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1914

GALLANT
CASSIAN

ARTHUR
SCHNITZLER

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GALLANT CASSIAN

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GALLANT CASSIAN

A PUPPET-PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

*Translated from the third edition of the original
by Adam L. Gowans*

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1914



2101
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CHARACTERS

- MARTIN ^{max}
- SOPHY (145)
- CASSIAN
- A VALET

Similar relationships

As 19 - Swiss, 29 - 24 - 10th

Relationship - very is involved, so
have other women

631137



A garret-room in the style of the end of the seventeenth century. Small German town. Outlook through the window upon roofs and towers and beyond upon a hilly landscape, over which flows the ruddy glow of the evening sun.

The room in some disorder. An open trunk. An open, half-emptied wardrobe. Linen and articles of clothing lie about on chairs. Martin is engaged in packing a travelling-bag. Sophy beside him.

Martin

Don't cry, child,—don't cry.

Sophy

Why, I am quite quiet.

Martin

[*Without turning round.*] I hear by your breathing that you are crying.

Sophy

Am I to help you?

Martin

Yes, you might do that. Look, in the wardrobe there — right on the top — there are some handkerchiefs lying.

Sophy

[*Goes there.*] New ones . . . silk ones . . .

Martin

Give them to me. Surely you don't object to my taking new silk handkerchiefs with me on my journey?

Sophy

And the magnificent lace ruff! . . . So you bought it from the Persian merchant after all.

Martin

Certainly. Or did you want your sweetheart to be dressed like a workman on his travels? . . . Come, hand the ruff over to me. [*Sophy brings it to him slowly.—He points to the ruff.*] Is this not a tear again?

Sophy

[*Artlessly.*] Forgive me.

Martin

Well, well . . . [*Good-humouredly; he touches the ruff lightly with his lips.*] Now you see quite well that I am not angry with you. But *do* be calm, once and for all. Reconcile yourself to it, child. [*Busily working.*] It's not for ever, you know.

Sophy

I hope not, indeed.

Martin

Well then.

Sophy

But how long? . . .

Martin

How long? Do you want to make me a liar against my will, child? I don't know how long.

Sophy

March is at an end.

Martin

I know.

Sophy

The violets were in bloom in the meadow outside the town-wall, when we were walking there the other day.

Martin

What of that?

Sophy

Will you be back again when the elder-tree is in bloom?

Martin

Perhaps sooner . . . perhaps also a little later . . . Perhaps, after all, only when the cherries are ripe—how do I know? In any case I will come back, that is if I am still alive—and I hope I shall be.

Sophy

[*Anxiously.*] If you let them enlist you, Martin . . .

Martin

Enlist?... I have no intention of doing that. I have no desire to knock about here, there and everywhere. That is not in my line.

Sophy

When once you are away! I have seen only too well how they are able to entice people, with cunning and trickery!—And your cousin Cassian, of whom you tell me so much, he is a soldier too, you know.

Martin

Gallant Cassian—yes, it's a different matter with him. When he was only thirteen years old, he killed two robbers... Oh, a human life is of no more value to him than the existence of a midge. He's a rare fellow!

Sophy

I should very much like to meet him.

Martin

Cassian!... He's a hero! I wager, sooner or later he is made colonel, general... field-marshal... Why, if I were Cassian, I should have conquered a dukedom long ago. Indeed, we'll hear something of the sort soon, that's certain... To be sure, Gallant Cassian!—But I am a peaceful fellow and play my flute.

Sophy

And if they offer you a handsome sum as earnest-money?

Martin

Earnest-money? . . . Am I a beggar?

Sophy

Martin, if you go on as you are doing, there will soon not be much left of the ducats you won.

Martin

I shouldn't get very far with the thousand ducats. The miserable thousand ducats that I won from the students here! The beggar-folk here in the town!

Sophy

Do you know what they say?

Martin

I can well imagine.

Sophy

That you are in league with the Devil.

Martin

Brains and good luck are devilry to them. They must live out their astonishment! [*Goes back and forward, performs his toilet.*]

Sophy

O Martin, Martin!

Martin

What do you want?

Sophy

Stay at home, stay at home! I have a presentiment that you will not remain true to me!

Martin

[*Taken aback.*] Did I ever give you any occasion?

Sophy

After all, what do I know about you? It was only last autumn that you came to our town, and on Christmas Day you kissed me for the first time.

Martin

Well, what next? You've learned a lot of things since then!—

Sophy

Was it your first kiss? As it was my first kiss?

Martin

That I can swear to you.

Sophy

Martin!... And did you kiss none of the beautiful women who danced the ballet here in the autumn?

Martin

Not one.

Sophy

Were you not in the theatre every evening? Did you not wait late at night, till they went home — at the little door on the Town-hall Square?

Martin

I knew none of them, I spoke to none of them.

Sophy

And the flower that you scrambled for?

Martin

Enough of these child's tales.

Sophy

[*More insistently.*] What was she called, the one who threw you the flowers?

Martin

I don't remember.

Sophy

She danced the captive maid of Athens that evening.

Martin

That may well be.

Sophy

How plainly I see her before me now! Like quivering snakes in the snow her black locks clustered over her shoulders. All that saw her were mad with delight. And the Hereditary Prince threw red roses down to her on the stage... Oh, I remember it still! And later on hundreds waited in the street; and when she came, with the bouquet in her hand, they all hurraed aloud, and she smiled, and looked round her, and scattered flowers among the crowd... And

you, yes, you... you! you stooped down and ran after one and kept it—well I saw it!—in your bosom.

Martin

[*Puts his hand involuntarily to his breast. He throws a hasty glance at Sophy, to see if she has seen.*] Well, what of that? She is gone, I have heard nothing more of her.

Sophy

But it makes me uneasy, Martin, to think that you could ever have forgotten and betrayed me for the sake of a woman like that.

Martin

Absurd nonsense!...

Sophy

Remember, Martin, that those who travel about the world without a home are all false... however well they may dance or sing. And remember, that it would be a misfortune for you as well, Martin, if you forgot me!

Martin

[*Impatiently.*] How late is it now?

Sophy

The bell is ringing for vespers, Martin.

Martin

Three hours still!... Three long hours, till the mail-coach leaves.

Sophy

Long?... long?...

Martin

Have I hurt you?

Sophy

[*Bursting out.*] Why... why are you going away?

Martin

How much oftener will you ask that foolish question?

Because something drives me away... The rushing blood in me... the blossoming spring outside... Something new I want to see—men—cities!... The ceilings here worry me—the walls shut me in... no song will pass my lips any longer... [*Goes back and forward; sees Sophy's uneasy gaze directed upon him.*] There's something so stupid about the last hour before departure!... Ought you not to go home, Sophy?—it is getting late.

Sophy

If you wish, Martin, I'll go away at once.

Martin

Not because I want you to, but your mother...

Sophy

I was to be allowed to stay out longer to-day. I wanted to accompany you as far as the post-house.

Martin

Is that so?... Very good, then. In that case we might have supper together.

B

Sophy

Certainly.

Martin

Let us go.

Sophy

Where?

Martin

I think to the river, as we did the other day, — to the Golden Swan Inn.

Sophy

There — ? . . .

Martin

Do you not wish to?

Sophy

I should think not! . . . The soldiers there and students, that stare so rudely . . .

Martin

Oh, is that why? That won't trouble us much.

Sophy

Were you not within an ace of falling on one another with your swords the other day?

Martin

It's not my fault. I won't allow any one to look at you in an unseemly manner.

Sophy

Would it not be cosier to stay at home?

Martin

It would be cosy, certainly. But there is nothing to eat here. Mrs. Bridget left this afternoon, and my valet will only come when it is time to carry the bag to the coach.

Sophy

I shall fetch something myself.

Martin

Will you?

Sophy

A little cold meat, pastry, oranges and dates — will that suit you?

Martin

You're a good child! What will you find to do now all the evenings that I am away?

Sophy

Think of you... what else could I do! — [*Sorrowful embrace. It has become somewhat dark. Heavy steps on the stair. — Both look up. Cassian enters, in fantastic uniform.*]

Cassian

[*Very loudly and violently.*] Is this the right place?

Martin

Cousin Cassian!

Cassian

Yes, it is I... Where does that voice come from?... It is my cousin Martin's voice, that

reaches me out of the darkness... Greeting to you, cousin Martin!... And good evening to the beautiful young lady.

Martin

No matter how dark it may be, he sees at once if a young lady is beautiful.

Cassian

More shrewdness than sharp eyes... If it had been old Aunt Cordula, you would have lit the lamp long ago.

Martin

Light the lamp, Sophy, light the lamp! That you may behold the playmate of my youth, my father's brother's son, Gallant Cassian, face to face! [*Sophy has approached Cassian and is looking at him. They gaze into each other's eyes. Then only does she light the lamp.*]

Martin

Where do you come from, Cassian?... whither are you bound?... how long are you staying?... what brings you here?

Cassian

Too many questions for one who is hungry, thirsty and tired.

Martin

In that case you must provide for three, Sophy. Bestir yourself a little—you know we have not much time... Cold meat, pastry, oranges, and dates—as you said.

Cassian

And did you say nothing of wine, madam? I should be sorry if that were so.

Sophy

I shall bring everything you wish.

Martin

Be back again soon!

Sophy

Good-bye for the present.

Cassian

[*Stretches himself on the bed.*] Excellent! Oh, one could rest here for four-and-twenty hours with pleasure!

Martin

If you like, you need not get up again. I am going on a journey.

Cassian

That's very fortunate. Then you will perhaps resign your room to me also for a night?

Martin

As long as you please.

Cassian

Perhaps the young lady too, who is fetching supper for us?

Martin

There ceases my right to dispose and yours to ask.

Cassian

Oho! a year ago you would not have found so ready an answer.

Martin

And a year hence in place of answering at all I would perhaps have...

Cassian

Run me through with your sword. Let me rather say it myself, otherwise the result might be unfortunate. And that would be stupid, for I wish to remain good friends with you. Give me your hand.

Martin

You are welcome.

Cassian

Let me have a look at you. You have changed. Your shy, demure manner is gone... the town has formed you, it seems. Do you still go to church?

Martin

Oh, Cassian, life itself has heaven and hell enough!... What need have I of churches and priests?

Cassian

Splendid! splendid!... What has come over you? Have you stolen the crown from the Shah of Persia's dressing-table?... do you drive away to-morrow in a gilded carriage with six white horses to Farther India?... have you poisoned the archbishop of Bamberg, and are they on

your track?...are you travelling to Africa to hunt lions?...has the Sultan invited you into his harem?...or are you, in short, the fellow who not long ago, on the high road between Worms and Mayence, attacked the coach in which the beautiful Countess of Wespich and her beautiful daughter were sitting?...was it you, in short, who hanged the coachman on a tree and got the two ladies with children, that came into the world the day before yesterday at the same hour?

Martin

None of all these things.

Cassian

Ah—I have guessed: the girl who is fetching us dates and oranges is a princess in disguise.

Martin

She has nothing whatever to do with the matter!

Cassian

Deuce take it, there exists a person who is able to make me, Cassian, curious...and that person is my little cousin Martin!

Martin

Listen then!... [*He takes a flower out of his doublet.*] That flower is from a woman to whom I have never once spoken, and whom I love like a madman. She was dancing here in the town in the autumn—she is called Eleonora Lambriani... [*He staggers.*]

Cassian

What is the matter with you?

Martin

I turn giddy, whenever I pronounce her name.

Cassian

Eleonora Lambriani?... The mistress of the Duke of Altenburg?

Martin

Once on a time!

Cassian

She who danced at night in the park of the chateau of Fontainebleau before the King of France and his officers without a veil—?

Martin

He's a blockhead, that does not understand that! She was intoxicated by her own beauty.

Cassian

She who threw the Count of Leigang out of the window into the courtyard, so that the dogs fell upon him and tore off one of his ears—?

Martin

It was only one storey high, and he has kept his other ear...

Cassian

She who once swore that for ninety-nine nights she would make a different lover happy each night, none of whom was to be anything less

than a prince — who kept her oath and on the hundredth night fetched an Italian organ-grinder with his hurdy-gurdy into her bedchamber?

Martin

Yes, it is she, it is she! The miserable woman, the most splendid, most beautiful of women! And I will — I must have her! And then die!

Cassian

You will? Hum... It may happen that you get her for a groschen; — but it is also possible that she may ask ten thousand ducats for a kiss on her finger-tips. It is possible that she may tear her shift in twain at your first look of desire — but it may also happen that she sends you to fight against a thousand Turks before she permits you to burst open the buckle on her shoe.

Martin

I am ready:

Cassian

Do you know where she is staying at the present moment?

Martin

In Homburg. She is dancing there at the festivities that are taking place on the occasion of the meeting of the monarchs. And I shall be there to-morrow morning.

Cassian

Where have you buried your treasures?

Martin

They are still in the pockets of others to-day.
But to-morrow before evening I shall be rich.

Cassian

How will you manage that?

Martin

Are you not aware that in Homburg at the celebrations all the gamblers of Europe congregate?... Whoever ventures to play with me, his riches are mine. A day is long when one has good luck. And in the evening I shall betake myself to the theatre, take a seat in the proscenium, see Eleonora dance, and afterwards wait before her door, lay my riches, my heart, and my life at her feet.

Cassian

And if she will have nothing to do with you?

Martin

At midnight I shall be a corpse.

Cassian

Your fancy flags too soon. At one o'clock in the morning I shall dance a minuet with her upon your grave and the Emperor of China shall watch us from a balloon.

Martin

You are right to make fun of me, Cassian, for you know only my hopes and wishes, but not my power and art. You do not know that I *must* win...

Cassian

Must?

Martin

No matter how the dice fall—they fall for me.

Cassian

You are sure of that?

Martin

As sure—as of my eyes and my hand.

Cassian

Have you tested it?

Martin

Of course. At first I played with myself. When I was sure of my ground I invited friends, students like myself; one brought the other, all lost, and to-day all the money of the town is in my pockets. It is not very much, to be sure, a thousand ducats, but it is enough for outfit, journey, and the first stake.

Cassian

I am itching to try... Are you quite sure of your ground?

Martin

Try and see, if you don't believe me! Here are dice-boxes and dice; let us play.

Cassian

Splendid. [*Takes the dice-box in his hand.*] But what about the beautiful young lady who is fetching supper for us?

Martin

Poor child!—You know, of course, Cassian, that, when I parted from you in the autumn and you rejoined your regiment and I entered the University, I was an innocent boy, I had never yet kissed a girl's lips, I had sworn love to none. Could I venture to approach Eleonora thus?... I did not dare! I learned to kiss in Sophy's arms, to her I swore the oaths that girls love to hear. I played the ardent lover, the jealous lover, the tender lover, and I know how to do as I like with a woman. There is a last experiment still to be made, that I may feel myself victorious and strong enough not to tremble before the adored one. Ere I leave the city, I shall tell her that I shall never see her again; and you must be witness how she will rush to that window to throw herself out.

Cassian

[*Shaking the dice.*] Your stake, Cousin Martin!
—What? only a ducat?

Martin

That is how I begin.

Cassian

[*Throws.*] Three.

Martin

[*Throws.*] Four.

Cassian

That was nothing very wonderful.

Martin

No more than I needed.

Ten. Cassian

Eleven. Martin

Twelve... Ha! you won't win this time!

Twelve. Martin

The deuce!— Eleven!

Twelve.— Come on!

Cassian
Come on? I am done. I haven't a single heller left in my pocket. [*Sophy enters.*]

Cassian
My dear madam, you see before you a man who is as poor at this moment as a church mouse...

Martin
I won't have you say that... Here, my friend, there is a ducat. I lend it to you willingly.

Cassian
[*Sticks it in his vest-pocket.*] One never knows...

Sophy
[*Lays the table, pours out wine.*] Is it true, then, that he has a system with which he must win without fail?

Cassian

It seems so... Thank you. Your health, young lady... Your health, Cousin Martin... Who would have foretold to me yesterday, that I would be sitting to-day in a friend's house at a table with the cloth laid?... Why, what a pretty cap you have on, madam!

Martin

Upon my word, it is pretty. You did not have it on when you went away to fetch the supper.

Sophy

I live so near, you see. I ran up to my room for a moment—one must get oneself up a little smartly, when one's sweetheart has such a distinguished visitor.

Martin

She knows what's the proper thing, doesn't she?

Cassian

And what tastes good, not less. I swear that the truffle-pie, that I ate for breakfast at the Duke of Andalusia's, was wretchedly poor fare to this!

Martin

That is hardly possible... To tell the truth, it is a very modest inn the pie comes from, and the cook has probably never been out of the town... is that not so, Sophy?

Sophy

You are wrong, Martin. Seeing I was home in any case, I just ran across the market-place

to the Pilgrim-Camel Inn — they have a cook there now, whom the Grand Duke of Parma drove out of the country, because he cooked so well that the princess wanted to marry him by hook or by crook.

Cassian

Long live the Grand Duke, the Princess, and the Pilgrim-Camel...and you, madam! [*They drink.*]

Cassian

Delicious!... I did not think that the wine-shops here were provided with such excellent wine.

Martin

There is no want of that in the town. And at the same time they are as cheap here as anywhere. Thirteen groschen a bottle — is that not so, Sophy?

Sophy

No, Martin. That is the best wine that they have in the Pilgrim-Camel. It costs a ducat a bottle.

Martin

The deuce! Did they trust you on the strength of your face?

Sophy

No. I left the gold bracelet in pledge that you gave me the other day... Was I not right, seeing we have such a distinguished visitor...?

Cassian

My thirst is good, the wine is better—but your kindness, madam, is better than thirst and wine. Permit me to kiss your hand, madam.

Sophy

Don't call me "madam," please—you'll make me ashamed. My mother is a poor widow, and my father was in his lifetime a town blacksmith.

Cassian

Tell that to some one who understands less of the world and of womankind... Your father was no blacksmith.

Sophy

I assure you, captain...my mother is an honest woman.

Cassian

We do not mean to doubt the fact, madam, that your mother has been virtuous to the best of her knowledge; but swear will I, that, while she bore you beneath her heart, she must have beheld the heathen goddess Venus in person, who may perhaps have appeared to her in a dream. Such a thing happens to the most honourable of women; I myself was invited to the dream of a woman of rank to whom a Moorish prince appeared, and who brought into the world a baby-girl as black as a raven! [*Sound of bells.*]

Martin

[*Impatiently.*] Supper! Time presses!... What? nothing more here? Why, Sophy, you have

forgotten something after all, in spite of all your thoughtfulness!

Sophy

Oh, no! [*She brings an epergne with fruit.*]

Cassian

Splendid!... They smell as fresh as if they had just been plucked from the tree.

Martin

How did you get such magnificent fruit?... How has such splendid fruit come to this town?

Sophy

It was an accident. I saw the epergne exhibited in Silvio Renatti's shop-window.

Cassian

It's beautiful enough to adorn a lord's table.

Sophy

And that is what it was intended for. The Burgomaster receives the Prince of Dessau to-day, who is halting here on his journey to the camp...

Martin

Well?... am I the Burgomaster?... is this the Prince?...

Sophy

No, he is not.

Martin

Or have I given you more ornaments than I remember, that you were in a position to pay for this epergne?

Sophy

Oh, no. I paid this reckoning in a different way.

Martin

In what way, if I may be permitted to ask?—

Sophy

The young Italian, who served in the shop, asked a kiss for it...

Martin

And you paid in that way?

Sophy

Was I not right, since we have such a distinguished visitor?

Cassian

You have acted in an excessively noble and hospitable manner, madam. But I swear that even if this fruit has just come from warm Sicily, even if he who plucked it perished from sunstroke, even if he who brought it to Germany died of homesickness, even if Burgomaster and Prince turn mad with grief that they must do without such a dessert,—the insolent Italian has accepted payment a thousand times too high,

and he shall pay me for it, before I leave the town... But now we must enjoy our repast. [*They eat. Sophy gazes at Cassian. Martin watches her. — Silence. Then*]

Martin

[*To Cassian.*] And where, by the way, have you come from?

Cassian

Where from?... Shall I say in a few words or tell you the whole story?

Martin

In a few words, if you can.

Cassian

It is not so easy to relate. I come from a battle, in which two horses were killed under me and three caps shot from my head. In addition to that, I come from captivity, in which several brave comrades were starved to death and eaten by rats. Also from the place of execution, where seven were shot at my side and I was thrown for dead into a ditch along with them, although all the balls had whistled past me. Also from the clutches of a vulture that took me for carrion, like the rest who were preparing to rot at my side, and that let me fall upon the ground from the height of a mountain—fortunately upon a haystack. Also from a wood, where some merchants took me for a ghost and left behind them in their terror all sorts of good clothes and ready money. Also from a very merry house, where Croatian, Circassian

and Spanish ladies flew at one another with their daggers because of me, and their gallants tried to kill me, . . . so that I fled up the chimney on to the roof and jumped down five storeys, . . . in a word: I come from so many adventures, that another would have had more trouble to invent them than it has given me to undergo them.

Sophy

Splendid!

Martin

Marvellous! . . . And you have escaped out of these thousand dangers — why, you were lucky! — without wounds?

Cassian

I would say that, if I were a boaster; but, as I am not, — look!

Sophy

I see nothing.

Cassian

What, madam, you do not see that the nail on my little finger is broken? [*He drinks. Sophy gazes at him in astonishment.*]

Martin

[*In growing annoyance.*] We should know now where you come from, . . . but where are you going?

Cassian

As soon as I have recovered from my injury, I shall rejoin my regiment.

Sophy

Oh, I wish you would take me with you!

Martin

Are you mad, Sophy?

Sophy

What am I to do here now? I'm sure a smart *vivandière* is well received everywhere in time of war.

Cassian

Your hand, madam,—shake hands over it, the thing is settled!

Martin

What have you mixed in her wine, Cassian?

Cassian

What does it matter to you what the young lady does, when you yourself are going away on a journey?

Martin

I advise you against it, Sophy,—I advise you against it. Think of your mother!

Sophy

Is your regiment stationed far from here?

Cassian

I should say it will be a journey of a day and a night, madam.

Martin

The deuce! The deuce!

Cassian

What is the matter?

Martin

I am impatient to know what is keeping my valet.
I shall miss the coach!

Cassian

Do you find the time long?—Come, cousin, I
don't like idle quarter-hours either... Eh, let's
have another little game!

Martin

What, with you?... You forget that you haven't
a heller left.

Cassian

Oho! a rich cousin has lent me a ducat with
which I may surely be allowed to do what I
please.

Martin

On my soul, you may. And it will be a pleasure
to me to take it from you, and your doublet,
hose, sword and shirt into the bargain.

Sophy

Martin, what are you thinking of, to treat your
guest so shabbily?

Cassian

Give me the dice!

Martin

A wretched stake,—a miserable stake!—I throw.
—Twelve! Surely the joke is at an end now.

Cassian

Why, I can do that too!—Twelve!

Martin

Ten.

Cassian

Eleven.

Martin

Two.

Cassian

Three. — All that?

Martin

You see it. Perhaps you are afraid? — Four.

Cassian

Five.

Martin

Eleven!—The luck is going to turn.

Cassian

Twelve.

Martin

Come on!

Cassian

That won't be enough now...

Martin

Don't be afraid!... Here is my travelling-bag well packed; there is more in it than you imagine! [*They throw.*] Eleven!

Cassian

Twelve! And it belongs to me.

Martin

Here is—my wardrobe!... here is my bed... my bedding... You will be able to pay yourself! Eleven.

Cassian

That will I... Twelve!... I win! And now enough.

Martin

Enough?... One more... My valet will be here immediately... one more, it can't go on like this!

Cassian

What have you left to stake?

Martin

Everything I have on my person, deuce take it!... and my valet... and my place in the coach...

Cassian

It is not enough.

Martin

[*Indicating Sophy.*] And her as well!

Sophy

Martin!... I give myself away myself. [*She sits in Cassian's lap and embraces him.*]

Martin

Scoundrel! Scoundrel! what have you mixed in her wine?... Do you not hear? I said "Scoundrel"!

Cassian

[*Rises.*] Oh, is that what you mean!

Martin

Come on! come on!

Cassian

Come, we'll settle matters outside the gate!

Sophy

For Heaven's sake! Cassian! Cassian!

Martin

I have no time to go outside the gate. There is room enough here.

Cassian

As you please, cousin.

Sophy

Cassian, am I to lose you again so soon!
[*Cassian laughs.*]

Martin

This is no time for laughing — come on! come on!
[*They fight.*]

GALLANT CASSIAN

Cassian

Not bad! You did that well... seven or eight years more, and you would be a dangerous opponent — if not for me. [*Runs him through the heart.*]

Martin

[*Sinks to the ground.*] Alas! alas!

Sophy

[*Rushing over to Cassian.*] And are you not hurt?

Cassian

I am sorry, cousin Martin...

The Valet

[*Comes.*] Here I am, master.

Cassian

Your master stands here. Take the bag... So!...

Martin

My eye grows dim!...

Cassian

What was it you said, cousin Martin?...

Martin

... the shadows of death...

Cassian

What was her name?... Eleonora Lambriani...
It would be worth while, to take one more day's leave...

Sophy

Eleonora Lambriani — What is that? The maid of Athens! that was her name! —

Martin

Yes, wretch, wretch! Just to let you know!... Eleonora... here is the flower... I have kept it... it is the same... take it, cousin Cassian... carry it to her... I send her my greeting...

Cassian

By Heaven, I will give her your message and a number of others as well, which will afford her still more amusement!

Sophy

What, you leave me for Eleonora Lambriani?

Cassian

I cannot deny it. But not before to-morrow morning. —

Sophy

Alas! .. [*She hastens to the window and throws herself down.*]

Martin

[*Tries to follow her, falls to the ground.*] Sophy!
Sophy! [*Cassian throws himself out of the window after her.*]

Martin

[*To the valet.*] Alas! Alas! I cannot move. Look out after them!

The Valet

[*At the window.*] A very remarkable thing has happened. The leaping gentleman has caught the leaping lady in the air and both have alighted safely on the ground...

Cassian

[*Bellowing from below.*] Hi! are you coming soon? Valet! The travelling-bag! quick! I don't want to miss the coach! And I must first give an insolent Italian a thrust between the ribs.

The Valet

[*Calls down.*] Coming, sir!

Martin

Give me the flute, before you go... Thank you...
Wait!... On the way to the coach pull the bell at number seventeen on the cross-road.

The Valet

Number seventeen...

Martin

My strength fails... Tell them to come at midnight for my corpse. Do you hear?

The Valet

At midnight. I shall give the order, sir. [*Exit.*]

Martin

[*Plays the flute.*] It is bitter, to die alone, when a quarter of an hour before one was still loved, in good health and full of the most splendid hopes. Truly, it is a poor joke, and I do not feel at all in a mood for playing the flute. [*Lets it fall and dies.*]

The post-horn sounds in the distance.

CURTAIN

0277
Asic

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