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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA,  
COVENT GARDEN.

SATANELLA;  
OR,  
THE POWER OF LOVE.

A ROMANTIC OPERA, IN FOUR ACTS,

BY

MESSRS. A. HARRIS AND E. FALCONER

THE MUSIC BY

M. W. BALFE.

FIRST PRODUCED AT THE

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MISS LOUISA PYNE AND MR. W. HARRISON,

ON

MONDAY, DECEMBER 20TH, 1858.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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COUNT RUPERT, .. .. . Mr. W. HARRISON.  
HORTENSIUS, .. .. . Mr. GEORGE HONEY.  
KARL, .. .. . Mr. A. ST. ALBYN.  
BRACACHIO, .. .. . Mr. H. CORRI.  
THE VIZIER, .. .. . Mr. W. H. PAYNE.  
FIRST PIRATE, .. .. . Mr. BARTLEMAN.  
NOBLES, .. .. . Messrs. TERROTT & KIRBY.  
ARMANES, .. .. . Mr. WEISS.  
LELIA, .. .. . Miss REBECCA ISAACS.  
STELLA, .. .. . Miss SUSAN PYNE.  
BERTHA, .. .. . Miss MORTIMER.  
LADY, .. .. . Mrs. MARTIN.  
SATANELLA, .. .. . Miss LOUISA PYNE.

# SATANELLA;

OR,  
THE POWER OF LOVE.

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## ACT I.

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SCENE I.—*The scene represents the Palace and Gardens of COUNT RUPERT decorated for a fête.*

*Peasants and tenantry discovered singing and dancing; others are assembled round tables, where they are being served with refreshments by the Count's attendants. STELLA is seated, surrounded by Nobles, witnessing the festivities.*

### CHORUS AND DANCE.

Donor of this lordly fête,  
Liberal of heart and hand,  
Nobly born and truly great,  
Monarchs less than you command;  
Their's a sceptre but in part,  
Yours the empire of the heart,  
Ever welcom'd with a smile,  
Treason ne'er can thee beguile.

[*At the end of Chorus COUNT RUPERT, attended by HORTENSIVS, enters from Palace.*

- RUP. Thanks, thanks, my friends, your loves I dearly prize,  
Your homage keep for radiant beauty's eyes :  
I, too, am subject here : behold our queen,  
The love-crown'd mistress of this festive scene,  
Whose smile lends lustre to the light of morn,  
Whom every grace of nature doth adorn ;  
Her glance, more potent than a monarch's frown ;  
Like willing slaves, all hearts to her bow down.
- HOE. A mere coquette to honor thus, for shame !
- RUP. Look in her face, and you will cease to blame.
- HOE. What, gaze upon a basilisk ? oh, no !  
You conquer only when you fly that foe.
- STE. (*to RUP.*)  
This forest fête doth all enchantment seem,  
Wild and fantastic—beauteous as a dream !
- RUP. A waking dream that comes desire to bless,  
Of vision'd joys here all the wealth possess ;

STE. Life's golden hours should ever wing their way,  
 Depart in joys, or usher in delight.  
 RUP. Be life the memory of one happy day;  
 We banish from our thoughts the coming night.—  
 Come, let us stray thro' all the festive scene,  
 Inspect your realms, and count your slaves, my queen.  
 [*Exeunt* COUNT RUPERT, STELLA, and Nobles.]

## CHORUS.

Liberal of heart and hand,  
 Monarchs less than he command;  
 Theirs a sceptre but in part,  
 His the empire of the heart.

HOR. "Varium et mutabile semper fœmina," as we say in the classics. Yes, it's exasperating! Yes, after mature reflection, I have not the slightest hesitation in deliberately asserting, that it really is exasperating! Who would ever have believed that my worthy pupil, Count Rupert, on whom I have wasted the flower of my years, that I might instill into his youthful brain the very cream of my educational theories, would permit himself to be led like a simpleton by the nose, and by a mere coquette? But I'll save him, even on the brink of the hymeneal abyss that yawns before him. What a world it would be if the opposite sex could be only kept at a respectful distance; for my own part, the very promixity of one of its members has an agitating effect on my nervous system: had I my will, I would exterminate the entire gender, I would.

[*Turns, and perceives LELIA and Dame BERTHA, who, having entered at back, are curtsying each side of him.*]

What, two of them at once? my sensitive organs will never be able to endure their irritating influence long. (*Pompously.*) May I enquire why I am thus addressed—why thus singled out among so numerous a throng?

LEL. Surely, good Master Hortensius, you can hardly forget Dame Bertha, and Lelia, Count Rupert's foster sister? We have deemed it our duty to come and offer (*pointing to bouquets*) these poor but earnest tokens of gratitude to our kind benefactor on the occasion of his fête.

HOR. Gratitude in one of the feminine gender? impossible! or at any rate, incomprehensible! but as you are now here, no doubt you would like to present him your slight offering in propria persona; with all my heart, if you can only single him from among the crowd of lords, ladies, fops, fiddlers, and fools by whom the misguided youth is surrounded, including that special object of my aversion, the Princess Stella, as she styles herself, his intended bride.

LEL. (*aside, anxiously.*) His bride! (*Sorrowfully.*) The dream of my childhood, then, is over.

HOR. His wife—yes! and a pretty wife she'll make him! Mammon, and not Cupid, is the god she worships; she only marries him for his money, and that she, and her bevy of uncles, aunts, first cousins, second cousins, cousins German, and cousins seventeen times removed, are helping him to squander away as fast as human extravagance can contrive.

*Enter* COUNT RUPERT, *hastily.*

RUP. (*not perceiving* LELIA *or* BERTHA) My revered pedagogue, bestir yourself, and aid me to search for the bouquet of our dear princess. (*Perceiving* LELIA.) Eh! what charming little rustic Venus is this?

LEL. (*timidly advancing.*) Has your lordship, then, entirely forgotten Lelia?

RUP. (*taking her by the hand.*) What, Lelia, my charming little foster-sister?

LEL. (*timidly.*) Who has ventured on this occasion to remember the day on which, in her childhood, she was ever wont to make an offering to her dear foster-brother.

RUP. (*taking bouquet from* LELIA *and* BERTHA.) A thousand thanks, dear friends, and companions of many a happy bygone hour; believe me, I dearly prize your simple offering. But, Lelia, is it you—really you? I can scarcely believe my eyes. What a beautiful girl she has grown! (*aside.*) And is it possible that the owner of such ruby lips and sparkling eyes still leads a life of single blessedness? why, the young tenants on my estate must be devoid of all sense and feeling!

BER. Not so, your highness. Lelia has no lack of sighing swains around her, and there is one especially whose addresses I sincerely wish she would encourage.

RUP. And what may be the name of this most discriminating rustic?

BER. Karl Hoffman, nephew to one of your lordship's attendants; the one who has charge of the ruins of the old castle on the Brockenberg.

RUP. The castle on the Brockenberg? I had forgotten that I possessed such an edifice.

HOR. Oh, there's small fear of your ever making away with that part of your estate, as you have done with the rest; no one would have it at a gift: why, 'twas in a turret of that very castle, a turret which, by the bye, is still standing, that one of your misguided ancestors, Count Hildebrand, sold himself to the Prince of Darkness for a stipulated sum in ready money. It has ever since gone by the terrific appellation of the Devil's Tower—*nomen horrendum*, as we say in the classics.

RUP. And does the nephew of this aforesaid attendant of this Devil's Tower of mine find favor in my dear Lelia's eyes?

BER. On the contrary, your lordship: I grieve to say, that spite of our remonstrances, the unkind girl most obstinately refuses to listen to the poor boy's suit.

RUP. The obdurate little coquette. Well now, do you know I sympathise deeply with the ill-used Karl, and will try my influence in his behalf. Do you, Hortensius, see that our worthy Dame here be duly cared for.

HOR. (*aside.*) A pretty occupation for a professor of the classics, purveyor of refreshments to an elderly member of the opposite sex. What a fearful misapplication of learning and accomplishments! (*Aloud, pompously.*) This way, my good lady—sequendum est mihi, as we say in the classics.

[*Exit* Dame BERTHA *and* HORTENSIUS.]

RUP. Come now, Lelia, we are alone; place confidence in



me, the companion and playmate of your infancy; confess your real motives for behaving so cruelly to this luckless swain of yours.

LEL. (*confused.*) I cannot, my lord.— Question me not further, I entreat.

RUP. Aha, that downcast look, that heaving heart, reveal the secret in spite of yourself. It's clear as day that little heart is no longer yours to dispose of. Come, the owner of it—his name, my sentimental wild flower, his name.

LEL. (*mournfully.*) His name none will ever know.

RUP. That's provoking, for I was just considering what would be the most fitting souvenir for my dear foster-sister on her wedding day.

LEL. (*sadly.*) Many, many thanks, my kind benefactor, but that day will never dawn for me.

RUP. Worse and worse! May I not, at least, hope for a solution of this strange enigma?

LEL. 'Tis easily solved, my lord.

### SONG.

LEL.  
 Our hearts are not our own to give,  
 They yield without a sign,  
 Nor in our keeping seem to live,  
 When once love says, "they're mine."  
 In vain would reason's rebel voice  
 The tyrant overthrow;  
 Did fate accord the power of choice,  
 'Twould with our fond hearts go.  
 I knew not that I'd lost my heart  
 Till it, securely won,  
 Love begg'd so piteously a part,  
 I sought, and found I'd none.  
 But o'er the theft I now rejoice,  
 Such bliss from thence doth flow;  
 Did Heaven accord the power of choice,  
 'Twould with my fond heart go.

RUP. Charmingly reasoned, dear Lelia; pray accept, in return, this ring; 'tis a gem of some value; wear it in memory of our childhood's happy days; take it, I entreat, I command, otherwise, to-morrow it might deck the hand of another much less worthy my affection and esteem (*placing ring on her finger*) and let this brother's kiss attest the sincerity of the donor.

[Kisses LELIA; as he does so,

Enter STELLA.

STE. (*angrily.*) So, Count, you left me under pretext of seeking for my bouquet: a flower of a different description would appear somewhat to have interfered with your search.

RUP. (*aside.*) What a monstrously unlucky ending to so charming a tête-à-tête. Lelia, my dear child, rejoin our good mother awhile, we shall meet again ere long.

LEL. (*going—aside.*) What a haughty, scornful glance! How spiteful these great folks are to be sure! And she is to be his future bride! Alas! alas!

[Exit.

STE. So, Count Rupert, have you sought my hand in marriage solely that I may be a witness to your pastoral intrigues?

RUP. Nay, my dear Stella, surely you will pardon this seeming inconstancy, when I inform you that the peasant girl who has just left us is my foster-sister;

STE. (*incredulously.*) Your foster-sister, indeed! But it matters not; such inconsiderate behaviour on the eve of our nuptials is an insult to the princely house from which I have descended. Have a care, my lord, 'tis Sicilian blood that flows in my veins.

RUP. Are these threats, Stella?

STE. Threats are needless to those who are certain of revenge.

[*She beckons forward the Nobles, who have entered at back during the foregoing dialogue.*]

STE. My lords, I pray you judge between  
This haughty man and woman's heart,  
Long honor'd as his fancy's queen,  
He claims the right at will to part,  
And for another me forsake,  
And still a slave would of me make:  
In justice, lords, I claim to be  
In love coquettish well as he.

RUP. Go, false one, go!

STE. I'll not ask leave;  
When it shall please me I'll depart.

RUP. Be that, then, now, I'll never grieve  
To lose so light, so false a heart.

HOR. 'Fore heaven, I truly do believe  
I'll die of joy should they but part.

[*A gaming table is brought on from Palace by Attendants.*]

STE. The dice, the tables; Signors, let us play,  
All sorrows are forgotten in the game.

RUP. That's true: Come, let us play.

HOR. Oh grief! oh shame!

Charybdis 'scaped, now Scylla doth waylay.

RUP. (*at gaming table, round which Nobles have gathered.*)

Here's to gold, mighty gold,  
God of young and of old,  
Of the mean and the great,  
The true king of fate.

CHORUS. Here's to gold, mighty gold.

Come, for gold let us play,  
Let us play and ne'er cease,  
Though your mistress betray,  
Or no longer can please,  
You're a king if you've gold.

CHORUS. Here's to gold, &c.

*Enter LEBLIA and DAME BERTHA.*

LEL. My heart is shadowed by some coming woe  
To him I love—Oh! gracious Heaven protect!

- (To HOR.)  
Oh! sir, forgive me; much do I suspect  
The Count seeks foolish pleasures.
- HOR. Oh dear no!  
Of pleasures tired he would to ruin go.
- RUP. (*playing.*)  
A thousand crowns.
- PLAYER (*casting dice.*) I take it, Sir.  
RUP. I've lost.
- RUP. Two more.
- STE. The game is yours, and mine the cost.
- RUP. Ten thousand crowns, who dares?
- PLAYERS. We take! we take!
- RUP. (*throws and loses.*)  
'Tis true, Seigneurs, for I have lost the stake.  
Alike in play and love a loser, I ——
- STE. For twenty thousand dar'st the venture try?
- RUP. Thy minion Fortune risks a dangerous game;—  
A large sum, twenty thousand crowns.
- HOR. Beware!
- Lose that, lose all.
- LEL. Oh! in thy father's name,  
Stay thou no more!
- RUP. To win is still to dare;  
And fortune owes me for her frowns one smile—  
'Tis now her turn another to beguile.
- (to STE.) I've lost thy heart—the twenty thousand crowns be  
mine.
- STE. (*casts dice and wins.*)  
Your pardon, Seigneur, neither can be thine;  
Yours only is the cost;  
I've won, and you have lost.
- CHORUS Here's to gold, &c.
- RUP. (*advances gloomily to HOR.*)  
As you surmised, I've risked—lost all.
- HOR. And, at the bottom, can no further fall.
- LEL. His cheek grows pale, the light hath left his eyes,  
And ingrate fortune still her smile denies.
- (*Aside to RUP.*)  
Pardon, Seigneur, pardon, pray,  
Hearken now, for pity's sake;  
Let not lordly pride say nay,  
Anger not, nor turn away,  
But this jewel prithee take.
- Of rare value is that ring,  
Rarer still this rosary;  
That, a costly price will bring,  
This, misfortune's bitter sting  
Ever will avert from thee.
- RUP. (*taking rosary.*)  
The ring, my sweet one, still be thine,  
The rosary and fortune mine.
- (To PLAYERS.)  
Now, Seigneurs, my revenge; once more let's

- HOR. (*aside to RUP.*)  
Naught left, what would you stake, your honour ?
- RUP. Nay,  
My father's house, lands, vassals, still remain ;  
One east for each, the stake to lose or gain.
- PLAYER (*who wins.*) [*They play.*]  
The house is mine.
- RUP. But not the lands.
- ANOTHER PLAYER. Oh no !  
For I've won them.
- RUP. My vassals with them go,  
Or win all back.
- PLAYER (*who wins.*) You've lost.
- HOR. Oh ! shame !
- LEL. Oh ! woe !
- RUP. (*to PLAYER bitterly.*)  
So fortunate, you're sure of Stella's heart ;  
While wealth remains, she'll never from thee part.
- STE. The Count insults me—must I bear that shame ?
- PLAYERS No ; we'll avenge thee, or atonement claim.
- RUP. Come one, come all ; I dare th' unequalled strife :  
You've reft of land and gold, now take my life.

## CONCERTED PIECE.

- RUP. Of life I have no care,  
My friends have turned to foes,  
Abandoned to despair  
I would the world oppose.  
Your swords and flashing eyes  
Do but provoke my rage,  
Which fate itself defies,  
And would but warfare wage.
- STE. (*to PLAYERS.*)  
Of him take ye no care,  
His friends have turned to foes,  
Abandoned to despair,  
Shall all the world oppose.  
His taunts and scornful eyes  
Do but provoke my rage ;  
Since he your wrath defies  
With him but warfare wage.
- PLAYERS. Of him we take no care,  
His friends have turned to foes,  
Abandoned to despair  
Shall all the world oppose.  
His taunts and scornful eyes  
Do but provoke our rage ;  
Since he our wrath defies  
Shall we but warfare wage.
- LEL. (*to RUP.*)  
Oh ! dearest friend ! Oh ! noble brother, pray  
Be calm—be soothed.
- HOR. He heeds not what you say.  
He's ruined now—not worth a single sou,  
And with a tutor what has he to do ?

*Repeat Concerted Piece.*

RUP. Of life I have no care, &c.  
 STE. Of him take ye no care, &c.  
 CHORUS. Of him we take no care, &c.

[*They draw their swords.* HORTENSIVS withholds COUNT RUPERT; LELIA stands imploringly. Scene changes on tableau.

SCENE II.—*The Devil's Tower. A Gothic Library; a few dusty books are scattered here and there on the shelves. Over a large fireplace, facing audience, is an ancient piece of legendary tapestry, representing the Devil under the form of a Page, offering his services to an ancestor of COUNT RUPERT. A door at back, L.H. An antique window, R. A small door leading to inner chamber.*

*At the change of scene, mystic music. The apartment is illumined by flashes of lightning through the window. Rain. Distant Thunder.*

*Enter KARL with a lamp and bundle of wood under his arm.*

KARL. Oh yes, that's thunder and rain too. I'm glad Lelia and Dame Bertha went home before the storm began. I didn't get back too soon myself; for, strange to say, a messenger from Count Rupert has been over to say that he intends passing the night here—*here* of all places in the world! and so I'm sent up to light the fire. (*Placing wood in fire place and lighting it. Thunder—starting.*) Who's there? Bless my soul, I don't at all relish being up here alone, especially in this room of all others, in which they say the bargain was struck with that diabolical juvenile up yonder. (*Pointing to figure on tapestry trembling.*) Santa Maria! I could swear he's winking at me; yes—no; it's a fly just hopped on his left eye. Now, if Lelia were only here, I could stay here all night—I shouldn't mind it at all; in fact, I should rather prefer it than otherwise. Dear Lelia! (*sighing*) how fond I am of that girl, to be sure!

SONG.

Oh would she but name the day  
 On which I shall call her mine;  
 Or would I could hear her say,  
 Sweetheart, I am only thine.  
 But she, when her wiles have led  
 Me her consent to pray,  
 Cries, with a toss of her head,  
 Never shall be the day.

Oh would I could hear her say,  
 Him for husband will I take;  
 Love him, honour, and obey,  
 Tho' certain the last to break.

And could I but one kiss gain,  
I'd ne'er heed her saying nay;  
Once victor o'er her disdain,  
I'd soon make her name the day.

RUP. (*without.*) What ho! lights here!

KARL. (*starting up out of his reverie.*) The Count's voice, I,  
declare! Coming, your highness.

[*Takes lamp and shows light at door.*]

Enter COUNT RUPERT and HORTENSIVS; they have cloaks on  
which seem to be drenched with rain.

HOR. (*taking off cloak.*) I declare the rain's coming in at the  
crown of my hat, and running out at the toes of my boots.

RUP. (*looking round.*) Well, this last remaining tenement of  
mine is about as dingy an abode as I ever set foot in.  
(*Perceiving tapestry.*) Eh! what mysterious piece of tapestry  
is this?

KAR. Please your honourable lordship's worship it's supposed  
to represent your noble lordship's most illustrious and respect-  
able ancestor, as he appeared in the very identical act of dis-  
posing of himself to the d—e—vil, saving your lordship's  
presence, and that young gentleman in a page's dress, is sup-  
posed to be the individual in question.

RUP. I must confess, a most interesting family relic; we'll  
dive further into its artistic merits on some future occasion;  
but, in the mean time, as our journey has somewhat sharpened  
our appetite, serve up, without any delay, the most sumptuous  
repast this delectable ancestral abode of mine can afford.

KAR. Immediately, your noble lordship's grace. (*Aside—  
going.*) I suppose all that means whatever you have in the  
larder. I'm not at all clear in my mind as to whether we  
have anything there. [*Exit.*]

HOR. (*mournfully.*) "O! quam mutatus ab illo," as we say in  
the classics. Fortune, indeed, is a fickle jade; to think, now, that  
this cobwebby old tower is all that remains of two castles and  
three lakes, six forests, and a regal palace. My excellent,  
though somewhat hairbrained pupil, what on earth could  
induce you to risk the last of your territorial domains on the  
hazard of the die, and, what's worse, lose it in that frightfully  
sudden and unexpected manner?

RUP. Yes, that's the most aggravating part of the matter;  
but Stella's heartless conduct had so heated my brain, that,  
'pon my life, I think I would have played for you, my reverend  
preceptor, if they would only have accepted the stake.

HOR. Honoured by the distinction. Irreverens juvenis, as  
we say in the classics.

RUP. (*taking some books from shelves.*) What have we here—  
books? My ancestors appear to have been of a literary  
turn. Well, now, while that worthy lad is preparing  
our bodily nutriment, we may as well endeavour to wile  
away the time with a little food for the mind. (*Sits himself  
and opens a volume.*) A treatise on Alchemy; infallible method  
of making gold. By Jove, just what I want! (*reading.*) "In  
order to make gold, provide yourself with a considerable  
quantity of silver." Aye, there's the rub; where am I to get

it? (*Reads.*) "To make silver,"—Gad, the very thing; come, come, my ancestors have more learning than I gave them credit for. "To make silver, first take some gold." (*Throwing book away.*) Pshaw! I see I shall never thrive on alchemy.

HOR. (*having been perusing books, takes one from shelf with cabalistic characters on it.*) Shades of the classics, what have we here?

RUP. As I live a work of magic,—a good subject in my present mood. (*Reading.*) "A treatise on Demons." Capital! the very thing. "Demons are of both sexes: your he devil is the more cruel; while your she devil is the more perfidious." Faith, these subterranean devils appear to resemble our terrestrial ones uncommonly. (*Reading.*) "The king of the demon world is named Arimanes, and may be evoked by uttering the following words:—Miriam! Manasses! Eurothas! care being taken to extend the hands meanwhile towards the East." By Jupiter, a chance that must not be neglected. I shall certainly make Master Arimanes' acquaintance forthwith.

HOR. (*trembling.*) No!—no!—no!—don't; only suppose the individual was really to come.

RUP. Come! of course he'll come: he wouldn't be so ungentlemanly as to refuse when so pressingly invited.

HOR. Horrible! Oh! only fancy spending an evening in the society of Old Nick.

RUP. And a very pleasant fellow, no doubt: not half so black as he's painted; besides see here—(*pointing in book*)—those who supplicate the fiend become his slaves; but those who command him, remain his master. Here goes then: Miriam!

[*Mysterious music in orchestra.*]

HOR. (*falling on his knees.*) Don't, or I cry murder.

RUP. (*extending his hands towards the east.*) Miriam! Manasses! Eurothas! (*A subterraneous rumbling heard.*)

HOR. (*screaming with terror.*) Monstrum horrendum informens, as we say in the classics. He's coming; can't you hear the wheels of his fiery chariot dashing along? Here he is. I'll leave you to the tête-à-tête. Two's company: three's none. (*Runs off.*)

RUP. (*as if battling with some unknown power.*) Fiend! devil! appear: I call thee. (*sound of chain and crash.*) I command thee.

[*Flash of lightning and clap of thunder. RUPERT falls senseless in the chair; the tapestry at back suddenly disappears, and discloses ARIMANES, with head erect and threatening mien: at his feet crouches SATANELLA.*]

ARI. What daring mortal has pronounced my name?  
Who seeks with me to share my throne of flame?

[*He gradually descends with SATANELLA, on a cloud, to the level of the stage. Perceiving COUNT RUPERT.*]

How's this, the master of the potent spell,  
That Satan's presence can all times compel,  
More feeble than the Pythoness of old,  
Lies senseless, prostrate, dares not me behold.  
His folly would my power control, defy,  
Yet helpless now, doth at my mercy lie.

Since he has dared to brave,  
 He shall become my slave.  
 Demon! that task be thine!  
 Ensnare, and make him mine!

SAT. Command, and I obey.

ARI. Mark well this man, I say.

SAT. (*looking at RUPERT.*)

Young—handsome—prithee spare.

ARI. To question, do not dare:

My will is to ensnare.

All woman in thy heart,

With woman's presence part.

In form be thou a page;

As such with him engage.

*Repeat four lines.*

Since he has dared to brave, &c.

[*At the end of Air, ARIMANES touches the garb of SATANELLA, which disappears, leaving that of a Page: he then resumes his place on the cloud, which gradually rises and disappears; the Tapestry resumes its previous form. RUPERT recovers his consciousness, and utters a cry of surprise, on perceiving the young Page kneeling before him.*

RUP. Where am I? what has happened?

SAT. Nothing unusual. You summoned me, and here I am.

RUP. I summoned you, my interesting juvenile. Pray, who are you?

SAT. A strange question that of yours, considering all the trouble you took to call me. (*Pointing to book on table.*)

RUP. The book of magic! But no, surely; you do not mean to say, my young stranger, that you are—

[*pointing downwards.*

SAT. In propria persona, and at your service.

RUP. (*laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha! And so my young whipper-snapper, you really pretend to assure me that you are the gentleman in black.

SAT. The identical individual from—(*points downwards.*)

RUP. You astonish me; you do, indeed. Human nature has formed a very different opinion of you; and would with difficulty be convinced that you are half as nice a fellow as you appear.

SAT. Appearances are oft deceptive, both above and below; however, on longer acquaintance, you'll be better able to judge my character; and I've no doubt that, in the long run, you'll find me a devilish good little fellow.

RUP. Devilish, I've no doubt. Good, however, time will prove.

SAT. Nothing like time present. Master, command; I obey.

RUP. Command, yes; but what?

SAT. Let me see, the most urgent article required for the moment, I should say by the state of your lordship's appetite, is supper.

RUP. Gad, so it is; you are a devilish clever little fellow. Supper be it then; but how and where?



SAT. (*pointing to supper which rises out of table.*) Here!

RUP. Amazement! (*inspecting table.*) Exquisite, upon my word! the cook to the lower regions seems to be a profound master of the gastronomic art; and, by Jove, no smell of brimstone about it either.

HOR. (*putting his head in at door.*) I wonder if Old Nick has flown away with my unfortunate pupil, or carried him off with a flash of blue lightning; for my part I never should have had the courage again to cross the threshold of these ill-omened precincts, had it not been (*sniffing*) for a certain savoury odour which seemed to issue from that direction; and which, sooth to say, is most attractive to my olfactory organs. Where can my worthy pupil be all this time (*seeing RUPERT seated at table*). "Mirabile dictu!" "magis mirabile visu!" as we say in the classics; why there he is discussing his supper (*sniffing*), and such a supper!

RUP. (*seated at table*) Ah! my worthy preceptor, is that you. Come, now, lose no time; to supper ere the viands get cold.

HOR. (*gazing at table with astonishment.*) Astonishment! a feast for the eyes of an epicure, and his stomach to boot a unluckily, I've a great failing that way. Gad! I'll make a sumptuous repast for once in my life, or the devil take me.

SAT. (*touching him on the shoulder.*) So he will.

HOR. (*starting.*) He, who?

RUP. Why the gentleman you just named. Ha, ha! I've taken him into my service; there he stands.

HOR. (*trembling.*) "Haud credendum," as we say in the classics. Verily, my teeth are chattering together with such violence, as considerably to endanger the tip of my tongue.

SAT. Take a chair, most reverend Master Tutor, sit down; make yourself at home.

HOR. What, sit down to supper with Old Nick? Never. Diabolo, exorciso te.

[SATANELLA placing her two hands on HORTENSIVS, forces him into the chair opposite RUPERT.]

RUP. Most crudite of pedagogues, here's to your health and prosperity.

HOR. (*rubbing his shoulder.*) I feel as if the fiery claws of that little grinning imp there had singed the very marrow in my bones.

RUP. (*looking at SATANELLA who is laughing at HORTENSIVS.*) 'Pon my life this infernal page of mine is a devilish good looking fellow; there's a strange unaccountable fascination in his smile that charms in spite of oneself. Now should I ever chance to come across a girl with a face like that—

SAT. (*earnestly.*) She would win your heart.

RUP. My heart; nay, my soul!

SAT. (*grasping his hand warmly.*) Well said.

HOR. (*with his mouth full.*) Well said by no means, don't you be led away by the idea, you imp of darkness, that if we do devour your supper, we are going to pay for it in such expensive coin as that.

RUP. You judge our young friend here wrongly, my sapient tutor; when better acquainted, I'm certain you'll be inseparable friends.

HOR. "Quod est demonstrandum," as we say in the classics.

RUP. Come, fill your bumper to the brim, with this the potent juice of fair Champagne; and while we pledge a toast to our supernatural little friend here, let it serve to banish from our minds the faithlessness of all mortal friendship.

HOR. (*getting gradually intoxicated.*) I drink to the foul fiends health—never. I—I—refuse the toast (*drinks*) but drink the wine.

## SONG.

RUP. When fortune frowns and friends forsake,  
And faith in love is dead;  
When man has nothing left to stake,  
To hope nor yet to dread,  
One god-like pleasure doth remain,  
Worth all the joys he's lost,  
The glorious vintage of Champagne  
To drink at some knave's cost.  
Let Life's last song have for refrain  
The glorious vintage of Champagne.

[*During the first verse of song HORTENSIVS has fallen asleep.*

RUP. My honored tutor, why not join in the refrain? Asleep!  
What, wisdom snoring, while folly's left awake?

When one by one fade all the beams,  
That lighted morning's path;  
So dull the world around us seems,  
At life itself we're wrath.  
New vigour then would we regain,  
Let's drink at some knave's cost,  
The glorious vintage of Champagne,  
Worth all the joys we've lost.

Let life's last song, &c.

[*During the song SATANELLA has disappeared.*

RUP. (*looking round.*) Why what's become of that peculiar looking page of mine; has he vanished through the keyhole or up the chimney, I wonder? (*Mystic music heard.*) What sounds are those? earth sure has no such harmony (*listening*); they seem to shed a strange intoxication over my brain; my limbs appear to sink beneath me, and mysterious slumber overcomes my senses. I—I—

[*Falls in chair, overcome as if by a magic slumber.*

[*The woodwork of scene opens, and discovers SATANELLA in a fairy-like garb; she slowly advances towards RUPERT, and gazes on him with affection.*

Myself once more, the page I cease to play;  
All woman now, my soul resumes her sway,  
Though conscious love his wakeful heart denies,  
In dreamful visions let me charm his eyes.  
One blissful moment, in my true form seen,  
Be love enthroned, his fancy's worshipped Queen.

There's a power whose sway  
Angel souls adore,  
And the lost obey,  
Weeping evermore.

Doubtful mortals prize  
 Smiles from it above.  
 Bliss that never dies,  
 Such thy power—oh, love!  
 Source of joy and woe,  
 Foller of stern hate;  
 Lord of high and low,  
 Woman calls thee fate.  
 Fierceness owns thy spell,  
 Vulture thou, and dove.  
 Language cannot tell  
 Half thy power—oh, love!

[SATANELLA imprints a kiss on the forehead of RUPERT,  
 and suddenly disappears; he starts up and rushes after  
 her.]

RUP. Vanished! and yet 'twas no dream. What enchant-  
 ing vision was it that stood before me? Were it perdition's  
 self I must again behold it. Wake man—wake!

HOR. (*startling out of his sleep.*) Eh! what! no Mr. Devil—  
 no! no! I've eaten your supper, but I disavow any further  
 connection with you. (*Running to RUPERT who is searching the  
 apartment.*) Bless my soul, my dear young pupil, what are you  
 in search of?

RUP. An angel! a female of surpassing loveliness.

HOR. A female and an angel! Incongruous!

RUP. Had you but heard the silver tones of her melodious  
 voice, and the heavenly strains with which it was accompanied.  
 Oh, man, 'twas rapture. I would give my existence to hear  
 them once again.

[SATANELLA'S voice is heard singing the last strain of the  
 previous song. RUPERT and HORTENSUS stands trans-  
 fixed with astonishment, and the curtain slowly descends.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

*A magnificent Hall opening upon a picturesque Garden, &c.,  
a table and arm chair.*

*SATANELLA discovered leaning pensively against a column.*

## RECITATIVE.

Ah me! how wretched is the doom'd one's fate,  
Her soul all love's, her service giv'n to hate,  
That longs to warn, but this doth still ensnare,  
And pity only greater makes despair.

## ANDANTE.

Ah! could I but his heart enslave,  
His love as empire gain,  
The fiend's dread wrath I'd risk and brave,  
A future all of pain.  
But prescient only of its woe,  
My heart doth hope resign,  
He loves another, and I know  
He never can be mine.

## BRAVURA.

Lost one, accept thy doom,  
Give grief no further room,  
Since Love to thee denies  
The only gift you prize.  
And Stella charms his heart,  
Let ruth from thee depart,  
And urge no piteous care  
Between him and despair;  
No—no—the fiend's true slave.  
To tempt and not to save,  
Be now my direful task,  
Since love I must not ask,  
And grief is all my gain;  
I'll wake up fierce disdain,  
And trampling on the pain,

[*Placing her hand on her heart.*  
Here all the fiend shall reign.

[*At end of Aria SATANELLA retires to back of stage.*

*Enter COUNT RUPERT, followed by KARL.*

KAR. Yes, your noble lordship, it's exactly as I say; she positively prefers a convent to me, as if there were any comparison in the matter. Eh! your noble grace?

RUP. Immure so much youth and beauty in a gloomy cloister? Incomprehensible!

KAR. Precisely what I say to her. Incomprehensible!

RUP. Go, and send Lelia hither, and we'll see whether my remonstrances will succeed in dissuading her from so rash a step. (*To Karl, who is trying to speak.*) Now, no thanks, but haste; there, I promise to intercede in your behalf; go.

KAR. Oh, your lordship, if your lordship only knew what balm your lordship's words are to my lacerated feelings, your lordship would—(*RUPERT bids him depart, bowing.*) Yes, your lordship. [Exit.]

RUP. (*misusing.*) Lelia, separated for ever from the world and its pleasures, poor girl! The very thought of losing her weighs heavily on my heart.

*Enter HORTENSIVS.*

HOR. I come—"Horresco referens," as we say in the classics, I come to announce the audacious presumption of that crocodile in female form, the Princess Stella, who positively requests an interview.

RUP. Can the haughty Stella thus far condescend? What aim can she have in such a visit?

SAT. (*coming forward.*) Mammon! 'twill curb the pride of the haughtiest. (*Touching HORTENSIVS on shoulder.*) Eh! my prince of philosophers?

HOR. (*pompously.*) Most flippant and most disagreeable youth, permit me to reiterate the strong antipathy I entertain to ever entering into any discussion on the infernal topics you are in the habit of propounding; I addressed my message to his lordship, and 'tis from his lordship alone that I take my answer.

RUP. (*laughing.*) True, my worthy pedagogue. Well, were she the Three Furies in one 'twould be ungallant to refuse an interview with so fair a lady, so pray assure her that I look forward to her visit with delight and rapture.

HOR. (*surprised.*) Delight and rapture!

SAT. (*leaning on HORTENSIVS' shoulder.*) Waste not time in fruitless ejaculations, worthy tutor; but do his lordship's bidding; the words were "delight and rapture!"

HOR. (*aside, going, looking spitefully at SATANELLA.*) Verily, were it not for the diabolical retribution I might bring down upon my head, it would afford me no trifling delectation to apply a cudgel of the most robust dimensions unto the epidermis of this irreverent stripling; but fate does not always accord us our own way—non omnia possumus, as we say in the classics. [Exit.]

[*After the exit of HORTENSIVS, RUPERT appears pensive. SATANELLA watches him anxiously, and after a slight pause advances to him respectfully.*]

SAT. My noble master, I trust, is satisfied with the humble endeavours of his devoted slave.

RUP. Satisfied! how could I be otherwise? Thanks to thy agency, am I not richer than ever? my entire fortune has returned to me, and my friends—

SAT. Have imitated your fortune.

RUP. But come, say now, what dost thou expect for these mysterious services? some swingeing, usurious interest that thou'lt some day or other exact, I'll wager.

SAT. Your lordship, indeed, wrongs his humble slave by thus mistaking him for an ordinary money lender; the coins I trade in are more precious than the worshipped Mammon of this covetous world.

RUP. And they are?

SAT. Mortals.

RUP. Mortals, indeed. So, then, you've an eye upon me?

SAT. I have.

RUP. And you really hope some day to have me safe in that infernal web of yours?

SAT. I do.

RUP. Well, insincerity, at any rate, is not one of your failings, and I esteem you all the more for it; and now that you've placed me on my guard, if I succumb to your diabolical influence, the fault is mine alone; but now leave me, for I would be alone with my thoughts.

SAT. That, indeed, would be impossible, for I am ever in the very midst of them.

RUP. Indeed! and pray what read you there?

SAT. (*watching him.*) Vague melancholy—strange agitation—mysterious emotion.

RUP. You are right; (*earnestly*) for each night a vision, a form of surpassing loveliness, glides around my couch, and whispers in my ear sweet accents of love.

SAT. (*aside, significantly.*) True!

RUP. And though it vanishes at the first dawn of day, the recollection ever haunts me.

#### BALLAD.

An angel form in dreams beheld  
 Still charms my fancy's wakeful eyes,  
 And morning's light has not dispell'd  
 The radiance of its lovely guise.  
 Still hovering near on buoyant wings,  
 It bends on me its beauteous gaze,  
 And in mine ear its sweet voice rings  
 This wildest of all lovelorn lays,  
 "Beloved by thee, myself to know,  
 I'd welcome give eternal woe."

Her beaming eyes were like in hue  
 The azure deeps of ambient air,  
 Her smile might hope and love renew  
 Within the blank breast of despair,  
 And hovering o'er on buoyant wings,  
 She bent on me a wistful gaze;  
 Still in mine ear her sweet voice rings  
 The wildest of all lovelorn lays,  
 "Beloved by thee, myself to know,  
 I'd welcome give eternal woe."

SAT. (*aside.*) Dare I but reveal to him the truth, the passion that consumes my heart? but no, to breathe it were to lose him for ever.

RUP. (*looking steadfastly at SATANELLA.*) No, it cannot be; my senses, excited and bewildered by all that has lately happened, must surely play me false; but even while in that ruined tower the strange resemblance forced itself upon me. Come hither, boy.

SAT. (*submissively approaches.*)

RUP. (*scrutinising SATANELLA fixedly.*) No; the other eyes beam with a milder radiance; they lack the supernatural brightness which glistens here. 'Twas my overwrought fancy alone that could have suggested such a resemblance.

SAT. (*watching him significantly.*) Master, you appear agitated.

RUP. 'Twas a passing dream. (*Passes his hand across his brow.*) Yes, and to dispel such feverish visions in which I suspect thou mayhap hast thy full share, I will henceforth attach myself more to realities. Ah! were there but one woman upon earth capable of sincere, disinterested affection—but, no! they are all alike.

SAT. Stella is a heartless coquette.

RUP. You inhabitants of the dark regions have always such a low opinion of human nature (*somewhat irritably*).

SAT. Nay, you yourself shall hear the truth of what I advance *from her own lips*.

RUP. But what magic talisman will produce this sudden excess of candour on the lady's part?

SAT. Behold! (*waves her hand, and a hat appears on the table, she takes it, and hands it to RUPERT.*) While you hold this in your hand, your beauteous mistress will conceal her real thoughts beneath the false assumption of tenderness and affection.

RUP. Well!

SAT. But place it on your head, and the truth will involuntarily, and without her knowledge, escape the treacherous Stella's lips.

RUP. Ha! ha! faith I consent to this most extraordinary test; but should it prove successful, I shall get rid of this magic beaver forthwith; 'twould be rather a dangerous covering for ordinary wear, and would prevent all possibility of ever having—

SAT. Either mistress or friend.

*Enter HORTENSIUS, ushering in STELLA.*

RUP. Behold! she's here.

STE. I'm here.

SAT. Yes, you're there.

RUP. What means this sadness, why this downcast air?

STE. (*aside.*) My cue must be a sober brow to wear;

By stern experience taught he's grown demure;

Prim looks alone can now his heart secure.

(*To RUPERT, sadly.*) From friends and home ere I depart,

I fain would here forgiven be:

I wronged, but with remorseful heart,

A fond farewell I breathe to thee.

RUP. Can this be true?

STE. Adieu! adieu!

- RUP. Can this be true ?  
 STE. A last adieu !  
 HOR. The cockatrice ! can he again believe ?  
 RUP. This tearful grief can surely not deceive.  
 SAT. One story's good until another's told ;  
 Your hat, seigneur, or else—you may catch cold.  
 [RUPERT puts hat on, STELLA bursts into laughter.  
 Ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !  
 Oh ! was ever such a fool ?  
 Not misfortune's self can school,  
 Tho' my sides with laughter shake,  
 At the mournful part I take,  
 I have sighs and tears for you,  
 And I breathe a last adieu,  
 In the hope that you'll detain,  
 And be fool'd by me again.  
 Ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
- RUP. (*takes off hat.*)  
 Ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !  
 What the deuce may all this mean ?  
 HOR. She's at last let out the cat.  
 SAT. 'Tis her true heart you have seen,  
 And you've need to thank your hat.  
 RUP. I have need to thank my hat.  
 HOR. (*surprised at what has taken place.*)  
 He has need to thank his hat.  
 SAT. (*to HOR.*)  
 All his wisdom lies in that.  
 HOR. All his wisdom lies in that.  
 STE. (*to RUP.*)  
 Though I betrayed, I still adore,  
 Each look but makes my passion more.  
 RUP. Again would she deceive me.  
 SAT. Doubt you that ?  
 Enough of compliments ; put on your hat.  
 RUP. (*puts on hat.*)  
 STE. Ha, ha, ha, ha !  
 Oh, was ever such a fool ?  
 Not misfortune's self can school,  
 Still he thinks that I adore,  
 Though I hate him, and deplore  
 That I cannot bankrupt make  
 Of his wealth, and then forsake.  
 For he always seem'd to me  
 Dull as lover well could be.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha !  
 RUP. She's a vixen.  
 HOR. That is flat.  
 RUP. And I hate her.  
 SAT. Bravo ! hat.
- Enter BERTHA and LELIA.*
- BER. Pray, what's the matter here, whence all this rout ?  
 LEL. Some new misfortune to my lord, I doubt.  
 HOR. 'Tis but a vixen shown the right side out.



- SAT. (*pointing to STELLA.*)  
Of woman here the model you behold.
- RUF. (*ironically.*)  
Yes, ever loving—faithful—never cold.
- STE. (*passionately.*)  
Oh! never, always constant to the grave.
- SAT. (*ironically.*)  
A model woman, sir.
- STE.  
To love a slave.
- SAT.  
To gain, you mean; your hat resume, I pray,  
Let her false heart her falser words unsay.

## ENSEMBLE.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

- BER. What does all this nonsense mean?  
LEL. Is it but a masking scene?  
HOR. No, it rather would appear  
That a mask is unmasked here.  
LEL. Why admires he so his hat?  
HOR. All his wisdom lies in that.  
LEL. From her toils, if it has freed,  
'Tis a wondrous hat indeed.

## ENSEMBLE.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

- SAT. Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Honor'd, sir, be your chapeau,  
Since such grace to it you owe;  
'Tis a novel power indeed,  
Woman's heart at will to read,  
And when sighs attest her woe,  
Tears her eyelids overflow.  
In her heart to see disdain  
Scarce from mocking thee refrain.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
- RUF. Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Honour, praise to my chapeau,  
Wisdom's grace to it I owe;  
'Tis a novel power indeed,  
Woman's heart at will to read,  
And when sighs attest her woe,  
Tears her eyelids overflow.  
In her heart to see disdain,  
Scarce from mocking thee refrain.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
- STE. (*to RUFERT, who is still looking admiringly at hat.*)  
Say, dost thou doubt me?
- RUF. Truly, no.  
I cannot doubt since false I know.
- STE. Your frowns, your words, my soul affright.
- RUF. Poor soul!
- STE. You mock me!
- HOR. Serve ye right.

RUP. (*repeating her strain.*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Was ever such a fool?  
Not misfortune's self can school,  
Still I think that you adore,  
Though you hate me, and deplore  
That you cannot bankrupt make  
Of my wealth, and then forsake,  
For I always seem'd to thee  
Dull as lover well could be.

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

STB. Help here! I faint—I die—air—air!  
Will none support me?

SAT. None; take care,  
Or else you'll fall.

STB. E'en let me die.

RUP. So long thy journey, dear? good bye. [*Puts on hat.*  
[STELLA starts up in rage and threatens him.

ENSEMBLE.

SAT., BER., HOR., LEL.

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Honor'd, sir, be your chapeau.

&c., &c., &c.

RUP. Ah, ah, ah, ah,  
Honor, praise to my chapeau.  
&c., &c., &c.

SCENE II.—*A Sea Coast. Enter BRACACHIO and Pirates.*

CHORUS.

Rovers, rulers of the sea,  
Wildier than the wild waves we;  
Merry men in storm and fight,  
Danger's true name is delight.

RECITATIVE.

BRA. My brave companions, prone with me to dare  
Alike each peril, and each prize to share,  
Boon friends at festal, brothers in the strife,  
No lot more joyous than the pirate's life.

Rovers, rulers of the sea,  
Wildier than the wild waves we;  
Merry men in storm and fight,  
Danger's true name is delight.

Rovers o'er the wild sea wave,  
Storm and battle but excite,  
Ever ready both to brave,  
Danger brings us fierce delight.

When the winds have gone to sleep,  
 And heav'n mirror'd seems more fair  
 On the bosom of the deep,  
 Mirthful we the feast prepare.

Hovering round a hostile shore,  
 Smiling we on fortune wait,  
 Laugh we when the breakers roar,  
 Cowards only fear their fate.  
 With some late won prize in hand,  
 Careless of the world's disdain,  
 Anchoring near some friendly strand,  
 Wine from wassail bowls we drain.

BRA. Now, then, comrades, let us turn our flying visit to these shores to the best possible advantage, and keep a sharp look-out for all prizes that may happen to cross our path in the shape of a petticoat. (*Looking off.*) Ha! whom have we here? a youthful bumpkin. He may perchance place us on the track of the game we seek for.

[BRACONHO and Pirates retire to back. KARL enters very dejected.]

KAR. No, it's all over, there's not the faintest shadow of a chance left. What base treachery, after faithfully promising to intercede with Lelia in my behalf, now to be on the very eye of marrying her himself, all because the forward minx confessed that she loved, and had always loved him. He must believe, he says, because she confessed it unconsciously, and all along of a hat which made women speak the truth whether they liked it or not; a likely story that; but I'll be revenged, horribly revenged. I'll do a deed, the very mention of which shall harrow their souls.

BRA. (*who has quietly advanced, putting a pistol into KARL's hand.*) Blow, then, your brains out.

1ST PIR. (*placing a long dagger in KARL's other hand.*) Or cut your throat.

KAR. (*starting violently.*) Eh!—ah!—yes! Well, my good unknown friends, I almost think I should prefer a quieter method of extermination.

BRA. Oh! I see, you prefer a more exalted mode of exit; join our band, and (*imitating the jerk of a noose*) c-r-i-c-k will sooner or later follow, as a natural consequence.

KAR. Join your band! (*Looking round at Pirates*) Oh, I see, turn pirate. So I will. I'll become a salt water burglar, and come back some fine day or other, and utterly annihilate this treacherous Count Rupert, burn his castle to ashes, and carry off his wife.

BRA. (*shaking KARL violently by the hand.*) So you shall, my young Hercules. Comrades, our new companion invites you all to the nearest cantina to celebrate the most auspicious era of his existence when he joined our jovial crew. Of course you've money about you to defray the expenses of the banquet?

KAR. Money! (*taking a small bag out of his pocket.*) This contains all my savings; they were to have been the marriage portion! but now I was thinking of investing them.

BRA. (*snatching them.*) In a sinking fund, of course: then I'll deposit them for you (*placing the bag in his pocket*), and so my young hero, bless your lucky stars for the company you've fallen into; for now, if your life is to be short, 'tis sure to be a merry one.

[*The Pirates crowd round KARL, and shake him by the hand, and then hurry him off.*]

SCENE III. *Sea Coast. Lelia's Cottage, L.H. At back a road leading to a Chapel, the Porch of which faces the audience.* SATANELLA enters, and mournfully gazes at the Cottage.

RECITATIVE.

Ah, me! too human thou  
 Sad heart of mine!  
 Since not despair  
 Can make thee love resign,  
 With woman's weakness  
 Woman's pride still keep:  
 Breathe sighs unheard—  
 O'er anguish unseen weep.

BALLAD.

Let not the world disdaining,  
 Know grief was all thy gaining,  
 But ever uncomplaining,  
 In silence sad heart go.  
 No longer love believing,  
 Or o'er his falsehood grieving,  
 Thyself with dreams deceiving,  
 Increase sad heart thy woe.  
 Let not the world disdaining,  
 Know grief was all thy gaining,  
 But ever uncomplaining,  
 In silence sad heart go.  
 Still on thy rival smiling,  
 His heart from thee beguiling,  
 No wrath thy love defiling,  
 In silence sad heart go.  
 To fate thyself resigning,  
 As ne'er to love inclining,  
 In silence ever pining,  
 Conceal, oh heart, thy woe.  
 Let not the world disdaining,  
 Know grief was all thy gaining,  
 But ever uncomplaining,  
 In silence sad heart go.

STELLA enters hastily, she is closely veiled.

STE. I am glad to see, Master Page, you have attended my bidding.

SAT. I am too proud that your Highness condescends to test my humble zeal; (*aside*) what can this woman seek? it matters not—I have little to fear from her rivalry.

STE. I have determined you shall bear a missive to you master, that I could not well confide to his preceptor Hortensius. Count Rupert, doubtless ere this, has repented his inconsiderate conduct towards me; therefore, tell him from me, that I—on my side—after due reflection, consent to overlook the affront offered to my house and lineage, and am willing to forgive him.

SAT. Such a message now, fair lady, would but degrade your noble self, and prove of no avail.

STE. (*haughtily.*) What mean you?

SAT. I mean that within the hour another will be the bride of Count Rupert.

STE. Another—'tis false—it cannot be. Who, then, is my rival?

SAT. Behold her!

[*Waves her hand, Cottage window opens and discovers LELIA dressing for the marriage ceremony. DAME BERTHA is in the act of placing the bridal wreath upon her head.*]

STE. Malediction! that peasant girl again! (*Cottage closes up again.*) But it shall not be. Were I to invoke the furies I will prevent this. (*To SAT.*) Know ye no means?

SAT. None. (*sadly.*) Even the devil himself can't always have his own way.

[*BRAACHIO and several Pirates enter, supporting KARL, who is very tipsy.*]

BRA. Ha! ha! our young volunteer is evidently unaccustomed to strong potations. Here, take him to the boat. Stand up, man.

STE. (*to SAT.*) What men are those?

SAT. Oh, a band of honest rogues; only unlike the rest of mankind, they make no disguise about their calling: they are purveyors of beauty to the Pasha's harems in the East.

STE. Corsairs! their arrival is indeed most opportune.

BRA. Well, its very aggravating to have to put to sea without so much as a single prize in the petticoat line. However, it can't be helped; better luck next time. So, on board lads.

STE. (*approaching BRA., veiled.*) A word with you.

BRA. Ah! ah! By Neptune, here's material for a Sultanness, and no mistake.

STE. (*producing purse.*) See you this purse of gold; and would you have it yours?

BRA. Will a fish swim? What's to be done to earn it? We salt water bravoos seldom stick at trifles.

STE. (*hurriedly.*) A young girl is to be carried off.

BRA. Quite in our way of business.

SAT. (*aside.*) By Lucifer, that notion is quite in our line. However, Eve's daughters have nearly always been a match for us.

STE. Yonder dwells your prey. In an hour hence let her be far out at sea; that is what I demand of you. (*Cottage door opens.*) But see—she comes.

SAT. (*aside.*) Well, decidedly, of us two this worthy Princess is the greater devil.

*Enter LELIA in bridal dress from Cottage.*

LEL. (*speaking as she comes out.*) Yes, dear mother; I go but to offer up a prayer in the shrine of our holy chapel. A prayer of thanksgiving for the unlooked-for happiness that bounteous fate seems to have in store for me.

STE. (*to BRA.*) 'Tis she.

BRA. 'Tis well! (*Makes signs to Pirates, who stealthily surround LELIA, as she wends her way to the chapel.*) Sorry to disturb you, my young rosebud, in your holy vocation, but I've something to whisper to you.

[LELIA drawing back in alarm.

LEL. To me; I know you not.

BRA. Then by St. Boremio, you'll soon have the pleasure of my acquaintance.

[Takes LELIA by the arm; she escapes from him; but is intercepted by the other pirates, among whom is KARL, still very tipsy.

LEL. Help—mother! (*Seeing KARL, rushes to him.*) Karl! Heaven be praised! at least I am not without a defender.

BRA. Indeed! Well, then, I should advise your heroic defender—if he values his ears—to mind his own business, and obey the orders that are given to him. (*To pirates.*) On board with her.

LEL. (*clinging to KARL.*) Surely, Karl, you cannot, you will not, be so base as to see them tear me from you.

KAR. (*slightly sobered, his arm round LELIA's waist.*) Eh! Lelia! Tear you from me, my charmer, never; you'll always be with me, never leave me. What a scoundrel I've become to be sure—what's the odds. (*To LELIA, who is supplicating him.*) It's no use. I'm rock. You wouldn't even look at me with fair means; I'll see what foul will do. (*Imitating BRACACHIO.*) On board with her. (*Some pirates carry LELIA off, followed by KARL, who, as he exits, says*) What a d—d scoundrel I am, to be sure.

STE. (*placing purse in BRA.'s hand.*) 'Tis well; here is the promised reward.

SAT. (*hastily drawing BRA. aside.*) How much has yonder lady given you for carrying off this young girl?

BRA. (*showing purse.*) Behold!

SAT. (*giving two purses.*) Well, then, here is double the amount to carry off the lady herself.

BRA. Done. Ha! ha! A bargain after my own heart. The biter bit: ha! ha! Gad, this makes a rare day's work of it. (*Looking off.*) The rustic maiden is safe in the boat, I see. Now then, lads, off with this grand lady. (*Pirates seize STELLA.*)

STE. (*struggling.*) Wretches, unhand me—help! Heavens: who could have expected this?

BRA. Aye! but in this world there are things that one does, and others, that one don't—expect; some we must take as they come. On board with her.

[BRACACHIO and Pirates carry off STELLA.

SAT. Freed from those that stood between me and his heart, I may now hope to gain that love for which I willingly would

seek perdition: to be his bride—his alone. I see the gulf that yawns before me; yet the temptation is too great; I cannot withstand it. Come what may, I am resolved to brave the worst. *[Enters cottage.]*

*Peasants enter, and range before cottage.*

CHORUS OF MEN.

Smile, oh heaven! upon the day,  
Blessings only let it bring,  
Joys that will not fade away,  
Bloomful ever like the spring.

*[The Bridal Procession enters.]*

BRIDESMAIDS' CHORUS AND DANCE.

To Hymen's love-crowned altar now,  
The village maids repair,  
To twine around a virgin brow,  
Earth's fairest flowers less fair.

*[RUFERT and HORTENSIVS enter from chapel and descends.]*

RUF. The priest now rob'd doth in the chapel wait.

HOR. He seeks with buoyant step and heart elate,

His beauteous bride, as modest as she's fair;

Your voices raise, and bless the happy pair.

*[SATANELLA, attired in the same way as LELIA, and closely veiled, enters from cottage, led by BERTHA.]*

RUF. In bridal robes behold array'd  
My heart's choice here, my village maid;  
Her matchless form—her beauteous face;  
But dearer still the modest grace,  
That virgins all—a heavenly dower,  
Are mine for ever from this hour.

*(To her.)* Come, dearest, and resign  
Thy heart to sacred love;  
The hour that makes you mine,  
Heav'n smiles on from above.

SAT. *(aside.)* Ah, me! I tremble should mischance betray,

For love's dear sake I still can mercy pray;

This love profound, of which alone I live,

Kind Heav'n may pardon; he—perchance—forgive.

RUF. Come, dearest, and resign  
Thy heart to sacred love;  
The hour that makes you mine,  
Heav'n smiles on from above.

*[RUFERT takes SATANELLA'S hand. Bridesmaids, vassals, marshalled by HORTENSIVS, are about to ascend to the chapel, the doors of chapel open, and the Priest, attended by the chaplain and youths, bearing incense, appear at the threshold.]*

CHORUS.

To Hymen's-love crowned altar now,  
The white robed maids repair,  
To twine around a virgin brow,  
A snow wreath far less fair.

*[SATANELLA falters. Thunder. General consternation.]*

RUP. (to SAT.)

Why trembles thus thy hand, sweet love, in mine?  
Dismiss thy fears, to joy thy heart resign.

[Thunder increases. HORTENSIVS rushes off.]

CHORUS.

In the thunders that now roll,  
Something dread the father fears;  
There's a shadow on his soul:

'Tis the voice of Heaven he hears.

[Thunderbolt strikes SATANELLA, who falls into RUPERT'S arms.]

CHORUS:

She is dead—she is dead,  
To her heart the bolt has sped:  
Death's dark shadow on his soul,  
Just were all the father's fears.

In the thunders that now roll,  
'Tis the voice of Heaven he hears.

[RUPERT, who has carried SATANELLA down, and placed her on a bank.]

She is not dead—let me behold her face.

[snatches off her veil.]

What horror's here? the false Page in her place!

CHO. The demon!

RUP. Lelia—where?

CHO. The demon—woe—despair!

[The bank on which SATANELLA has been placed, sinks amid flames.]

HOR. (entering)

My lord, the pirates setting out to sea,  
A captive maiden bear with them.

RUP.

'Tis she!

SOLO.

Up and arm ye, every brave,  
Chase the robbers o'er the wave;  
Sons of rapine and of shame,  
Strife and plunder, ravage, flame.

CHORUS.

Snatch from them <sup>his</sup> beauteous bride;  
Oh, should further wrong betide,  
Life, a grief too great to bear,  
He would madden with despair.

I should

CHORUS.

Arm! arm! and o'er the sea!

We'll die, or set her free.

[General bustle. RUPERT, followed by HORTENSIVS and Peasants, rushes towards the sea as the curtain falls.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Cavern, illumined by an unearthly gleam.*  
*ARIMANES discovered standing over SATANELLA, who is*  
*lifeless on a rock at his feet.*

## INVISIBLE CHORUS.

Upward from the nether world,  
 Thro' the deeps of endless space,  
 Meteor-like volcano hurled,  
 Or a comet seeking place,  
 Slave ! before thy king appear,  
 And thy doom in terror hear.

## RECITATIVE and DUETT.

ARI. Tho' the angry bolt has sped,  
 And in seeming thou art dead,  
 By the power I hold o'er thee,  
 Endless, like the misery  
 From thy fatal passion bred,  
 Lost one, this dread summons hear—  
 Rise ! before thy judge appear.

[SATANELLA slowly revives, and perceiving ARIMANES,  
 falls with terror on her knees before him.]

SAT. Master, pardon !  
 ARI. Wherefore pray  
 Pardon, since you disobey ?  
 Gifted with an angel's form,  
 Voice to guile, and smiles to charm,  
 Magic power unrestrain'd,  
 Hast for me one slave obtained ?  
 SAT. Tenfold deepen all my woe,  
 I can only answer—no.  
 ARI. That shall be my answer, slave,  
 Mercy ever should'st thou crave.  
 SAT. Unrequited love my shame,  
 Pity I may surely claim ;  
 Add not anger to my woe—  
 Pardon me, dread master.  
 ARI. No !  
 SAT. 'Tis enough to love in vain—  
 What can give me deeper pain ?  
 Some compassion yield my woe—  
 Pardon—pity—master !  
 ARI. No !

- SAT. So imperious love's fierce sway,  
 Baffles it e'en thy control ;  
 Humbly let me pardon pray ;  
 Life is anguish to my soul.  
 Add not anger to my woe—  
 Pardon—pity—master !
- ART.  
 SAT.  
 ART. Pardon—pity !  
 No, no, no !  
 Plead no more this girlish flame,  
 Demon only thou in name ;  
 Beauteous thou shalt be no more.  
 Woman-like, love's loss deplore ;  
 Demon, since thou canst not hate,  
 Tenfold mourn, and curse thy fate !  
 Hold—hold ! I'll not accept this doom !  
 My spirit shall its strength resume.  
 No more as woman weep or sigh,  
 But, demon-like, all grief deny.  
 One trial more my faith to prove,  
 I'll trample on this earthly love.  
 By thy sceptre I swear  
 Love from hence to resign ;  
 And his soul to ensnare,  
 Or his homage make thine.
- ART.  
 ART. By my sceptre you swear  
 Love from hence to resign,  
 His proud soul to ensnare,  
 And his homage make mine.  
 So be it, then ; I grant thy pray'r,  
 His homage win, his soul ensnare.  
 In thirty days with him appear.  
 In thirty days expect me here.
- SAT.

## ENSEMBLE.

- ART. By my sceptre you swear  
 Love from hence to resign.
- SAT. By thy sceptre I swear  
 Love from hence to resign.

[ARIMANES sinks. SATANELLA ascends to earth.]

SCENE II.—*A Street in Tunis. Several Palanquins, containing female slaves, cross stage, guarded by BRACHACIO and Pirates.*

BRA. (*looking after Palanquins.*) Mind how you carry my Georgian—steady, lads ; gently there with my Circassian, and above all, be very careful with the little peasant girl. By San Boremio, a female cargo certainly is a most difficult freight to manage. (*Coming down with Pirates.*) Yes, spite of all attempts at rescue, we shall safely house them at last. (*Laughter without.*) Eh ! whom have we here ? Why, our two land-lubbers, the only part of our freight that I expect will turn out but a sorry bargain.

*Enter several other Pirates, pushing in HORTENSIVS and KARL, dressed in Pirate Costume.*

HOR. (*indignantly.*) Irreverent knaves! have ye no respect for learning and the classics?

BRA. Peace, sirrah, or your classics will get the stick.

HOR. The stick!—this to a pedagogue? What an outrageous violation of scholastic precedent.

KAR. (*piteously.*) What a fool I was to go for a pirate! I thought I should have Lelia all to myself, and now I declare I stand less chance of her than ever.

HOR. (*soliloquising.*) Dire and overwhelming catastrophe! In the very hottest of the naumachia, or sea fight, between Count Rupert's ship and these desperadoes, I was most unceremoniously pushed overboard. I was just in the very act of sinking, when I suddenly found myself hooked up by my nether garments, and deposited, not in Count Rupert's ship, but on board the vessel of this marine monster (*pointing to BRACHACIO*).

BRA. (*exultingly.*) All's fish that comes to our net; you're a prisoner of war.

KAR. Yes, but you don't mean to call *me* a prisoner of war. It's a mean, pitiful subterfuge; you first of all persuade me to become a member of your rascally thieving salt-water fraternity; you then take all my money from me; and now you're going to sell me and this learned gentleman as slaves.

BRA. Ha! ha! ha! You're a pretty fellow to make a fuss. Did you think that our profession is manufactured out of such material as this? Why, I shall have to take half price for the pair of you, as deputy-scutillions to some economical pacha.

HOR. *Vœ mihi*, as we say in the classics; to be sold half-price, like a damaged quadruped!—Humiliating reflection!

BRA. Aye, and thank your lucky stars if you only find anybody fool enough to buy you, for, unless somebody takes you off our hands at once, we shall just clap a stone round your necks, and try whether the fishes can digest the classics.

KAR. (*with a tragic start.*) Barbarous barbarian!

HOR. (*groaning.*) Sanguinary savage!

BRA. (*aside.*) Ha! ha! ha! A magnificent idea! (*Aloud*) Well, come, come, I'm naturally of a mild and forgiving disposition, so I won't be hard upon you; I'll spare your life, but on one condition only.

KAR. Name it, name it.

HOR. Elucidate, oh most human of blood-thirsty cut-throats, elucidate.

BRA. It's of rather a peculiar nature, and must be proposed to each of you in private.

HOR. Verily I will agree to it, however demoniacal.

KAR. So-o-o-o will I.

BRA. You promise?

KAR and HOR. (*together.*) We swear.

BRA. (*taking HOR. aside.*) You see this bamboo? grasp it firmly in your right hand, and straightway break every bone in the carcase of our young friend yonder.

HOR. But suppose our young friend should prove the

stronger, verily 'twould be my carcase whose every bone would be broken.

BRA. (*sternly*) Consent at once, or—

HOR. (*taking bamboo tremblingly.*) I do agree unto thy bellicose alternative.

BRA. 'Tis well. (*Crosses to KARL.*) You wish to live?

KAR. Do I?—don't I?

BRA. I consent, then, to spare your life, provided that with this stick you utterly annihilate yonder dried-up specimen of classical antiquity.

KAR. What, thrash Master Hortensius? (*Aside.*) My nervous system has been so frightfully worked upon of late, that I'm devilish glad to have a chance of venting my irritation upon somebody (*taking bamboo*).

BRA. Agreed. (*Turning to Pirates.*) Now then, my lads, let's leave these gentlemen to themselves. (*Aside.*) It strikes me that by the time we return there won't be much left of them.  
[*Exeunt BRACACHIO and Pirates.*]

## DUETT.

HOR. Ye muses and Apollo hear,  
And learning's self in me protect,  
Or else this sturdy clown, I fear,  
Will not my wisdom much respect.

KAR. This pedagogue has many a snub  
In former times bestowed on me,  
And now right well his bones to drub  
Shall sweet revenge and pastime be.

HOR. He's brawny-shouldered, looks as though,  
Should I begin his loins to whack,  
He'd answer with a knock-down blow,  
And break the cane across my back.

KAR. (*eyeing HORTENSIOUS.*)  
Hard-bon'd and wiry seems his frame,  
I own I don't half like the job,  
For should the old cock but prove game,  
He'd put in jeopardy my nob.

HOR. When I attempt to castigate,  
The rogue will doubtless break my pate.

KAR. His parchment skin has bones beneath;  
His knuckles may displant my teeth.

HOR. Ah! should the sturdy knave oppose,  
His fist will sure offend my nose.

## ENSEMBLE.

I should like,  
Ere I strike  
The first blow,  
Well to know  
If he'll bear,  
Or will dare,

To retort on my nob ;  
 Should he rage,  
 And engage  
 In the strife,  
 For my life  
 I don't think,  
 But I'll blink,  
 And resign the sad job.

- HOB. I'll gently speak, and calm his fears,  
 Before I irritate his back.
- KAR. With soothing words I'll charm his ears,  
 And then right lustily I'll whack.
- HOB. Approach, my friend, both feel and see  
 Of my affection proofs to you.
- (*Aside, shaking cane.*)  
 Most striking proofs be sure they'll be,  
 Not one stripe wanting of your due.
- KAR. What may this mean? so kind before,  
 The old man never spoke to me.
- HOB. Each day I like thee more and more.
- KAR. Dear doctor, thus I feel for thee.
- HOB. Approach! at distance wherefore stand?  
 In proof of friendship give thy hand!—  
 There's mine.
- KAR. And mine!
- BOTH. A left-hand shake!
- HOB. Already I begin to quake.
- KAR. A forcep's claw.
- HOB. His fist's a vice.
- KAR. Friends now, we're foemen in a trice.

## ENSEMBLE.

I should like,  
 Ere I strike  
 The first blow,  
 Well to know  
 If he'll bear,  
 Or will dare,  
 To retort on my nob ;  
 Should he rage,  
 And engage  
 In the strife,  
 For my life  
 I don't think,  
 But I'll blink,  
 And resign the sad job.

- HOB. (*very soothingly, showing cane.*)  
 Poor boy! poor boy! I must assail.  
 Don't fly, my very life's at stake.
- KAR. (*showing cane.*)  
 And so is mine; I dare not fail,  
 Although the blows your back should break.
- HOB. Full thirty strokes I must you pay.

KAR. And thirty I must on you lay.  
 BORR. Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

[*At the end of Duett they rush at each other, but as soon as they meet face to face, they recoil with fear; they, however, pluck up courage, and are about to resume the attack, when they find COUNT RUPERT (who has just entered, disguised as a Greek Merchant) standing between them.*

RUP. (*surprised.*) What, Hortensius, my worthy preceptor?

HOR. Oh, ye propitious fates be praised! My honored master and worthy pupil; the thread of my existence, which was on the eve of being snapped asunder, is again prolonged.

RUP. (*seeing KARL.*) And Karl, too? What mean these threatening demonstrations? But, Lelia—quick! tell me of her!—Know you where she is?

KAR. Safe and sound, as far as body and limbs are concerned; but sadly rumpled, poor girl, in dignity and peace of mind.

RUP. Safe? but speak, man! where?

HOR. At their emporium yonder, ready to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

RUP. Then, thank Heaven, I have arrived in time to save her. Come, conduct me thither, for we've not a moment to lose.

[*They are about to go off, when they are met by BRACCHIO and Pirates.*

BRA. Heyday, what's this? my land-lubbers still in the enjoyment of all their faculties? I see I have no alternative left. Seize them, lads! Away with them to the river; make short work with them; we have no time to spare. slave market has commenced.

[*Pirates seize HORTENSIVS and KARL.*

KAR. Murder! help!

HOR. My honored—my worthy pupil; you cannot, you will not, see your venerable preceptor, the instructor of your youthful mind, turned into a morning's meal for some inhabitant of the aquatic regions?

RUP. Stay! Wherefore treat you thus these men? In what have they offended?

BRA. We rid ourselves of all unprofitable merchandize which we can't dispose of, in the shortest way possible.

HOR. Not so unprofitable as you may think, my ruthless barbarian; for I am sure my respected pupil and honored master will be delighted to ransom us at any price.

BRA. That being the case, let him make the purchase at once, as I have no time to waste; so either money down for ye, or—for those sounds announce the slave market has commenced.

[*Music till end of scene.*

RUP. What demand you for their release?  
 BRA. A hundred sequins, just the price of a donkey or a dromedary.

RUP. (*throwing purse.*) There is the sum. (*To HORTENSIVS.*) Now follow me without delay.

[*Exit COUNT RUPERT, hurriedly.*  
 BRA. (*taking money to Pirates.*) Gad, to-day 'all seems to bring grist to the mill, and if our female merchandize turn out

as good a speculation as these two land-lubbers here, why, our fortune's made by this one stroke. *[Exit with Pirates.]*

HON. (*missing.*) A learned pedagogue sold for the price of a dromedary!

KAR. No; a donkey you mean, worthy tutor.

HON. A donkey! what a degradation for the classics. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The Bazaar and Slave Market. Slaves discovered grouped in various positions: they are exhibited by BRACACHIO and Pirates to Merchants, who pass up and fro, contemplate them, and appear to enquire their value.*

CHORUS AND DANCE.

Merry Tunis, ope thy mart,  
Vend the prizes rich and rare,  
Tho' of East and West the heart,  
Not Stamboul can thee compare.  
Amber jewels, if you prize,  
Choose from out the Corsair's store,  
Lose your heart to beauty's eyes,  
You can buy what you adore.  
Maids are here of every kind;  
This the Corsair's chiefest care.  
And your choice you're sure to find,  
Be she black, or brown, or fair.  
To your gold we'll nought deny,  
Do not trust a prize to chance,  
Make your choice before you buy,  
While the lovely Almees dance.

*[During Chorus, enter, among crowd, COUNT RUPERT, KARL, and HORTENSIVS, the latter with a casket under his arm.]*

BRA. (*bringing forward LELIA.*)  
Who beauty seeks should hither turn his eyes,  
And matchless own the Pirate's lovely prize.

RUP. (*rushing to embrace.*)  
Joy! rapture! Lelia, idol of my heart!

LEL. My best beloved, Heaven grant no more to part!

BRA. (*interposing.*)  
Away! this slave is mine by right of arms.

LEL. Oh Heaven, 'tis true!

BRA. If she your fancy charms,  
Soon as the market opens you can buy—

RUP. At any price?

HON. (*shaking coffer.*) Don't run her up too high.

RUP. Droop not, my Lelia; I shall purchase thee.

BRA. Who bids the highest needs the owner be.

MOB. The Vizier comes.

HOR. If he should choose to buy,  
With his long purse your's cannot hope to vie

CHORUS.—MERRY TUNIS, &c.

[The VIZIER, surrounded by Attendants and Guards, is brought on in his Palanquin, from which he descends.]

BRA. (presenting a slave to VIZIER.)  
A fair Circassian, with that golden hair  
Most priz'd of all.

HOR. The old man seems to stare.

KAR. No wonder with such golden locks in view;  
I call them carrots of most fiery hue.

BRA. (with slave very stout.)  
A Georgian of the loveliest mien and mould.

HOR. A piece of dough into a mortal roll'd.

KAR. The Vizier doesn't seem to think her nice.

BRA. Cheap at two thousand.

HOR. Dear at any price:  
I wouldn't have her at a gift.

BRA. (with black slave.) A Nubian, see.

HOR. (admiringly.)  
A sable Venus.

KAR. Venus! mercy me,  
A blackamoor!

HOR. Of perfect color—make.

KAR. You'd best become a negro for her sake.

BRA. (presenting LELIA.)  
Extremes are neighbours: hither turn your eyes,  
And by mere contrast matchless own this prize.  
[VIZIER looks admiringly, signs to one of his attendants,  
who continues to proffer purse of gold.]

BRA. (to RUPERT.)  
He bids a thousand sequins.

RUP. Then I name  
Two thousand, and as mine my Lelia claim.  
[VIZIER nods, attendants offer second purse.]

BRA. Not yet, the Vizier doubles, and bids four.

RUP. Six thousand, then; I burn till all is o'er.

BRA. The Vizier twenty, sooner than revoke,  
My fortune's made at but a single stroke.  
[VIZIER bids again.]

LEL. Oh! woe is me.

RUP. Nay, Lelia, do not fear;  
I'll thirty thousand give.

HOR. That's very dear.

RUP. Be silent, slave! mere dross I count the gold;  
My Lelia's all to me.

HOR. Be not too bold;

The coffer's empty.  
Empty?

RUP. Yes, you're sold,  
As well as she, if he should bid once more.



BRA. The Vizier names a hundred thousand.  
 HOR. All is o'er.  
 RUP. Oh, heaven! despair! my blood begins to chill.  
 Hold, happy thought, I can outbid him still.  
 My gallant bark be thine—will that suffice?  
 BRA. Than his last offer 'tis a higher price.  
 RUP. Then Lelia's mine.  
 BRA. Not so; these jewels see  
 He proffers now, a double gain must be.  
 [SATANELLA suddenly appears in the corner from among  
 crowd, she is enveloped in a burnous.  
 SAT. I'll tempt him now, 'neath passion's sway  
 He's sure to prove an easy prey.

## QUINETTE.

RUP. Oh, woe! despair!  
 My Lelia's lost,  
 My heart's sole care  
 By fortune cross'd;  
 To save her yet  
 Should heaven deny,  
 Life one regret,  
 E'en let me die.  
 HOR. and KAR. Oh, woe! despair!  
 His true love lost,  
 His heart's sole care,  
 By fortune cross'd;  
 To save her yet  
 Should heaven deny,  
 Life all regret,  
 E'en let him die.  
 ITEL. Oh, woe! despair!  
 To love now lost,  
 My heart's sole care,  
 By fortune cross'd;  
 To be his yet,  
 Should heaven deny,  
 Life one regret,  
 E'en let me die.  
 BRA. Oh, fortune rare,  
 Worth all the cost  
 Of toil and care,  
 And rude seas cross'd,  
 I'll ne'er regret  
 That foes decry,  
 Since fortune yet  
 Bids me defy.  
 SAT. His life despair  
 Were Lelia lost,  
 His heart's one care  
 Then fortune cross'd.  
 To win her yet  
 He'd heaven defy  
 Hence, hence, regret,  
 E'en let him die.

BRA. Mine be the gold, and your's the slave.

RUP. Despair! dark clouds above me roll;  
Oh, might I but my Lelia save,  
I'd hazard more than life—my soul.

SAT. (*appearing at his side.*)

A bargain, then, your soul shall buy the maid.

RUP. My demon page, in stranger garb array'd?

SAT. Sign but this pact, and I'll the maid restore.

[*Presents scroll and dagger.*]

RUP. (*taking scroll and dagger.*)

'Tis done—Love triumphs—every terror o'er.

[*Pricks his arm with dagger, and with the point of the  
weapon traces his name on the parchment.*]

Your slave I'm now, hereafter you are mine.

[*She throws off her burnous, and appears in Oriental costume.*]

SONG.—SATANELLA.

Sultana Zuléma, with houris might vie,  
Love lived in the light of her radiant dark eye;  
Her lips seemed to promise all heaven in a kiss,  
You might die on her bosom, and think death a bliss;  
Her smile the bright morning made still brighter beam,  
Her voice was that music of which Poet's dream;  
Each movement revealed of her form some new grace,  
And the world you forgot when you looked in her face.

The Sultan ne'er knew the extent of his sway,  
So countless the slaves that knelt down to obey;  
Kings fled from his frown, nations trembled before,  
To win but his smile, Pashas stooped to adore.  
But though all the world in his fetters seem'd bound,  
Yet still in his harem one rebel he found:  
Zulema, who dared all his anger to brave,  
And earth's greatest king was the proud beauty's slave.

[*During the song the VIZIER has led LELIA to the back, and  
is about to force her to mount in his palanquin, when he is  
arrested by SATANELLA's song; he appears gradually to  
grow more impassioned as the song proceeds; is irresistibly  
drawn towards her by the supernatural charm of her voice;  
and by the end of song he is so thoroughly enraptured,  
that he approaches her, and motions to his slaves, who  
place caskets of jewels at SATANELLA's feet, in token of  
their master's admiration.*]

SAT. Would'st thou win me—charm my heart—

Proffer neither gems nor gold;

Woo me fondly—else depart,

Love is never bought or sold.

Could'st thou purchase beauty's smile,

Love she'd richer make with tears;

All thy having were but guile,

Worth, not wealth, her choice endears.

[*VIZIER kneels.*]

No rival shares a throne with me.  
 Would'st win my smiles, and rule my heart,  
 'This purchased maid you must set free,  
 And with her lover let depart.

[VIZIER assents to set LELIA at liberty, she rushes into RUPERT'S arms.

RUP.  
 SAT.

An angel thou!  
 No thanks, but speed away!  
 Remember we shall meet on reckoning day.

[RUPERT, followed by KARL and HORTENSIVS, hurry off LELIA.

Old man, thyself deceiving!  
 Deceiving! deceiving!  
 'Thou think'st that I must grieving  
 Let thee unconquered go.  
 But lo! thy heart enslaving!  
 Enslaving! enslaving!  
 Myself, thy Queen I know.  
 The bargain made—now breaking,  
 At once without leave taking,  
 Your choice for me forsaking,  
 In thralldom you must go.  
 My glance thy love inspiring,  
 No other now admiring,  
 My smiles alone desiring,  
 Both slave and fool I know.

[The palanquin is brought forward, the VIZIER places SATELLE in it; it is then carried off by the slaves, surrounded by the Almees, dancing, and she is borne off amid the acclamations of the crowd.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Demon's Tower (as before.)* COUNT RUPERT  
*discovered.*

## SERENADE.

Haste, lovers, haste, the soft moon-beams  
Shed radiance now o'er land and sea :  
And promised joys of blissful dreams,  
Should twice bless'd in love's bridal be.

[*Voices of Sorenaders gradually die away.*]

RUP. Yes, at length the hour is at hand when I may call thee mine: at midnight our union will be solemnized in the rustic chapel. Ah! little care I for fortune's frowns, since thou, my Lelia, art left me.

## SONG.

No prize can fate on man bestow  
Like love in woman's breast ;  
A light that brightest shines in woe,  
And blessing then is blest.  
Oh, make but mine one faithful heart,  
All other realms above,  
Life's varied joys, set all apart,  
And leave me only love.  
Though I would fain ennobled be,  
And win an honoured name,  
Thy heart's true love is more to me,  
Than all the wreaths of fame.  
If glory, like the mountain snow,  
To shine must freeze above,  
Let me still live, where falls below  
The soft warm light of love.

*Enter LELIA and HORTENSIVS.*

RUP. Why, dear Lelia, that shadow o'er your brow ?

LEL. Heed it not, dear Rupert, if my mind misgives me ; a strange foreboding tells me that our trials are not yet ended ; at times your brow, too, is o'ercast, some secret sorrow seems busy at your heart.

RUP. Calm thy fears, my Lelia ; who now could wrest thee from these arms ?

HOR. 'Of a surety, no one ; unless, indeed, that little imp of darkness should take it into h's head to—

RUP. (*shudders.*) Peace ! Recall not that dread being.

LEL. Again the dark clouds lower on thy brow; dearest Rupert, what means this emotion?

RUP. 'Tis nothing, love—thou se'st 'tis already past. (*To Hon.*) What would you, good Hortensius?

HON. I have hastened hither, "cito pede," as we say in the classics, to announce that the preparations at the chapel are complete; the villagers are assembled, and eagerly await the arrival of the thrice happy pair.

RUP. Haste, then, my Lelia; no stately bridal garb need'st thou; a simple wreath, the emblem of thine own virgin purity, will be thy fittest ornament.

LEL. Farewell, then, dearest, for a few brief moments; then to return.

RUP. (*tenderly.*) Never to leave me more.

[*Accompanies her to door. Exit LELIA.*]

RUP. Would that the ceremony were already performed; spite of myself, Lelia's fears find an echo in my own breast. A vague anxiety overcomes me.

HON. Anxiety! very likely! 'tis a never failing matrimonial concomitant; but, for my part, after the wondrous adventures I have undergone, per mare et terram, as we say in the classics; after having been fished up by pirates, exposed for sale at half price, and ransomed at asinine valuation; fear can never again find a receptacle in this manly bosom.

RUP. (*musingly.*) The very thought of that mystic being to whom you just now alluded—(*the stage gradually darkens*)

HON. (*tremblingly looking around.*) I—I—I—did I allude to him; well, do you know, I almost think I—I—I—should feel a species of tremor—that's to say, a slight degree of perturbation, if ever again I chanced to come across that diabolical little emanation from (*pointing downwards*). *Clock strikes.* Midnight—midnight! what a very uncomfortable time of night, to be sure; whatever you do, dear master, don't mention that little imp of Satan any more; because, you know, talk of the devil and—oh—o—o—oh—

[*At the last chime of midnight, an unearthly light pervades the room, and a female form, enveloped in a dark and cabalistic garb, appears.*]

RUP. Heavens, what can this portend?

HON. (*whose knees are knocking together with fear.*) There, didn't I—I—tell you? (*The figure makes signs to HORTENSIUS to withdraw.*)

#### FINALE.

RUP. Dread shadow, speak! thy mission here unfold.

SAT. Canst not surmise? In me thy fate behold (*raises veil*.)

RUP. Great heaven—the fiend!

SAT. Less harshly thou didst name

When I thy love redeem'd from bonds and shame;

But, fiend or angel, now thy soul I claim.

RUP. My soul?—no—no!

SAT. (*presenting bond.*)

Look on this pact, I pray,

And, if thou canst, thy signature gainsay;

For thirty days, love, freedom, I made thine;

They've lapsed away, and now thy soul is mine.

LELIA enters.

SAT. The altar's deck'd, why linger here, my love?  
Our friends, impatient, wait for us above.  
More pressing friends are waiting him below,  
To other nuptials bound.

LEL. My Rupert, no!  
SAT. My lover, my betrothed, my husband, he.  
Call what you please, his soul belongs to me.

TRIO.

ENSEMBLE.

SAT. Lift not to heaven your voice,  
It frowning turns away,  
While all the fiends rejoice,  
And clamour for their prey;  
For earthly passions' sake  
Thou didst this contract sign;  
Must vengeance now o'ertake,  
Despair, thy fate and mine.

REP. I dare not lift my voice,  
Heaven frowning turns away,  
While all the fiends rejoice,  
And clamour for their prey.  
For Love's and Lelia's sake,  
That contract did I sign;  
Must vengeance now o'ertake,  
Eternal grief be mine.

LEL. Though all the fiends rejoice,  
And clamour for their prey,  
To heaven I'll lift my voice,  
And pardon, pity, pray.  
For Love's and Lelia's sake  
He did that contract sign,  
Let not thy wrath o'ertake,  
To mercy heaven incline.

REP. (to SATANELLA.)

How have I wronged thee, say?

SAT. (apart.)

He does not know,  
Insensate heart, true source of all my woe.

REP.

What have I done, and how provoked thy hate?

SAT.

Taught me to love, and trebly curse my fate.

REP. and LEL.

Taught thee to love?

SAT.

Taught me to love?

(With deep feeling to RUPERT.)

Ah! dost not see that I adore

With more than woman's fond desire?

Grief's fountains, ever flooding o'er,

Cannot extinguish here Love's fire,

Immortal as the spirit life

That for thy sake would human be,

Now ever doom'd to mourn the strife

Between despair and love for thee.

LEL.

Thou lov'st him, then?

SAT.           With love so wild and strange,  
                  might a demon to an angel change.  
RUP.   I spurn thy love, and answer back with hate.  
SAT.   That word has quench'd remorse, now take thy fate.

## TRIO REPEATED.

Lift not to Heaven thy voice,  
                  &c., &c., &c.

LEL.   Though all the fiends rejoice,  
RUP.   I dare not raise my voice.  
LEL.   Some grace accord.  
SAT.           Oh, yes, I'll lead the way,  
          Where he the forfeit of this bond must pay.  
LEL.   Have mercy, pray !  
SAT.           Why should the demon spare ?  
          He scorned my love, let him my sufferings share.  
LEL.   Thou lov'st, and would destroy ? oh, false onc, shame,  
          To grace thy fury with Love's gentle name.  
SAT.   Love's gentle when belov'd, but Love can rage,  
          And deadly warfare with a rival wage ;  
          I mourn far more than anger at his hate ;  
          Love's vengeance is from you to separate.  
LEL.   Spare Rupert, then, and me as victim take ;  
          I am content to perish for his sake.  
RUP.   No !—never !  
SAT.           No, my fate shall be his fate.  
RUP.   Heaven shall defend !  
SAT.           Heaven holds thee in its hate :  
          This contract makes thee to the fiend a slave.  
LEL. (*snatching RUPERT'S dagger, which she is about to plunge into  
her breast.*)  
          Let me, too, perish, since I cannot save.  
SAT. (*stays her arm.*)  
          Hold ! hold !           [*Regarding LELIA with admiration.*]  
          Oh, tenderness sublime !  
          If thou, without a crime,  
          Would heaven for him resign,  
          Thy love surpasses mine.  
RUP.   Oh, tenderness sublime !  
          Her heart, without a crime,  
          Would heaven for me resign,  
          And share the sad fate mine.  
LEL.   My heart, in love sublime,  
          Would partner her in crime ;  
          If he must heaven resign,  
          Let his sad fate be mine.  
RUP. and LEL.   She weeps. Has, then, compassion touch'd her  
                  breast ?

- SAT. (*to LEL.*)  
Weep thou no more, with him for ever bless'd.
- RUP. Dost thou relent? that grace comes from above.
- SAT. Ah, would it might! but no, the cause is love.
- RUP. and LEL.  
Hast thou, indeed, the power, and can'st thou save?  
The bond which made thee to the fiend a slave  
Was price of freedom for a term to me;  
When 'tis consumed thou shalt again be free.  
[*Places compact over lamp, and throws the burning scroll  
on the ground.*]
- LEL. and RUP.  
And thou?
- SAT. My mortal form shall pass away  
As it expires; my spirit then resume  
The fiend's dread shape, and suffer tenfold doom.
- RUP. No! no! Hold! hold!  
Great Heaven! accord my heartfelt prayer—  
The sacrifice be mine alone;  
These dear ones further anguish spare,  
And let my death the past atone.
- RUP. and LEL.  
No, no! to heaven for pardon pray.
- SAT. I dare not, but, forgiving me, you may  
Hence to the chapel, and for mercy pray.
- LEL. (*giving SATANELLA rosary from off her neck.*)  
This sacred rosary may help to save;  
With faith in heaven thou may'st the demon brave.
- RUP. and LEL. Let's haste away,  
Heaven's mercy pray.  
Fear not to die,  
'Twill ne'er deny.
- SAT. Hence—hence—away,  
And mercy pray.  
For love's sake I  
Now will to die. [They exeunt.]
- SAT. (*kissing rosary.*) What joy is this?  
A gleam of bliss,  
And I dare hope  
With fiends to cope.  
Heav'n hears me pray,  
Turns not away,  
But lifts above  
My heart's pure love.
- [*She sinks on her knee in prayer. Scene changes to the  
gloomy regions of ARIMANES. ARIMANES is seen sur-  
rounded by Furies, who rush wildly and w'ith threatening  
gestures around SATANELLA.*]
- DEMONS. Vengeance, vengeance, thrice accursed!  
Tenfold torture let her feel.  
Anger into madness nurs'd,  
New born agonies reveal!  
Since the slave has dared betray,  
Furies, lash her night and day.



ART. Demon slave, thy shape resume,  
Writhe beneath the curse of doom.

SAT. Heaven have mercy, list above ;  
Save me for my true heart's love.

[*A religious strain is heard. SATANELIA, as though animated with pious hope, falls on her knees, and, by means of the rosary, keeps the demons at bay. A celestial ray penetrates the obscurity of the dark abode, and falls on SATANELIA, who, slowly rising, is wafted upwards on a cloud, which appears to rise beneath her feet. A portion of the back of the cavern gradually disappears, and discloses the interior of the chapel, and the celebration of LELIA'S nuptials. ARIMANES and the fiends, as baffled and overcome, crouch down in the foreground, and the melody of "THE POWER OF LOVE" is sung by an invisible choir as the curtain slowly descends.*

THE END.

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1,500 pieces the richest qualities imported, all at 1s. 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d., worth 23d.

MILLINERS and THE TRADE SUPPLIED WITH CUT LENGTHS AT WHOLESALE PRICES

61, and 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

## THE NEW ALHAMBRA FLOUNCED SILK SKIRT,

MADE UP IN TWO OR THREE FLOUNCES,

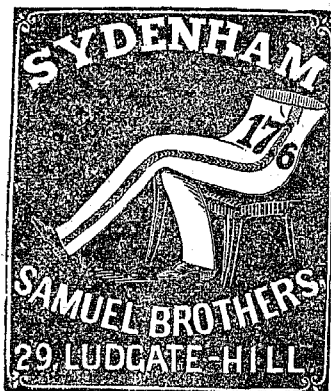
PRICE £2 18s. 6d., INCLUDING BODICE AND TRIMMING.

This elegant novelty, just introduced by the Messrs. AMOTT, will be found to surpass in Beauty and Style anything yet produced; it is made in Black, and all colours, and is composed of the purest ITALIAN FLOSS.

**AMOTT BROTHERS AND CO.,**

**SILK MERCERS,**

61, and 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.



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Complete, 80s. Comprising Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers of superfine Saxony black cloth, or the Waistcoat of silk if preferred. Or Trousers, 17s. 6d.; Waistcoat, 12s. 6d.; and Coat, 50s., separately.

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### SYDENHAM BOYS' SUIT,

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This Coat, which is constructed without shoulder seams, is therefore exempt from the strain and restraint imposed upon the arms and shoulders by most great coats. It is perfectly waterproof, and very durable, retains its gloss and brightness of colour, and is warm without being heavy.

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### SYDENHAM FULL-DRESS SUIT,

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### SYDENHAM CLERICAL SUIT.

Trousers, 17s. 6d.; Waistcoat, black corded, 12s. 6d.; Frock Coat, black or steel, 50s.; Overcoat, black or steel, 42s. to 70s., according to lining and trimming. If perfectly plain, the Top Coat at 42s. is of the same quality as those of higher prices.

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For the Counting House, the Collecting Path, or the Road.—Trousers, 17s. 6d.; Waistcoat, to match, 8s. 6d.; Coat, to match, 35s.; Top Coat, waterproof and warm, 42s. All of the best materials and make.

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Universally admitted to be the most elegant, comfortable, and durable that can be made.

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## REFRESHING BALM FOR THE HAIR.

Every one values and admires a beautiful head of hair, yet there are hundreds who desire to make their hair look well, keep it from turning grey and falling off, but are unacquainted with the means to do so.

### OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

To them is a priceless treasure; it is the only certain remedy: established upwards of fifty years, it has withstood every opposition and imitation, and, by the increasing demand, proves its true value. **It Strengthens and Nourishes**, exerting a healthy influence, and occasioning an ample and luxuriant growth of Hair—**Preserves** where the Hair is already full—**Restores** when weak or falling off—**Beautifies**, and gives a rich and beautiful appearance: **It Cleanses the Hair**, and, for young people, supersedes the use of the fine comb, as the most respectable heads of schools can testify. In producing whiskers or moustache, adding weak, thin hair to become strong, it has no equal. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. only: Sold wholesale and retail by

C. and A. OLDRIDGE, 13, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, (Seven Doors from the Strand).

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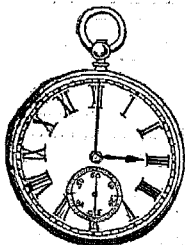
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An unusually extensive Stock of Solid Gold Guard and Albert Chains, Diamond and other Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, &c., all of the latest and most approved Designs.

A Descriptive Pamphlet of Patterns and Prices sent free to any part of the world. Any of the above forwarded free on receiving Post Office Orders payable to H. MILLS, 171, Oxford Street, London.



# CHINA AND GLASS ROOMS,

Nos. 49 and 50, OXFORD STREET. LONDON.

## JOHN W. SHARPUS

Bears respectfully to call the attention of the public to his IMMENSE STOCK, which is now replete with all the most Modern and Classic Designs in China, Glass, Earthenware, Parian Statuary, and Bohemian Glass.

### PARIAN STATUARY AND BOHEMIAN GLASS.

|                                                                                           | £  | s.      | d. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|---------|----|
| Dinner Services, to Dine twelve persons from                                              | 2  | 2       | 0  |
| Ditto, richly gilt . . . . .                                                              | 3  | 13      | 6  |
| Handsome painted and gilt . . . . .                                                       | 5  | 15      | 6  |
| Rich coloured Bands, handsomely gilt from                                                 | 7  | 7       | 0  |
| Porcelain Services, rich coloured bands, handsomely gilt . . . . .                        | 25 | guineas |    |
| A variety of patterns, expressly for India and the Colonies, at the same moderate prices. |    |         |    |

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| For twelve persons, in neat coloured borders . . . . .                                                                    | 1 | 1  | 0 |
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| Ditto, ditto, from 5 to 10 guineas and upwards.                                                                           |   |    |   |
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A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PATTERNS AT THE SAME MODERATE PRICES.

**JUST OUT—A beautiful Parian Bust of the late GENERAL HAVELOCK.**

All orders from the Country must be accompanied with a reference or remittance.

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----|----|---------|
| White china, gold edge . . . . .                                                                 | from | 0  | 17 | 0       |
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| Elegant pattern, handsomely painted and gilt . . . . .                                           | from | 2  | 2  | 0       |
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#### GLASS DEPARTMENT.

|                                                         | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| Particularly neat cut Wine Glasses. 0 8 6 per doz.      | 0 | 8  | 6  |
| Handsome cut ditto from 12s. 6d. to 1 1 0 per doz.      | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Neat good strong tumblers . . . . . 0 4 6 per doz.      | 0 | 4  | 6  |
| A large variety of patterns 10s 6d to 1 4 0 per doz.    | 1 | 4  | 0  |
| Pale Ale Tumblers, for India 12s. 6d. to 2 2 0 per doz. | 2 | 2  | 0  |
| Modern shape Decanters . . . . . 0 8 0 per pair         | 0 | 8  | 0  |
| Cut gla-s engraved . . . . . 21s. to 2 2 0 per pair     | 2 | 2  | 0  |
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| Cut Glass Water Jugs . . . . . 5s. to 1 1 0 each.       | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Best glass salts, modern shapes 9d to 0 2 9 each.       | 0 | 2  | 9  |

A Price Catalogue may be had on application, containing a full description of Kitchen Requisites, Toilet Ware, Paper Trays, Cutlery, Plated Cruet Frames. Hot Water Plates and Dishes, and every requisite required for furnishing, at extremely reduced Cash Prices.

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The most appropriate offerings are those which tend to the promotion of Personal Beauty in the fair and youthful, who at this festive season are more than usually desirous to shine to advantage under the gaze of their friends: none can be more acceptable than

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair; and as an invigorator and beautifier beyond all precedent. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d., and double that size, 21s. per bottle.

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Unequaled for its rare and inestimable qualities in imparting a radiant bloom to the Complexion, and a softness and delicacy to the Hands and Arms. Price 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. per Bottle.

## ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

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Which bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like Whiteness, Strengthens the Gums, and renders the Breath sweet and Pure. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

The Patronage of Royalty, and Rank and Fashion, throughout Europe, and their universally-known efficacy, give these preparations a celebrity unparalleled, and render them peculiarly

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