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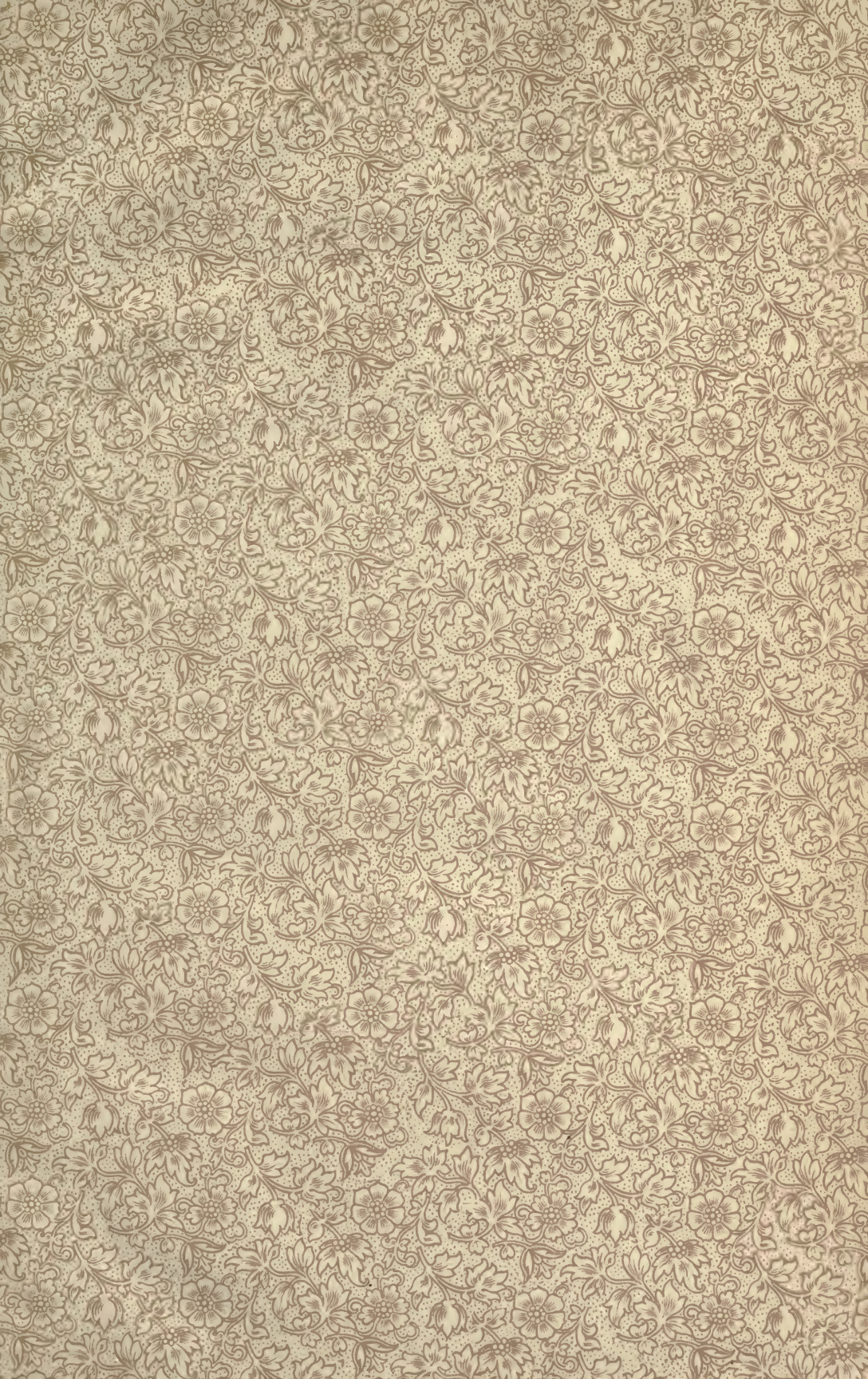
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DOTY'S EDITION

OF

MADAME THILLON'S

GRAND OPERA,

OF THE

CROWN DIAMONDS.

PUBLISHED BY H. H. DOTY,
(SOLE PUBLISHER FOR THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA)



SAN FRANCISCO:

PRINTED AT THE EVENING NEWS OFFICE.

1854.

BARRETT & SHERWOOD,

CITY OBSERVATORY,

Montgomery Street, one door from Commercial,

WATCH AND CHRONOMETER MAKERS,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

FINE WATCHES AND RICH JEWELRY,

AGENTS FOR

BLISS & CREIGHTON, Chronometer Makers, New York; T. F. COOPER and THOMAS PORTHOUSE, Watch Manufacturers, London; and for the sale of the British Admiralty Charts.

FINE WATCHES,

By the first English and Swiss makers, imported by us direct from the seats of manufacture.

DIAMOND WORK.

In every style of Ladies' Ornaments, of the most beautiful and valuable descriptions.

QUARTZ ROCK JEWELRY MANUFACTURED.

ASSORTED JEWELRY,

In Rings, Pins, Guard, Vest & Fob Chains, Locketts, Ear-rings, Bracelets, Seals & Keys, Thimbles, Cuff-Pins, Charms, Pencils, Toothpicks, &c.

IN OUR MANUFACTORY,

The choicest designs in Diamond, Specimen, chased and engraved Jewelry are made up by the best Workmen in the United States or Europe.

WATCH REPAIRING

Commands special attention from the fact that we are practical Watch Manufacturers,—our experience having been acquired by residences in London and Liverpool Factories, where we sojourned several years

FOR IMPROVEMENT.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count de Campo Mayor, (*Minister of Police.*)
Don Henrique de Sandoval, (*his Nephew.*)
Don Sebastian D'Aveyro, (*a Young Officer.*)
Rebolledo, (*Chief of the Coiners.*)
Burburigo, } *Coiners.* }
Magnoz, }
First Gentleman Usher.
Secónd Gentleman Usher.
Courier,
Notary.
La Catarina.
Diana, (*Daughter to Campo Mayor.*)
Regents, Lords, Ladies, Bishops, Military and Naval Officers,
Valets, Coiners, Monks, Populace, Soldiers, &c.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Alvaro de Luna, (the Governor)
Don Rodrigo de Luna, (the Governor's Son)
Don Juan de Luna, (the Governor's Son)
Isabella, (King of the Romans)
Martina }
Bernarda }
First Gentleman }
Second Gentleman }
Lionel }
Nancy }
In Celebration }
Lionel }
Nancy }
Lionel }
Nancy }
Lionel }
Nancy }





THE
CROWN DIAMONDS.

ACT FIRST.

A RUINED CHATEAU IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR COIMBRA.
At the back, a Staircase half broken down. An entrance to a Subterranean Passage, partly hidden by Rocks, leading to the Vaults below.

At the rising of the curtain DON HENRIQUE is perceived cautiously descending the staircase.

Hen. A pretty adventure this!—overtaken in these mountains by a complete tornado—impossible to get on because the horses refused to advance a step farther—I leave the post-chaise in the care of my valet, Pedro, and ascend to the Hermitage of St. Huberts, in order to enquire of the holy father the road to Coimbra, but only to find the cell vacant, and a trap-door, half hidden by brushwood, partly open in the centre of the floor. Thinking the good hermit might, have gone down to some lower apartment to seek the better shelter from the storm, I determined to follow him: descend first ten, then twenty, stairs; nearly break my neck; and here I am. Here I am!—yes, but where am I?—of that I know nothing. [*Thunder and lightning.*] Egad, old Bo-reas is out for a frolic, and seems determined to make a night of it in earnest.

[*HEN. conceals himself behind the rocks. REBOL MUGN. and BURB. descend the staircase, the two latter carrying a portmanteau.*

Rebol. (descending) Come along, come along.

Mugn. Come along! it is very easy for you to say *come* along who have nothing to carry; but is not so easy to *get* along with this thing tied to one's tail; it is infernally heavy.

Burb. Not heavy enough so, to my thinking.

Hen. (aside) My poor portmanteau, as I live!

Rebol. (laughing) Ha, ha, ha! how the postillion scuttled off when we approached.

Hen. (aside) My servant Pedro, no doubt.

Rebol. And to think of the horses, when they got their heads free, galloping straight over the precipice of the Black Rocks!

Hen. (aside) Then here I am afoot!

Rebol. You didn't see them rolling and smashing over and over with the carriage?—ha, ha! it was a rare sight.

Hen. (aside) A charming prospect; no doubt.

Mugn. No; I was occupied in taking care of the portmanteau, the only thing we were able to save; what is there in it?

Burb. (having opened the portmanteau) Nothing but some clothes—dress coats, velvet breeches—stay, a purse of gold; some papers; the miniature of a female—

Mugn. A bundle of cigars!

Hen. (aside) The last of my dearly cherished Havanas

Rebol. (seated at the table) Let's see if they are passable.

Mugn. & Burb. (seating themselves) A very good idea.

[*All light cigars.*

Mugn. Now let's see what these papers contain.

Rebol. (stretching his arms across the table and taking papers from MUGN) No, they must be reserved for the inspection of La Catarina.

Burb. La Catarina! it seems we can do nothing without her!

Mugn. She, forsooth, must be consulted about all our expeditions!

Burb. Yes, and when she is consulted she won't allow them; but keeps us here working night and day.

Rebol. As if you were honest men—and that fatigues you.

Burb. Any thing fatigues a man that he is not used to.—Then, to be obliged to obey a woman!—it's humiliating.

Mugn. So it is—very. Who is *she*, I should like to know!

Rebol. I'll tell you *who* she is: the daughter of your ancient chief—of my brother, Miguel Salvator Rebolledo, the king of the Bohemians and smugglers of Estramadura, who, for twenty years poured gold like dross into the pockets of you and your fellows.

Mugn. That's true, he did so; he was a man of talent, was Miguel.

Burb. The Prince of smugglers!

Mugn. Ah, if he had been alive, we should never have had to submit to the degradation of *working* for a living.

Rebol. But if this very work should, through the means of his daughter, have the effect of realising each and all of you a handsome independence—

Mugn. Ah, bah!

Rebol. A comfortable roof to cover you; plenty of money to spend as long as you live, and the certainty of lying down to die, instead of being hung up.

Burb. That's something, though I should be the first of my family who ever did; but who is to ensure this?

Rebol. I will—I, Antonio Rebollo, who stand here as the representative of my niece, La Catarina,

Mugn. Representative—yes, that's very well; but why do we never see her—why, when she comes here does she communicate with you alone?

Burb. Above all things, why is she almost always absent?

Rebol. For your good; young and handsome as she is, and, moreover, brought up like a duchess—for my brother had a touch of religion about him, and, as you know, removed her from here at twelve years of age to a convent—she moves in the first society in Lisbon, and gives me knowledge of all that passes there which may concern us.

Mugn. I have heard she is marvellously handsome.

Rebol. Handsome! I believe you; she's the picture of me.

Burb. Where is she now?

Rebol. At the convent of the mountain, where she has arrived as a fine lady, with a splendid equipage, and whence, by a subterranean pass which communicates with this vault she comes to pay us a visit this day.

Mugn. To-day!

Rebol. Yes, to inspect the work she last ordered, and you had all better be careful that no part of it has been neglected; for, if it has, remember I don't neglect to keep my armory in apple-pie condition—*[touching his belt.]*

Mugn. *[laughing]* Ha, ha, ha! I do believe that you are in love with your niece.

Rebol. So I am; and if you knew what she has done for me you would be so too. Harkye: I told you on my last return from Lisbon that, while vending some of our precious wares, I was recognized, seized, and taken before the Count de Campo, Mayor, Minister of Justice and Police, convicted and sentenced to be hung. Well, I escaped through this very niece, La Catarina; the morning on which I was to have been executed, she entered my dungeon, threw me a monk's robe and cowl, told me to put them on and follow her. We passed the outer gates, which seemed to fly open at a whispered word from her to the guard, when, placing me in a carriage which was waiting at the corner of an adjoining street, she gave me the pass-word and told me that relays of horses were provided for me at every stage betwixt Lisbon and these mountains.

Burb. Well, if she had done as much for me, I should love her, too.

Mugn. So should I.

Rebol. *(to MUGN.)* Silence! 'tis the hour at which she appointed to be here, call the workmen together; *(to BURB.)* and do you sound the bell.

Hen. *(aside)* I'm discovered to a certainty.

(MUGN. and REBOL. see HEN. who advances on perceiving that he is discovered.)

Rebol. A stranger.

(BURB. sounds the bell; HEN. draws his sword, the gang of Coiners rush in and disarm him.)

Enter CATARINA.

CHORUS AND CONCERTED PIECE.

Ah, who is he that dares thus our secrets surprise?
Seize the traitor—for his madness he dies!

Cat. Hold, forbear!

[They seize him.]

Hen. Heavens, what beauty!

Rebol. Comrades, 'tis Catarina!

Cat. Yes, 'tis I!

Doth not each Bohemian to me for aid in danger fly?
I'm the Queen of these fair mountains, who dares my sovereignty deny?

By laws severe, by means mysterious, say who the country round doth rule?

'Tis I! what is the power, who is the saint,
That all invoke in tones of fear?—'tis I.

Doth not, &c.

This hand gives you justice, oppression none doth fear;
I can punish, although not an Algautil be near.

Then, if at evening, through the green glade
Hieth a maiden in the deep shade—

Pretty trembler, be not afraid;

For pass ye one, or pass ye two,

I never interfere with lovers true.

Upon this, straight a young villager appears,

Bowing profoundly; both, in tones subdued,

An Ave Maria are singing. Thus, to the patroness,

The saint of this mountain, unto St. Cat'rina,

Ave Marias they bring.

Cho. Ah, to Cat'rina, Queen of this fair mountain!

All do thus their off'rings bring.

Cat. Let me know your name and condition.

Hen. Don Henrique di Sandovel,

Marquis of Santa Cruz.

Cat. Ah, a wild and gay young spark, who for six years
Has absent been from home.

Hen. How know you that?

Cat. I know all—your education to complete,

Your noble parents thought it meet,

That abroad you should roam; and now, they say,

From foreign lands return'd,

You numerous things have learn'd—

Hen. Yes—

Cat. All things, save wisdom.

Hen. Who told you that?

Cat. The proof seems very clear;

'Tis instanc'd in your coming here.

This place, say how you've found

Hen. Quite by chance, I assure you, or I ne'er had made so bold.

Rebol. Within his valise we have discover'd these letters
this portrait, this gold.

Cat. A lady, I presume, sir. Ah, let me have discretion.

His gold and the portrait he back may receive.

Hen. My ears I scarcely can believe.

Cat. The letters we at leisure will read.

Rebol. It's a very pretty face, indeed.

Cat. So it is; but I think it one that faithless will prove.

Hen. That thought's an outrage to love.

Cat. I've read the stars all my life,

And I predict she'll never be your wife.

And now, sir, let's to business; for two or three

Months here a prisoner you'll remain,

And after that we'll see.

Hen. Two or three months!

Rebol. Be silent!

Hen. Will you grant me the favor of but one moment's audience?

Cat. Yes. *(So the Chorus.)* Here no longer stay,
But to your work away;

Quick, obey!

This day you your task must accomplish.

My servants sworn ye are.

Yes, the sovereign of these, &c.

Cho. Yes this day our task we will accomplish,

For her servants sworn we are;

She of these mountains is the Queen—Catarina!

Cat. *(to HEN.)* What would you? speak!

Hen. You have done me the honor to invite me to pass two or three months here; and under any other circumstances I should be too happy, two delighted, to spend that time with you.

Rebol. Should you really.

Hen. *(to REBOL.)* I spoke to your mistress, friend, and not to you. *(To CAT.)* But, unfortunately, I have affairs to arrange.

Cat. Of what nature?

Hen. After having been, as you seem to know, six years absent from Portugal, travelling for pleasure, I, ten days ago, received a letter from my uncle, the Count de Campo Mayor—

Rebol. The Minister of Justice and Police, who was very near hanging and burning me the other day.

Hen. *(to REBOL.)* I am told that his great fault is that he too frequently does things by halves. *(To CAT.)* It informed me that at the death of our late gracious sovereign, he had been named one of the Regents of the Kingdom during the minority of the Princess Maria Francesca; he likewise entreated me to return home immediately, in order to conclude an alliance between myself and my young cousin, Diana, his daughter. She now waits my return at their chateau, near Coimbra. Grant me permission to proceed immediately, or my poor cousin may perhaps go distracted.

Cat. Really! *(to REBOL. who has been examining the letters)* Well, what say these letters?

Rebol. Just what he says. But here is something more; a blank passport, for any number of persons to travel through the kingdom, which we can fill up.

Hen. 'Twas sent me by my uncle for any number of friends whom I might wish to bring with me; but coming alone, I have not used it.

Cat. 'Twill serve our purpose admirably! *(To HEN.)* So, Don Henrique, you are about to be married, eh?

Hen. Why—hem—with your permission, senora.

Cat. *(smiling)* Which it would break your heart, I suppose, not to grant, as Diana is, they say, the handsomest girl in Estramadura.

Hen. *(with gallantry)* I thought so until to-day.

Cat. You love her?

Hen. Hem—yes, certainly, of course—that is, not precisely to madness, because you see in foreign countries—France especially—one meets with so many little adventures that make inroads into one's heart; besides, I haven't seen and scarcely thought of her for six years; and—but—*(coaxingly)* you'll let me go?

Cat. Well; I think I shall consent, but on two conditions—

Hen. Name them.

Cat. Presently. They wait to commence their repast.—
Proceed, sirs. *(To the Bend)*

CHORUS.—RONDO AND CONCERTED PIECE.

Fathers who here of old sang,

Sons are we of the same gang:

Spite of the Algauzil's fang,

Hammers have ever since rang—

Clang, clang!

Our arms are strong,

Our hearts are always light boys.

Our trade is wrong,

Our gold is always bright, boys.

Cat. I love the fervour, the true hearted fervour,
with which they sing.

Rebol. Gracious Senhora, the table is ready;
Shall I now the chocolate bring?

Cat. No, not just yet.

Hen. Chocolate? really, the queen of banditti is served like a king.

Cho. Clang, clang; our arms are strong, &c.

Mugn. I would ask now in honor of her return, which enchants me, that la Catarina with a song our hearts should delight.

Cat. Say, which?

Mugn. The one called "The Sons of Night."

SONG.—CATARINA.

Pedrillo, poor and in love, of the world quite weary,
One night stole out into this forest dreary.

There he his steps did bend,

His life resolved to end.

When rising, as from the earth, these words fell on his ear,
"Midnight is here."

Cho. Midnight is here;

We work in darkness, brothers, still, no fear it:

The brightness of our gold doth serve to clear it.

Cat. Many, no doubt, would frightened have flown.

But Pedrillo, bold and brave,

Nearer and nearer fearless advanced

To the mouth of yon dark cave—

"Ah, rash man, beware now."

Cho. Beware now."

Cat. Know you what you dare now."

Who is it you hear?

Ah, sound of fear!

'Tis the Sons of the Night.

Cho. 'Tis the Sons of the Night.

Cho. Within the silent womb of earth, clang, clang,
The demon dwells who gave us birth, clang, &c.

And with his flambeaux clear and bright,

He hovers round the Sons of Night.



Hen. [*aside*] She looks and moves like some bright angel,
While they seem with forms of demons endued.

Rebol. [*to CAT., who has been examining the casket*]
Are you satisfied with them?

Cat. Yes, quite; yea, quite;
And the honor of conquest yours is, of right.

Hen. Ah! what splendid diamonds!
The casket is overflowing; what treasures immense!
Whence do they come? Ah! I see; all stolen by these
Brigands, whom her voice doth inspire to deeds of infamy.
Oh, horror dire!

Cho. Clang! clang! our arms are strong, &c.

Rebol. Now, good friends, hearken well; pay attention, I pray;
Fair Catarina is our queen; her voice we all obey.
The orders have been given; our band they now pursue:
In a short time—to-morrow, perhaps—Even this day,
Soldiers round the forest planted, will hence bar our way.
Our lives and our treasures to save we must fly,
And seek some other home beneath some other sky;
There in peace we can live and honestly thrive.
Yes, this day we must fly.

Mugn. Well, but where?

Rebol. By her care all's prepared!
On the coast a fine vessel doth lie.
Viva Catarina!

Cho. Viva Catarina!

Mugn. Still, the frontiers of Spain
How shall we pass or gain
The frontiers?

Rebol. Have ye no fear; for us, for our treasures, our friends,
The Prime Minister a safe conduct kindly sends.

Hen. That's mine, I apprehend.

Cho. Viva Catarina!

Rebol. And to make all secure,
Escape to render sure,
This very day we'll depart hence away.

Cat. Ah! what pleasure! what happiness;
If these poor creatures from vice I save!

Hen. She, by her beauty, doth the band ensnare.

Rebol. No more toiling; comfort's all I crave.

Cat. Though dishonest pursuits have allured them,
They're faithful and truly brave;
Comforts still surround them; that's all they crave.

Hen. Now by my passport she seeks herself to save.
Danger doth surround them, though they may be brave.

Mugn. Comfort's all we crave; clinking wine-cups
I like better than clanging hammers.

Hen. Senhora, you promised to set me at liberty.

Cat. And I shall keep my promise.

Hen. You spoke of conditions, what are they?

Cat. First, that for one entire year you keep silence as to
what you may have seen or heard in this place.

Hen. I swear it.

Cat. Next, that if by chance you should happen to meet me
again, you will not say or do ought to indicate that we have
ever seen each other before.

Hen. Be it as you wish.

Cat. 'Tis well. [*To REBOL., who re-enters at this moment*]
See that my travelling chariot be got ready. [*To HEN.*] It
shall take you as far as the next post town. [*Exit REBOL.*]

Hen. Really, senhora, I know not how sufficiently to express

my obligations; I would, if I dared, return them by—a
word or two of good counsel—but I fear—

Cat. Speak!

Hen. The life you have chosen has, no doubt, its charms;
but I—I should rather have seen you in any other, though
ever so humble.

Cat. [*laughing and curtsying*] Thank you, Don Henrique.

Hen. I know not why, but I feel in spite of myself an in-
terest in your fate—your well-doing, although—

Cat. [*laughing*] You think it ill becomes a nobleman and a
man of honor to feel aught but detestation for one so degraded.

Hen. No, no, indeed; but consider well; our Alguazils have
little gallantry in their nature; the Inquisition pays no respect
to loveliness.

Cat. I know it.

Hen. Why, then, run the hazard of such a fate?

Cat. Perhaps I am obliged—perhaps a laudable motive
may—

Hen. What laudable motive?

Cat. [*laughing*] That is my secret.

Hen. Well, I seek to know no more; but if you should fall
into the hands of justice, apply to me, and—

Cat. [*laughing*] And you'll do the state an *injustice*, and
save me if you can?

Hen. Yes, at any hazard—but you *alone*, you understand:
for this desperate band, your companions, on the contrary, I
would—

Cat. [*interrupting him*] What, Marquis? [*haughtily*]

Hen. Hang them all up to the first trees I came near, and
this Rebolledo on the very tallest.

Cat. My uncle!

Hen. Your uncle! are you sure of that?

Cat. Without doubt.

Hen. I had feared he was something more than that.

Cat. What matters it what he is?

Hen. Nothing; only I like it better that he should be your
uncle.

Cat. [*laughing*] So do I.

Hen. But tell me, have you, a young and beautiful female,
nothing to fear from the passions of the wild men by whom
you are surrounded?

Cat. [*with fire and majesty*] Fear? fear them? I, the
daughter of their ancient chief! Besides, have I not this sure
friend ever at hand? [*Showing poignard in her girdle.*]

Hen. So lovely, so high spirited! I would fain know
whether that heart has never yet been touched.

Cat. [*with majesty and severe dignity*] Don Henrique, you
are the first person who has ever yet dared to ask me that
question.

Hen. And you fear to reply to it.

Cat. [*after a pause*] Perhaps I do.

Hen. [*ardently*] But wherefore?

Re-enter REBOL.

Rebol. The travelling chariot for the Marquis is waiting.

Hen. Already?

[*REBOL. superintends laying out refreshments*]

Rebol. And here is the senhora's chocolate.

Hen. Upon my soul, it is splendidly served.

Rebol. [*to HEN.*] The carriage waits.

Hen. [*testily*] Very well, I hear you.

Cat. Will the Marquis do me the honor to partake of my



dejeuner before he departs. A cover for the Marquis.

[One of the Band lays chocolate cups, &c.]

Hen. [eagerly] I shall be but too happy.

Cat. [smiling] But I forget, you are so pressed for time.

Hen. Not at all, senhora; not at all. [Aside, seating himself] She is an enchanting creature!

DUET AND FINALE TO ACT I.

Of this tete-a-tete, of this sweet repast,

He must never speak as long as life shall last
I will

At my table seated, pleasant 'tis to view
her

A young and noble senhor gallant, sir,
A beauteous young senhora and handsome ma'am as you.

Hen. [observing her] What fire in those bright eyes is burning!

Cat. [pouring out chocolate] I trust it suits your taste. [Sips]

Hen. Yes, indeed.

[Aside] No doubt that if the truth were known,

'Twas stolen or smuggled from Bayonna.

Cat. [offering cakes] Here are biscuits, pray you try them.

Hen. [aside] What sweet fingers! none can outvie them;

And what small delicious hands!

Yet they command these dark brigands!

Cat. [to REBOL., who offers; to change a plate]

No, no, I thank you; not at present.

[To HEN.] You eat nothing.

Hen. I'm quite content.

[In a low voice, indicating REBOL.]

This uncle seems a faithful valet.

His eyes are ever on you bent.

Cat. [to REBOL.] Leave us.

Rebol. [hesitating and looking at HEN.] But—but—

Cat. Leave us, I say; away. [Exit Rebol.]

Cat and Hen. [together] Of this tete-a-tete, &c.

Hen. to CAT., [who seems to be looking round her with inquietude] What mean these unquiet glances

That you cast this place around?

Is it by ties of fear or force

That to these bandits you are bound?

If it be so, I'll break your chains,

And hazard life to set you free.

Cat. Would you, indeed?

Hen. Does it surprise you?

Cat. No, not so;

'Tis generous and kind.

I thank you, from my inmost heart, sir:

But—

Hen. Well—

Cat. [hesitating] But—[laughing]

Your chocolate's finished—we must part, sir.

Adieu, senhor, you now can leave me;

I would not have you linger here;

Your pretty cousin, sure, will grieve'd be,

If you do not soon appear.

Hen. Ah! now you wish me gone, I fear;

'Tis not yet late, I'll spare an hour;

And even then I shall have the power

In time at Coimbra to appear.

All the dangers that surround you,

I would point out and explain.

Cat. From your discourse I fear more danger,

If you longer here remain.

Hen. I—I that all the world would give,

Could I restore your tarnished fame;

Cat. [laughing] Are you sure you understand, sir,

All the points of this, my game?

Hen. [surprised] What mean ye?

Cat. [with fervor] No matter; for your kindness I sincerely thank you.

And on some future day your friendship I may claim.

Even now, I—[hesitating]

Hen. Proceed.

Cat. But—

Hen. Proceed,

Cat. [laughing—reprise de duo, as before] Adieu, senhor, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Depart—no longer linger here.

Ah, no; I've yet an hour to spare.

Depart.

A Party of the Coyners enter, disguised as Monks.

CHORUS.

'Tis the good hermit of the chapel

With holy fathers from below,

Kneel, brothers, kneel, and Heaven's blessing

Pray them on us to bestow.

To the kind monks all reverence show.

Rebol. [to the Monks] Yonder staircase ascend,

By the hermitage forth issuing;

With measured step and slow,

Your eyes on earth bent low,

Past the soldiers, as if engaged in grave devotion, go,

They'll with reverence salute you; by a gesture alone reply;

Yourselves and your treasures thus concealed from every eye,

All from hence, from these mountains, in safety may fly.

Cho. Viva, viva, Catarina.

Rebol. Silence!

Cho. [as before] 'Tis the good hermit of the chapel, &c.

Rebol. [to CAT. pointing to the passage.]

We through the vaults our steps will lead,

And to Lisbon thence proceed.

Hen. [to CAT.] I will your path attend

Till from this place you're freed.

Cat. Take no such trouble, I pray.

Hen.

I must, indeed!

Rebol. Lest monseigneur our plans derange,

He must stay here an hour in ward,

These holy fathers will on him for that time keep guard,

Hen. Sir, you ought but acquiescence leave me.

At your desire, here I'll remain.

But still I can't refrain [to CAT.]

From expressing a hope that, at some future day,

We shall meet again.

Cho. March on, march on!

Cat. [aside in a low voice, to HEN.] Adieu!

Cho. [as before] 'Tis the good hermit, &c.

Monks and Band commence ascending staircase, &c.

Cat. and Rebol. With solemn step advancing,

They safely onward go

To Lisbon,

Now through the vaults below, &c.

Hen. This piquant adventure, &c.

[The procession slowly mounts the staircase. REBOL and CAT. exeunt dy passage. HEN. remains guarded, seated on the table, kissing his hand to CAT.]

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT SECOND.

A RICHLY FURNISHED SALOON IN THE CHATEAU AT COIMBRA.

Enter DON SEBASTIAN and DIANA.

Seb. You tell me to be calm; how is it possible, when your father gives a ball to-night, to celebrate the signing of your marriage contract with another?

Diana. Moderate this passion; I have every ground to hope that my cousin does not love me any more than I love him.

Seb. Indeed!

Diana. Yes. For the last two days that he has been here, he has evinced nothing but listlessness and melancholy.

Seb. Can it be?

Diana. Yes; and when my father asked him to fix a day, either this week or next, for our marriage—

Seb. He chose one in this week.

Diana. No, he did not; on some frivolous pretext, he put it off till the next—in short, I believe not only that he does not love me, but that he does love some other.

Seb. Ah, if I could be assured of that!

Diana. I have no doubt of it. Hark, my father comes, and with him Don Henrique.

Enter CAMPO MAYOR and DON HENRIQUE.

Cam. Yes, nephew, to-morrow I must go to Lisbon, where my presence is indispensable at the coronation, to render an account of our Regency, which, I flatter myself, I have drawn up with my usual ability and tact.

Hen. [*inattentively*] 'Tis inconceivable.

Cam. [*astonished*] What—what is inconceivable?

Hen. Pardon me, my dear uncle—I—I—my thoughts were wandering—I was thinking of—a dream.

Cam. A dream!

Hen. Yes; I am really ashamed of myself, but, sleeping or waking, the thought still pursues me:—A noble air—eyes superb—a poignard—a grace—an incomprehensible charm—[*recollecting himself*] Hem! these are the very words of it—you understand me?

Cam. Why, not exactly, but to business; to-night we sign the contract. Ah, Don Sebastian, so soon returned? What news of your expedition?

Seb. I searched, as directed, through the whole chain of mountains, but found no one.

Cam. Just as I expected. My colleagues insisted that they had received accurate information of a whole troop of bandits and coiners having taken up their quarters there; but I never believed a word of it.

Seb. My orders especially indicated the environs of the Hermitage of St. Hubert, as the spot where they had fixed their head quarters; we surrounded the place, lay in ambus-

cade for a whole day, and then beat carefully through every yard of the forest without seeing a single person.

Hen. Not one!

Seb. Not one—that is, except a procession of monks, to which, of course, I made the soldiers present arms.

Hen. Did you really?

Seb. Certainly; and all knelt as they passed, as is usual, on such occasions.

Hen. [*laughing*] All knelt while they passed! Ha, ha, ha!—capital!

Seb. What are you laughing at?

Hen. Nothing, my dear friend, nothing. Come, my dear cousin, this concert—this ball! [*With affected gaiety.*] You and I are to sing a duet together, my uncle says. Ah, my dear Diana, if you did but know how much I loved you!—

[*Aside.*] By dint of repeating a thing, one comes in time to believe it, they say.

Cam. And see, our guests arrive. I've invited all the nobility. [*Music.*] Attention of this nature from the minister makes one popular.

Hen. [*Recit.*] 'Tis all the same to me.

Ah! "The Brigand;" [*aside*] I meet one at every turn!

[*To DIANA*] Have you nought else but this?

Diana. Nought I like so well, indeed.

Hen. [*reading title*] "The Brigand of the Black Rocks!"

[*aside*] Faith, 'tis strange! [*To DIANA*] well, proceed.

NOTTURNA, (for two voices).

"In that drear defile of the mountains,
Where the black rocks their foreheads rear."

[*A Courier enters at this moment hurriedly with despatches, which he delivers to CAMPO MAYOR.*]

Cam. [*opening despatches*] Despatches from my noble colleagues, at this hour too—Great Heavens!

Hen. They bring you some ill news—tidings of danger?

Cam. Not that.

Hen. Of pleasure?

Cam. No; I must awhile retire, some directions and orders to issue. [*Going to the door of the cabinet.*]

It will not take long—though I'm away,

Proceed with the concert; go on, I pray.

[*He continues standing at the door, reading despatches with much apparent interest.* HEN. and DIANA re-commence

NOTTURNA.

"In that drear defile of the mountain,

Where the black rocks their foreheads rear."

Seb. [*entering hastily*] Before the gates of the villa



A carriage has just broken down.
Cho. Great Heavens!
Seb. The travellers ask shelter here
 For an hour, till it can be repaired
 By some one from the neighboring town.
Cam. Yes, with pleasure; I myself,
 But that business calls me hence,
 Would in person them receive. [*SEB. bows and exit.*
 [*To DIANA*] You, my child, for my short absence,
 I, as lady mistress leave;
 I shortly shall return. [*Exits into cabinet,*
Hen. [*laughing*] Fate seems perversely set
 Upon stopping our duett;—
 These dreary defiles of the mountains,
 We try to travel through in vain;
 Come, dear coz, once more attempt it,
 Let's begin—let's try again.
 [*Again commencing NOTTURNA.*
 "In that drear defile of the mountain,
 Where the black rocks their foreheads rear;"
 Pause, young maiden, nor at evening,
 Ever dare to venture there.
Enter REBOL., carrying the jewel case, which was seen in the
first act, and CAT. conducted by SEB.
Hen. [*who perceives her*] Oh, Heaven! [*singing—*
 [*singing confusedly*] "Pause young maidens, nor at eve—
 Nor at evening—"
Diana. [*surprised—to HEN.*] 'Tis not so!
Hen. [*getting more confused*] Eh? no!
 [*Aside.*] It cannot be! it is not she!
 "In the drear defile of the mountains—"
Diana. Why, cousin!
Hen. "Of the mountains—"
 "Defile drear—"
Diana. Why, coz, that's wrong—you surely dream!
Hen. Eh? no I don't—but to my sight
 All confusion sure doth seem!
 QUINTETTE.—*Ensemble.*
Hen. 'Tis truly most surprising to meet them here!
 My every nerve doth tremble—for her, for her alone, I fear!
Cat. [*to REBOL.*] 'Tis truly most surprising once more to
 meet him here!
 He keeps our secret safely; his faith I do not fear!
Diana & Seb. In spite of all his efforts, he's quite confused,
 'tis clear!
 The music is his master—'tis that has caused his fear!
Cat. [*to DIANA*] I'm ashamed to have interrupted
 This most charming sweet duet;
 You will, I feel and trust, continue.
Diana. Certainly with pleasure; and yet
 Of your mishap first tell me, pray.
Cat. 'Tis nought; the danger was but slight:
 The chaise broke gently down—the worst was the fright.
 With my Intendant I had travelled far.
Hen. Ah! monsieur is then the Intendant—
Rebol. Of my lady, the noble countess—
Cho. Ah! the lady is a countess—
Rebol. Yes, the Countess Villa Flor!
Hen. [*aside*] That is but one falsehood more!
Cat. And I fear for an hour I the hospitality must tax—
 Of—

Hen. [*markedly*] The Count de Campo Mayor—
 The Minister of Justice and Police!
Cat. and Rebol. [*aside*] Great Heavens!
Hen. He shortly will appear.
 [*Aside to REBOL.*] And if you'd die in peace,
 You'll not remain long here!
 Ensemble [*as before*].
 'Tis truly most surprising, &c.
Diana. Come now, my wayward cousin
 And once more try with me—
Cat. [*aside*] Her cousin! this must then the fair Diana be.
Diana. Begin again our old romance.
Cat. Our pleasure it will much enhance.
Hen. [*confused*] Oh, no, I really can't—
Diana. Pray why?
Hen. The music is too difficult—
Diana. Pshaw! try.
Cat. [*taking the music*] Dear me, why really I thought
 That all the world this air could sing.
Diana. [*eagerly*] Doubtless you can—
Cat. Why, yes, I can!
 But then that's quite another thing.
Diana. [*eagerly pressing the music upon her*]
 Ah, do not you decline, because he has refused;
 'Tis the sole return, I ask, [*playfully*] 'tis the price
 that you must pay,
 For your shelter here to-night; oh, now you can't say
 nay.
Rebol. [*aside to CAT.*] But, madame,
Hen. [*aside*] She consents! gracious powers! what audacity!
 My uncle in that room;
 And death her certain doom!
 This passes all I ever saw;
 What self-possession—what sang-froid!
 CAVATINA AND VARIATIONS—CATARINA.
 "I'll asunder rend Love's chains;"
 So said the young Prince John:
 "Yes, thou causest too much pain;
 So, Love, get hence, begone!"
 Thus adjured, away young Cupid flew;
 The prince conceived him lost to view—
 But 'twas to barb his darts anew!
 First Variation.
 Back smiling,
 Came Cupid,
 An arrow forth he drew;
 His bow bending,
 His aim mending,
 This time he shot him through and through!
 There the fatal shaft stuck quivering—
 "Now," said Cupid, "to Love he'll be true."
Hen. [*aside to CAT.*] Have a care! that's enough; ah! I
 fear.
 My uncle, if he comes—ah, give o'er!
Cat. [*to HEN.*] 'Tis not an hour for care;
 Pshaw! calm your idle fear—
 Go hence, and hear no more.
 Your uncle is not here;
 And even if he were,

Why, he'd cry out "Encore!"

Tra la, la!—La, la, la! &c.

Cho. Ah! thanks, dear lady, we ne'er heard

So fine a voice before!

Tra, la, la!—La, la, la! &c.

All. Charming! delicious!

Hen. [aside] She receives her compliments with a coolness hat is astonishing.

Diana. The ball will soon commence in the saloons. Mean-time ladies, you will here find some engravings and books, which may serve to pass a few minutes away. Don Sebastian I am sure you will be proud to offer that cavalier [indicating to REBOL] a hand at Ecarte.

[SEB. bows and sits down to play with REBOL.]

Hen. [aside] He'll be duped to a certainty! even if he wins, the rascal will pay him with forged money, and I have not power to interfere—no matter—I'll keep a sharp eye on him, at all events.

Diana. [having taken up a Gazette] Ah, ladies, here in the Estramadura Gazette is an account of a most curious adventure among some robbers.

Ladies. Robbers! do let us hear.

Hen. [aside] What can this mean?

Diana. [reading] A man named Pedro, a servant to some one, whose name however they do not give—

Hen. [aside] Minc, as I live.

Diana. Separated from his master in the mountains during a storm, he found his way, by chance, into a cavern full of Brigands, near the Hermitage of St. Hubert—

Seb. St. Hubert! brigands there! it is impossible!

Rebol. Why, so? brigands are frequently in that quarter, I'm told.

Seb. Not at present; I hunted for two whole days, and found none.

Rebol. [taking money, as having won a game] You missed one point, and in consequence lost the game, senhor. [smiling.]

Hen. [markedly] Indeed! he had all the cards at one time in his hands!

Cat. [to HEN. markedly] Senhor Cavalier, have a care!

Hen. Heavens!

Cat. You trod upon my dress.

Hen. Pardon me, senhora, I will be more careful for the future.

Cat. [coldly] I hope so. Well, madame? [to DIANA.]

Diana. Well, in the interior of the cavern he saw a band of brigands, and counted, as he says, nearly four thousand.

Rebol. That is a great mistake—[recollecting himself, and taking up a card]—pardon me, I intended to have played thus.

[putting down another.]

Diana. But that is nothing; the romance of the business has yet to be told. Now, I'll raise your curiosity to the highest pitch. Who do you think the chief of these brigands was?

Seb. Some contrabandist, escaped from the galleys.

Diana. No, not at all. [To CAT.] Can you guess?

Cat. I really can't imagine.

Diana. Well, ladies, it was a woman.

Ladies. A woman.

Diana. A young and beautiful woman.

Cat. Ah, travellers always exaggerate—what think you, Marquis?

Hen. [confused] Think—think, that it is not probable,

though probably, not improbable!

Seb. 'Tis impossible!

Diana. But Pedro saw her himself—and in proof, he has given a most exact description of her—here it is.

Hen. [aside] Heavens! Give it to me, cousin; give it to me.

Diana. No; I must hand it to my father.

Hen. But he is engaged in his cabinet.

Diana. No matter; I can take it to him, and do myself the pleasure of presenting the senhora at the same time.

Cat. [aside] Merciful Heavens! [To DIANA.] Pardon me, but this travelling dress—

Diana. Oh! that's nothing? *Prelude to Saraband heard.*

Seb. A saraband!—the ball is about to commence.

All. The ball! the ball! Come, senhora.

Diana. I'm coming, ladies—I'm coming. Let me see—I was engaged to dance with somebody. [Looking round.]

Hen. [embarrassed] Was it by me?

Diana. Hem! No, I rather think not.

Hen. [aside] So do I. [To SEB. quickly] Say it was by you.

Seb. [astonished] But why?

Hen. No matter—say so.

Seb. [quickly to DIANA] 'Twas by me, senhora; 'twas by me.

Diana. [astonished] Ah, yes! I recollect. I beg your pardon, for having forgotten it—come, then. [SEB. takes her hand] Now, ladies, follow me. [Exeunt all but HEN. and CAT.]

Hen. [to CAT.] Still here! why do you not depart?

Cat. Time does not press; besides, I must wait till my carriage is repaired.

Hen. Know you the dangers that menace you?

Cat. [laughing] Yes; but where can a person be more safe than in the house of the Minister of Police?

Hen. Why have you not departed with your companions? I am told they left the country some days since.

Cat. That is hardly a gallant question; perhaps I have been kept by matters of importance.

Hen. Some new system of deception. This Rebolledo, whom you told me was your uncle, who now passes as your *Intendant*—

Cat. Why not? he may be both the one and the other.

Hen. Or he may be neither.

Cat. 'Tis possible.

Hen. What is he then, your lover, your husband?

Cat. [smiling] Which would you prefer that he should be?

Hen. Ah! if I were certain that he were *either*—I would—I would deliver you *both* up to justice!

Cat. [coldly] No, you would not.

Hen. What would prevent me?

Cat. Your promise—your pledged word—I am quite tranquil on that point.

Hen. Tranquil!—in this peril!—when I—I, who am nothing to you—though unfortunately your confidant and accomplice—tremble for the danger in which you stand!—for while you remain, every fibre of my frame is benumbed—absorbed in terror for your fate! Were it not a profanation to the name I would almost think I *loved* you.

Cat. [with a cold smile] I could almost think so too.

Hen. No, no, it cannot be—go, go—hence I say!

Cat. You are right. Don Henrique de Sandoval could never with honor bestow a thought on me—when, this night, he is

about to sign a contract of marriage with a lady of high birth, who loves and is beloved by him.

Hen. No, no, I love her not—I never loved her! Hear me, Catarina. We are alone! If you consent, we will fly to Lisbon—to France—to Germany, together. We will forget the past—any existence, my love, shall be dedicated to you, henceforth, and for ever!

Cat. I! your mistress!

Hen. I would rescue you from the misery—from the punishment that awaits you! You smile—

Cat. At your mode of teaching *virtue*, senhor—that is all! I could never become aught but *wife* to the man I loved, were he the noblest in Christendom.

Hen. Wife! my wife!

Cat. [*proudly*] No, not *your* wife, sir; for most probably I should refuse you.

Hen. Refuse me!

Cat. [*with feelings*] For your own sake, Don Henrique—for your own sake; you merit a better bride than Catarina, the Bohemian. I pray you receive this ring as a token—a remembrance of me—of one—who could have loved you, had she dared!

Hen. Give it me.

Cat. But perhaps your cousin will be offended!

Hen. No, no—this marriage is more than ever impossible!—I will tell her so. Give it me! [*She puts the ring on his finger as DIANA appears at the back.*] Heaven! she is here.

Diana. Pardon me, senhora, for having left you so long, but I have been dancing, and hope that you will follow my example—in my room you will find the proper dresses.

Hen. Impossible, my dear cousin—the countess has just informed me that she must depart instantly.

Diana. A messenger has just arrived from the village, to say that the carriage cannot possibly be repaired till to-morrow morning.

Cat. Indeed—well then, I must necessarily resign myself to my fate.

Diana. And dance? [*Symphony of Duet commences here.*]

Cat. And dance!

Hen. [*aside to CAT.*] For Heaven's sake recollect.

Cat. I accept your kind offer. Adieu, Marquis; we shall, I presume, shortly meet again. [*Exit CATARINA.*]

Diana. Do you know my gallant cousin! I do not think it quite fair, but during the whole of this evening you have never once said "Diana, dear," will you dance with me?

Hen. Do you know that I have been dying to ask you the whole evening, but you were surrounded by so many gay admirers I found it impossible to get near you—but now that we are alone, as you say, "Diana, dear," will you dance with me?

Diana. There's my hand.

Hen. I receive it with rapture.

Diana. I shall never be able to break my mind to him.

Hen. Why should I withhold this truth?

Hen. } Dear cousin.
and }
Diana. }

Diana. Did you speak?

Hen. No—did you?

Diana. No.

Hen. Oh! how shall I begin? Diana, cousin, are you very fond of dancing?

Diana. Not very.

Hen. Nor I—besides, I have something to say to you.

Diana. How very odd; for do you know, cousin, I have something to say to you.

Hen. You have? I'm all attention—sit down, cousin—I'll listen to you for a week. [*They sit.*]

Diana. Now you commence first.

Hen. Must I? Well then, cousin, I have been thinking that—

Diana. Yes—go on—go on.

Hen. I have been thinking that—is a very pretty little foot of yours.

Diana. Don't be foolish, cousin.

Hen. Cousin, I adore you.

Diana. Oh, dear—I shall faint.

Hen. But still you will recollect that we are both free—and
no— — [CAMPO MAYOR speaks without

Hen. My uncle!

Diana. This is most provoking!

But one instant more, and all explained would be!

Ensemble [*as before*] Tell me, my wayward heart, &c.

Enter CAMPO MAYOR.

Cam. At last, Heaven be praised! the couriers are despatched in all directions, and I am at liberty for the rest of the night.

Hen. The despatches which you received were, I presume, of importance?

Cam. More than I can tell. Would you believe, that my colleagues in the ministry have written to me to say, that the whole of the crown diamonds have been stolen from the queen's own private apartments?

Hen. Is it possible?

Diana. And who is supposed to have done it?

Cam. No one can form an idea. But the parties, whoever they are, cannot yet have quitted the kingdom. I have ordered a surveillance on every road, and at every post house, and forbidden that a single horse shall be furnished, or a carriage allowed to pass, except my own.

Hen. [*warmly shaking hands with him*] My dear uncle, dispose of my time and services in this matter as you please; I shall be but too happy to give you all the aid in my power.

Cam. [*seeing the ring on his finger*] Oh! what in the name of mystery is this?

Hen. [*carelessly*] Nothing! a thing of no value.

Cam. No value, say you? Why, why, 'tis the celebrated Brazilian itself!

Hen. What say you?

Cam. One of the principal crown jewels! How came it in your possession?

Hen. Really, I scarcely know. I—I bought it.

Cam. Of whom! He must have been concerned in the robbery! Whom did you buy it of?

Hen. Of—of—a tradesman in Coimbra.

Cam. His name?

Hen. One—one—Diego Montez—a jeweller.

Cam. He must be arrested immediately.

Hen. But, uncle, I know him to be a very respectable man.

Cam. No matter; if he is not one of the robbers himself, he may know something of the band.

Diana. The band! Perhaps 'tis that of Catarina, chief of the bandits of Estramadura!

Cam. Nothing more likely.

Diana. See, father, here is the last Gazette, which arrived only this afternoon, containing a full account of them, and giving a particular description of her.

Cam. I'll look at it presently; meantime [*sits himself and writes*] put it on my table in my cabinet.

Diana. I'll read it to you.

Hen. My uncle has not time to hear it now; you confuse him.

Diana. Not at all—(*reads*)—"Catarina is a very beautiful person—light hair—blue eyes"—

Cam. [*writing—stops, confused*] Diego Montez has blue eyes!

Diana. [*reading*] "La Catarina is—"

Hen. Do listen to your father; he speaks to you.

Cam. [*still writing*] You will take care to give particular orders that my carriage is got ready, the horses put to, and everything prepared to start the moment the contract is signed.

Diana. Yes, father.

Cam. [*rising, and folding up paper quickly*] To-morrow morning early, we must be in Lisbon.

Diana. Merciful heavens!—what a resemblance! Can it be possible?

Hen. Come, uncle, come; I will keep close at your side; we'll dispatch an alguazil with this, and give the other necessary orders; not a moment is to be lost.

Cam. You are right; every minute now is worth an hour.

[*CAM. exits hastily with HEN.*]

Diana. Yes, yes—it must be she!—here, here, in this house—we are not safe—no one is safe—help, help!

[*Re-enter HEN. hastily.*]

Hen. Silence! [*At this moment CAT. enters at back; she is not seen by DIANA or HEN.*]

Diana. You don't know that this Catarina, this terrible woman, is here in the house.

Hen. Nonsense!

Diana. But this paper proves it.

Hen. [*snatching it from her, and tearing it*] It can prove nothing now.

Diana. But you have destroyed the only means of recognizing her.

Hen. Say not one word of this further to a living soul. I conjure—I implore you.

Diana. How! perhaps you love her?

Hen. I do! I do!

Diana. [*hiding her face in her hands*] Ah! you do?

Hen. Dear Diana, aid me in saving her—in contriving her flight from hence. You will? Speak!

Diana. [*trembling*] Well, yes, cousin, on one condition.

Hen. Any, any you choose.

Diana. Nay, nay, 'tis not so much. 'Tis but that, this night, on being called on to sign the contract, 'tis you who will refuse.

Hen. I promise.

Diana. Before my father—before the notary?

Hen. Before the whole world! but 'tis you must save her.

Diana. How?

Hen. She must depart this instant; and her chaise is broken.

Diana. That matters little, as every conveyance will be stopped on the road except the Minister's.

Hen. Then she must take the Minister's.

Diana. My father's?

Hen. Yes! he charged you to give orders for its being in readiness. Do so; but mind, 'tis to be in waiting for her—for her! You understand the object. If you say *no*, I sign the contract, and marry you?

Diana. [*quickly*] All shall be ready, my dear cousin—all shall be just as you wish.

Hen. So far, so well! Where can she wait till it is ready?

Diana. There, in my father's private cabinet, where no person will dare enter. There is another door opens on a back staircase, leading down to the court-yard.

Hen. Excellent! Poor, poor girl! we shall save her, at all events.

Diana. Poor girl, say you? Poor girl! a woman so degraded—so lost to every feeling of her sex—and—

[*She sees CATARINA, and exits hastily. Enter CATARINA.*]

Hen. You here! as a spy! I did not expect this.

Cat. I have heard all.

Hen. Go into that cabinet. By a secret door you can reach a back staircase; descend into the court-yard, where a carriage will be in waiting for you—for you and your *intendant*. Well, do you not hear me? Catarina! Catarina! why do you not go? Why do you not answer me? [*tenderly*] What are you thinking of?

Cat. Of you! I was thinking whether it *really* was for me that you had refused to sign this contract.

[*Music and symphony to finale commence. CAM. heard without.*]

Hen. My uncle comes! Away, for your life! for your own sake, away! [*She remains motionless, looking at him*] Well, well, for my—for my sake!

Cat. [*with much emotion*] I go—I obey you.

Enter CAMPO MAYOR, LORDS, LADIES, CHORUS, &c.

FINALE TO ACT II.

Cam. Yes, this night I depart. I have ordered my carriage to Lisbon. I am called by affairs of the State; but ere I go, will execute this contract of marriage; and we must despatch it, or I shall be too late.

Seb. Sign the contract! Hope, farewell! Here comes the notary.

Diana. 'Tis false.

Cam. A most impudent lie.

Valets. She and her companion entered it together; She left her name as off she did fly.

Cam. I'm in a perfect flame!

Pray, what may be her name?

Valets. La Catarina!

All. [*in consternation*] La Catarina.

Cam. The chief of the bandits! Was ever such audacity!

Even with a price fixed on her head,

To take away my carriage, and drive off at her ease!

Valets. A large jewel case she carried.

Cam. Oh, great heaven, I freeze!

Hen. [*aside*] He is right in his suspicions.

Cam. Away! follow all! a price is on her head!

Five thousand crowns to him who takes her, alive or

dead

I surely shall go mad. What on earth can this portend?

That she dare

Here appear!

Now all must assistance lend.

[*Ensemble as before.*]

He's surely lost his senses, &c.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT THIRD.

A SUPERB SALOON IN THE QUEEN'S PALACE AT LISBON.

[At the back the Throne-Room, separated from the Saloon by a Colonnade, behind the columns of which are drawn curtains of rich velvet, forming the entrance.]

Enter CAMPO MAYOR, with DIANA on his arm, followed by HENRIQUE and SEBASTIAN.

Cam. [as he enters] Well, well, nephew, what is done can't well be undone; and, as it seems, that if you had not refused Diana, she would have refused you, I will say no more on this subject, except that, though I don't entirely disapprove of Don Sebastian's attentions, there are still many things to be considered. He is of a highly honorable family I know; but as yet he has little money—scarcely any rank in the army; and, in short, things must stand over for a while—you may bill and coo a little now and then; and I'll consider of it.

Diana. Thanks, my father.

Seb. I hear that the government finances are in a worse condition even than mine, Count.

Cam. Very true; there is not a coin in the treasury. The pay of the army is two years in arrear. The Crown Diamonds have never been recovered. Heaven know where it will all end;

Hen. By the bye, uncle, has anything been since heard of La Catarina?

Cam. Heard! her audacity is beyond comprehension! Figure to yourself now;—When I arrived in Lisbon, I found my carriage left in my own court-yard where, it appears, she had the impertinence to alight, and a polite message to the effect that she was the more obliged to me for the use of it, as it was much more comfortable than her own! She is still somewhere concealed in Lisbon, they say.

Enter a Gentleman USHER of the Chamber.

Usher. [announcing] His Excellency the Count Antonio los Morillas di Fuentes!

Enter REBEL, richly dressed; stars, orders, &c., on his breast.

[Exit DIANA, HEN., SEB., and CAM.]

Usher. Her Majesty will shortly receive the Count Fuentes in this apartment. [Exit.]

Rebol. [solus] The Queen coming here! Well, I mustn't be cast down, though I never did see a Queen or a King either, before. That handsome maid of honor of hers, whom she sent to personate my niece, Catarina, and watch over our honesty, while we were imitating the Crown Diamonds, was a high-sort of person; and as servants generally give themselves ten times the airs of their masters and mistresses, I dare

say there won't be so much difference, after all. 'Twas a noble thought—worthy of a Queen—and right well it has succeeded! The real jewels are by this time in the hands of three of the richest merchants in Europe, who have pledged themselves to profound secrecy, and promised to advance on them the necessary sums to rescue the government from its pecuniary difficulties; while the false jewels, which we have made and set, she will wear at the coronation, and nobody be one bit the wiser. Ah! some one comes. [Re-enter USHER.]

Usher. The Queen. [Exit.]

Enter the QUEEN attired in white; advances toward REBOL, who kneels, and without looking up, kisses the hem of her dress.

Queen. [with dignity] Rise, Rebelledo.

Rebol. [looks up and rises brusquely] Ah! only the maid of honor, after all. What a fool I was, not to take a look first; I should have kissed her hand, at least.

Queen. [smiling] I am the Queen, Rebelledo.

Rebol. The Queen! [kneels again.]

Queen. La Catarina—thy niece.

Rebol. Ah, Madam, it is too much honor for the family; we never deserved it.

Queen. You have served me with zeal, fidelity, and discretion; this has more than expiated your former faults,

Rebol. Well, they were whoppers, certainly; here, madam, is an exact list of your Majesty's treasures; all the diamonds you committed to my care have been successfully counterfeited—the false re-set in your crown, and the real placed in the hands of merchants, whose acknowledgments I now present you, with authority to draw on them for whatever sums you may require, to the amount of six million dollars.

[Gives papers.]

Queen. Thanks, Rebelledo. Retire now; we shall shortly meet again.

Rebol. I wait your Majesty's pleasure. [Exit.]

Queen. [solus] The time at last is come, then, when I must choose a partner of my throne and heart. My heart! ah! my sage counsellors little know of the heart of Catarina!

[Enter CAMPO MAYOR.]

Queen. Who is there?

Cam. I have the honor to bring to your Majesty the decision of the Council of Regency on the subject of your marriage.

Queen. 'Tis well! speak!

Cam. The choice of the Council has been fixed on the young Prince Ferdinand, of Spain; and you are aware that

before your majesty's coronation, it is necessary that choice should have your formal and written approval.

Queen. I know it. [*sits at table and writes*] I wish myself to propose a slight condition.

Cam. With most profound pleasure.

Queen. [*giving him paper which she has written*] There it is!

Cam. [*reads*] "The Council of Regency leave the Queen absolute mistress and sole arbiter in her choice of a husband." [*aside*] What is to become of my engagement with the Court of Spain! [*to her, embarrassed*] Certainly, gracious Sovereign—we—that is, I and my colleagues, would be most happy—but the will of your royal father—above all, the laws and usages of the kingdom.

Queen. If they are put in force, I will to-morrow confiscate all the estates of your colleagues, through whose neglect the Crown Diamonds have been lost or stolen.

Cam. [*quickly*] And your Majesty will do very right indeed; these treasures were left in Lisbon, confided to their especial care, in virtue of their office; and they are, and must be responsible; but I, absent as I was on your service—I can't be considered culpable.

Queen. Not culpable! Have you not received in your own chateau, la Catarina?

Cam. [*aside*] Who in the name of all the devils told her that? [*to her*] I was not aware of it.

Queen. Did you not arrange her departure? did she not go away in your carriage?

Cam. I was not aware of it.

Queen. Your daughter and nephew, at all events, were in the plot! and I here give you an order, under my own hand, for their immediate arrest.

Cam. [*while she is writing*] My nephew! that is possible I don't say no; especially when I recollect—hem—the Brazilian—[*looking at the ring which she has on her finger. The QUEEN gives him the order*] But my daughter, gracious madam—he had nothing to do with the affair. I'll answer for her with my life, if necessary. Ah, she is here.

Queen. [*aside—agitated*] Oh, heaven! Diana here!

[*Enter DIANA.*]

Cam. [*taking DIANA's hand*] The Duchess de Pombal had undertaken to present her to your majesty; but I will now have the honor of doing so myself.

Queen. [*aside*] How shall I act? If she recognizes me, all is lost.

[*She sits at the table and writes.*]

DUETT.

For thee and thy father
Thou yet hope may's cherish,
Silence still maintain;
And thus my favor gain.

[*Aside.*] He is wise and sage
But fears my rage. [*retain.*]
Courage, courage: and I my advantage may

Diana. For me and my father
I yet hope will cherish,
I silence will maintain
And thus my point shall gain.
In her face a smile I see
No ill it bodes to him or me;
Ah, we shall once more happy be,
And honor still retain.

Cam. What angry glances!
I shiver with terror!
Her efforts much I fear are vain.
On that face a frown I see,
No good it bodes to her or me,
And we shall no doubt ruined be,
And in disgrace remain.

Queen. [*to CAM.*] Whatever reasons you may have for thus my wish gainsaying

As your Sovereign I insist—as your Queen I require,
That you and your colleagues each and all sign this paper—
That is—if pardon you desire.

Cam. [*taking a paper*] We will act as you require.

Queen. [*aside to DIANA*] You—if you my favor seek,
Be most cautious—not a word
To your father or cousin dare to speak.

Diana. Not to my cousin?

Queen. No, not to him!
And on these terms I will award
Your hand unto young Don Sebastian,
And name him Colonel of my Guard!
But be careful, not a word.

Diana. Ever from me shall be heard,
Reprise d'Ensemble.
For thee and thy father, &c.

[*End of trio, CAM. Exits.*]

Queen. [*as if about to go—to DIANA, Speaking*] Forget not my commands and caution.

Diana. [*curtsies*] I shall not, madame [*sees HEN.*] Powers of mercy!

Enter DON HENRIQUE hastily—he sees the QUEEN, who is about to leave the apartment, and who starts back on seeing him.

Hen. [*crossing rapidly to her*] Can I believe my eyes!—unhappy girl!—you here, in the palace—in the private apartments of the Queen!

Diana. [*interrupting him*] My dear cousin—

Queen. [*aside to her*] Silence!

Hen. But I might have suspected it; wherefore your accomplice is, you are sure not to be far off—you can't get on without each other.

Diana. [*affrighted*] Dare you speak thus?

Hen. Oh, she understands me!

Queen. [*with dignity*] Senhor!

Hen. Yes—that imposing air becomes you well!

Diana. What can you be thinking of?

Hen. I cannot live without her! If there be no other means by which I can make her mine—I've decided—I've resolved I'll marry her.

Diana. [*sinking on the fanteuil*] You—gracious Heavens!

Hen. [*to DIANA*] Cousin, dear cousin, I know what you feel! I can conceive your anger, your indignation; but be satisfied, Diana, I will never disgrace my name or my friends—no, we will fly—fly to some far distant clime; and for my fortune, dear girl, little will suffice for our honest wants—the rest I leave to you and Sebastian.

Queen. [*with emotion*] Indeed!

Hen. Yes, to all the good this world can give me, I prefer the happiness—no, the infamy of being thine. [*He weeps.*]

Diana. Ah! this is too much.

Queen. [aside to her] Silence!)To HEN.(Adieu!

Hen. On condition that we meet again.

Queen. [retreating] I promise that we shall.

Hen. When?

Queen. To-day.

Hen. Where?

Queen. Here, on this spot. [Ezcut.

Hen. Here, said she? Ah! 'tis impossible! She has again deceived me! but for greater certainty I'll—

Diana. [restraining him] What would you do?

Hen. Follow and detain her.

Diana. And be lost for ever.

Hen. No matter! Ah! my uncle.

Enter CAMPO MAYOR, SEBASTIAN, and Soldiers.

Cam. [to SEB.] Arrest this gentleman. [Indicating

HEN.

Seb. What him, my friend?

Cam. [to HEN.] Your sword, senhor, your sword—

Hen. By what right, uncle?

Cam. By order of her majesty, the Queen, who has given me express commands to take charge of your person.

Hen. [to SEB. giving his sword] Here, my friend. But there must be some mistake.

Cam. No, senhor; I never made a mistake in my life.

Seb. In Heaven's name, what has he done?

Hen. Of what am I accused?

Cam. The crime of treason.

Diana. [aside] There—I was sure it would be so.

Cam. Divers outrages against the Queen.

Hen. The Queen—I never saw the Queen in my life.

Diana. [aside] He thinks so, poor fellow,

Cam. And more than that—with being an accomplice of that most infamous, wicked, horrible, disgraceful woman—

Diana [quickly] Oh, father, be silent.

Cam. [in a loud voice] Why should I be silent? I say again, of that infamous, wicked, horrible, disgraceful woman, Catarina!

Hen. Merciful Heaven!

Cam. You can't deny this, for my daughter knows all about it; and so do I—[looking at ring on his finger]—that is to say—no; no—we don't—we know nothing about it—and—[in a low voice to HEN.]—I must beg of you, nephew, not to compromise us in the matter when you are confronted with her, which will be very shortly.

Hen. Very shortly!

Cam. Yes, we are on her track: she has had the impudence to come here—absolutely into the Queen's own palace, and ere this is no doubt arrested.

Hen. Ah! this I feared must happen. But I will throw myself at the feet of the Queen and ask for mercy; not for myself, but for her, poor lost one!

[March heard behind the scenes.

Cam. Hark, hark! the Queen is repairing to the throne-room—[looking out of the window.] Yes, there is her carriage.

FINALE.

Diana. Hark, hark! the martial music gladly sounding,
Those trumpets shrill and clear,
Those cries of joy we hear,
On high the royal standard proudly floating.
Proclaim the Queen is near.

Hen. Captive thus—I no effort now can make to save her.

Seb. Her majesty, no doubt, will soon grant your pardon;
But my orders are strict,
You can't stay longer here!
Sweet saint whom I adore—
Her safety now watch o'er,
For her life, gladly mine

Hen.

I would resign.

Diana. Soon fortune may restore
Her whom you thus adore;
Do not thus hope resign.

She may be thine!

Seb. Soon fortune may restore
You to your friends once more;
Do not all hope resign,
Nor thus repine.

Hen. Oh! thou sweet saint, who sit'st above—
Who see'st my fear, and know'st my love,
Catarina, oh, save, and gladly

Will I life resign, &c., &c.

Seb., Diana & Cam. The Queen approaches—she is near;
You can (must) remain no longer here;
Our sovereign's will we must obey;

Away! away! away!

[Ezcut HEN., CAM., DIANA, and SEB. The curtains are drawn back, and discover the QUEEN seated on her throne, with a sceptre in her hand, and a crown of resplendent diamonds on her head, supported by CAM. and REBOL., Members of the Regency, Officers, &c.

Chorus.

Long live the Queen! long may she reign!

Long live our youthful Sovereign,

Who by her grace and beauty

Doth every heart enchain;

Long live our youthful Sovereign,

Her rights we will maintain!

Recitative.

Queen. [on the throne] My people, and ye nobles all. The Council of Regency, in transferring to me the sceptre of your kings, invite me now to choose a partner for my throne! But I've been taught the noblest attribute of the power that to rulers is given, is justice; and I first will render that to all. [She descends from the throne, and comes forward—to CAM.] Now, straight conduct your nephew before us.

Cam. Madame, no longer is he my relation. So great hath been his crime—all ties of blood I discard. DON HENRIQUE enters, guarded by SEBASTIAN and Soldiers.

Hen. [bowing] Mercy, most gracious sovereign! Mercy, not for myself, but for Catari—[looks in her face]—Heaven!

Seb. How now!

Diana. Keep silence both. I pray.

SOLO—QUEEN.

Now by my people's voice,

I'm left a husband's choice,

Queen of this noble land,

Mistress of my hand;

My thanks to one and all are due,

My loyal friends, my subjects true.

And since then all agree,

My choice shall be free.

Here, here your Prince doth stand.

[Placing her hand in that of HEN.

Chorus. (as before) Long live the Queen, &c. [The Queen during this chorus has signed to REBOL. who apparently explains all to HEN.]

Queen. [in a low voice to HEN.] Well, Catarina predicted that you would marry her at last.

Hen. I—I know not what to say; my feelings overpower me. Believe in my devotion, my affection, my truth!

Queen. I do, I do! Nothing but these [indicating diamonds] ARE FALSE.

Chorus. (as before) Long live the Queen, &c.

THE END.



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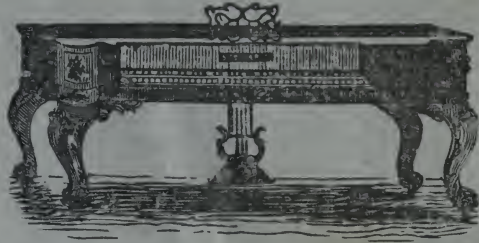
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