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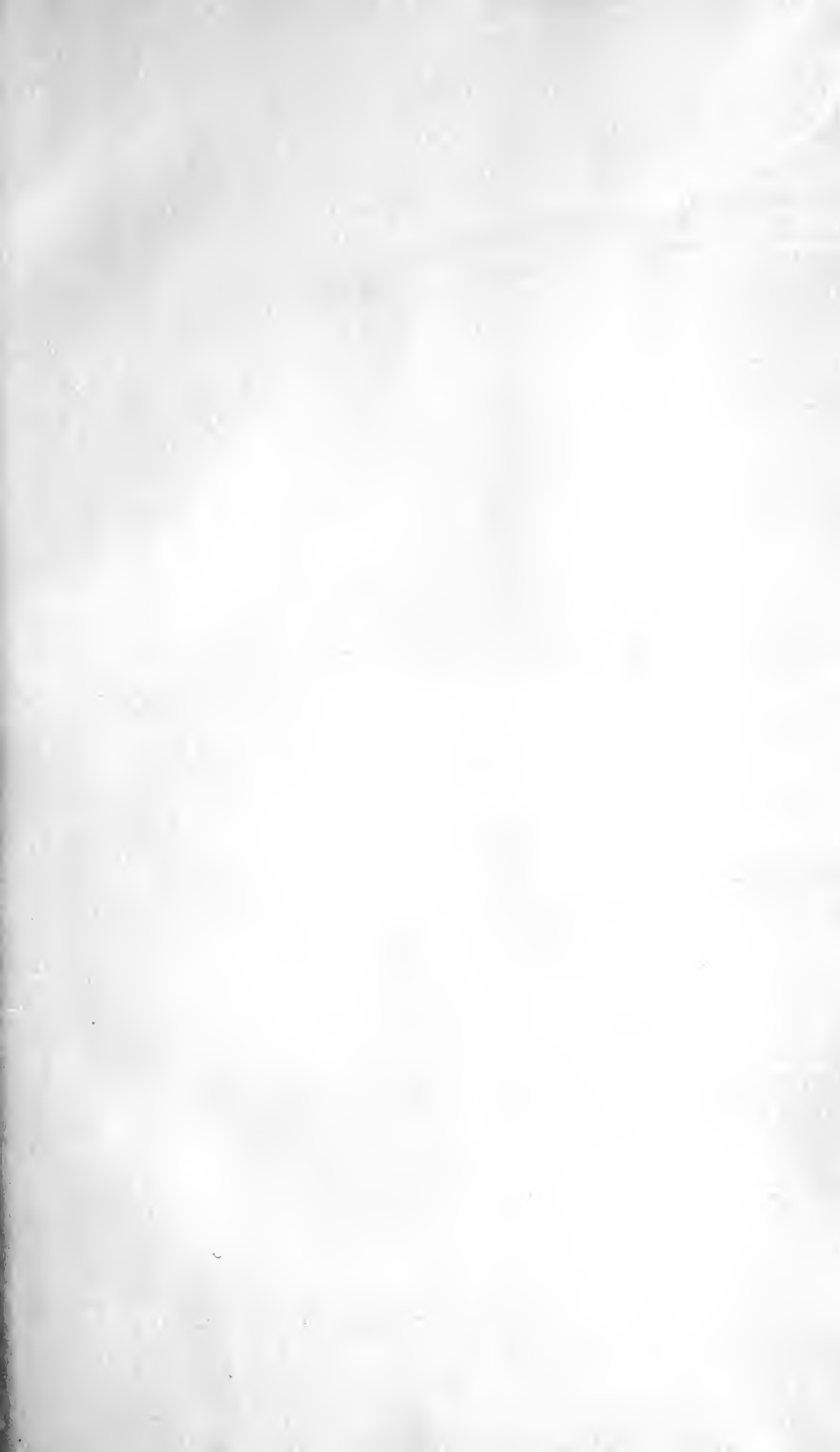
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LOVE'S VICTORY;
OR
THE SCHOOL FOR PRIDE.

[*Price 3s. 6d.*]

Lately Published, in Octavo, price 4s. 6d.

ALPHONZUS ;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY GEORGE HYDE.

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.

5, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

“ We imagine that we are likely to witness many tragedies every way inferior to that which is now before us.”

Monthly Review.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

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LOVE'S VICTORY;

OR

THE SCHOOL FOR PRIDE.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

FOUNDED ON THE SPANISH OF DON AUGUSTIN MORETO.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

On Wednesday, November 16th, 1825.

BY GEORGE HYDE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, & CO.

5, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL;

AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1825.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE leading situations of this Play are MORETO's. They have been adopted by MOLIERE, GOZZI, and more recently in the German language, by an author of less celebrity than these, but who, nevertheless, has done more justice to the original than either. I have generally followed the arrangement of WEST, (the German author.) Some of the situations, I think, I have improved; but I was amongst the first to perceive, that in the attempt to introduce additional characters I had not been successful. The want of experience must be my excuse. The language, whatever be its merits, or its sins, is my own.

I should prove myself utterly insensible to the kindest and most friendly treatment, if I neglected this opportunity of declaring that the conduct of Mr. KEMBLE, in every thing connected with this Play, has been extremely opposed to the courses often charged upon managers.

The public tribute of admiration which has been so liberally bestowed upon the acting of the Comedy renders it unnecessary that I should do more than repeat, generally, those thanks which I have not been so ungrateful as to forget in private.

The words and passages marked with inverted commas were erased by the Licenser. I have only printed them to show with what vigilance the purity of the Stage is *now* guarded. I am particularly repentant for the heinous crime of alluding to the heathen mythology.

THE AUTHOR.

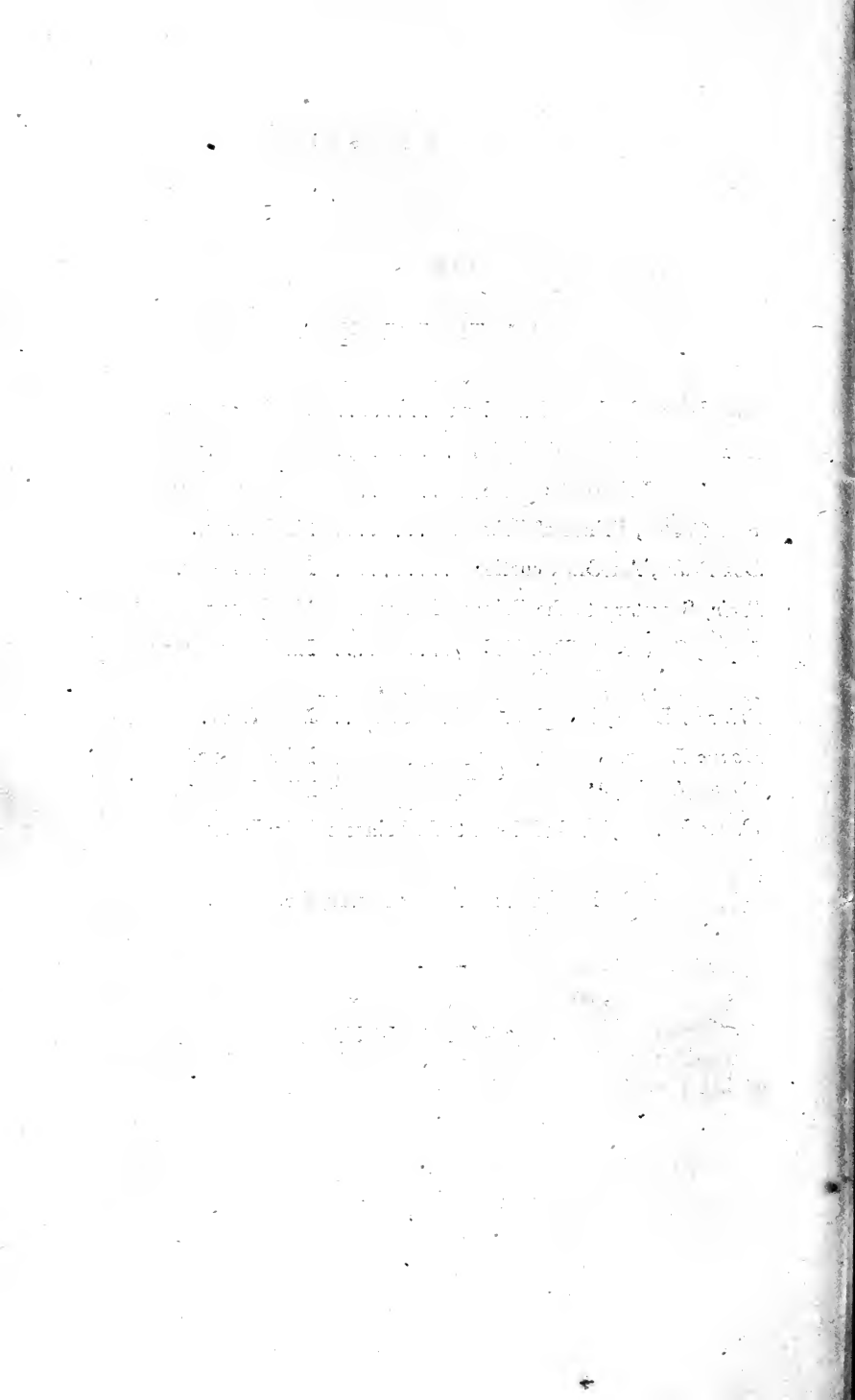


DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Don Diego</i> , Duke of Barcelona	Mr. EGERTON.
<i>Don Cesar</i> , Prince of Naples	Mr. KEMBLE.
<i>Don Luis</i> , Prince of <u>Bearne</u>	Mr. DURUSET.
<i>Don Gaston</i> , Prince of <u>Foix</u>	Mr. POWER.
<i>Don Pedro</i> , An Old Courtier.	Mr. FARREN.
<i>Perin</i> , Secretary to the Princess Diana.	Mr. JONES.
<i>Lopez</i> , Servant to Don Pedro	Mr. BLANCHARD.
<i>Princess Diana</i> , Daughter to the Duke	Miss LACY.
<i>Donna Laura</i> , } Cousins to the Princess {	Miss JONES.
<i>Donna Louisa</i> , }	Miss HENRY.
<i>Donna Floretta</i> , Maid of Honor to the Princess	Miss LOVE.

MASQUERS—ATTENDANTS, &c.

Scene—BARCELONA.



LOVE'S VICTORY,
OR
THE SCHOOL FOR PRIDE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Garden of the Palace.

Enter LOPEZ, carrying a camp chair, mantle, &c.

Lopez. A FAMINE on this feasting, say I. My master spends his substance on his outward man, and leaves his serving man to feed upon shadows. These gewgaws swallow more dinners than would keep a fat monastery a week, and thou, Lopez, hast not gorged one for a fortnight. Ah! this comes of thy pride! Thou must serve a courtier, forsooth, and not be content with a full belly in a citizen's chimney corner! Well, they say your proud stomachs always get pinched; and truly enough mine has long been at the last pinch. I see not why a man shouldn't be able to put his stomach upon board wages, when he has nothing for it to do. But mine is an unconscionable and a villanous stomach; the less work I give it, the more it wants feeding. This is the place where I am to wait for my master; so I'll even sit me down. (*Opens the chair and sits down, yawning.*) Ah! good stomach, I hear thee crying like a child, and all I can do is to lull thee to sleep. [*Sleeps.*

Enter DON PEDRO.

D. Ped. A plague on this lazy knave! How shall I pedestrianize an entire mile, without resting my weary limbs! (*Seeing LOPEZ.*) Profane vil-

lain! (*beats him*; LOPEZ starts and tumbles off the chair.) There, knave; learn the fate of all who thrust themselves into the seats of their betters.

Lop. I was dreaming of a fat capon, and now I get nothing but the basting.

D. Ped. (*Sitting down wearily*,) I swear, by Hercules, the fatigue of seeing these tournaments and games, will make an old man of me.

Lop. An old man? A dead man, sir. It's enough to kill the finest courtier in the world. Do let me go and order dinner quietly at home to-day, sir.

D. Ped. Peace, thou gormandizing knave! Thou thinkest of nothing but thy appetite, and nothing satisfies it.

Lop. I wish nothing would satisfy it; for Heaven knows, it gets plenty of that.

D. Ped. Hast thou a further relish for this cane? Give me the mantle, that I get not a chill in my bones, while I invigorate my locomotive energies, and prepare for my walk to the palace.

Lop. Then he dines out again; and not only I, but the rats and mice must be starved to death, unless we eat each other.

D. Ped. Keep watch, sirrah, that none approach to surprise me in my relaxations.

Lop. (*going out*.)—O that I were a dog in the Duke's kitchen! (*runs back*.)—Sir! Here comes Mister Perin, the Princess's cook—I mean her secretary.

D. Ped. (*Jumps up hastily*.)—Quick, Lopez.—(*They put up the chair, &c. and LOPEZ runs off*.)—Confound the fellow, I shall scarcely be able to stand upon my legs.

Enter PERIN.

Signor Perin, accept the salutations of this joyous day.

Per. Don Pedro, your servant. Brave tilting again to-day, and Don Cesar again victorious. Do you not break a lance for the honor of Barcelona?

D. Ped. Vanity, sir, mere vanity. These stripplings should be advised to return home, and take more care of their skins; for, if each were spitted upon the other's lance, like a row of roasting larks, depend upon it, the Princess would still behold them with perfect indifference.

Per. In truth, her heart seems to be impregnable.

D. Ped. That may not be the exact state of the case either. The court of Barcelona may have attractions of its own—certain remains of a better age—not to be overlooked in the present universal degeneracy of the species.

Per. (*Apart.*)—Before Heaven, it is true that this antiquated Acteon believes Diana in love with him. Perin, here's game afoot for thy genius of mischief, and it shall run hard but thou hast sport. (*Aloud.*)—Then you have no faith in the Princess's philosophy?

D. Ped. Poh! Poh! The counterpart of many other modern philosophies, I assure ye: adopted in ignorance, nursed in obstinacy, and maintained by violating every rule of natural understanding. In the true age, Signor, there was none of your philosophy.

Per. But—are you not cruel to the lady, Don, as well as severe upon the age?

D. Ped. No; by the frigidity of Dian's self, no! One must give way to the inspirations of the old spirit now and then,—that's all. I confess the severity,—but for the cruelty, I must deny it: and do not hesitate to avow myself sympathetically disposed towards the unhappy condition of the

Princess, when I see her compelled to endure the presence of these degenerate suitors,—these mere apologies for men.

Per. It is undeniable that they have hitherto failed to attract her admiration.

D. Ped. It is quite natural that men of such a stamp should be scouted and jilted. But if here and there, you meet with a precious relic of the veritable school,—by the son of Venus, he's persecuted to death with the importunities of the sex.

Per. (*Apart.*)—Thou prince of hoary coxcombs!—(*Aloud.*)—The asserter of the fact, Don, is himself its example.

D. Ped. Ha! Ha! I perceive, Signor Perin, you have a touch of the old spirit about ye. But for the wit of the present age—poh!—whip me, the dull rogues. By the waters of Castalia, the sacred fount has been hermetically sealed for the last fifty years.

Per. No!

D. Pen. I affirm it.

Per. No, no.

D. Ped. How, Sir! A contradiction? By the extremity of my rapier—

Per. Not to the precious relics, Don!

D. Ped. Pardon! Always excepting the unworthy remnants of the divine age. By the veracity of a poet, Signor Perin, I have seen the time when the court of Barcelona has been thrown into a nine days' extasy at a sonnet; and the whole state convulsed by an epigram. But that was the age of taste and genius;—this is the reign of filthy dollars. It absolutely hurts one's feelings to live in such a dirty age! Even to matters of state the corruption extends. Have we not modern instances of diplomacy without intrigue? Have we not seen treaties concluded, and alliances effected,

with such vulgar perspicuity, as to come within the merest plebeian comprehension?

“*Per.* Why, truly, the changing of a government, in these days, seems to be considered about as simple a matter as the selling of an Englishman’s wife in Smithfield.

“*D. Ped.* Ay, ay; that England is the hot-bed of all your modern degeneracies. By the genius of your countryman, Signor, the illustrious Machiavelli, I’d turn that island into a galley, and send all the malefactors and lovers of liberty, from every part of the world, on board her.

(*They laugh.*)”

Per. Egad, Don, you work those “English” fellows rarely.

D. Ped. D’ye think I’m pretty strong upon them, Signor?

Per. “A very Sampson among the Philistines!

“*D. Ped.* Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Takes hold of Perin’s arm suddenly, and cries out*) O!—O!—O!

Per. “For Heaven’s sake,” what’s the matter, Don?

D. Ped. A vile rheumatism across my back—O!—O!—and a tremor in my joints. I pray ye, Signor,—your arm to the palace. Ah! these are the pains and penalties of us rattling spirits.

Per. Ay,—even of our “Sampsons,” Don.

D. Ped. It comes of living in such a cursed age, sir. By the waters of Castalia—gently—the sacred fount—not too fast—has been hermetically sealed.—O! my back!

[*Exeunt, PERIN supporting him.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PERIN.

Per. There he sits with his head in his hand, like an unmated dove in the month of May. What a sigh! Heigho! We're a pair of melancholy youths;—both over head and ears, and scarcely a straw to catch at. That little imp of mischief, Floretta, has taken me in her toils, and this poor Prince, I see, is bound hand, foot, and heart, in the chains of the Princess Diana; who, for our comfort, forswears love as though it were a worse plague than it is. I am the only man whose presence she endures, and that only because she believes me to be a woman-hater. Heaven help her, what a mistake she makes! Yet, if she finds that out, adieu to my secretaryship—and I leave Barcelona, as little troubled with equipments as when I entered it after my banishment from Naples. Is there no way to overreach a woman's whim, and bring down this intolerable pride? Ah—if I could first win her for Don Cesar—then Floretta and I—excellent thought! Here he comes, and I'll sound him directly.

Enter D. CESAR.

Hem! Nay, he's quite gone;—in the very last stage.

D. Ces. (Without perceiving him.)—Why should I cherish thus a being destitute of heart?

Per. (Loudly.)—Ahem!

D. Ces. (*Starts and assumes a careless air.*)—Ah, Perin, my countryman! Welcome, welcome!

Per. I have been waiting for your Highness' salutation some time.

D. Ces. Ay, ay; in truth I was a little absent. One must sometimes think of our beautiful Naples, Perin. I was sailing across the matchless bay, and gazing upon old Vesúvius as he tossed his fiery crest up to the flouted Heavens,—and—

Per. This is exceedingly well done, Prince. I like it, and am glad to see it; for he who can repress his feelings is a free man, though in chains. (1)

D. Ces. In chains? I don't understand.

Per. Indeed! Oh! very well, I can explain. Your Highness is in love.

D. Ces. (*Confused.*)—Poh! poh! Perin; thy old habits of bantering are not yet worn out, I see.

Per. Not like our Neapolitan love, I grant,—fierce and consuming as your fiery-crested Vesúvius. No, your Highness prefers an elegant, classical, platonic coldness; the Pygmalion taste;—ivory, or sheer marble!

D. Ces. Well, Perin, I know thou art my friend, and will confess my love for this haughty being,—colder than marble itself. This very day, when every tongue was shouting forth my triumph, I turned my anxious eyes towards her balcony;—and there she sat immoveable, as though she were the statue of some goddess, surrounded by a common, busy multitude, and glancing down her proud contempt upon my deeds.

Per. Ay, there lies the poison. Bear that in mind, Prince.

D. Ces. What an enigma is this heart! Her scorn excites its tenderest emotion. Her look is ice, yet lights up flames; benumbing, freezing it

with cold, and then consuming it with burning passion. Were her beauty aided by the common blandishments of woman, I could look on it unmoved;—but that repulsive majesty is irresistible.

Per. All which means—sinking the poetry—that the same thing which neither makes a man warm nor cold while he can get it, being put out of his reach, turns him to frost and fire. Pray calm yourself; it certainly is not altogether so particularly agreeable to be in love with a statue,—but the matter may be mended. She calls all this philosophy,—I call it fiddle-de-dee.

D. Ces. Take care how you speak of her.

Per. The fact is, Prince—between us—she's not quite right somewhere or other. A mere picture puts up her devil, if it but represent a happy swain prostrate before his Chloe. In her apartments you find nothing but Daphnes flying from Apollo,—Anaxarates transformed to stone,—and Arethusas flowing about in every possible variety of stream, as if murmuring at their unhappy fate.

D. Ces. Then, in the name of Love, what hope is there for me?

Per. If you attack her with the right weapons, there is the certainty that nature will put philosophy *hors de combat*, and leave you in possession of the citadel. I am but a skimmer of surfaces, and little burdened with the learning of your books. Yet a man who walks about with his eyes open, may be philosopher enough to see how the world goes. (*Assuming a mock serious air.*) And I do opine, advance, and maintain, that what is against nature is unnatural. It cannot hold, because, twist it and turn it as you will—morally, physically, or mathematically—it tumbles to pieces. Upon this incontrovertible position, I

build my system. The Princess Diana is a proud woman—all women naturally expect admiration; withhold the tribute, and you mortify her pride; without pride she is a simple woman,—and for a simple woman it is natural to fall in love.> There, Sir, you have it,—premises, inference, and conclusion. What think you of Professor Perin? 3

D. Ces. A truce to jesting, my friend; and tell me what I am to understand by this.

Per. Simply, that if you adopt my advice, I stake my head upon schooling her pride, and showing her philosophy in its true, ridiculous colours.

D. Ces. Explain yourself.

Per. Remember, Prince, what won your love. Not Diana's beauty, but her pride.> 2

D. Ces. I begin to see the light.

Per. When she receives you coldly,—meet her with indifference. If she look scornful,—throw her back a glance of pity, coupled with a compassionate shrug of the shoulders, or a French twist of the mouth. The greater pride will subdue the lesser, and you have the dame as tractable as a newly whipped child. 3

D. Ces. 'Twere easily resolved, but then—I love!

Per. The greater the merit and the pleasure of the conquest. Arm yourself with confidence, depend upon my aid, and you can't fail of success. But, remember, we must appear to have no understanding with each other, or we are both ruined,—for both our fortunes are at stake. Be wise,—be resolute,—but, above all, be cold.

D. Ces. How is it possible to conceal the feelings which absorb my every thought! Yet, if it must be so—gigantic as the effort is—it shall be made. 1

Per. Bravo! Rely upon my support in time of need. But see where the Duke and your friends approach. We must not be marked together, and your disguise must be worn even to them. Now, Prince, to work! Remember, a good start is half the race. [*Exit.*]

D. Ces. Yes, I see this way alone conducts me to her love; and hope begins to dawn, like the auspicious opening of a happy day. They come, and now the scene commences.

Enter DON DIEGO, DON LUIS, DON GASTON, and DON PEDRO. PERIN listens occasionally.

D. Die. To you, Don Cesar, as to the rest of these my friends, I again express my sorrow at the waywardness of my misguided child. Let not, I beseech you, her neglect be construed to her parent's prejudice. Alas! the most incurable of all folly is that which boasts its wisdom. This day she has again avowed that she would rather be the bride of death, than marry with a man.

D. Ped. (Apart.)—No wonder, when she has such men to choose from.

D. Luis. Be not discouraged, Sir. It seems incredible that ideas so absurd will be persisted in.

D. Dic. I have exhausted hope, and therefore hold it needless to maintain this show of feasting, when I have so much grief within. Some days allotted to our festival have yet to run; but it were better ended now at once.

D. Gas. What is your Highness thinking of? What an inconceivable conception! Clip the wings of Cupid, and put out the torch of Hymen! Oh, monstrous!

D. Luis. It must not be that we give up our suit so tamely.

D. Ces. (Indifferently.)—For my part, as chance conducted, and curiosity detained me here, I feel bound in courtesy to stay the appointed time.

D. Gas. Well said, Wisdom; excellently well said! Don Gaston remains at his post for better reasons, though. If the Princess be not blind, it were no great difficulty to foretell her choice. In short, I have no doubt of carrying the field.

D. Die. Then, be it so. Let the games proceed, and this day shall be ended with the merry masque, where you shall have access to my daughter, and each may try the power of language, music, dance, and all the flattering arts that are so potent with the sex.

D. Ped. That were omnipotent, your highness means, in the age when they were understood.

D. Die. I fear Diana will object—but I'll insist on her compliance.

D. Gas. The thought is delightful! Good duke, embrace your son! Give me a pass of tongues,—leave me to thrust and parry with my wit,—and in spite of all her vaunted wisdom, this Pallas shall succumb.

D. Die. I leave you, to prepare my daughter for your reception. [Exit.

D. Gas. Come, Luis; I fly to enter the lists where my wit shall pierce her like a two-edged sword. We juniors must leave this sober Cato to store his mind with a few stoical reflections, to be delivered impromptu before the princess. Adieu, Cato! Come, Don Pedro, you mustn't remain to disturb his reveries.

D. Ped. Oh! I'm with the juniors, prince. (*Apart.*)—This is really a pretty fellow for his time. But they are all wretched, if brought to the comparison. Poor devils! They would save

themselves the trouble of this new folly, if they had an idea of the true state of Diana's heart.

[*Exeunt all but D. Cesar.*]

D. Ces. Happy fool! How exquisitely just is Providence! This miserable egotist, in whom the finer springs of feeling and of intellect are barren, has his exemption from a hundred torments which the gifted spirit must endure. How shall I meet the glance of that majestic eye, and not betray the thoughts for which alone I live? It is impossible! What will be my fate?

PERIN advances.

Per. What? To be sovereign of Barcelona! Bravely done! Now to the princess;—repress your feelings, and remember that we are only playing our parts. Be but cold and resolute, and the curtain soon drops upon our triumph.

D. Ces. Well, Perin. Guide me as thou wilt, since I despair of finding means by which this queen of women can be won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Princess's Apartment, decorated with paintings, sculpture, &c. DONNAS LAURA and LOUISA sitting at a table, with books. DONNA FLORETTA and the PRINCESS DIANA.

P. Dia. Read me that passage again, Floretta; I like the story much.

D. Flor. (*Reads.*)

“In vain Apollo woo'd the maid,—
That peerless daughter of the stream!
Daphne implored Diana's aid,
And gave the Laurel deathless fame.”

P. Dia. It is admirable.

D. Flo. I think it very dull.

D. Lau. It seems to me rather affected.

P. Dia. The language, I confess, is somewhat elevated ; but it befits the subject.

D. Lau. It really does sound a little pompous.

P. Dia. Granted. It is the poet's task to raise our feelings above the ordinary, grovelling occupations of the common world.

D. Lou. (*Sighing.*)—Well!

P. Dia. What means that exclamation?

D. Lou. It may be all very true, but I'm sure it must be very cruel, and wicked too, to hate love, or any thing else, without knowing what it is.

P. Dia. Then you would be so much a child, as to burn yourself before you shunned the fire?

D. Lou. Perhaps I might only get scorched ; and the risk may not be so great as——

P. Dia. As what?

D. Lou. As the pleasure of trying it.

P. Dia. (*Angrily.*)—What do I hear? Is this spoken in my presence? Donna Louisa, you must make your election between these sentiments and my society.

Enter PERIN.

Look to yourself, Perin ; or my cousin Donna Louisa will conceive the tender passion for you.

Per. (*Pretending alarm.*)—Heaven forbid!

P. Dia. Oh ! She thinks it no scandal to avow her amorous disposition in the broad face of day.

Per. Horrible ! But it is impossible ; there must be some mistake ; or,—it is some fit of madness ! Love !—Let me avoid her ! I crave your highness's

pardon if I forget myself; but at the mere idea, I am agitated to the last degree.

D. Flo. (*Apart.*)—Oh, you hypocrite!

D. Lau. Believe me, cousin, Louisa only jested.

P. Dia. The tongue will often speak in jest, that which the heart encourages in earnest.

Per. To be sure, if it were only a jest your highness is right in excusing it. But otherwise—

P. Dia. No more, Perin. It is past, and will not be repeated. Why came you hither?

Per. To inform your highness, that the duke and his young guests desire to be admitted to your presence this afternoon. Your gracious father entreats that you receive them courteously.

P. Dia. How! To be disturbed in my retirement? But let them come, and learn into whose presence they have dared intrude.

[*Exeunt P. DIANA, D. LAURA, D. LOUISA.*

D. Flo. Signor Perin, good morning.

Per. (*Apart.*) Hark at her sweet tongue! How shall I be able to resist? (*With assumed gravity.*) Young lady, I received that compliment before breakfast, and once a day is quite enough.

D. Flo. But one had better be too civil, you know, than rude.

Per. I know no such thing. Too much civility is apt to lead forward people into familiarities. (*Apart.*)—If I don't get rid of her, curse me if I shall be able to keep it up.

D. Flo. Come, there is no necessity for all this crabbedness behind the princess's back. Let us walk together, while they prepare for this meeting.

Per. Walk together! What can you desire to walk with me for? I must again request that you will preserve a more becoming deportment, and leave off these indecorous jokes.

D. Flo. Then walk by yourself, you rough bear.
(They go off at opposite sides, making contemptuous gestures at each other. PERIN returns, looking carefully after her, and then advances.)

Per. How delightful would it be to throw aside the mask,—to swear eternal passion in atonement for the past,—and seal my pardon on those ruby lips! *(While he is speaking, D. FLORETTA returns, and steals softly behind him.)* It is impossible that I can much longer keep up the game, though the favour of all the princes under the sun depended on it. She is more lovely than an angel. Her tongue is like—*(FLORETTA taps him on the shoulder.)*—the devil! No—I—I don't mean that. Here's a pretty piece of business! Well, the murder's out, and so here goes. *(Kneels.)* Loveliest of creatures! Thou paragon of—

D. Flo. Devils! Come, come! get up, get up. Consider the consequences of our being seen in this situation. Wait till the opportunity arrives, and I'll keep you there long enough.

Per. *(Rising.)*—Why, true; I had forgot all that.

D. Flo. *(Archly.)*—You hypocrite, I shall never be able to trust you.

Per. Don't say a word about it, but let us take our walk, and I'll show you that the opportunity is not far distant. Besides, I have some occupation for that roguish wit. Old Pedro thinks the princess in love with him.

D. Flo. *(Mocking him.)*—In love! “At the mere idea I am agitated to the last degree!”

[Exeunt.]

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Princess's Apartment.

P. DIANA, DONNA LAURA, DONNA LOUISA, D. FLORETTA, DON CESAR, D. DIEGO, D. LUIS, D. GASTON, D. PEDRO.

D. Die. Great as is my love, Diana, I cannot suffer the hospitality of our house to bear this stain. Our friends complain, and I must say with reason too, that you withdraw from their society, and by that act proclaim their presence here unwelcome.

P. Dia. Father, permit me to repeat in the presence of these, your friends, the maxims which I hold as dearly as my life. That they are the offspring of a poor woman's judgment, I admit; but they may serve to regulate a woman's conduct. Duty, sir, renders my will subservient to yours; and though I regard the choice between marriage and death with perfect indifference, yet is my sense of duty superior to all, and at your command I am ready for the sacrifice.

D. Gas. (*Aside to D. PEDRO.*) Egad! she's a formidable creature!

D. Ped. Undoubtedly—to certain persons.

[*He converses apart with D. FLORETTA.*]

D. Die. You have misunderstood my purpose, Diana. I came not to speak to you of marriage. Your love, as I have always said, is free; but courtesy is due to all. These princes, and indeed the world, hold your opinions to be ridiculous and indefensible. You have now an opportunity

of defending them if they are not so; for which purpose I required this interview. Don Pedro, I must employ you in the ordering of our entertainment. *[Exit.]*

D. Ped. I attend your grace (*Apart*). By the precise perfection of a punctilio, I do not believe the degeneracy of the age extends to the women, after all. They still preserve the true taste (*To P. DIANA.*) Your Highness will be merciful to these poor gentlemen. Remember, Don Pedro intreats you to be merciful.

P. Dia. (*Contemptuously*) Begone, sir!

D. Ped. (*Going out*) Ay, I see she wishes to keep them all in the dark. Pedro the First, Duke of Barcelona. *[Exit.]*

P. Dia. Then I am here, the sole defender of weak woman against this gallant triple union of creation's lords!

D. Lui. Fair Princess, we but ask the favour of your confidence; and if we fail to change your purpose, grant us at least the means of winning your esteem.

D. Gas. And pray, good Princess, let us hear what crime love has committed to deserve eternal banishment.

D. Ces. I, too, would hear what there is to be said for this doctrine. And I confess I am much more likely to follow than to dispute it. Freedom is my mistress; and I am so happy in her service that I shall easily be persuaded no change can be for the better. *[DIANA looks at him with surprise.]*

D. Lou. (*Apart to FLORETTA*) What say you to that?

D. Flo. He speaks proudly; but he's the man for her.

P. Dia. Well, then, if I perforce must enter this arena, unworthy as I am to plead a cause so

noble, I do it fearlessly, because I know its greatness is superior to detraction. I hold that the brief space of life should be devoted to the care of those immortal powers which give to man the sovereignty in nature. In love, man abdicates his throne, and is as mere an animal as any in the wide creation. Search history, consult the wisdom of all time, and show me where the benefits of love are written down. What dragged Semiramis from her proud glory? What has unlaurelled many a hero's brow? Nay, what destroyed the city of the hundred towers? This vanity, which you call love: this creature of your fancies, who, being himself a child, is made a god by children! This pestilence, which has ever been the abasement of the weak, the downfall of the strong, the degradation of my sex, the instrument of craft and tyranny in yours! And yet you wonder that I cast it from me with aversion. Look at the other picture, where the star of mind rises above the waste of time, and sheds its light upon the wanderer's path, at once the guide and glory of humanity. No! what Plato fondly dreamed shall be effected in my realms. Woman shall be as noble and as free as man.

D. Lou. (*Apart to D. FLORETTA*) It sounds like sense; but I'm sure it's nonsense.

D. Flo. Nonsense, indeed! and sounds like it, too, I think. She may talk a long while before she can talk us out of our feelings.

D. Lui. Your Highness grants us our reply?

D. Gas. (*Aside to D. LUIS*) Yes, Luis, do you answer her. I'll reserve myself for a more pressing occasion. When I speak she's at her wits' end.

D. Ces. Ay, reply, Luis, if you can. For my part, the Princess has perfectly convinced me.

D. Lui. Princess, it is the sorcery of an eloquent tongue to deck out error in the guise of truth; but though it hide the form, it cannot change the substance. Plato is no authority when nature contradicts him. Experience is a book older and truer than any which your sages ever wrote; and there we find that love's dominion is coeval with the universe, and general as the boundless air. You rail not against love, but the abuse of love, which has no enemy so great as love himself. And—pardon me—I must submit that you confide but little in your strength, when you withdraw from love's attack. He who avoids the combat, wins no victory.

D. Lau. (*Apart to D. LOUISA*) What a delightful fellow!

D. Lou. See, she accepts the challenge.

P. Dia. Then be the war declared. At my dear father's wish I have consented to attend the masque this evening, and there the combat shall be fought 'twixt man and woman.

D. Lui. The gauntlet is accepted, Princess, and within an hour the lists are open. [*Exit.*]

D. Gas. Your Highness may prepare for my attack, and depend on't 'twill be a hot one. Against such a battery as mine, when I open fire, invincibility itself were no protection. Adieu! I positively do not leave Barcelona without my bride. [*Exit.*]

D. Lou. (*To the DONNAS*) I don't dislike his confidence; and she can't have them all, you know. (*The PRINCESS DIANA laughs contemptuously as GASTON goes off, and then turns to CESAR with an air of interest.*)

D. Ces. (*Apart*) Now, Love protect me, or I am lost.—(*Aloud.*) The homage which I shall

offer upon the occasion, will, I trust, be no less valued if it be less ardent.

P. Dia. How is that meant?

D. Ces. (*Indifferently*) I wish you to understand that my ideas of love accord entirely with your own, excepting that in one respect I am more rigid.

P. Dia. Upon what point?

D. Ces. I not only am resolved never to love, but neither will I endure to be loved.

Dia. Where is the danger in being loved?

D. Ces. There's no danger—(*emphatically*)—but there may be injustice. The danger's nothing; for if I stood before the proudest woman of her sex, possessing charms that warranted a thousand times that pride, and saw her gazing on me with love's most suppliant look, I should turn from her—thus. How unpardonable, therefore, would be the injustice of suffering her to love, when I must repay affection with ingratitude!

P. Dia. (*With amazement and forced gaiety*)

So then—you woo me without love?

D. Ces. (*Drily*) If at all.

P. Dia. Then why at all?

D. Ces. To follow the custom, and—to please a woman.

P. Dia. Then there's no love in the matter?

D. Ces. Certainly not; or it ends here.

P. Dia. (*Laughing aside at the DONNAS*) Is not this a most laughable piece of folly?

D. Flo. The most audacious arrogance!

P. Dia. 'Twere an excellent joke to bring this sturdy gentleman on his knees, just to see how he would look in making love.

D. Lau. But, as Louisa says, may you not run the risk of getting scorched yourself?

P. Dia. Peace! You are as great a fool as he. If humility has failed so long to move me, I fear nothing from his insolence. Nay, I am determined to bring down his pride.

D. Flo. (*Apart*) Success to your endeavours! It all goes right.

P. Dia. (*To D. CESAR, who stands laughing at some of the pictures*) I am delighted, Prince, to hear your sentiments. Depend upon it I shall be grateful.

D. Ces. (*Still looking at the pictures*) For what?

P. Dia. That I incur no risk of gaining you for a lover.

D. Ces. Depend upon it, I shall deserve your gratitude.

Enter PERIN. The PRINCESS beckons and whispers to him.

D. Ces. Desiring, once more, that your Highness will beware of love, I must now withdraw.

P. Dia. (*Sarcastically.*)—That will be very painful, doubtless—but don't distress yourself on my account.

D. Ces. (*Laughing.*)—Farewell! (*He bows, and is slowly retiring.*)

P. Dia. (*Aside to LAURA.*)—You shall see him desperately in love, yet.

D. Lau. No doubt of it. (*Aside to D. LOUISA.*)—I suspect the matter will take a very different turn, though.

D. Lou. Heaven grant it may!

P. Dia. (*Calling after D. CESAR.*)—Are you not gone, Prince?

D. Ces. Not if I am desired to stay.

P. Dia. Better change your mind, and fall in love.

D. Ces. What would be the consequence?

P. Dia. (*Haughtily.*)—The shame of being scornfully rejected.

[*Exeunt* P. DIANA, DONNAS, LAURA, LOUISA, and FLORETTA.]

Per. Prince, I must follow. Some mighty secret is about to be confided to my tried prudence. Prudence! Ha, ha! When a woman *talks* of prudence, there's generally something in the wind. Retire to your apartment, and I'll lose no time in acquainting you with all.

D. Ces. Love! it is thy cause, and in thy hands I place my fate. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Street in Barcelona.

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. Verily, I am as good a lover of honesty as any he that ever had a mortal fear of the gallows. But if honesty will let the devil get into men's stomachs, and cry "Thieve, or starve!" then let honesty look to't; for there shall be a plentiful use of hemp. Now, if honesty would always stop stomach's mouth, of a verity I believe that few would be hanged for robbing of butteries. Pray the saints I be not overcome by the devil, and carried slyly into the Duke's.

Enter FLORETTA.

Flo. This must be my man. What art thou, sirrah?

Lop. Truly, mistress, I am but little; yet am I of enormous bigness. I'm but a poor thin shadow, as you shall see; yet am I a fellow of huge substance. I am Poverty, mistress,—and Poverty covereth half the world.

D. Flo. Art thou not Don Pedro's lacquey?

Lop. Lacking the bowels, I am the shadow of his lacquey.

D. Flo. Art thou not sent here to bear a message to him?

Lop. I thank the stars, nothing weightier. Were it no more than a capon or a venison pasty, I must needs eat it first, to gain as much strength as would carry it.

D. Flo. Tell thy master, knave, that his colour is blue. [*Exit.*

Lop. That's as easily done as said. How different is the getting of a good dinner! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment opening into a Saloon.

Enter D. CESAR and PERIN.

D. Ces. Now, Perin, what news?

Per. You know the usage of our masquing is, that each gallant takes by chance the dame who bears the colour which he names. What thinks your Highness of philosophy, when I tell you that the proud Diana has charged the wheel of fortune so, that choose what hue Don Cesar may, she gets him for her partner. But see—she comes. Now, for Heaven's sake, be firm, or we're undone.

D. Ces. Thou canst not feel the task!

Per. Oh! if it be thus, you must get out of the way. [*They retire to the saloon.*

Enter P. DIANA, DONNAS LAURA, LOUISA, FLORETTA, and FEMALE ATTENDANTS.

P. Dia. Take care that there is no mistake. Don Cesar is left to me. Have you all the colours, Floretta?

D. Flo. Every hue in the rainbow!

[Shows a bundle of ribbons.]

D. Lau. I take Don Luis.

D. Lou. I am content if Gaston's left for me.

D. Flo. I shall be obliged to put up with that crabstick, Perin.

(PERIN comes forward.)

P. Dia. Well, Perin, hast seen this man of flint?

Per. Yes, your Highness. I have already made his acquaintance, and tried his temper in every possible way; and, in good truth, the insensible log has tried mine too.

P. Dia. How? Thou dost not think he can withstand me?

Per. I know not: but as yet he stands firm as the sturdy oak. But we must dig round him again and again.

P. Dia. And when he falls, Perin, a thousand ducats shall reward thy zeal.

Per. A thousand ducats! Your Highness strikes home there—that blow cuts off one of his main roots (*Aside to FLORETTA*)—A pretty dowry for thee, Floretta.

P. Dia. When he's humbled,—you shall see me pay back his pride with scorn, laugh in his face, and never see him more.

D. Ces. (*Listening behind.*)—What cruelty! Nay, then, I'll to work in earnest, and see whether this haughty spirit can be tamed or not.

Per. Now we must prepare to meet the enemy. As a generalissimo would elegantly phrase it,—your Highness must take him in front whilst I make a little occasional diversion about his flanks. (MASQUERS appear in the Saloon, and D. CESAR advances.)

D. Ces. How! Am I before my companions at the post of duty?

P. Dia. Believe me, Prince, your diligence is properly esteemed.

D. Ces. I claim no merit, since my coming was a matter of indifference.

P. Dia. Then could you feel no desire to oblige me?

D. Ces. (Warmly.)—Who could behold you and not feel it ardently?

Per. (Apart to D. CESAR.)—Murder! Too warm by half. (*To P. DIANA.*) He begins to soften. (*To D. CESAR.*) Cold, cold as marble! (*To P. DIANA.*) He melts! (*To D. CESAR.*) Snow! ice!

D. Ces. But that gentle tone,—though I know it to be assumed——

Per. Pshaw! 'Tis sheer dissimulation!

P. Dia. (Apart to PERIN.)—What said'st thou to him, Perin?

Per. (To P. DIANA.)—I told him to see how plainly love was speaking from your Highness's eyes.

P. Dia. Excellent!

Per. (To P. DIANA.)—I think he's smitten. (*To D. CESAR.*)—She's desperate!

P. Dia. Prince, I begin to see that we shall know each other better. In fact, I perceive there are many points upon which we bear a strong resemblance.

D. Ces. (Coldly.)—Indeed!

Per. (To D. CESAR.) That's the tone!

P. Dia. Hitherto I had viewed men in a very different light. But—it is evident that one may entertain a partiality for you, and never be afraid to show it.

D. Ces. I don't know that.

P. Dia. (*Apart to PERIN.*)—So cold again!—
what must I do?

Per. Use stronger weapons.

P. Dia. In truth, Prince, there can exist no greater similarity than in our modes of thinking and of feeling; it therefore seems a natural consequence that our actions would be equally in unison. Nay, were it possible that I could ever bring myself to think of love,—in candour, you are the man that would induce me.

D. Ces. You'd repent it.

P. Dia. Why? I cannot think you unworthy of love.

D. Ces. But supposing I remained insensible to love;—what would love say to that?

P. Dia. Ay,—but now suppose a woman loved you to distraction;—such a woman as myself, for example,—could you refuse to return her passion?

D. Ces. Yes—why not?

P. Dia. Do you speak truth?

D. Ces. I never studied lying.

Per. (*Apart.*)—Then, what a natural genius he has for it!

D. Flo. (*Aside to PERIN.*)—I shall fall in love with him myself.

P. Dia. (*Aside to PERIN.*)—Monstrous! Speak to him, Perin.

Per. (*Aside to CESAR.*)—Bravo, Prince, bravo! She's at the last extremity.—(*To P. DIANA.*) Attack him again; he must fall.

P. Dia. Were it not disgraceful—nay, unmanly, Prince, to act so poor a part in such a game?

D. Ces. Yet I'm a true disciple of the doctrine which your Highness so eloquently maintained some hour ago. (*Assuming a pompous manner.*)
Love is a feverish dream,—a delusion fed by vanity

and idle hopes—et cetera, et cetera! That was the moral—too impressive to be forgotten! But for the heroics, your Highness must pardon a dull memory.

Per. (*Going back delighted.*)—Oh! he's a wonderful youth,—he wins all to nothing. I have no more to do.

(*P. DIANA turns to conceal her confusion.*)

D. Lau. (*Aside to D. LOUISA.*) She has undertaken more than she'll perform with all her power.

D. Lou. Her pride will be schooled this time.

P. Dia. (*Recovering herself.*) But, prince, is it not possible that we may both have gone too far? Do not our natures tell us that love should be at least returned with kindness and with pity? What can be more beautiful than the meek aspect of unassuming and devoted constancy? They who would not repay it with gentleness are removed without the pale of courtesy as well as love.

D. Ces. That's very true, and very prettily spoken. Now, may I take the liberty to ask your Highness, why you have renounced all these delightful influences?

Per. (*Apart.*) Enchanting! What a sugar tongue!

P. Dia. (*Proudly.*) I have possibly sufficient reasons.

D. Ces. Might one dare inquire them?

P. Dia. Perhaps, sir, it is enough that such is my pleasure.

D. Ces. Oh! certainly; that's ample reason. But, to leave this bagatelle, your Highness may depend on finding me true to our common principles, and for the self-same most undeniable reasons.

P. Dia. Yet, who knows? Opinions are often changed.

D. Ces. True ; and as we resemble each other so much, if one be not safe, what shall secure the other ?

P. Dia. (*Apart.*)—I choke with rage.

D. Ces. (*Imitating her manner.*)—"In truth there can exist no greater similarity than in our modes of thinking and of feeling. It therefore seems a natural consequence that our actions would be equally in unison."

P. Dia. (*Apart.*) Ha ! Mocked ? Thou shalt dearly pay this insolence. If it cost my life and honour, I'll see thee vanquished at my feet.

D. Flo. Here come the other Princes.

P. Dia. (*To the DONNAS.*) I tremble with fury ! Take care there's no mistake about the colours.

Per. (*Aside to D. CESAR.*) Most admirably played !

Enter DON LUIS, DON GASTON, and DON PEDRO.

D. Flo. (*Aside to the DONNAS.*)—Pedro chooses first ;—mark him well.

P. Dia. Now let these vanities commence. Let the colours be named.

Per. Don Pedro has the first choice by right of seniority.

D. Ped. Excellent sirs ; is there any disputation of my birthright ? If any doubt that I am the senex of the company, I waive the claim. (*FLORETTE nods to him encouragingly. He turns and looks tenderly at the PRINCESS.*)—The adoration of the world is due to heaven ; and I select the azure blue, where Dian reigns the queen of heaven, and sheds her light ineffable upon the universe.

(*FLORETTE gives the blue ribbon to one of the ATTENDANTS, who comes forward and produces it.*)

D. Ped. How! What! (*Retires with amazement as she approaches him.*)

Flo. (*Aside to D. PEDRO.*)—That knave told you the wrong colour.

Per. Come, Don Pedro, you know the custom. Kneel down, receive the favour, and salute the fair hand of the bestower.

(*D. PEDRO goes through the ceremony with evident reluctance and mortification.*)

P. Dia. There, good Princes, you have an example of the gallantry of Barcelona. (*They all laugh.*)

D. Ped. (*Affecting to laugh with the rest.*) Really, Donna, this happiness—so very unexpected—so delectable—Propitious stars!—"fix on the colour of heaven—obtain an angel!" (*Apart.*) Bah! that was the speech I intended for the Princess.

[*They retire to the Saloon.*

(*As the rest choose their colours, D. FLORETTA distributes them.*)

D. Lui. My colour shall be green.

D. Lau. I have green, Don Luis.

D. Lui. (*Apart.*) A plague! I've failed.

[*They retire in the same manner.*

D. Gast. Ay, fortune knows to whom the prize is due. I shall choose crimson.

D. Lou. I have that.

D. Gast. (*Apart.*) Then I have missed it too.

[*Kneels, &c. and they retire.*

D. Flo. Now, Perin, what is your colour?

Per. Mine? If I must choose, give me death's colour—black.

D. Flo. How strange! Why, mine is black.

Per. Black as Beelzebub's own livery! Well, come along, sweet.

D. Flo. Ah, now you speak agreeably.

Per. To be sure. A wise man is never sad

amongst the gay, but bears himself politely, even to the devil; so I'm your servant.

[*Kneels as the others.*

D. Ces. I'll have white—the hue of liberty.

P. Dia. Is it possible? White being the absence of all colours, I expected to escape. (*To PERIN and FLORETTA.*) You may join the masquers.

[*Exeunt PERIN and D. FLORETTA.*

3 — *D. Ces.* (*Apart.*) Hold fast, my heart!

[*Kneels to receive the favour.*

P. Dia. How coldly you commence your task! For my sake, let it not appear how much exertion is required to pay me this unmeaning court. Mine is an unwilling captive. (*He sighs deeply as she puts the ribbon on his neck, and presents her hand.*) Nay, Prince, a man of spirit would never play his part thus. One would suppose that you lacked the talent, as well as the desire of making love. (*He kisses her hand passionately, and retains it.*) Why do you not speak? This silent indifference hurts, and should offend me. Could you not for once dissemble?

D. Ces. Dissemble! If I could, I had not now been mute. The tongue is only free when the heart is not captive.

P. Dia. Then, do you love me?

D. Ces. What but love could thus distract my soul?

P. Dia. And is this spoken in earnest?

D. Ces. In the language of the soul itself!

P. Dia. (*Apart.*) Triumph! He falls! (*To CESAR.*) Oh! you deceive me. This is all fantastical;—you do not, in truth, love me.

D. Ces. Princess! Can you behold me and yet doubt? That touch diffused the sweet enchanting poison through my every sense. Before, I had dissembled; but that one touch of transport

has scattered all the artificial pile deception reared.

P. Dia. Ah! Now, then, where is this tyrant, man—this lord of sighs and amorous glances—this pitier of woman's weakness? Back, insolent! Away! Diana executes the vengeance of her sex!

Ces. (Apart.) Fond heart! Thou hast betrayed me. Yet, 'tis not too late, with resolution.

P. Dia. Man is now humbled in the dust before me, and thus I spurn him.

D. Ces. (Apart.) Nay, this is not to be endured. (*Rising with a careless air.*) If your Highness has not done, I am so unused to the position that I must be excused from kneeling longer: and one would really begin to think that you were in earnest, instead of jesting.

P. Dia. Jestng with a love-sick fool!

D. Ces. Love-sick! You—you thought me serious? Love-sick, forsooth! Mercy on us—the vanity of woman! Woman, so strong of mind, and yet so easily deceived! It's a riddle that has puzzled the world from Adam downwards. Fair Princess, you forget that these duties are imposed by the occasion—that's all. Come, (*Taking her carelessly by the hand.*) the mistake is soon rectified.

P. Dia. (With amazement.) What means this?

D. Ces. Oh! your highness will not find me altogether destitute of talent for playing the lover.

P. Dia. (Apart.) How I detest him! (*Aloud.*) 'Then was it all feigned? the sweet poison—and the language of the soul! And—

D. Ces. Ha! ha! ha! I must have acted it to a miracle. Your Highness positively makes me vain of my dramatic powers.

P. Dia. (Apart.) Am I not derided—mocked? But I'll have revenge.

D. Ces. (Apart.) Tyrant! I know that proud heart now. And yet—

P. Dia. Well, you are a master in your art; and I confess I took your representation of truth for the reality.

D. Ces. Ah! I see through the veil. Your Highness pretended to be deceived in compliment to my feeble powers; and, indeed, your part was played inimitably well.

P. Dia. (Apart.) Patience! I must try him further. *(Aloud.)* As our characters so well become us, let us then pay our tribute to the folly of the day. Preserve this semblance of the lover, which sits so gracefully upon you; and let us join the masquers.

D. Ces. (Refusing her hand, which she presents.) I don't much like it.

P. Dia. Come; I can't deny that you have entertained—delighted me.

D. Ces. (Apart.) Ah! 'Tis too late. *(Aloud.)* I think your Highness must excuse me. I feel that the danger of becoming too agreeable would make me forget my part.

P. Dia. What danger were there in being agreeable to me?

D. Ces. What danger? The danger of your loving me.

P. Dia. (Apart.) Insufferable coxcomb! *(Aloud.)* Then you believe that I could love you?

D. Ces. What's to secure me from it? You admit that I have delighted you—and you have preferred me before others. What is wanting to make this love?

P. Dia. (Indignantly.) Even more, sir, than is wanting to make your insolence—modesty! That you may have no further opportunity of insulting me, I permit you to withdraw.

D. Ces. (Apart.)—I've gone too far.—(*Aloud.*) Will not your absence from the ball be deemed discourteous?

P. Dia. The fault is mine, leave me to answer it. Begone!

D. Ces. Then I am released from all my duties?

P. Dia. If *I* pronounce you free, you *are* free. Leave me!

D. Ces. (Concealing his emotion.)—For this inestimable favor, take my best thanks, and heaven be with your Highness! 7 3

P. Dia. (Violently agitated, and gazing after him.)—Can this be real? Am I—I derided by a man? Oh! My heart will burst. 4 [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

PRINCESS DIANA *and* PERIN.

Per. How's this, your Highness? Your absence from the ball-room creates surprise.

P. Dia. Oh, Perin, I am unwell.

Per. Unwell! Heaven be gracious! What can be the matter? Where's Don Cesar? Gone for the doctor, I dare say.

D. Dia. Silence! I'm very ill.

Per. In good truth your Highness looks as pale as a foolish damsel in her first love. For heaven's sake, tell me what's your ailment.

P. Dia. O—I'm oppressed—constricted at my heart—

Per. The heart oppressed? Mercy—there's no time to be lost. Phlebotomy and blisters—I'll run for the doctor myself.

P. Dia. Forbear, officious dunce! 'Tis anger—rage—that I have failed to conquer him.

Per. What! the doctor?

P. Dia. Fool! The haughty Cesar.

Per. (*Apart.*)—Admirable!—(*Aloud*) I am amazed! But, before we proceed further, it is necessary that we should understand each other; and your Highness must excuse me if I desire to know whether this agitation springs from rage or love.

P. Dia. Hush! Hush! Nothing but the deepest hate! the mere desire of seeing him prostrate at my feet to expiate his scorn.

Per. Well, I hoped it could be nothing else; because if there were any thing like love in the case, my principles would not allow me to proceed an inch. But as it is sheer malice, I am your Highness's most devoted servant to the last extremity.

P. Dia. We must lay some other plan for him. I am told, Perin, that he is alive to the charms of music.

Per. It may be so—I don't know—to be sure we do hear of musical rocks and stones from the travellers.

P. Dia. You must aid me, Perin—but with prudence. Continue to assist my design, but let him not perceive that we act in concert.

Per. (*Apart.*)—She plays our game for us.—(*Aloud*) Princess, when did Perin lack prudence?

P. Dia. Then seek him directly, and hold him in conversation whilst I change my dress. I'm sure this cannot become me. I'll try the richest

in my wardrobe. In a few minutes I will be in my private garden;—conduct him thither.

Per. I understand.

P. Dia. What think you if I bring my lute, 3D
Perin? Do I play amiss?

Per. The sweetest touch in all Catalonia!

P. Dia. Well, then; say he shall hear me privately—remember, in private.

Per. I perceive—an admirable thought!

P. Dia. No time must be lost. Every minute is an age while he remains unconquered.

Per. Oh! It's a noble plan—a glorious plan! The lute shall perform more wonders than the lyre of Orpheus.

P. Dia. If managed cautiously, it must move him.

Per. Move him? 'Twill move him though his stony case be lined with iron. Your Highness must take care about the dress; something striking—and then the lute upon your arm, thus—oh! the idea warms even the blood of Perin.

P. Dia. Well—hush! I'm gone. Lose no time in bringing him. Let him but once pour out his passion at my feet, and that one moment of bliss will be worth a whole existence. [*Exit.*]

(*The foregoing part of this scene is left out in representation.*)

Per. Most artfully contrived! It really goes against one's feelings to spoil a piece of mischief so exquisitely planned—were it not that to foil it seems the greater mischief of the two. And then—Floretta and the thousand ducats. Oh! your Highness may depend upon it—he falls! But I must warn him of this new attack or he falls too soon. “Good Lady Eve, you dream but little
“of the serpent that beguiles ye. Love is your
“forbidden fruit, and, if I am not deceived, you
“already know the taste of it.”

Enter D. CESAR.

D. Ces. Alas, my friend!

Per. Alas! Rather shout "huzza," and welcome victory.

D. Ces. Thou art mocking me, Perin. What a scene have I endured?

Per. Endured? Poh!—without a struggle, victory is not worth having. She contests it bravely—but under the yoke she must pass.

D. Ces. Never! That heart defies love's power.

Per. We may leave that to love's own care. Even if she loved us not at all to-day,—she is a woman, and might be crazed with love to-morrow. Prince, if you abandon the field, it will only be to make way for some more successful competitor.

D. Ces. That thought is madness, and arms me with a giant's strength for the renewal of the conflict. If I obtain Diana's hand and realms, thy service shall be well remembered, Perin.

Per. (*Apart.*)—Hem! A good place to match the thousand ducats.—(*Aloud.*) Your Highness will then find my services as patriotically devoted to the state, as they now are faithfully to your amour. Oh! it must be delightful to have the means of rewarding merit, encouraging genius, and standing forward the patron and protector of the fine arts! The very idea of your Highness's intention puts me into a glow of patriotism—even to my fingers' ends.

D. Ces. Ha! Ha! I comprehend,—and will not disappoint thee, Perin.

Per. Now, then, to business. Philosophy has discovered another notable plan for entrapping your stubborn heart. You are to go secretly to the

garden, to hear her play the lute. Ay, and to see her in a dress—a dress, sir, that might animate a holy father, or set one of her own marble river-gods on fire.

D. Ces. I am alarmed at this. Do I not run into the syren's lure? With music's aid her spells will be resistless.

Per. Then don't listen to it. Hark! (*Music is heard.*) What already?

D. Ces. Hush! It must be she. What tones!

Per. Come, come; you've heard enough. Rouse the hero, Prince! This signal says "The foe is in the field." Let Cesar shew himself, and conquer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Garden.

The PRINCESS DIANA, DONNAS LAURA, LOUISA, FLORETTA, with musical instruments.

P. Dia. Floretta, have you not seen Don Cesar in the garden?

D. Flo. No, indeed, nor any where else,—not even at the ball. I hope the poor gentleman hasn't been hanging himself for love. I'll look about on the trees.

P. Dia. Restrain that flippant tongue! Watch, and if you see him coming, inform me instantly.

D. Flo. (*Apart.*)—It is *not* true that I am curious; for I declare I'd give my ears, and never be able to listen at another key-hole, if I could but get hold of Perin, and learn what all this is about.

P. Dia. Flint as he is, you shall see him bend.

D. Lau. The dress must tell.

D. Lou. (*Aside to D. L.*)—It's very hard that we are to be kept from our partners.

D. Flo. Perin is bringing Don Cesar this way.

P. Dia. Begin as he approaches. (*They sit down at the entrance of a bower, and play as D. CESAR and PERIN enter.*)

D. Ces. How shall I look upon those charms arrayed in all their splendour? Think'st thou I'm eagle-eyed, and can out-gaze the sun?

Per. Tut! tut! If the sun dazzles, are we obliged to stare at it? Turn your eyes away, and put your thumbs in your ears.

D. Ces. It is all useless. Waking, or dreaming, still that form appears.

Per. Then just be good enough to dream that it is perched upon the topmost bough of yonder tree. There!

P. Dia. (*To FLORETTA*).—Does he look round?

D. Flo. No more than one of the posts.

P. Dia. (*To her cousins.*)—You put me out. Let me play alone. (*She plays.*) Has he looked round?

D. Flo. Not once. (*Apart.*) I believe he'll turn your head yet, before you turn his.

D. Lau. He seems resolved to look every way but this.

P. Dia. Oh! He cannot have heard me. Let us play together. (*They all play, and PERIN whispers to D. CESAR.*)

D. Ces. (*In a loud voice.*)—Her Highness's gardener must be a fellow of some taste. This parterre, and the clump of trees in the distance, have a very pretty effect.

P. Dia. (*Stopping them.*)—What do I hear? Talking of my gardener, and clumps of trees,

when I touch the lute? The wretch is totally devoid of feeling.

D. Ces. How sudden and delightful is this calm! 'Twould seem kind nature had suppressed all ruder sounds, that we might listen to the music of her evening sigh, as she sinks down to her repose.

P. Dia. Yet he speaks with feeling! (*Throws by her lute.*) I have listened to the voice of flattery, and am deceived; I have no skill upon the instrument.

D. Ces. This is my favourite hour, Perin,—the time when all the loftier feelings of the soul rise up and put to flight the little vanities of pride and ostentation. These pitiful distinctions of humanity!—the miserable darkness which we call our reason!—how they shrink before this simple, mute magnificence of nature!

P. Dia. He cannot be so insensible—and yet he mocks me.

D. Ces. Alas, what a poor farce it is, that a mere impotent creature, scarcely an atom in the infinite of space, should fret and fume away his bare glance of an existence, when the stupendous world moves on serenely thus through all eternity!

P. Dia. What think you of his moralizing?

D. Lau. Why, this has nothing to do with the music, or the dress.

D. Ces. And see, with what a chastened, bright simplicity all nature's favorites are decked! Look at the flowers which send their perfume now so sweetly forth—an incense fit for heaven! The beauteous violet with her skyey vest, and the pure lily in her robe of virgin white—how they excel the gaudy tinselling of art, and the false glare of splendour!

P. Dia. (Apart.)—Why did I put on this detestable dress!

D. Lou. The booby compliments the flowers, and passes us unnoticed. Well,—Don Gaston is quite another man.

D. Flo. (Apart.)—That clod, Perin, takes no more notice than if I were not here.

P. Dia. I am sure he cannot have seen me. Go, Floretta, and say that I am in the garden.

D. Flo. (Goes across.)—Prince, I am desired to ask if you are aware that the Princess is in the garden? (*To PERIN.*) And you, sir; did you not know that there was somebody else present?

D. Ces. The Princess's garden, child, is beautiful. I should even say exceeding beautiful. I never beheld such beautiful flower-beds.

(*FLORETTA looks silly, the PRINCESS rises to receive D. CESAR, and he continues looking at the garden.*)

Per. (Apart to D. CESAR.)—You'll kill me, Prince. I shall burst with laughter. You're born to make her mad.

(*They cross before the PRINCESS without looking.*)

P. Dia. He passes, and never turns a look!

D. Lau. It cannot possibly be accidental.

P. Dia. Go, Laura—he will at least vouchsafe to answer you—and say that I am here, and have seen him. (*Apart.*) Oh! what is this I feel? My bosom palpitates—I scarce can breathe—and my limbs tremble beneath me.

D. Lau. Don Cesar, are you not informed that the Princess is in the garden, and has seen you?

D. Ces. How, beauteous Laura! Is the Princess here? Perin, did you not know her Highness meant to walk? Fair Laura, bear my excuses to the Princess for this unfortunate intrusion. You

see how grieved I am—and I shall instantly inflict upon myself the penalty of absence.

(*Going off.*)

P. Dia. Good Heaven!—Don Cesar!—Prince!
—remain!

Per. (*Apart.*)—That was a master-stroke.

P. Dia. Approach, and hear me!

D. Ces. Would your Highness speak with me?

P. Dia. Yes, Prince, with you.

D. Ces. What may be your pleasure?

P. Dia. How dared you to intrude where I am understood to be in private?

D. Ces. As your Highness demands to know the truth, I dare not conceal it. The crime is Perin's, who dragged me here much against my will. If I have erred, I trust my fault is not unpardonable.

P. Dia. Did you not hear our music?

D. Ces. Music? No—not I.

P. Dia. That's impossible.

D. Lou. (*Aside to D. LAURA.*)—Well, this is too bad.

D. Lau. Oh! I see he means to carry it through.

D. Ces. If I have done wrong in coming here,—and then, if it be criminal not to have been a listener, I know not what to say. Therefore, fearing lest some more capital delinquencies should rise against me, I must be allowed to choose the minor pain of banishment. [*Exit.* ✓

Per. (*Apart.*)—Bolder and bolder at every step! Oh! I plainly see that my pupil will become my master. ✕

D. Lou. He's never made of flesh and blood.

D. Lau. He must be pure brass inside and out.

D. Flo. I must admit he's even worse than Perin.

P. Dia. (*Starting from a reverie.*)—It is all true! I *am* scoffed at—derided by this presumptuous dunce! And yet, to feel thus!—Oh! have I sunk so low? And is the nobleness of a proud soul to bend before the rudeness of a brute?

Der. (*Apart.*)—The crisis approaches;—she's serious—and now we shall have a bit of tragedy; a touch of the pathetic!

P. Dia. (*In a subdued tone.*)—I pray you, leave me. Join the feast, and leave me to myself.

[*Exeunt* LAURA and LOUISA.

D. Flo. Come, Perin; try if you can acquit yourself properly.

Per. Well, come along, child. This folly will soon have an end, like many others.

P. Dia. Stay, Perin.

D. Flo. Nay, your Highness should remember his duty calls him.

P. Dia. I command you to be gone. Perin remains here.

D. Flo. (*As she goes.*)—It's a great shame, that it is; and clear injustice. But I'll make him pay for it some time or other. And now I'll go and vent my spleen upon old Pedro. [*Exit.*

P. Dia. Did you not bring him hither, sir, to hear me play?

Per. I did; and much ado I had to make him come.

P. Dia. He must have heard me;—tell me what he said.

Per. What he said?—what Don Cæsar said?—Your Highness means Don Cesar?

P. Dia. (*Impatiently.*)—Who should I mean? What said he?

Per. (*Affecting to hesitate.*)—What he said? What—why—he said—in short your Highness must excuse me.

P. Dia. I am resolved to know.

Per. Why then,—he said—oh! nothing at all.
That is—I cannot repeat it.

P. Dia. Speak instantly.

Per. He fancied,—but if your Highness would
have the goodness to pardon me—

P. Dia. I command thee, speak!

Per. He—he thought—that is, he said he thought
he heard the children thrumming on the lute.

P. Dia. Impossible!

Per. Had I not told him that it was your
Highness, he was running to save the strings.

P. Dia. What intolerable insolence!

Per. He stopped his ears to shut out what he
called the discordant jingling.

P. Dia. Shameless slanderer!

Per. Oh! He's nothing but a blockhead.

P. Dia. I am distracted with rage and despair.

Per. An uncivilized barbarian. Poor lady!
Nay, don't take it so to heart. I pray your
Highness banish him from your thoughts.

P. Dia. It is impossible—(*quickly*), whilst I am
unrevenged. No! He shall feel that I am still
Diana! Perin, I'll crush this man's rank pride, or
in the effort die.

[*Exit.*

Per. (*Laughing.*)—Supposing, now, that we
were in reality playing a comedy, and this fair
dame escaped love's snares, one would be very
hard set to find a reason for it, save that it was
the poet's pleasure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Masquerade and Ball Room.

Characters dancing, &c. Donnas LAURA, LOUISA, and FLORETTA. *Dons* LUIS, GASTON, PEDRO, *in front.*

D. Ped. By the effulgence of these stars, I'm shocked to see the dulness of our gallants.

D. Lau. Alas! What are we poor stars, Don, when the moon is expected to shine?

D. Luis. Were the stars less distant, they might outshine the moon.

D. Gas. Ay! Particularly as the moon seems to be gone out. Ha! Ha! Ha! But I'm content to be the satellite of Venus. (*Bowing to LOUISA.*)

D. Ped. By the veritable spirit, an endurable conceit! Nay, it is a most pretty figment.

D. Gas. Then, perhaps, there may be some hope that the world is not totally lost yet—some possibility of regeneration.

D. Ped. (*With a mysterious and consequential air.*)—There was an oracle at Delphos—there may be oracles at Barcelona. If astonishing things are heard of, let there be no wonder. If certain events are to happen, they will come to pass. I say not that the divine spirit shall return in all its former brilliance, but it was preceded by the dark ages, and the world has seen surprising regenerations.

(*FLORETTA and the others whisper apart.*)

D. Flo. (*Archly.*)—Pray, Don Pedro, how long is it since the men knew how to conduct themselves

towards our sex? I'm sure it was before my time.

D. Ped. Thy time, child? Before the time of thy mother.

D. Flo. Oh! Impossible! How could Don Pedro remember that time.

D. Ped. Appearances—are not to be trusted too far. However much some people may doubt the fact, it is nevertheless true that Don Pedro has attained his meridian.

D. Flor. Indeed? Pray what may be the meridian age?

D. Ped. Nonsense, child; I keep no vulgar accounts with time.

D. Flor. I should like of all things to know the meridian age.

D. Ped. (*Hastily.*)—Ladies—ladies—I am at your devoted service for the dance. What say you to the Bolero?

D. Lau. No, no; we can never believe that Don Pedro has attained his meridian, until the fact is demonstrated.

D. Lou. Ay, let us see if we cannot make the calculation. First, the Don came to Barcelona with our aunt, the good old duchess.

D. Flo. And that, I have been told, is now five and thirty years ago. Is it so, Don Pedro?

D. Ped. (*Forcing a laugh.*)—Ha! Ha! I perceive. A most rare jest!

D. Lau. He had then been her secretary for ten years in Madrid.

D. Gas. That makes forty-five.

D. Ped. Bravo! Bravo, Ladies!—but—for the dance——

D. Lou. And then, who has not heard the brilliant adventures of his seven years' tour of Europe?

D. Flo. Ay, and the romantic sufferings of

the fourteen which he spent in captivity among the savage Moors?

D. Gas. Sixty-six accounted for. Pray how old may the Don have been when he commenced the visit to his sable-visaged friends?

D. Ped. Ha! Ha! Mighty pleasant, Prince! He! He! Exquisitely pleasant! Ha! Ha!

Enter PERIN.

Per. Come, come—the dancing must not lag, for in an hour or so the banquet-hall is opened.

(The parties separate as before, and PERIN goes to FLORETTA, who shows him a letter.

FLORETTA takes PEDRO aside and gives him the letter.)

D. Flor. There, read that, and take care that you comply with its contents. You know not how soon you may be the happy man.

(She motions to the rest to retire and observe him.)

D. Ped. *(Alone in the front of the stage.)*—The happy man? Heir-apparent to the dukedom!

(Opens the letter and reads.)

“To marry a presumptuous, self-doating fool, were to undergo the necessity of ringing ‘Cuckoo’ in his ears; therefore, I’ll none of him.” Ay, “therefore I’ll none of him.” That’s the coxcomb who jested on my age.

(They laugh at GASTON behind.)

“Neither will I wed with a fellow whose soul lies in the fineness of his hose, or in the sitting of a coat lap; for he would wear me, or cast me off, according to the fashion, like one of the feathers in his hat.” That’s the Prince of Bearne—he wears feathers in his hat. “But if the true man would have his deserts, let him serenade me in the garden this evening, before the banquet, and have

a priest at hand." Don Pedro, thou art the true man—and thou shalt have thy deserts! I'll haste to Father Sebastian. But, for the serenade—verily I am no hand at a cantation. Yet, I'll try; my vocalities may be improved. (*Tries to sing.*) What is the reason that I sing not as well as another? I have a mouth, and a throat, and a stomach, like other men,—yet sing I cannot. Ah! I remember—my villain, Lopez, singeth the *do-re-mi*, and he shall execute the serenade. (*Looking at the letter.*) No presumptuous, self-doating fools—nor fellows whose souls lie in the fineness of their hose.—“But if the true man”——

[*Goes off reading. The others come forward laughing, and the curtain falls.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Garden of the Palace.

Don PEDRO and LOPEZ.

Lop. (*Rubbing his shoulders.*)—If I had been so striped before I took the message, I might have mistook the colour. But if I were to be cut into mince-meat, every piece of me should swear she told me blue.

D. Ped. I tell thee, scoundrel, thy blundering precipitated me from Elysium to the realms of purgatory.

Lop. Then it comes of starvation. If a poor serving man be fed on air like the bird they call a camelion, is it marvellous if he keep not to his colour?

D. Ped. Perform thy duty well this evening, and to-morrow thou shalt eat an ox. Lopez, thou mayst yet be chief butler to the Duke of Barcelona.

Lop. Good master, what shall I do for an ox? And what shall qualify me to be installed in the buttery?

D. Ped. Canst thou not sing, Lopez?

Lop. Sing? I can sing me from the books. When I was a boy, I sang masses and turned spits in a monastery. If it be in *canto fermo* I can sing for a month. But your singing in parts is a heinous matter to a dull pate, and mine was marvellously whacked for it.

D. Ped. That was to give thee the musical humps, Lopez. By the way, it must be some craniological imperfection which obstructs my progress in the vocal art. Dost know the organs, Lopez?

Lop. I should like to see the miscreant that should say he knew the barrel organ better, and had never been a turnspit. I'd spit in the dog's face, and have him excommunicated for a blasphemmer.

D. Ped. Pshaw! Dost know the science?

Lop. Science or mystery, I care not which. I have not been so long in the scullery without learning my business.

D. Ped. Ah! thou art an ignoramus and dost not comprehend me. Canst thou teach me the manner of singing?

Lop. I thank the stars and Friar Crotchet, I can teach any man if he but work by the rules and forswear diligence.

D. Ped. Begin thy honourable task. I would be vocal forthwith.

Lop. Now—mark, sir. Two beats down and two up upon every note,—so.

(*Beats time upon D. PEDRO'S shoulder.*)

D. Ped. Villain! That “sacrilegious” hand shall be cut off, and in the flames consumed! Nay, thou thyself shalt be a “burnt offering” to appease the wrath of outraged dignity!

Lop. (*On his knees.*)—Pray, sir, forgive me, spare me, and let the ox be roasted. I only went by the rules,—they always beat time upon the scholars.

Ped. Rise, temeritous slave! Thou shalt be the first object of my ducal clemency. Proceed in thy vocation, lest I relent and sacrifice thee.

Lop. Yes, sir. (*Sings with a tremulous voice.*)—*Do, re, mi, &c.* Please you, sir, to follow me. *Do, re, mi, fa.* (*They sing together, Don PEDRO out of tune;—at fa, LOPEZ keeps repeating the note to him.*)

D. Ped. *Fa, fa,*—the devil take thy *fa*-ing,—it was never intended for a ducal throat, therefore I'll leave it to the meaner varlets like thyself. I go to invoke the inspirations of the sacred nine; and shortly will provide thee with some verse to which thou shalt extemporize a tune.

Lop. I pray you, sir, let the verses be both woful and merry, and I can give them the true expression in a chant accompanied upon the castanets.

D. Ped. Remember that as thou singest, so shalt thou feed. [*Exit.*]

Lop. Then will I sing lustily! Yet if the beef come not in its rotation, Lopez, thou shalt die like a Barcelona goose, with the song in thy teeth. Nevertheless, I will sing, that they shall hear me

through half the city ; and if I get ensconced in the buttery, I'll have beef and onions five times a day, and never look in the Kalendar. " If I " would not be too good a christian—which the " Saints forbid—I have fasted enough though I " should live thus in the buttery for a hundred " years to come." [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Summer House in the Garden, on one side. In the distance Trees and Walks.

Don LUIS and Don GASTON.

D. Luis. Art thou melancholy, Gaston?

D. Gas. If thou art in spirits, Luis, prithee whip time with thy humour ; for winged as he is, the old rascal lags confoundedly.

D. Luis. It is intolerable that Diana should rob us of her cousins, thus. Her pride, I see, grows with our attentions. But there are charms in more colours than one.

D. Gas. So I told Donna Louisa. Ah! Here comes Don Cesar—pale and stately as the December moon—step by step, with all the majesty of the king in chess.

(Don CESAR walks up from among the trees.

PERIN behind.)

Still bearing the white colour! Cast it away,—'tis emblematical of thine own snow.

D. Ces. Ha! Ha! What ye are envious of cold, then? And very natural too, since you burn—yet can't inflame.

D Luis. How's that?

D. Gas. Ay, who presumes to say that?

D. Ces. Does not Diana prove it? You have beset her with your flames, and yet she walks about as coolly as I do, just as though you were not in the world.

D. Gas. So much the better. She's not the only woman in it.

D. Luis. She deserves payment in her own coin.

D. Ces. How may that be done?

D. Luis. By neglecting her, and preferring her cousins.

D. Gas. What thinks stern Cato—should we do well?

D. Ces. Ay, reasonably well, for such as can do no better.

D. Gas. What would be better, friend wisdom?

D. Ces. To do as I do,—look upon all woman-kind as puppets, and amuse one's self with their antics.

D. Luis. See, where the Donnas are walking, Gaston!

D. Gas. We'll soon be with them.

D. Luis. I have a song for my guitar, yonder, which I mean to pour into fair Laura's ear.

D. Gas. And I have provided music for Louisa. But we must not forget old Pedro's serenade, of which Floretta is to give us notice.

[*Exeunt GASTON and LUIS.*]

D. Ces. Thus fortune makes the fickle happy, whilst I in secret bear the rack for constancy and truth.

Per. (Coming forward.)—It goes on swimmingly, Prince. This is all water to our mill. These good gentlemen will get themselves into disgrace, and us into favour, by the game they play. Make

ready, Prince,—they drive the wild roe right within shot!

D. Ces. Wild indeed she is, Perin!

Per. Much tamer than she appears though. She loves well enough already to threaten eternal hatred;—and when a woman comes to that! Let her only swear that she broods revenge, and then you may wait quietly enough for the hatching,—depend upon it Love peeps through the shell in due time. If I am not mistaken, she's now meditating an attack by exciting your jealousy.

D. Ces. Ah! That will be a fearful trial.

Per. Poh! nothing at all. It's in the regular course of things,—they always try that. Only be determined not to believe one word she says, and this last effort fails.

D. Ces. Well—I *am* determined. I'll win her by my own firmness, or I were unworthy such a prize.

Per. Then your highness means to kick down the ladder? Take care that you are clear of it first. But, see! (*Looking out,*) the two princes are bearing themselves gallantly with their ladies yonder. Play away, sweet children! You're at blindman's-buff with love, capering like silly mice before grimalkin. Play away, you'll be caught in good time. Ah! Diana herself approaches.

D. Ces. (*Passionately.*)—Approaches like a goddess borne upon the zephyr's wing!

Per. Goddesses and zephyrs—pshaw! You must retreat awhile. (*Forces him back.*)

DON LUIS *leads in* LAURA *and sings.*

SONG.

Laura's smile is like the beam
That falls upon a gloomy stream,
Coming with its heavenly ray,
To chase the darkness all away.

Laura's voice is like the tone
That Fancy knows for music's own ;
Waking through the captive ear
Sweet thoughts that melt to feeling's tear.

Laura's love to me would be
Like Eden when its gates were free.
Eden's joys were not more bright,
For Laura's smile is Eden's light.

[D. LUIS *and* D. LAURA *pass down the stage.*
The PRINCESS DIANA enters, meeting PERIN.

P. Dia. (Gravely.)—What is this singing? Nothing but Laura, Laura, Laura! What does it mean, Perin? *Surely some new word*

Per. Trifles, your highness, not worth the attention of philosophic minds. Don Luis has got entangled in Donna Laura's chains, and tries to insinuate himself into her heart through the side door of her ear—that's all. Poor weakness!

P. Dia. Despicable!

Per. Ah, me! 'Tis pitiful, too, to see men crazed with love in this way.

(A Symphony is heard.)

Per. This must be Gaston's to Louisa.

P. Dia. (Contemptuously.)—More laudatory rhymes, I suppose.

Per. (Apart.)—Envy! Oh, how beautifully my system works! *(Aloud.)*—It's a poor miserable farce, just excusable upon the score of folly. Really, the very absurdity of the thing is amusing. I had some thought of preparing a little ode myself, in honour of Floretta—and your Highness. For believe me, Princess, too much seriousness bears an amazing resemblance to stupidity: but let it pass.

P. Dia. (In a softened tone.)—You are not far

wrong, Perin,—and it would not have been out of character if Don Cesar had complied with the custom.

Per. Not at all. But then your Highness knows he's not a man given to levity; and—to speak frankly—you have released him from his duties. When he speaks of that, you cannot conceive how provokingly delighted he is.

P. Dia. It is true, I bade him go. But no man of spirit, or acquainted with the usages of life, would have obeyed such an order. The blockhead should have known that obedience is not always a virtue.

Per. (Apart.)—Oh! my precious system, I'll write a book about it instantly.

P. Dia. If he had urged his suit, I might, perhaps, have pardoned him.

Per. Ay — perhaps; —there lies the point. He's not a man to be led into the finesse of love-games. He's not to be had by an if, or a perhaps.

(P. DIANA looks absent, and sighs deeply.)

Per. (Apart.)—Oh, my gold tincture! My philosopher's stone!

(DON LUIS with LAURA, D. GASTON with LOUISA, and CESAR enter among the trees at the back.)

Per. Yonder come the Princes in high triumph with their ladies. Only look;—it is really amusing to see such folly.

P. Dia. Don Cesar is with them.

Per. Yes; but he seems very heedless of their delight. Now, my illustrious mistress, let us, who soar among the lofty regions of philosophy, look down with compassion upon these poor human frailties.

(They watch from the summer-house, and the others approach.)

D. Luis. She marks us : now's the time to vex her.

D. Gas. Observe how neatly I'll pay her off.

D. Ces. Do as ye like. Take all the honour ; I would not have it for the trouble.

D. Luis. (*In a loud tone, to Laura.*)—Fortune has, indeed, been kind to me to-day. But if I could hope that Laura were propitious to my suit, then would I set fortune at defiance.

(*They go back, talking familiarly.*)

D. Gas. (*To Cesar.*)—Take notice. (*Aloud.*)—It is the rarest beauty in all Barcelona, and not the occasion, which makes me Louisa's slave.)x

(*He kisses her hand, and leads her back.*)

(*FLORETTA crosses the stage with D. PEDRO and LOPEZ, and places them behind some trees opposite DIANA.*)

P. Dia. It appears, then, that they neither speak nor think of me.

Per. Quite so. And I could excuse it in the others ; but for Don Cesar—only look at him as he stands there like—Oh ! It would gratify one to box his ears ! Look at him ! A man far handsomer than any of them ; brave and princely in his dispositions, and the conqueror in every thing he undertakes. It is a disgrace to him, and upon my honor it is no less a pity,—that he should be so uncouth. As he stands there, one might positively look on him with admiration. ↘

(*P. DIANA with difficulty restrains her emotion, and PERIN turns away to hide his laughter.*)

How shameful that all these attentions are paid to the Donnas, while your Highness remains neglected.

(FLORETTA, who has been talking with the others behind, claps her hands, and LOPEZ sings to a solemn tune.)

Lovely Di-
-ana, fly
With thy charms
To these arms.

(All come forward.)

P. Dia. What means this miserable insolence? Call my attendants, Perin,—(looking reproachfully at Cesar)—as there is no one here who will protect me from insult.

D. Ces. (Furiously)—Let me drag the miscreant forth! (Runs behind and drags out Don Pedro.)

D. Gas. There is another of the villains. (Goes and pulls out LOPEZ.) A case of intended forcible abduction, depend upon it.

Lop. (Trembling with fright)—“Lord” bless you, sir, nothing of the kind. I am too lean and hungry for it. Let me not be hanged, and you shall hear all—I’ll confess the treason. How I was to eat an ox,—and how I had fasted nine days,—and how—

D. Ped. Hold thy peace, knave! There was an age, Don Cesar, in which this indignity could not have been offered to a personage—of some consideration in the court. Condescension is the virtue of exalted station; therefore be not surprised hereafter, when I resort to the passado for an ablution of this stain. All here will find, before long, that they have grossly committed themselves; but the rest may rely upon a magnanimous oblivion of the past. (He advances to DIANA with a smiling and familiar air. She, and D. CESAR, express astonishment;—the rest laugh to each

other.) Divine Princess, vouchsafe to ordain the disappearance of these people, that we confer in private.

D. Ces. Reptile! Thy grey hairs alone protect thee from my vengeance.

D. Gas. Hey-day! Widom grows warm! Cato is incensed!

P. Dia. Oh! The unfortunate man is mad!

D. Ped. Most superlative lady,—not mad, but ecstasically intoxicated.

ATTENDANTS *enter.*

P. Dia. Put these drunken brawlers in confinement, until their reason shall be recovered.

(They are seized.)

D. Ped. This is a vile conspiracy to make me appear an ass. I'll write a lampoon that shall exterminate them,—and then—I'll—I'll hang myself, and no longer submit to the disgrace of living in such a dirty, damned, degenerate age.

(They drag him off.)

Lop. Heaven bless ye, sweet ladies and gentlemen, look upon me, and say if I am statically intoxicated. I have neither meat in my stomach, nor drink in my head. St. Antony knows they are both as empty as an alms-box.

P. Dia. Truly, he looks as though he were starved. Take the wretch and feed him.

Lop. (To the attendants)—Hear ye that, good gentlemen? Those sweet words, “take the wretch and feed him.” Take me, and feed me, kind gentlemen; and as ye are good christians take care that I be not disturbed until I cannot move.

(They take him off.)

Per. (Aside to D. CESAR.) It was only a joke played off by my arch wag Floretta.

D. Gas. Come, Luis, as this eccentric amusement appears to be over, let us go and prepare for the banquet.

D. Lui. Ay; we must enjoy every moment of the day, for love makes it fly but too quickly.

(They pass off with the DONNAS, not noticing DIANA.)

P. Dia. *(With anger and affected contempt.)*

They appear to be swimming in a very ocean of delight.

Per. Alas! giddy ignorance! Your Highness knows they are not philosophers, like us: yet the poor creatures believe they are in the road to heaven. *(D. CESAR is following the others.)*

P. Dia. He must not also leave me thus. I'll try the last and deadliest poison—jealousy. Call him back, Perin.

Per. Don Cesar!

D. Ces. Didst call, Perin?

Per. Yes, Prince.

D. Ces. Some other time. I follow in the train of love.

P. Dia. Of love, Prince?

D. Ces. Ay, Princess.

P. Dia. Then are you in love?

D. Ces. Yes.

P. Dia. With whom?

D. Ces. With freedom.

P. Dia. You could not love a fairer mistress. And yet you cannot love freedom.

D. Ces. Excuse me—why not?

P. Dia. Because love's victims are all slaves. Love breathes an atmosphere which poisons freedom; so that the union is impossible. We cherish freedom, and adore it like a God; therefore to say you love it as a mistress is a profanation.

D. Ces. As you know not what love is, it were

useless to discuss the point. You could not understand it.

P. Dia. But, perhaps I am not so totally disqualified as you imagine.

D. Ces. (Eagerly.) Do you, then, love?

P. Dia. (Aside to PERIN.) He totters already! (*To CESAR.*) Why—it might be somewhat precipitate to pronounce at once the formidable sounds, “I love;” but my feelings upon that subject have undergone some change.

Per. (Apart.) A pretty considerable one, I believe.

D. Ces. (Agitated.) Will you explain yourself?

P. Dia. (Apart.) He must fall, if he’s a man. Revenge, how precious thou wilt be!—(*Aloud.*) Yes, Don Cesar, because I know you will not abuse my confidence. I begin to feel that I ought no longer to oppose my father’s prayers, and the wishes of my whole state. I have looked round amongst my suitors, and can see none more worthy than Luis, Prince of Bearne.

Per. (Aside to D. CESAR.) Birdlime!—(*Aside to P. DIANA.*)—The blow is irresistible!

P. Dia. In birth, he is not inferior to myself; whilst his natural endowments, and his accomplished mind, to me far more estimable, are scarcely to be equalled. His fame proclaims him bold in adventure; yet I have found him meek as modesty herself. Indeed, it must be true that prejudice can blind its victims, or surely I had seen all this before.

D. Ces. (Aside to PERIN.) Even though she dissemble—the bare thought is dreadful.

Per. (Aside to CESAR.) Prince! is this your firmness?

P. Dia. (Apart.) I see Perin is helping me,

and victory is certain.—(*Aloud.*) As I have, in short, resolved to choose him, pray tell me, do you think Don Luis worthy my hand and crown? As you are free from these strange feelings which so perplex me, I wish for your disinterested opinion.—(*A pause.*)—You hesitate? Then, I fear you do not approve my choice?—(*Apart.*)—Speechless and pale! The poison strikes to his heart—he trembles—I have vanquished!—(*To PERIN.*)—Now, Perin, keep up my triumph!

o *Per.* (*Aside to CESAR.*) Is this your boasted resolution? Man yourself, Prince, or you lose her for ever.

P. Dia. You do not answer me. What means this confusion, Prince?

D. Ces. (*Recovering himself.*) Indeed—I was lost, confounded with amazement.

P. Dia. At what?

D. Ces. To find it possible that two beings should exist, in whom there seems to be a perfect unity in thought, feeling, action, nay, even down to fickle taste. Pray, when did your Highness take this resolution?

P. Dia. Only this evening.

D. Ces. The hour?

P. Dia. The hour?

D. Ces. Ay, was it not at seven precisely? It must have been: I know it was. I was listening to the chimes, and remembering how my gracious father had implored that I would not return to Naples till I had fixed upon a bride; and, like you, at that very moment I chose my helpmate.

P. Dia. (*Apart.*) Now, then, he at length declares himself. It can be none but me. My wrath is already half appeased in the anticipation of my vengeance. (*Aloud.*) Well, Prince; my trust was

frankly reposed, and you may venture to return the confidence. Who is the happy object of your choice?

D. Ces. I could not stray from the house of Don Diego.

Per. (*Apart.*) The game's all up. Oh! are we to be run through the gizzard by such a hood-winked thrust as this, after all?

P. Dia. And—her name?

D. Ces. Is Laura.

P. Dia. What—who!

D. Ces. Donna Laura.

Per. (*Apart, delighted.*) Zounds! What a conception! Oh! He's a first rate genius. I'm but a fool to him.

[*The P. DIANA is unable to speak, and turns away to conceal her feelings.*]

D. Ces. I see you *do* approve *my* choice. And, indeed, who could object to it? Such grace, and gentleness, and mind, never before combined to form a woman. *She* seeks not to dazzle with the vulgar arts of gaudy show; yet every look unconsciously attracts one's love. But, Perin, I see her Highness hears me not. What can be the matter—is she ill?

Per. (*Laughing aside to D. CESAR.*) Very bad indeed.

P. Dia. (*Apart.*) My senses fail me, and my blood grows cold. Heavens! I shall betray myself!

D. Ces. Mercy on us! What can it be? Why do you not speak?

P. Dia. O—I—'tis nothing. Wonder—admiration, at the fervour of your rhapsody. Prince, you must be spell-bound. Your diseased imagination paints to you an angel, where I can scarcely see the common charms of woman.

D. Ces. Astonishing! Incredible! There must be magic in it. The similarity between us is too great to be a natural coincidence. You think indifferently of the object of my choice; and I look upon Don Luis as a mere ordinary man, such as may be met with every day in the year.

P. Dia. Very well. In this, at least, our tastes differ, and each may be pursued. [*Turns away.*]

D. Ces. (*Aside to PERIN.*) What is this sudden change?

Per. Does your Highness forget the usages of war? The fire has ceased, and you may now look for the white flag.

D. Ces. Princess, with your gracious permission, I retire.

P. Dia. To your Laura, I suppose.

D. Ces. In pity, don't detain me. You are acquainted with love's keen impatience.

P. Dia. (*Apart.*) What are these agonies that rend my heart!

D. Ces. Farewell, Princess!

P. Dia. Hold, Don Cesar! what can possess you to be in love with Laura? What are her charms—where is the beauty which excites your blind extravagance? What is there amiable—what bearable about her? Tell me, what is the cause of this infatuation? (*Checking herself apart.*) What have I done? What am I saying?

Per. (*Aside to D. CESAR.*) There, sir; there is the flag of truce. The drum beats a parley, and the next step is an unconditional surrender.

D. Ces. As we are each to pursue our own tastes, what do these questions imply?

P. Dia. (*Angrily.*) That your choice, sir, is pitiful;—your blindness most lamentable.

D. Ces. Pitiful? Look at her, as she passes yonder. (*Pointing out.*) What modest dignity in

every step! What nobleness in every gesture! How simple every motion—yet, how exquisitely graceful! No diamonds flash their tinted lightnings from *her* brow—but every glance is beaming with the ray of pure benevolence. How unassuming, too! Ignorant of her power, the timid blush steals o'er her beauteous cheek, when other brows were mantling with the prideful flush of conquest. Pardon me, Princess, I fly to entreat your father for the hand of Laura, and to acquaint Don Luis with his happiness. [*Exit.*]

P. Dia. My fate is sealed!

Per. (*Apart.*) Yes, yes, my proud spirit, you must take it as it comes, now. There's no choice for you. If I am not deceived, she's almost mature, and the play draws to a close. I must sound her.

P. Dia. Perin, is he not coming back?

Per. Coming back? Why should he come back? Was there any thing wanting to fill up the measure of his insolence?

P. Dia. Hush, hush, Perin! Speak not of it—I scarcely know myself in this debasement.

Per. Be calm, my gentle mistress. How is it with your heart? Really, if your Highness could but see yourself, you would admit that you are playing the inamorata to the life. And—you must excuse me—but it actually appears as if you intended to surrender.

P. Dia. Surrender to what?

Per. To love.

P. Dia. Love? Villain! Darest thou insult me, too?

Per. (*Apart.*) Oh! Not quite ripe yet. (*Aloud.*) To love for Don Luis, as your Highness said.

P. Dia. Alas, Perin! I know not what I have said. My mind wanders, and I feel such strange

commotion in my bosom—deep, quenchless hatred of this Cesar—displeasure at myself—fierce enmity to all.

Per. Impossible! Why this is not merely simple love—this is hot jealousy!

P. Dia. Jealousy? Jeal—and to my face? False traitor, quit my sight! (*PERIN is about to speak.*) Silence! Thy life shall be the forfeit of a word.

[*PERIN bows and retires.*

[*The PRINCESS displays violent agitation, and then rushes off.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Garden.

DONNA LAURA and DON LUIS.

D. Lau. A truce to this jesting, Prince: you go beyond your privilege.

D. Lui. And can you still imagine that I but counterfeit the lover? No, Laura—this is cruelty.

D. Lau. Cruelty, indeed! That would be a very proper speech addressed to your fair prude, my cousin.

D. Lui. Mine? I see that you share her sarcastic haughtiness as well as her unfeeling cruelty.

D. Lau. (*Playfully.*)—You cannot think how well chiding becomes you. Pray, go on.

D. Lui. Will you not believe me if I swear—

D. Lau. Swear! Believe a lover's oath! I confess it is a pretty thing enough while it lasts,—like a sweet poem over which we sigh to think it nothing but a fiction.

D. Lui. Alas! I see you resemble that proud woman but too much. Like her, heartless yourself, you cannot feel for the hearts of others. Farewell!

D. Lau. But, stay, Don Luis—what a wayward child it is!—do you truly love me?

D. Lui. Do I love? Laura, that doubt is cruelty's worst torture.

D. Lau. And could you not forgive it, Luis?

D. Lui. If Laura would renounce it, there would be nothing to forgive.

D. Lau. Then here I cast it from me,—and will believe thy love no less than I will treasure it! But—Diana——

D. Lui. (*Kneeling, PERIN enters behind.*)—Dearest life! Return me love for love, and let her wander in the mazes of her pride.

Per. (*Clapping his hands.*)—Bravo! bravo, Prince! You do honour to your character. The best imitation of a lover that ever was played. Egad, I don't think there's even a lady in all Barcelona that could distinguish between it and the reality. I hope the Donna gives encouragement to such rare talent.

D. Lui. What brought you here, Perin?

Per. Oh! The great news! The Princess has made her choice at last.

D. Lui. (*Indifferently.*)—Indeed.

D. Lau. Very well; is that all?

Per. (*Mimicking them.*)—“Indeed.” “Very well; is that all?” Then you don't wish to know who it is?

D. Lui. It signifies little. Pray who may it be?

Per. You, yourself, Prince, have drawn the prize.

D. Lui. I? Art thou mad?

Per. And Donna Laura gains the hand of Cesar.

D. Lau. You are extremely kind; but I beg that I may be left out of your lottery.

Per. Well,—the news seems to please nobody here, however.

D. Lau. Why do they interfere with me? Let him take Louisa.

D. Lui. Right,—and Diana may have Gaston.

Per. Ay,—but this lovewood always grows cross-grained. Don Gaston and Louisa are already matched together. Every thing is arranged, and resistance is too late.

D. Lui. What care I for their arrangements?

Per. That does not sound very politely, though. You have been striving like the rest to gain her favour, and if she accepts you, it's quite impossible to get off.

D. Lau. (*Sighing.*) Yes, Perin is right.

Per. No woman in the world would suffer such an insult. But she—Diana! No, Prince; you must banish every thing else from your thoughts.

D. Lui. (*After a pause.*)—Oh! It must be some raillery of hers. How came she to select me?

Per. Why, to confess the truth, there is a piece of roguery at the bottom of it. She named you to make Don Cesar jealous.

D. Lau. (*Quickly.*)—I know she is in love with him.

Per. As nearly as possible;—within a move of check-mate. And Don Cesar declared his passion for you, that she might not see he was dying of love for her.

D. Lui. Then we were used only as tools.

Per. (*Drily.*)—Exactly so,—a pair of screens, as it were.

D. Lau. Exceedingly impertinent!

Per. I must admit it.

D. Lui. Intolerably insolent!

Per. It can't be denied.

D. Lui. It shall be revenged!

Per. You're quite right,—only let me entreat that you don't think of blood,—because if you will listen to good advice, I promise you something far better.

D. Lui. What?

Per. Revenge first, and then the hand of Donna Laura. You have only to play your parts under my direction, and you shall laugh till your anger be cool enough. Follow me, and attend to my instructions.

D. Lui. Whither wilt thou lead us?

Per. To the wedding. Ask no questions, but come on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

P. DIANA *alone.*

P. Dia. Is this distraction love? Alas! I dare no longer doubt. Love vindicates his power, and in his vengeance sends this dreadful retribution. He shields the object of my fierce pursuit, and leaves me desolate and broken-hearted.

Enter D. LUIS, and PERIN behind.

D. Luis. (*Throwing himself on his knee before her.*)—Pardon me, gracious Princess! At your feet I lay my soul—a poor return, indeed, for that favour which is to elevate me above the world.

P. Dia. What—what has happened, Prince?

Do you speak to me? What favour are you dreaming of?

D. Luis. The blissful tidings communicated to me by Don Cesar. The favour which awards to me this hand—the richest in all Spain, but far more fair than rich.

Dia. (*Agitated.*)—Don Cesar is bereft of wit, sir, and you are weak to listen to his ravings.

D. Luis. (*Rising.*)—I deemed it certainly miraculous. “But your Highness knows the gods made known their favour and their power to us, poor mortals, through miracles alone.”

[*PERIN makes signs to him of approbation.*

Dia. Then, Sir, you were bold enough to believe yourself worthy of my love?

D. Luis. No, Princess,—but your love confers that worth which none, without it, could aspire to.

P. Dia. (*Thoughtfully.*)—And—Don Cesar led you into this error?

D. Luis. Cesar himself informed me.

P. Dia. (*Apart.*)—It is too true!

[*PERIN overhears and signifies his delight to*
LUIS.

D. Luis. Perhaps, sweet Princess, I have erred in the manner of applying for my destined happiness. Oh, yes! I see it, and will hasten to correct my fault. Your father shall first grant his sanction, and with that aid I'll presently renew my suit. [*Exit.*

Per. (*Apart.*)—I fear I can't venture yet. I am still a disgraced minister, and must keep aloof to watch for the happy opportunity. I begin to perceive, that going out is a much easier matter than getting in again.

[*The PRINCESS looks at him with a frown, and he sneaks off.*

P. Dia. Is there no way to snatch him from

her arms? Ah! yes—I'll see her instantly. (*In a subdued tone.*) Laura is kind;—and the heart that would not melt to see the anguish of my sufferings, cannot be human. (*Weeping.*) Yes, pity will move her to reject him. (*After a pause.*) But—shall I avow to her what I with shame acknowledge to myself? No! ~~I'll keep the flame concealed, though it consume me.~~ Ah, here she comes! The joy, it seems, has winged her feet. Be calm, my heart! Leave me at least the shadow of my former self.

Enter D. LAURA, and D. FLORETTA.

D. Lau. Dear cousin, I am come to throw myself upon your friendship. Don Cesar has just offered me his hand, and is gone to ask your father's sanction to our nuptials. My uncle's will is mine, but I should be still happier with Diana's approval.

[*P. DIANA turns aside to hide her emotion.*
Cousin, do you not hear me?

P. Dia. Yes, Laura, I will unbosom all my feelings, and throw myself upon your love. Alas! our hearts are like the restless winds that shift from point to point as the eye glances, yet have no visible cause of motion. I will confess to you that Cesar's pride has irritated me beyond endurance. I have despised all whose passions I have ever moved,—and he, the only man that ever moved my heart, dares to despise me. I am insulted, wronged, dishonoured; and I claim that friendship at your hands, Laura, which you came to seek at mine. You shall avenge me. Let him endure the scorn which has tormented me. Repay his arrogance; and let him find a heart as flinty as his own. My dear, dear Laura, let him suffer,

writhe, consume with agony;—then mock his tears, deride his thousand and accumulating woes.

D. Lau. Mercy! Cousin,—what council would you give me? If ingratitude be criminal in him, it cannot be a virtue in me. No; if he loves me sincerely, I shall return the sentiment.

P. Dia. Love him! And wilt thou dare to love him?

D. Lau. Heavens, what do I hear?

D. Flo. (*Aside to LAURA.*)—Don't be frightened.

P. Dian. Don Cesar thine, whilst I am dying for his love? Never! His very pride enchants me, and in the depth of that abasement which he caused, I still adore him. (*Starting and turning from them.*) What's this? Have I forgot my honor and my fame? No,—thou perverse heart—bleed! bleed! But let me save Diana's fame untainted. (*To LAURA.*) Laura, you see I'm ill,—delirious. My tongue had lost the guidance of my reason. Believe not what it spoke so falsely,—but hear me, dearest Laura. Give him your hand—I am content. You will be happy—very—very happy—and I can rejoice in that. Go, then, and bless him with thy constant love. Go—enjoy that bliss, and leave me to a life of wretchedness and shame.—(*LAURA is going.*) Yet stay! O Heaven, it is impossible—I cannot bear the thought. The flame bursts forth and wraps me in destruction. I sink—I die—the victim of my pride.

[*Sinks into LAURA's arms.*]

D. Lau. Floretta, I'm alarmed—I'll tell her all. Diana—Alas! she hears not.—Dear cousin, look up, look up.

D. Flo. You forget your part.

P. Dia. (*Recovering.*)—What is this dreadful tumult—

D. Lau. What can all this mean?

D. Flo. (*Aside.*)—Only that it is dangerous to play with edged tools.

P. Dia. (*In a determined tone.*)—I have confessed to you, Laura, that Cesar is the object of my love—the elected of my heart—the chosen of my pride! If I can brave the blushes raised by this deliberate avowal—ask yourself one question. Will Diana live and see him yielded to another?

[*Exit.*

D. Lau. We were too severe, Floretta. I feel for her.

D. Flo. Oh! a little correction won't hurt her. She has teased and tormented us long enough. Ah, me! You see how little it avails to be wise. Your philosophy and pride are nothing, after all, to a poor love-sick heart.

Enter DON CESAR and PERIN.

D. Ces. Can it be true, Perin?

Per. Could it be otherwise, Prince? I told you she'd be crazed with love; and now, sure enough, her philosophic mind wanders, and her proud insensible heart is bursting with tenderness.

D. Lau. Depend upon it, Diana will, herself, confess her passion to you, Prince.

D. Ces. That's not enough. She shall do it in the face of the world.

Per. We follow to the banquet, Prince. Don Diego has come into our plot, and knows his part. You have played yours nobly, Donna Laura.

D. Flo. Yes, Perin,—and how have I done mine?

Per. Oh, pretty well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the palace.

D. DIEGO, D. CESAR, D. LUIS, D. GASTON, PERIN,
P. DIANA, D. LAURA, D. LOUISA, and D. FLO-
RETTA.

D. Die. To you, my friends, and all my faithful subjects, this shall be a joyful feasting. Before the banquet be commenced, I must make glad your hearts, and share with you my inexpressible delight. Our future Duke at length is chosen; and my daughter's choice will add a precious jewel to our diadem. Bearne sparkles in the crown of Barcelona. Come, Prince,—receive a father's fond embrace.

D. Luis. Sire, I am overwhelmed with joy and gratitude.

P. Dia. (*Apart.*)—Oh, Heaven! my Father, too! Then all is over. It is too late—and I am sacrificed.

D. Gas. I give ye joy, Luis. If my attack in one quarter has not been attended with the brilliant result which it was natural to anticipate,—still I don't complain, since Venus accepts me as her satellite.

D. Lou. That is,—if you promise not to quit the true attraction.

D. Ces. Take my congratulations also, Don Luis. You may believe yourself the richest man in Christendom.

D. Luis. I thank you, Prince, and must pay back your compliment. In Laura you receive the fairest treasure which the world could give. Trust

me, there are many who will envy you that happiness.

D. Die. Your wishes are already known to me, Don Cesar, and Laura shall be yours.

[*P. DIANA goes back to hide her emotion.*

D. Ces. (*Apart.*)—Now, then, let me be guarded. The critical moment is at hand; and they who would make peace, must never destroy hope. (*To D. DIEGO*)—Illustrious sir, I came to Barcelona's court attracted by Diana's peerless charms. I found that rumour, with all its thousand tongues, had failed to speak a moiety of her perfections. I wear her colour, still; and will not prove so recreant a knight as to abandon it till I have her free approval.

(*P. DIANA listens to him anxiously.*)

D. Die. Who can suppose my daughter will object, since she weds Don Luis?

P. Dia. (*Advancing.*)—My dearest father, your happiness depends upon my marriage, and I consent to be the wife of one amongst these princes; but, on condition that I choose my husband.

D. Die. Granted, for I esteem them equally.

P. Dia. Then I am his who vanquished pride with pride.

D. Ces. (*Approaching her tenderly.*)—And who may claim that bliss?

P. Dia. (*Pausing for a moment, then bursting into tears.*) Tyrant! Thou know'st too well. (*She sinks upon his bosom.*)

Per. (*Apart.*)—There's a situation for you!

D. Ces. (*Kneeling to DIANA.*)—Now let me at thy feet, loveliest, and still, with reason, proudest of thy sex, tell how my every pulse has beat for thee; what pangs have rent my soul, whilst I concealed the truest love that man e'er felt for

woman ; and, in my victory, avow myself thy slave !

Per. (*Apart.*)—All the work of my incomparable brain.

P. Dia. (*Turning with emotion to D. DIEGO.*)—My dear, dear father. Oh ! I feel like some poor prisoner snatched from the darkness of his loathsome cell. I cannot look upon this heavenly light.

D. Die. Don't weep so, child, or thy old father's heart will burst.

P. Dia. Oh ! I must,—I must ; for they are tears that purify my heart from its false pride, and give me back to nature. (*After a pause, turns to D. LUIS and D. LAURA.*)—But——

D. Ces. Thou art amazed, sweet Dian. Come, come ; I'll solve the mystery. In war and love, all stratagems are fair, and we have made this conquest by deceit. Nothing which thou hast seen or heard is real, except thy Cesar's love.—(*Laughing.*)—The whole plan of our battle was Perin's.

P. Dia. The wretch ! But this must be a day of general happiness, and he is pardoned.

D. Flo. Now, Perin !

Per. Stop, child ! *We'll* take a little time to consider of it.

P. Dia. Take her, and the thousand ducats.

Per. (*Taking FLORETTA'S hand.*)—Oh ! The thousand ducats ! I thank your highness, and promise never again to be so bad a courtier as to get within a day's march of the truth. Your highness knows I never ventured to approach it but once, and for that I obtained my *cong e*. And you, my prince—you'll not forget that I am to be made a patriot ?

D. Ces. No, no; depend upon a rich reward; for thou hast helped me to the richest prize that e'er was gained by man.

P. Dia. Now, then, my lord, my husband; the heart which I have kept so long in silence, speaks, and tells me that to love is to obey the purest impulse of our nature. Come, then; Love's temple stands before us,—let us lead the way for these our dearest friends. (*To D. DIEGO.*)—Sir, with your consent, this three-fold union shall to-night proclaim Love's Victory!

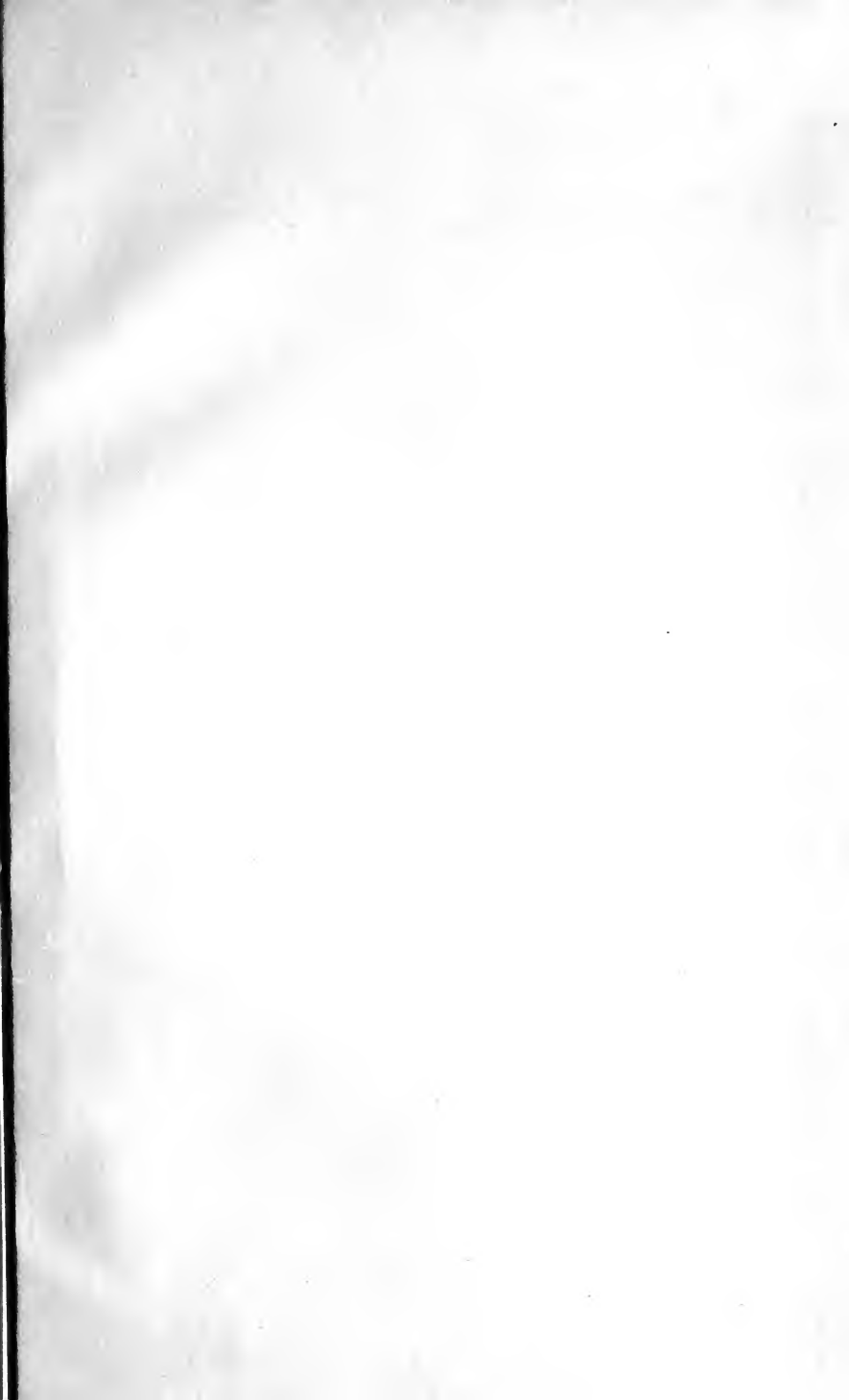
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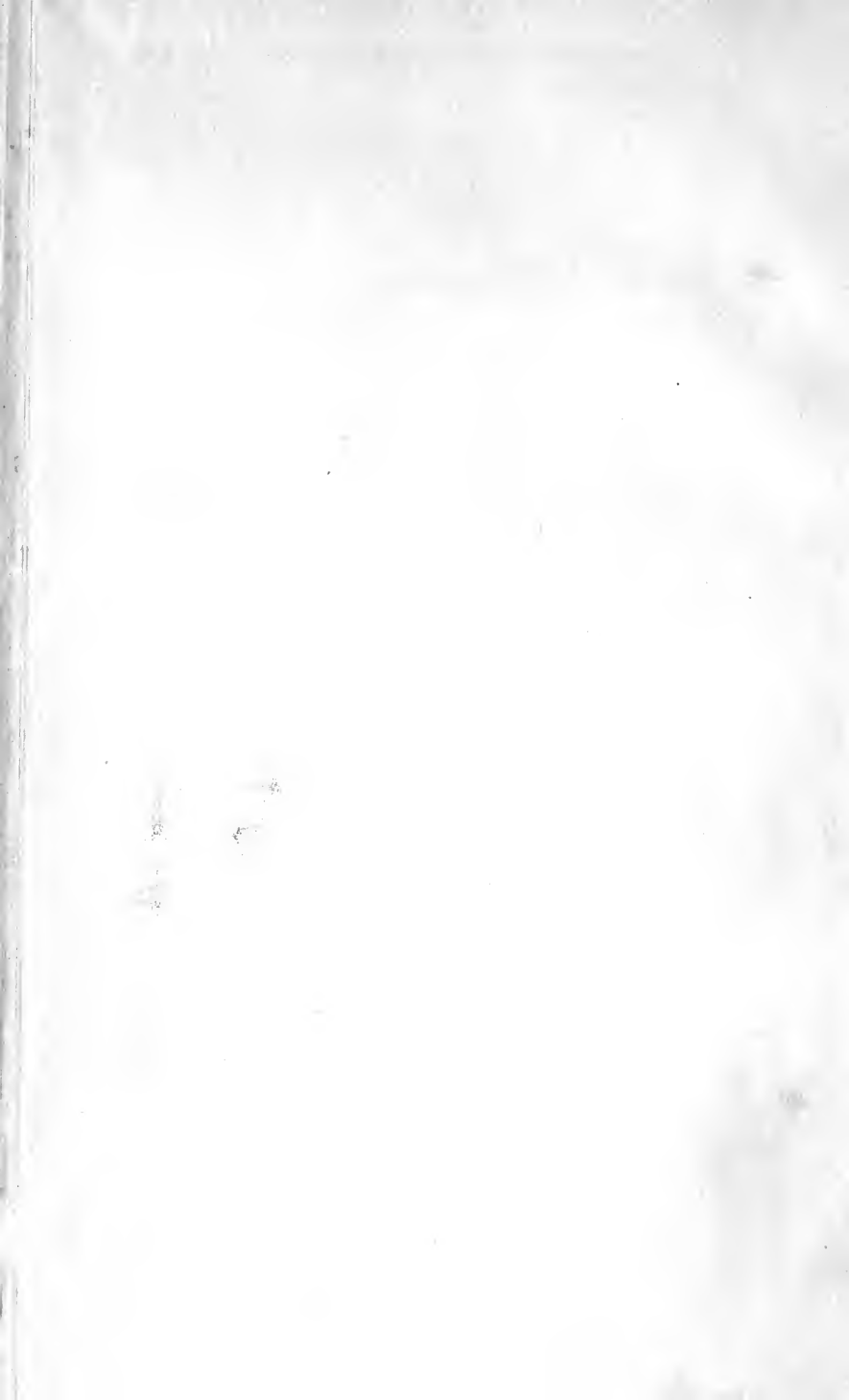
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