

(Does as he says.) And I take you for my true and lawful wife.

Rebecca (taking both his hands in hers, and bowing her head on to his breast). Thank you, John. (Lets him go.) And now I am going—gladly.

Rosmer. Man and wife should go together.

Rebecca. Only as far as the bridge, John.

Rosmer. And out on to it, too. As far as you go—so far I go with you. I dare do it now.

Rebecca. Are you absolutely certain that way is the best for you?

Rosmer. I know it is the only way.

Rebecca. But suppose you are only deceiving yourself? Suppose it were only a delusion—one of these White Horses of Rosmersholm?

Rosmer. It may be so. We can never escape from them—we of my race.

Rebecca. Then stay, John!

Rosmer. The man shall cleave to his wife, as the wife to her husband.

Rebecca. Yes, but first tell me this—is it you that go with me, or I that go with you?

Rosmer. We shall never get to the bottom of that.

Rebecca. Yet I should dearly like to know.

Rosmer. We two go with each other, Rebecca. I with you, and you with me.

Rebecca. I almost believe that is true.

Rosmer. For now we two are one.

Rebecca. Yes. We are one now. Come! We can go gladly now. (They go out, hand in hand, through the hall, and are seen to turn to the left. The door stands open after them. The room is empty for a little while. Then MRS. HELSETH opens the door on the right.)

Mrs. Helseth. The carriage, niiss, is—. (Looks round the room.) Not here? Out together at this time of night? Well, well—I must say—! Hm! (Goes out into the hall, looks round and comes in again.) Not sitting on the bench—ah, well! (Goes to the window and looks out.) Good heavens! What is that white thing—! As I am a living soul, they are both out on the foot-bridge! God forgive the