring on LELITA'S finger.

Let it then, sir,
Stand for my wealth. Myself am as you see me;
And for my worth I hope you will discover it.
I am your daughter's suitor.

COUNT.— And my daughter,
She has no word?

LEL.— I have not seen him yet.

COUNT.—Nor will you see him by keeping your nose
in my beard.

Come, we will go in and talk of this. I pray you, sir,
to follow us after, and if I find you as you appear and
report yourself, I may not be so furious against you.
Until then I must frown upon you.

Exeunt. Enter AZRIMAN.

Az.—Thus is the first half of my labour done,
And that's well proved that was so well begun.
But one more moon is changed, one trouble passed,
And Azriman has happiness at last. [Exit.

ACT III.—GANGOGO.

SCENE I.—*A dark gorge in the mountains. Moonlight and mist.*

ASTRELLA *sleeping on a bank of flowers. Enter above*
AZRIMAN *robed in white and his face hidden.*

AZ.—Maiden, dost thou sleep?

AST.—I sleep.

AZ.—Sleepest thou deeply?

AST.—Deeply

AZ.—Do these barren mountains suffice thee?

AST.—Suffice me.

AZ.—Desirest thou not love?

AST.—Not love.

AZ.—Dreamest thou not of men?

AST.—Not of men.

AZ.—In old times, it is written, the angels of God communed with the daughters of men. Thou who art worthy of the love of spirits, tell me, hast thou not dreamed of it. Whose voice hearest thou amid the solitude of the mountains?

AST.—Of the mountains.

AZ.—Thrice have I visited thee already; behold me; I would that thou love me. I, I, I, only, am worthy of thee: thou, thou, thou, only, worthy of me. Behold I have done the work thou laidst upon me. Tell me, thinkest thou me man, angel or devil?

AST.—Evil.

AZ.—To-morrow thou shalt find me man and good.

Oh sister and lover of mountains hear! oh thou

Whose footsteps are upon the unflecked snow,

Oh winged and wingless eagle hear, oh hear

The tumultuous incantation of my love.

Wilt thou for ever gaze upon the stars,

That climb the dreadful peaks of utter snow,

Or mark the unmisted motionless glaciers move,

Or stand before the portals of the dawn,

Co-watcher with the eagles for ever? Come;

For all the planets there are full of cold

And ice. Come link thyself with me and waste

No more thy solitary sighs upon the hills

And hollow unreverberating gulfs of air:

But know me, drink the heart-full of my love,
 And we will walk together those ridgy crests
 That crimson at the coming east or take
 The phantom splendours of the new-born moon.

He vanishes. The scene changes.

SCENE II.—The great hall of the Count's castle, suits of armour arranged against the pillars.

BRAN lounging on a bench, and TRULLO.

BRAN.—How do you know it?

TRUL.—By dissection. I am a sage, thrice human-brained, and he my spider, which with a needle I prick to ken his fulsome uses; every bristling hair I know of him; every blotch and fang of his he bites or disgusts with. Pah! he pants, he swells, he glares with love—he smells of it.

BRAN.—Pish!

TRUL.—He is like some monstrous amorous toad; and to make the matter more hideous he thinks himself to have become virtuous, and all day long reads strange papers.

BRAN.—Away, you are as full of scandal as a woman.

TRUL.—But hear me, Anak.

BRAN.—Let me sleep, a God's name! By my head, I am sick of this lolling life.

BRAN turns over as if to sleep. Enter GANGOGO, reading.

TRUL.—Cock-a-doodle-do! Gangogo in a study!

GAN.—Ha!

TRUL.—What do you read, Gangogo? love verses?

GAN.—Soh!

TRUL.—Come, Gangogo, you have been writing love verses, you have become a poet.

GAN.—And you a fool.

TRUL.—I admit it. There was never wise man yet but has been called fool, nor fool that has been considered wise. Since then I admit my folly, you must admit your weakness. Show me the dear distiches. Come, old friend, you are in love and in danger of making an ass of yourself.

GAN.—It is better to make an ass of oneself than be made an ass by nature. Zod! nature has gifted you beyond improvement in that respect.

BRAN.—Ho, ho.

TRUL.—Ha, ha! I see then your whipping has made you melancholy.

GAN.—Foh! I felt the lashes no more than an elephant flea bites, I tell you. Peace! why do you madden me. I wish well by you—peace! [*reads*]

BRAN.—He is doubtless in love.

TRUL.—He is most constrainedly.

BRAN.—He will certainly dress himself in a new hat now.

TRUL.—Hush, between ourselves he has a fine figure for a cock-hat. He will go in colours too and wear a flower; but were he listening I should forthwith advise him to scent himself—eh? and freely—hush, he hears us.

BRAN.—Do you think that a woman would love him more for being scented?

TRUL.—Doubtless—if it were a strong scent.

GAN.—You miry muck-worms, I will have no more to do with you. Peace! you muddy moil of maggots, I am retired from you. There is no virtue in you. You are fulsome, gluttonous and irreligious as buck-hogs. A man is damned by merely speaking to you. I will mix with you no more. Hear me. When is it since you have prayed, when is it since you have sung anthems? Bod, hang you!

TRUL.—Heaven help us.

GAN.—There is more virtue in this little paper than in the sacrest seat of your souls. I am reformed—rasp, you! I hate you more than a snake his discarded pelt. I loath you, I disemboque you.

TRUL.—Good Gangogo, you are touched sure. Let us see the paper, are you mad?

GAN.—Your foul fingers shall not come upon it. I have found salvation in it. You not believe me? ha—what is this then?

He shows a large diamond.

TRUL.—A diamond!

GAN.—Aye, look and laugh now. I will have no more to do with you. Think of me as of one who is become virtuous. For your vices I hate you; and I spue you out of my heart, both of you.

TRUL.—Explain—

GAN.—Hang you.

TRUL.—But, Gangogo—

GAN.—The twisting grip-rot seize you. [Exit.

TRUL.—Love, that makes the angels sing, causes spiders to trail venom; and, it seems, virtue in power over various creatures has effect in their several natures. Thus Gangogo, in love and virtuous, is more beastly than heretofore.

BRAN.—He has at least set me awake with laughing.

Enter GANGOGO.

GAN.—I will explain thus much to you.

TRUL.—Bravo, old friend.

GAN.—Friend! frypan. I will explain thus much to you since in virtue there is charity. Stand apart—distantly for I am virtuous—and I will speak to you.

BRAN.—Well?

GAN.—For these many mornings I have discovered gifts in my chamber, of more or less use and value: and appended, papers written upon wisely and lovingly to myself.

BRAN.—Gifts!

TRUL.—Papers!

GAN.—Most notable ones that have converted me, Gangogo, to the faction of saints—hell! do you laugh?

TRUL.—On the contrary, dear friend, we are happy in you.

GAN.—This morning I found this diamond, and, what I love more, these maxims.

TRUL.—This morning—ah!

GAN.—[*reading*] ‘The virtues I have seen in you

‘Should win you love and honour too,

‘If you gave love and honour more

‘To those you should have feeling for;

‘For worth is but a lumpish stone

‘Ere virtue put it to the hone,

‘And without form, refraction, fit

‘Till love, the cutter, faces it.

‘Why should not yours through charity

‘Then like at last this diamond be?’

Why not indeed, you eyes of evil, heirs of hell, you navels of iniquity? I will hate you like sin for sin has made you stone-eyed as sphynxes or you would see it. That I have great virtues is unquestionable, but I have marred them in your company. I will therefore get me charity, and avoid you as I would avoid the vomit of surfeited vultures.

TRUL.—Some angel loves Gangogo, and is training him for heaven.

GAN.—Amend! amend! be virtuous! give over this gluttonous tooth-picking, chin-chucking life of yours; virtue is its own reward, as I have found. Think upon your death beds and amend, you mountains of infamy. What then shall avail you but virtue? There are tears of angels shed upon virtuous death beds. Go, haunt churches, pray in aisles, listen to anthems and think of angels, you rats of hell. I scorn you—pah! [*going*].

TRUL.—Gangogo.

GAN.—You are damned, you are lost.

TRUL.—Can you think who it is put these things in your chamber?

GAN.—Pish, I know.

BRAN.—By my beard, he thinks it is some angel.

TRUL.—Some human angel.

BRAN.—Some spirit amorous of him.

TRUL.—A certain she—Gangogo, come?

GAN.—Fod, shall I tell you my secret thoughts?

TRUL.—Now by my own wisdom and your ass-head, none but the Count Azriman. This very morning, man, I met him stealing from your chamber. Ha, ha, he is playing some jest upon you: he has given you these things to make an ass of you: he is playing a jest on you.

GAN.—Hey?

TRUL.—Aye, that shall be your food. Ha, ha, poor Gangogo! Gangogo virtuous—oh criminy, ha, ha!

GAN.—A jest?

TRUL.—No, no, Gangogo; come, it was but a jest: why I have seen the jewel on his finger!

GAN.—A jest? this paper of virtue a jest! this diamond a jest! Is there no virtue? no one that loves me?

TRUL.—Yes, yes, Gangogo, ha, ha, ha!—we love you, man. Oh fortune! Gangogo virtuous! It is but right that the superb, the triumphant Azriman should play a jest on you, poor fellow. It shows gallantly in him, it sets him off as it sets off a gentleman to beat a lazy groom—what, has an ant stung you?

GAN.—No, no, no, no.

TRUL.—Do the lashes, then smart you?

BRAN.—Hist, he will work some mischief.

GAN.—There is blood upon my eyeballs—oh hell, hell, hell! you damned deuce of dunces mark me, for my day will come. [Exit]

BRAN.—I would rede you, master Trullo, beware of this same spider of yours you prick to know his fulsome uses. It may chance he will prick you.

TRUL.—You too worry him.

BRAN.—I! I watch you do it, and with some scorn of you.

TRUL.—You will always misjudge me—tush! But what think you, Anak, of this same Azriman? It is most sure that it is he who placed the jewels in Gangogo's chamber, for I observed him as he came out plugging his purse in his breast with some disconcertency.

BRAN.—Why should he do it?

TRUL.—I cannot grasp. He may have a plot, and his familiar, Zozimo, is a born little dragon. What do you think of the man now after this week's observation?

BRAN.—He is a fine fellow, courtly, kindly and figured like a prince. He is stronger than I.

TRUL.—Doubtless ; yet I have noted about him several common ways. Thus he loves too much to please continually, is too frequent in smiles, talks with grooms—

BRAN.—And is in fact more of a man than his to-be cousin Trullo.

TRUL.—You are offensive.

Enter the COUNT, sick and leaning on AZRIMAN.

COUNT.—Zozimo, Zozimo, you are a jewel.

AZ.—Yes, sir, I hope so, sir, I do my best, sir.

COUNT.—Ah this pain—here in my back. Rub it good Zozimo. Alas, I am getting old and so sick, Zozimo. I lie awake at night ; sometimes I doze and dream.

AZ.—Yes, sir : that sleep never refreshes, sir.

COUNT.—No, no, no, no. Last night I dreamed very strangely. Come round me, Bran and Trullo, my children, and listen to me. I dreamed that I lay upon a mountain racked like Prometheus with pains in the bones—hem ! in the bones.

AZ.—Yes, sir ; and an angel—

COUNT.—Right ! I vow you are very clever Zozimo. It was an angel, though seemingly only a maiden with a staff, that came and touched me, and I was well.

TRUL.—Where did she touch you, sir ?

COUNT.—On the head ;—on the head. Zozimo, she was like your beautiful sister. Oh, oh, this pain ! Zozimo you must bring your beautiful sister down to me here to heal me before the marriage of your magnificent master to my daughter.

TRUL.—[*aside*] This is mere shamming on the Count's part.

COUNT.—Will you, Zozimo ?

AZ.—Yes, sir, of course, sir.

COUNT.—When I was young I was very handsome, Zozimo.

Zoz.—All say that, sir.

COUNT.—Yes, yes, yes. I would walk about now in this great suit of armour belonging to old sir Geoffrey, my ancestor, who banged a giant to death with his bare fists in Palestine. I would walk about in it at night to frighten the girls, who loved me for it.

TRUL.—Loved you for what, sir ?

COUNT.—For the armour ;—for the armour. Ha, ha, ha, the jest ! how they laughed, Zozimo ! he, he, he ! they shrieked, the little wagtails, when I clanked the armour. Your master now, Zozimo, is very rich ?

AZ.—Rich, sir ?

COUNT.—Yes, yes, yes, I say rich : didn't I say rich ? how rich ?

Az.—In land, sir, or ships, sir, or jewels?

COUNT.—In land, come.

Az.—Well, sir—[*whispers*].

COUNT.—No? you say—? [*whispers*].

Az.—Oh lord, sir, that is nothing [*whispers*].

COUNT.—What? [*whispers*] Eh! you amaze me! dear, dear, and in jewels.

Az.—Diamonds, sir? well—[*whispers*].

COUNT.—Gad, gad, he is emperor! [*whispers*]. Come, if you crack on like that I will not believe you. He, he, he! why I shall get your master, Zozimo, to lend me—

Az.—Lend, sir!—my master only gives, sir.

COUNT.—I shall buy out old Baron Bumbausen, scutcheon and all, he, he! But your master's ancestry, Zozimo, his ancestry? alas, I fear it.

Az.—Alas, sir, but poor, sir [*whispers*].

COUNT.—Poor, sir! d'ye call that poor, sir? Why, damme, I am a hedge foundling then! What d'ye mean? why he has blood, man—are ye mad?—oh, oh, this pain! yow, wow! rub it Zozimo! oh! oh!

[*Enter a Servant.*]

SERV.—My lord, the lord Cardinal has returned.

COUNT.—The lord Cardinal? oh yes, the lord Cardinal. I am glad of it; glad of it—though he is somewhat solemn. I wonder now, Trullo, if he has caught the devil, ha, ha! Come, come, we must receive him.

Exeunt OMNES. Enter MORVA.

MOR.—The presage was within my soul like thunder,
For hell has worked upon us; but this rumour
Does clear my trouble like a purging wind
And now inspirits me. Grant my son be here,
Kind heaven, and unshadowed by that form,
Of hell or paradise I do not know,
That shadows me to shuddering and my daughter
To awful infamy.

Tumult without. Enter BRAN and TRULLO running.

TRUL.— Why, it is trash, man.

BRAN.—Gad, I believe it nevertheless.

TRUL.— Absurd!

The devil love a woman!

BRAN,— We shall miss her—

Quick, quick!

Exeunt BRAN and TRULLO. Tumult.

MOR.—What is this? my daughter? hark the roar,
The maddening crowd!

[*Exit*

*Enter the CARDINAL, in armour, from travelling; and
AZRIMAN.*

AZ.—'T was thus that in your absence I have helped you ;
The captain of your guard, you left behind you,
I taught to take the woman. I hope my lord
You do not think me officed in a job
In this sad matter.

CARD.— That will come to proof.

AZ.—Alas, sir, I must weep, sir, for the woman—
So young, sir, and so poor, sir,

CARD.— Fie, a witch !
You wrong yourself by weeping for a witch ;
And yet I praise your pity. What is your name ?

AZ.—Alas, sir, I am Zozimo, sir. Oh, sir,
I do this thing from pure, pure holiness,
For I was bred religiously by my mother,
And do abhor through all my shuddering soul
These dealings with the devil.

CARD.— I do believe you.
You are small but honest. There now, quell these tears,
And tell me how you found her.

AZ.— All my life
I have been on the mountains where I knew her.
Here is a paper setting forth the action
At every point, the list of witnesses,
And their conditions—all. Alas, have pity.

CARD.—Preach me not pity, for this pity is
A file that cracks the chains of punishment,
And lets all villains rampant through the world
To laugh at judgment. You will confront this woman ?

AZ.—Oh no, no, no ! alas, sir, let me hide, sir.
To see her misery would rack my soul.
Oh sir, I am a villain traitor to her.

CARD.—Not so ; you have done well, and I will spare you
This trial to your softness—go.

Exit AZRIMAN.

[*The CARDINAL reads the paper*] At last
I am confronted with my enemy !
And not in vain in nightly watch have seen
The evil god fall like a flaming star,
His callid arms still blazing hot from hell,
To rack the wretched race of innocent men
And propagate his poison : not in vain,
Climbing the herbless peaks of the lonely hills,
Have sent my challenge streaming on the storm
Against him.

He draws his sword and remains praying, standing.

Enter COUNT, BRAN, TRULLO, *a number of* PEASANTS, &c.,
and MORVA.

COUNT.—My lord, my lord, this is not possible. It is but a poor peasant girl.

BRAN.—Ho there, bring in the runyon. By my brains, I believe in it.

TRUL.—Pish, that not do I.

COUNT.—Tut, tut, alas, the devil! alas, poor wench! and one of my peasants.

1ST PEASANT.—Yerk her up t'a tree and let un hang there, and we lads 'ull watch up nights for old Prickle-tail.

2ND PEAS.—We'll tie him and parson tail and tail together, and turn 'em loose like two cats on the green, lads.

CROWD.—Ya, ha, ha, ha!

AN OLD WOMAN.—'T is ye men are the devils will not let a poor girl be.

CROWD.—Ya, ha!

COUNT.—My lord Cardinal, my lord Cardinal, you have evidence?

CARD.—Read, my lord. Bring in the woman.

The COUNT *and the* CARDINAL *seat themselves at a table.*

COUNT.—Tut, tut, is it possible! I am confounded! Why any of us might be the son of Satan at this rate—where's Gangogo?

Enter BRUNDE, *carrying her baby*, WITNESSES, GUARDS
and others.

Fie, fie, she is not beautiful.

BRAN—I thought the devil a gentleman.

TRUL.—Bah! she is a very coarse carrot.

CARD.—Are you the witnesses to this woman's crime?

1ST WITNESS.—We are my lord.

CARD.— Then look you answer straight,
And to the point.

COUNT.— Poof! fling the windows open.

Stand back, my woman. Why do you grip her so?

GUARD.—May it please your honour she is dangerous.

BRUNDE.—Give me some water.

TRUL.— Christo! what a lovely voice!

BRUN.—Give me some water and some food; I want it.

My milk is scant and my babe will die

If I can give no milk. There's dust in my mouth.

CARD.—Peace, you will get them. This, Count Reichenfels,

Is my full power and writ of justiciary right,

Given by his Holiness to judge these cases,

Even to the death.

COUNT.— With reverence I kiss it.

CARD.—I thank you. Answer me; What is your name?

COUNT.—What, is she deaf? Your name, your name,
good callot.

TRUL.—She is not deaf but obstinate.

GUARD.— Speak now, will you.

CARD.—What is your name?

COUNT.—[*half rising*] Shall I too be unanswered,
And in my house?—your name, uncivil Rahab.

CARD.—She is a mule. Let us proceed, my lord.

Listen, if you have hearing more than voice.

I here the Cardinal Raffael do accuse you

Of the most black and most unnatural sin,

Of passionate guilty commerce with the devil,

Whose very child, begot of you, you bear

To your damnation living, dead, and hereafter.

Deny me then and speak.

TRUL.— She is a stock.

CARD.—This is the list of witnesses, my lord,

Where you will read the roll of their conditions.

Jacob Grutt, stand forth.

1ST WITNESS.— Well, sir, I will.

CARD.— Speak then.

What know you of the crime you do allege?

1ST WIT.—I will, sir, excellently, and to the point, sir.
I am a poor tanner sir, by trade.—

CARD.—I already have your profession, sir.

1ST PEAS.—My breath is saved then. I have known
this woman, sir, boy and man, sir, twenty-five year.
She is child, sir, not to say daughter, of one old Noll,
who was hangman to his worshipful the Count. I shall
be exact, sir. Her mother was a gipsy, and she was
reared in the rearing of swine, sir; for her father had a
small cottage, and she fed them in the valley, your high-
ness. But she had nary good word for any of us, though
we harmed her not, forebye calling her Doll Chophead
or so. Yet she lived in great melancholy with her
swine when her father died, and in great desertion, my
lord. Thus it was that the devil came upon her in the
wilderness, and she begat this hell babe—

2ND WIT.—A blue fire breathed from 's mouth.

3RD WIT.—A's horns were that red—

CARD.—Silence! what know you of this demon?

1ST WIT.—Why, sir, we all know him, for we are of
her village. It is not now or then, sir, we have seen her
walking with a most monster, a huge dwarf and great
little man; sir; a devil, sir. He would walk so, sir,
hugging her waist, and looking up into her eyes with a
most hell-begotton leer. And when we would come upon

him in the forest by twilight, he would bound into the brushwood and so gone.

Enter GANGOGO. He remains standing in the doorway.

3RD WIT.—A's tail was pea-green.

CARD.—You all of you saw this creature with her?

ALL.—So help us God.

CARD.—Describe him more particularly.

3RD WIT.—A'd a burgeon girt sting to's tail.

2ND WIT.—Aye and toads and efts would come hopping along behind un, as if a were a Count or a Cardinal with a whole draw o'lunzies after un.

COUNT.—[*half rising*] Do you mean offence, boor?

CARD.—Speak you, Grutt.

1ST WIT.—I will, sir. He was short, humpy, hairy and black. His ears were like split ass's ears. His tongue was forked, and there glowed a red light in his mouth. His teeth was ravenous, jagged, and his tail pea-green, with a mortal sting to end of it, the which he would wear o'er his left shoulder as 't were a pike. His horns were red, and his nose like the snout of a ruddy hog.

COUNT.—Is it possible?

BRAN.—Mark the woman!

BRUN.—Let me go, let me go, he is there; I wish to go to him.

COUNT.—Why, it is Gangogo!

WITNESSES.—[*huddling together*] Heaven help us all!

BRUN.—My love, my love, do you not know me then?

Your Brunde? It is I, my rich, my brave,

My beautiful, my strong!—see I am Brunde.

GAN.—If you are Brunde then I know you not.

BRUN.—Oh look, look, look again—and see, our child!

My child, my beautiful, my bird, my babe!

And you have never seen it: will you look?

She slumbers.

GAN.— Who has played this jest upon me?

Away!

BRUN.— Do you not know me then, poor Brunde?

The hangman's daughter, whom, when they tormented,

You loved and saved, and frightened them away,

For you were beautiful and brave and terrible?

All laugh.

GAN.—Woman, I know you not.

BRUN.— Not me? not Brunde!

Alas then, I am changed, for I am ill,

And weary, poor; and have not now upon me

My flowered gown.

Alas! he knows me not:

It is because I am changed and sick and weary.

Please now I will return into my place.

COUNT.—Alas, poor creature.

GAN.— Hell, you wrong me trollop!

You put this on me to defend yourself;
That being human loved you are whole
Of that you are accused of. No devil I.
I am a man—no devil—ha! away!
Drab you your demon lover, I am none.
You dogs, am I your fiend?

WITNESSES.—[*huddling together*]. No, no, your lordship.

GAN.—'Tis well then. Am I horned, long eared and tailed

As you have given? If I be the thing
You have met this punk with, you are liars all,
And perjurers, and I'll have the law of you,
'Od rot you. Where's my tail? My tail, 'od rot you?

2ND WIT.—He has no tail, certes.

3RD WIT.— Nor neither ears.

1ST WIT.—We are convinced my lord; and you're not he.
We swear it.

GAN.— A fetid fewmet for your oath! [*Exit.*]

COUNT.—This is most likely that it is Gangogo.

CARD.—My lord, these men have sworn that it is not.

The woman is deceived by Satan. Speak,
Upon your soul's damnation tell the truth,
For if 'tis he you are liars and perjurers.

1ST WIT.—We swear 'tis not, sir,

CARD.— Then by this your oath
The woman is confounded. Speak, accused,
Guilty or not?

COUNT.— Speak, owlet, speak.

TRUL.— No ox,
No wooden ox, more mute. But why the question,
When in her very arms she carries with her
The evidence of her guilt or innocence—
Her child?

COUNT.—Well said, Gog's hand! woman, your child:
Let us see it.

BRUN.— No, my child is sick.

COUNT.— What of that?
Let us see it.

BRUN.— It has tender eyes that wince
Against the light.

COUNT.— Come, take away the cloth.
All rise and gather round BRUNDE.

BRUN.—You shall not see it. It is sick and weak.
I am its mother, and you shall not see it.
Oh, oh, oh! I will curse you—let me go—
You shall not see it, and I am its mother.
All look at the child.

TRUL.—Oh heaven, oh my God! look here!—a devil!
No infant, but a devil!

BRAN.— Mercy, on us!

COUNT.—Oh dear, oh dear, the very brat of hell!

CARD.—A most deformed and inhuman lump of devil!

He rises and draws his sword.

You wretched woman, whose inhuman heart
Has simmered in the very brent of hell
Unto such hellish progeny, stamping you
The dupe and dam of devils, I, even I,
Whose heart and lips no vision or word of love
Has passed, pure as the unglinted altar fire,
Pronounce upon you death and doom. Despair
Iniquitous; for upon those piercing hills,
Where all the rocks ache in the intense stars
And chill of night, and not the warmthless sun
Unbinds the fierce black terror of the frost,
You shall be chained, there to be frozen dead,
And dead not dead, but to be frozen still,
Even in the sculptured attitude of your death,
A monument to heaven, sign to hell,
And warning to mankind for ever. Arise,
The judgment's closed.

He sheaths his sword. All rise and speak together.

BRUNDE is removed.

COUNT.—Alas, alas! this is sad, but 'tis just. Now that
I come to think of it, all women naturally love the devil.
I have seen—there was my wife now—where's Gangogo?

ATTENDANT.—[*entering*] My lord, the dinner waits.

COUNT.—Fie, we have forgot our dinner. My lord,
the mutton's cold—tush, tush! Alas 'tis a sad day for
an old man. Yet they all love devils—ha, ha, the little
wagtails! The mutton's cold—lord Cardinal, I will tell
you—

Exeunt COUNT and CARDINAL.

BRAN.—'Tis nobly judged and spoken.

TRUL.—Pish! You do not believe it?

BRAN.—I do. But we all know you for an athiest.

TRUL.—Why it is plain as a pot of beer that none but
Gangogo is the devil.

BRAN.—Did not the witnesses forswear him?

TRUL.—Foh!—this Cardinal is mad—virtue-struck.
He is one of those that would commit more crimes in an
hour under the name and sanction of virtue than a
villain could execute in his life time.

BRAN.—By my beard, he is more like an armed arch-
angel than a man, and you are jealous of him. Do you
think I have less brains than you?

Enter ZOZIMO and LELITA followed by ZITELLA carrying a basket of fruit.

LEL.—Cousin Trullo, will you acquaint me why this stir is ?

TRUL.—When you have acquainted me with the cause of your going dinnerless, cousin.

LEL.—We do not ; for here are cakes and fruit for our dinner, which we go to eat under a tree. My lord here loves the skylark.

BRAN.—And I beef ; therefore farewell. *[Exit.]*

TRUL.—The matter is this, that there has been caught a woman who has had for lover a no-less-notable person than Satan himself. She has been judged for it.

ZOZ.—A woman ! where is she !

TRUL.—She is taken to prison—a beetle browed, brown village girl, with her child, which is a devil also.

LEL.—Fie ! you men only conceive these horrible imaginings. It is hard enough for women to love men, much more demons. I do not believe in it.

TRUL.—Nor I, my cousin.

LEL.—Tell me, the Cardinal is in the matter ? He is sublime but mad : and I shall begin to laugh at him.

ZOZ.—To what is the woman condemned ?

TRUL.—Death. *[Exit.]*

The peasants, soldiers, &c., have gradually been leaving the hall. MORVA, who has been listening, approaches. Enter GANGOGO behind.

MOR.—Madam, a word.

ZOZ.—*[aside]* My mother.

MOR.—I have heard that my son, Zozimo the dwarf, is here.

LEL.—He is within : but you are a cruel mother to him, I fear.

MOR.—I have been cruel. *[To LELITA, after looking earnestly at ZOZIMO]* Beware ! *[Exit.]*

LEL.—You are astounded, love. But do not mind her, she is a dreadful woman of these parts, a curser and a witch. Yet you should know her, for she is Zozimo's mother ?

ZOZ.—I know her.

LEL.—*[to Zitella]* Zitella, find me an apple from the basket— at the bottom. *[to Zozimo]* There is none there. You are my apple, my love, my sun, my star, my all-things ! *[kissing him]* Hush !

Exeunt ZOZIMO, LELITA, and ZITELLA.

GAN.—A jest, a jest—oh cruelest jest of all,
To almost make me angel for a jest !
I would have wept, been pitiful, virtuous,

Full of most holy tears, fasting, sad,
 Seeking remission on my bleeding knees,
 But that it is a jest. Away—I am mad.
 I will become the fellest botch of earth.
 Sooner find holiness in the blood-eyed hog
 Than in me virtue : for it will be said
 Not Satan's Satan but Gangogo. Oh !

Scatter me now this doggrel, diamond, all !
 Even as my virtue I will stamp you out !

He stamps with his heel on the diamond.

Cannot I crush you, diamond ? Thus perhaps
 Our virtue in us will not ever perish,
 But live tormenting us. Oh !

As for you

Count, paladin, mysterious Azriman,
 Even on the fiery-fringed banks of hell
 I will oppugn you. Hear, oh great Hereafter !

He goes to the window.

He holds her fingers ; if the maid were absent
 She would drag down his god-like head for kisses.
 They will go gather flowers. There are birds
 In meadows, but I hear them not—I am mad.
 My veins gush black with envy, for I hate
 To see this triumph of the skin—skin—skin.
 Is soul not lovely, is not spirit fair ?
 And yet the other loved me—what ! a clod ?
 A turnip ? and I fit for angels. Oh !
 Shall it be said, Gangogo loved a peasant ?

Hist ! the old woman, Zozimo's mother, again ! Why
 should she have warned my cousin Lelita against Azri-
 man ? Wonderful ! she would speak privily with Azriman :
 still more wonderful, he will leave even his love to
 humour her. They come hither. Ho, ho, I see things
 darkly like the coal-fire eyes of the kraken at the bottom
 of the sea. Invention aid me—revenge !

[*He gets into the armour of Sir GEOFFREY*] Revenge !

[*Within the armour*] Revenge !

Enter ZOZIMO and MORVA.

Zoz.—Well, I have followed you.

MOR.— Yes, because you fear me.

Where is my son ?

Zoz.— Your son is well.

MOR.— You trifle.

So would you speak if he were dead : they say

He's well who's dead.

He is not dead, but happy.

MOR.—And you have made him so ?

Zoz.— Kind heaven has,

MOR.—Give me your shifty eyes. Hark! in the inn
I saw you practice on him. Mistake me not;
I hold you by a string will strangle you
If you contend me, for you deal in hell.

Zoz.—No, no.

MOR.— I saw it, man. About you both
The flames burst forth: a horror in my heart
Whispered they are transformed— for so I dreamed
That you were he, he you; a dream so antic,
Where laughter like a madman in the tombs
Shrieks in the scent of horror— a glimpse, a gleam
Between the sudden fires. Speak! fiend or mortal?

Zoz.—[*aside*] Why not disclose it?

MOR.—[*approaching him*] With my daughter too
You juggle, and by some power you have of hell
Appear in dreams before her; and besides
I find strange money by me—speak! or this!

She seizes his arm and suddenly draws a dagger in his face.

Zoz.—Stay, mother!

MOR.— Mother?

Enter AZRIMAN.

Look, my very son!

A pause: MORVA swoons: her dagger falls to the ground.

Zoz.—Sweet mother! help, she falls? thus, thus; run Zozimo,
Some water—see she swoons.

Az.— Are you so mad
As to have told your mother?

MOR.—[*recovering*] I—see—heigho—
I do not swoon; it was a trick. Come, loose me;
I am myself—and something more, for now
I have discovered the dread bond between you.
I never swoon. Explain yourselves and speak—
My children.

She stands before the fallen dagger.

Az.— I, in the body of your son
Am here—your son. The action that I take
Is mine, whose end is good. Let that suffice you.
Control the scrutiny of your mind, nor break
To see within them the gifts the Gods do give you.
Conceive me virtuous; for, for this poor shape,
In pity to it, I did barter mine.
What I have done for you commends me to you,
And all I will do. [*Exit.*

MOR.— Stay! my daughter—gone.

Zoz.—You have guessed it.

MOR.— Yes.

Zoz.— How do you like me then?

MOR.—I scorn you. Oh poor fool! Would you were thus
For ever; but the price that you have paid,
I fear so, makes it hideous to me.

Zoz.— None.
It was a gift.

MOR.— Yes, like a corporal's shilling.
Oh base, the barter of your soul for this?
A fair soul sold for a fair body! speak!
Or are you baser, and, to your sister's shame,
Sealed a black bargain with the devil? speak!
If this be so, then I, even I, will break you.
Are you so mad to think this man, who aids you,
And who has touched your sister—for you have
The very body that he wooed her in—
Has not some secreter centre to his web
Than mere compassion?

Zoz.— That he loves my sister
I know, and for that love has aided me,
I know; but in this thing I think him nobler.
The glorious body that he had he gave me,
And took upon him my infirmities,
That all the world might say, here is a soul
Fit for my sister. Thus I love him for it
And for himself. For I that was poor Zozimo,
Am now become this happy Azriman,
And what I owe, I owe him all.

MOR.— Be silent!
Tell it not to your own dreams! for such a thing
The earless air would be ensensed to hear,
And voice itself to utter. Hark! a sound!—
What madness was it made you tell it me?
If this be known, you perish, and your love.
These monstrous armours hanging here will hear you.

LELITA.—[*without*] Count Azriman.

Zoz.— I come. Be not afraid,
I have a motion in me that I feel
Will win through all the world in battle—look!

MOR.—For this, hell's nothing!

LELITA.—[*entering*]. I wonder much,
Dame, that you keep my lord so long.

Zoz.— Your pardon,
We spoke of Zozimo. I will guard him sure,
Good dame; farewell.

Exeunt ZOZIMO and LELITA.

MOR.— Farewell. He will forget me
In his new-founded fortune. Soh! come hither
Again my dagger, I may need you yet.
I see here mighty shadows black as storm

Whose ridges sweep the ridges of the sea ;
 So do they sweep my spirit. I must think,
 I must revolve this. Ever thus we mothers
 Do feel our children slip away from us,
 The sweet and innocent babes we dandled once
 Slip from us into the vast world, and we
 Alone for ever. Is't a crime, a sin ?
 Some dreadful, secret practice born of hell ?
 I will be watchful : oh, for you, my son,
 I will be watchful. Sweet be happy, son
 Be happy.

[*Exit.*

GANGOGO *leaps out of the armour.*

GAN.—By the best breeches of Elijah the prophet, I have here hit on a most wonderful villainy. This Azriman is no other than that pea, Zozimo, transformed ! Zod, bod, and doddikins, I will skelp them all round. I have missed not a word. Now for love, power, and vengeance. Now for many things.

[*Exit, leaping over the tables.*

Enter the COUNT, the CARDINAL, BRAN, TRULLO and others, from dinner.

COUNT.—My lord Cardinal, sir, none of your green-sick wines for me ; none of your swash, your chip-tongue mixture, your Italian gripe-juice. Give me beer, aye, German beer, strong and stinging, that makes men broad-bodied and bearded to the waist. Ha ! hear this ring now in my chest. Was that got out of a little, thin, peevish wine now ? Beer, my lord, beer. Come, I will go with you to the top of this mountain, and we will hang the jade there together out of hand. I will not need catch-ropes, I lay you, damme. Cannot a man of forty climb a hill yet ? We will catch the devil, sir, I lay you, 'od scotch him—where's Gangogo ?

Enter GANGOGO.

GAN.—Yah ! Can ye never name the devil without calling on me ?

COUNT.—What, what, what, Gangogo ; that is well. Come now Gangogo, a jest now. Let us be witty. You are a hunch-back now.

GAN.—[*To the Cardinal*] My lord.

COUNT.—He has no answer. Call him a hunch-back now, nephew.

TRUL.—Gangogo, you are a hunch-back.

GAN.—My lord, a word with you.

COUNT.—Dear, dear, he has no answer, he will not be jested with. Trullo, Gangogo is silent. Come, we will go into the garden, and you shall play the flute to me. The world wags old—it is an old world. Young men

are not what they were. If I had been called a hunchback when I was young, I would ha' shot out a lightning jest that would have bred such a thunder of laughter—I promise you. Ha, ha!

Exeunt COUNT, BRAN, TRULLO *and others.*

CARD.—It is something incredible.

GAN.—It is something certain.

CARD.—The lady Lelita then will be—this Zozimo is the brother of—she who saved my lord's life—

GAN.—Astrella, whom you have seen.

CARD.—'Tis monstrous, reasonless. The miracle

Is only miracle when the cause of it

Lies sweetly in a just remission of nature;

But otherwise, causeless, formless—fie, 'tis hocus!

The very things you utter are deformed.

GAN.—My lord, I love you.

CARD.— Me?

GAN.— For that you are

My opposite. Therefore hear me. This Astrella

Comes in the stretch and measure of your office

By what I tell you. The fiend, her paramour,

To show his love has thus tranformed her brother.

The matter's plain.

CARD.— 'Tis possible.

GAN.— Now you gather it.

CARD.—I'll move no more in it.

GAN.— Then you are dishonest.

CARD.—That which I am, or good or bad, Heaven knows,

But 'twill not stand your telling,

GAN.— Let it sit then.

Even Heaven I dare reprove: I say you are

Dishonest. Oh most masculine vicar of God,

Strong to the peasant, feeble to the lord!

CARD.—Death! give me proof. If you said *trees are green*

I'd know them scarlet.

GAN.— You are wise in that.

Look, heaven made you beautiful, noble, rich,

And suited you to virtue; me, deformed,

Illegitimate, poor and suited me to vice.

Virtue would unbecome me, as vice you.

Our best is only that that we are built for;

And to the tiger, whom heaven has ordered fangs,

To gnash the innocent blood of lambs, no evil

More than to them is gambolling in the glebe.

If God had made me lovely, I'd not been

Of Satan's faction.

CARD.— Yet you think to move me

Upon your word. You must be fool as well.

GAN.—Ah! there we mingle. No, I have not thought so.
 I will provide you proof : but mark me now,
 If on receipt of them you fail to act
 As you have acted in the peasant's matter,
 I'll kill you.

CARD.— You miserable worm ; you are mad.

GAN.—Aye, so : and therefore your master.

Exit the CARDINAL. Enter BRAN and TRULLO.

What boys, what lads, jolly boys! did I revile you?
 Was I virtuous, you cockatrices of infamy, was I holy?
 I am recovered, I am sane, I am a thousand times worse
 than before. Shall we drink, boys, shall we drink?

BRAN.—Why, this is Gangogo again. Hey, lad, I love
 you ; you are a good fellow, by my boots. You are like
 what you were when we fought together in the great
 war—a tempest of battle, strong and humorous. There,
 there, never fret about the hump, boy. There's many
 of us has as great a hump in his head as you on your
 back, lad.

GAN.—Fret! a frog for fretting! I shall do nothing
 now but disembowel beer barrels, and roar you outsongs
 like Jupiter drunk on Olympus.

TRUL.—Bravo, bravo ; with you, my boy!

BRAN.—My lad, be more humorous. It is the virtue
 of opposites. Laugh at t'other side of things, and you will
 find no black under the pot. It is humour that teaches
 us this, that when we starve others are full ; when we
 rage, others laugh ; when we burn, others freeze. With-
 out humour the most virtuous undertakings will run
 too deeply and fiercely, like great rivers not broad and
 navigable ; for, without it, all things are of one side,
 and we too angry and pragmatic for health. This is
 my sermon to you, lad. Let us live with humour,
 and so in a sweet balance of wisdom. There were
 once a philosopher, a poet and a prophet without
 humour—but enough of that. Here's a pat on your
 back to make you cough yourself into a laughter, friend.
 Come, let us drink in the kitchen, and we will have
 some of your monstrous tales—eh, lad, eh!

TRUL.—Gangogo is himself again.

GAN.—Hurrah! away lads!

*Exeunt, dancing out, arm in arm. Re-enter GANGOGO, as
 if for his cap.*

GAN.—This is my day. I shall by this day's work
 command the Cardinal, destroy Azriman, persecute my
 sister Lelita, force my illegitimate father, the Count,
 to confess me, and revenge myself upon that midge

Zozimo. He shall no longer sting in my ear. I thank heaven.

THE VOICE OF AZRIMAN.—Gangogo!

GAN.—Hullo!

AZ.—Gangogo.

GAN.—What?

AZ.—Gangogo.

GAN.—Where the devil are you? Bod, it is strange, whence came that voice? Were I a prophet I should liken it to the Lord calling Samuel.

*The vizor of Sir Geoffrey's armour opens, showing
AZRIMAN within.*

AZ.—Clever man, Gangogo.

GAN.—Mercy! I am bewitched!

Exit running. The vizor closes.

SCENE III.—*A mountain path. Early morning.*

Enter, descending, a CHAMOIS HUNTER playing on a rebeck.

HUNTER.—Thus do I pipe good morning to the hills,
Which the amorous sun unveiling from their cloud
Kisses to blushing. Wake, you virgin hills,
And you still oderous pines that drowse again
After the dawn, and you rain-filled flowers.
Here we are eagles, not men, and live in air,
Plunging our sight into the sea of plain,
But bathing still our body in the wind.

Enter, ascending, the CARDINAL and GANGOGO.

CARD.—Halt, friend, a word with you.

HUNT.— Give me no words,
But songs this morning.

CARD. Sing to your own hills,
Where leisure, like the shepherd, sits at ease;
But we are of the plains and have affairs.
A word.

HUNT.— If you have breath.

CARD.— Give me I pray you
Knowledge of her in quest of whom we come,
Astrella, daughter of these shining alps;
Your friend, perhaps?

HUNT.— Sooner those shining alps
Shall stoop acquaintance with your murky plains,
Than she my friend: she is with us, but not of us.

CARD.—Your enemy then?

HUNT.— Not that at all, but one
Whom, if the warrant of belief would let us
And you should press us say it, we should say,
Immortal.

CARD.— What ! so high ?

HUNT.— In all of us
The cracks and crannies of us are filled up
With grains of death that wait the sprouting time :
But she, even like the mountains that she loves,
Harbours no seed but of the spirit of life,
And death grows sickly at her. I think you laugh, sir ?

GAN.—I do, and broadly ; for your tale is broad.

HUNT.—And my experience of her.—Yet 'tis strange
This god-like form is minted from a mould
So wry and wrested that it should produce
None but deformities—with your pardon, sir—
And has done so ; but as for her, sir, we
Who drink in taverns dare not look upon her.

GAN.—Why not ?

HUNT.— Gaze you upon her face and answer.
But maybe we, who track even to his bound
And last fell spring the chamois—lying out
All night upon the mighty backs of hills,
Left in the looming of the voiced stars,
And utterant winds—are somewhat visioned more
Than you of cities. Speak on that who wills it ;
She is above us. I have seen her standing
Pinnaced in the eye of dawn, a fire
Caught from the unrisen sun : I have beheld
Her bursting from the mist when that the moon
Throws mighty mountain shadows in the cloud :
I have seen her, unimmisted from the wrack,
Rush in the urge and battle of storm athwart,
The huntress of the hills. But now, farewell ;
I tire you.

CARD.— Stay, how is she huntress ?

HUNT.— Thus.
Her mother that is the old witch I have told you
And her distressed brother, one called Zozimo,
Being not apt to labour, she must toil,
And in the anguish of the tear-eyed hart
Discover their subsistence. Thus she comes
The noblest hunter of our company
That canvas all these hills, made thus by nature
And that pure need of dinner that so grossly
Oft forms us gods. In this she is but flesh,
That good goat's mutton and the goat's milk cheese
Has bred her : but in other superhuman.
She walks not but appears ; she does not climb,
But stands upon those eagle-dizzying peaks
Where man but clutches, shakes, and shrieks and falls.
The wind that shrivels us but reds her cheeks,

And in the utter fastnesses of ice,
Where dwell the bearded imps and trolls of the moun-
tain,

Her palace is. Farewell.

CARD.— Stay, tell it us :

What of the palace ?

HUNT.— No words that are sufficient.

Seven of us she once rescued there with fire,
Where she can sleep unhurt, in the intense chill
Of the aching and numb-lipped moon, hung round
By spiralets of dripless icicles,
That flash with sapphire, topaz, emerald,
Half-glintings of the diamond, all those tints
That night and moon, the gaze of thronging stars,
Give birth to : but when that the ruddier sun,
Refracted in the waters of his mist,
To all these bitter heights of cold-floats up,
His glorious eye sleep-lidded with a cloud,
No pomp, no pass, no gonfalons of pride,
No opening burst of sunrise can compare
Or cope with that crystalline blaze of fire,
Where shocks of colour shudder through the cave,
And in the eternal silence light is thunder.
Farewell, sirs.

CARD.— Stay once more ; where can we find her ?

HUNT.— See yonder jag that leaps from the mountain brow,
And from his shoulders shakes the drifted snow
Like a black chamois ? There she will be found
By those can find her ; for even now upon it
She has taken down a buck as broad as a bull—
She and two hunters. Speed you.

GAN.— Tell me, tell me,
Do none of you young raspers here adore her ?

HUNT.— Adore ? ha, ha ! *[Exit playing.]*

GAN.— You have done well, my lord,
To leave your guard behind you.

CAR.— But ill to come
At all.

GAN.— What, are you winded still with climbing ?

CARD.— I have more weight than you. Were I as light
As is your reputation, I could climb :
But it has been my madness to entrust you
Against a goddess.

GAN.— I gave you to suspect,
Not to condemn ; and to assay her soul,
I take it, you have mounted here with me.
The action's yours : for me I have my proofs,
And will gain more, which in the ripened time

I'll give you ; for believe it, Cardinal,
The reins of this not you, but I, must hold.
Till then work on if you list.

CARD.— It is for that,
And to unclew this clenched hand of yours,
And take this dangerous domination from you,
That I advance : so on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A rock among the mountains. Rain and sunshine.*

ASTRELLA, *drawing her arrow from a dead chamois, and, behind, two HUNTERS unstringing their bows.*

AST.—Soh ! sport like this does ban unblest dreams.
Afrif of night, not in such strenuous air
You clap your pinions, that cannot withstand
The virtuous heat of this surprising sun.
Soar mountains and roar cataracts, and break
Oh windy squadrons of the rainy air
Upon these bastions of snow ; I am
Your sister.

Look you, sirs, my arrow.

This,
Saevestris, with whose goring icy point
This loll-tongued fool lies bleeding : never more
Shall his broad nostril smoke on frosty peaks,
Or sniff the morning mosses. Soh ! ring home,
And with your bloody sister bate your wing,
My arrow.

1ST HUNTER.—Maiden, but that you prevented,
I too had stung him.

2ND HUNTER.— Aye, pricked him on the quarter ;
Some sting indeed—as foolish ; well, I know you.
Not you nor I could have unslot that bolt.
Look where the saddle slopes down yonder way ?
Aye, so : I saw the singer hiss along,
Leap from the bow and curve the camber there,
Till at the top, even on the ridge we stand on,
A slant wind taking it, it shot across,
And so in with a thud to the feather—thus,
Under the arm. Look, I am old at this,
But never a rush I saw to shudder here ;
Yet here's the wind.

AST.— 'Tis higher than the grass ;
I know it.

1ST HUNT.— Granted. But behold the eagles ;
Your hungry pensioners, maiden, gather round you.

AST.—[drawing her hunting knife]

Come crying spirits of the mountain air,
Whose poised hover points me to my game;
Take your reward now, eagles. See, they come;
For them the entrails.

Enter the CARDINAL and GANGOGO.

CARD.— I will be punctual in it,
Maiden, Astrella, you I think; with whom
Some words I crave.

AST.— These mountains have no ears,
Speak loudly, sir.

CARD.— But, for your friends—they have.
The HUNTERS retire.

So. I have business much imports with you,
So terrible that the bare suspicion of it
Would make me hold my breath among the stars,
Where no man is.

AST.— Before, sir, I have seen you—
And you, sir—when the time was bad,
Diseased with an infection which still taints you.
These terrible things of your world touch me not;
But if you bear me news of one I love,
My brother, though you scorn him, I will thank you.

GAN.— We admire him.

CARD.— Be not safe; for for yourself
You stand in a most poisonous air of scandal;
And as for him the opening hand of law
Gropes for him.

GAN.— See you, law's hand, which is wont
To chink his gold, thus, in his breech's pocket,
Creeps out to catch your brother.

CARD.— Peace!—I speak
With all due courtesy, for your lofty fame
Rings like a silver clarion in the air.
I come to save, not to indite; I come
To see you slay this viperish slander here
That walks beside me.

AST.— You waste your kindness then.
I am not pitiable of you—farewell.
To stab at imputation gives it life,
And slander's sting galls most when it is plucked at,
Besides, I do not trust you: for my brother,
Poor, weak, despised boy, so bright with hope,
Not knowing yet the full weight of the curse
Misjudging heaven has sent him, but like a child
That does assay his father's load (whose hand
In secret helps meanwhile the pressing pack),
Smiling at his own strength, you, in your scorn

Drove to despair, flight, death perhaps—and now,
 Even in the pampered insolence of your folly,
 Dare to appear before me with the lie
 Of some strange slander, and to face me out
 With the insult of your base protection. Give me
 My brother!

CARD.— Listen—

AST.— Not your womanish steel
 In want of absolution shall preserve you :
 Give me my brother, dog.

CARD.— I scorned him not.

AST.—No, but you clapped your hands when others did ;
 And, not preventing, aided : and you now,
 By this that you have said, know where he is—
 Unless your word of him be twinned in falseness
 With what you breathe of me. In you that stood
 The scornful batterer of a battered soul,
 Whose hands the very curs, that did run out
 To bark at him, would stay to lick, what credence—
 What credence can the world have ? Do we hold
 That man a hero who can murder flies
 For sport ? And is he capable of truth,
 Of honour—those high built-up goods of man—
 Who has not pity natural as the blood,
 Not pity that the very beasts do feel,
 Within him ? Yet you dare accost me with
 ‘You stand in a suspicion too base to breathe,’
 And with, ‘your brother is in peril of law,’
 All ending with the whine, ‘but I will save you’!
 Come, lie to me, cudgel your curt brains, speak out—
 What are you ?

CARD.— You wrong me : not for that I saw
 Your cramped brother jested and spoke no word,
 In which I was to blame though other-thoughted ;
 But for you smite me with the lie, and like
 A garrulous woman weigh your worthless kin
 More weighty than a virtuous world beside.
 There are things greater in the world than pity.
 I came to help you, but you push me back.
 Hear then your crime : you mix yourself with hell,
 And in the visions of the night conspire
 With incarnate darkness.

GAN.— Ho, ho, ho !

CARD.— Hear more.

On dreams there is no foot-hold, nor I enquire
 Here further : but rather I will wait the fact.
 If then the fact be found, beware ! For me,
 My office is to purify the world.

He descends the rock.

GAN.—Return ; you fly the proof ; you are dishonest.

Exit the CARDINAL.

GAN.—Bod, give me laughter, Patience, for these fools,
 Played well, my lord, and right into my hand.
 Queen, empress of the hills, divine Astrella !
 Girl, runyon, peasant ! fod, you think I fear you ?
 Loose your unpowerful frown, for I am he
 Who did the most your brother persecute,
 Who most insulted, hectored and reviled him,
 Who measured myself on him and was victorious,
 And lashed him mad.

AST.— What would you of me ?

GAN.— Your love,

Hear this : I hold your and your brother's life
 Even like a globe of glass between my hands,
 Which but to drop would be to shatter it.
 I could compel you to my love. I will not ;
 I am too noble.

AST.— If you know of my brother,
 And tell me, I will grant you noble.

GAN.— Hear this :

Your deformed brother that was Zozimo,
 Is now the perfect Azriman, superb
 And splendidest mortal pacing under heaven,
 And for his love has won the bright Lelita ;
 To this high fortune foisted by the magic
 Of one who in your brother's shoddied pelt
 Moves like his carcass vivified from hell :
 The action taken being for your love,
 For which in visions of the night he sued you
 In black enchantment.

AST.— Know you this ?

GAN.— Hear more,

This cockerel angel that came here with me,
 My tool, is missioned as he thinks from Heaven
 To doom to death all those who deal in hell ;
 And having wind of this your matter, both of you
 Stand at the very muzzle of primed fate
 I bear the spark for, I even I, Gangogo,
 The spark and touch of perfect proof.

AST.— My faith !

It would be charity to think you mad.

GAN.—I could compel you to my love. I will not,
 For I am noble—mark me this, not virtuous ;
 There is no villainy on earth I do not dare,
 And I could plunge in infamy like a lake
 To cool my burning spirit—this, no more—
 But I am noble, broad, magnanimous.

There is a nobleness in the utter bad
As in the utter virtue; and in me.

Therefore I will not threat you. Give me your love.

AST.—If you are what you paint yourself, my hate.

GAN.—Stand thus and stare into my fiery eyes
As I in yours. You will discover in me
Something that women love: for I am proud,
Exultant, fierce, all-overcoming, strong,
Healthy as ocean, strenuous as the sun,
Hot as the busy flame that dances in
The white heart of the furnace. My embrace
Would make the Egyptian jilt her Anthony,
And we together will breed warriors.
I hate the weakly women of the plains.
I burn for you; for in my dreams I have found you
To smoke with this same passion I do smoke with,
Being furious as the pent Pasiphæe
In love. Give me your love. Enact my dreams
That in the blessed secret of the night
Have undeformed me, and with tears of joy
Washed my forgotten pillow. We will go,
And in some shagged den of the mountain side
Consume our lips with kisses, like the light
And iterant flash when thunder and the sea
Mingle in action; and, like one who drinks,
Careless though death should smite him at the end
And ceasing of the mad delirious hour,
Burn through our lives in passion. All my blood
Is full of fire, that if you stab me now
The hole would vomit flames. Give me your love—
I will devour you—

AST.— Away!

GAN.— Not for your love!

Your love is nothing; mine will kindle it.

But I will have your body, for in this moment

Glow white the point and axle of eternity.

AST.—Unhand me.

1ST HUNT.— Ho there!

2ND HUNT.— Help!

AST.— Unholy cur

And vomit of sick nature, I am ill

At sight of you, my very soul is hot,

Aye, sitting in her seat serene, is hot

To smell such offal. Not for you my love,

Dung of the plains! Begone!

GAN.— Offal yourself.

Stink, stink—yah!—I will be revenged—look to it,

Look to your brother and yourself—look to it.

You shall be offal—pah ! look to it.

[*descending the rocks*] Revenge !

[*Exit.*]

The HUNTERS descend after him.

AST.—Blow wind, break sunshine, pelt you passionate rain,
And wipe this offal off me ! What baseness have I done,
That I should get the love of devils only ?

Enter AZRIMAN.

My brother, my very brother ! Oh my heart !
He is not dead ; his tender palms are warm ;
He is not dead.

Az.— Astrella.

AST.— No, not crushed,
Not shattered, fallen from some haughty rock,
Or idly jammed across the stubborn clog
That makes to roar the enravined foam.
My brother !

Az.— It is I.

AST.— Give me your hands
For kisses. See, I kneel to you, my brother,
Here at your feet, my blood, my soul, my best.
I called for you ; you were not, and I heard
Only the thunder rattling in the hills,
The eagle screaming o'er the stony pass.
I called for you ; you heard not, and I saw
Only the great white mountains look at me,
Only the wind-worn cataracts wavering plunge
To lightless pine-valleys : there I thought
Your body was.

Az.— I have returned.

AST.— Unfold
The mystery of your going ; of your return,
All the delight : or rather this not yet,
But let me warm my starved soul at you
A little space in silence, and my hands
In yours, my best, my brother, and my king !

Az.—Astrella !

AST.— Wait ! What is the fearful thing
Has made my inward spirit ache for you,
Which I have heard but even now of you ?
There was one here with me that told me so—
That you were changed by some—

Az.— Well then, speak on !

AST.—By some enchantment changed to something new,
And so had won the daughter of the count.
He said the—

Mercy ! let me look upon you.

What is it troubles you? Your face is changed;
Are you my brother?

Az.— That which he said is true.

When he that visited thee sued for thy love,
Thou saidest, 'Do thou a virtuous deed, and so
I may believe thee virtuous: for, oh spirit,
That comest from out the unquestionable winds,
How can I know thee good or evil?' Thus
Thou still entranced: and forthwith I gave—
I gave my noble body up to one
Thou most dost love, thy brother, and assumed
Deformity not my own—for thy sake. Go!
Descend, and see thy brother's joy; descend,
Astrella; find thy lover virtuous.

AZRIMAN *leaps down.* ASTRELLA *falls on her face.*

ACT IV.—AZRIMAN.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of the Count's Castle.*

Enter the COUNT and AZRIMAN.

Az.—I fear, my lord, she will not come.

My sister is too wayward, sir, and fierce.

I ask, 'But why?'—she answers, 'No, no, no.'

COUNT.—Why should she answer 'no,' boy?

Az.—

Well, my lord—

COUNT.—Well then?

Az.— Besides—

COUNT.— Speak, excellent Zozimo, speak.

Az.—Why then, my lord, you gentlemen are so gallant.

She has seen you, my lord, and so she fears to come.

Alas, sir! she is but a poor peasant girl.

COUNT.—Not at all, not at all; you there mistake me quite.

I am honourable, versed in such affairs, and take

No rank occasion from these admirations.

I am used to it, Zozimo; used, I say—ahem;

Let her not fear me, she shall be quite safe,

Although my poor wife has been dead so long.

Besides, I am sick.

Az.—

Well, sir, she will not come,

I fear: but I will press her. Meantime, my lord,

Gangogo loves her.

COUNT.—

Gangogo! Oh, the villain!

Gangogo loves her? What! he dares to—he?

Why he loves everyone! he's a bull—he's like—

I didn't say so?

Az.—

No, my lord.

COUNT.—

That's well.

Never listen when I speak, good Zozimo—hough!

Hough! hough!

Az—

I'll play a jest on him, my lord,

Will cure him of his amour.

COUNT.—

I grant you—do.

He is the son of an old servant of mine,

Zozimo—an old servant.

Az.—

Alas, my lord.

Sir, masters Bran and Trullo also love her.

COUNT.—No!

Az.— Each desires to pay his court to her,
 But, jealous of the other, each hinders each.
 COUNT.—Your sister is so lovely all must love her.
 Az.—Will your lordship wish to sit in the jasmine bower,
 The noon being hot, where I will play the flute?
 COUNT.—The flute? oh yes, the flute—it's perdy hot.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ZOZIMO and ZITELLA

Zoz.—These flowers, Zitella, to your mistress give,
 This pebble keep yourself. Tell her, I pray you,
 I won the blossoms from the bank we know,
 And that I love her. Tell her too, besides,
 My man has brought the carved jewels from Florence.
 ZIT.—Yes, sir, I will: I thank you, sir.

Zoz.— Oh!—wait.
 Tell her—tell her I love her.

ZIT.— That is told
 Already, sir.

Zoz.— Tell her I love her not then,
 That I may vow to her myself I do
 A thousand times. But one thing more pray tell her,
 That I must see her quickly: I cannot live
 Without her as long as a little silver fish
 Can pant upon a pond's edge and not die.
 So tell her.

Exit ZITELLA.

I wonder who has done this thing?
 Has put this in my chamber? [*reads*] 'Zozimo,
 'Your hour is near; come out of Azriman.
 'Signed, yours for life, Revenge.'

That is the third.

But you will find, my friend, who know so much,
 That I am Azriman indeed, no Zozimo;
 And harder to unyoke water from vitriol
 Than Azriman from Azriman.

Enter GANGOGO behind.

GAN.— Zozimo!

Zoz.—[*turning*] Well.

GAN.— What, you answer to another name, then?

Zoz.—Will you for ever peer and pry about me?

Must I destroy you utterly?

GAN.— No, not quite;
 I still would live.

Zoz.— You swim too far at sea, sir,
 Not to need a boat. [*Exit.*]

Enter AZRIMAN.

Az.— Was that my master went, sir?

GAN.—Yes, sir, it was. Come hither, little fellow,
Dear little Zozimo—what, you love me not?

Az.—Oh yes, indeed my lord, I love you.

GAN.— Come hither.
You fear me then?

Az.— Oh no, my lord, I do not.

GAN.—[*pulling his ear*] You do not fear me? What, how
then, how then,

Why do you squeak, then?

Az.— Oh, my lord, oh, oh!

It hurts me.

GAN.— Call me duke then.

Az.— Duke, oh duke!

GAN.—Stand there, and straight; and answer me as
straightly.

How got you into the armour, some days gone?

Az.—Please, sir, I crept, sir.

GAN.— ‘Sir’ again! you ant!

Az.—Sir, sir, duke, sir!

GAN.— Why crept you into it, shadow?

Az.—Because I saw my lord duke do it.

GAN.— What!

You dare! Come, come, you are not all such fool.

It was for the end of virtue I crept in it,

Because I did suspect you. I am honest.

Az.—So I have thought your grace.

GAN.— It is the crown

And height of virtue when that highest souls

Do stoop themselves the lowest for virtue’s sake.

Yet you have practised on me by your wizardry.

Az.—Wizardry, sir!

GAN.—[*drawing his sword*] Aye, squirming pole-cat—snake!

Down with you, down! Will you speak? will you cry?

See now

My sword’s point glaring in your eyes. Ha!—ha!

Az.—Sir, sir!

GAN.— Confess, you devil-fed midge, or die:

For which of your familiars that can dam

The hole that this makes? Wizard, or still worse,

Devil or devil’s master, sir, I know you.

One thrust, and this will let your hell-soul out:

And by the holy light of fair religion

My duty is to kill you.

Az.— Pray, sir, pray!

GAN.—Aye, pray. But that you cannot. Look, I know it.

You are not Zozimo but Azriman,

The lover devil of Astrella.

Az.— Mercy,

Great lord, great duke, soul-seeing emperor, mercy!

- Az.— Oh!
- GAN.— I mean, not yours ;
Your body's sister.
- Az.— No, no !
- GAN.— Why then you perish.
- Az.—But I do love her.
- GAN.— I'll give her to you then
When I am weary of her. See you to it
That I have speech of her to-morrow latest.
In this you must resign yourself for me.
- Az.—I will, your grace.
- GAN.— Further, I would that you
Upon the instant change me to a man
The handsomest under heaven, compared with whom
This Zozimo is a dustman.
- Az.— Oh, my lord !
I cannot, really ; no.
- GAN.— Why then, hum, ha !
- Az.—I will, I will, duke. Look, I'll give it you—
This bottle with the magic liquor in it.
- GAN.—This will transform me ?
- Az.— Think but what you wish,
Drink, and you are it.
- GAN.— It is not poison ?
- Az.— Poison !
My lord, I am your servant.
- GAN.— If I drink this
Then presto ! I am that I wish to be ?
- Az.—Doubtless.
- GAN.— Why then I have done with you ; begone.
Stay.
- Az.— Sir ; my lord.
- GAN.— In addition to all this
You will be general servant to me, and bring
Those things you told me of.
- Az.— I will.
- GAN.— Begone then—
Stay. Come you hither. [*kicks him*] Go !

Exit AZRIMAN.

Thus have I
Compelled this great compellor-king of devils.
To-morrow I shall drag ashore the net-full
Of struggling little fishes—oh ! ho, ho !
And then for this, my dancing wine of beauty !
I kiss my hand to you, Heaven : sweet Heaven, I thank
you.

He takes off his cap to Heaven. Exit.

SCENE II.—A wild place.

Enter MORVA and ZOZIMO.

Zoz.—What would you say to me, mother?

MOR.— Thoughts not words.

Zoz.—Words are the ships that bear commerce of thought.

How can you speak and not speak?

MOR.—[*gives him her dagger*] Thus.

Zoz.— How thus?

Am I to kill myself?

MOR.— Aye.

Zoz.— Why? for what?

MOR.—Fool! has this love so crammed your scannel brain

It crowds out comment? would you then return

To that poor self from which emancipate

You stand? To creep, to cringe, to whine, to yelp,

A pitiable and a very cur of shame,

Before each cur that snarls and swells above you?

You now whose form I glory but to think of,

My proper son and in his proper shape,

Like that, by heaven, your lovely father stood;

Would you return?

Zoz.— No mother.

MOR.— Tell me then,

If at a whim this man who gave you this

Should want his gift back, aye, his body, aye;

If at the very zenith of your love

He should require his body back? your marriage,

Mark me, your marriage—

Zoz.— Horror, mother, horror!

MOR.—If at the very moment of your marriage

He seized his body and transposed yours,

The dwarf, the hunchback, and on top of that

Assumed your love, your wife? what could you do?

Zoz.—How? take her from me?

MOR.— Aye, become her husband.

Kill him.

Zoz.— I would, I would, if he did so.

MOR.—Fool! kill yourself then now!

Zoz.— That would be worse.

MOR.—Oh child, your soul you cannot kill; be quick then,

Kill yourself. [*Exit.*]

Zoz.— My soul I cannot kill; be quick then

And kill myself—myself that is, my body?

That is to kill the body once was mine

And now's another's. Thus I'll give myself

More than he gave me, if to be thus ever

Be better than to be thus only now

- GAN.— Oh, oh!
She changed into a star and vanished.
- TRUL.— Pretty!—
Keep close! there is an armed tread I hear.
Enter the CARDINAL walking, armed, in his sleep.
It is the Cardinal.
- GAN.— Look you, he's asleep.
- TRUL.—His eyes are wide.
- GAN.— The moonlight smites his lips.
- CARD.—Lift up your golden head and look at me.
Not frozen dead yet?
- TRUL.— See, he speaks to some one.
- CARD.—There are things greater in the world than pity.
- GAN.—Think you the moon will wake him?
- TRUL.— Listen—no.
- CARD.—The air is icy on this utter peak,
And icy beads are threaded in your hair;
Why do you die not then, being frozen so?
- TRUL.—He is upon some mountain.
- GAN.— Death! I am with him.
- CARD.—Why do you die not? for the frozen hemp
Cuts in the white snow of your beautiful flesh;
And on your neck are necklaces of pearl
Won from the tingling, damp and frosty air.
- GAN.—Death!
- CARD.— Why are you not dead but beautiful—
So beautiful?
- GAN.— Hell!
- TRUL.— Peace! or you will wake him. Look,
There is a thunder working in his soul.
- CARD.—Come down from off that pitiless pinnacle,
Come down; you shall not die. Away, away!
I will release you—come.
God thunders on us,
Away! The crumbling mountains crack beneath us—
There is a lightning that will spit us dead—
Away!—for our lives—God sees us—
- GAN.—[*striking him on the chest*] Traitor!
- TRUL.— Fool!
Are you mad? Would you die? Quick, quick, this way.
Exeunt TRULLO and GANGOGO.
- CARD.—[*awaking*] Where am I?
Ha, was I not laid asleep? Who called me traitor?
It is the midnight, and all slumber here—
Who speaks about me? No one; no one speaks.
It is dead night, and I have walked in sleep.
The voice of Heaven called me, for my dreams
Have made me traitor to it. *[Exit]*

SCENE IV.—*A part of the Count's garden. A great overhanging rock, being the termination of a spur of the mountain, overlooks the scene from behind. Early morning.*

Enter ZOZIMO, in agitation.

Zoz.—The sun is black, oh God! the very dew
Is foul: these are not songs of jocund birds,
But shrill contentions that I hear. This morning
Shall bind me to her, yet my joy is gone.

My love, my soul, my bright Lelita, look,
I am not villain, but for love of you
Only I will do this.

I am a villain.

To take upon the show of this my body,
And yet not mine, her love, is quite to be
Imposter—imposter. I am that, all that.
Oh, oh!

Enter MORVA.

MOR.—Dishevelled finely for a bridegroom!
And at this heaven-eclipsing hour of morn!
You have not slept, I think.

Zoz.—I have not slept.

MOR.—I have. But tell me—you had time for thought
then—

Have you heard my words?

Zoz.—No, mother; the wind
devoured them.

MOR.—So shall your fate devour you then hereafter.

Zoz.—Oh that is nothing. Our fate is what we do.
For better all the stings of men, the rage
And most unguardable bolts of heaven, than here
The fever of our conscience and inner cavil;
The hell, not that we're in, but that is in us,
And the continual crying curse 'shame, shame,'
For ever.

MOR.—You teach me?

Zoz.—What you taught me once.

MOR.—I will not meddle with you more than: perish.

[*Exit.*

Zoz.—Before our marriage I will tell her all.

Enter AZRIMAN playing the flute.

Az.—You are not well, sir?

Zoz.—No.

Az.—Why, what is wrong then?

Zoz.—Come, I would have some certain words with you.
When I have entered now this door of marriage,
What will withhold you, friend, from entering me
In such like manner to my dispossession,

Wife, wealth and body ? thus I should be like
The warlike subaltern that has taken the city,
You like the fat, pacific general
Who takes the honours.

Az.— Sir, my lord, you wrong me.

Zoz.—You have been so good to me, so careful of me,
So cunning in my defence, that I should love you,
Even were not your virtue sealed to me
In perfect knowledge.

Az.— Sir—

Zoz.— I know you good ;
Wise, pitiful above the race of men—

Az.—Well, sir—

Zoz.— And still should love you though you had
Some deep design I cannot fathom yet.
But now my back will bear another's weight,
I must not stumble. Pray you answer squarely :
Is this a gift or loan, this carcase vile ?
Will you resume it ?

Az.— I have not dreamed of it.

Zoz.—But what assurance have I that you will not ?

Az.—This that I have no end in it. What I did
I did apart from you, except so far
As pity bent me. I never have deceived you
In that my object is my own and secret,
But still not evil—no, not evil—good.

Zoz.—I partly guess it, and I grant it good.
Yet my necessity makes me punctual now,
For let me tell you, even that toad Gangogo
Has wind of this thing.

Az.— He ! why, my dear lord,
He has a mind so twisted like himself,
So warped by passion from the end it looks at,
That all his villainy cannot hatch in him
Anything but wind-eggs. For his knowledge—that—
A fig !

Zoz.— You see me, Zozimo, that I am
Much anxious and distressed.

Az.— Why, good my lord,
Pray trust your servant, for in that we are
We are fixed, you Azriman, I Zozimo.
In this your error lay, to tell your mother :
A secret, like a vase, once cracked is broken.
But wipe away this doubt.

Zoz.— I shall : you give me
Once more delight in living.

Az.— That is well.
As for this same Gangogo, fear you not ;
Blench not whatever he does, for I will rout him,

And have a plot will plague him—yes, my lord ;
I will, my lord.

Enter LELITA and ZITELLA.

Zoz.— Look, where at last my love
Comes sailing in the sun. My Breath of Morning,
Good morning to you.

He kisses her hand.

LEL.— Heigho ! I am sad.
Zoz.— Why then the marriage bells shall make you merry.

LEL.— It is for that that I am sad, because
One hour will see my pleasant girlhood die,
And because I—well, I know not.

Zoz. Now by these hands,
These dimpled hands I hold, and this clear ring,
I am joyful.

LEL.— Yes.

Zoz.— And shall I tell you wherefore ?
Because the flowers are sweet, and so 's Lelita ;
Because the sun is kind, and so 's Lelita ;
Because the world is fair, and so 's Lelita,
And for I think all things on earth do love me,
And so a little too, Lelita.

Exeunt ZOZIMO and LELITA.

Az.— Good.
My little one, let us too play the lovers.
Because the world is round, and so 's Zitella ;
Because the grass is green, and so 's Zitella ;
Et-cetera.

ZIT.— I make love with a grass-hopper—what !
You are no higher than my elbow, no fatter
Than is a summer cricket, and no more
A man than a she-mouse is.

Az.— You do not love me.

ZIT.— Love !—well—

Az.— Yet I am clever too, Zitella.
Look at this forehead.

ZIT.— You are too clever for me.

Az.— I tell you merry tales in the kitchen.

ZIT.— Yes—

That leave a bad taste in the mouth.

Az.— Well, well :
Yet I am virtuous, good, kindly to all,
There is nothing bad about me ?

ZIT.— Nothing bad ?

Why look in the glass, man !

Az.— Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw ! you are mad.
[Exeunt.]

The while himself in silver-throned peace
 He dwells for ever without scorn. So you,
 My love, my husband. For before your eyes
 The rages of the world like lions couch,
 And in your wisdom's look folly is sick,
 And in your virtue, vice. To other men
 Nature has given the qualities of Heaven,
 Wisdom that is virtue; virtue that is pity;
 Pity that is love; love that is power and peace,
 Wealth and content: to others, beauty, riches,
 Great government. But to all, as envious
 Of her own charity, she added things
 That blacken through the mixture with their spite.
 In you she blended but those essences,
 Empured and her best, which like the muses
 Chiming their sacred symphonies by night
 Upon the windless and star-piercing points
 Of listening hills, shall fill you with the tune
 And music of perfection.

ASTRELLA, *holding her staff, bows her head on her hands.*

*Enter the COUNT, the CARDINAL, BRAN, TRULLO, AZRIMAN,
 LADIES and GENTLEMEN, etc., talking loudly.*

Exit ASTRELLA above.

COUNT.—No, no, no.

CARD.—It will my lord.

COUNT.—What! harm from a pot of ale in the morning!
 I have had two—two. Why, here they are! Oh the
 rabbits! the little coo-coo love-doves; coo, coo! We
 have found you—hey? Coo, coo, coo!

LEL.—And we are not ashamed of being found.

COUNT.—Ashamed! What? When will the bells ring?
 Ting, ting, ting; ting-a-ling, ting, ting! What? Coo, coo.

TRUL.—Come, now for this jest of Zozimo's.

AZ.—I will go and fetch him: but pray be silent all.
 [*Exit.*]

COUNT.—Oh yes, the jest. It is excellent, and will
 pass an hour till bell-time. Oh the bell-time, the tink-
 a-link bell-time!

ZOZ.—What is the jest, I pray you?

TRUL.—Why, your servant Zozimo has found that
 Gangogo loves his sister, one Astrella; and in revenge
 will play off a jest on him before this whole company.

BRAN.—Hist! he will hear us.

LEL.—I beg of you, father, that Gangogo be no more
 jested upon.

COUNT.—Hout! tout! he is my kept jester.

BRAN.—Mum all, be silent.

TRUL.—Quiet; hush, hush.

All are silent and seat themselves. Enter AZRIMAN, leading GANGOGO, blindfolded.

GAN.—'Ogs-head, why should I be blindfold ?

AZ.—Patience, my lord duke, patience.

GAN.—Gut you, I am not patient. Take off the rag.

AZ.—My sister is afraid that if you see her, your blood will be too strong for you.

GAN.—Is she not afraid of her own blood then ? [*aside*] I shall take it off when the time comes.

AZ.—Here she is, here she is. She would fly, poor thing, I lay. Oh lord, she changes colour like a sunrise.

GAN.—Bod, if you play tricks with me I will strangle you in your own inwards. Come, where is she ?

AZ.—Sister ! Astrella,—this is my lord duke, Gangogo. [*imitating* ASTRELLA] It is well, brother.

GAN.—It is ill, girl. I have not forgot the insult you put upon me.

AZ.—[*imitating* ASTRELLA] Oh, my lord, [*in his own voice*] Forgive her, my lord, for the poor girl trembles.

GAN.—I come hard at this forgiveness ; for when I most ardently pleaded the burning of my passion, you most inconsequently called me a vomit of nature and other terms that I am enraged for. Do you love me ?

AZ.—There, sit sweet sister, sit ; my lord will not always be so unkind.

GAN.—Does she weep or faint then ?

AZ.—[*imitating* ASTRELLA] Oh my lord, forgive me.

GAN.—Your brother in the flesh tells me that you have conceived a most furious love for me.

AZ.—[*imitating* ASTRELLA] Alas ! sir, he is false to me.

GAN.—But true to me. I will requite you ; but first give me your cheek to kiss.

AZ.—[*imitating* ASTRELLA] Oh my lord, you are so headstrong, I fear to.

GAN.—You need not fear me : I am noble [*he kisses AZRIMAN'S cheek*]. Fod, your cheek is as rough as a hog's haunch—who laughs ?

AZ.—No one, my lord.

GAN.—None had better.

I will forgive you then, but you must love me
More furiously than man was loved before,
And ravin like a tiger for my kisses,
As fiercely as the torrent loves the lake,
Fire wood, or the acute incontinent lightning
The hungry bosom of the passionate deep.
You must be male to me, and give me love,
Not take it, wreaking upon my passive breast
The fever of your worship. On my head

You shall place diadems of flowers, and gaze
 All day upon the beauty of my limbs,
 Or in my slumber fan from me the flies
 With doting ardency. Come, I would be loved,
 Be kissed, be coaxed, be dandled with, be chained
 By your white arms to your breast ; I would drink in
 The panting furnace of your breath, and be
 Your love, your dove, your anything ! Off with this now !
He tears the bandage from his eyes. All laugh loudly.

Exit AZRIMAN running.

TRUL.—My dear Gangogo, which of these ladies is it ?

GAN.—Where is she ?

TRUL.—Which is she, I mean, you choose
 To be ‘your love, your dove, your anything’ ?

GAN.—Ha !

TRUL.—And ‘ravin like a tiger for your kisses.’

A LADY.—Mercy upon us !

A GENTLEMAN.—Look, he foams !

A LADY.—Kind Heaven !

TRUL.—And ‘gaze upon the beauty of your limbs.’

Zoz.—Hist ! madden him not.

TRUL.—And ‘give you love, not take it.’

Zoz.—I pray you, sir, be silent. Somewhat enough
 Of this.

TRUL.—Enough, sir, is comparative. What
 May bate your hunger may but tonic ours.

Zoz.—By God, when I am full then all shall rise !

TRUL.—Bah ! I meant nothing.

GAN.—Noblemen and ladies.

There was once a man—

All laugh.

Look, I am calm ; I say—

All laugh.

I say that there was once a man—

TRUL.—Too-hoo !

That would be kissed and coaxed and cuddled with.

GAN.—Sweet cousin, there was once a man I knew

Who finding a piece of lightning lain asleep

One time within a late-storm-visited wood,

Straight put it in a bag to play with it

Some day at leisure. When he let it out

It capered thus.

He draws his dagger and dances strangely before them.

Suddenly, noble count,

It ceased and flashed the good man dead.

COUNT.—Away !

Go away ! you’re a bad fellow !

GAN.—Fear you not.

Old man, I will not kill you.

- BRAN.— Gad, he's deadly.
- GAN.— Think you, old man, that if you had an adder,
Coiled in your breeches pocket, you would jest with it?
- COUNT.— But you're not in my breeches pocket, Gangogo.
- GAN.— No, for I am about your heart.
- COUNT.— Oh, oh!
He's angry now; Gangogo is got angry.
- GAN.— Not so; I am merry, for I am your jester.
How often have you jested on me? Now
I think that I shall jest on you. Come, sir,
You are my father [*all are silent*].
Hey, you gap-mouthed fools,
Your grins are lank now. This I say is true.
He is my father—look the old doting ass.
Too long from my inheritance you keep me,
Gangogo and your son.
- COUNT.— Take him away,
Take him away; go 'way you wicked fellow.
- GAN.— Bod, choke your toothless babble and hear me
speak;
Think you it is your watery blood I wish
To be acknowledged mine? Sooner would I
Be fathered by some rank old goat that keeps
Ninnying on a rock. It is your gold,
Your silk, your velvet, your wine, your house, your
name.
And you have dared to clothe me in these rags—
A jester; made me sleep on chill and lofted pallets;
Morselled me like a dog at your feet, and burned
The flesh of my soul with taunts!
He tears his jester's clothes from his body.
- COUNT.— No, no, no, no!
He is the son of a servant—an old servant.
- GAN.— Yes, by her lord. When I was but a child,
And by the murk and miserable taper light,
Which like the guttering candle of her life,
Flickered to death on her last words, she told me—
And all was darkness. Bod! will you confess me,
Or will you be sonless?
- COUNT.— He is mad, mad, mad!
- GAN.— Wretched old man, be daughterless then also.
By me my mother's wrongs will smite you—perish,
You and your daughter!
- LEL.— Good, dear father, hear me;
If it be thus indeed that he is my brother,
Confess him so: be open, it will ease him.
- Zoz.— There are some things most worthy in Gangogo.
See, I will give him first a brother's hand.

GAN.—I will not take your hand—yah! I will kill you.
 You that put sermons in my room, I hate you.
 I have for you the hardest point of my vengeance.

Zoz.—Where have I wronged you?

GAN.— Ha! he cringes to me;
 It is because he fears me. [*all laugh*].

That laugh's your doom!

Now Cardinal.

CARD.— Now, sir. Let but a crack appear
 In all the jointed harness of your proof,
 And—death! Speak on.

COUNT.— What ails you, Cardinal?

CARD.—That which I hope will prove a passing twinge.
 Your servant here, my lord, infects me with it.
 Pray heaven he lies: I am confounded.

COUNT.— Yes,
 And pale.

GANGOGO, *drawing the paper from his breast, whispers to*
the CARDINAL.

The wedding bells begin to ring.

Enter ASTRELLA, on the rock above.

BRAN.— Here is black work for a marriage day.
 This hell-soul will bring forth some bitter poison.

TRUL.—Not he; he has not wit enough for evil;
 There is no devil in him, but all beast human.
 Like some sea-lion he can do nought but roar.

LEL.—Whatever the scandal be, lord Cardinal,
 I pray you quash it, if it touch my lord here.
 This is no time for slanders. Dear, my love,
 Your soul shrinks at this thing: give me your hand.

CARD.—My duty and your interest, madam, tally
 To face this matter. Speak.

COUNT.— What, what is this!

GAN.—[*leaping on a stone table*]
 This is the matter, and a fine one truly,
 And one that will make some of you sing in the ear.
 When I have told you this, you all will thank me,
 And say that I am honest, Gangogo's honest,
 No liar, but honest [*he points at ZOZIMO*].

Zozimo, Zozimo, Zozimo.

COUNT.— Alas! he's mad.

GAN.— Come out of Azriman;
 Zozimo, I say, come out of Azriman;
 Tapster and peasant, now through hell-born magic
 Lord almost of Lelita, sister mine,
 And most contemptuous.

TRUL.— Zozimo lives, you fool.

GAN.—Yes, fool, and here he is; the other one,

I say it, is not Zozimo, but a devil,
That for the love of Zozimo's sister Astrella
Has so built up her brother to this shape,
That she in favour of her gratitude
May give him love. This Azriman you see
Is Zozimo the tapster, and your daughter,
My count, for having dealt so much in hell,
Is by your own decree, lords, doomed to death.

All laugh loudly.

ZOZ.—Base fool and liar.

GAN.—[*waving the paper*] Proof!

[*putting it in his pocket*] Proof!

[*clasping his hands behind him*] Proof!

TRUL.— You ass!

Gangogo, do not make yourself more fool.

The marriage bells continue ringing loudly.

*Enter AZRIMAN, running, his face streaming with blood.
He is followed by Men, Women and Boys, with sticks and
stones.*

AZ.—Help, my lord, help! protection lord!

COUNT.— What's this?

AZ.—Oh, oh, they would kill me my lord, they would
kill me!

COUNT.—But why? What has he done?

AZ.— Nothing, oh nothing!

*Enter POMPILIA leading CAPON, blind; and many others,
with MORVA.*

POMP.—Justice, my lord, for my poor husband, justice!

COUNT.—Against whom, pray?

POMP.— Against that Zozimo.

CAP.—Aye, aye, he is a devil.

POMP.— Look, my lord!

Alas! my husband, sir.

COUNT.— Why, he is blind!

CAP.—Poor Capon's blind, that's fit for better things.

POMP.—You cock-roach, aye, you cock-roach, yes, you
hell-cat,

You hair, you turnip, come you problem, come,
I'll scratch you.

AZ.— I am not a problem.

POMP.— Y'are!

For you have struck my good man blind, you have—
You are a wizard.

AZ.— No, I'm not.

POMP.— You are,

I say you are; come hang you, impudence, hang you!

AZ.—I'm not impudent.

POMP.— Yes you are—look at him, lords.

CARD.—Why, did he strike your husband blind then,
woman?

POMP.—Aye, sir, he did, sir ; four months gone by now,
And ran away from his indentures. Well,
He is a villain. He flashed out fire upon him
And blinded him.

TRUL.— Mercy! Who flashed out the fire?
POMP.—This Zozimo. Then he ran from his indenture;
Until we hearing of him here, have come,
My lord, for justice on him.

The crowd cries out on ZOZIMO.

Az.— No, I didn't.
She beat me, sir, and so I ran from her.
Her husband too has drunk himself to this state.

POMP.—Now by—

BRAN.— Peace! this goes with the other, sir,
That Zozimo is not right.

A PEASANT.— 'A killed my cow.

ANOTHER.—And mine gives blood for milk.

ANOTHER.— My babysquints.

MANY.—To death with him devil—honk him up a tree.

A pause. GANGOGO, sitting on the table, picks his teeth.

GAN.—What of the suitors?

BRAN.— True. You do remember
How all the suitors for this lady's hand
Where in what seemed to us most magical method,
Caught in sly scheming—

GAN.— Save me; I'm honest.

BRAN.— By
This very Zozimo.

The crowd shouts.

MOR.—[to AZRIMAN] Answer now, or perish,
You and my son.

Az.—[to MORVA] It goes against us hard.

MOR.—Are you so weak?

Az.— Not I omnipotent.

BRAN.—Let him not speak with his mother there.

CARD.— Bind him.

AZRIMAN is seized and bound.

[to Gangogo]. Now sir, the written proof you have.

GAN.— What proof?

CARD.—The writing that you have.

GAN.— Oh, that is mine;

I'll show or show it not, as I list. This Count,
Count Azriman, has visited me with kindness.

What care I if this girl should wed a devil?

Wed devils all, I care not: none loves me here.

True that this Azriman you see here, friends,

Is none but Zozimo, and that Zozimo
None but the devil. I have the proof most sure ;
But I'll not give it. Why should I war with hell ?
I have the proof ; I'll keep it.

The crowd is silent.

CARD.— Yield it—come.
GAN.—No; no, he is my friend [*going*].
CARD.— Must I compel you ?
GAN.—Why then, here 'tis.
He gives the paper to the CARDINAL, who reads it.
LEL.— You are dead pale, my lord ;
Let us fly.
ZOZ.— I will not fly, Lelita.
LEL.— Come.
ZOZ.—No sweet.

The wedding bells cease abruptly.

CARD.— I read here fearful matter truly. [*reads.*]
' I, Azriman, necromancer, do confess
' To have changed body with one Zozimo,
' Tapster and son of Morva ; whereby I shall
' Ensue his sister's love ; and he, the same,
' To-morrow wed the daughter of the Count
' Reichenfels.' Signed 'Azriman.' How got you this ?
GAN.—I wrung it from him at the sword-point, simply.
CARD.—Confess it, or deny ; what are you ?
AZ.— Oh !
CARD.—Being guilty, on this rock you shall be bound
In view of all, and guarded day and night,
Until you die.
AZ.— I did not write the paper.

The soldiers twist his arms.

Oh, oh ! I wrote it. Spare me : I confess.
CARD.—I cannot spare you. Speak, and save your sins.
AZ.—The paper lies in part, in part is true.
I am not Azriman, but one Borborus,
An old mage learned in all the cavern art,
Who finding now my natural body dying
By magic won the form of Zozimo ;
And on the skirt of Azriman hung myself
To steal his wealth by cunning. But he, my lord,
Is innocent.

CARD.— Azriman is innocent ?
AZ.— So.

Now let me die.
CARD. On yonder broached rock
Bind him securely.
AZRIMAN is hung by his wrists and ankles to the front of
the rock. ZOZIMO, who is avoided by all except LELITA,

remains looking on the ground. GANGOGO sits on the table, and the COUNT, shaking, on a seat. MORVA, behind, loosens her dagger. The crowd shouts.

CARD.— Now for this other.

LEL.— Sir,

The lord is not a thief whose servant is.

I will not have him questioned.

CARD.— Pardon, madam—

LEL.—I say I shall not. Let us go, my lord,

Until these idiots find their wits again [*going*].

CARD.—Stay, madam—

LEL.— My lord, you err in this most strangely.

You make yourself most mightily a fool.

You wrong my lord in this, and all of us ;

Being blinded by your folly ; for know this,

That wisdom without virtue cannot be,

But virtue without wisdom mars herself,

And folly makes more mischief even than vice.

Before you came we had no devils here ;

But now monstrosities, witchcrafts, demons, horrors,

Even by the thought of that which might be, spring

To that which is. What man is here so base

That will not say he knows his lordship virtuous ?

Who has not felt his charity or his kindness ;

Looked in the open virtue of his eyes ?

And yet you hold for good this witness vile

Bred of such evil brain as this ? Believe it.

My lord deigns not to sue in such impeachment.

Come then, my lord, we will begone. Beware

The man that follows us !

She draws ZOZIMO's dagger from his belt. Exeunt ZOZIMO and LELITA. The CARDINAL walks to and fro. A pause.

CARD.— After them—away !

Seize Azriman : the matter is not clear ;

I must have question of him, follow him.

Exeunt all except AZRIMAN, who writhes in great pain for a few minutes while the stage remains empty. Enter, from behind, separately, MORVA and ASTRELLA.

AST.—These many days we have not met, my mother.

MOR.—'Tis true. But call them years. What do you here ?

AST.—I have seen all.

MOR.— Fly then, or you will feel

Pointing to AZRIMAN.

That which you have seen. Most miserable traitor,
writhe !

If I could reach you I would slash your bowels,

And give you more to writhe at.

Az.— Oh !

- MOR.— What madness,
Uncoiling all the labour of your time—
If that indeed you have not worked for this—
Made you confess it ?
- AZ.— Not omniscient I,
Nor yet omnipotent.
- MOR.— Spirit or man ?
Speak out.
- AZ.— Most miserable spirit. Hear.
This for your daughter I have suffered, this
For her sake done : but now all-foiling death
Shall whirl me off like disembodied smoke,
To spin within the planetary surge,
Like dead leaves in the gust. No more, no more,
My lips forming her name, shall all my being
Warm with the substance of this mortal love,
Thickening to more than ether that which is
Chill, unsubstantial as the watery beam
Some wet star wastes upon a withering cloud.
- MOR.—Are you so feeble that I thought a god ?
- AZ.—Being immortal I am nothing ; mortal
A power to work and love.
- AST.— Alas, poor spirit !
- MOR.—No ! devil rather, for he has betrayed
Your brother. - Tell us, if you perish now,
The earth shall see you no more ?
- AZ.— No more !
- MOR.— Why then
This mad confession ?
- AZ.— For the proof against us
Bore strongly on me to the ruin of both.
'T were better then I should confess and die,
(The true thus giving me credit for the false,
That Zozimo is not with me) and so save
The life of one I love, your son.
- AST.— Thus giving
His own life for my brother's !
- AZ.— He will live.
On him they have no proof ; but I shall die.
- He writhes and struggles in great pain. MORVA sheaths
her dagger.*
- MOR.—It is well ; I thank you.
- AST.— That not I, by Heaven !
I think you virtuous, but not wise. In this
You have done ill to make my brother a lie,
A living lie, a cheat : to cause him win
This love and honour, like a common sharp
That goes in clothes, name, title not his own.

MOR.—Why, would you have him dwarf, then ?

AST.— Aye, dwarf, dog,

Worm, anything, rather than the thing he is :

Know, every lie that blesses us to day

Will curse us ten times once hereafter. For me

Should lies come like the angels, rainbow-winged,

I would rebut them ; but the utter truth,

Though biting like a poignard to the heart,

Is sweetest in the end. Better to keep

The dull stone virtue hung about the neck,

Than all the glassy tinsel of a lie.

For you, my mother, I have wondered much

You have not told me of this thing before.

MOR.—Pah ! you are virtue mad.

AST.— That which I am

Your teaching and my reason brought me to.

AZ.—Your brother what he is he is for ever.

This matter is no lie. If I have lived

To ease one person's pain, I pass contented.

AST.—Alas ! you shall not die. One moment more,

And you are free.

She draws her knife to cut the ropes.

MOR.— Are you mad ? Then you die for him.

AZ.—Prevent her ; let me die.

MORVA *struggles with* ASTRELLA. *Shouts without, approaching. Exit MORVA and ASTRELLA. Enter ZOZIMO, waving AZRIMAN'S confession, and followed by TRULLO and a large crowd.*

Zoz.-- Safe, safe, my friend !

Alas ! the poor soul's agony ! Cut him down,

Fine fellows !

CROWD.— Cheers for the noble Azriman !

TRUL.—A forgery, a forgery ! Patience, good Zozimo.

Why it is written in Gangogo's hand !

A plain trick, palpable as daylight ; I was

The first to think of it, knowing that foul beast,

Each ounce of the brute flesh of him. He himself

Wrote your confession.

AZRIMAN *is cut down. Enter the COUNT, the CARDINAL, LELITA, BRAN, and many others, with GANGOGO between GUARDS.*

COUNT.—[*shaking his finger in Gangogo's face*] Dog, dog, dog !

GAN.— Ba-ba,

Nanny-goat !

CARD.— Yet there is a doubt still lives.

This Zozimo even now confessed his magic.

AZ.—I did, sir, for I feared the crowd. I hoped

By this to die for my beloved master.

He kisses ZOZIMO's hand.

TRUL.—Most excellent servant!

LEL.—

This is faith indeed.

CARD.—I would, my lord, you had this madman hung.

COUNT.—He shall, he shall.

GAN.—

You butter-witted fools!

Do you not see the gross and open trick?

As I do tell you still, yonder confession

I wrung from the dwarf; but he, by his vile art,

Has written it in my writing.

CROWD.—

Oh, oh!

CARD.—

My lord,

He is too vile for life.

BRAN.—

This tops the past.

GAN.—Give me room once more; I have one passage still,

One rant more for Gangogo. That being done,

Gangogo ceases and a nobler comes.

You rat-brained moles, that which I spoke is true

And I will prove it now before your eyes:

He takes the phial from his breast.

For even as Azriman and Zozimo did

Transform their bodies, so will I do mine.

Hear all: I will transform myself before you.

Farewell Gongogo, fare you well, poor heart!

Scorned by the world, but not so bad as some,

And better than he seemed; who with his wine

Got drunk, stabbed with his dagger, with his tongue

Blessed a good dinner and abused his bunions;

Was somewhat sad at times, and sometimes had

A something to be sad at; was not evil,

Save in the course of nature, like all men.

For give us sins, or saints will be too common.

Farewell, Gangogo! brave old boy!—but you,

Prince Paradromedron, most splendid prince,

Out of the husk and shell of old Gangogo

Leap like the morning star, singing from ocean.

Leap, spring! arrayed in diamonds, to whom

All Azrimans are as mud-rats: come, appear!

He drinks out of the phial.

Appear, appear! [*drinks*].

COUNT.—

It is poison.

BRAN.—

He is mad!

TRUL.—Not so; he thinks to be transformed by this

To some more beautiful Gangogo. Look!

A pause.

GAN.—Oh heavenly fire, burn at my heart for ever!

Transform me as the withered and waned moon

Leaps to her full. I feel your powerful essence.

A pause.

Do I not change? Am not transformed? Not change?
TRUL.—Why no, Gangogo.

GAN.— It must be that I change.

TRUL.—Alas, old friend, you do not!

GAN.— I may change soon?

TRUL.—I think not.

GAN.— Oh, oh, oh!

All laugh loudly.

TRUL.— So ends this matter,
As any but an ass might well have known.

Faith, asses are the rule here. *[Exit.]*

BRAN.—*[beating GANGOGO]* Oh, you brute!

Could I but cudgel you out of life for this
Without being murderer!

LEL.— Nasty beast, nasty beast!

GAN.—What do you beat me for? I'm good as you.

He is intoxicated by the liquor.

BRAN.—You drunken hog, you are indeed transformed
From a brute man to a brute beast. There, there!
[beating him.]

GAN.—I knuckle down to him. Zozimo is the devil.

Beat on, old egg; were I not drunk, I'd stab you.

Zoz.—I pray you spare him, sir; read him aright,—

Not: t̄ the level of yourselves, but from

The p̄t of his misfortunes; there you will find him
Black only from the shadow of his fate.

GANGOGO falls senseless.

BRAN.—The shadow is his fault then. It is Envy,
Pure Envy, who for the excess of a hair
Will rend a man: whose botches are his sores,
His sores his cancers, and himself a wen
Made fetid hideous by consideration;
Though nature might have moulded him a god,
With nought but a finger crooked.

COUNT.— Take him off,
And when he wakes scourge him to yell again.

GANGOGO is carried out.

CARD.—I sorrow for the thing he led me to:

I was in haste and foolish. Madam, pray you,—
Your pardon.

LEL.— Never; but my scorn in plenty.

CARD.—My sorrow's more.

LEL.— Get me the village priest:

This shall not wed us. For my own sake, sir,
I would not love you, but for this, my lord's,
I hate you.

Zoz.— No; for my sake love him rather,
That has but shewn me what I have in you.

God plunged me in the deep seas, in the deep
 He plunged me, to the dark and dreadful depth ;
 But now He draws me forth into the sun,
 And purer.

The marriage bells begin again to ring.

CROWD.— Life to the noble Azriman !

BRAN.—The noblest lord that walks upon God's earth.

ALL.—Health and long life to him—health !

Zoz. I thank you, friends.

Spare me my words and credit me with thoughts ;

For we are dumb in Heaven. God bless you all !

I love you.

Exeunt OMNES. The bells continue ringing.

Enter AZRIMAN.

AZ.—Where is the whisper now that I'm not virtuous ?

I offered my life for his, and for his sake

Endured this torment. Let not Heaven breathe

From this time scorn upon me ; for I am

As virtuous as Heaven.

[*Exit.*

Enter MORVA and ASTRELLA.

AST.— I yet dislike it.

MOR.—It is because your blood is cold.

AST.— I know

That not for me peace and the homely life ;

Oh, not for me, oh never for me the cry

Of innocent children, meed of human love !

But all night long the silent stars, my sisters,

Shall pour their commune on me, all night long

My thoughts, heard like the pinions of night-birds,

Shall stir toward Heaven ; and I shall live for ever

Among great things and cold, and perish there

At last [*she weeps*].

MOR.— My daughter.

AST.— As for my dear brother,

Pray Heaven, all that ends well always is well.

Upon my mountains I will think of him.

Farewell !

[*Exit.*

MOR.— That ends well always that is done well :

But idiot fortune breaks her cunningest works.

We must to terms with fortune. Like a lord,

Whose wise frown checks the dull mood of his wife,

We shall be smiled upon by her, when if

We had smoothed our forehead to her humorous fit,

We should be cursed. I see no safety yet,

But still the same loose boulder hang above us.

It shook to day ; what if it fall to-morrow ?

For you, my son, my soul ! for you, my son,

I would give up my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.—ASTRELLA.

SCENE I.—A frozen peak among the mountains. Alternate storm and silence. The moon setting among tumultuous clouds.

Below, ASTRELLA : above, in the halo of the moon, AZRIMAN, in the shape of Zozimo, and wearing a white mantle.

AST.—Speak, fearful spirit, that from the unrolled thunder,
And in my brother's image, burstest on me!

Silence.

Az.—One moon has dwindled and one moon has grown
Since that I made thy brother's joy.

AST.— I hear.

The hour that I have thought of comes upon me.

Az.—One moon has waned athwart the wastes of snow
And mingled with the morning, and one moon
Leapt out of sunset : speak, oh maiden ! say,
Am I not virtuous ?

AST.— I have found thee so.

Az.—Have I not done we'll unto thee and thine ?

AST.—Well.

Az.— Give me then my wage, thy love.

AST.—How can I love thee in my brother's form ?

Az.—Even art thou so wedded to the earth ?

I would that thou couldst love my soul alone,
For it is mighty, and I worthy thee.

Choose thou my form, I will inhabit it.

AST.—One deed can stamp us not.

Az.— Nor yet the face
Decide.

AST.— But evil, like a fire, shines through us.

Az.—Good ever hides herself behind.

AST.— I fear.

Why dost thou clothe thyself in thunder, like
The apocalypse of unrest ?

Az.— For I that visit thee
Am greater than the angels.

AST.— Yet the angels
Come not in thunder but through open doors.

Thy action is not clear.

Az.— Ask and I answer.

AST.—Thou gavest thy body for me, and for me
 Dared to endanger life; but to a spirit
 What is the body, to an immortal, life?

AZ.—The links with pain.

AST.— Our chosen chains are light.

AZ.—I chose them for thy love.

AST.— Light still they are.

But why my brother's image tookest thou on,
 As if to haunt him with himself?

AZ.— I am,

Creator not, and change, but cannot make.

AST.—Yet thou hast said even now, 'choose thou my
 form,

I will inhabit it.'

A pause.

AZ.— Was it so much harm
 To take your brother's body? I had my end:
 He might have grown too proud.

AST.— Or rather perchance,
 The imminent sword being held above his head,
 Was't, his suspense might bribe his sister's virtue?

AZ.—Is all my pain for nothing then?

AST.— For much,
 If good. But in the night and ticking silence
 A voice has cried within me, 'Stand! beware!
 'It is unholy.'

AZ.— Is it thus you thank me?

AST.—Vice in a mask, not virtue, sues for thanks,
 And it is said, 'To know the evil man
 'Behold him attempting good.'

AZRIMAN rends his mantle.

AZ.— Ungrateful! hear
 That have not grasp to take my virtue in:
 You shall behold me terrible and know
 The awful thing I am. I, if not good,
 Then evil, shall possess you: for I come
 Clothed in the thunder and beauty of myself,
 Not like this feeble virtuous thing I look,
 Which you in pretext of my spirit scorn,
 No noble suitor. Once more I will see you,
 To sue you and to win you. For even now
 Your murderous mother brews the crime will kill you,
 Call on me then, and I shall save, or see
 The image of your fate.

*He vanishes; thunder. The moon sets as if in fire. Enter
 the CARDINAL, BRAN, TRULLO, GANGOGO, Guards with
 BRUNDE and her child, and others, carrying torches.*

- CARD.— So : on this rock,
Which like a heaven-pointing finger stays
The rout and run of the frore mists that stream
O'er all these frozen summits, bind her fast.
Let not a cry of her's escape to tell
The measure of her punishment.
- GAN.— Well said.
Yet I, that have been whipped these twenty times,
Have yet by luck as often escaped to tell
The measure of mine.
- BRAN.— It was full measure.
- GAN.— Aye so :
The fool's that lay it on me when you beat me.
- BRAN.—My beard ! I would rather be a fool and beat
Than wise and be beaten.
- GAN.— Nature suits us all
To that we crave for.
- TRUL.— Rather she bids us crave
For that that suits us.
- BRAN.— Faith, I crave for beer.
- TRUL.—Yes, mulled.
- BRUNDE.— I will no more ascend this peak,
For I have done nothing to die for.
- GAN.— Nothing—ho !
Not loved a devil ?
- A SOLDIER.— Will you move ?
- BRUN.— No, no ;
I will sit down and rest.
- GAN.— You will rest standing
For ever.
- A SOLDIER.—Push her now. So—tenderly—
Not hurt her.
- GAN.— I am as jocund as the elf
That dances in the eye of the moon o' nights.
- BRAN.—My beard's an icicle.
- TRUL.— And your breath a fog ;
Each word, and you exhale a mountain mist.
- BRAN.—I think that yonder fire's the setting moon.
- TRUL.—It looks it.
- BRUNDE.— No, I will not go up there ;
I will not die.
- GAN.— Why will you not ?
- BRAN.— Because
I have not done anything.
- GAN.— Why, you have :
You have made the devil a father.
- TRUL.— Do you think
A thousand feet plumb down a falling stone
Would meet the earth ?

- BRAN.— Much more than that, I gather.
 TRUL.—It is curious to think, a man that should fall hence
 Would reach a diverse climate in a moment.
 I wonder would one utterly be dashed
 To pieces ?
- BRAN.— Utterly.
 TRUL.— Do you see the valley ?
 BRAN.—Not I. We gaze here into night as in
 A bottomless sea.
 TRUL.— Here one might fall and fall
 For ever, as in a nightmare.
 BRUNDE.— Let me go ;
 I'll not be bound here.
 GAN.— Will you not ? why not ?
 BRUN.—Because I shake to see the horrible plunge.
 GAN.—You shook not when you plunged in hell.
 BRUN.— Oh, oh !
 I am innocent !
 GAN.— Why said you not so before ?
 Now 'tis too late.
 BRUN.— I said so often before.
 GAN.—You said so ? when ?
 BRUN.— What have I done to die ?
 Are there no other women are as bad,
 That do not die for it ?
 CARD.— Bind her quickly, fellows.
 GAN.—Why think you other women are as bad ?
 BRUN.—I have been told so. Oh, I cannot die,
 I cannot die !
 GAN.— Why not ? you should be patient.
 BRUN.—I will be patient, yes. If I must die,
 I will die patiently ; but you men are cruel
 And wrong me.
 GAN.— Why, you wronged me once ; you said
 I was your lover.
 BRUN.— Yes, I thought so.
 GAN.— Well ;
 And dare you think so now ?
 BRUN.— I do not know :
 I cannot think.
 GAN.— Am I then like your lover !
 BRUN.—Do not look at me !—Oh God !
 GAN.— Dare you maintain
 This lie before the dooming lips of death ?
 God, I will stab you !
 CARD.— Peace !
 BRUN.— I will be patient.
 CARD.—What ails you fellows ?

A SOLDIER.— Our hands are numb, my lord,
To knot the ropes.

BRUNDE *is bound to the rocks. Exit ASTRELLA below.*

BRUNDE.— I think, sir, you are kind.
When I am dead, sir, and my child does grow,
You will not teach her to forget my name?

CARD.—I do not grasp you?

BRUN.— 'Tis about my child.

Now you have tied me to the waist, I pray you
To take my child. See, I have wrapped it well
Against the air. You must be tender with it,
For it is weak, and coughs. This let me tell you—
And if you think it much immodest in me,
I pray, sir, let a mother's fear excuse me—
The child is weaned from me, needs me not;
So it is well in that. One moment more.

She kisses her child.

These kisses take, that never more will take them,
My innocent. Lie ignorant of this,
Nor know the torture of your mother's death.
Perhaps some day in visions you will see me.
My child, sir.

A SOLDIER.— Shall we take it?

CARD.— Take it! wherefore?

BRUN.— Will you not tie my arms too? Here, my child,
My child, great lord.

CARD.— I do not need your child.

BRUN.— But you must take my child, or it will die.

CARD.— Woman, so let it.

BRUN.— You will not kill my child too?

Oh!

The storm, which has been decreasing, ceases altogether. A deep silence. The CARDINAL advances to the edge of the rock.

CARD.— Spirit of evil and of awful night,
Not deaf in the abysm of thy reign
Of darkness to me, hear me, rise against me,
Thy enemy, whose clear blade, like heaven's lightning,
That sits in thunder waiting for the doomed,
Awaits thee: hear me, who in dreams of childhood
Ravined against thee, nurturing my wrath
Even for this moment, when from off this peak
In degradation hurled thou shalt confess,
Immortal, mortal vengeance; hear, oh hear,
Dread enemy, and rise!

Silence.

GAN.— He is at dinner,
And will not come.

CARD.— Rise up in tempest ; let
The tremble of thy mighty pinions shake
These crisped crystals of the snow, until
The roosted eagles leap in air amazed,
And scream : abide my question : answer for all
The misery of the world : rage up against me :
Here in the face of thy destroyed victim
Avenge her. Hear !

Silence.

GAN.— He is at wine with friends.

CARD.—Where are thy legions, Hell ? thy victory,
Oh Hell ? Behold I, even I, alone,
Mortal, in darkness, from this eminent rock
Pouring down my thundering execrations on thee,
Hot from my hate and with a voice that rolls
Throughout the midnight caverns of these hills,
Pursue with shame thy name, shouting around,
Made mad by all thy bitter work with men,
Thy infamy. Darest thou not reply ? not come ?
Not batter down my mortal arm, immortal ?
Not hurl me shrieking in the invisible void ?
Come, crack the solid world ; come, clap thy wings
Against me, rush and thunder at me, taste
The lightning of my virtuous sword ! Behold,
I scorn thee.

Silence.

GAN.— Why, my lord, this hill is cold ;
The climate that he loves is warmer.

CARD.— Peace !
The spirit is dumb. Not to your vulgar eyes
He deigns his countenance. Pray you all begone.
Here I will watch the night.

BRAN.— My lord, you stay here ?

CARD.—Here on the rocks I wait my enemy.

BRAN.—You shall not bear the frost, sir ; it is madness.

CARD.—I fear no frost that fear not devil's fire.

If haply I do perish none will weep
For me that have no friend on earth ; although in Heaven
Many and mighty.

For my soul was nursed
In awful communes, being no man's son,—
A foundling, and no mother's milk within me.
I pray you all descend.

BRAN, TRULLO, and the Guards descend.

GAN.— Alas, sir ! say
What devil is this you look for ? Is it he
That made this brat here ?

CARD.—

It is he.

GAN.—

Why then

Let us give him one call more. Perhaps he dines,
He sleeps, plays cards, talks with some fool or other?

CARD.—You do not grasp him. Go! this very night

He shall oppose me on this pinnacle.

Farewell.

GAN.—[*descending*] Ho! ho![*descending*] Ho! ho![*without*] Ho! ho!*The Scene changes.*

SCENE II.—*The same as Act I—the eating room of Capon's inn. Night: torches burning about the walls. The COUNT, ZOZIMO, LELITA, Gentlemen, Soldiers, &c., seated at table, drinking wine after supper. Many empty places.*

COUNT.—The Cardinal is late.

LEL.—

I would some rock

Would rend itself to crush him, for I hate him.

He goes to-night to murder a poor girl

For nothing.

COUNT.—

I am sad. My son, your health.

Zoz.—Your health, sir.

They drink.

A GENTLEMAN.— God save those on the hills to-night.

COUNT.—Aye, aye, hark how the wind howls in the chimney

The autumn blast comes early on this year.

Enter MORVA. She warms her hands before the fire.

GENT.—My lord, the people say to-night shall happen

Some hellish thing. The usages of nature

Seem to be swollen to unwonted birth;

Such mighty thunders thicken here of late,

And so enormous are the clouds that trail

And circle rumbling round about the hills.

LEL.—So that they smite the sinners only—well.

Father, I'm sleepy [*rising*].

COUNT.—

Why then to bed, to bed.

Some wine there. I shall wait the Cardinal.

Zoz.—Good night, my father.

COUNT.—

Good night, son.

[*to LELITA*] Sweet child,

You are happy?

She kisses him on the forehead.

LEL.—

Father, you must early to bed—

Promise me.

COUNT.—

Hout, tout! I am well.

LEL.—

Gentlemen,

Good night to all.

ALL.—[*rising*] Heaven bless you, madam.

Exeunt ZOZIMO and LELITA to their chamber by door to right.

Enter POMPILIA and AZRIMAN.

POMP.— Sir—

My lord—

AZ.— This woman will not let me sleep, sir,

She says I shall not sleep in the kitchen, sir.

COUNT.— Where shall he sleep then, woman?

POMP.— Sir—

AZ.— She says

I must to bed in a cupboard, where she will lock me.

POMP.— He is a devil.

COUNT.— Peace! enough of that.

There are more devils in a woman's tongue
Than Satan's self can vouch for. Let him sleep,
And in the kitchen, with the other servants.

Exeunt AZRIMAN and POMPILIA to the kitchen.

Enter BRAN, TRULLO, GANGOGO, and others.

BRAN.— Fire, fire, and kilderkins of beer! we are ice.

COUNT.— Where is my lord?

TRUL.— Left on the peak.

COUNT.— Not dead?

GAN.— Not dead, but taken to the arms of death,
Clutched in death's embrace. All night long he stands
To watch beside his human sacrifice.

TRUL.— The quality of his madness holds him fast.
As we descended where the incautious hand
Would freeze to the rock, so bitter chill it was,
He stood full panoplied in starry steel
That took our torches brightly, and his breath,
Vapouring with frost the grandeur of his crest,
Made him seem misted as some mountain-top
To loom like Etna smoking over the world.
And as from our recession banks of night
Clouded him up, came still the clank of his arms
From that fell peak, and too his thundering voice
Crying 'Where art thou?' ever and anon
Unto the earless silence.

COUNT.— He may die then?

GAN.— There he will grow, a rock upon the rock,
The world's great sentinel against—nothing.

Man may forgive, but nature never; ho, ho!

COUNT.— Well, well, Heaven guard him. I bid you all
good night—

Good night.

ALL.—[*rising*] Good night, my lord.

Exit the COUNT, with a taper, to the left.

BRAN, TRULLO, and GANGOGO, *drink deeply.*

BRAN.— Now I will sleep.
Here in our blankets we must roll ourselves
And snore like hedgehogs before the fire.

GAN.— 'Og's head,
You have my blanket.

BRAN.— You lie.

GAN.— Heaven smite you black—
It is mine.

BRAN.— Come, if you swear at me I'll knock you.

TRUL.— Peace, peace, dogs, let us sleep.

They roll themselves in their blankets before the fire. Many soldiers lie about sleeping. All the torches but one die out. MORVA remains in the ingle, warming her hands before the embers, which glow red. Silence.

GAN.— Away, cursed hag!
What do you here?

MOR.— Wake.

GAN.— Budge, graymalkin, budge!
How shall we sleep if you sit so and watch us,
Like Death in a cemetery?

MOR.— Do you fear me then,
That I should hear your secrets in your sleep?

GAN.— You shall hear open things from me waking—go.

BRAN.— Death, let her be, man! Will you wake us all?

GAN.— I hate her—ho—witch—witch—

He sleeps.

All but MORVA sleep. The wind howls.

MOR.— Sleep, sleep; hush, hush.
Sleep swine, and dream, who in your slumbers twitch
Like vermined dogs: the soul that watches you
Is sleepless—I am sleepless. Death shall call
Nor you awake: the cricket death to night
Calls one of you that wakes not any more.

A cricket sings.

The deed must be that shall be. See my arm
Trembles not, and the lightning is less coward
Than I.

She rises.

For that I do I do not madly,
But by constraint of reason, seeing that
The solid thunder of his fate o'erhead
Sinks to the flashing-point where it will ash him
In a moment. Who shall save him? Who but I
That made him and his woes, cursing him often
For that I cursed him with at first, his life?

And if damnation ensue me for ever
 For this, what then? what but that for her son
 A mother will enter hell, and hell will be
 Heaven for his sake? Oh, for you, my son,
 My soul, for you my son!

No other way
 But this? murder? aye. This will free us all,
 And by my son's death, he shall live. The other,
 This Azriman, must die, and leave my son
 Lord of himself, but, knowing not the hand
 That helps him nor the terrible crime. This worm
 Shall bear the deed. Hush.

She steals GANGOGO's dagger.

Hist! who cries? a voice!—
 I thought it was my son who cried, a child,
 When I did strike him.

She goes to the door of ZOZIMO's chamber.

No; he sleeps, he lies,
 Pent not in widowed slumber, as I sleep;
 But fragrant-breathed. Sleep on, my son, sleep on;
 One stroke and you are that you are for ever,
 And my soul only damned with punishment.

She kneels at the door.

See, all you large-eyed angels that weep for me,
 Thronging God's throne with intercessions,
 A mother for her son will enter hell
 And bring you tears.

GAN.—[*sitting up suddenly in terror*] Wake! awake! arise,
 You midnight sleepers!

BRAN.—[*awaking*] Ho, what is it?

TRUL.—[*awaking*] Who calls?

GANG.—Awake! awake!

All awake and sit up.

BRAN.— What is it?

GAN.— I have dreamed.

BRAN.—You fool! go asleep again!

GAN.— I dreamed I saw

A flaming spirit shooting through the night,
 That called, 'Awake, you midnight sleepers, wake;
 Awake and save!'

BRAN.— Well, you have woke us.

GAN.— Wake—

Awake—awake—

He sleeps. All sleep again.

MOR.— It was the voice that cried
 To me, 'Awake and save!' Therefore I wake.

The voiceless voice of death, that calls to all,
Calls out to Azriman, 'Now is the hour.'
The hour is now—I come. *[Exit to the kitchen.]*

A pause.

A faint cry comes from ZOZIMO'S chamber. Re-enter MORVA.

Horror! 'tis done!
And I have done it. The bones that made themselves
Within me, the flesh that at my breast drew vigour—
One stab! Cannot who gave the life destroy it?
Tremble not, mother, 'tis thy son's assurance,
Who lives through death.

She creeps to the torch and looks at the dagger.

I would see the blood of my son,
The blood that I have nurtured and I shed,
Are dwarfs so crimson blooded? Oh, oh, oh!
It is murder; murder of the innocent blood;
A midnight murder!

*Enter LELITA, agitated, in her night-dress, and with an
unlighted taper.*

LEL.— What do you here, old woman?

MOR.—I cannot sleep.

LEL.— Then let me light my candle.

She lights her taper at the torch.

My husband cried out suddenly in his sleep. *[Exit
MOR.—Why should he cry out?—a horror's in her eyes.]*

*A loud shriek in Zozimo's chamber. Re-enter LELITA shrieking
loudly. All spring to their feet. Enter the COUNT in his
night-dress.*

COUNT.—What is it?

BRAN.— Your daughter, sir.

COUNT.— She has a fit.

LEL.—He is transformed—he is a dwarf and bleeds.

MOR.— *[clutching her arm]* Why should he bleed?

The COUNT supports LELITA, who raves.

GAN.— Bring torches there.

BRAN.— She points

Toward her chamber, sir.

COUNT.— Enter some and see.

Where is her husband?

GAN.— So: give me the torch.

I smell the matter. Come who dare with me.

*GANGOGO seizes the torch, and followed by two soldiers goes
into Zozimo's chamber, leaving the room in darkness but
for the embers. Cries are heard within. Re-enter a
soldier running.*

1ST SOLD.—Horror! oh horror!

He falls on the floor. Re-enter the other soldier.

2ND SOLD.—

Fly—it bleeds!

He totters to a bench. Enter GANGOGO, without the torch.

GAN.—

Away!

Out of the house! hell has broke out upon us.

It is Zozimo, the dwarf!

COUNT.—

What does he there?

Enter ZOZIMO, terrified, in his own shape and bleeding.

Exit MORVA, shrieking.

LEL.—Oh, oh, it is the demon!

ALL.—

It is Zozimo!

COUNT.—Villain, how got you to my daughter's chamber?

Zoz.—Let me go—oh fury—oh despair—oh death!

Let me go! I am Zozimo, that was Azriman.

Let me dash my head against the wall—unhand me!

Perfidious Azriman! oh, lying villain!

Give me a sword, some friend—unhand me—oh!

LEL.—What brings the horror in its eyes to glare with?

A pause.

Zoz.—I dreamed that I was wounded: here it is,
And death will come. For this I thank thee, God.
After my hour of agony I will die.

GAN.—Are you that noble Azriman that was
Lelita's husband?

Zoz.— I am he, and dying.

LEL.—No, no! away!—no husband—horrible dwarf!

A wind with thunder. The doors are flung open.

Enter AZRIMAN, in his true shape.

You lie. My lord is here, my love, my lord,
Most beautiful, most awful Azriman.

Zoz.—No, it is I, Lelita. Look at me.

I am your husband—I.

Az.—[*pointing to ZOZIMO*] Behold your lord. [*Vanishes.*]

Enter ASTRELLA. She seizes ZOZIMO by the hand.

AST.—Away with me.

GAN.—

Seize them!

AST.—

Come not between

Me and my brother's death.

[*Exeunt ASTRELLA and ZOZIMO.*]

GAN.—

Follow! away!

The Scene changes.

SCENE III.—*The same as Scene I. Mist and darkness.*

BRUNDE, holding her child in her arms, remains bound to the rock. Seen by distant flashes of lightning while the stage remains empty, she struggles vainly to free herself. Enter ASTRELLA with ZOZIMO. The mist clears suddenly, the stars shine out brightly, the snowy peaks of the mountains appear around.

AST.— Child of the valleys, to whom is death this air
I do exult in, live. Descend and fear not,
For he who bound you, bound in heaven's chains,
His very flesh his fetters, turned to ice,
Spurned by the foot of this disdainful precipice
A thousand feet below, his armed corse
Fallen from its lofty eyrie, lives no more
To persecute you.

She cuts BRUNDE's bonds.

BRUN.— Are you then an angel?

AST.—Not on this earth are angels.

BRUN.— But in heaven?

AST.—No, mortal and more miserable than you.

BRUN.—If mortal not more miserable.

AST.— Go—descend;
The world that waits the finish of this act
And dreadful scene, admits not you. Descend.

Exit BRUNDE.

Zoz.—Fly sister fly: nearer they shout below,
And my wound bleeds.

AST.— Your blood upon my robe
Stains me and soaks me to the core.

Zoz.— I feel
The air and prophecy of death, I see
The stars grow larger in the light of death.

AST.—I hear your words, my brother, and I die
Twinned too with you in death, and all my heart
Sinks in the sinking of your voice.

Zoz.— Or live,
Die not for me, but on these mountains live,
Here with the stars, where not so mean a thing
As I endures.

AST.— Then I more mean may perish.

Zoz.—Why should I blot the silver of your being?
Why should I taint the perfume of your air?
Shall you whom God has made to be a goddess
Sink in the petty ruin of a worm?

AST.—Speak not, speak not. The babbling blood o'erflows
Out of your wound.

- Zoz.— Call me not brother, and live.
 Sooner some smoky candle of the earth
 Shall claim upon yon high imperial star
 Than I, whose corse the very birds will scream at
 Upon this peak, your brother. Let me die ;
 Shine out the splendour of your life and live
 Clear-eyed aloft for ever, and let me die
 Gust-guttered to the socket. Let me die.
- Ast.—Speak not. Fold here your numbed hands about me ;
 The life you lose draw from me ; hold me fast.
- Zoz.—I was too rash with fortune : not content
 With the small aring nature gave, and hoped
 For Babylonian terraces. The end
 Is my just punishment and hers, oh heaven !
 That sinned not.
- Ast.— Peace, I am your murderer.
 Torture me not with your pale innocence.
- Zoz.—Dare not to say it : I not innocent,
 Nor you but right in all. Much I have sinned,
 A little suffered, much rejoiced, but was
 Too weak with my infirmity to take
 The jests of idle hours as bitter wrongs,
 And myself did more wrong than any did me.
 My lot was not so very pitiful,
 But weakness in me led me to a crime.
- Ast.—Oh poor pale brother !
- Zoz.— Not so poor as some.
 Deformity has a bliss its own ; and they
 Who nothing have have dreams : we thus accurst
 More beautiful dreams than any. I have been happy.
- Ast.—I could have made you live ; I let you die ;
 I should have yeilded up myself for you.
 Therefore, my brother, I must die with you,
 For every hour will curse me. What avails
 To be so bright the fiery star that burns ?
 Come, let me take contagion of this death.
 Lay your wound's lips, like adder's, to my breast ;
 Inform your blood with quality of poison
 To slay a loveless sister, as I stretch
 Thus, thus, my limbs upon you, oh my brother !
 In pity kill me. Let me not live and see
 The pictures of the past. With me your voice
 Was in my childhood, and our joyful hearts
 Beat like the sound and echo ; yours the sound,
 The echo mine, for wisdom dwelt with you.
 Upon the stony hills I wept for you,
 And pity, turning my heart within her hands,
 Retained me human. Shall this breathing cease then,
 These eyes grow dull ? Oh piteous sad eyes !

Oh pitiful full lips ! oh weakling hands
I love ! oh more than lover—brother ! and I
Your ender!

A pause.

Zoz.— Weep not yet. The torches sink
And pass away, but more than man remains
With us. My blood like water flows from me,
And death will come : but first the terrible hour
Prevenes. In that hour look on me and yield not :
For he is evil, his the cruellest jest
Of all that made me as I am.

AST.— I know it,
But Heaven and your death will save me. Mine
May come too, we upon this peak embraced
Remain for ever undecayed. Enough ;
There is a thrill of mighty things upon me ;
I feel the awful presence.

GANGOGO.—[*entering behind*] It is mine.

He suddenly binds her to the rock.

Cry now upon your haughty crests of ice,
Or yonder stars, to save you.

AST.— I am still.
GAN.—Shriek now upon your air-devouring eagles
For your salvation.

AST.— I am safe.

GAN.— For me.

AST.—From you.

GAN.— Give me your love.

AST.— My scorn.

GAN.— Your folly.

Zoz.—Help, help ! my sister !

BRAN [*from below*] Dog ! Gangogo ! fiend !

Ungrasp her.

GAN.— Come and force me.

BRAN.—[*climbing up*] You shall die.

GAN.—My blood boils like a cauldron hot from hell,
And for this hour I have entreated heaven
That grants me now revenge for all your taunts.

BRAN.—Gangogo, peace.

GAN.— You blenching coward, fight.

BRAN.—He stabs me.

GAN.— Die.

BRAN.— Gangogo, fiend, not human--

Heaven help you, girl.

He dies.

GAN.— Much it has aided you.

TRULLO.—[*from below*] Gangogo, have you found her ?

GAN.— Haste, I have.

TRUL.—Then I will climb to you.

GAN.— Your foot here, now.

Give me your hand.

TRUL.— What do I see? It is Bran,

And murdered!

GAN.— You have scorned me often.

TRUL.—Only in jest, Gangogo.

GAN.— Then in jest

Only, I'll kill you.

TRUL.—[*flying*] Help! save me! oh God!

GAN.—Then let Him save you in the gulf below.

He forces TRULLO over the precipice.

Go too and join him; thunder down the hills.

He flings over the body of BRAN. He paces up and down.

Over all I am triumphant; and my ears

Twitch like the ambushed tiger's, scenting blood.

Call now upon the fiend that loves you, girl;

Your human aids are gone. Why do you scorn me?

Have I no heart, no passions, need of love,

No virtue in me like to other men?

When I was child did I not weep like all,

And dandle flowers, and smile, and kiss my mother?

And when she sickened, bathed not I her corse

With all my blood in tears? Nature to me

Was not so much unkind as man has been,

By lashing all my soul with bitter jests,

Until the drawn and cramped cicatrices

Have twisted it as hideous as my body;

And I am I, Gangogo, flesh and mind.

If God made me a dwarf, men made me devil,

And telling me I was one made me one.

Away! I sicken for you, give me love;

I thirst for love. Stroke my unfondled locks,

And call me 'love': I will be loved or die:

I cannot more endure without some love.

You, you alone, the fairest, can appease me.

The darkest and the brightest are two kings.

Even as yonder panting silver star

Fights in the black embraces of the night,

So you with me. Behold, oh silent peaks,

You sheeted witnesses of eternal snow!

AZRIMAN appears.

Oh, airy wizard, dread the perilous gulf:

We two are rivals here; give way to me.

Az.—Oh worm more base than other worms, thyself

Shall leap into the gulf and die.

AZRIMAN grows terrible. GANGOGO leaps over the precipice.

Zoz.—

I faint.

Look, sister, look, the terrible, beautiful form.

AST.—Pray Heaven for me ; now comes my dreadful hour.

Zoz.—I shudder, and my dying soul despairs .

AST.—Hover above me still when you are dead.

Az.—In thunder or with the voice of choiring stars,

Or of ocean tumbling into cataracts,

I, spirit and more than spirit, invoke thee now—

Human and more than human. Hear me, hear,

Oh thou, whose starry spirit filled with pride,

Spurneth its fellows and doth rather love,

Nursed by poverty and contempt of men,

To commune with these unuttering dumb hills,

As I, in scorn of heaven and its glow,

Choose rather the herbless and black ledges of rock,

Of the silent and utter pits of hell, oh hear !

Behold and shudder, look on me, behold,

Behold and love, pity me for ever and ever

The enemy of God and man and all,

Upon whose head the very silent stars

Tingle sharp, shining curses in their beams ;

Outcast, a wanderer, at whose tread the herbs

Wither, and little innocent things that peep

About the indured rocks of nature die,

Seeing me. Lo, I faint ! I can withstand

No more this cursing thunder of all things.

There is no food in hate to hold me up.

My knees slacken, and my pride, that would return

God's lightning on Him, blenches now beneath

The innumerable execration of the world.

I thought to free the world, to drag down fate,

To set myself within the flash of God,

Bare-bosomed for the world : I thought to taste

The agony of resistance, yet assuaged

With love of those I strove for, but I found

Ingratitude blacker than the Tyrant's wrath.

AST.—Behold my brother, thou that arguest :

Whose deed was this ?

Az.—

The thundering feet of nature

Tramp down these worms that wither in the sun.

I pity them. Not I omnipotent

To lay the keel and courses of the world.

For him,—his folly and his mother slew him.

Zoz.—The dagger does not do the murder—cease !

His too the deed, that knows but not prevents.

AST.—Being the eternal enemy I love thee not,

For thou art evil.

Az.—

Evil ! good ! oh there—

The germ of nature grows in each to each,

And each a flower. To Cæsar Brutus sins,
 To Brutus Cæsar; both to them they slew.
 To a man a man is nobler than an ant is,
 To an ant an ant is nobler, and the vast
 Decides. If thou wilt love me not as good
 Then love me evil; for I am that I am.

AST.—The mortal cannot love the immortal; cease!
 The eagle cannot woo the dove—oh cease!
 What is there worthy in my little life
 To the eternity of thine?

Az.— Thy love.

AST.—Spirit, and peer of spirits, lovest thou me?

Az.—I am alone.

AST.— Art thou so proud?

Az.— I love thee.

AST.—Why is thy brow so thunder-scarred with pain?

Az.—Not I my own creator and the world's,
 Or pain had not been here. But Heaven, weak
 To study, not omniscient, let in sorrow
 By error and, aghasted, made me then
 Its scapegoat, that I bear the breathed curse
 Creation utters. Whose the sin? Not mine.
 But whose the punishment? That is mine indeed.
 If I am evil, Heaven that made the evil,
 Must too be evil and should bear the curse.

Zoz.—I shudder, and my spirit thickens with death.

AST.—I shudder, and my spirit aches all through me.

Zoz.—Yield not, yield not! Take, take my hand in thine

AST.—Your blood is on my garments; hold me close.

Az.—To moan, and cry upon the blank-eyed stars,
 For ever and ever, no rest, no hope of rest,
 And with the push of my eternal pain
 Still to be maddened, driven athwart the world,
 Were expiation, were not Heaven stone
 To expiation in me: for for me, for me,
 Sole hate of Heaven, Heaven has no pity,
 As I alone of living things, no hope.
 Therefore I weary of these profitless prayers.
 I weary of all the hard and hateful war.
 I will descend, I will descend, and be
 No more the vulture of the barren hills,
 No more the eagle storming at the sun.

Zoz.—Yield not, yield not! My sister, look on me.

AST.—Why is he so beautiful, and yet so sad?

Az.—Give me thy love. Have pity on me. Speak.

Bless me one moment in the space of time—
 One moment, oh, one moment! Hear—
 How can earth's misery compare with hell's,
 Or mortal measure mine?

Zoz.— Yield not, yield not !

AST.—Oh God, why hast Thou persecuted him !

Az.—Be thou the only one of all to pity me,
 Branded and hated, against whom the earth,
 The very brutal sod, is tongued to utter,
 And the improvident and light air to mock me.
 Be thou the only one. Feed me with pity ;
 Redeem me with the glory of thy love ;
 Join all thy innocence with me in prayer,
 That thy clear virtue, buying out my guilt,
 May bribe Heaven for me. Let me soothe with thee
 Some little space the aching of my soul.

AST.—Youth is triumphant, but in age and death,
 Who will support my footsteps, close my eyes ?
 Will the immortal drop me medicines ?

Az.—Ask not the future. At the latter end,
 When happy age shall dim those starry eyes,
 And love grow like the myrtle at the tomb,
 Hiding the horror of death, to me perchance
 Heaven may ordain to die with thee and walk
 Unto the easeful gloom and all-gathering grave
 At last.

AST.— Wilt thou resign so much for me,
 And all the immortal godhead of thy soul ?

Az.—Better the fading than the tinsel rose ;
 Better the dying violet with her scent
 Than amethystine violets of stone.
 Blessed are they who die and slumber well,
 Whose childlike sport is finished with a sleep,
 Uncursed by memory and the voice that cries
 For ever ' Was it well done what is done ?'
 Better the change of seasons, sweet surprise
 Of dawn and eve and breaking of the storm,
 Than the enduring commentless blank of day,
 Eternal and unvarying. Hear, who die,—
 Immortality is hell, and hell immortality.

Zoz.—Yield not, yield not, for thus the evil cry.

AST.—Art thou so beautiful ?

Zoz.— Yield not, yield not !

By this my blood upon you that he shed
 And by my unhappy fate.

AST.— Oh God, behold !

Is he not wise and beautiful ? Why then
 Hast thou so persecuted him ?

The mists begin to fall.

Az.— Come with me :
 Look on me : speak to me. Let thy shining hair
 Wrap me in light. Yield me these mortal hands

To warm my immortality into flesh.
 Come, yield thyself to me : come, give me thyself.
 For my love and my sorrows, for my love and pain,
 For all the centuries of unmerited pain
 Heaven has enforced upon me ; for myself
 And the dark multitude of my woes, I beseech thee.
 AST.—Away ! even as thou hast not pitied this
 My brother, so will I not pity thee.
 Away ! I will not love thee. It is finished.

* * *

He pierces me ! the hot and furious flames
 Do pierce me, and I die. Farewell !
 AST.— I too
 Am food for death upon this mountain top.

They die in each other's arms.

AZRIMAN fades slowly into mist, and vanishes.

*Enter MORVA from below. She sits at the head of her
 children, and draws her mantle over her face.
 Mist. The snow falls.*

FINIS.

Col.

