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“SHE.”

AN OPERATIC SPECTACULAR DRAMA,

—BY—

R. C. WHITE,

WITH NEW SCENIC EFFECTS,

NEW MUSIC, AND

NEW MECHANICAL WORKINGS.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, June 1, in the year 1887, by R. C. WHITE, in the
Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.*

New York:

CLARK R. TRUMBULL, ENGRAVER AND STEAM PRINTER, 58 BOND STREET.

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CHARACTERS.

HORACE HOLLY—A Scholar.....CHARACTER LEAD
LEO VINCEY—His Adopted Son and Pupil..... JUVENILE
JOB SMITHERS—Servant to Horace.....CHAR. COMEDY
TIM LANAHAN—Servant to Leo.....COMEDY

ARABS.

MAHOMED—Captain of Dhow.....OLD MAN
AZEF—Mate of Dhow.....HEAVY
ACHMET—Navigator.....UTILITY
Twelve Arab Sailors.

AMAHAGGER—MALE.

BILLALI—Father of the Household.....OLD MAN
SINBALLI—Chief of the Hot-pot.....HEAVY
ABDALLI—Sentinal.....UTILITY
And Twelve Amahagger.

AMAHAGGER—FEMALE.

AYESHA, "SHE"—Queen of the Amahagger.... LEAD
USTANE—An Amahagger Maiden.....JUVENILE
DILLYASHA—Ogress of the Hot-pot.....OLD WOMAN
HILIYA—Another Maiden.....UTILITY
And Eleven other Females.

“SHE.”

A SPECTACULAR OPERATIC DRAMA.

As originally produced in San Francisco, at the Tivoli Opera House, on the Fourth of July, 1887, and witnessed by over 100,000 spectators.

ACT I.

The deck of a ship or dhow. Cabin with poop deck L. Mast C, with luteen sail, rattlings, stay ropes. etc., forming rigging. Hatchway with coping forward of mast. Rough waters lying flat across stage ready to be put in motion. Bulwark crossing stage at 3rd E. Bulwark and mast are made to fall and be completely hid when the waters are raised. Wheel on poop. Arab sailor discovered at wheel. The rest of the crew are discovered lounging about deck. Symphony of chorus is played till curtain is up; then the Arabs assemble for chorus.

CHORUS.

Over the bounding waves we fly,
Before a freshening gale;
With a staunch good dhow and a bright blue sky
And a full and a steady sail.
The sea-mews shriek in their landward flight.
And we hear the breakers roar.
And the waves are aglow with the sun's red light.
As we near the rocky shore.
But Allah is in the wind and Allah is in the wave,
And we fearlessly follow his beckoning hand.
Tho' it leads to a watery grave.
Allah be praised, Allah be praised,
We fearlessly follow his beckoning hand.
Tho' it leads to a watery grave.

After chorus sailors retire, and Job enters from cabin.

JOB.

This 'ere caterwauln' is beastly. What with seasickness, and them 'ere Blackamoor Hayrabs, I'm a turned hupside down and hinside hout. This 'ere is a rum go, anyhow, the rummiest go as hever was. 'Ere we are hembarked on the wide ocean with a lot of tawny savages, and bound for some outlandish place, the Lord knows where. I think master Holly be a gettin' into his linnacy and going daft. I feels flabbergasted, I does, and no wonder. Look at them 'ere himps of Satan, nice company for a respectable serving man, like me. They makes my flesh crawl whenever I goes near 'em. They's muck, they is, and the muckiest kind of muck at that. *Enter Tim Lauhan from cabin.*

TIM.

Coming down. Hello, Job, me foine bucko, what the divil are ye cogitatin'?

JOB.

I was just a thinkin', Tim, what a hass you har.

TIM.

An ass, you mane. Is it me?

JOB.

And what an hass your master, Mr. Leo, is,

TIM.

Bad cess to the tongue av ye! What do ye mane?

JOB.

And what a fool my master, Mr. Horace, is.

TIM.

Now ye are comin' at the truth.

JOB.

And what a numbskuller, hignoramus, hout-and-hout hidjiot I is myself.

TIM.

There ye hit the truth completely. I coincide with your last observation.

JOB.

If I reflect upon myself more than upon you, it's because I doesn't like to 'urt anybody's feelinks. There are other bloomin' hignoramus hidjiots on board this houtlandish dhow besides me.

TIM.

Is there now? Well, there may be some as bloomin', but bad luck to me if there is any as full-blown as yerself. But what's come to you, anyhow?

JOB.

What's come to me? What have I come to,—that's more like the question. Look at the sitation! 'Ere we are cast like bread upon the waters, not to return after many days, but to be heat hup by a lot of tawny blackamoors, or pickled in the salt sea waters of the briny hocean. And where be we a-goin' to? Hon a voyage of discovery, like Christopher Columbus, only Chris was a-huntin' for a new world, while we is a huntin' for a hold city called "Kor," where cannibals live in caves and heat dead folks, and where there is a queen 2200 years old who washed herself in the fire of life, and can never die accordin'. I say its hall bosh, and Mr. Leo and my master be fools to think there's any truth in it; and you be a fool for comin' along, and I be a hignoramus and bloomin' hidjiot for a-doin' of the same thing, and no good can come of it.

TIM.

Don't say that! Sure we'll return with our pockets full of goold and precious stones. And if we can get a dip in this precious "Fire of Life" we'll all become young and handsome, and live for thousands of years. Think of that me darlin'. Always looking young and handsome, till ye're owld enough to be Methusala's grandfather.

JOB.

I don't want to be Methusala's grandfather, and as for ben' 'andsome, I'm 'andsome enough as God made me. To be sure, that 'ere "Fire of Life" might polish you up a bit, but as for its ever making you 'andsome, Tim, that's an impossibility: you're too far gone in ugliness.

TIM.

Eh, is it me? Why you grazey little butter tub, do you mane to cast reflections on my looks?

JOB.

No, I don't need to do that, your looks reflects themselves; facts is facts, you know Tim.

TIM.

Of course they are, and (*poking his fist under Job's nose*), there is one fact starin' you in the face, (*raising his foot as if to kick*), and another fact ready to astonish your trousers, and upon me soul! if both these facts unite their forces, there will be a matter-of-fact Johnny Bull left sprawlin' without a foot or a fact to stand upon.

JOB.

Ye 're a houtlandish H Irish hidjiot, and I don't want to talk to you.

TIM.

No, be jabers, nor ye don't want to receive the facts presented to you. But yer head is so thick that I'll be forced to bring *ocular demonstration* and *stern*

reality to bear on you. But, talking of beauty, sure if I was such a squabby, flabby, butther-milk-and-potato looking jelly-fish as you I'd go hang meself.

JOB.

You'd better do that, anyhow, and save Jack Ketch the trouble, for that's how you'll end your days, Tim, if hever you get back to Hingland.

TIM.

True for you. They're fond of hanging Irishmen in England, but they'll get tired of that sport before long, and when that happens, and a season of fair play begins, you'll find that an Irishman can be coaxed but not coerced.

JOB.

Well, I don't want to quarrel with you, Tim, so there's my hand. (*Offers hand.*)

TIM.

(*Grasping his hand.*) And there's mine. We are in the same sarvice, and dependent one on the other, and it's better to be friends than enemies.

JOB.

Agreed! But you know you're not 'andsome, Tim.

TIM.

Well, if I'm not, I have taking ways, at least so the girls say. If I'm not handsome my master, Mr. Leo is, and that's more than you can say of yours.

JOB.

Yes, Mr. Leo is 'andsome, and Mr. Holly is not a beauty.

TIM.

Not a beauty! he's the ugliest mortal I ever looked at, not mainin' any disrespect, Job.

JOB.

But he's as good a mortal as hever was.

TIM.

True fer you, and, without flattery, Job, you take after him. "Like master, like man."

JOB.

There you go again with your Hirish himperdence.

TIM.

And there you go again with your English vanity.

JOB.

You're a—you're a—Oh, go to the devil, Tim Lanau.

TIM.

I'll not go to the divil, and my name is not Tim Lanau, but Tim Lanhahan, do you understand, you oumadhaun? L-a la, n-a na, h-a ha, Lanaha, h-a-n han, Lanahahan. Bad luck to such ignorance.

JOB.

Lord, what a name; it's worse nor a Blackamoor's.

TIM.

And better than a yockel's for all that.

JOB.

You're a hignorant Hirish hass.

TIM.

And you're a consaited English bull, with more beef than brains.

JOB.

You're a—you're a—you're a—Oh, damme, you're a Hirishman.

TIM.

True for you; and I'm proud of it.

JOB.

(*Very excitedly.*) Hirish! Hirish! Hirish! (*Goes up quickly and runs against an Arab sailor who has entered from hold; both nearly fall; Arab draws*

cutlass and is about to strike Job.) 'Old hon, there, what are you about. (Runs down stage to R. corner, pursued by Arab. Tim jumps between them; disarms Arab after struggle.

TIM.

Ye murderin' divil. (*Throws Arab down L.*) Stand up here llike a man and I'll take the consat out of you. (*Tim throws away cutlass and squares off like a pugilist. The Arab rises.*)

JOB.

Ge it, Tim! Polish him off. Give him one for his bloomin' nob.

ARAB.

(*Spits at Tim.*) Dog!

TIM.

Dog! Let me at him! Let me pulverize the yellow monkey. (*Tim strikes Arab, they clinch and struggle. The scene is worked up. Job is shouting "give it to him, Tim, etc. Tim gets the best of Arab. Horace and Leo enter from cabin.*

HORACE.

Hold! (*Tim rises, and the Arab muttering and looking vicious goes down hold.*) What's all this about? What's the matter?

TIM.

Well, sir, that tawny blackguard was goin' to murder Job when I interferred. Then the ill-bred slipalpeen spit in my face and called me "dog."

HORACE.

But you're not a dog, you know, Tim.

JOB.

Well, if he be, sir, he's a full-bred H Irish Terrier, and can 'ang on in a fight, and can wallop a Harabian gorilla hany day.

LEO.

Tim should have thrown the cur into the sea.

HORACE.

No; better as it is. These are treacherous people, and not over friendly. We must be politic and guarded. Go into the cabin, Job, with Tim, and watch what articles we have there. The guns and stores are in the whaleboat astern.

JOB.

All right, sir. (*Goes up with Tim.*) Tim! (*Offers hand.*

TIM.

Taking Job's hand. Job!

JOB.

We are friends?

TIM.

Brothers!

JOB.

I'll never abuse the H Irish again.

TIM.

Stick to that, me boy. Give the Irish their rights, and England will find a warm friend instead of a bitter foe in Ireland. (*Exit Job and Tim into cabin.*

HORACE.

Well, my boy, this is a pretty wild goose chase for two sensible men to be engaged in.

LEO.

Then you have no faith in our mission? You doubt that I am a descendant of Kalikrates, the priest of Isis and Amanartes, a princess of the race of the Pharaoh Hocar. In fact, you doubt the antiquity of the casket left by my father. You translated the Unical Greek inscriptions and the Latin Black Letter documents, and should know if they are what they seem.

HORACE.

I believe the casket to be over 2200 years old, and the potsherd with the Unical Greek and Latin Black Letter to be genuine.

LEO.

And do they not plainly trace my descent, link by link, and prove beyond a doubt that the founder of our family, my sixty-sixth lineal ancestor, was the priest Kalikrates?

HORACE.

I cannot deny these proofs of your family's extraordinary antiquity. But the story which follows is so very strange.

LEO.

And yet a true one. You admit the antiquity of the casket and its contents. They bear the unmistakable stamp of Nectanebo II., the last native Pharaoh of Egypt, who reigned B. C. 339. The story as chronicled on the potsherd is quite plain. It was in that year that my lineal ancestor Kalikrates broke his vows of celibacy as a priest of Isis, and fled from Egypt with Amanartes, a princess of the royal blood, who had fallen in love with him. They were wrecked upon the west coast of Africa, and, from the description, near where Delagoda Bay now is.

HORACE.

Or, to be more accurate, about three leagues north of the Zambesi river, where is seen a great rock resembling the head of an Ethiopian.

LEO.

Exactly. My ancestor Kalikrates and the princess Amenartes were saved, but were captured by wild men and taken inland on a journey of ten days, till they came to the ruins of a great city, where there were endless caves. They were brought before the Queen, whom Amanartes described as a woman of great loveliness, who can never die, having bathed in the Fire of Life.

HORACE.

And this is the most fabulous part of the story.

LEO.

I do not believe it a fable. I believe that if it can be re-discovered, there is a spot where the vital forces of the world visibly exist. Life exists; why, therefore, should not the means of preserving it indefinitely exist, also?

LEO.

Even so, he who would tamper with the vast and secret forces that animate the world may fall a victim to them.

LEO.

Ah, but think, Uncle Horace! If we should be fortunate enough to find this secret force, this Fire of Life, and emerge from it ever beautiful and ever young, defying time and evil, lifted above the natural decay of flesh and intellect, what a grand, what a glorious consummation.

HORACE.

If such a thing could be, who shall say that the awesome change would prove a happy one. But, I have no wish to discourage you, we have made the start and we'll not turn back.

LEO.

Now, that's right. It was my poor father's wish that I should make this effort, and if we fail we can return to England and wisdom again. But, if this never dying Queen who slew my ancestor, Kalikrates, 2200 years ago because he would not return her love, if this woman still exists, then we shall know that the Fire of Life is not a myth, and the sherd of Amenartes genuine, and I shall have proved my descent from the royal house of Hakor and Nectanebo II, who reigned in Egypt Before Christ 339 years.

Goes up stage and ascends to poop deck and engages in conversation with the Man at Wheel.

MAN AT WHEEL.

Looks at sky. Points at cloud. Samba!
Mohamed enters from hold.

HORACE.

To Mohamed. How far are we from the mouth of the Zambesi, Captain?

About twenty leagues,

MOHAMED.

HORACE.

And how much further is it to the peculiar headland of which we spoke?

MOHAMED

You mean the Ethiopian's head?

HORACE.

Yes.

MOHAMED.

About three leagues to the north.

HORACE.

Have you seen this singular head often, Captain?

MOHAMED.

Yes, but have never approached it close. Our people fear this stone image and believe it to be a demon that invokes the storms to destroy all vessels that approach it.

HORACE.

Nonsense. And what is your belief?

MOHAMED.

I believe it to be the work of an ancient people who carved it from the solid rock as an emblem of defiance and warning to enemies who approached the harbor.

HORACE.

Is it possible that such a harbor ever existed?

Thousands of years ago. My father, who sailed these latitudes all his life, discovered the ruins of a canal which was once fed by the waters of the Zambesi.

HORACE.

Do you know anything of the people who live inland?

MOHAMED.

From hearsay. They are called "Amahagger, or "people of the rocks." My father once met one of these strange men, who was cut off from his tribe on account of some crime. This refugee could speak a little Arabic, and said his people lived in great caves near a ruined city. That their queen was a beautiful white woman who had power over all things living and dead.

HORACE.

Is it possible? *Aside.* Here's a revelation there must be some truth in the story after all. *Aloud.* Captain, you will land us at the Ethiopian's head and accompany us in our expedition inland?

MOHAMED.

Allah forbid! Not for the world would I venture into that strange country. The people eat human flesh and consort with spirits of evil. Go not there or you are lost.

HORACE.

At least you will land our party at the big head.

MOHAMED.

I dare not approach that rock too near, my people would rebel.

HORACE.

But I paid you to land us where we pleased and I insist.

MOHAMED.

Allah be praised. I know not what to do. I will consult with my people and if they consent it shall be as you say. *Goes down hatchway. Leo comes down.*

HORACE.

To-morrow at ten o'clock, if our reckoning is correct, we will be at the mouth of the Zambesi, and in the vicinity of the Negro's Head.

LEO.

And begin our search for the ruined city and the "Fire of Life."

HORACE.

You were airing your Arabic with the man at the wheel. What did he tell you? Did he ever hear anything about the ruined city?

LEO.

No; he says the country back of the Ethiopian's Head is all swamp, and full of snakes, especially pythons, and game; and that no man lives there,—only evil spirits.

HORACE.

You see what sort of an opinion these gentry have of the country. Not one of them will go with us. They think we are mad, and upon my word I believe they are right. If we ever get back to England again I shall be astonished. At my age it does not greatly matter, but I am anxious about you, Leo, and Job and Tim. It's a Tom Fool's business, my boy.

LEO.

So far as I'm concerned, I'm willing to take my chance. *Looking off.* Look! What's that cloud?

HORACE.

It looks like a squall. *Enter Job, with two Gladstone bags, from cabin.*

JOB.

Please sir, as we've got all the rest of the things in the whaleboat astern, I thought it best to put these 'ere in, too. *Lowering his voice.* I don't like the looks of these black gentry. Supposin', now, as 'ow some on 'em was to slip into the boat at night and cut the cable and make hoff with 'er? It'd be a purty go, wouldn't it now?

LEO.

But if you put the bags in the boat, they'll have the more plunder to make off with, Job.

JOB.

Yes, sir; but I'm not such a fool as that. I intends to get into boat with the hother plunder, and watch it.

HORACE.

You're about right, Job. You can sleep there. There are blankets in the lockers with the guns, only be careful and keep out of the moon, or it may blind you or turn your head.

JOB.

Lord Sir, it don't much matter if it did. My 'ead's that turned already with the sight of these Blackamoors, as I feels more like a Bedlamite than a Christian. They is only fit for muck, they is—and they smells bad enough for it already. *He gets ower side of ship during speech and Leo hands down bags to him. Horace and Leo go into cabin. Mohamed followed by all the Arabs comes from hold, man at wheel has come down.*

MOHAMED.

Well, brothers, what is your pleasure—Shall we land the Christians.

OMNES.

No. No. No. ! *The Stage is darkened, lights half down.*

1st ARAB.

These Christian dogs would lead us to destruction. *Distant thunder.* See the storm is already gathering. These men are evil, let us rid ourselves of them before it is too late.

OMNES.

Yes, yes! let it be so?

MOHAMED

What would you do brothers?

1st ARAB.

Cast them into the sea! They are dogs.

OMNES.

Let the dogs die.

MOHAMED,

Brothers reflect, be not hasty.

1st ARAB.

I was struck by one of these Christians, and by Allah, he shall not live. They would take us to the Ethiopian's head, to the shore of storms. *The stage becomes suddenly very dark a strong flash of lightning followed by a loud clap of thunder.* See the wrath of Allah is in the sky and disturbs the waters. Let us throw these Christians into the sea and appease his anger.

OMNES.

Allah be praised! let it be so. *Job's head is seen over bulwork watching them.*

JOB.

Oh Lord! the beastly blackamoors. They's going to pickle us sure enough. I'll get a gun, *Disappears*

ENTER LEO AND HORACE *from cabin* "The platform behind cabin is now taken away and cabin held in its place by carpenter, read to trip it off."

LEO.

The storm is brewing, sure enough.

HORACE.

Yes. *Looking at Arabs.* By the looks of them black devils, it will break upon us soon.

LEO.

I see! I see! They mean mischief.

HORACE.

Yes. Where is Tim? (*Calls in cabin.*) Hello, Tim, where are you? (*Tim enters with a bound.*)

TIM.

Here I am! What the divil is the matter? Are we goin' to the bottom, Mr. Leo?

LEO.

No; but I fear the Arabs are going to attack us. Be ready to fight, and jump into the boat when I give the command.

TIM.

Shure I'm always ready for a fight. But where is Job?

LEO.

He's in the boat.

FIRST ARAB.

Brothers, are you ready to appease Allah?

OMNES.

Allah be praised! we are ready. (*Draw weapons.*)

TIM.

Oh, look at the murderin' tawnies! They'll be upon us in a minute.

HORACE.

Get your pistols ready, and stand firm.

FIRST ARAB.

Christians, you have provoked the wrath of Allah, and you must die!

TIM.

Yer a liar, ye naygur o' blazes!

HORACE.

Captain, what means this treachery? Command these ruffians to retire.

MOHAMED.

I'm sorry for you, Christian, but I'm powerless, and can't interfere.

HORACE.

Then we shall sell our lives dearly. Job, look to the boat.

JOB.

Hall right, sir.

FIRST ARAB.

Christians, surrender.

LEO.

We are Englishmen and never surrender.

FIRST ARAB.

On them, and cut the infidel dogs to pieces.

OMNES.

Down with the dogs. *(They all make a rush. Horace, Leo and Tim discharge pistols. Job appears over bulwark with a gun which he fires. A general struggle. Tim gets First Arab down. Job another.)*

TIM.

Huroo! I'm the divil himseif in a ruction.

JOB.

(Asride of Arab.) Cock-a-doodle-doo? *(Crowing)* Britons never shall be slaves. *(A great flash of lightning followed by thunder, then a loud crash. The Arabs throw themselves on their faces.)*

LEO.

We have struck a rock. Quick, to the boat. *(Horace, Tim and Job climb quickly over bulwark. The Arabs remain motionless. As Leo starts to go another flash followed by thunder and a terrific crash. The mast and bulwark fall the waters rise; the cabin is tripped off and the whole deck is apparently submerged. Leo and the Arabs struggle in the water and then sink. The falling of bulwark, discovers whale boat, with Horace, Tim and Job in it.)*

HORACE.

Great God! Where is Leo? Leo! Leo!

JOB.

He's gone, sir. God help him. *(Leo is seen to rise. Tim lays hold of him.)*

TIM.

I have him. *Lifts him partially up.*

HORACE.

Thank Heaven, he is saved, saved.

CURTAIN.

(Thunder and lightning and constant agitation of the waters during scene.)

ACT II.

Calm sea view. A point of rock or headland extending into the sea terminating with a statue-like rock resembling the head of an Ethiopian. R. to C. Whale-boat on beach. Stores and guns at back. Horace and Tim discovered. Also Leo, who is asleep on blanket L. E. E.

HORACE.

What do you think of that head, Tim?

TIM.

Well, upon me sowl, sir, I think the divil himself must have been setting on that rock for his portrait, and, bad luck to him, it's a foine likeness.

HORACE.

It is rather an uncanny and weird affair, Tim, and is well calculated to inspire superstition. But we have had a miraculous escape from death, and in spite of its forbidding appearance, we'll accept it as a good omen of the future.

LEO.

Waking up. Hello, what's the matter with me? I'm as stiff as an Egyptian mummy. Where is the Dhow.

HORACE.

At the bottom of the sea, and you may be thankful that you are not stiffer, my boy; everybody on board, with the exception of us four, are drowned, and your life was only saved by a miracle. *Gag for Tim.* Tim, get the brandy.

TIM.

With alacrity and delight, your honor. *Gets bottle from stores L.*

LEO.

Great Heavens! And to think that we should have been chosen to live through it.

TIM.

Handing bottle to Leo. Throw a swig of that into your neck, an' it'll warm the cockles of your heart.

LEO.

Takes bottle and drinks. It is warming, Tim, and gives fresh vitality to the blood. *Passes bottle to Horace.*

HORACE.

Drinks. It's akin to the "Fire of Life," and, to my mind, much more potent. *Passes bottle to Tim.*

TIM.

Drinks. The "Fire of Life" is an icicle compared to a good bumper of Irish whisky. Ah, tare-an-ages. Sir, that's the stuff that tips the tongue with eloquence and the nose with red.

LEO.

(Who has been looking at rock.) As I live, there's the head that the writing tells of—the Ethiopian's Head.

HORACE.

Yes, there it is,—like a demon forbidding us to proceed further.

LEO.

Then the whole story is true.

HORACE.

I don't see that that follows. We knew this head was here,—your father saw it once,—but it may not be the head the writing tells of; or if it is, it proves nothing.

LEO.

You are an unbelieving Jew, Uncle Horace. Why, the thing is plain; the

hand of destiny is plain. We were saved from death, and cast on this shore within sight of this unmistakable head, in order to be convinced, and yet you doubt.

HORACE.

Doubt! To be sure I doubt. The whole thing seems preposterous. We have risked our lives, like a quartette of fools, to find a woman 2200 years old. Bless me! bless me! To think that I should give way to such an absurdity!

LEO.

Those who live will see.

HORACE.

Yes, yes! I suppose they will. You'll see me and I'll see you, and each will see a fool..

LEO.

There, there, Avancular, don't get out of patience. We'll see the end of this, at all events, and adopt the "cap and bells" afterward, if deserving them.

HORACE.

To be sure, we'll see the end of it. You don't think me such a fool as to turn back now? And if I was, how the devil could we get back?

LEO.

Trust to luck, and a chapter of accidents. But where is Job?

HORACE.

He took a gun and went down to the mouth of the river, expecting to shoot some game. (*Shot heard.*) Ah, there he's at it. What's down, I wonder.

JOB.

(*Outside.*) Get hout, you beast! Get hout! (*He tumbles on stage, frightened, and out of breath.*)

LEO.

What's up, Job?

JOB.

Oh, Lord! Oh, Lordy! They's after me! Whew! My heys! What whoppers We'll hall—be—heat hup—sure as a gun! Whew! (*They all laugh at Job.*)

TIM.

What is it, Job? Did ye see a ghost?

JOB.

No; but them 'ere 'airy 'eaded lions! They took after me, and was goin' to heat me!

TIM.

Shure they must be mighty fond of tallow, thin, for it's a grasy mouthful they'd have of you! (*All laugh.*)

JOB.

They'd die of higuorance if they'd heat you, you Hirish hijiot! (*All laugh.*) Lor' a mighty! Look there! (*Pointing off, R. U. E.*)

ALL.

Where? What is it?

JOB.

There is one of their now! (*All get guns.*) Oh, Lord, 'is heyes look like bull's-eye lanterns!

LEO.

(*To Horace, who is about to shoot.*) I claim the first shot! (*Horace recovers. Leo shoots.*) Missed, by Jupiter!

HORACE.

Now its my turn. *Shoots, Lion falls with his head in sight among the rocks.* Well I think I've wiped your eye there Master Leo.

LEO.

Confound you, yes! But I beg your pardon old fellow, I congratulate you; it was a lovely shot and mine was vile. *They all put guns down and group about the dead lion.*

TIM.

Oh, look at the jawl of him, and the claws of him and the fire ball eyes of him. Oh, bad luck to him, but he's a dead specimin of liven destruction. *As they are bending over the Lion a great yell is heard and from behind every rock and down the runs—rush the Amahagger with spears surrounding the party, and binding them with strips of skin. Billali and a Sentinal appear on rock. R*

BILLALI.

Peace! Who are you who come hither swiming on the water? Speak, or ye die!

HORACE.

We are travellers, come here by chance.

SINBALLI.

Father shall we slay?

BILLALI.

What is the color of the men?

SINBALLI.

What is their color.

BILLALI.

Slay not! Four suns since, was the word brought to me from She-who-must-be-obeyed, white men come, slay them not. Let them be brought to the land of She-who-must-be-obeyed. Bring forth the men! *They are led C. Billali comes down.*

LEO.

What on earth is up?

JOB.

Oh, Lord Sir, here's a rum go!

TIM.

We're in for it Job: We'll be roasted, baked and boiled and served up for their dinner before an hour.

BILLALI.

Are they secure?

SINBALLI.

They are father.

BILLALI.

Then bring that which is made ready for them. *Four of the men go off R. U. E. And take all there is in the thing that floats. Others take guns bags and all the plunder from boat. To Horace. Wherefore comest thou into the land, which scarce an alien foot has pressed from the time that man knoweth?*

HORACE.

We come to find new things my father. We have come up out of the Sea to know that which is unknown.

BILLALI.

Humph!—You must go before She-who-must-be-obeyed.

HORACE.

Who is She-who-must-be-obeyed?

BILLALI.

Surely, my stranger son, thou wilt learn soon enough if it be her pleasure to see thee at all in the flesh.

HORACE.

In the flesh? What may my father wish to convey? *Billali laughs knowingly.* What is the name of thy people, father?

BILLALI.

Amahagger, people of the rocks.

HORACE.

Startled. And if a Son might ask, what is the name of my father?

BILLALI.

My name is Billali.

TIM.

Do you hear that, Job? His name is Ballally.

JOB.

He looks as if his name was Billygoat.

HORACE.

And whither will you take us?

BILLALI.

Thou shalt soon see. *To sentinel on rock.* Let our women be called. *The sentinel disappears.* We have a custom that if any of our women kiss a man and he returns it, they are at once proclaimed man and wife. Some of the women may wish to espouse you, though I fear my son *you* will not be favored for you are very ugly; very ugly.

HORACE.

My father speaks the truth, but my face is not an index to my heart.

BILLALI.

No, for were it so, thou wouldst be, in truth, only a Baboon.

TIM.

Oh, murder-in-Irish, do you hear that? A Baboon!

The sentinel returns to his post on rock.

SENTINEL.—*Sings.*

They come, they come, the women of Amahagger.
They come, they come, from out the caves of Kor.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.—*Outside R. U. E.*

We come, we come, the women of Amahagger.
We come, we come, from out the caves of Kor.

Solo.—SENTINEL.

They come to see the strangers, the daring white-faced strangers
Who drifted on the waters to the land of Amahagger.

Solo.—BILLALI.

These men from out the ocean, have made a great commotion,
By drifting on the waters to the land of Amahagger.

Recit.—SENTINEL.

They come, they come, they come.

Enter all the women singing chorus.

CHORUS.

From over the sea, from over the sea.
To this wild land of an ancient race.
Where the foot of a stranger seldom pressed.
And the white man hath seldom shown his face.
These wanderers came in their fragile bark,
And the women of Kor now bid them hail!
Here in our caves they *will* find rest.
No more on the wave of the sea they'll sail.
Hail, all hail! to the white faced strangers,
We give all hail.

They gather round Horace, Leo, Tim, and Job, and examine them curiously.

TIM.

Oh, mille murdher, look at the purty craytures. Look at that kinky headed little Leprochen, she's got her eye on me. *He nods toward Hiliya.* Tare-an-ages! if she'd only kiss me now.

JOB.

You've got no decency, Tim. Why, they's Blackamoors.

TIM.

To be sure they're a little off' color, but it's only sunburned they are. And how purty they are dressed.

JOB.

The brazen huzzies, they's got next to nothing on 'em. *The women pay particular attention to Leo, he raises his hat to them and bows, and when they see his yellow, curling hair, they show their delight by clapping their hands, laughing, and all exclaim*

WOMEN.

Soh! Soh! Soh! *Ustane advances and caresses his hair. Symphony is played.*

Song.—USTANE.

My eyes behold the glory,
Of thy golden, sunny hair.
Like the spirit of my dreaming,
Thou'rt come, so bright and fair:
Thou dost fill my soul with pleasure
And my virgin heart with bliss,
And I claim thee, for I love thee,
With a maiden's first fond kiss.
Yes, I claim thee, for I love thee,
With a maiden's first fond kiss.

Kisses him.

CHORUS.

Soli! Soli! Soli! Golden hair,
Soli! Soli! Soli! Bright and fair,
Thou hast filled her soul with pleasure,
And her virgin heart with bliss,
If you love as she doth love thee,
Return the maiden's kiss,
If you love as she doth love thee,
Return the maiden's kiss.

He kisses her. They all exclaim

ALL.

Soli! Soli! Soli! *Clap hands delightedly.*

JOB.

The huzzy. And Mr. Leo ought to be ashamed of himself, kissing a wench like that.

TIM.

Go 'long, you "aumadhaun!" where's the harm. I wish little Fizzle Top, (*indicating Hiliya*) yonder, would serve me the same way. *The women advance and examine Horace and turn away from him in turn and exclaim. "baboon!"* Horace looks disgusted. "*By-play is introduced here.*" *Hiliya has found Tim.*

HILIYA.

(*Claps her hands and dances delightedly. Throws her arms about his neck and kisses him.*) Soli! Soli! Soli!

TIM.

(*Kissing her rapturously.*) So, my little brown sparrow you had yer eye on me all the time.

HILIYA.

(*Same bus. as before.*) Soli! Soli! Soli!

JOB.

I never see such shamfacedness. I wish I was safe away from these minxes. (*He starts to go up C, is met by Dilyesha, who catches him and tries to kiss him.*) Be off with you! Get away you minx. *Shoves her off to Billali and others, who are laughing at him.* Beg your pardon, gentlemen, I'm sure I haven't encouraged her. (*She grabs him and kisses him.*) Take'er away! 'Old'er, Mister Holley, please 'old'er, sir. I can't stand it indeed I can't. (*They all laugh. The old woman is very angry.*) This has never happened to me before, gentlemen, never! There's nothing against my character. (*They all laugh except Dilyesha, who is violently agitated and snarls at Job, who shrinks from her. She retires up.*)

BILLALI.

Come, my children, we must be going. SHE-who-must-be-obeyed expects us.

HORACE.

Pardon me, father, but as I understand SHE-who-must-be-obeyed lives far from here, how could she have known of our approach?

BILLALI.

(*Mysteriously.*) Are there none in your land who can see without eyes and hear without ears? Ask no questions. SHE knew.

HORACE.

And why has she sent for us?

BILLALI.

That, you will learn from her own lips; but know, O my son, the Baboon, during my grandmother's life and my mother's life, and my own, every stranger visiting these shores has been put to death, without mercy, by order of SHE, herself.

HORACE.

Why how can that be? You are an old man, and the time you talk of reaches back three men's lives: how, then, could SHE have ordered the death of anybody at the beginning of the life of your grandmother, seeing that SHE, herself could not have been?

BILLALI.

Oh! my son, the Baboon, there are many strange things in the land of the Amahagger. It is not for me to explain, but for SHE who dies not. SHE-who must-be-obeyed. (*Calls.*) Advance! *Two Palanquins are brought forward, C.*

RECT. SENTINEL.

(*Still on rock.*) SHE-who-must-ever-be-obeyed commands the strangers' presence.

CHORUS.

SHE-who-must-ever-be-obeyed
Commands the strangers' presence.

Solo—USTANE.

Thy love hath waked my sleeping heart
Like new life dawning o'er me;
Where e'er I turn mine eyes thou art,
All light and love before me;
None else can have a charm for me,—
All other bonds we'll sever;
Thee for me and I for thee,—
We'll live and love for ever.

Chorus.

They'll live and love for ever!
They'll live and love for ever!
She for him and he for her,—
They'll live and love for ever!

Solo—LEO.

Yes, I will love thee,—faithfully love thee!
Ever and always I will be true!
My heart is a temple,— I will enshrine thee,
And worship none other, dear Ustane, but you.

Solo—USTANE.

Thou art my chosen, thou art my chosen,—
Ever and always I will be true!
My shrine is thy love,— I'll worship for ever,
Content with a smile if that smile comes from you.

Chorus.

They'll live and love for ever!
They'll live and love for ever!
She for him and he for her,—
They'll live and love for ever!

The Chorus is repeated. During chorus LEO and HORACE have seated themselves in palanquins, and are borne off, followed by all, singing chorus. When all well off

CHANGE II.—SCENE 2.

Interior of a very gloomy cave. Enter SINBALLI and DILYESHA, bearing a large wooden tray, similar to a butcher's tray, with two long iron pincers, a number of large knives, and wood for fire. A gas-connection is arranged, C, to be lit. Also, lacopodium to produce flames when desired. They put tray back of gas-fixture, a large earthen pot.

SINBALLI.

If we do this thing, art sure, Dilyesha, that *She* will not be angered?

DILYESHA.

Does *She* not always condemn strangers to death?

SINBALLI.

Yes, but our father Billali hath orders to spare these because they are white.

DILYESHA.

The orders were to spare the Baboon and the Lion, the pig and the goat were not mentioned. The pig scorned my kiss and I hunger for his flesh. We will hold our feast and hot-pot him Sinballi.

SINBALLI.

But our father Billali will not consent.

DILYESHA.

Billali has been summoned by *She-who-must-be-obeyed*. We can hot-pot the pig before he returns. The pig is only a slave and the Baboon is his master. Everything is prepared, you light the fire, heat the pot and I will call them to the feast. *Going R. I. E.*

SINBALLI.

Be it as you wish, but if evil comes of it you will have to answer.

DILYESHA.

I will answer for it. The pig spurned Dilyesha and our household will feast upon his flesh. He he he! the pig shall roast, the pig shall roast. *Exit R. I. E. Sinballi lights fire by striking stone on pincers. A sort of barbaric music in march tone is played. All the Amahagger except Ustane and Hiliya enter, and form semicircle round fire, Leo and Horace at one end and Tim and Job at the other end of circle Dilyesha sits back of Job looking very sinister.*

TIM.

What sort of a faste is this Job? sure there is nothing at all to ate. *Sinballi passes knives to Amahagger.* But, they've got murderin big knives to cut it with anyhow.

JOB.

I begins to feel uneasy, Tim. Maybe as how they's going to cut us hup and heat us.

TIM.

Devil trust them Look at that butcher's tray, and the big knives. Bad luck to me, but I believe its a slaughter house and a cook shop combined. *An earthen jar, containing liquid, is passed around, and as each one drinks he expresses his appreciation by a guttural Ugh!* There must be some good lush in that Jug, by the way they grunt over it. *Dilyesha fondles Job.*

DILYESHA.

My pig, my pig, my chosen pig! *(Embracing him).*

JOB.

What's hup now? *(Jumps up.)* Bless us and save us, 'ere you are again. *(Throws her off.)* She's always after me. *(To the Amahagger.)* Begs yer pardon, gentlemen, but it's not my fault. I never encouraged 'er has you all can witness.

AMAHAGGER.

Ugh!

JOB.

(Sits.) They gives me the creeps, the whole lot of 'em, and that's a fact.

TIM.

Why don't you kiss the ould crature and make her happy.

JOB.

Kiss that female gorilla?

TIM.

To be sure, If she was the devil's grandmother I'd kiss her, if only to make friends with her.

JOB.

You've got no decency, Tim, or you wouldn't talk like that.

HORACE.

(*To Leo.*) I don't at all like the looks of things, but I suppose we must face it out. Have you got your pistols?

LEO.

No, only my hunting knife, though that's big enough, surely. (*Symphony played.*)

CHORUS AMAHAGGER.

We are called to the feast, but there's nothing to eat,
Who is there here to provide us with meat.

Solo.—DILYESHA.

I have provided the meat and the pot,
'Twill be served when desired, all juicy and hot.

Rect.—SINBALLI.

Where is the flesh that we shall eat?

Rect.—AMAHAGGER.

The flesh will come, the flesh will come.

Rect.—SINBALLI.

Is it the flesh of a goat?

Rect.—AMAHAGGER.

It is a goat without horns, and more than a goat, and we shall slay it.
(*They all turn half round, lift up their spears with the right hand and put them back. Simultaneous action. Music to suit action.*)

Rect.—SINBALLI.

Is it the flesh of an ox?

Rect.—AMAHAGGER.

It is an ox without horns, and more than an ox, and we shall slay it. (*Same action as before, with music.*)

Rect.—SINBALLI.

Is the meat ready to be cooked?

Rect.—AMAHAGGER.

It is ready! It is ready! It is ready!

Rect.—SINBALLI.

Is the pot hot to cook the flesh?

Rect.—AMAHAGGER.

It is hot! It is hot! (*Great rumbling music.*)

LEO.

(*Jumping up.*) Great heavens! The people who put pots upon the heads of strangers!

Chorus.—AMAHAGGER.

We are ready for the feast.
We are ready for the feast.
Let the goat, let the ox,
Be made ready for the pot!
We are ready for the feast.
We are ready for the feast.
Cook the flesh, cook the flesh,
And we'll eat it while it's hot!

Music hurries, and is kept up till BILLALI speaks. Two of the Amahagger jump up, seize pincers, take pot from fire. DILYESHA produces a fiber noose and pinions JOB, who is dragged C, and the men with the pot are about to place it on his head, when HORACE fires pistol. One of the Amahagger falls. LEO jumps forward and cuts the noose that binds JOB. SINBALLI levels spear at LEO. TIM jumps between them, and wrests spear from the Amahagger. HORACE is fighting L, with others.

SINBALLI.

A spear!—a spear!—to cut his throat! (*Another Amahagger is about to*

plunge his spear into LEO, who has been forced on his knees by numbers, while TIM and JOB are fighting with others. USTANE, followed by HILIYA, enter. USTANE throws herself prostrate on LEO, who is down. HILIYA helps TIM. Drive the spear through them both! As the man has his spear raised to obey, BILLALI enters R, E.

BILLALI.

Cease! (The Amahagger all drop their spears, and stand docile and inactive.) Ye dogs! Why am I disobeyed? Take that hyena with you, and begone, all of you! (They take off the dead man, and all the properties as they exit.)

HORACE.

You came in time, my father, or we should have been slain. (USTANE has raised LEO, who has been wounded.) See, my young friend is wounded. (Assists USTANE to bring LEO down.) My poor boy! Are you much hurt, Leo?

LEO.

No, avuncular, only the prod of a spear in the shoulder.

BILLALI.

Fear not, my son; vengeance shall be taken on the dogs such as would make the flesh twist upon the bones merely to hear it. To She they shall go, and her vengeance shall be worthy of her greatness.

HORACE.

What was their design, good father?

BILLALI.

Thou seest, my son, here there is a custom that if a stranger comes into the country he may be slain by the "hot-pot" and eaten.

LEO.

It is hospitality turned upside down. In our country they entertain strangers and give them food to eat.

TIM.

And here, bad luck to 'em, they ate the strangers and are entertained.

BILLALI.

It's a custom. I think it an evil one. I don't like the taste of strangers after they have wandered through the swamps and lived on wild food.

TIM.

Do you mind that, Job?

BILLALI.

But your servant the Pig, being plump and tender-looking, and these being hyenas, they lusted for his flesh, and the woman whom he refused to kiss, put it into their evil hearts to hot-pot him. Well, they will have their reward. Better had they never seen the light than stand before SHE in her terrible anger.

HORACE.

When will we be brought before She-who-must-be-obeyed?

BILLALI.

In an hour my son, and I hope SHE will spare you. Looking intently at Horace. You are very ugly—ugly as the Lion is beautiful—a very baboon in looks, but I like you.

HORACE.

I thank you, my father; but see, my young friend suffers and needs attention

LEO.

Tis nothing avuncular—a mere scratch, not worth mentioning.

HORACE.

I fear it is more serious than you would have us believe.

BILLALI.

Let your servant, the pig and the goat come with me and I will prepare a resting place for the Lion.

JOB.

I'd rather stay here, if it's all the same to you Mr. Billygoat.

TIM.

Correcting him Ball Ally, ye aumadhau !

BILLALI.

My name is Billali, my son. Dont be alarmed my pig. The pot is cold and there's no danger, follow me with the goat. *Exit R. I. E.*

TIM.

Come on Job, sure the goat will stand by the pig while there's a puck left in him. *Exit with Job.*

HORACE.

I will see to it myself Leo.—*Exit I. E. R.*

USTANE.

Had they killed you my chosen, Ustane would have died too.

LEO.

Then you love me truely, Ustane ?

USTANE

Truely ! Oh, how truely my Lion. I know that my love will bring me death, yet I truly love. I know that one more powerful than I will lead thee from me, yet I truly love. Oh, my Leo, my Lion, often before you came here have I dreamed of thee and seen thee as a vision in my sleep.

LEO.

Is it possible, Ustane, that you could have dreamed of me whom you had never seen ?

USTANE.

Oh, yes ! You are no stranger to me. Often have you come to me when my heart yearned for my chosen. I have closed my eyes that my soul might see more clearly; then have I beheld thee even as thou art, strong, noble and beautiful. *She closes her eyes and assumes a trancelike attitude.* It seems that I have always loved thee. *She presses his head between her hands and kisses him on forehead. The symphony of song is played during action.*

Song.—USTANE.

Thou art my chosen one, long have I waited for thee,
Thou who art beautiful, strong and so fair;
I will now hold the feast, lest harm should come to thee,
And cover thy golden head with my raven hair:
But time is in labor with a most evil day
SHE who is stronger than mortal may be,
SHE who is fairer, SHE who's more beautiful;
Oh, my beloved, SHE 'LL turn thee from me.
SHE with a look can harm,
SHE with a smile can charm,
Oh, my beloved SHE 'LL turn thee from me,

The music continues. Ustane appears to be in a trance. Speaks through music.

Look! Look! SHE is there. SHE beckons to my beloved. He follows her into the darkness. My eyes can see no more. (*Trembles and screams, Lost! Lost, Ustane!* *She shudders convulsively and falls, overpowered by her terrible emotion.* LEO bends over her and raises her in his arms.

LEO.

Ustane! Ustane! What is it? Speak to me.

USTANE.

Reviewing. Ah, my Leon, my chosen you are here!

LEO.

Yes, Ustane. What is the matter? What have you seen!

USTANE.

Assisted by Leo, she rises. Nay, my chosen. I did but sing unto thee after the fashion of my people. Surely I saw nothing. How could I see that which is not yet? (*Smilingly.*)

LEO.

But you surely saw something, Ustane ?

USTANE.

Nay, ask me not. Why should I fright you? (*Looks tenderly at him.*)
When I am gone from thee, my chosen, when at night thou stretchest out
thine hand and cannot find me, then thou wilt think of me; for in truth I love
thee well, though I be not fit to wash thy feet. Now let us love and take
that which is given us and be happy, for in the grave (*shudders*) there is no
love and no warmth, nor any touching of the lips, nothing perhaps or perchance
but bitter memories of what might have been. To-night the hours are our own
how know we to whom they may belong to-morrow.

Song.—USTANE.

To-night the tide of youthful life
Within our veins is flowing;
To-night our hearts are warm and light
With love's sweet passion glowing.
But all this warmth of life and love
May quickly echange to sorrow;
The arms that twine, the lips that press,
Are cold in death to-morrow.

Together.

Are cold in death to-morrow:
The arms that twine, the lips that press,
Are cold in death to-morrow.

Solo.—USTANE.

To-night we live, to-night we love,
Without a care distressing;
Our lips will meet, our arms will twine,
In lover's fond caressing.
Tho' death be nigh, we'll heed him not.

Together.

Nor one black plume we'll borrow,
We'll taste the cup of bliss to-night,
Tho' cold in death to-morrow.

They exit R. I. E.

CHANGE.—SCENE 3.

*Interior of gorgeously decorated cave. Statues of Egyptian design ornament the
wall. Lamps of ancient pattern are suspended from the ceiling. An arched
opening C, with Arabian curtains. Two prismatic fountains, one on either
side of opening. A raised dias or platform of sculptured stone back of opening
C. The other features of this scene will be explained. At change a march is
played and the Amahagger enter. BALLET AND CHORUS.*

Chorus.

Hiya comes, Hiya comes, Hiya of the mighty hand,
Hiya of the power divine, Hiya beautiful and grand.
She whose eyes the lightnings dart,
She so fair and yet so dread,
She who ruleth all that lives,
She who ruleth all that's dead.
Hiya comes, Hiya comes, She who with a look can slay.
She who, radiant as the sun, She who over life holds sway.
Hiya comes, Hiya comes, Hiya who must be obeyed,
Hiya comes, Hiya comes, in majesty and power arrayed.

*The recess or opening at back is illuminated, the curtains are drawn aside and
Ayesha is discovered. Music to suit action.*

Solo—BILLALI.

Hail to Ayesha, powerful queen,
Prostrate at thy feet we fall,
(Salaams very low.)
Thy slaves in supplication bow
To her who ruleth over all.

Chorus.

Hail to Ayesha, powerful queen,
Prostrate at thy feet we fall,
(All salaam very low.)
Thy slaves in supplication bow
To her who ruleth over all.
(All salaam, and remain bowed.)

Solo—AYESHA.

For full two thousand years and more
I've lived, with power and strength to see
The wondrous phases of the world,
Where all is changed save only me.
I've lingered on from age to age,
And marked great kings and empires fall ;
Though old still young and beautiful,
I'm queen and ruler over all.

Chorus.

She's lingered on from age to age,
And marked great kings and empires fall,
Though old still young and beautiful,
She's queen and ruler over all.

AYESHA.

(*To HORACE, who has been brought in by BELLALI.*) Stranger, why art thou so much afraid? Is there that about me that should afright a man?

HORACE, L.

It is thy beauty that makes me fear, oh queen.

BELLALI.

(*Aside to HORACE.*) Good, my Baboon, good! She's a great queen, but still a woman.

AYESHA.

Tell me how came you hither to this land of dwellers among caves?—a land of evil things and dead old shadows of the dead?

HORACE.

We come, oh queen, to learn the things that are unknown.

AYESHA.

Cheaply ye hold your lives to place them in the hollow of the hand of HIYA—into the hand of She - who - must - be - obeyed.

HORACE.

We trust our lives to thee, knowing that cruelty cannot dwell in the heart of one so beautiful.

BELLALI.

(*Aside to HORACE.*) Good, my Baboon, good!

AYESHA.

I see that men still know how to beguile us women with false words. Thou seest I dwell among the caves and the dead. Little know I of the affairs of man, nor have I cared to know. I have lived, oh stranger, with my memories, and my memories are in the grave that my own hands hollowed. (*These words are spoken with much feeling. Then suddenly seeing BELLALI, and very harshly.*) Ah, thou art there, old man! How is it that my guests were set upon, and one was nigh being slain by the "hot pot," to be eaten by these brutes, thy children? What have you to say that I should not give you over to those who execute my vengeance?

BELLALI.

Oh, Hiya! Oh, She! As thou art great, be merciful, for I am now, as ever, thy servant to obey. Those evil ones went mad with the lust of blood. I have ordered them here, to be judged of thy greatness.

AYESHA.

I will do justice upon them to-morrow. And as for thee, I forgive thee, though hardly. See that thou dost keep thy household better. Go! (*Music. BELLALI and all but HORACE and AYESHA march off, after saluting three times. To HORACE.*) Stranger, how do they call thee?

HORACE.

Your servant, Billali, calls me Baboon.

AYESHA.

LAUGHING. Ay, I see! that is the fashion of these savages, who lack imagination, and fly to the beasts they resemble for a name. How do they all thee in thine own country?

They call me Holly, oh, queen.

HORACE.

Holly ! and what is Holly ?

AYESHA.

Holly is a prickly tree.

HORACE.

AYESHA.

So ! Well, thou hast a prickly and yet a tree-like look. Thou art very ugly; but if my wisdom be not at fault thou art honest at the core. *She comes down.* Be seated here by me ! *Two stone seats C. He hesitates.* At present thou hast no cause to fear me. If thou hast cause thou shalt not fear long for I shall slay thee. Therefore let thy heart be light—*Horace and Ayesha sit.* now Holly, how comest thou to speak Arabic ? It is my own dear tongue—for Arabian I am by birth.

HORACE.

I have studied it for many years. It is spoken in Egypt and elsewhere.

AYESHA.

So, there is still an Egypt ? And what Pharaoh sits upon the throne ? Still one of the spawn of the Persian Ochus, or are the Archaemenians gone ?

HORACE.

The Persians have been gone from Egypt for nigh two thousand years, and since then the Ptolemys, the Romans and many others have flourished, and held sway upon the Nile. But what can you know of the Persian Artaxerxes ?

AYESHA.

Laughs knowingly. And Greece—is there still a Greece ? Ah, I loved the Greeks. Beautiful were they as the day, and clever—but fierce at heart and fickle.

HORACE.

Yes, there is still a Greece, but only a mockery of the Greece that was.

AYESHA.

And the Hebrews, are they yet at Jerusalem ?

HORACE.

The Jews are broken and scattered, and Jerusalem is no more. The Romans burned it and the Roman eagles flew across its ruins.

AYESHA.

So, So! *Musingly,* They were a great people, those Romans. But of these Jews—they called me heathen when I would have taught them philosophy, bid their Messiah come ?

HORACE.

Pardon me, oh Queen, but I'm bewildered. Nearly two thousand years have rolled across the earth since the Jewish Messiah hung upon his cross at Golgotha. How, then could you have taught the Jews philosophy, before he came? You are a woman and not a spirit. How can a woman live two thousand years.

AYESHA

Dost thou believe that all things die? I tell thee that nothing really dies—there is no such thing as death, though there is a thing called change. See! *(pointing to stone images.)* Three times two thousand years have passed since the last of the great race that hewed those pictures fell before the breath of the pestilence; yet, are they not dead. Even now they live; perchance their very spirits are drawn toward us now. *(Shuts her eyes.)* My eyes can see them. *(Pause.)*

HORACE.

But to the world they are dead.

AYESHA.

Ay, for a time, but even to the world will they be born again and again. I say to thee that I wait now for one I loved, to be born again; knowing of a surety that he will come. Why is it that I who am all powerful—I whose loveliness is greater than the grecian Helen's and whose wisdom is greater

than Solomon, the Wise—I who have overcome the change, called death—why, I say, do I herd here with barbarians lower than the beasts?

HORACE.

I know not.

AYESHA.

Because I wait for him I love. He whom I slew in my passion, but who, of a surety will be born again, and then following a law stronger than any human plan he will find me here and his heart will soften towards me though I sinned against him, and he will love me for my beauty's sake.

HORACE.

But even if men are born again and again, it is not so with you, if you speak truly, (*she looks sharply at him*), for you have never died.

AYESHA.

'Tis so, and so it is, because I have solved one of the great secrets of the world. You know that life is, why, therefore should not life be lengthened for awhile. (*Rising.*) Another time I will tell thee more if the mood be on me; though, perchance, I will never speak of it again. (*Comes down.*) Dost wonder how I knew you were coming, and so saved you from the hot-pot?

HORACE.

(*Down.*) Ay, oh Queen! I do not understand.

AYESHA.

(*She makes a conjuring motion with her hands.*) Then gaze! (*A picture of Leo, with face averted. Tim and Job's faces seen, and Horace's face not seen, are in whole boat.*) "THE WORKING OF THIS WILL BE EXPLAINED."

HORACE.

This is magic.

AYESHA.

No, it is no magic, that is a fiction of ignorance. There is no such thing as magic, though there is such a thing as a knowledge of the secrets of nature. See! (*Same motions, and a number of pictures appear, which will be arranged by the Stage Manager.*) Now, tell me of this youth, this Lion, as Billah calls him. His back is always to me. I have not seen his face. He was wounded I believe?

HORACE.

Yes, and I fear dangerously. Canst thou do nothing for him, oh! Queen, who knowest so much?

AYESHA.

I can cure him. (*Thoughtfully.*) Who nurses him?

HORACE.

Our servants and a woman of this country called Ustane, who kissed him when first she saw him, and hath stayed by him ever since.

AYESHA.

Ustane? (*Musing.*) I wonder if it be she against whom I was warned? Stay! (*Same motion, the form of Ustane is seen bending over Leo, on couch.*) Is that the woman?

HORACE.

The same. She watches Leo asleep.

AYESHA.

(*Motions, picture vanishes.*) Leo? That is Lion in the Latin tongue. (*aside*) But this Ustane, how like to Amearartes, the cursed Egyptian. It's very strange, very. (*Quickly.*) Hast thou aught to ask of me before thou goest, oh, my Holly?

HORACE.

Yes, one thing. I would gaze upon thy face.

AYESHA.

(*Laughing.*) Thou knowest the old myth of the Gods of Greece? There was one Actæon who perished because he looked on too much beauty. If I

show you my face perchance thou wilt perish also, for know, I am not for thee. I am for no man, save one, who hath been, but is not yet.

HORACE.

I fear not thy beauty. I have put my heart away from such vanities as woman's loveliness, that passes like a flower.

AYESHA.

But my beauty endures even as I endure. Never, may the man to whom my beauty hath been enveiled, put it from his mind. Therefore, I hide my face. You are warned. Wilt thou see.

HORACE.

I will. *Ayesha lets the outer garment drop from her person, revealing close fitting garment of white, her face arms and shoulders are bare. The stage has been darkened and calcium is thrown full upon her.*

AYESHA.

Behold me! lovely as no woman was or is, undying and half divine. Memory haunts me from age to age and passion leads me by the hand. Evil have I done and with sorrow have I made acquaintance—and evil shall I do and sorrow shall I know till my redemption comes. *Horace hides his face.* Rash man, like Actæon thou hast had thy will, be careful lest like Actæon thou art not torn to pieces by the ban-hounds of thine own passions.

HORACE.

I look on beauty and I am blinded—*Hides face.*

AYESHA.

Beauty is like the lightning, it is bright but it destroys, especially trees, oh, Holly. Go now, and if thou canst, forget that thou hast looked upon Ayesha's beauty. *Horace reaches out hands to her. Go! repeat action. Go! Horace exits R. I. E. Ayesha's has changed to a fury. Who is this Ustane, so like the Egyptian Amenartes? Curse her, may she be everlastingly accursed! Accursed be the memory of the Egyptian! Curse the fair daughter of the Nile because of her beauty. Curse her, because her magic prevailed against me. Curse her because she kept my beloved from me. She has been standing back of fire and with every curse the flame darts up and subsides.* ☞ "THE WORKING OF THIS WILL BE EXPLAINED." *Plaintively.* Its no use—no use—not even I can reach those that sleep! *With vehemence.* Curse her when she shall be born again—let her be born accursed—let her be utterly accursed from the hour of her birth until sleep finds her. Then let her be accursed, that I may overtake her with my vengeance. *Plaintive, her long black hair is unbound and covers her as she sinks down, Trap.* Oh, my love, my love, my love! If I have sinned against thee, have I not wiped away the sin? When wilt thou come back to me? I who have all and yet without thee have nothing. Oh, why could I not die with thee, I who slew thee. Alas, I cannot die—Alas, Alas! Oh, Kallikrates I must look upon thy face again. *The trap has risen and Leo as Kallikrates is on couch.* "WILL BE EXPLAINED." *She removes covering from his face.* It is a generation since I looked upon thee whom I slew—slew with my own hand, and yet I loved thee—*sobs.*

Song.—AYAESHA.

My love, my love I am waiting,
Sighing, I wait for thee.
Tarry not long my sweetheart,
Tarry not long from me.
The tears from my eyes are falling
And sorrow my heart doth fill,
My love, my love, I am waiting,
Why dost thou linger still?
How long wilt thou keep me waiting?
How long to endure this pain?
When will my eyes cease flowing?
When thou shalt come again.
My love, my love, I am sighing
Weeping I wait for thee.
My soul is beset with sorrow,
Till thou shalt come to me,

During symphony the couch sinks, and Leo, under stage, sings.

Solo.—LEO.

Thine eyes are dim with weeping,
And thine heart is sore with pain,
For ages thou'st been waiting,
For one who will come again.
Who will come from out the shadows,
When the images of stone
Shall wake the cavern's echo
With a mighty living tone.

The stone images sing in chorus. WILL BE EXPLAINED.

Chorus.

At conclusion of chorus.

Thine eyes are dim with weeping. etc., etc.

AYESHA.

The images of stone have roused the echoes with their voices—Kallikrates,
my Kallikrates, is born again, and he will come to me.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

“THE RUINS OF KOR.”—“THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.”—THE STATUE OF “TRUTH STANDING ON THE WORLD.”—EXPLANATION WILL BE GIVEN.

(Enter TIM and JOB, R. I. E.)

TIM.

This is where *She* howlds coort, and *She* 'll be here purty soon to sentence the hot-pot divils that were goin' to ate you, Job.

JOB.

Oh, Lord! when I think of that, it gives me the creeps. I had a narrow escape, Tim.

TIM.

Troth you did. But you remember what ould Ballylally said? As how they didn't like the taste of strangers who kem through the swamps and lived on wild fowl. Now, as you have been in the swamps and ate nothing but wild fowl for the last ten days, shure you wouldn't stay long on their stomachs. You'd prove an emetic, my boy.

JOB.

I believe I would enjoy being eaten by them if I was sure of poisoning the whole lot on 'em. But I don't care for that now. I can only think of poor master Leo. I know he's going to die. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! To think of his 'aving to die in this blasted barbarosity of a place.

TIM.

He's purty bad, Job; but Mister Holly says that *She* will cure him. Do you know, Job, (*looks about*) God be good to us! I hope she can't hear me!—but I believe *She* 's a “Pisherogue,” or a witch.

JOB.

Worse nor that, Tim,—worse nor that! If *She* wur only a witch, I wouldn't care; but I know *She* 's the devil hisself!

TIM.

The divil in petticoats, eh, Job? Shure the world is full of such purty little divils, Job.

JOB.

Yes, I know all women 'ave a little touch of the *Old Boy* in 'em; but this 'ere *She* is the *bony fider* Lucifer. Why, you can't turn round in these cursed caves and 'oles but you're brought face to face with a corpse. (*Sundering.*) Oh, Lord! it gives me the shivers to think of it. Last night I 'ad a sight that made my blood nearly freeze. I was standing at the opening of master Holly's cave, when I saw more nor fifty of the beastly savages, each one carrying a corpse. They took 'em out a short distance and set 'em up like posts in the ground and set fire to 'em, and they blazed and crackled as if they was stuffed with resin; and the savages howled and danced like himps of Beelzebub, and some on 'em grabbed up arms and legs all ablaze and run like mad with them 'ere goulsh torches. I never want to see such a sight again.

TIM.

Bless us and save us! And what do you suppose they did that for, Job?

JOB.

Well, Mister Holly told me that these caves are full of human mummies, and the material used in preparing them is very inflammable, and they burns the mummies to give 'em light whenever they has a dance. Heavens! how they roared and flared! No tar-barrel could 'ave burned as them 'ere mummies did.

TIM.

I wish we were safe out of this, Job. Shure I never heard of such diviltry. It's a wonder the ghosts of these ould mummies don't haunt them?

JOB.

I'll tell you why, Tim. Because these beastly hyenas are not human, and ghosts has no power with 'em. A ghost is too respectable to appear to such cannibals. They's muck, they is, and the muckiest kind of muck at that, *A weird march is played.*

TIM.

Whist! She's coming to hold court. We'd better be off to Mister Leo. *Going L. I. E.*

JOB.

Yes, let's be hoff. I can't a-bear the beastly hot-potters. *Exit Tim and Job, L. I. E. Music ff. Enter Ayesha and Horace, followed by male and female Amahagger. Ayesha takes her place on dias at base of statue, Horace stands beside her. A march and ballet is performed, at conclusion Ayesha speaks.*

AYESHA.

Come hither Holly and sit by me. *Horace does so.* Now you will see me do justice on those who would have slain thee. *To Billali.* Let them be brought before me. *Billali salaams and goes off R. I. E., followed by six of the guard.* How didst thou sleep, my Holly?

HORACE.

I slept not well, Oh, Ayesha.

AYESHA.

Laughing. So? I, too, have not slept well. I dreamed of one I hate and one I love. *Billali and guard return with prisoners, viz.: Sinballi, Abdaiti, and Dilyesha. The guards take their places, and the prisoners prostrate before Ayesha. Nay, stand, The prisoners rise.* Perchance the time will soon be when you shall grow weary of being stretched. *Laughs.* Dost thou, my guest, recognize these people.

HORACE.

I do, oh Queen.

AYESHA.

Very sweetly. You have heard. What have you to say, ye rebellious ones, why vengeance should not be done upon you?

SINBALLI.

Mercy, Hiya, mercy! Let us be banished into the swamps to die, but give us not to the infernal torture.

AYESHA.

With fury. Dogs and serpents! Eaters of human flesh. Ye have dared to disobey me. Did I not send my word unto ye by Billali, my servant, and the father of your household? Hath it not been taught ye from childhood that the law of She is ever fixed law, and that he who breaketh it by so much as one jot or tittle shall perish? In defiance of my order ye have attempted to put my guests to death. Therefore I pronounce, that ye be taken to the cave of torture and given over to my executioners to wreak my vengeance upon ye, and that on the going down of to-morrow's sun, if any of ye remain alive, ye shall suffer death by the hot-pot as you would have slain the servant of my guest.

PRISONERS.

Mercy, Mercy, Mercy!

HORACE.

Oh, Queen, let me implore mercy for these people.

AYESHA.

Nay, it cannot be. Billali, my word is spoken, let my doom be done. *Billali salaams and the prisoners are conducted off, followed by the others in procession, with music.* Here, oh Holly have I held my court for over 2000 years under this winged figure. *Steps down.* Come, Holly, and see. *Horace joins her.* *The stage is darkened. The moon rises above the statue.* Didst ever see an image so entrancing and divine, illumined and shadowed by the soft light of the moon?

HORACE.

What does it represent?

AYESHA.

Canst thou not guess? where then is thy imagination. It is "truth standing on the world," calling to its children to unveil her face.

HORACE.

It is a wonderful conception, a poet's dream of beauty frozen into stone.

AYESHA.

They were a great people, those ancients of Kor, they were an old people before the Egyptians were, when first I saw these ruins, over two thousand years ago, they were even as they are now. Judge of their age, therefore. It is recorded on this slab, *square slab at statue's base* by Junis a priest of the great Temple of Kor, what a cloud settled upon the great city in the year, four thousand eight hundred and three, from its founding and out of the cloud came a pestilence that destroyed all the people, the prince and the peasant alike.

HORACE.

And that accounts for the great number of dead found in the caves?

AYESHA.

Yes, they embalmed their dead like the Egyptians but their art was more perfect. *Enter Job very much excited, L. I. E.*

JOB.

Oh, mister Holly, mister Holly—he be a-dyin sir. *Sees Ayesha springs back frightened.* Oh, lord! what's that?

AYESHA.

Is that thy servant, and is that the way servants greet ladies in thy country.

HORACE.

He is frightened at thy garb, it hath a deathlike air. *Ayesha Laughs.*

AYESHA.

Why has he come here?

HORACE.

He brings me word that my boy lies at the point of death.

AYESHA.

So I provided he be not dead, it is no matter, for I can restore him. Let him be brought here at once! So say to my servant Billali. *Job goes off L. I. E.*

HORACE.

Had we better not go to him, oh Ayesha?

AYESHA.

No. I have here that which will cure him. Fear not, your boy shall not die. *(Producing earthen vial.)*

HORACE.

God grant it so: but what magic—

AYESHA.

Magic? Have I not told thee there is no such thing as magic? Though there is such a thing as understanding and applying the forces which are in nature.

HORACE.

For twenty years Leo has been my dearest companion and the one interest of my existence, and here I've been lingering by your side while he lay dying, and perhaps now it is too late. If so, I shall hate myself for the cursed selfishness that kept me from him.

AYESHA.

Do not blame thyself. Among men, the very best are lighted down to evil by the gleam of a woman's eyes. I was the cause, and I will recover him. (*A bier or stretcher is brought on, on which Leo is lying, his face averted from Ayesha. Ustane follows and takes her place near the bier. Ayesha seeing her.*) Ah, the girl. It is she of whom thou didst speak to me. Bid her and the rest depart. I love not that underlings should perceive my wisdom. (*Horace motions them off. They all go except Ustane. Horace touches her on shoulder and points off.*)

USTANE.

(*Sullenly.*) What does she want?

HORACE.

She desires you to go.

USTANE.

It is surely the right of a wife to be near her husband when he dies. (*II. motions.*) Nay, I will not go, my Lord, the Baboon.

AYESHA.

Why doth not the woman leave us?

HORACE.

She does not like to leave Leo.

AYESHA.

(*Facing Ustane with fury and pointing off.*) Go! Thou seest it time that I gave these people a lesson. The girl went nigh to disobeying me. Now let me see the youth. (*She approaches bier and Leo turns his face towards her. She staggers back with a scream.*)

HORACE.

What is it, Ayesha? Is he dead?

AYESHA.

(*Springing toward him with fury.*) Thou dog! Why didst thou hide this from me? (*Stretches out her arm toward him. Horace seems dazed.*)

HORACE.

What—what—is this—?

AYESHA.

(*Withdrawing her hand.*) Ah, perchance thou didst not know. Learn, oh Holly, there lies—there lies my lost Kallikrates. Kallikrates who has come back to me at last, as I knew he would. (*Weeping, as she gazes on him.*) Oh, my Kallikrates! My love! My love!

HORACE.

Unless you help him quickly, your Kallikrates will be far beyond your calling.

AYESHA.

True! (*Startling quickly.*) Oh, why did I not see him before? (*Producing terra cotta vial.*) I am unnerved. My hand trembles,—even mine,—and yet it is very easy. Here, Holly, take this vial and pour the liquid down his throat. It will cure him, if he be not dead. Swift! swift! he dies! (*Horace administers medicine. Ayesha shows great agitation.*)

HORACE.

Is it too late? (*Leo gives a long-drawn sigh.*) Thou seest?

AYESHA.

I see he is saved! Saved! One little moment more, and he had gone. Gone! Gone! (*Sobbing.*) Forgive me, Holly. Forgive me for my weakness! Thou seest, after all, I am only a woman. (*Her manner is changed quickly.*) But this Ustane,—almost had I forgotten her. What is she to Kallikrates? His servant?

HORACE.

I understand that she is wed to him, according to the custom of the Aua-hagger.

AYESHA.

What! Then there is an end! She must die!

HORACE.

Nay! Nay! It would be a crime. And from crime nought comes but evil.

AYESHA.

Is it a crime to put away that which stands between us and our ends? Then is our life one long crime, for day by day we destroy that we may live, since in the world none but the strongest can endure.

HORACE.

But thou hast said that each man should be a law unto himself, and follow the teachings of his own heart. Hast thy heart no mercy toward her whose place thou wouldst take? Bethink thee! he, *pointing to Leo*, whom for two thousand years thou hast waited for, has returned. Wilt thou celebrate his coming by the murder of one who loved him? Thou sayst also that in the past thou didst greivously wrong this man, that with thine own hand thou didst slay him because of the Egyptian, Amenartes?

AYESHA.

With quick excitement. How knowst thou that? How knowst thou that name? I never mentioned Amenartes to thee.

HORACE.

Perchance I dreamed it. Strange dreams hover about these caves of Kor. But what came of this mad crime? Two thousand years of waiting, was it not? And, now, wouldst thou repeat the history? I tell thee that evil will come of it. How will this man take thee, red-handed from the slaughter of her who loved and tended him?

AYESHA.

Had I slain thee as well as her, yet should he love me. But I will spare this woman; for I am not cruel for the sake of cruelty. Let her come before me. Quick, before my mood change. *Horace exits R. I. E. She throws herself on her knees beside Ustane.* Oh, my Kallikrates, thou wilt live. For sixty generations I have lived without thy companionship, without love, led down the dreary ages of my life by the marsh-lights of hope, yet my skill told me they would one day lead unto my deliverer, and thou at last hast come. But the woman, *(rises)* so like the accursed Egyptian, Amenartes. *Enter Horace with Ustane, R. Q. E.*

USTANE.

Is my lord dead? Oh, say not he is dead?

HORACE.

Nay, he lives. SHE hath saved him. *Ustane prostrates herself before she.*

AYESHA.

Stand! *Ustane rises.* Come hither! *Ustane approaches her.* Who is this man?

USTANE

My husband.

AYESHA.

Who gave him to thee for a husband?

USTANE.

I took him according to our custom, oh, She.

AYESHA.

Thou hast done evil in taking this man, who is a stranger, and not of thy race. The custom fails. Listen! Go from hence and never dare to speak to or set thine eyes upon him again. He is not for thee. Go! *Ustane does not move. Pause—then with fury.* Go, woman!

USTANE.

With desperate calmness. I will not go. The man is my husband, and I love him. *Ayesha seems impatient.* I love him and will not leave him. *Ayesha rises quickly and sits again.* What right hast thou to make me leave my husband. *Ayesha rises as if to strike.*

HORACE.

Interposing. Be pitiful. It is nature working.

AYESHA.

Sits. I am pitiful. *Coldly.* had I not been pitiful, she had been dead even now. *With marked emphasis.* Woman, I say to thee go! before I destroy thee where thou art.

USTANE.

Determinedly I will not go! He is mine—mine! I took him because I loved him, because he loved me, *Ayesha repeats action,* destroy me, if thou hast the power, I will not give thee my husband, never, never! *Faces Ayesha in defiance.*

AYESHA.

With sarcastic sweetness. Say you so! *Then with a furious movement of her hand, she touches Ustane's head.* Fool worm! *Ustane puts hand to her head, a white mark appears across her hair, seems dazed.*

HORACE.

Seeing white mark, Great Heavens!

AYESHA.

Poor ignorant fool, dost think that I have no power to slay. I have set my seal upon thee, the white mark of my displeasure, so that I shall know thee till thy hair is all as white as it. Now wilt thou go, or must I strike again? *Ustane still dazed, feeling the way with her hands as if blinded, Exits L. Q. E.* If ever she dares to look upon his face again, her bones shall become whiter than the mark upon her hair. *She goes and bends over Leo who has been moving restlessly, he stretches out his arms and seeing her draw her face to him and kisses her.*

LEO.

Sitting up. Hallo Ustane! why have you tied your head up? Have you the tooth ache? I say Job, I'm awfully hungry. *Looking round* Job not here. I say you old son of gun where the deuce have you got to now? *Looking at Ayesha.* Eh, bless me! that is not Ustane.

AYESHA.

Greeting to thee, my young stranger lord. Right glad am I to see thee well again Leo stands, believe me had I not saved thee never wouldst thou have stood upon your feet again. *Leo has come down.*

LEO.

Bowing. I thank you lady for your kindness in caring for one unknown to you. I shall never be ungrateful.

AYESHA.

Nay, give one no thanks, tis I who am made happy by thy coming.

LEO.

Aside to Horace, Humph! Leo I say old fellow the lady is uncommonly civil. We seemed to have stumbled into clover. *Looking at Yesha.* By jove, what a pair of arms?

HORACE.

(Nudging him.) Not so loud.

LEO.

(Not noticing him.) Have you seen her face? If it compares with her arms it must be lovely.

HORACE.

Damn it, man, keep quiet.

AYESHA.

Is there aught I can do for you more?

LEO.

Yes, lady, I would know where the young woman who was nursing me has gone.

AYESHA.

Oh, the girl? Yes—I—I—know not. She said she would go. Perchance

she will return. (*Perchance not.*) It is wearisome waiting on the sick, and these savage women are fickle.

LEO.

It's infernally odd that she should leave me. I don't understand. The young lady and I—that is—well, you know exactly. I—in short, we have a great regard for each other.

AYESHA.

Yes, I know *exactly*. I have some instructions to give my servant, Billali, so will leave you for a little. If there can be comfort in this poor place, be sure it awaits thee. (*Goes up C, and off R. U. E.*)

LEO.

Who is she old fellow? She's uncommonly civil.

HORACE.

The Queen. SHE herself. For Heaven's sake be more guarded of your speech in her presence.

LEO.

Pshaw! She's only a woman you know.

HORACE.

But a most extraordinary one. The very woman the sherd of Amenartes speaks of.

LEO.

Then the story is true?

HORACE.

However incredible it may seem, it is true.

USTANE.

(*Enters L. Q. E. hurriedly.*) Oh, my lord, thou art restored and my heart rejoices, but I am in peril from She-who-must-be-obeyed. Surely, the Baboon has told thee how she drove me from thee. I love thee, my lord, and thou art mine, according to the law of the country. My Lion, wilt thou cast me off now?

LEO.

Cast you off? Never, Ustane. Let us go and explain matters to the queen.

USTANE.

Nay! Nay! She would slay us. There is but one way. Flee with me across the marshes, and perchance we may escape.

HORACE.

For Heaven's sake, Leo, don't —

USTANE.

Nay, listen not to him. Swift! Be swift! Death is in the air we breathe! (*Throws herself in Leo's arms. Ayesha with Bellali and two guards appears at back.*) Even now, perhaps, she hears us. (*Ayesha laughs. Ustane shrinks back. Leo and Horace appear confused.*)

AYESHA.

(*Laughing as she comes down.*) Nay, now my lord and guest, look not so bashful. Surely the sight was a pretty one. The leopard and the lion.

LEO.

Oh, hang it all!

AYESHA.

(*Very sweetly.*) And thou, Ustane, my servant, is this a fit time for love? I dreamed not that I could be disobeyed. I thought thee already far away.

USTANE.

Play not with me. Slay me, and let there be an end.

AYESHA.

Nay, why? It is not well to go, so swift from the hot lips of love, down to the cold mouth of the grave. (*Vindictively to guards.*) Let the fool's wish be gratified. (*The two guards take hold of Ustane. Leo hurls them in turn to the ground. Horace holds Leo back.*)

LEO.

Curse you! Dare to put your hand on her, and I'll brain you!

AYESHA.

(*Laughing.*) Thou hast a strong arm, my guest, for one who so late was sick. But we shall see. Now, oh Holly, thou didst hear my words bidding this evil-doer depart. At thy prayer I did weakly spare her life. How is it, then, that thou art a sharer in this meeting?

HORACE.

It was by accident, oh, Queen. I knew naught of it.

AYESHA.

I believe thee. And well is it for thee that I do. *Angrily looking at Ustane.* Then does all the guilt rest upon this woman. *Motions Billali, who exits U. E. R*

LEO.

Come, I say now. I don't see any guilt about it. Ustane is married to me according to the custom of this awful place.. She's not anybody else's wife, and she loves me, *and I love her.* And whatever she has done I have done too, so if she's to be punished, let me be punished also, and I tell you if you bid those savages to touch her again, I'll tear them to pieces. *Re-enter Billali with all the Amahagger.*

AYESHA.

Hast thou aught to say woman? *Ustane folds her arms.* Thou silly straw, thou feather, who didst think to float towards thy passion's petty ends against the great wind of my strong will. Tell me, for I fain would understand, why didst thou this thing?

USTANE.

I did it, oh, Queen, because my love is stronger than the grave; because my life without him whom my heart chose would be but a living death. I know that my life is forfeit to thy anger, yet am I glad that I did risk it, and willingly will I pay it away for him, because he embraced me and told me that he loved me.

AYESHA.

Springs up and makes motion as if to strike, but controls herself and sits again. Say on.

USTANE.

I have no magic, and I am no queen, nor do I live forever, but a woman's heart is heavy to sink through waters however deep, and a woman's eyes are quick to see, even through thy veil, oh, Queen.

AYESHA.

And what hast thou seen?

USTANE.

I have seen that thou dost love this man thyself, and, therefore, wouldst destroy me, who stands across thy path. I will die—die—and go into the darkness, nor know I whither: but this I know. There is a light shining in my breast, and by that light, as by a lamp, I see the future unroll before me like a scroll.

AYESHA.

And what does this light show thee?

USTANE.

(*Assumes a trance-like look.*) It shows me that my love hath brought me death, but I'll turn not back, being ready to pay the price. And even as I see myself standing on the steps of doom, so do I see that thou shalt not profit by my death. Mine he is, and though thy beauty shine like the sun among the stars, mine shall he remain. Never shall he look thee in the eyes and call thee wife! Thou, too, art doomed! I see—oh, what a sight is here! Oh, my Lion, thou art saved, but She will perish! I see a fire that never dies! I see a shriveled form! I see—I see—

Song—USTANE.

I see thee lead him o'er the dark abyss,
With frantic haste and mad desire.—
I see him follow thee into the pit
Where burns the everlasting fire!
I see thee bathing in the quenchless flames
That lap thy beauty in their ire!
I see thee shrivel and shrink and fade,—
I see a tortured one expire.

Chorus.

She that's standing on the steps of doom
Sees the future like a written scroll,
And reads it plainly with the eye of truth,
As the mystic pages of fate unroll.
She sees the ending of a weary life,
She sees the tortures of a doomed soul:
By the light that shineth in her breast
She plainly reads the prophetic roll.

USTANE.

(*These words are spoken almost in a shriek.*) NEVER SHALL HE BE
THINE!! You are doomed! Never shall he call thee wife! I see —

AYESHA.

(*With vehemence.*) False prophetess, be thou forever blind! [*She makes a quick pass, the electric sparks fly from her hand. Ustane shrieks, trembles, and falls prostrate.*] Be thou accursed forever! (*Leo and Horace raise Ustane.*)

LEO.

(*Assisting her to litter L E E.*) Great Heavens! She is dead! (*They place her on litter.*) Woman, devil, or whatever thou art, you have killed her, and I shall avenge her death! (*Springs toward Ayesha. She throws out her hand. He stops suddenly, as if electrified.*)

AYESHA.

Forgive me, my guest, if I have shocked you—with my justice.

LEO.

Forgive thee, thou fiend! Forgive thee, murderess? By Heaven I will kill thee if I can. (*Rushes toward her again, but is stopped as before.*)

AYESHA.

Nay, nay, thou dost not understand. For two thousand years, Kallikrates, have I waited for thee and now thou hast come back to me. This woman stood between us, and therefore I removed her, Kallikrates.

LEO.

It's an accursed lie! My name is Leo Vincey and not Kallikrates. My ancestor was Kallikrates. at least so I believe.

AYESHA.

Ah, thou sayest it. Thy ancestor was Kallikrates, and thou, even thou art he, born again, and my own dear lord.

LEO.

Thy lord? I had rather be the lord of a fiend from hell.

AYESHA.

Nay, thou hast not seen me for so many years thou hast forgotten. Yet I am very fair, Kallikrates!

LEO.

I hate thee, murderess. I hate thee, I say.

AYESHA.

Yet thou will shortly creep to my side and swear thou lovest me. (*To Amahagger.*) Depart? (*They all go off R. U. E.*) Here before this dead girl, who loved thee well, we'll put it to the proof. She shakes off her outer covering. (*The stage has been darkened and the Calcium is thrown upon her.*) Behold me, Kallikrates? (*Leo shows admiration and astonishment.*)

LEO.

I am bewildered. Art thou—art thou a woman?

AYESHA.

In very truth a woman, and thy spouse, Kallikrates. (*Stretching her arms towards him. He seemed inclined to go to her, but looks at Ustane and hesitates.*)
Come!

LEO.

How can I? Thou art a murderess, She loved me and thou hast slain her.
(*2 Amahagger enter.*)

AYESHA.

It is naught, Bear her away! If I have sinned let my beauty answer for my sin. If I have sinned it is for love of thee. Come! (*Same business.*)
Come! (*Leo goes to her and falls on knee, taking her hand.*)

LEO.

I cannot resist, woman or demon thy beauty has conquered me.

AYESHA.

Fie upon thee Kallikrates. But do not kneel to me—I am your slave, you are my lord and master. Come. *He rises.* Now will I prove to thee that thou art Kallikrates born again. Thou art living yet shalt thou behold thyself dead. *Leads Leo up stage.* And you too, my Holly. *Leo passes behind column, his double appears holding Ayesha's hand, Leo goes down through stage behind column and takes place to be sent up on C. trap. Horace is L. of trap. To double, who is back to audience.* Be not afraid.

LEO.

Under Stage. I fear not, oh, Ayesha. How can I living behold myself dead?

AYESHA.

By my arts I have held thy body from the dust, that the waxy stamp of thy beauty should ever rest before mine eyes.

LEO.

Under Stage. Let me see and be convinced.

AYESHA.

So, shalt thou look upon thine own departed self, who breathed and died so long ago. I do but turn one page in thy Book of Being and show thee what is writ thereon. Let the dead and living meet. *The trap comes up with Leo as Kallikrates lying on stone couch. Behold! takes wrapping off.*

HORACE.

This is horrible. Tis Leo dead if ever Leo lived. Cover it and let us depart.


AYESHA.


Not yet, my Holly. By my art I have the power to cause the dead Kallikrates to speak to the living. *She makes some passes,* Speak Kallikrates, speak unto thy self.

LEO.

As Kallikrates. Across the gulf of time we are still one. Time hath no power against identity. Though sleep, in mercy hath blotted out the tablets of my mind, still are we one—for the wrappings of sleep shall roll away as the thunder clouds before wind. The frozen voices of the past shall melt in music like mountain snows beneath the sun, and the weeping and laughter of the lost hours shall be heard once more, sweetly echoing up the cliffs of immeasurable time. Sleep hath rolled away and the lightning of my disembodied spirit hath found a fresher form to work out the purpose of our being. quickning and fusing those separated days of life and shaping them to a staff wheron we may safely lean as we wend to our appointed fate. I was dead but now I live—Kallikrates is born again. *She removes wrapping from breast of Leo and shows blood mark, like a spear wound.*

AYESHA.

Thou seest it was I who slew thee Kallikrates because thou didst love the Egyptian, Amenartes. But now thou hast come back to me I will give thee life and youth that will endure thee thousands of years. Thou seest this body which was once thine own? (*Covers Leo up, the box sinks and Leo is taken under stage, yet the form remains the same.*)  EXPLAINED. *Leo takes*

double's place beside Ayesha ; double is behind column.) For all these centuries it hath been my comfort and companion; but now I need it no more for I have thy living presence. Let it therefore return to the dust. (*She pours a phial of liquid on the figure which takes fire and burns entirely away.*  THIS WILL BE EXPLAINED.) Behold ! The past to the past, the dead to the dead. Kallikrates is dead, and is born again. Come! (*Leo goes to her C. She embraces him. Everybody comes on for chorus.*

Chorus.

Wonderful Ayesha beautiful Queen
The greatest the grandest that ever hath been,
Wonderful Ayesha, wonderful Ayesha,
Wonderful Ayesha, beautiful queen,

Solo-AYESHA.

There is one perfect flower in the wilderness of love.

Chorus.

That flower is love, that flower is love, that flower is love.

Solo-AYESHA.

There is one fixed star seen in the mists of strife.

Chorus.

That star is love, that star is love, that star is love.

Solo-AYETHA.

There is one living hope in our despairing night.

Chorus.

That hope is love, that hope is love, that hope is love.

Solo-AYESHA

There is one fair truth that shines forever bright.

Chorus.

That truth is love, that truth is love that truth is love.

Solo-AYESHA.

Soft shall we lie my love, and easy shall we go
Crowned shall we be with the diadem of power,
Worshiping and wonderstruck the people of the world,
Blinded by our beauty, before our might shall cower.
From age unto age shall our greatness thunder on,
Growing like a river, fed by a thousand rills,
Laughing shall we speed in our victory and pomp,
Laughing like the daylight as he leaps along the hills.
Onward, still triumphant, to a triumph ever new,
Onward in a power to a power yet unattained;
Onward, never weary, clad with splendor as a robe—
Till accomplished by our fate and the night at last is gained.

Chorus.

Last four lines

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Exterior of gloomy cave. Enter Tim and Job, L. I. E.

JOB.

It's all hup with us, Tim. I know I'll never live through it.

TIM.

What's the matter? What the devil is in the wind now?

JOB.

That's it! Oh; Lord, oh, Lord!

TIM.

What's it?

JOB.

The devil is in the wind, and in heverything and heverybody in this bloomin' blasted place. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! what will become of us?

TIM.

Lave off your crying and keenin' like an old woman at a wake, and tell me what's the matter.

JOB.

Heverything bad is the matter. *Lowering his voice.* That female himp, that beastly She, has killed Mr. Leo's sweetheart. Captured him herself, and now she's going to take us all to some beastly 'ole hin the ground, and burn us hup, in the beastly Fire of Life.

TIM.

And did She kill that purty crayture, Ustane.

JOB.

In the most cold bloodedest mannér. She just points her finger at her and down she drops, dead as a 'ammer.

TIM.

Oh, mille murder! But I believe that woman is loaded to the muzzle with divilment. So she shot the poor crayture down with her finger?

JOB.

Just as if it were a gun, only it didn't explode nor nothin'.

TIM.

The saints preserve us! Sure its enough to make one's flesh creep on one's bones to see a women with every finger on her hand an air gun, and her eyes like a battery of artillery cocked ready to kill.

JOB.

Are her heyes cocked, Tim?

TIM.

You mane is She cockeyed? No, no, you don't understand. I mane that her eyes are cross.

JOB.

Well, crost and cooked is all the same when talking of heyes.

TIM.

Was there ever such ignorance in the world afore? I mane that her eyes are like guns that are loaded, ready to go off and blow the devil out of all before them.

JOB.

I believe they are; but you have never seen them, Tim. She's always veiled.

TIM.

True for you; but Mister Holly and Mister Leo have, and they say that she have the purtiest eyes and face that was ever seen. But when is She goin' to take us to the fire of life?

JOB.

We're to start right hoff, and we're to be gone three days; but oh Lord! it's my opinion we'll never come back again. (*Enter Horace R I E.*)

HORACE.

Tim, Mr. Leo is looking for you. There are some preparations to make, so you had better attend him.

TIM.

(*Going R I E.*) In a jiffy, sir! (*Aside.*) I'll have a dip in the fire of life as sure as my name is Tim Lanahan. (*Exit R I E.*)

HORACE.

Well, Job, are you prepared for our journey?

JOB.

Yes, sir; but I hope you'll not let Mr. Leo go into that beastly fire of life.

HORACE.

Why not, Job?

JOB.

Because, sir, it's my opinion that that 'ere She is the old gentleman hisself, or his wife if he has got one, which I suppose he has, for he couldn't be so wicked without a woman to help him. The Witch of Endor is a fool to her, sir. Why, bless you, if She had a mind, She could raise the ghost of hevery old gent. mentioned in the Bible hout of these beastly tombs. It's a country of devils, and She's the master one of the lot, sir: and she will destroy Master Leo in that beastly fire.

HORACE.

Come, Job, at any rate she saved his life.

JOB.

Yes, sir and she'll take his soul to pay for it. She'll make him a witch like herself. This is a beastly place and a beastly people and its wicked to have hanything to do with 'em, sir.

HORACE.

I admit it is a queer country, and a singular people. And this wonderful woman has power not only over the living, but over the dead.

JOB.

She's a witch, sir, and can raise the dead and talk with 'em. I believe I saw the ghost of my poor old father, last night in my sleep. He had a kind of night shirt on him. Job said he (sort o-solemn, like a methody parson when he's had the best of a horse trade) "Job said he, "times hup!" such ado as I've had to nose you hout. It wasn't friendly of you to give your old father such a run—let alone that a pesky lot of bad characters come from this 'ere place Kor."

HORACE.

Regular Scorchers. Eh, Job?

JOB.

That's what he said, sir, "regular scorchers," and I dont doubt it, seeing what I know of their "hot-pot" ways. Any way his ghost went hoff saying, "time is hup Job, tume's hup."! And I know sir that it is a warning that I must soon follow him.

HORACE.

Nonsense! you dont believe that you are going to die because you dreamed you saw your father? If one dies because one dreams of his father, what happens to a man who dreams of his mother-in-law? *Laughs.*

JOB.

Ah, sir, you are laughing at me. Anyhow I've tried to do my duty by you sir, and I'opes you'll think kindly of my whitened bones, if hever you gets back to dear hold Hingland.

HORACE.

Come, Job, this is all nonsense.

JOB.

No, sir, it's not nonsense. I'm a doomed man, but I 'opes it wont be by that "hot-pot" game.

HORACE.

Drive these thoughts away from you Job, and prepare for our journey.

JOB.

Very well sir! *going R. I. E.* but I 'opes you will never 'ave hanything more to do with greek writing on flower pots. *Exit R. I. E.*

HORACE.

Poor Job, I don't wonder at his gloomy forebodings. Our mysterious and ghoul-like surroundings are enough to chill the heart of anyone. *Enter Ayesha Conducting Leo, R. I. E.*

AYESHA.

This very hour shall we start, and soon will we stand in the Place of Life, and thou shalt bathe in the fire and come forth glorified as no man ever was before thee, and then, Kallikrates, shalt thou call me wife, and I shall call thee husband,

LEO.

Oh, Ayesha, your promise is beyond my hope.

AYESHA.

Nay, but it shall be fulfilled. And thou, too, Holly, on thee will I confer this boon, for thou art not altogether a fool, though thy school of philosophy is a full of nonsense as those of old days.

HORACE.

I thank thee, Ayesha. If this fiery virtue, that holds off death exists, I will have none of it. The world has not proved so soft a nest that I would lie in it forever. I do not fear death. I know the flesh shrinks from the worm it will not feel, and from the unknown which the winding sheet curtains from our view. But harder still would it be to live on, green in the leaf and fair, but dead and rotten at the core, with the secret worm of recollection gnawing ever at the heart.

AYESHA.

Bethink thee! Long life, and strength, and beauty beyond measure, mean power and all things that are dear to man.

HORACE.

All bubbles. Ambition is an endless ladder on which no resting place is found. Wealth satiates and becomes nauseous, nor can it buy an hour's peace of mind. There is an end to wisdom. The more we learn, the more we feel our ignorance. Should we live ten thousand years, could we hope to solve the secrets of the suns, and of the space beyond the suns, and of the heavens? Would not our wisdom be but a gnawing hunger, calling our consciousness day by day, to a knowledge of the empty craving of our souls?

AYESHA.

Turning to Leo. Nay, Holly, there is love—love which makes all things beautiful, and breathes divinity into the very dust we tread. *Fondling Leo.* With love shall life roll gloriously on from year to year, like the voice of some great music that hath power to hold the hearer's heart, poised on eagle's wings above the sordid shame and folly of the earth.

HORACE.

But if the loved be loved in vain, what then? Nay, oh, She, I will live my day and grow old with my generation and die my appointed death and be forgotten. I have faith in eternal life and care not to prolong the existence of my body.

AYESHA.

Laughing. Thou look'st high and dream'st thou wilt pluck the star. I believe it not, and think thee a fool to throw away the lamp. But thou, my Kallikrates, shall become like me; then shall we cross to this country of thine and thou shalt rule this England.

LEO.

That cannot be. We have a queen who rules.

AYESHA.

She shall be overthrown.

LEO.

We love our queen and would sooner think of overthrowing ourselves.

AYESHA.

A queen whom her people love? Surely the world must have changed since I lived in Kor.

LEO.

It is the character of monarchs that has changed. The real power does not rest with our queen, but with the people.

AYESHA.

Ah, a democracy? I have long since seen that democracies, having no clear will of their own, in the end set up a tyrant and worship him.

LEO.

Yes, it is true, we have our tyrants.

AYESHA.

Well, we can at any rate destroy these tyrants, and Kallikrates shall rule the land.

HORACE.

But we have a law that prohibits killing.

AYESHA.

Laughing. Law! Canst thou not understand, oh, Holly, that I am above the law, and so shall my Kallikrates be also. All human law shall be to us as the north wind to the mountain. Does the wind bend the mountain or the mountain the wind? *Enter Billali, R. I. E.*

BILLALI.

Mighty Hiya! All is ready for thy journey.

AYESHA.

'Tis well. You and those who are with you will go with us to the great chasm and there remain until we return. Come, my Kallikrates, come my Holly. *(Exit Ayesha and others, Billali L. I. E. Job L. I. E. enter as they go off.)*

JOB.

Oh, Lord! I feels the cold chills chasing each botber hup and down my spinal back bone. This 'ere is a cooker. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! To think that I should hend my days in a "hot-pot." *(TIM ENTERS L. I. E. in time to slap Job on shoulder when speech is finished!)*—Oh, Lord—oh—its—you, Tun—'ow you frightened me.

TIM.

What are you dreamin' about, anyhow?

JOB.

I wish I wur dreaming, Tim. I wish I could wake hup and find myself back in old Hingland. But it's no go. This is a cooker. This 'ere night-mare will be the end of us.

TIM.

Don't make an Omadhaun of yerself. Cheer up me ancient Briton, haven't ye me, a ratlin' boy from Paddy's Land to fight for you? Come, pull yerself together, and remember, me boy, that a light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes round the wide world for sport.

JOB.

I don't know what to make of you, Tim?

TIM.

Sure, you can't make anything out of me but what I am—an Irishman! And that's a mystery to ye.

JOB.

Yes, I confess, I don't understand the Irish. They is so queer and out-landish.

TIM.

But you'll be enlightened by-m-by, and then ye'll understand, and so will the rest of your countrymen. And when ye do the honest English heart will shout, "Fair play and Justice for Ireland!" Now listen to this.

Song—TIM.

Just peepin' from the ocean is a little spot of green,
Where buttercups and daisies grow, the sweetest ever seen,
And primroses and bright posies, and the shamrock ever fair,
And pooten and potatoes and shillelahs sint the air.
There are highlands and green lowlands where sparkling waters flow,
And bog-holes and bumbailiffs and rackrenters ever grow.
There coercion and eviction, like the devil's fork-ed tail,
Leave sorrow and destruction in their snakelike slimy trail.

Chorus.

Bad luck attend coercion, and eviction's tyrant hand!
God save Parnell and Ireland and all her patriot band!
May Heaven's choicest blessings on Gladstone ever fall,
And on every honest Englishman, God bless and save them all!

(*He takes Job's hand and shakes it warmly, and exits R I E. Enter Billali and Abdalli, L I E.*)

BILLALI.

The girl Ustane is recovered. Hiya's blow did not prove fatal, and she insists on following us on this journey.

ABDALLI.

And will you, my father, permit it? If *She* discovers her, *She* will hold you accountable.

BILLALI.

That is my fear, my son; but if Ustane has power to resist the deadly stroke of *She*, she may have power to elude her vengeance. Let a higher power than mine control this matter; and even if I die, I shall not interfere. Come, let us depart. (*Exit Billali and Abdalli, R I E. Dark Stage.*)

CHANGE.—SCENE 2.—THE GREAT CHASM.

 *This Scene and Settings will be explained* 

ENTER, AYESHA, LEO, HORACE, TIM, and JOB, *on the Spur of rock.*
JOB HAS A LONG LIGHT BOARD.

AYESHA.

Come on! keep your eyes fixed upon the ground and closely hug the rock.

HORACE.

But surely, Ayesha, we can never cross that empty space?

AYESHA.

We must. 'Tis dark now—soon will there be light.

LEO

How can there be more light in this dreadful chasm.

AYESHA.

See you that hole in the rock—*points*. The sun will soon sink to its level and flood the place with his beams.

LEO.

This stygian gloom is fearful.

AYESHA.

The light will come. *The calcium is thrown from the hole in the rock and strikes full upon Ayesha, the rest is nearly total darkness.* Quick the plank, we must cross while the light endures. Presently it will be gone.

JOB.

Passes the board along. Oh, Lord, sir, surely she don't mean us to walk across that 'ere place upon this 'ere thing?

HORACE.

That's the programme, Job. *The board is pushed along from one to the other and is pushed across the vacant space by Ayesha.*

AYESHA.

Follow me, quick while the light lasts. *She walks across.* It is safe! Now, come oh, Holly—for presently the light will fail us.

HORACE.

Hesitating, I—I—fear to venture.

AYESHA.

Afraid! bah! make way then for Kallikrates.

HORACE.

No. I will cross or fall in the attempt. *He walks across very timidly.*

AYESHA.

Now Kallikrates. *(Leo walks it upright and firmly.)* Bravely done, the old Greek spirit lives in thee yet.

TIM.

Now, thin, see what a modern Greek can do, *(He walks it firmly.)*

AYESHA.

You are a brave man, Of what country are you?

TIM.

I'm an Irishman from Ireland, so plaze yer majesty.

AYESHA.

Ireland! Ireland! Where is this Ireland?

TIM.

It's across beyond the say yer highness. A little green lump of of an island famous for good potatoes warm hearts and bad landlords.

HORACE.

Come Job it's your turn now.

JOB.

(On the end of the plank with his legs dangling in space.) I can't do it, sir I'll fall into the beastly place.

HORACE.

You must, Job, you must. It's as easy as catching flies.

JOB.

Oh, Lord—I—I—can't. Indeed, I can't.

AYESHA.

Let the man come or let him stay and perish there. *(The light is dimmed.)* See, the light is dying, in a minute it will be gone.

HORACE.

Come, be a man, Job—its quite easy.

TIM.

Come, Job, don't let it be said that an Englishman cried at danger an Irishman laughed at.

JOB.

That 'ere is a clincher. *(With nervous resolution.)* Here goes! *(Gets on plank, his legs hang on either side, he pulls himself along by jerks which displace the end of plank. The light suddenly disappears.)* Lord 'ave mercy on me! Oh, Lord, the board is slipping. It's a cooker. *(The plank falls noiselessly into chasm. Tim has grabbed Job by the collar and pulls him on to rock.)*

TIM.

There you are safe and sound.

HORACE.

The plank is gone. How, in the name of Heaven will we get back again.

LEO.

I don't know. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. I'm thankful enough to be here.

AYESHA.

Take my hand, Kallikrates. The others will follow. *Exit on platform R. and re-enter on run followed by all. Ayesha and Leo go down run steadily. The others slip and fall in the descent, Job last falls sprawling to the bottom.*

Lord have mercy on me. *As he falls.*

AYESHA.

There, safely have come. And now, (*nodding toward Job, who is sitting where he fell*) that he, whom they rightly call the Pig, for as a pig he is stupid, hath let fall the plank, it will not be easy to return; but I will make it plain. What think you of this, Kallikrates?

LEO.

I know not.

AYESHA.

Wouldst thou believe that once a man did choose this nest for a habitation?

LEO.

It would seem incredible.

AYESHA.

Yet so it was, two thousand years ago. His name was Noot, a philosopher skilled in the secrets of nature. He it was who discovered the fire that I shall show thee. Yet he would not avail himself of its wondrous power. He died there: (*pointing L.*) and his white beard lay on him like a garment, but surely he hath long since crumbled into dust. *Horace has been searching behind rock, L. He holds up a tooth.*

HORACE.

This appears to be a human tooth.

AYESHA.

Taking it. Yes, without doubt. Behold what remaineth of Noot, and the wisdom of Noot—one little tooth—and yet that man had all life at his command.

LEO.

This is wonderful.

AYESHA.

But greater wonders shalt thou behold. Many people knew of Noot's discovery, and ventured here to bathe in the wondrous fire, but they all perished in this chasm—and, even now, their spirits linger here, waiting to be born in the flesh again. By my power I can materialize these shadows and make them visible. Lis'en! *Symphony is played. Incantation.*

Solo.—AYESHA.

Lingering spirits hovering near,
Hear my voice and heed my call,
Let thy shadowy forms appear:
Rise and greet us, one and all.
Rise from out each rocky bed
Assume material shape and light.
'Changed art thou, but yet not dead
Rise and greet us with thy sight.

A great rumbling of music and noise of wind, increasing in volume and ending in a loud crash, The spirits appear suddenly. They are all in white and ghostly. They move to music of prelude to chorus.

SPIRIT CHORUS.

Mortal, we come at thy call,
Out of the shadow and gloom,
Out of the darkness of change,
Out of the child of the tomb.
When will the daylight appear?
When dawn will life's beautiful morn?
When will we enter the flesh,
And be as we were newly born?

Recit.—AYESHA.

When Nature decrees, shall dawn the glorious morn
When each in turn shall in the flesh be born.

SPIRIT CHORUS AND DANCE.

We must wait, we must wait,
Till the glorious morrow,
When we shall return again
To teach of joy and sorrow.
All must die as we have died,—
None can live forever,—
Yet life can never be destroyed,—
All that is, is ever.

(Music continues while they dance, becoming louder, accompanied by the sound of wind. Lightning flashes and thunder. End in a terrific crash. With the crash the spirits all suddenly disappear. Ayesha, followed by the others, have descended through an opening L, while the spirits are singing chorus.)

CHANGE.—SCENE 3.

(An underground passage, or rocky tunnel.)

AYESHA.

Now, my Kallikrates, we go down in the presence of Death, for Life and Death are very near together. I am a woman, and no prophetess: and I cannot read the future. But this I know, that I cannot live for aye. Much evil have I done. Perchance it was evil to strike that girl who loved thee. Therefore, Kallikrates, take me by the hand, and lift my veil and look me in the eyes and tell me thou dost forgive me with all thy heart, and with all thine heart thou dost love me. *(She kneels at his feet. Leo lifts her veil and raises her to his heart.)*

LEO.

Ayesha, I love thee with all my heart. And so far as forgiveness is possible, I forgive thee the death of Ustane. The rest is between thee and thy maker. I know nought of it. I only know that I love thee as I never loved before, and that I will cleave to thee to the end.

AYESHA.

And in token of my wifely love and submission do I kiss the hand of my lord *Kisses his hand.* And for a bridal gift, I give thee my beauty's starry crown, enduring life, wisdom and wealth without measure. As a god shalt thou be, holding good and evil in the hollow of thy hand, and I, even I humble myself before thee. *Bows lowly.* Such is the power of love, and such is the bridal gift I give unto thee, Kallikrates, royal son of Ra, my lord and lord of all.—**DEET.**

Solo.—AYESHA.

My love I'll love forever.
And naught our souls shall sever;
For true love lives forever,
Defying Death and Time.

Solo.—LEO.

My heart this new-found pleasure
Shall ever fondly treasure—
Thy love's beyond all measure.
And so my love is thine.

Together.

Joy shall never leave us,
Sorrow never grieve us,
Life cannot deceive us,
For love is life divine,
No more Life's storms shall fright us,
Nor desolation blight us,
Nor shadows dark benight us,
For love's pure light doth shine.

AYESHA.

Now let us descend, that all things may be accomplished in their order. *Leads him to opening in Flat.* Prepare to enter the very womb of the Earth wherein She doth conceive the life that you see brought forth in man and beast, Ay, and in every tree and flower. Come Kallikrates. *Exit with Leo, through opening.*

HORACE.

Come, let us follow and keep close.—EXIT.

TIM.

We're gettin' down in the world, Job. Sure we must be near the Devil's dominions by this time.

JOB.

Yes, and that 'ere She's the proprietor. Oh, Lord! to think of what we've seen and passed through. I tell you Tim there is no flesh and blood in this blasted country. They is all ghosts and devils and we'll soon belong to the family. We'll be trausmogrificated hiinto hunnatural hobjects like them 'ere spirits in the gulch.

TIM.

Well we'll stick together anyhow, and if She tries to come the comather and make ghosts of us, we'll make it very sultry for the other scrawny graveyard deserters. We'll wallop the divil out of them, Job.

JOB.

That's hall nonsense. What's the use o' wallopin' when one's dead? Besides ghosts can't wallop, Tim.

TIM.

Can't? Did yez ever see an Irish ghost? Of course ye haven't, or ye wouldn't say that. I'll lay ye ten to one that a real owld Irish ghost would be cock-o'-the-walk here, in an hour.

JOB.

Oh, Lord, Tim, you talk like a fool. This 'ere's serious business. My hold father's words is comin' true. "Time's hup, Job, time's hup!" Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!

TIM.

We'd better be out of this. *Going and looking in at opening.* It's as black as Tophet down there. Och, murder, what a hole. Come, Job, in with you, my bucko, we must go forward, for there's no going back.


JOB.

This 'ere's a cooker, *(as he exits.)* Time's hup, Job, time's hup! *Exit in opening.*

TIM.

Tare-an-ages!, but it's true for him, time's up! We're on the downhill road to the divil. If ever I get out of this I'll never leave Ireland again! I wish I had a drop of whisky to put heart into me. Well, here goes. I'll shut my eyes, and trust to luck. *Exit into hole.*

CHANGE.—SCENE 4.

Interior of cave of fire.  DESCRIPTION WILL BE GIVEN.

AYESHA.

Coming down at back. Draw near, draw near. *Leo and Horace join her. Job and Tim remain at top.* Now, Kallikrates, the mighty moment is at hand. *A rumbling sound is heard, music. A red light illuminates the scene.* Behold the very fountain and heart of life, as it beats in the bosom of the great world. *The rumbling increases, the red glow becomes more brilliant, smoke ascends from C. of stage, followed by a flame which fluctuates spasmodically, and finally subsides. The stage is dark.* When the flame comes again you must stand in it, Kallikrates, and when it embraces thee suck it down into thy very heart, so you lose no moiety of its virtue.

LEO.

I am no coward. Yet how know I that it will not destroy me?

AYESHA.

It is not wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. If thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also, Kallikrates?

LEO.

Yes, I will enter if it destroy me.

HORACE.

And I will also.

AYESHA.

(Laughing.) I thought thou wouldst naught of length of days? Why, how is this?

HORACE.

Something in my heart calls me to taste the flame and live.

AYESHA.

It is well. I will for the second time bathe in the living bath. I will add to my beauty and length of days, if that be possible; at least it cannot harm me. *(The rumbling is heard again, growing louder and louder. The light glows more intensely than before. The flame breaks forth with renewed energy.)* And now we will prepare as if the last hours were at hand, and we about to cross to the land of shadows and not through the gates of most glorious life. *(She shakes off her outer wrappings, then with much feeling, to Leo.)* Oh, my love, my love, wilt thou ever know how I have loved thee. *(She kisses him tenderly and steps into the circle of fire, which becomes intensified. The noise, which ceased during speech, is renewed.)*

LEO.

See! See! Her form is changing! She seems to be growing smaller. *(She sinks down gradually through trap. The smoke hides her for a moment and her little double takes her place, while she disappears altogether. The double is a very small, thin female, made up to the extreme of old age. Shrivelled and wrinkled, with long black hair like Ayesha's. As Ayesha speaks under stage the double moves lips and gesticulates to suit. Double staggers forward from out the circle of fire.)*

AYESHA.

(Under stage.) What is it, my Kallikrates—I—I—feel dazed. Is there aught wrong with my eyes? I see thee not so clearly. *Double sinks down; as she does so she puts her hand to her head and her long hair falls off.*

LEO.

What a change is this! It is horrible!

AYESHA.

(Under stage.) Forget me not, Kallikrates! Have pity on my shame! I shall come again, and once more be beautiful. I waited for thy coming two thousand years. Wait thou for me. I—Oh-h-h! *(Double falls, and dies.)*
(The fire subsides. Ustane, followed by Billali, and several Amahagger rush down incline on to stage.)

USTANE.

Oh, my Leo! my Lion! thou art saved! The spell is broken, and thou art mine once more.

LEO.

Ustane alive! *(Embracing her. The gauze drop at back is illuminated, and through it is seen a ship at her moorings, and a number of English sailors picturesquely grouped. Grand finale.)*

ENSEMBLE.

Solo—LEO.

Dear Ustane, the spell is broken,
And to thee my heart returns,
Here my life I pledge as token
Of the love my bosom burns.

Solo—USTANE.

And thy love I'll fondly cherish
While to me doth life remain,
For thee to live, for thee to perish,
Or freely die to spare thee pain.

Chorus—AMAHAGGER.

Farewell, Ustane! Farewell, Ustane!
Thou'lt freely die to spare him pain.
Farewell, Ustane! Farewell, Ustane!
Thou'lt freely die to spare him pain.

Chorus—SAILORS.

The sea is high, the tide is flowing,
Our ship is waiting on the shore;
The wind is fair and freely blowing,—
We wait to bear thee home once more.

They all sing their separate words in general chorus.)

CURTAIN.



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