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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA: A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS ***



PEDRILLO—OH! YOU MOST BEAUTIFUL GODDESS.
ACT II SCENE I
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1807.

**THE
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA;
A COMIC OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS;
By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.**

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS
BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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REMARKS.

A reader must be acquainted with O'Keeffe on the stage to admire him in the closet. Yet he is entitled to more praise, in being the original author of a certain species of drama, made up of whim and frolic than numberless retailers of wit and sentiment with whom that class of readers are charmed, who are not in the habit of detecting plagiarism.

From Operas, since the Beggar's Opera, little has been required by the town except music and broad humour. The first delights the elegant, the second the inelegant part of an audience; by which means all parties are gratified.

Had O'Keeffe written less, his reputation would have stood higher with the public; and so would that of many an author beside himself: but when a man makes writing his only profession—industry, and prudent forecast for the morrow, will often stimulate him to produce, with heavy heart, that composition which his own judgment condemns. Yet is he compelled to bear the critic's censure, as one whom vanity has incited to send forth crude thoughts with his entire good will, and perfect security as to the high value they will have with the world.

Let it be known to the world, that more than half the authors who come before them thus apparently bold and self-approved, are perhaps sinking under the shame of their puerile works, and discerning in them more faults, from closer attention and laudable timidity, than the most severe of their censurers can point out.

These observations might be some apology for this Opera, if it required any. But it has pleased so well in representation, that its deserts as an exhibition are acknowledged; and if in reading

there should appear something of too much intricacy in the plot, or of improbability in the events, the author must be supposed to have seen those faults himself; though want of time, or, most likely, greater reliance upon the power of music than upon his own labour, impelled him gladly to spare the one, in reverence to the other.

The songs have great comic effect on the stage; particularly those by some of the male characters: and the mistakes which arise from the impositions of Spado are highly risible.

As the reader, to form a just judgment on "The Castle of Andalusia," should see it acted; so the auditor, to be equally just, must read it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON FERNANDO	<i>Mr. Johnstone.</i>
SPADO	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
PEDRILLO	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
DON CÆSAR	<i>Mr. Townsend.</i>
DON SCIPIO	<i>Mr. Emery.</i>
PHILIPPO	<i>Mr. King.</i>
RAPINO	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
CALVETTE	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
VASQUEZ	<i>Mr. Klanert.</i>
DON JUAN	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
DON ALPHONSO	<i>Mr. Braham.</i>
VICTORIA	<i>Mrs. Atkins.</i>
CATILINA	<i>Mrs. Mills.</i>
ISABELLA	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
LORENZA	<i>Signora Storate.</i>
BANDITTI, SERVANTS, &c.	

SCENE,—Spain.

THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Cavern with winding Stairs, and recesses cut in the Rock; a large Lamp hanging in the Centre; a Table, Wine, Fruits, &c. in disorder.—At the Head DON CÆSAR; on each Side SPADO, SANGUINO, RAPINO, and others of the Banditti.

AIR I. AND CHORUS.

Don Cæsar. *Here we sons of freedom dwell,
In our friendly, rock-hewn cell;
Pleasure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way,
Ever social, great and free,
Valour guards our liberty.*

AIR.

Don Cæsar. *Of severe and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils;
Dreary dungeons' iron jaws,
Oar and gibbet—whips or wheels,
Let's never think
While thus we drink
Sweet Muscadine!
O life divine!*

Chorus.—*Here we sons of freedom dwell, &c.*

Don Cæsar. Come, cavaliers, our carbines are loaded, our hearts are light: charge your glasses, Bacchus gives the word, and a volley makes us immortal as the rosy god.—Fire!

Spado. Ay, captain, this is noble firing—Oh, I love a volley of grape-shot.—Are we to have any sky-light in our cave?

[*Looking at SANGUINO 's Glass.*

Don Cæsar. Oh, no! a brimmer round.—Come, a good booty to us to-night.

[*All drink.*

Spado. Booty! Oh, I love to rob a fat priest.—Stand, says I, and then I knock him down.

Sang. My nose bleeds. [*Looks at his Handkerchief.*] I wonder what colour is a coward's blood?

Spado. Don't you see it's red?

Sang. Ha! call me coward, [*Rises in fury.*] sirrah? Captain! cavaliers!—But this scar on my forehead contradicts the miscreant.

Spado. Scar on your forehead!—Ay, you will look behind you, when you run away.

Sang. I'll stab the villain— [*Draws Stiletto.*] —I will, by Heaven.

Don Cæsar. Pho, Sanguino! you know when a jest offers, Spado regards neither time, place, nor person.

All. [*Interposing.*] Don't hurt little Spado.

Spado. [*Hiding behind.*] No, don't hurt little Spado.

Sang. Run away! Armies have confessed my valour: the time has been—but no matter.

[*Sits.*

Don Cæsar. Come, away with reflection on the past, or care for the future; the present is the golden moment of possession.—Let us enjoy it.

All. Ay, ay, let us enjoy it.

Don Cæsar. You know, cavaliers, when I entered into this noble fraternity, I boasted only of a little courage sharpened by necessity, the result of my youthful follies, a father's severity, and the malice of a good-natured dame.

Spado. Captain, here's a speedy walk-off to old women.

All. [*Drink*] Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Don Cæsar. When you did me the honour to elect me your captain, two conditions I stipulated:—Though at war with the world abroad, unity and social mirth should preside over our little commonwealth at home.

Spado. Yes, but Sanguino's for no head—he'll have ours a commonwealth of fists and elbows.

Don Cæsar. The other, unless to preserve your own lives, never commit a murder.

Spado. I murdered since that—a bishop's coach-horse.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Don Cæsar. Hand me that red wine.

AIR II.—DON CÆSAR.

*Flow, thou regal purple stream,
Tinctur'd by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.*

*My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reign'd, but that was May.*

[*Thunder.*]

Don Cæsar. Hark, how distinct we hear the thunder through this vast body of earth and rock.—Rapino, is Calvette above, upon his post?

Rap. Yes.

Don Cæsar. Spado, 'tis your business to relieve the centinel.

Spado. Relieve! what's the matter with him?

Don Cæsar. Come, come, no jesting with duty—'tis your watch.

Spado. Let the wolves watch for me—my duty is to get supper ready.— [*Thunder.*] —Go up! Od's fire, do you think I'm a Salamander?—D'ye hear?

Sang. No sport, I fear.

Don Cæsar. Then call Calvette, lock down the trap-door, and get us some more wine from the cistern.

Spado. Wine! Ay, captain; and this being a night of peace, we'll have a dish of olives.

Sang. No, peace! we'll up and scour the forest presently. But well thought on; a rich old fellow, one Don Scipio, has lately come to reside in the castle on the skirts of the forest—what say you to plunder there?

Don Cæsar. Not to-night—I know my time—I have my reasons—I shall give command on that business. But where's the stranger we brought in at our last excursion?

Rap. He reposes in yonder recess.

Spado. Ay, egad, there he lies, with a face as innocent— [*Aside.*] —If my fellow-rooks would but fly off, I'd have the pigeon here within all to myself.

Cal. [*Appears at the Top of the winding Stairs, with a Lanthorn.*] A booty.

Sang. Good news, cavaliers; here comes Calvette.

Cal. A booty!

Sang. What! where?

Cal. Soft—but one man!

Sang. But one man! Is he alone?

Cal. Quite.

Spado. One man, and alone—that's odd!

Cal. He seems in years, but his habit, as well as I could distinguish, speaks him noble.

[*Descends.*]

Don Cæsar. Then he'll fight.—My arms!

Spado. Oh, he'll fight—get my arms; no, my legs will do for me.

[*Aside.*]

Sang. Come, my carbine—quick!

Don Cæsar. To the attack of one man—paltry! Only you, Calvette, Sanguino, Rapino, and Spado go; the rest prepare for our general excursion.

Spado. Captain, don't send me; indeed I'm too rash!

Don Cæsar. Come, come, leave buffoonery, and to your duty.

[*CALVETTE and RAPINO ascend; the rest go in at several Recesses; SPADO, the last, ascends up slowly.*]

Enter DON ALPHONSO.

Don Alph. I find myself somewhat refreshed by my slumber; at such a time to fall into the hands of these ruffians, how unlucky! I'm pent up here; my rival, Fernando, once my friend, reaches Don Scipio's castle, weds my charming Victoria, and I lose her for ever; but if I could secure an

interview, love should plead my cause.

AIR III.—DON ALPHONSO.

*The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind;
Yet his heart, with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.*

*To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger
In a rival, left at home.*

SPADO *returns down the Stairs.*

Spado. [*Aside.*] Now for some talk with our prisoner here—Stay, are they all out of ear-shot? How the poor bird sings in its cage! I know more of his affairs than he thinks of, by overhearing his conversation at the inn at Lorca.

Don Alph. How shall I escape from these rascals? Oh, here is one of the gentlemen. Pray, sir, may I take the liberty—

Spado. No liberty for you.—Yet upon certain conditions, indeed—give me your hand.

Don Alph. [*Aside.*] Impudent scoundrel!

Spado. Signor, I wish to serve you—and serve you I will; but I must know the channel, before I make for the coast; therefore, to examine you with the pious severity of an holy inquisitor, who the devil are you?

Don Alph. A pious adjuration truly!— [*Aside.*] —Sir, my name is Alphonso, and I am son of a banker at Madrid.

Spado. Banker! Oh! I thought he sung like a young goldfinch.

Don Alph. Perhaps, by trusting this fellow, I may make my escape.

[*Aside.*

Spado. I'll convince him I know his secrets, and then I hold his purse-strings.

Don Alph. You won't betray me?

Spado. Honour among thieves.

Don Alph. Then you must know, when your gang attacked me yesterday evening—

Spado. You were posting full gallop to Don Scipio's castle, on the confines of the forest here.

Don Alph. Hey! then perhaps you know my passion for—

Spado. Donna Victoria, his daughter.

Don Alph. Then you know that she's contracted—

Spado. To your friend Don Fernando de Zelva, who is now on his journey to the castle, and, to the destruction of your hopes, weds the lady on his arrival.

Don Alph. True, while I am pent up in this cursed cavern; but how you got my story, I—

Spado. No matter! I could let you out of this cursed cavern.

Don Alph. And will you?

Spado. Ah, our trap-door above requires a golden key.

Don Alph. Your comrades have not left me a piastre.

Spado. Will you give me an order on your father's bank for fifty pieces, and I'll let you out?

Don Alph. You shall have it.

Spado. A bargain. I'll secure your escape.

Enter DON CÆSAR, behind.

Don Cæsar. How's this?

Spado. Zounds, the captain Ramirez! [*Aside.*] —Ay, you dog, I'll secure you for an escape! Do you think I'd set you at liberty without the captain's orders? Betray my trust for a bribe! What the devil do you take me for? [*In a seeming rage.*] Oh, captain, I did not see you.

Don Cæsar. What's the matter?

Spado. Nothing, only our prisoner here was mistaken in his man—that's all. Let you escape, indeed!

Don Alph. Here's a rascal!

Spado. Rascal! D'ye hear him? He has been abusing me this half hour, because I would not convey him out without your knowledge. Oh, what offers he did make me! but my integrity is proof against Gallions, Escurials, Perus, and Mexicos.

Don Cæsar. Begone instantly to your comrades. [*SPADO ascends.*] Signor, no occasion to tamper with my companions; you shall owe your liberty to none but me. I'll convey you to the cottage of the vines, belonging to the peasant Philippo, not far from Don Scipio's castle; there you may rest in safety to-night, and—

Don Alph. Ah, captain! no rest for me.

Don Cæsar. Look ye, signor, I am a ruffian, perhaps worse, but venture to trust me.—A picklock may be used to get to a treasure—don't wish to know more of me than I now chuse to tell you; but, if your mistress loves you as well as you seem to love her, to-morrow night she's yours.

Don Alph. My good friend!

Don Cæsar. Now for Philippo—I don't suppose you wish to see any of our work above—ha! ha! ha!—Well, well, I was once a lover, but now—

AIR IV.—DON CÆSAR.

*On by the spur of valour goaded,
Pistols primed, and carbines loaded,
Courage strikes on hearts of steel;
While each spark,
Through the dark
Gloom of night,
Lends a clear and cheering light,
Who a fear or doubt can feel?*

*Like serpents now, through thickets creeping,
Then on our prey, like lions, leaping!
Calvette to the onset leads us,
Let the wand'ring trav'ler dread us!
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our swords with lightning blaze.*

[Thunder.

*Thunder to our carbines roaring,
Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,
Each a free and roving blade,
Ours a free and roving trade,
To the onset let's away,
Valour calls, and we obey.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Forest.

A stormy Night.

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. Pedrillo! [*Calling.*] What a dreadful night, and horrid place to be benighted! Pedrillo!—I fear I've lost my servant; but by the pace I rode since I left Ecceija, Don Scipio's castle can't be very far distant: this was to have been my wedding night, if I arrived there. Pedrillo! Pedrillo!

[*Calling.*

Ped. [*Within*] Sir!

Don Fer. Where are you, sirrah?

Ped. Quite astray, sir.

Don Fer. This way.

Enter PEDRILLO, groping his way.

Ped. Any body's way, for I have lost my own.—Do you see me, sir?

Don Fer. No indeed, Pedrillo!

[*Lightning.*

Ped. You saw me then, sir. [*Thunder.*] Ah, this must frighten the mules, they'll break their bridles; I tied the poor beasts to a tree.

Don Fer. Well, we may find them in the morning, if they escape the banditti, which I am told infests this forest.

Ped. Banditti! [*A shot without.*] Ah! we are dead men.

Don Fer. Somebody in trouble!

Ped. No, somebody's troubles are over.

Don Fer. Draw and follow me, Pedrillo.

Ped. Lord, sir! ha'n't we troubles enough of our own?

Don Fer. Follow! Who can deny assistance to his fellow creature in distress?

[*Draws.—Exit.*

Ped. What fine creatures these gentlemen are!—But for me, I am a poor, mean, rascally servant—so I'll even take my chance with the mules.

AIR V.—PEDRILLO.

*A master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily, gaily, gambo raily,
Giggling, niggling,
Gallop'ing galloway, draggel tail, dreary dun.*

*I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.*

*We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her, &c.*

*We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone astray,
With your, &c.*

*Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our, &c.*

*My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Gallop'ing, dreary, dun,
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
With my, &c.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A thicker Part of the Forest.—Large Tree and Stone Cross.

*Enter DON SCIPIO, attacked by SANGUINO, RAPINO, and
CALVETTE.*

Sang. Now, Rapino, lop off his sword-arm.

Don Scipio. Forbear! there's my purse, you rascals!

[*Throws it down.*]

Sang. Fire!

Spado. [*Peeping from the large Tree.*] No, don't fire.

Sang. I am wounded—hew him to pieces.

[*As DON SCIPIO is nearly overpowered,*

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. Ha! what murderous ruffians!

[*Engages the BANDITTI, who precipitately disperse several ways.*]

Spado. Holloa! the forest is surrounded with inquisitors, alguazils, corrigidores, and holy fathers.

Don Scipio. Oh, I hav'n't fought so much these twenty years!

Spado. Eh, we have lost the field, cursed dark; though I think I could perceive but one man come to the relief of our old Don here.

Don Scipio. But where are you, signor? Approach, my brave deliverer.

Spado. So, here's a victory, and nobody to claim it! I think I'll go down and pick up the laurel. [*Descends from the Tree.*] I'll take the merit of this exploit, I may get something by it.

Don Scipio. I long to thank, embrace, worship this generous stranger, as my guardian angel.

Spado. [*Aside.*] I may pass for this angel in the dark—Villains! scoundrels! robbers! to attack an honest old gentleman on the king's highway!—but I made the dogs scamper!

[*Vapouring about.*]

Don Scipio. Oh dear! this is my preserver!

Spado. Who's there! Oh, you are the worthy old gentleman I rescued from these rascal banditti.

Don Scipio. Noble, valiant stranger—I—

Spado. No thanks, signor; I have saved your life; and a good action rewards itself.

Don Scipio. A gallant fellow, 'faith—Eh, as well as I could distinguish in the dark, you looked much taller just now.

[*Looking close at him.*]

Spado. When I was fighting? true, anger raises me—I always appear six foot in a passion: besides, my hat and plume added to my height.

Don Scipio. [*By Accident treading on the Purse.*] Hey, the rogues have run off without my purse too.

Spado. O, ho! [*Aside.*] —What, I have saved your purse, as well as your precious life! Well, of a poor fellow, I am the luckiest dog in all Spain.

Don Scipio. Poor! Good friend, accept this purse, as a small token of my gratitude.

Spado. Nay, dear sir!

Don Scipio. You shall take it.

Spado. Lord, I am so awkward at taking a purse.

[*Takes it.*]

Don Scipio. Hey, if I could find my cane too;—I dropped it somewhere hereabouts, when I drew to defend myself.

[*Looking about.*]

Spado. Zounds! I fancy here comes the real conqueror—no matter—I've got the spoils of the field.

[*Aside—Chinks the Purse, and retires.*]

Don Scipio. Ah, my amber-headed cane!

[*Still looking about.*]

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. The villains!

Don Scipio. Ay, you made them fly like pigeons, my little game-cock!

Don Fer. Oh, I fancy this is the gentleman that was attacked. Not hurt, I hope, sir?

Don Scipio. No, I'm a tough old blade—Oh, gadso, well thought on—feel if there's a ring in the purse, it's a relic of my deceased lady, it's with some regret I ask you to return it.

Don Fer. Return what, sir?

Don Scipio. A ring you'll find in the purse.

Don Fer. Ring and purse! really, sir, I don't understand you.

Don Scipio. Well, well, no matter—A mercenary fellow!

[*Aside.*

Don Fer. The old gentleman has been robbed, and is willing that I should reimburse his losses.

[*Aside.*

Don Scipio. It grows lighter: I think I can distinguish the path I lost—follow me, my hero, and [*As going, suddenly turns, and looks steadfastly at DON FERNANDO.*] Zounds, signor, I hope you are not in a passion, but I think you look six feet high again.

Don Fer. A strange, mad old fellow this!

[*Aside.*

Don Scipio. These rascals may rally, so come along to my castle, and my daughter Victoria shall welcome the preserver of her father.

Don Fer. Your daughter Victoria! Then, perhaps, sir, you are Don Scipio, my intended father-in-law?

Don Scipio. Eh! why, zounds! is it possible that you can be my expected son, Fernando?

Don Fer. The same, sir; and was on my journey to your castle, when benighted in the forest here.

Don Scipio. Oh, my dear boy! [*Embraces him.*] Damned mean of him to take my purse though— [*Aside.*] Ah, Fernando, you were resolved to touch some of your wife's fortune before-hand.

Don Fer. Sir—I—

Don Scipio. Hush! You have the money, and keep it—ay, and the ring too; I'm glad it's not gone out of the family—Hey, it grows lighter—Come—

Don Fer. My rascal Pedrillo is fallen asleep somewhere.

Don Scipio. No, we are not safe here—Come then, my dear—brave, valiant—Cursed paltry to take my purse though.

[*Aside.—Exeunt.*

Spado. [*Who had been listening, advances.*] So, then, our old gentleman is father to Victoria, my young banker Alphonso's mistress, and the other is Fernando, his dreaded rival—this is the first time they ever saw each other too—He has a servant too, and his name Pedrillo—a thought strikes me; if I could, by cross paths, but get to the castle before them, I'll raise a most delicious commotion—In troubled waters I throw my fishing-hook— [*Whistle without.*]—Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm engaged.

[*Exit—A distant Whistle heard without.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in SCIPIO'S Castle.

Enter VICTORIA and CATILINA.

Catil. Nay, dear madam, do not submit to go into the nunnery.

Vic. Yes, Catilina, my father desires I shall take the veil, and a parent's voice is the call of Heaven!

Catil. Heaven! Well, though the fellows swear I'm an angel, this world is good enough for me—Dear ma'am, I wish I could but once see you in love.

Vic. Heigho! Catilina, I wonder what sort of gentleman this Don Fernando is, who is contracted

to me, and hourly expected at the castle.

Catil. A beautiful man, I warrant—But, ma'am, you're not to have him. Hush! Dame Isabel, not content with making your father, by slights and ill usage, force your brother, poor Don Cæsar, to run about the world, in the Lord knows what wild courses, but she now has persuaded the old gentleman to pass her daughter on Don Fernando, for you—There, yonder she is, flaunting, so bejewelled and be-plumed—Well, if I was you, they might take my birthright—but my husband—take my man—the deuce shall take them first! Ah, no! if ever I do go to heaven, I'll have a smart lad in my company.—Send you to a nunnery!

Vic. Was my fond mother alive!—Catilina, my father will certainly marry this Dame Isabel; I'm now an alien to his affections, bereft of every joy and every hope, I shall quit the world without a sigh.

AIR V.—VICTORIA.

*Ah, solitude, take my distress,
My griefs I'll unbosom to thee,
Each sigh thou canst gently repress,
Thy silence is music to me.*

*Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
For peace let me fly the gay throng,
To soften my sorrows I sing,
Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.*

[*Exit* VICTORIA.]

Catil. I quit this castle as soon as ever Donna Victoria enters a nunnery—Shall I go with her? No, I was never made for a nun—Ay, I'll back to the vineyard, and if my sweetheart, Philippo, is as fond as ever, who knows—I was his queen of all the girls, though the charming youth was the guitar, flute, fiddle, and hautboy of our village.

AIR VI.—CATILINA.

*Like my dear swain, no youth you'd see
So blithe, so gay, so full of glee,
In all our village, who but he
To foot it up so featly—
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon
For every tune,
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.*

*While round him in the jocund ring,
We nimbly danced, he'd play or sing,
Of May the youth was chosen king,
He caught our ears so neatly.
Such music rare
In his guitar,
But touch his flute
The crowd was mute,
His only boon,
For every tune,
To kiss us round so sweetly.*

[*Exit.*

Enter VASQUEZ, *introducing* SPADO.

Vas. I'll inform Dame Isabel, sir—please to wait a moment.

[*Exit* VASQUEZ.]

Spado. Sir!—This Dame Isabel is, it seems, a widow-gentlewoman, whom Don Scipio has retained ever since the death of his lady, as supreme directress over his family, has such an ascendancy, prevailed on him even to drive his own son out of his house, and, ha! ha! ha! is now drawing the old don into a matrimonial noose, ha! ha! ha! Egad, I am told, rules the roast here in the castle—Yes, yes, she's my mark—Hem! Now for my story, but my scheme is up, if I tell her a

single truth—Ah, no fear of that.—Oh, this way she moves—

Enter DAME ISABEL and VASQUEZ.

Isab. Don Scipio not returned! a foolish old man, rambling about at this time of night! Stay, Vasquez, where's this strange, ugly little fellow you said wanted to speak with me?

Vas. [*Confused.*] Madam, I did not say—

Spado. No matter, young man—Hem!

[*Exit VASQUEZ.*]

Isab. Well, sir, pray who are you?

Spado. [*Bowing obsequiously.*] Madam, I have the honour to be confidential servant and secretary to Don Juan, father to Don Fernando de Zelva.

Isab. Don Fernando! Heavens! is he arrived? Here, Vasquez, Lopez, Diego!

[*Calling.*]

Spado. Hold, madam! he's not arrived: Most sagacious lady, please to lend your attention for a few moments to an affair of the highest importance to Don Scipio's family. My young master is coming—

Isab. Well, sir!

Spado. Incog.

Isab. Incog!

Spado. Madam, you shall hear— [*Aside.*] —Now for a lie worth twenty pistoles—The morning before his departure, Don Fernando calls me into his closet, and shutting the door, "Spado," says he, "you know this obstinate father of mine has engaged me to marry a lady I have never seen, and to-morrow, by his order, I set out for Don Scipio, her father's castle, for that purpose; but," says he, striking his breast with one hand, twisting his mustaches with the other, and turning up his eyes—"if, when I see her, she don't hit my fancy, I'll not marry her, by the—"—"I sha'n't mention his oath before you, madam.

Isab. No, pray don't, sir.

Spado. "Therefore," says he, "I design to dress Pedrillo, my arch dog of a valet, in a suit of my clothes, and he shall personate me at Don Scipio's castle, while I, in a livery, pass for him—If I like the lady, I resume my own character, and take her hand; if not, the deceit continues, and Pedrillo weds Donna Victoria, just to warn parental tyranny how it dares to clap up marriage, without consulting our inclinations."

Isab. Here's a discovery! so then, it's my poor child that must have fallen into this snare — [*Aside.*] Well, good sir.

Spado. "And, (continued he) Spado, I appoint you my trusty spy in this Don Scipio's family; to cover our designs, let it be a secret that you belong to me, and I sha'n't seem even to know you—You'll easily get a footing in the family (says he) by imposing some lie or other upon a foolish woman, I'm told, is in the castle. Dame Isabel I think they call her."

Isab. He shall find I am not so easily imposed upon.

Spado. I said so, madam; says I, a lady of Dame Isabel's wisdom must soon find me out, was I to tell her a lie.

Isab. Ay, that I should, sir.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Oh, madam! my master is returned, and Don Fernando de Zelva with him.

[*Exit VASQUEZ.*]

Isab. Don Fernando! Oh, then, this is the rascally valet, but I'll give him a welcome with a vengeance!

Spado. Hold, madam! Suppose, for a little sport, you seem to humour the deceit, only to see how the fellow acts his part; he'll play the gentleman very well, I'll warrant; the dog is an excellent mimic; for, you must know, ma'am, this Pedrillo's mother was a gipsy, his father a merry andrew to a mountebank, and he himself five years trumpeter to a company of strolling players.

Isab. So, I was likely to have a hopeful son-in-law! Good sir, we are eternally indebted to you for this timely notice of the imposition.

Spado. Madam, I've done the common duties of an honest man—I have been long in the family, and can't see my master making such a fool of himself, without endeavouring to prevent any

mischance in consequence.

Isab. Dear sir, I beseech you be at home under this roof; pray be free, and want for nothing the house affords.

Spado. [*Bows.*] Good madam! I'll want for nothing I can lay my fingers on. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit SPADO.*]

Isab. Heavens! what an honest soul it is! what a lucky discovery! Oh, here comes my darling girl!

Enter LORENZA, magnificently dressed.

Lor. Oh, cara Madre! See, behold!—Can I fail of captivating Don Fernando? Don't I look charming?

Isab. Why, Lorenza, I must say the toilet has done its duty; I'm glad to see you in such spirits, my dear child!

Lor. Spirits! ever gay, ever sprightly, cheerful as a lark—but how shall I forget my Florence lover, my dear Ramirez?

Isab. I request, my dear, you'll not think of this Ramirez—even from your own account of him, he must be a person of most dissolute principles—fortunately he knows you only by your name of Lorenza. I hope he won't find you out here.

Lor. Then farewell, beloved Ramirez! In obedience to your commands, madam, I shall accept of this Don Fernando; and as a husband, I will love him if I can—

AIR VII.—LORENZA.

*Love! gay illusion!
Pleasing delusion,
With sweet intrusion,
Possesses the mind.*

*Love with love meeting,
Passion is fleeting;
Vows in repeating
We trust to the wind.*

*Faith to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted;
Hearts often slighted
Will cease to be kind.*

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Madam—my master and Don Fernando.

Isab. Has Don Fernando a servant with him?

Vas. No, madam.

Isab. Oh, when he comes, take notice of him.

Enter DON SCIPIO and FERNANDO.

Don Scipio. Oh, my darling dame, and my delicate daughter, bless your stars that you see poor old Scipio alive again—Behold my son-in-law and the preserver of my life—Don Fernando, there's your spouse, and this is Donna Isabella, a lady of vast merit, of which my heart is sensible.

Don Fer. Madam!

[*Salutes.*]

Isab. What an impudent fellow!

[*Aside.*]

Don Scipio. Dear Fernando, you are as welcome to this castle as flattery to a lady, but there she is—bill and coo—embrace—caress her.

[*FERNANDO salutes LORENZA.*]

Lor. If I had never seen Ramirez, I should think the man tolerable enough!

[*Aside.*]

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! this shall be the happy night—Eh, Dame Isabel, by our agreement, before the lark sings, I take possession of this noble tenement.

Don Fer. Don Scipio, I hoped to have the honour of seeing your son.

Don Scipio. My son! Who, Cæsar? Oh, lord! He's—He was a—turned out a profligate—Sent him to Italy—got into bad company—don't know what's become of him—My dear friend, if you would not offend me, never mention Don Cæsar in my hearing. Egad—Eh, my dainty dame, is not Don Fernando a fine fellow?

Isab. Yes, he's well enough for a trumpeter.

Don Scipio. Trumpeter! [*With surprise.*] what the devil do you mean by that? Oh, because I sound his praise; but, madam, he's a cavalier of noble birth, title, fortune, and valour—

Isab. Don Scipio, a word if you please.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Lor. [*To FERNANDO.*] Si—Signor, our castle here is rather a gloomy mansion, when compared to the beautiful cassinos on the banks of the Arno.

Don Fer. Arno! true, Don Scipio said in his letter, that his daughter had been bred at Florence.

Lor. You have had an unpleasant journey, signor?

Don Fer. I have encountered some difficulties by the way, it is true, madam; but am amply repaid by the honour and happiness I now enjoy.

[*Bows.*]

Lor. Sir!—I swear he's a polite cavalier! [*Aside.*] Won't you please to sit, sir? I fancy you must be somewhat weary.

[*Sits.*]

Don Scipio. What the devil! Eh, sure—what this fellow only Don Fernando's footman! how! it can't be!

Isab. A fact; and presently you'll see Don Fernando himself in livery.

Don Scipio. Look at the impudent son of a gipsy—Sat himself down—Zounds! I'll—

Isab. Hold! let him play off a few of his airs.

Don Scipio. A footman! Ay, this accounts for his behaviour in the forest—Don Fernando would never have accepted my purse— [*Taps his Shoulder.*] —Hey, what, you've got there!

Don Fer. Will you please to sit, sir?

[*Rises.*]

Don Scipio. Yes, he looks like a trumpeter. [*Aside.*] You may sit down, friend.

[*With contempt.*]

Don Fer. A strange old gentleman!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Sir, your servant Pedrillo is arrived.

[*Exit VASQUEZ.*]

Isab. Servant Pedrillo! Ay, this is Fernando himself.

[*Apart, joyfully to SCIPIO.*]

Don Fer. Oh, then the fellow has found his way at last. Don Scipio—Ladies—excuse me a moment.

[*Exit FERNANDO.*]

Lor. What a charming fellow!

Don Scipio. What an impudent rascal!

Ped. [*Without.*] Is my master this way?

Don Scipio. Master! ay, this is Fernando.

Enter PEDRILLO, with a Portmanteau.

Ped. Oh dear! I've got among the gentlefolks—I ask pardon.

Isab. How well he does look and act the servant!

Don Scipio. Admirable; yet I perceive the grandee under the livery.

Isab. Please to sit, sir.

[*With great respect.*]

Lor. A livery servant sit down by me!

Don Scipio. Pray sit down, sir.

[*Ceremoniously.*]

Ped. Sit down! [*Sits.*] Oh, these must be the upper servants of the family—her ladyship here is the housekeeper, I suppose—the young tawdry tit, lady's maid—(Hey, her mistress throws off good clothes,) and Old Whiskers, Don Scipio's butler.

[*Aside.*]

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. Pedrillo! how! seated! what means this disrespect?

Ped. Sir, [*Rises to him.*] Old Whiskers, the butler there, asked me to sit down by Signora the waiting-maid here.

Don Fer. Sirrah!

Ped. Yes, sir.

Don Scipio. Sir and sirrah! how rarely they act their parts! I'll give them an item, though, that I understand the plot of their comedy.

[*Aside.*]

AIR VIII.—QUINTETTO.

D. Scipio. *Signor!* [TO PEDRILLO.]
*Your wits must be keener,
Our prudence to elude,
Your fine plot,
Tho' so pat,
Will do you little good.*

Ped. *My fine plot!
I'm a sot,
If I know what
These gentlefolks are at.*

Fer. *Past the perils of the night,
Tempests, darkness, rude alarms;
Phœbus rises clear and bright,
In the lustre of your charms.*

Lor. *O, charming, I declare,
So polite a cavalier!
He understands the duty
And homage due to beauty.*

D. Scipio. *Bravo! O bravissimo!*

Lor. *Caro! O carissimo!
How sweet his honey words,
How noble is his mien!*

D. Scipio. *Fine feathers make fine birds,
The footman's to be seen.
But both deserve a basting!*

Ped. *Since morning I've been fasting.*

D. Scipio. *Yet I could laugh for anger.*

Ped. *Oh, I could cry for hunger.*

D. Scipio. *I could laugh.*

Ped. *I could cry.*

D. Scipio. *I could quaff.*

Ped. *So could I.*

D. Scipio. *Ha! ha! ha! I'm in a fit.*

Ped. *Oh, I could pick a little bit.*

D. Scipio. *Ha! ha! ha!*

Ped. *Oh! oh! oh!*

Lor. *A very pleasant party!*

D. Fer. *A whimsical reception!*

D. Scipio. *A whimsical deception!*
But master and man, accept a welcome hearty.

D. Fer. }
 Ped. } *Accept our thanks sincere, for such a welcome hearty.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An antique Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DON CÆSAR, with Precaution.

Don Cæsar. Thus far I've got into the castle unperceived—I'm certain Sanguino means the old gentleman a mischief, which nature bids me endeavour to prevent. I saw the rascal slip in at the postern below; but where can he have got to! [*A sliding Panel opens in the Wainscot, and SANGUINO comes out.*] Yes, yonder he issues, like a rat or a spider.—How now, Sanguino!

Sang. Captain Ramirez!

Don Cæsar. On enterprize without my knowledge! What's your business here?

Sang. Revenge! Look— [*Shows a Stiletto.*] if I meet Don Scipio—

Don Cæsar. A stiletto! I command you to quit your purpose.

Sang. What, no satisfaction for my wound last night, and lose my booty too!

Don Cæsar. Your wound was chance—Put up—We shall have noble booty here, and that's our business—But you seem to know your ground here, Sanguino?

Sang. I was formerly master of the horse to Count D'Olivi, the last resident here, so am well acquainted with the galleries, lobbies, windings, turnings, and every secret lurking place in the castle.

Don Cæsar. I missed Spado at the muster this morning—did he quit the cave with you?

Spado. [*Without.*] As sure as I'm alive, it's fact, sir.—

Don Cæsar. Isn't that Spado's voice?

Sang. Impossible!

Don Cæsar. Hush!

[*They retire.*]

Enter DON SCIPIO and SPADO.

Don Scipio. Yes, I've heard of such places; but you say you have been in the cave where these ruffian banditti live?

Spado. Most certainly, sir: for, after having robbed me of five hundred doubloons, the wicked rogues barbarously stripped, and tied me neck and heels, threw me across a mule, like a sack of corn, and led me blindfold to their cursed cavern.

Don Scipio. Ah, poor fellow!

Spado. There, sir, in this sculking hole the villains live in all manner of debauchery, and dart out upon the innocent traveller, like beasts of prey.

Don Scipio. Oh, the tigers! just so they fastened upon me last night, but your sham Fernando, and I, made them run like hares; I gave him my purse for his trouble.

Spado. And he took it! what a mean fellow!—you ought not to have ventured out unarmed—I always take a blunderbuss when I go upon the road—the rascal banditti are most infernal cowards.

Don Scipio. What a glorious thing to deliver these reprobates into the hands of justice!

Spado. Ah, sir, 'twould be a blessed affair—Oh, I'd hang them up like mad dogs!

Don Scipio. Well, you say you know the cave?

Spado. Yes, yes, I slipped the handkerchief from my eyes and took a peep, made particular observations of the spot; so get a strong guard, and I'll lead you to the very trap-door of their den.

Don Scipio. 'Egad, then we'll surprise them, and you'll have the prayers of the whole country, my honest friend.

Spado. Heaven knows, sir, I have no motives for this discovery but the public good, so I expect the country will order me a hundred pistoles, as a reward for my honesty.

Don Cæsar. Here's a pretty dog!

[*Apart.*

Sang. Ay, ay, he ha'n't long to live.

[*Apart.*

Don Scipio. An hundred pistoles!

Spado. Sir, have an eye upon their captain, as they call him, he's the most abandoned, impudent profligate— [*Suddenly turning sees CÆSAR, who shows a Pistol.*] Captain did I say? [*Terrified.*] Oh, no; the captain's a very worthy good-natured fellow—I meant a scoundrel, who thinks he ought to be captain, one Sanguino, the most daring, wicked, and bloody villain that — [*Turning the other way, perceives SANGUINO with a Pistol.*] but indeed, I found Sanguino an honest, good-natured fellow too—

[*With increased terror.*

Don Scipio. Hey, a bloody, wicked, honest, good-natured fellow! what is all this?

Spado. Yes; then, sir, I *thought* I saw these two gentlemen, and at that instant, I *thought* they looked so terrible, that with the fright I *awoke*.

Don Scipio. Awoke! what the devil then, is all this but a dream you have been telling me?

Spado. Ay, sir, and the most frightful dream I ever had in my life. I'm at this instant frightened out of my wits.

Don Scipio. You do look frightened indeed—poor man! I thought this cave was—

Spado. Don't mention cave, or I faint—heigho!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Dame Isabel wants to speak with you, sir.

Don Scipio. I'll wait on her.

Spado. Yes, I'll wait on her.

[*Going hastily.*

Don Scipio. You! she don't want you.

Spado. Dear sir, she can't do without me at this time. [*Exit SCIPIO.*] I come.

[*Going.*

Don Cæsar. No, you stay.—

[*Pulls him back.*

Spado. Ah, my dear captain. [*Affecting surprise and joy.*] What, and my little Sanguino too! Who could have thought of your finding me out here?

Don Cæsar. Yes, you are found out.

[*Significantly.*

Spado. Such discoveries as I have made in the castle!—

Don Cæsar. You're to make discoveries in the forest too.

Sang. Our cave!

Spado. Oh, you overheard that! Didn't I hum the old fellow finely? Ha! ha! ha!

Sang. And for your reward, traitor, take this to your heart.

[*Offers to stab him.*]

Don Cæsar. Hold, Sanguino.

Spado. Nay, my dear Sanguino, stay! What the devil—So here I can't run a jest upon a silly old man, but I must be run through with a stiletto!

Don Cæsar. Come, Spado, confess what really brought you here.

Spado. Business, my dear sir, business; all in our own way too, for I designed to let every man of you into the castle this very night, when all the family are in bed, and plunder's the word—Oh, such a delicious booty! pyramids of plate, bags of gold, and little chests of diamonds!

Sang. Indeed!

Spado. Sanguino, look at the closet.

Sang. Well!

Spado. A glorious prize!

Sang. Indeed!

Spado. Six chests of massy plate! Look, only look into the closet; wait here a moment, and I'll fetch a master key that shall open every one of them.

Don Cæsar. Hey! Let's see those chests.

Sang. Massy plate! Quick, quick, the master key.

Spado. I'll fetch it.

Sang. Do but make haste, Spado.

Spado. I will, my dear boy.

[*Exeunt SANGUINO and DON CÆSAR.*]

My good—honest—Oh, you two thieves!

[*Aside.*]

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Now, Spado, I—hey, where is my little dreamer? but why is this door open? this closet contains many valuables—Why will they leave it open? Let's see—

[*Goes into the Closet.*]

Enter SPADO with a Portmanteau.

Spado. [*As entering.*] I have no key—However, I have stolen Don Fernando's portmanteau as a peace-offering for these two rascals! Are you there? What a pity the coming of my fellow-roguers! I should have had the whole castle to myself—Oh, what a charming seat of work for a man of my industry— [*Speaking at Closet Door.*] You find the chests there—you may convey them out at night, and as for cutting Don Scipio's throat—that I leave to—

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Cut my throat!—What, are you at your dreams again?

Spado. [*Aside.*] Oh, zounds!—Yes, sir, as I was telling you.

Don Scipio. Of a little fellow you have the worst dreams I ever heard.

Spado. Shocking, sir—then I thought—

Don Scipio. Hold, hold, let me hear no more of your curst dreams.

Spado. I've got off, thanks to his credulity.

[*Aside.*]

Don Scipio. What portmanteau's that?

Spado. 'Sdeath, I'm on again!

[*Aside.*]

Don Scipio. Fernando's, I think.

Spado. [*Affecting surprise.*] What, my master's?—'egad so it is—But I wonder who could have brought it here.—Ay, ay, my fellow servant Pedrillo is now too grand to mind his business;—and my master, I find, though he has taken the habit, scorns the office of a servant—So I must look after the things myself.

Don Scipio. Ay, ay, take care of them.

Spado. Yes, sir, I'll take care of them!

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! ha! what a strange whimsical fellow this master of yours! with his plots and disguises.—Think to impose upon me too.—But I think I'm far from a fool.

Spado. [*Looking archly at him.*] That's more than I am.

Don Scipio. So he pretends not to know you, though he has sent you here as a spy, to see what you can pick up?

Spado. Yes, sir, I came here to see what I can pick up.

[*Takes up the Portmanteau.*

Don Scipio. What an honest servant!—he has an eye to every thing!

[*Exit DON SCIPIO.*

Spado. But before I turn honest, I must get somewhat to keep me so.

AIR X.—SPADO.

*In the forest here hard by,
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuss in hand,
When I bid a trav'ler stand;
Zounds, deliver up your cash,
Or straight I'll pop and slash,
All among the leaves so green-o!
Damme, sir,
If you stir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.*

II.

*Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then so spruce and debonnaire,
'Gad, I'll court a lady fair;
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiss her, and all that,
All amongst the leaves so green-o!
How d'ye do?
How are you?
Why so coy?
Let us toy,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.*

III.

*But ere old, and grey my pate,
I'll scrape up a snug estate:
With my nimbleness of thumbs,
I'll soon butter all my crumbs.
When I'm justice of the peace,
Then I'll master many a lease,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at ease,*

*Snatch the fees,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.*

[Exit.

SCENE II.

An Apartment.

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. A wild scheme of my father's, to think of an alliance with this mad family; yes, Don Scipio's brain is certainly touched beyond cure, his daughter, my cara sposa of Italy, don't suit my idea of what a wife should be—no, the lovely novice, this poor relation of Dame Isabel, has caught my heart. I'm told to-morrow she's to be immured in a convent; what if I ask Dame Isabel, if—but she, and indeed Don Scipio, carry themselves very strangely towards me—I can't imagine what's become of my rascal Pedrillo.

Enter PEDRILLO, in an elegant Morning Gown, Cap and Slippers.

Ped. Strange, the respect I meet in this family. I hope we don't take horse after my master's wedding. I should like to marry here myself,—before I unrobe I'll attack one of the maids!—Faith, a very modish dress to go courting in,—hide my livery, and I am quite gallant.

Don Fer. Oh here's a gentleman I ha'n't seen before!

Ped. Tol de rol!

Don Fer. Pray, sir, may I—Pedrillo, [*Surprised.*] where have you—hey! what, ha! ha! ha! what's the matter with you?

Ped. Matter!—Why, sir, I don't know how it was, but somehow or other last night, I happened to sit down to a supper of only twelve covers, cracked two bottles of choice wine, slept in an embroider'd bed, where I sunk in down, and lay till this morning like a diamond in cotton.—So, indeed, sir, I don't know what's the matter with me.

Don Fer. I can't imagine how, or what it all means.

Ped. Why, sir, Don Scipio, being a gentleman of discernment, perceives my worth, and values it.

Don Fer. Then, sir, if you are a gentleman of such prodigious merit, be so obliging, with submission to your cap and gown, as to—pull off my boots.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Sir, the ladies wait breakfast for you.

[*To PEDRILLO, with great respect.*

Don Fer. My respects, I attend them.

Vas. You! I mean his honour here.

Ped. Oh, you mean my honour here.

Don Fer. Well, but perhaps, my good friend, I may like a dish of chocolate as well as his honour here.

Vas. Chocolate, ha! ha! ha!

[*With a sneer.*

Fed. Chocolate, ha! ha! ha!

Don Fer. I'll teach you to laugh, sirrah!

[*Beats PEDRILLO.*

Ped. Teach me to laugh! you may be a good master, but you've a very bad method—But, hey for chocolate and the ladies.

[*Exeunt PEDRILLO and VASQUEZ.*

Don Fer. Don Scipio shall render me an account for this treatment; bear his contempt, and

become the butt for the jests of his insolent servants! As I don't like his daughter, I have now a fair excuse, and indeed a just cause, to break my contract, and quit his castle; but then, I leave behind the mistress of my soul—Suppose I make her a tender of my heart—but that might offend, as she must know my hand is engaged to another—When I looked, she turned her lovely eyes averted—Doom'd to a nunnery!

AIR XI.—FERNANDO.

*My fair one, like the blushing rose,
Can sweets to every sense disclose:
Those sweets I'd gather, but her scorn
Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn.*

*With sighs each grace and charm I see
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,
Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,
When all those blooming beauties fade.*

Hey, who comes here? this is the smart little girl who seems so much attached to the beautiful novice—No harm to speak with her—

Enter CATILINA.

So my pretty primrose!

Catil. How do you do, Mr— [*Pert and familiar.*] I don't know your name.

Don Fer. Not know my name! You must know who I am though, and my business here, child?

Catil. Lord, man, what signifies your going about to sift me, when the whole family knows you're Don Fernando's footman.

Don Fer. Am I faith? Ha! ha! ha! I'll humour this—Well then, my dear, you know that I am only Don Fernando's footman?

Catil. Yes, yes, we know that, notwithstanding your fine clothes.

Don Fer. But where's my master?

Catil. Don Fernando! he's parading the gallery yonder, in his sham livery and morning gown.

Don Fer. Oh, this accounts for twelve covers at supper and the embroider'd bed; but who could have set such a jest going? I'll carry it on though— [*Aside.*] So then after all I am known here?

Catil. Ay, and if all the impostors in the castle were as well known, we shou'd have no wedding to-morrow night.

Don Fer. Something else will out—I'll seem to be in the secret, and perhaps may come at it— [*Aside.*] Ay, ay, that piece of deceit is much worse than ours.

Catil. That! what, then you know that this Italian lady is not Don Scipio's daughter, but Dame Isabel's, and her true name Lorenza?

Don Fer. Here's a discovery! [*Aside.*] O yes, I know that.

Catil. You do! Perhaps you know too, that the young lady you saw me speak with just now is the real Donna Victoria?

Don Fer. Is it possible! Here's a piece of villany! [*Aside.*] Charming! let me kiss you, my dear girl.

[Kisses her.]

Catil. Lord! he's a delightful man!

Don Fer. My little angel, a thousand thanks for this precious discovery.

Catil. Discovery!—Well, if you did not know it before, marry hang your assurance, I say—but I must about my business, can't play the lady as you played the gentleman, I've something else to do; so I desire you won't keep kissing me here all day.

[Exit.]

Don Fer. Why what a villain is this Don Scipio! ungrateful to—but I scorn to think of the services I rendered him last night in the forest; a false friend to my father, an unnatural parent to his amiable daughter! here my charmer comes.

[Retires.]

Enter VICTORIA.

Vict. Yes, Catilina must be mistaken, it is impossible he can be the servant,—no, no; that dignity of deportment, and native elegance of manner, can never be assumed; yonder he walks, and my fluttering heart tells me this is really the amiable Fernando, that I must resign to Dame Isabel's daughter.

Don Fer. Stay, lovely Victoria!

Vict. Did you call me, sir?—Heavens, what have I said! [*Confused.*] I mean, signor, would you wish to speak with Donna Victoria? I'll inform her, sir.

[*Going.*

Don Fer. Oh, I could speak to her for ever, for ever gaze upon her charms, thus transfixed with wonder and delight.

Vict. Pray, signor, suffer me to withdraw.

Don Fer. For worlds I would not offend! but think not, lady, 'tis the knowledge of your quality that attracts my admiration.

Vict. Nay, signor.

Don Fer. I know you to be Don Scipio's daughter, the innocent victim of injustice and oppression; therefore I acknowledge to you, and you alone, that, whatever you may have heard to the contrary, I really am Fernando de Zelva.

Vict. Signor, how you became acquainted with the secret of my birth I know not; but, from an acquaintance so recent, your compliment I receive as a mode of polite gallantry without a purpose.

Don Fer. What your modesty regards as cold compliments, are sentiments warm with the dearest purpose; I came hither to ratify a contract with Don Scipio's daughter; you are she, the beautiful Victoria, destined for the happy Fernando.

Vict. Pray rise, signor:—My father perhaps, even to himself, cannot justify his conduct to me: But to censure that, or to pervert his intentions, would, in me, be a breach of filial duty.

AIR XII.—VICTORIA.

*By woes thus surrounded, how vain the gay smile
Of the little blind archer, those woes to beguile!
Though skilful, he misses, his aim it is cross'd,
His quiver exhausted, his arrows are lost.
Your love, though sincere, on the object you lose,
[Aside] How sweet is the passion! Ah, must I refuse?
If filial affection that passion should sway,
Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.*

Don Fer. And do you, can you, wish me to espouse Donna Lorenza, Isabella's daughter?—Say, you do not, do but satisfy me so far.

Vict. Signor, do not despise me if I own, that, before I saw in you the husband of Don Scipio's daughter, I did not once regret that I had lost that title.

Don Fer. A thousand thanks for this generous, this amiable condescension.—Oh, my Victoria! if fortune but favours my design, you shall yet triumph over the malice of your enemies.

Vict. Yonder is Dame Isabel, if she sees you speaking to me, she'll be early to frustrate whatever you may purpose for my advantage. Signor, farewell!

Don Fer. My life, my love, adieu!

AIR XIII. DUET.—VICTORIA *and* FERNANDO.

Don Fer. *So faithful to my fair I'll prove,*
Vict. *So kind and constant to my love,*
Don Fer. *I'd never range,*
Vict. *I'd never change,*
Both. *Nor time, nor chance, my faith shall move.*

Vict. *No ruby clusters grace the vine,*
Don Fer. *Ye sparkling stars forget to shine,*
Vict. *Sweet flowers to spring,*
Don Fer. *Gay birds to sing,*
Both. *Those hearts then part that love shall join.*

Enter FERNANDO.

Don Fer. This is fortunate; the whole family, except Victoria, are firmly possessed with the idea that I am but the servant.—Well, since they will have me an impostor, they shall find me one: In Heaven's name, let them continue in their mistake, and bestow their mock Victoria upon my sham Fernando. I shall have a pleasant and just revenge for their perfidy; and, perhaps, obtain Don Scipio's real, lovely daughter, the sum of my wishes.—Here comes Don Scipio—Now to begin my operations.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

[*As wishing DON SCIPIO to overhear him.*] I'm quite weary of playing the gentleman, I long to get into my livery again.

Don Scipio. Get into his livery!

[*Aside.*

Don Fer. These clothes fall to my share, however; my master will never wear them after me.

Don Scipio. His master! ay, ay.

[*Aside.*

Don Fer. I wish he'd own himself, for I'm certain Don Scipio suspects who I am.

Don Scipio. Suspect? I know who you are, [*Advancing to him.*] so get into your livery again as fast as you can.

Don Fer. Ha, my dear friend, Don Scipio, I was—

Don Scipio. Friend! you impudent rascal! I'll break your head, if you make so free with me. None of your swaggering, sirrah—How the fellow acts! it wasn't for nothing he was among the strolling players; but, hark ye, my lad, be quiet, for you're blown here, without the help of your trumpet.

Don Fer. Lord, your honour, how came you to know that I am Pedrillo?

Don Scipio. Why, I was told of it by your fellow—hold, I must not betray my little dreamer though— [*Aside.*] —No matter who told me; I—but here comes your master.

Don Fer. Pedrillo! The fellow will spoil all; I wish I had given him his lesson before I began with Don Scipio.

[*Aside.*

Don Scipio. I hope he'll now have done with his gambols.

Don Fer. Sir, my master is such an obstinate gentleman, as sure as you stand here, he'll still deny himself to be Don Fernando.

Don Scipio. Will he? then I'll write his father an account of his vagaries.

Enter PEDRILLO.

Ped. Master, shall I shave you this morning?

Don Scipio. Shave! Oh, my dear sir, time to give over your tricks and fancies.

Ped. [*Surprised.*] My tricks and fancies!

Don Fer. Yes, sir, you are found out.

Ped. I am found out!

Don Scipio. So you may as well confess.

Ped. What the devil shall I confess?

Don Scipio. He still persists! Hark ye, young gentleman, I'll send your father an account of your pranks, and he'll trim your jacket for you.

Ped. Nay, sir, for the matter of that, my father could trim your jacket for you.

Don Scipio. Trim my jacket, young gentleman!

Ped. Why, he's the best tailor in Cordova.

Don Scipio. His father's a tailor in Cordova!

Don Fer. Ay, he'll ruin all— [*Aside.*] —Let me speak to him. Tell Don Scipio you are the master.

[*Apart to* PEDRILLO.]

Ped. I will, sir—Don Scipio, you are the master.

Don Scipio. What!

Don Fer. Stupid dog!— [*Apart to* PEDRILLO.] —Say you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Ped. I will—Sir, you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Don Fer. Dull rogue! [*Aside.*] I told you, sir, he'd persist in it.

[*Apart to* DON SCIPIO.]

Don Scipio. Yes, I see it; but I tell you what, Don Fernando.— [*LORENZA sings without.*] My daughter! Zounds! don't let your mistress see you any more in this cursed livery.—Look at the gentleman, hold up your head—egad, Pedrillo's acting was better than your natural manner.

Don Fer. Ah, sir, if you were to see my master dressed—the livery makes such an alteration!

Don Scipio. True! curse the livery.

Ped. It's bad enough; but my master gives new liveries on his marriage.

Don Fer. An insensible scoundrel!

[*Aside.*]

Enter LORENZA.

Lor. Oh, caro, signor, every body says that you are [*To* DON FERNANDO.] not Don Fernando.

Don Scipio. Every body's right, for here he stands like a young tailor of Cordova.

[*To* PEDRILLO.]

Lor. Oh, what? then this is Pedrillo?

[*To* FERNANDO.]

Don Fer. At your service, ma'am.

[*Bowing.*]

Ped. That Pedrillo! then, who the devil am I?

Don Fer. Here, rogue, this purse is yours—say you are Don Fernando.

[*Apart to* PEDRILLO.]

Ped. Oh, sir—now I understand you.—True, Don Scipio, I am all that he says.

Don Scipio. Hey! Now that's right and sensible, and like yourself; but I'll go bustle about our business, for we'll have all our love affairs settled this evening.

[*Exeunt* DON SCIPIO *and* FERNANDO.]

Lor. So, then, you're to be my husband, ha! ha! ha!

Ped. Eh!

Lor. Well, if not, I can be as cold as you are indifferent.

AIR XIV.—LORENZA.

*If I my heart surrender,
Be ever fond and tender,
And sweet connubial joys shall crown
Each soft rosy hour:
In pure delight each heart shall own
Love's triumphant pow'r.
See brilliant belles admiring,
See splendid beaux desiring,
All for a smile expiring,
Where'er Lorenza moves.
To balls and routs resorting,
O bliss supreme, transporting!
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
'Tis you alone that loves.*

If I my heart surrender, &c.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Grand Saloon.

Enter DON SCIPIO and VASQUEZ.

Don Scipio. D'ye hear, Vasquez? run to Father Benedick, tell him to wipe his chin, go up to the chapel, put on his spectacles, open his breviary,—find out matrimony, and wait till we come to him.— [*Exit VASQUEZ.*] Then, hey, for a brace of weddings!

AIR XV.—DON SCIPIO.

*Then hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year!
With skin as white as snow,
And hair as brown as a berry!
With eyes as black as a sloe,
And lips as red as a cherry;
Sing rory tory,
Dancing, prancing,
Laugh and lie down is the play,
We'll fondle together,
In spite of the weather,
And kiss the cold winter away.*

*Laugh while you live,
For as life is a jest,
Who laughs the most,
Is sure to live best.
When I was not so old,
I frolick'd among the misses;
And when they thought me too bold,
I stopped their mouths with kisses.
Sing rory, tory, &c.*

I wonder, is Don Fernando drest—Oh, here comes the servant, in his proper habiliments!

Enter DON FERNANDO, in a Livery.

Ay, now, my lad, you look something like.

Don Fer. Yes, your honour, I was quite sick of my grandeur—My passing so well in this disguise gives me a very humble opinion of myself.

[*Aside.*]

Don Scipio. But, Pedrillo, is your master equipped? 'faith, I long to see him in his proper garb.

Don Fer. Why, no, sir, we're a little behind hand with our finery, on account of a portmanteau of clothes that's mislaid somewhere or other.

Don Scipio. Portmanteau! Oh, it's safe enough—Your fellow servant has it.

Don Fer. Fellow servant?

Don Scipio. Ay, the little spy has taken it in charge—Oh, here comes the very beagle.

Enter SPADO.

Well, my little dreamer, look; Pedrillo has got into his own clothes again.

Spado. [*Surprised and aside.*] Don Fernando in a livery! or is this really a servant? Zounds! sure I ha'n't been telling truth all this while!—We must face it though—Ah, my dear old friend!—Glad to see you yourself again.

[Shakes Hands.]

Don Fer. My dear boy, I thank you— [Aside.] —So, here's an old friend I never saw before.

Don Scipio. Tell Pedrillo where you have left your master's portmanteau. While I go lead him in triumph to his bride.

[Exit.]

Don Fer. Pray, my good, new, old friend, where has your care deposited this portmanteau?

Spado. Gone!

[Looking after DON SCIPIO.]

Don Fer. The portmanteau gone!

Spado. Ay, his senses are quite gone.

Don Fer. Where's the portmanteau that Don Scipio says you took charge of?

Spado. Portmanteau! Ah, the dear gentleman! Portmanteau did he say? yes, yes, all's over with his poor brain; yesterday his head run upon purses, and trumpeters, and the lord knows what; and to-day he talks of dreamers, spies, and portmanteaus.—Yes, yes, his wits are going.

Don Fer. It must be so; he talked to me last night and to-day of I know not what, in a strange incoherent style.

Spado. Grief—all grief.

Don Fer. If so, this whim of my being Pedrillo is, perhaps, the creation of his own brain,—but then, how could it have run through the whole family?—This is the first time I ever heard Don Scipio was disordered in his mind.

Spado. Ay, we'd all wish to conceal it from your master, lest it might induce him to break off the match, for I don't suppose he'd be very ready to marry into a mad family.

Don Fer. And pray, what are you, sir, in this mad family?

Spado. Don Scipio's own gentleman, these ten years—Yet, you heard him just now call me your fellow servant.—How you did stare when I accosted you as an old acquaintance!—But we always humour him—I should not have contradicted him, if he had said I was the pope's nuncio.

Don Fer. [Aside.] Oh, then I don't wonder at Dame Isabel taking advantage of his weakness.

Spado. Another new whim of his,—he has taken a fancy, that every body has got a ring from him, which, he imagines, belonged to his deceased lady.

Don Fer. True, he asked me something about a ring.

Don Scipio. [Without.] I'll wait on you presently.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Ha, Pedrillo, now your disguises are over, return me the ring.

Spado. [Apart to FERNANDO.] You see he's at the ring again.

Don Scipio. Come, let me have it, lad; I'll give you a better thing, but that ring belonged to my deceased lady.

Spado. [To FERNANDO.] His deceased lady!—Ay, there's the touch.

Don Fer. Poor gentleman!

[Aside.]

Don Scipio. Do let me have it—Zounds, here's five pistoles, and the gold of the ring is not worth a dollar.

Spado. We always humour him; give him this ring, and take the money.

[Apart.—Gives FERNANDO a Ring.]

Don Fer. [Presents it to DON SCIPIO.] There, sir.

Don Scipio [Gives Money.] And there, sir—Oh, you mercenary rascal! [Aside.] I knew 'twas in the purse I gave you last night in the forest.

Spado. Give me the cash, I must account for his pocket money.

[Apart to, and taking the Money from FERNANDO.]

Ped. [Without.] Pedrillo! Pedrillo! sirrah!

Don Scipio. Run, don't you hear your master, you brace of rascals?—Fly!

Don Scipio. [Looking out.] What an alteration!

Enter PEDRILLO, richly dressed.

Ped. [To FERNANDO.] How now, sirrah! loitering here, and leave me to dress myself, hey!

[With great Authority.]

Don Fer. Sir, I was—

[With Humility.]

Ped. Was!—and are—and will be, a lounging rascal, but you fancy you are still in your finery, you idle vagabond!

Don Scipio. Bless me, Don Fernando is very passionate, just like his father.

Don Fer. [Aside.] The fellow, I see, will play his part to the top.

Ped. Well, Don Scipio,—A hey! an't I the man for the ladies? [Strutting.] I am, for I have studied Ovid's Art of Love.

Don Scipio. Yes, and Ovid's Metamorphoses too, ha! ha! ha!

Ped. [Aside.] He! he! he! what a sneaking figure my poor master cuts!—Egad! I'll pay him back all his domineering over me.—Pedrillo!

Don Fer. Your honour?

Ped. Fill this box with Naquatoch.

[Gives Box.]

Don Fer. Yes, sir.

[Going.]

Ped. Pedrillo!

Don Fer. Sir?

Ped. Perfume my handkerchief.

Don Fer. Yes, sir.

[Going.]

Ped. Pedrillo!

Don Fer. Sir?

Ped. Get me a toothpick.

Don Fer. Yes, sir.

[Going.]

Ped. Pedrillo!

Don Fer. [Aside.] What an impudent dog!—Sir?

Ped. Nothing—Abscond.

Don Fer. [Aside.] If this be my picture, I blush for the original.

Ped. Master, to be like you, do let me give you one kick.

[Aside to FERNANDO.]

Don Fer. What!

Ped. Why, I won't hurt you much.

Don Fer. I'll break your bones, you villain.

Ped. Ahem! Tol de rol.

Don Scipio. Pedrillo!

Ped. Sir?

[Forgetting himself.]

Don Fer. [Apart.] What are you at, you rascal?

Ped. Ay, what are you at, you rascal? avoid!

Don Fer. I'm gone, sir.

[*Exit.*

Ped. Cursed ill-natured of him, not to let me give him one kick.

[*Aside.*

Don Scipio. Don Fernando, I like you vastly.

Ped. So you ought—Tol de rol.—Who could now suspect me to be the son of a tailor, and that, four hours ago, I was a footman! [*Aside.*] Tol de rol.

Don Scipio. Son-in-law, you're a flaming beau!—Egad, you have a princely person.

Ped. All the young girls—whenever I got behind—Inside of a coach,—All the ladies of distinction, whether they were making their beds, or dressing the—dressing themselves at the toilet, would run to the windows,—peep through their fingers, their fans I mean, simper behind their handkerchiefs, and lisp out in the softest, sweetest tones, "Oh, dear me, upon my honour and reputation, there is not such a beautiful gentleman in the world, as this same Don Pedrill—Fernando."

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! ha! can't forget Pedrillo.—But come, ha' done with your Pedrillos now—be yourself, son-in-law.

Ped. Yes, I will be yourself, son-in-law, you are sure of that honour, Don Scipio; but pray, what fortune am I to have with your daughter? You are a grey-headed old fellow, Don Scipio, and by the course of nature, you know, you cannot live long.

Don Scipio. Pardon me, sir, I don't know any such thing.

Ped. So when we put a stone upon your head—

Don Scipio. Put a stone upon my head!

Ped. Yes, when you are settled—screwed down, I shall have your daughter to maintain, you know.

Don Scipio. [*Aside.*] A narrow-minded spark!

Ped. Not that I would think much of that, I am so generous.

Don Scipio. Yes, generous as a Dutch usurer!

[*Aside.*

Ped. The truth is Don Scipio, I was always a smart young gentleman.

[*Dances and sings.*

Don Scipio. A hey! Since Don Fernando turns out to be such a coxcomb, 'faith, I'm not sorry that my own child, has escaped him:—A convent itself is better than a marriage with a monkey.—The poor thing's fortune though!—And then my son—I begin now to think I was too hard upon Cæsar—to compare him with this puppy—but I must forget my children, Dame Isabel will have me upon no other terms.

[*Aside.*

Ped. D'ye hear, Don Scipio, let us have a plentiful feast.

Don Scipio. Was ever such a conceited, empty, impudent—

[*Exit.*

Ped. Yes, I'm a capital fellow, ha! ha! So my fool of a master sets his wits to work after a poor girl, that, I am told, they are packing into a convent, and he dresses me up as himself, to carry the rich Italian heiress. Donna Victoria—Well, I'm not a capital fellow; but I was made for a gentleman—gentleman! I'm the neat pattern for a lord—I have a little honour about me—a bit of love too; ay, and a scrap of courage, perhaps—hem! I wish I'd a rival to try it though—odd, I think I could fight at any weapon, from a needle to a hatchet.

Enter PHILIPPO, with a Letter and Basket.

Phil. Signor, are you Don Fernando de Zelva?

Ped. Yes, boy.

Phil. Here's a letter for you, sir, from Don Alphonso.

Ped. I don't know any Don Alphonso, boy. What's the letter about?

Phil. I think, sir, 'tis to invite you to a feast.

Ped. A feast!—Oh, I recollect now—Don Alphonso, what! my old acquaintance! give it me, boy.

Phil. But, are you sure, sir, you're Don Fernando?

Ped. Sure, you dog!—don't you think I know myself?—let's see, let's see— [*Opens the Letter, and reads.*] *Signor, though you seem ready to fall on to a love-feast, I hope a small repast in the field won't spoil your stomach—Oh, this is only a snack before supper—I shall be, at six o'clock this evening—You dog, it's past six now—in the meadow, near the cottage of the vines, where I expect you'll meet me—Oh dear, I shall be too late!—As you aspire to Donna Victoria, your sword must be long enough to reach my heart, Alphonso. My sword long enough!* [*Frightened.*] Oh, the devil!—Feast! Zounds, this is a downright challenge!

Phil. I beg your pardon, signor, but if I hadn't met my sweetheart, Catilina, you would have had that letter two hours ago.

Ped. Oh, you have given it time enough, my brave boy.

Phil. Well, sir, you'll come?

Ped. Eh! Yes, I dare say he'll come.

Phil. He!

Ped. Yes, I'll give it him, my brave boy.

Phil. Him! Sir, didn't you say you were—

Ped. Never fear, child, Don Fernando shall have it.

Phil. Why, sir, an't you Don Fernando?

Ped. Me! not I, child—no, no, I'm not Fernando, but, my boy, I would go to the feast, but you have delayed the letter so long, that I have quite lost my stomach—Go, my fine boy.

Phil. Sir, I—

Ped. Go along, child, go! [*Puts PHILIPPO off.*] however, Don Fernando shall attend you—but here comes my sposa—

Enter LORENZA, reading a Letter.

Dearest LORENZA,

By accident I heard of your being in the castle—If you don't wish to be the instrument of your mother's imposition, an impending blow, which means you no harm, this night shall discover an important secret relative to him, who desires to resign even life itself, if not your

RAMIREZ.

My love! [*Kisses the Letter.*] I wish to be nothing, if not your Lorenza; this foolish Fernando! [*Looking at PEDRILLO.*] but, ha! ha! ha! I'll amuse myself with him—looks tolerably now he's dressed—not so agreeable as my discarded lover Alphonso, though.

[*Aside.*

Ped. I'll accost her with elegance—How do you do, signora?

Lor. Very well, sir, at your service.—Dresses exactly like Prince Radifocani.

Ped. Now I'll pay her a fine compliment—Signora, you're a clever little body—Will you sit down, signora?

[*Hands a Chair.*

Lor. So polite too!

Ped. Oh, I admire politeness.

[*Sits.*

Lor. This would not be good manners in Florence, though.

Ped. Oh! [*Rises.*] I beg pardon—Well, sit in that chair; I'll assure you, Donna Victoria, I don't grudge a little trouble for the sake of good manners.

[*Places another Chair.*

Lor. Voi cette motto gentile.

[*Courtesies.*

Ped. Yes, I sit on my seat genteelly—I find I understand a good deal of Italian—Now to court her—hem! hem! what shall I say? Hang it, I wish my master had gone through the whole business, to the very drawing of the curtains.—I believe I ought to kneel though— [*Aside.*—*Kneels.*] —Oh, you most beautiful goddess, you angelic angel!

[*Repeats.*

*For you, my fair, I'd be a rose,
To bloom beneath that comely nose;*

*Or, you the flower, and I the bee,
My sweets I'd sip from none but thee.
Was I a pen, you paper white,
Ye gods, what billet-doux I'd write!
My lips the seal, what am'rous smacks
I'd print on yours, if sealing-wax.
No more I'll say, you stop my breath,
My only life, you'll be my death.*

[Rises.

Well said, little Pedrillo!

[Wipes his Knees.

Lor. There is something in Don Fernando's passion extremely tender, though romantic and extravaganza.

Ped. Oh, for some sweet sounds! signora, if you'll sing me a song, I'll stay and hear it, I'm so civil.

Lor. With pleasure, sir.

AIR XVI.—LORENZA.

*Heart beating,
Repeating,
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly answers each fond hope;
Pr'ythee leave me,
You'll deceive me,
After other beauties running,
Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning,
Show where points the inclination.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Gallery of the Castle.

Enter FERNANDO, ALPHONSO, and VICTORIA.

Don Fer. Give me joy, Alphonso; Father Benedick, in this dear and wished-for union, has this moment made me the happiest of mankind.

Don Alph. Then it is certain all you have told me of my Victoria?

Vict. True, indeed, Alphonso, that name really belongs to me.

Don Alph. No matter, as neither lineage, name, or fortune, caught my heart, let her forfeit all, she is still dear to her Alphonso.

Don Fer. Courage, Alphonso—I'll answer you shall be no exception to the general joy of this happy night.

Don Alph. Happy, indeed, if blest with my Lorenza.

AIR XVII.—ALPHONSO.

*Come, ye hours, with bliss replete,
Bear me to my charmer's feet!
Cheerless winter must I prove,
Absent from, the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring,
Show the glad return of spring.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter DON CÆSAR and SPADO.

Don Cæsar. You gave my letter to the lady?

Spado. Yes, I did, Captain Ramirez.

Don Cæsar. Lucky, she knows me only by that name.

[*Aside.*]

Spado. A love-affair, hey,—Oh, sly!

Don Cæsar. Hush! Mind you let us all in by the little wicket in the east rampart.

Spado. I'll let you in, captain, and a banditti is like a cat, where the head can get in, the body will follow.

Don Cæsar. Soft! Letting down the drawbridge for me now may attract observation. [*Looks out.*] Yonder I can get across the moat.

Spado. But, captain! [*Calling.*] My dear captain! If you fall into the water, you may take cold, my dear sir,—I wish you were at the bottom, with a stone about your neck!

[*Aside.*]

AIR XVIII.—DON CÆSAR.

*At the peaceful midnight hour,
Ev'ry sense, and ev'ry pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep;
Then our careful watch we keep,
While the wolf, in nightly prow,
Bays the moon, with hideous howl,*

*Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance!
Females shriek; but no assistance.
Silence, or you meet your fate;
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate;
Locks, bolts, bars, soon fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.*

[*Exit DON CÆSAR.*]

Spado. I see how this is—our captain's to carry off the lady, and my brethren all the booty, what's left for me then? No, devil a bit they'll give me—Oh, I must take care to help myself in time—Got nothing yet, but that portmanteau, a few silver spoons, and tops of pepper-casters; let's see, I've my tools here still— [*Takes out Pistols.*] 'Egad, I'll try and secure a little before these fellows come, and make a general sweep—Eh, [*Looks out.*] My made-up Fernando!

[*Retires.*]

Enter PEDRILLO.

Ped. He! he! he! Yes, my master has certainly married the little nunnery-girl—Ha! ha! ha! Alphonso to demand satisfaction of me! no, no, Don Fernando is a master for the gentlemen, I am a man for the ladies.

AIR XIX.—PEDRILLO.

*A soldier I am for a lady,
What beau was e'er arm'd completer?
When face to face,
Her chamber the place,
I'm able and willing to meet her.
Gad's curse, my dear lasses, I'm ready
To give you all satisfaction;
I am the man,
For the crack of your fan,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
Your bobbins may beat up a row-de dow,
Your lap-dog may out with his bow wow wow,
The challenge in love,*

*I take up the glove,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.*

Spado [*Advances.*] That's a fine song, signor.

Ped. Hey! did you hear me sing?

Spado. I did, 'twas charming.

Ped. Then take a pinch of my macquabah.

[*Offers, and SPADO takes.*

Spado. Now, signor, you'll please to discharge my little bill.

Ped. Bill! I don't owe you any—

Spado. Yes, you do, sir; recollect, didn't you ever hire any thing of me?

Ped. Me! no!

Spado. Oh, yes; I lent you the use of my two fine ears, to hear your song, and the use of my most capital nose, to snuff up your macquabah.

Ped. Eh! what the deuce, do you hire out your senses and organs, and—

Spado. Yes, and if you don't instantly pay the hire, I'll strike up a symphonia on this little barrel organ here.

[*Shows a Pistol.*

Ped. Hold, my dear sir—there— [*Gives Money.*] —I refuse to pay my debts!—Sir, I'm the most punctual— [*Frightened.*] But if you please, rather than hire them again, I'd chuse to buy your fine nose, and your capital ears, out and out.

Spado. Hark ye! [*In a low Tone.*] You owe your Donship to a finesse of mine, so mention this, and you are undone, sirrah!

Ped. Sir! [*Frightened.*] Dear sir! [*SPADO presents Pistol.*] —Oh, lord, sir!

[*Exit.*

Spado. I suspect presently this house will be too hot for me, yet the devil tempts me strongly to venture in once more. If I could but pick up a few more little articles—Ecod, I'll venture, though I feel an ugly sort of tickling under my left ear—Oh, poor Spado.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter SPADO.

Spado. So many eyes about—I can do nothing; if I could but raise a commotion to employ their attention—Oh! here's Don Juan, father to Fernando, just arrived—Yes, if I could but mix up a fine confusion now—ay, that's the time to pick up the loose things—but hold, I am told this Don Juan is very passionate—heh! to set him and Don Scipio together by the ears—Ears!—I have it.

Enter DON JUAN in a travelling Dress.

Don Juan. Egad, my coming will surprise my son Fernando, and Don Scipio too—tell him I'm here—I hope I'm time enough for the wedding.

Spado. [*Slily.*] A grim-looking old gentleman!

[*Bows obsequiously.*

Don Juan. Who's dog are you?

Spado. How do you do, signor?

Don Juan. Why, are you a physician?

Spado. Me a physician! Alack-a-day, no, your honour, I am poor Spado.

Don Juan. Where's Don Scipio? What the devil, is this his hospitality? he has heard that I am here?

Spado. He hear! Ah, poor gentleman—hear! his misfortune!

Don Juan. Misfortune! What, he's married again?

Spado. At the brink.

Don Juan. Marry, and near threescore! What, has he lost his senses?

Spado. He has nearly lost one, sir.

Don Juan. But where is he? I want to ask him about it.

Spado. Ask! then you must speak very loud, sir.

Don Juan. Why, what, is he deaf?

Spado. Almost, sir, the dear gentleman can scarce hear a word.

Don Juan. Ah, poor fellow! Hey! Isn't yonder my son?

[*Walks up.*

Spado. Now if I could bring the old ones together, I should'nt doubt of a quarrel.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Ah, here's my friend, Don Juan! Spado, I hope he ha'n't heard of his son's pranks.

Spado. Hear! Ah! poor Don Juan's hearing! I've been roaring to him these five minutes.

Don Scipio. Roaring to him!

Spado. He's almost deaf.

Don Scipio. Bless me!

Spado. You must bellow to him like a speaking trumpet.

[*Exit SPADO.*

Don Scipio. [*Very loud.*] Don Juan, you are welcome.

Don Juan. [*Starting.*] Hey! Strange that your deaf people always speak loud— [*Very loud.*] I'm glad to see you, Don Scipio.

Don Scipio. When people are deaf themselves, they think every body else is too—How long have you been this way?

[*Bawling.*

Don Juan. Just arrived.

[*Bawling in his Ear.*

Don Scipio. I mean as to the hearing.

[*Very loud.*

Don Juan. Ay, I find it's very bad with you. [*Bawling.*] Zounds, I shall roar myself as hoarse as a raven!

Don Scipio. Ah, my lungs can't hold out a conversation—I must speak by signs.

[*Motions to drink.*

Don Juan. What now, are you dumb too?

Enter VASQUEZ. Whispers SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Oh, you may speak out, nobody can hear but me.

Don Juan. [*To VASQUEZ.*] Pray, is this crazy fool, your master here, going to be married?

Don Scipio. What!

[*Surprised.*

Vas. [*To SCIPIO.*] Don Fernando would speak to you, sir.

[*Exit VASQUEZ.*

Don Scipio. I wish he'd come here and speak to this old blockhead, his father.— [*Takes his Hand.*] —Don Juan, you are welcome to my house—but I wish you had stayed at home.

Don Juan. I am much obliged to you.

Don Scipio. You will soon see your son—as great an ass as yourself.

Don Juan. An ass! you shall find me a tiger, you old whelp!

Don Scipio. Why, zounds! you're not deaf!

Don Juan. A mad—ridiculous!—

Enter FERNANDO and VICTORIA.

Fernando! hey, boy, what the devil dress is this?

Don Fer. My father—Sir—I—I—

Don Scipio. [*To VICTORIA.*] What are you doing with that fellow?

Vict. Your pardon, dearest father, when I own that he is now my husband.

Don Scipio. Eh! eh! By this ruin, this eternal disgrace upon my house, am I punished for my unjust severity to my poor son, Don Cæsar—married to that rascal!

Don Juan. Call my son a rascal!

Don Scipio. Zounds, man! who's thinking of your son? But this fellow to marry the girl, and disgrace my family!

Don Juan. Disgrace! He has honoured your family, you crack-brained old fool!

Don Scipio. A footman honour my family, you superannuated, deaf old idiot!

Enter DAME ISABELLA.

Oh, Dame, fine doings! Pedrillo here has married my daughter.

Don Juan. But why this disguise?—what is all this about? tell me, Fernando.

Isab. What, is this really Don Fernando?

Don Scipio. Do you say so, Don Juan?

Don Juan. To be sure.

Don Scipio. Hey! then, Dame, your daughter is left to the valet—no fault of mine, though.

Isab. What a vile contrivance!

Don Fer. No, madam, yours was the contrivance, which love and accident have counteracted, in justice to this injured lady.

Isab. Oh, that villain Spado!

Don Juan. Spado? why that's the villain told me you were deaf.

Don Scipio. Why, he made me believe you could not hear a word.

Isab. And led me into this unlucky error.

[*Exit ISABELLA.*]

Don Juan. Oh, what a lying scoundrel!

Enter SPADO, behind.

Spado. I wonder how my work goes on here!— [*Roars in DON JUAN 's Ear.*] I give you joy, sir.

Don Juan. I'll give you sorrow, you rascal!

[*Beats him.*]

Don Scipio. I'll have you hang'd, you villain!

Spado. Hang'd! dear sir, 'twould be the death of me.

Pedrillo. [*Without.*] Come along, my cara sposa—tol-de-rol—

Enter PEDRILLO.

How do you do, boys and girls?—Zounds! my old master!

Don Juan. Pedrillo! hey-dey! here's finery!

Ped. I must brazen it out.—Ah, Don Juan, my worthy dad!

Don Juan. Why, what in the name of—but I'll beat you to a mummy, sirrah!

Ped. Don't do that—I'm going to be married to an heiress, so mustn't be beat to a mummy.—Stand before me, spouse.

[*Gets behind LORENZA.*]

Don Juan. Let me come at him.

Spado. Stay where you are, he don't want you.

Don Fer. Dear sir.

Don Scipio. Patience, Don Juan; your son has got my daughter—so our contract's fulfilled.

Don Juan. Yes, sir; but who is to satisfy me for your intended affront, hey?

Don Scipio. How shall I get out of this—I'll revenge all upon you, you little rascal! to prison you go—Here, a brace of alguazils, and a pair of handcuffs.

Spado. For me! the best friend you had in the world!

Don Scipio. Friend, you villain! that sha'n't save your neck.

Spado. Why, I've saved your throat.

Don Scipio. How, sirrah?

Spado. Only two of the banditti here in the castle, this morning.

Don Scipio. Oh, dear me!

Spado. But I got them out.

Don Scipio. How? how?

Spado. I told them they should come and murder you this evening.

Don Scipio. Much obliged to you.—Oh, lord!

[A Crash and tumultuous Noise without; BANDITTI rush in, armed; DON CÆSAR at their Head
—FERNANDO draws, and stands before VICTORIA.]

Band. This way!

Don Scipio. Oh, ruin! I'm a miserable old man! Where's now my son, Don Cæsar?—If I hadn't banished him, I should now have a protector in my child.

Don Cæsar. Then you shall.—Hold! [To BANDITTI.] My father!

[Kneels to DON SCIPIO.]

Don Scipio. How! My son, Don Cæsar!

Don Cæsar. Yes, sir; drove to desperation by—my follies were my own—but my vices—

Don Scipio. Were the consequence of my rigour.—My child! let these tears wash away the remembrance.

Don Cæsar. My father! I am unworthy of this goodness.—I confess even now I entered this castle with an impious determination to extort by force—

Sang. Captain, we didn't come here to talk. Give the word for plunder.

Band. Ay, plunder!

[Very tumultuous.]

Don Cæsar. Hold!

Spado. Ay, captain, let's have a choice rummaging.

[Cocks his Pistol.]

Ped. Oh, Lord! there's the barrel-organ!

Don Cæsar. Stop! hold! I command you.

Don Scipio. Oh, heavens! then is Ramirez the terrible captain of the cut-throats—the grand tiger of the cave?—But all my fault! the unnatural parent should be punished in a rebellious child. My life is yours.

Don Cæsar. And I'll preserve it as my own.—Retire, and wait your orders.

[Exeunt all BANDITTI but SPADO.]

Don Scipio. What, then, you won't let me be murdered. My dear boy! my darling! Forgive me!—I—I—I pardon all.

Don Cæsar. Then, sir, I shall first beg it for my companions; if reclaimed, by the example of their leader, their future lives will show them worthy of mercy; if not, with mine let them be forfeit to the hand of justice.

Don Scipio. Some, I believe, may go up—Eh, little Spado, could you dance upon nothing?

Spado. Yes, sir; but our captain, your son, must lead up the ball.

[Bows low.]

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you know, though ill bestowed, I must try my interest at Madrid.—Children, I ask your pardon; forgive me, Victoria, and take my blessing in return.

Vict. And do you, sir, acknowledge me for your child?

Don Scipio. I do, I do; and my future kindness shall make amends for my past cruelty.

Ped. Ha, here comes my sposa—Eh! got a beau already?

Enter ALPHONSO and LORENZA.

Don Cæsar. My beloved Lorenza!

} [*Embrace.*

Lor. My dearest.

Don Alph. My good captain! as I knew this lady only by the name of Victoria, you little imagined, in your friendly promises to me, you were giving away your Lorenza; but, had I then known we both loved the same mistress, I should, ere now, have relinquished my pretensions.

Lor. My good-natured Alphonso! Accept my gratitude, my esteem; but my love is, and ever was, in the possession of—

Don Cæsar. Dear father, this is the individual lady whose beauty, grace, and angelic voice, captivated my soul at Florence; if she can abase her spotless mind, to think upon a wretch stained with crimes, accompany her pardon with your approbation.

Don Scipio. Isabel has been too good, and I too bad a parent!—Ha! ha! ha! then fate has decreed you are to be my daughter, some way or other.

Ped. Yes; but has fate decreed that my sposa is to be another man's wife?

Spado. And, sir, [*To Scipio.*] if fate has decreed that your son is not to be hanged, let the indulgence extend to the humblest of his followers.

[*Bows low.*

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! ha! Well, though I believe you a great, little rogue, yet it seems you have been the instrument of bringing about things just as they should be.

Don Juan. They are not as they should be, and I tell you again, Don Scipio, I will have—

Don Scipio. Well, and shall have—a bottle of the best wine in Andalusia, sparkling Muscadel, bright as Victoria's eye, and sweet as Lorenza's lip: hey, now for our brace of weddings—where are the violins, lutes, and cymbals? I say, let us be merry in future; and past faults our good-humoured friends will forget and forgive.

GLEE.—FINALE.

*Social powers, at pleasure's call,
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
Bacchus, Ceres, bless the feast,
Momus lend the sprightly jest,
Songs of joy elate the soul,
Hebe fill the rosy bowl,
Every chaste and dear delight
Crown with joy this happy night.*

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA: A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS ***

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