

Perilous Play

By Louisa May Alcott

“If some one does not propose a new and interesting amusement I shall die of *ennui*,” said pretty Belle Daventry, in a tone of despair. “I have read all my books, used up all my Berlin wools, and it’s too warm to go to town for more. No one can go sailing yet, as the tide is out; we are all nearly tired to death of cards, croquet, and gossip, so what shall we do to while away this endless afternoon? Dr. Meredith, I command you to invent and propose a new game in five minutes.”

“To hear is to obey,” replied the young man, who lay in the grass at her feet, as he submissively slapped his forehead and fell a-thinking with all his might.

Holding up her finger to preserve silence, Belle pulled out her watch, and waited with an expectant smile. The rest of the young party, who were indolently scattered about under the elms, drew nearer, and brightened visibly, for Dr. Meredith’s inventive powers were well-known, and something refreshingly novel might be expected from him.

One gentleman did not stir, but, then, he lay within earshot, and merely turned his fine eyes from the sea to the group before him. His glance rested a moment on Belle’s piquant figure, for she looked very pretty with her bright hair blowing in the wind, one plump, white hand extended to keep order, and one little foot, in a distracting slipper, just visible below the voluminous folds of her dress.

Then the glance passed to another figure, sitting somewhat apart in a cloud of white muslin, for an airy burnoose floated from head and shoulders, showing only a singularly charming face. Pale, and yet brilliant, for the Southern eyes were magnificent, and clear olive cheeks contrasted with darkest hair; lips like a pomegranate flower, and delicate, straight brows, as mobile as the lips. A cluster of crimson flowers, half falling from the loose black braids, and a golden bracelet of Arabian coins on the slender wrist, were the only ornaments she wore, and became her better than the fashionable frippery of her companions.

A book lay on her lap, but her eyes, full of a passionate melancholy, were fixed on the sea, which glittered round an island green and flowery as a Summer paradise. Rose St. Just was as beautiful as her Spanish mother, but had inherited the pride and reserve of her English father; and this pride was the thorn which repelled lovers from the human flower.

Mark Done sighed as he looked, and, as if the sigh, low as it was, roused her from her reverie, Rose flashed a quick glance at him, took up her book, and went on reading the legend of “The Lotus Eaters.”

“Time is up now, doctor,” cried Belle, pocketing her watch with a flourish.

“Ready to report,” answered Meredith, sitting up, and producing a little box of tortoise-shell and gold.

“How mysterious! What is it? Let me see, first!” And Belle removed the cover, looking like an inquisitive child. “Only bonbons; how stupid! That won’t do, sir. We don’t want to be fed with sugar-plums. We demand to be amused.”

“Eat six of these despised bonbons, and you *will* be amused in a new, delicious, and wonderful manner.” said the young doctor, laying half-a-dozen on a green leaf, and offering them to her.

“Why, what are they?” she asked, looking at them askance.

“Hasheesh; did you ever hear of it?”

“Oh, yes; it’s that Indian stuff which brings one fantastic visions, isn’t it? I’ve always wanted to see and taste it, and now I will,” cried Belle, nibbling at one of the bean-shaped comfits with its green heart.

“I advise you not to try it. People do all sorts of queer things when they take it. I wouldn’t for the world,” said a prudent young lady, warningly, as all examined the box and its contents.

“Six can do no harm, I give you my word. I take twenty before I can enjoy myself, and some people even more. I’ve tried many experiments, both on the sick and the well, and nothing ever happened amiss, though the demonstrations were immensely interesting,” said Meredith, eating his sugar-plums with a tranquil air, which was very convincing to others.

“How shall I feel?” asked Belle, beginning on her second comfit.

“A heavenly dreaminess comes over one, in which they move as if on air. Everything is calm and lovely to them; no pain, no care, no fear of anything, and while it lasts one feels like an angel half asleep.”

“But if one takes too much, how then?” said a deep voice behind the doctor.

“Hum! Well, that’s not so pleasant, unless one likes phantoms, frenzies, and a touch of nightmare, which seems to last a thousand years. Ever try it, Done?” replied Meredith, turning toward the speaker, who was now leaning on his arm, and looking interested.

“Never. I’m not a good subject for experiments. Too nervous a temperament to play pranks with.”

“I should say ten would be about your number. Less than that seldom affects men. Ladies go off sooner, and don’t need so many. Miss St. Just, may I offer you a taste of Elysium? I owe my success to you,” said the doctor, approaching her deferentially.

“To me! And how?” she asked, lifting her large eyes with a slight smile.

“I was in the depths of despair when my eye caught the title of your book, and I was saved. For I remembered that I had hasheesh in my pocket.”

“Are you a lotus-eater?” she said, permitting him to lay the six charmed bonbons on the page.

“My faith, no! I use it for my patients. It is very efficacious in nervous disorders, and is getting to be quite a pet remedy with us.”

“I do not want to forget the past, but to read the future. Will hasheesh help me to do that?” asked Rose, with an eager look, which made the young man flush, wondering if he bore any part in her hopes of that veiled future.

“Alas, no. I wish it could, for I, too, long to know my fate,” he answered, very low, as he looked into the lovely face before him.

The soft glance changed to one of cool indifference, and Rose gently brushed the hasheesh off her book, saying, with a little gesture of dismissal:

“Then I have no desire to taste Elysium.”

The white morsels dropped into the grass at her feet; but Dr. Meredith let them lie, and turning sharply, went back to sun himself in Belle’s smiles.

“I’ve eaten all mine, and so has Evelyn. Mr. Norton will see goblins, I know, for he has taken quantities. I’m glad of it, for he don’t believe in it, and I want to have him convinced by making a spectacle of himself for our amusement,” said Belle, in great spirits at the new plan.

“When does the trance come on?” asked Evelyn, a shy girl already rather alarmed at what she had done.

“About three hours after you take your dose, though the time varies with different people. Your pulse will rise, heart beat quickly, eyes darken and dilate, and an uplifted sensation will pervade you generally. Then these symptoms change, and the bliss begins. I’ve seen people sit or lie in

one position for hours, rapt in a delicious dream, and wake from it as tranquil as if they had not a nerve in their bodies.”

“How charming! I’ll take some every time I’m worried. Let me see. It’s now four, so our trances will come about seven, and we will devote the evening to manifestations,” said Belle.

“Come, Done, try it. We are all going in for the fun. Here’s your dose,” and Meredith tossed him a dozen bonbons, twisted up in a bit of paper.

“No, thank you; I know myself too well to risk it. If you are all going to turn hasheesh-eaters, you’ll need some one to take care of you, so I’ll keep sober,” tossing the little parcel back.

It fell short, and the doctor, too lazy to pick it up, let it lie, merely saying, with a laugh:

“Well, I advise any bashful man to take hasheesh when he wants to offer his heart to any fair lady, for it will give him the courage of a hero, the eloquence of a poet, and the ardor of an Italian. Remember that, gentlemen, and come to me when the crisis approaches.”

“Does it conquer the pride, rouse the pity, and soften the hard hearts of the fair sex?” asked Done.

“I dare say now is your time to settle the fact, for here are two ladies who have imbibed, and in three hours will be in such a seraphic state of mind that ‘No’ will be an impossibility to them.”

“Oh, mercy on us; what *have* we done? If that’s the case, I shall shut myself up till my foolish fit is over. Rose, you haven’t taken any; I beg you to mount guard over me, and see that I don’t disgrace myself by any nonsense. Promise me you will,” cried Belle, in half real, half feigned alarm at the consequences of her prank.

“I promise,” said Rose, and floated down the green path as noiselessly as a white cloud, with a curious smile on her lips.

“Don’t tell any of the rest what we have done, but after tea let us go into the grove and compare notes,” said Norton, as Done strolled away to the beach, and the voices of approaching friends broke the Summer quiet.

At tea, the initiated glanced covertly at one another, and saw, or fancied they saw, the effects of the hasheesh, in a certain suppressed excitement of manner, and unusually brilliant eyes. Belle laughed often, a silvery ringing laugh, pleasant to hear; but when complimented on her good spirits, she looked distressed, and said she could not help her merriment; Meredith was quite calm, but rather dreamy; Evelyn was pale, and her next neighbor heard her heart beat; Norton talked incessantly, but as he talked uncommonly well, no one suspected anything. Done and Miss St. Just watched the others with interest, and were very quiet, especially Rose, who scarcely spoke, but smiled her sweetest, and looked very lovely.

The moon rose early, and the experimenters slipped away to the grove, leaving the outsiders on the lawn as usual. Some bold spirit asked Rose to sing, and she at once complied, pouring out Spanish airs in a voice that melted the hearts of her audience, so full of fiery sweetness or tragic pathos was it. Done seemed quite carried away, and lay with his face in the grass, to hide the tears that would come; till, afraid of openly disgracing himself, he started up and hurried down to the little wharf, where he sat alone, listening to the music with a countenance which plainly revealed to the stars the passion which possessed him. The sound of loud laughter from the grove, followed by entire silence, caused him to wonder what demonstrations were taking place, and half resolved to go and see. But that enchanting voice held him captive, even when a boat put off mysteriously from a point near by, and sailed away like a phantom through the twilight.

Half an hour afterward, a white figure came down the path, and Rose’s voice broke in on his midsummer night’s dream. The moon shone clearly now, and showed him the anxiety in her face as she said, hurriedly: “Where is Belle?”

“Gone sailing, I believe.”

“How could you let her go? She was not fit to take care of herself?”

“I forgot that.”

“So did I; but I promised to watch over her, and I must. Which way did they go?” demanded Rose, wrapping the white mantle about her, and running her eye over the little boats moored below.

“You will follow her?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll be your guide, then. They went toward the lighthouse; it is too far to row; I am at your service. Oh, say yes,” cried Done, leaping into his own skiff, and offering his hand persuasively.

She hesitated an instant and looked at him. He was always pale, and the moonlight seemed to increase this pallor, but his hat-brim hid his eyes, and his voice was very quiet. A loud peal of laughter floated over the water, and, as if the sound decided her, she gave him her hand and entered the boat. Done smiled triumphantly as he shook out the sail, which caught the freshening wind, and sent the boat dancing along a path of light.

How lovely it was! All the indescribable allurements of a perfect Summer night surrounded them; balmy airs, enchanting moonlight, distant music, and, close at hand, the delicious atmosphere of love, which made itself felt in the eloquent silences that fell between them. Rose seemed to yield to the subtle charm, and leaned back on the cushioned seat, with her beautiful head uncovered, her face full of dreamy softness, and her hands lying loosely clasped before her. She seldom spoke, showed no further anxiety for Belle, and seemed to forget the object of her search, so absorbed was she in some delicious thought which wrapped her in its peace.

Done sat opposite, flushed now, restless, and excited, for his eyes glittered; the hand on the rudder shook, and his voice sounded intense and passionate, even in the utterance of the simplest words. He talked continually and with unusual brilliancy, for, though a man of many accomplishments, he was too indolent or too fastidious to exert himself, except among his peers. Rose seemed to look without seeing, to listen without hearing, and, though she smiled blissfully, the smiles were evidently not for him.

On they sailed, scarcely heeding the bank of black cloud piled up in the horizon, the rising wind, or the silence which proved their solitude. Rose moved once or twice, and lifted her hand as if to speak, but sank back mutely, and the hand fell again, as if it had not energy enough to enforce her wish. A cloud sweeping over the moon, a distant growl of thunder, and the slight gust that struck the sail, seemed to rouse her. Done was singing now like one inspired, his hat at his feet, hair in disorder, and a strangely rapturous expression in his eyes, which were fixed on her. She started, shivered, and seemed to recover herself with an effort.

“Where are they?” she asked, looking vainly for the island heights and the other boat.

“They have gone to the beach, I fancy, but we will follow.” As Done leaned forward to speak, she saw his face, and shrank back with a sudden flush, for in it she read clearly what she had felt, yet doubted until now. He saw the tell-tale blush and gesture, and said impetuously: “You know it now; you cannot deceive me longer, nor daunt me with your pride! Rose, I love you, and dare tell you so tonight!”

“Not now—not here—I will not listen. Turn back, and be silent, I entreat you, Mr. Done,” she said, hurriedly.

He laughed a defiant laugh, and took her hand in his, which was burning and throbbing with the rapid beat of his pulse.

“No. I *will* have my answer here, and now, and never turn back till you give it; you have been a thorny Rose, and given me many wounds. I’ll be paid for my heartache with sweet words, tender looks, and frank confessions of love, for, proud as you are, you do love me, and dare not deny it.”

Something in his tone terrified her; she snatched her hand away, and drew beyond his reach, trying to speak calmly, and to meet coldly the ardent glances of the eyes which were strangely darkened and dilated with uncontrollable emotion.

“You forget yourself. I shall give no answer to an avowal made in such terms. Take me home instantly,” she said in a tone of command.

“Confess you love me, Rose.”

“Never!”

“Ah! I’ll have a kinder answer, or—” Done half rose and put out his hand to grasp and draw her to him, but the cry she uttered seemed to arrest him with a sort of shock. He dropped into his seat, passed his hand over his eyes, and shivered nervously, as he muttered in an altered tone: “I meant nothing; it’s the moonlight; sit down, I’ll control myself—upon my soul I will!”

“If you do not, I shall go overboard. Are you mad, sir?” cried Rose, trembling with indignation.

“Then, I shall follow you, for I *am* mad, Rose, with love—hasheesh!”

His voice sank to a whisper, but the last word thrilled along her nerves, as no sound of fear had ever done before. An instant she regarded him with a look which took in every sign of unnatural excitement, then she clasped her hands with an imploring gesture, saying, in a tone of despair:

“Why did I come! How will it end? Oh, Mark, take me home before it is too late!”

“Hush! Be calm; don’t thwart me, or I may get wild again. My thoughts are not clear, but I understand you. There, take my knife, and if I forget myself, kill me. Don’t go overboard; you are too beautiful to die, my Rose!”

He threw her the slender hunting-knife he wore, looked at her a moment with a far-off look, and trimmed the sail like one moving in a dream. Rose took the weapon, wrapped her cloak closely about her, and, crouching as far away as possible, kept her eye on him, with a face in which watchful terror contended with some secret trouble and bewilderment more powerful than her fear.

The boat moved round, and began to beat up against wind and tide; spray flew from her bow, the sail bent and strained in the gusts that struck it with perilous fitfulness. The moon was nearly hidden by scudding clouds, and one-half the sky was black with the gathering storm. Rose looked from threatening heavens to treacherous sea, and tried to be ready for any danger, but her calm had been sadly broken, and she could not recover it. Done sat motionless, uttering no word of encouragement, though the frequent flaws almost tore the rope from his hand, and the water often dashed over him.

“Are we in any danger?” asked Rose, at last, unable to bear the silence, for he looked like a ghostly helmsman, seen by the fitful night, pale now, wild-eyed, and speechless.

“Yes, great danger.”

“I thought you were a skillful boatman.”

“I am when I am myself; now I am rapidly losing the control of my will, and the strange quiet is coming over me. If I had been alone I should have given up sooner, but for your sake I kept on.”

“Can’t you work the boat?” asked Rose, terror-struck by the changed tone of his voice, the slow, uncertain movements of his hands.

“No; I see everything through a thick cloud; your voice sounds far away, and my desire is to lay my head down and sleep.”

“Let me steer—I can, I must!” she cried, springing toward him, and laying her hand on the rudder.

He smiled, and kissed the little hand, saying, dreamily:

“You could not hold it a minute; sit by me, love; let us turn the boat again, and drift away together—anywhere, anywhere out of the world.”

“Oh, Heaven, what will become of us!” and Rose wrung her hands in real despair. “Mr. Done—Mark—dear Mark, rouse yourself and listen to me. Turn, as you say, for it is certain death to go on so. Turn, and let us drift to the lighthouse; they will hear and help us. Quick, take down the sail, get out the oars, and let us try to reach there before the storm breaks.”

As Rose spoke, he obeyed her like a dumb animal; love for her was stronger even than the instinct of self-preservation, and for her sake he fought against the treacherous lethargy which was swiftly overpowering him. The sail was lowered, the boat brought round, and, with little help from the ill-pulled oars, it drifted rapidly out to sea with the ebbing tide.

As she caught her breath after this dangerous manoeuvre was accomplished, Rose asked, in a quiet tone, she vainly tried to render natural: “How much hasheesh did you take?”

“All that Meredith threw me. Too much; but I was possessed to do it, so I hid the roll and tried it,” he answered, peering at her with a weird laugh.

“Let us talk; our safety lies in keeping awake, and I dare not let you sleep,” continued Rose, dashing water on her own hot forehead with a sort of desperation.

“Say you love me; that would wake me up from my last sleep, I think. I have hoped and feared, waited and suffered so long. Be pitiful, and answer, Rose.”

“I do; but I should not own it now.”

So low was the soft reply, he scarcely heard it, but he felt it, and made a strong effort to break from the hateful spell that bound him. Leaning forward, he tried to read her face in a ray of moonlight breaking through the clouds; he saw a new and tender warmth in it, for all the pride was gone, and no fear marred the eloquence of those soft, Southern eyes.

“Kiss me, Rose, then I shall believe it. I feel lost in a dream, and you, so changed, so kind, may be only a fair phantom. Kiss me, love, and make it real.”

As if swayed by a power more potent than her will, Rose bent to meet his lips. But the ardent pressure seemed to startle her from a momentary oblivion of everything but love. She covered up her face, and sank down, as if overwhelmed with shame, sobbing through her passionate tears.

“Ah, what am I doing? I am mad, for I, too, have taken hasheesh,” she exclaimed vehemently.

What he answered she never heard, for a rattling peal of thunder drowned his voice, and then the storm broke loose. Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew fiercely, sky and sea were black as ink, and the boat tossed from wave to wave almost at their mercy.

Giving herself up for lost, Rose crept to her lover’s side and clung there, conscious only that they would bide together through the perils their own folly brought them. Done’s excitement was quite gone now; he sat like a statue, shielding the frail creature whom he loved, with a smile on his face, which looked awfully emotionless when the lightning gave her glimpses of its white immobility.

Drenched, exhausted, and half senseless with danger, fear, and exposure, Rose saw at last a welcome glimmer through the gloom, and roused herself to cry for help.

“Mark, wake and help me! Shout, for God’s sake—shout and call them, for we are lost if we drift by!” she cried, lifting his head from his breast, and forcing him to see the brilliant beacons streaming far across the troubled waters.

He understood her, and, springing up, uttered shout after shout, like one demented. Fortunately, the storm had lulled a little; the lighthouse keeper heard and answered. Rose seized the helm, Done the oars, and, with one frantic effort, guided the boat into quieter waters, where it was met by the keeper, who towed it to the rocky nook which served as a harbor.

The moment a strong, steady face met her eyes, and a gruff, cheery voice hailed her, Rose gave way, and was carried up to the house, looking more like a beautiful drowned Ophelia than a living woman.

“Here, Sally, see to the poor thing; she’s had a rough time on’t. I’ll take care of her sweetheart—and a nice job I’ll have, I reckon, for if he ain’t mad or drunk, he’s had a stroke of lightnin’, and looks as if he wouldn’t get his hearin’ in a hurry,” said the old man, as he housed his unexpected guests, and stood staring at Done, who looked about him like one dazed. “You jest turn in yonder and sleep it off, mate. We’ll see to the lady, and right your boat in the morning,” the old man added.

“Be kind to Rose. I frightened her. I’ll not forget you. Yes, let me sleep and get over this cursed folly as soon as possible,” muttered this strange visitor.

Done threw himself down on the rough couch and tried to sleep, but every nerve was overstrained, every pulse beating like a trip-hammer, and everything about him was intensified and exaggerated with awful power. The thunder-shower seemed a wild hurricane, the quaint room a wilderness peopled with tormenting phantoms, and all the events of his life passed before him in an endless procession, which nearly maddened him. The old man looked weird and gigantic, his own voice sounded shrill and discordant, and the ceaseless murmur of Rose’s incoherent wanderings haunted him like parts of a grotesque but dreadful dream.

All night he lay motionless, with staring eyes, feverish lips, and a mind on the rack, for the delicate machinery which had been tampered with, revenged the wrong by torturing the foolish experimenter. All night Rose wept and sung, talked and cried for help in a piteous state of nervous excitement, for with her the trance came first, and the after-agitation was increased by the events of the evening. She slept at last, lulled by the old woman’s motherly care, and Done was spared one tormenting fear, for he dreaded the consequences of this folly on her, more than upon himself.

As day dawned he rose, haggard and faint, and staggered out. At the door he met the keeper, who stopped him to report that the boat was in order, and a fair day coming. Seeing doubt and perplexity in the old man’s eye, Done told him the truth, and added that he was going to the beach for a plunge, hoping by that simple tonic to restore his unstrung nerves.

He came back feeling like himself again, except for a dull headache, and a heavy sense of remorse weighing on his spirits, for he distinctly recollected all the events of the night. The old woman made him eat and drink, and in an hour he felt ready for the homeward trip.

Rose slept late, and when she woke, soon recovered herself, for her dose had been a small one. When she had breakfasted and made a hasty toilet, she professed herself anxious to return at once. She dreaded, yet longed, to see Done, and when the time came, armed herself with pride, feeling all a woman’s shame at what had passed, and resolving to feign forgetfulness of the incidents of the previous night.

Pale and cold as a statue she met him; but the moment he began to say, humbly, “Forgive me, Rose,” she silenced him with an imperious gesture and the command:

“Don’t speak of it; I only remember that it was very horrible, and wish to forget it all as soon as possible.”

“All, Rose?” he asked, significantly.

“Yes, *all!* No one would care to recall the follies of a hasheesh dream,” she answered, turning hastily to hide the scarlet flush that would rise, and the eyes that would fall before his own.

“I never can forget, but I will be silent if you bid me.”

“I do. Let us go. What will they think at the island? Mr. Done, give me your promise to tell no one, now or ever, that I tried that dangerous experiment. I will guard your secret also.”

She spoke eagerly, and looked up imploringly.

“I promise”; and he gave her his hand, holding her own with a wistful glance, till she drew it away, and begged him to take her home.

Leaving hearty thanks and a generous token of their gratitude, they sailed away with a fair wind, finding in the freshness of the morning a speedy cure for tired bodies and excited minds.

They said little, but it was impossible for Rose to preserve her coldness. The memory of the past night broke down her pride, and Done’s tender glances touched her heart. She half hid her face behind her hand, and tried to compose herself for the scene to come, for, as she approached the island, she saw Belle and her party waiting for them on the shore.

“Oh, Mr. Done, screen me from their eyes, and questions as much as you can! I’m so worn out and nervous, I shall betray myself. You will help me?” and she turned to him with a confiding look, strangely at variance with her usual calm self-possession.

“I’ll shield you with my life, if you will tell me why you took the hasheesh,” he said, bent on knowing his fate.

“I hoped it would make me soft and lovable, like other women. I’m tired of being a lonely statue,” she faltered, as if the truth was wrung from her by a power stronger than her will.

“And I took it to gain courage to tell my love. Rose, we have been near death together, let us share life together, and neither of us be any more lonely or afraid?”

He stretched his hand to her with his heart in his face, and she gave him hers with a look of tender submission, as he said, ardently:

“Heaven bless hasheesh, if its dreams end like this!”