

## SATANELLA or THE POWER OF LOVE

## ACT I

## SCENE I. The Palace and Gardens of Count Rupert

*The grounds are decorated for a fete.*

*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.*

## 2 No. 1 CHORUS AND DANCE.

Donor of this lordly fete,  
 Liberal of heart and hand,  
 Nobly born and truly great,  
 Monarchs less than you command;  
 Theirs a sceptre but in part,  
 Yours the empire of the heart,

*At the end of Chorus, Count Rupert, attended by Hortensius, enters from Palace.*

3 *Rup.* Thanks, thanks, my friends,  
 Your love 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.

*Hor.* A mere coquette to honour thus, for shame!

*Rup.* Look in her face, and you will cease to blame.

*Hor.* What, gaze upon a basilisk? Ah, no!

*Ste.* [To *Rupert.*] This forest fete 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'll 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 you command;  
 Theirs but a sceptre in part,  
 Yours the empire of the heart.

*Hor.* Who would ever have believed that my worthy pupil, Count Rupert, would permit himself to be led like a simpleton by the nose, and by a mere coquette? What a world it would be if the opposite sex could be only kept at a respectful distance!

[*Turns, and perceives LELIA and Dame BERTHA, Who, having entered at back, are curtseying 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 fete.

*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.

*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! And not married yet? 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 round 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 intendants; 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 as 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 Demon's Tower—*nomen horrendum*, as we say in the classics.

*Rup.* And does the nephew of this aforesaid attendant of this Demon Tower of mine find favour 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.

4 No.2 SONG.

*Lel.* My heart is not my own to give,  
'Twill yield without a sign,  
Nor in our keeping seem to live,  
When once love says, " 'Tis mine."  
In vain would reason's rebel voice  
The tyrant overthrow;  
Ah, did fate accord the power of choice,  
'Twould with our fond hearts go.

I knew not that I had lost my heart  
'Till 'twas 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;  
Ah, did Heaven accord the power of choice,  
'Twould with my fond heart go.

*Rup.* Charmingly reasoned, my 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.

*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.*]

5 No.3 CONCERTED PIECE

My lords, I pray you judge between  
This haughty man and woman's heart,

Long honour'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.* So now go, [A gaming table is brought on from Palace by Attendants.]

*Rup.* Come, let us play.

*Players.* Let us play

*Rup.* Here's to gold, mighty gold  
 Here's to gold, king of fate  
 God of young and old,

*Players.* Of the mean and the great, the true king of fate.

*Rup.* Come for gold let us play,  
 Never cease though your mistress betray,  
 Or no longer please.

*Ste.* Let us play, let's play! *Hor.* Oh, shame!

*All.* Gold, gold, mighty gold, etc

*Lel.* My heart is shadowed by some coming woe  
 To him I love; oh, gracious Heav'n protect!

[*To Hortensius*] Ah, sir, forgive me, much do I respect,  
 The Count seeks foolish pleasures.

*Rup.* To win is still to dare;  
 And Fortune owes me for her frowns one smile—  
 'Tis now her turn another to beguile.

[*To Stella*.] I've lost thy heart—  
 the twenty thousand crowns be mine.

*Ste.* [*Casts dice and wins.*] Your pardon, Seigneur,  
 neither can be thine.

Yours is the cost;

I've won, and you have lost.

*Rup.* [*Advancing gloomily to Hortensius.*]

As you surmised, I've risked—lost all.

*Hor.* And, at the bottom, can no further fall.

*Lel.* [*To Player.*] Pardon, Seigneur, Ah, pardon pray—

Hearken now, for pity's sake—

Let not lordly pride say nay—

Anger not, nor turn away—

But this ring I prithee take, and a costly prize  
 will make.

Ne'er this rosary forsake.

*Rup.* The ring my sweet one still be thine.

The rosary and fortune mine.

Now, Signors, my revenge; once more let us play!

*Hor.* Naught left, what would you stake? Your honour?

*Rup.* Nay. My father's house, lands, vassals, still remain;

One cast for each, the stake to lose or gain.

*Players. & Ste.* [*Who wins.*] You've lost, you've lost

*Hor.* Oh! shame!

*Rup.* Come one, come all! I dare th' unequalled strife:

You've all my land and gold, now take my life!

*Rup.* Of life I have no care,

[*together*] My friends have turned to foes;

Abandon'd to a deep 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,

[*together*] His friends have turned to foes;

Abandoned to despair,

Shall all the world oppose.

*Hor.* Be calm, oh, pray be calm,

He takes no heed of me

*Players.* Of him we take no care,

[*together*] His friends have turned to foes;

Abandoned to despair,

Shall all the world oppose.

*Lel.* [*To Rupert.*] Oh! dearest friend!

Oh! noble brother, pray.  
 Be calm, oh, dearest brother,  
*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?  
*Rup.* Of life I have no care, &c.  
*Hor.* Of life he has no care, &c.  
*Lel.* Oh dearest friend, &c.  
*Ste.* Of him take ye no care, &c.  
*Cho.* Of him we take no care, &c.

[*They draw their swords. Hortensius withholds Count Rupert; Lelia stands imploringly.—Scene changes on tableau.*]

**SCENE 2. The Demon'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 in the form of a page, offering his services to an ancestor of Count Rupert. A door at back, L.H. An antique window. A small door, leading to inner chamber.*

*The apartment is illumined by flashes of lightning through the window.—Rain.—Distant thunder.*

*7 Enter KARL, carrying a lantern.*

*Kar.* 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! especially in this room, too, 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. 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!

*7* No.4 SONG.

Oh would she but name the day  
 On which I shall call her mine;  
 Or would I hear her say,  
 "Sweetheart, I am only thine."  
 But she, when her smiles 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 a husband I'll take;  
 "Love him, honour, obey,"  
 Tho' certain the last to break.  
 And could I but one kiss gain,  
 I'd ne'er heed saying nay;  
 Victor o'er her disdain,  
 I'd soon make her name the day.

*Rup.* [*Without.*] What ho! lights here!

*Kar.* [*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 HORTENSIUS; 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 respectable ancestor, as he appeared in the very identical act of disposing of himself to the d-e-vil, saving your lordship's presence, and that young gentleman in a page's dress is supposed 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 meantime, 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 mind as to whether we have anything there. [*Exit.*]

*Hor.* [*Mournfully.*] 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 hair-brained 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."

Ay, there's the rub; where am I to get it? "To make silver,"—Gad, the very thing; come, come, my ancestors have more learning than I have 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! *Hor.* [*Falling on his knees.*] Don't, or I cry murder!

*Rup.* [*Extending his hands towards the east.*] Miriam! Manasses! Enrothas!

[*A subterranean rumbling heard.*]

*Hor.* [*Screaming with terror.*] *Monstrum horrendum, informe ingens*, 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.*

## 7 No.5 RECITATIVE & DUET

*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.  
Let then that task be thine!  
Ensnare, and make him mine!

*Sat.* Command, and I'll obey.

*Ari.* Mark well this man, I say!

*Sat.* [*Looking at Rupert.*] Young, handsome—pritheer 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.  
Mark well this man,  
Ensnare and make him mine &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 before him.*

*Rup.* Where am I? What has happened?

*Sat.* Nothing unusual. You summoned me, and here I am.

*Rup.* I summon you, my interesting little friend? 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 often 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 dictum!*" "*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: 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! *Diabole, exorciso te.*

[*Satanella, placing her two hands on Hortensius, forces him, into the chair opposite Rupert.*]

Rup. Most erudite 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 Hortensius.*] '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 with the idea 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 fiend's health— never! I—I—refuse the toast [*drinks*] but drink the wine.

8 No.6 DRINKING 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  
From silver goblets toss'd.  
And let our songs have for refrain,  
The glorious vintage of Champagne.

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

Rup. My honoured 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 honour's path,  
So dull the world around us seems,  
As life itself were wrath;  
New vigour then would we regain.  
Let's drink, when all is lost,  
The glorious vintage of Champagne,  
Worth all the joys we've lost.  
And let our songs, &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.*]

9 No. 7 SCENE & CAVATINA

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

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

AT No. 7½ FINALE

Sat. 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,  
 Foiler of stern hate; Lord of high and low,  
 Woman calls thee fate, fierceness owns thy spell,  
 Vulture thou, and dove;  
 Ah— cannot tell 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 enchanting vision was it that stood before me? Were it perdition's self I must again behold it. Wake, man-wake!

Hor. *[Starting 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 Hortensius stand transfixed with astonishment, and the Curtain slowly descends.]*

## END OF THE FIRST ACT

### ACT II

#### SCENE 1 A magnificent Hall

*Opening upon a picturesque Garden, R., a table and arm chair. SATANELLA discovered, leaning pensively against a column.*

AK No. 8 RECITATIVE.

Sat. Ah me! how wretched is the doomed one's fate,  
 Her soul to love, her service giv'n to hate,  
 That longs to warn, yet she doth still ensnare,  
 And pity only greater makes despair.

ANDANTE.

Ah! could I but his heart enslave,  
 His love as empire gain,  
 The devil's wrath I'd risk and brave,  
 A future all of pain.  
 But knowing 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 sorrow no more room,  
 Since love to thee denies  
 The only gift you prize.  
 And Stella charms his heart,  
 Let hate from thee depart,  
 And urge no piteous care  
 Between him and despair;  
 No—no—the devil's true slave.  
 To tempt, and not to save,  
 Ah, now a dreadful task,  
 Since love I must not ask,  
 And grief is all my gain;  
 I'll wake up fierce disdain,  
 And enhance all his pain,

*[Placing her hand on her heart.]*

All the fiend shall reign.

*[At end of aria, Satanella retires to back of stage.]*

*Enter COUNT RUPERT (he appears in deep thought)*

*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 your agency, am I not richer than ever? my entire fortune has returned to me, and only 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 expect, 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 not 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.

AL No. 9 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  
Azure skies 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 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.* 'Twas a passing dream. [*Passes his hand across his brow.*] Yes, and to dispel such feverish visions, 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 and Stella—

*Sat.* Stella is a heartless coquette.

*Rup.* You inhabitants of the dark regions have always such a low opinion of human nature.

*Sat.* Nay, you yourself shall hear the truth of what I advance from her own lips, for I know that she is now on her road hither, to endeavour, by feigned repentance, to regain the former sway she held over your heart.

*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 the 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.

**SCENE 2 A Sea Coast.**  
*Enter BRACACCIO and Pirates.*

AM No. 10 CHORUS.  
Rovers, rulers of the sea,  
Wilder than the waves are we;  
Merry men in storm and fight,  
Danger's true name is delight.

AN No. 11 RECITATIVE.  
My brave companions, prone with me to dare

Alike each peril, and each prize we share,  
 Good friends in concord, brothers in strife,  
 No lot more joyous than the pirate's life.

Rovers, rulers of the sea,  
 Wilder than the waves are we;  
 Merry men in storm and fight,  
 Danger's true name is delight.  
 Hurling o'er the wildest wave,  
 Storm and battle but excite,  
 Ever ready both to brave,  
 Danger brings us fierce delight.  
 When the winds have gone to sleep,  
 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.

*Pirates.* Danger brings us delight &c.

*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.

[*Braccaccio 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 on my behalf, now to be on the very eve 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. [*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. And now, 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 3 Lelia's cottage by the 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.*

AO No. 12 RECITATIVE.

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

BALLAD.

Let not the world disdain,  
 Know grief was all thy gain,  
 But ever uncomplaining,  
 In silence, go.  
 No longer love believing—,  
 Or o'er his falsehood grieving—,  
 Thyself with dreams deceiving,  
 Increase, sad heart, thy woe.  
 Ah! Let not the world disdain, &c.  
 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.  
 Ah! Let not the world disdain, &c.

*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 your 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 Satanella.*] Know ye no means?

*Sat.* None. [*Badly.*] Even the devil himself can't always have his own way.

*BRACACCIO 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 Satanella.*] 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, it's 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 Bracaccio, veiled.*] A word with you.

*Bra.* Ah! ah! By Neptune, here's material for a Sultaness, 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 braves 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 Bracaccio.*] '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.

*Lel.* [*Drawing back in alarm.*] 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 hint.*] 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.

[*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 Bracaccio.*] On board with her!

[*Some Pirates carry Lelia off, followed by Karl.*]

*Ste.* [*Placing purse in Bracaccio's hand.*] 'Tis well; here is the promised reward.

*Sat.* [*Hastily drawing Bracaccio 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.* Ay! 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.

[*Braccaccio 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.*

AP No.13 CHORUS OF PEASANTS.  
Smile, oh, heaven! upon the day  
Blessings only let it bring,  
Joys that will not fade away,

*The Bridal Procession enters.*

AQ No.14 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.

AR No.15 *RUPERT and HORTENSIUS enter* from chapel, and descend.

*Rup.* 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*

*Rup.* 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.

*Rup.* Come, dearest, and resign, &c.

*Hor.* Heav'n bless them both,

Hearken to our prayer—

Blessings show'r upon the pair, &c.

[*Rupert takes Satanella's hand.—Bridesmaids, vassals, marshalled by Hortensius, 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,

Earth's fairest flowers less fair.

[*Satanella falters.—Thunder.—General consternation.*]

*Rup.* [*To Sat.*] Why trembles thus sweet love,  
thy hand in mine?

[*Thunder increases.—Hortensius 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.*]

*Chor.* She is dead—she is dead,  
To her heart the bolt has sped:

[*Rupert, who has carried Satanella down, and placed her on a bank.*]

*Rup.* She is not dead—  
let me behold her face.

[*Snatches off her veil.*]

What horror's this? the Demon in her place!

*Chor.* The demon!

*Rup.* Lelia—where?

*Chor.* 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!

AS No.15½ SOLO and CHORUS.

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

*Hor. & Cho.* Snatch from them { his } beauteous bride;  
my

Oh, should more wrong betide,  
Life, a grief too great to bear,  
I should } madden with despair.  
He would

[General bustle.—*Rupert*, followed by *Hortensius* and *Peasants*, rushes towards the sea as the curtain falls.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE 1 A Cavern, illumined by an unearthly gleam.

*ARIMANES* discovered standing over *SATANELLA*, who is lifeless on a rock at his feet.

1 No.16 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.

2 No.16½ RECITATIVE AND DUET.  
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,  
And voice to guile, and smiles to charm,  
Magic power uurestrain'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.* Pardon—Unrequited love my shame,  
Pity I may surely claim;  
Add not anger to my woe—  
Pardon me, dread master.

*Ari.* No!

*Sat.* Ah, enough to love in vain—  
What can give me deeper pain?  
Ah, some compassion yield my woe—  
Pity, pardon, master pardon!

*Ari.* No, no, no!  
Plead no more this girlish flame,  
Thou demon, only in name;  
Beauteous thou shalt be no more.  
Woman-like, love's loss then deplore;

Since thou can'st not hate,  
Then mourn, and curse thy fate!  
*Ari. & Sat.* 'Tis enough to love in vain— &c.

*Sat.* 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.

*Ari.* Swear by my sceptre I swear—  
Love from hence, to resign;  
His proud soul to ensnare,  
And make his homage mine.

*Sat.* By thy sceptre hear me swear  
Love from hence to resign,  
And his proud soul to ensnare,  
And make his homage thine.  
So be it, then; I grant thy pray'r,  
His homage win, his proud soul ensnare.

*Ari.* In thirty days with him appear.

*Sat.* Ah, I'll make him thine, Ah, yes!

[*Arimanes sinks.—Satanella ascends to earth.*]

### SCENE 2. The Bazaar and Slave market.

*Slaves discovered grouped in various positions: they are exhibited by BRACACCIO and Pirates to Merchants, who pass to and fro, contemplate them, and appear to enquire their value.*

3 No.17 CHORUS AND DANCE.  
Merry Tunis, ope' thy mart,  
Vend thy prizes rich and rare,  
Tho' of East and West the heart,  
Not Stamboul can with thee compare.  
Merry Tunis ope thy mart.  
Vend the prizes rich and rare.  
Maids are here of every kind;  
This is the Corsair's chiefest care.  
And your choice you're sure to find,  
Be she black, brown, or fair.  
Come buy! come buy!  
To your gold we'll nought deny,

*During Chorus, enter, among crowd, COUNT RUPERT (disguised as a Greek merchant), KARL, and HORTENSIUS, 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.] Oh, 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.

*Hor.* [Shaking coffer.] Don't run her up too high.

*Rup.* Ah, Lelia, my Lelia I shall make you mine!

*Bra.* Who bids the highest shall the owner be.

*Hor.* Mercenary wrtetch!

*Mob.* The Vizier comes.

*Hor.* If he should choose to buy,  
With his long purse, yours 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.]

4 No.18 CONCERTED PIECE  
A fair Circassian, with golden hair  
Most priz'd of all.

*Hor.* The old man seems to stare.

*Kar.* No wonder with those golden locks in view;  
I call them carrots of most fiery hue.

*Bra.* [*With slave very stout.*]

A Georgian, a face so lovely to behold.

*Hor.* A piece of dough into a mortal roll'd.

*Kar.* The Vizier does not seem to think her nice.

*Bra.* Cheap at two thousand.

*Hor.* Dear at any price:

I'd not have her as a gift.

*Bra.* [*With black slave.*] A Nubian, see.

*Hor.* [*Admiringly.*] A sable Venus.

*Kar.* Venus! mercy me! A Blackamoor!

*Hor.* Of perfect colour—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.

[*Vizier bids again.*]

*Bra.* The Vizier bets a hundred thousand.

*Hor.* All is o'er.

*Rup.* Oh, heaven! despair! my blood begins to chill.

Hold! a 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 yet; 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 burnoose.*

*Sat.* I'll tempt him now,

—'neath passion's sway

He's sure to prove an easy prey.

5 No. 19 SESTET

*Lel.* Oh, woe! despair!

[*together*] My love now lost,

My heart's sole care,

By fortune cross'd;

Oh woe, despair!

Heaven let him die,

My life would be regret,

So let me die.

*Sat.* His life despair

[*together*] 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.

*Rup.* Oh, woe! despair!

[*together*] My Lelia's lost,

My heart's sole care

By fortune cross'd;

To save her yet

Should heaven deny,

Life one regret,

So let me die.

*Hor. & Kar.* Oh, woe! despair!

[*together*] 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.

*Bra.* Oh, fortune rare,  
*[together]* 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.

*Chor.* Oh, woe! despair!  
*[together]* His true love lost,  
 His heart's sole care,  
 By fortune cross'd;  
 To save her yet  
 Should heaven deny,  
 Life all regret,  
 Ah, let him die.

*Bra.* Mine be the gold, and yours 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 thou 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.]*

*SATANELLA* throws off her *bermous*, and appears in *Oriental* costume.

6 No.20 ROMANCE & CHORUS.

*Sat.* Sultana Zulema, with virgins might vie,  
 Love lived in the light of her radiant 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 poets dream;  
 Each movement revealed of her form a new grace,  
 And the world you forgot when you looked in her face.

*[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; he is irresistibly drawn towards her by the super-natural 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 casket of jewels at Satanella's feet, in token of their master's admiration.]*

7 No.21 ARIETTA

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.]*

8 No. 21½ RECIT. & CABALETTA

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

*[Vizier assents to set Lelia at liberty; she rushes into Rupert's arms.]*

*Rup.* An angel thou!

*Sat.* No thanks, but speed away!

Remember, we shall meet on reckoning day.

*[Rupert, followed by Karl and Hortensius, hurries off Lelia.]*

My Lord, you are but foolish!  
 To think that I would  
 Sadly, unconquered, let thee go.  
 No, no! thy heart enslaving!  
 Enslaving! enslaving!  
 Myself, thy Queen I know.  
 Ah! I am thy queen!

*Cho.* Yes, she has won.

Yes, she wins the day!

[*The palanquin is brought forward, the Vizier places Satanella 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 1. *The Demon's tower (as before)*

COUNT RUPERT discovered.

9 No.22 SERENADE CHORUS.  
Haste, lovers, haste, the soft moonbeams  
Shed radiance now o'er land and sea;  
And promised joys of blissful dreams  
Twice bless'd shall in bridal be.

[*Voices of Serenaders 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.

AT No.23 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.  
Ah, 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 joys of fame.  
If glory, like the mountain snow,  
To shine must freeze above,  
Let me still live where falls below  
The soft, the 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'er-cast, 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 his 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 see'st 'tis already past. [*To Hortensius.*] What would you, good Hortensius?

Hor. 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.

Hor. 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.*]

Hor. [*Trembling, looking around.*] I—I—did I allude to him;

well, do you know, I almost think 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?

Hor. [*Whose knees are knocking together with fear.*]

There, didn't I—I— tell you?

[*The figure makes signs to Hortensius to withdraw.*]

AK No. 24 FINALE.

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

Sat. Canst not surmise? Thy fate in me behold. [*Raises veil.*]

Rup. Great heaven—the fiend!

Sat. 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 disclaim;  
 For thirty days, love, freedom, I made thine;  
 They've lapsed away, and now thy soul is mine.

LELIA enters.

Lel. The altar's deck'd; why linger here, my love?  
 Our friends, impatient, wait for us above.

Sat. More pressing friends are waiting him below.  
 To other nuptials bound.

Lel. My Rupert, no!  
 My lover, my betrothed, my husband, he.  
 Do as you please, his soul is mine.

Rup. Oh, Heaven!

TRIO.—ENSEMBLE.

Sat. Raise not to heaven your voice,  
 It frowning turns away,  
 While all the fiends rejoice,  
 And clamour for their prey;  
 For earthly passions' sake  
 Thou this contract sign;  
 Vengeance now o'ertake,  
 Thy fate and mine.

Rup. Ah—I dare not raise to Heaven my voice,  
 [*together*] From frowning turns away.

While all the fiends rejoice,  
 And clamour for their prey.  
 For love and Lelia's sake,  
 That contract did I sign.  
 Must vengeance now o'ertake,  
 Eternal grief be mine. —Ah!

Lel. Ah—Though all the fiends rejoice,

[*together*] And clamour for their prey;  
 To Heaven I'll raise my voice  
 And pardon, pardon, pray.  
 For love and Leila's sake,  
 He did tht contract sign,  
 Let not thy wrath o'ertake,  
 To mercy's Heaven incline. —Ah!

Sat. Ah—raise not to Heaven thy voice,  
 [*together*] From frowning turns away.

While all the fiends rejoice,  
 And clamour for their prey.  
 For earthly passion's sake  
 Thou didst this contract sign,  
 Must vengeance now o'ertake,  
 Despair, thy fate and mine —Ah!

Rup. [*To Satanella.*] How have I wronged thee, say?

Sat. [*Apart.*] He does not know,  
 Insensate heart, true source of all my woe.

Rup. What have I done, and how provoked thy hate?

Sat. Taught me to love, and trebly curse my fate!

Rup. &amp; Lel. Taught thee to love?

Sat. —Taught me to love!

[*With deep feeling, to Rupert.*] Dost not see how I adore

Fountains of grief, ever flooding more,  
 Cannot extinguish here Love's fire.  
 Immortal as the spirit life  
 That for thy sake would human be,  
 Now ever doomed to mourn the strife  
 Between despair and love for thee.

With more than woman's fond desire?

Lel. Thou lov'st him, then?

Sat. With love so wild and strange,  
 It 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

*All. Sat.* Raise not to Heaven thy voice, &c.  
*Lel.* Though all the fiends rejoice, &c.  
*Rup.* I dare not raise my voice. &c.

*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'st destroy?  
 False one; shame to grace thy fury  
 With love's gentle name!

*Sat.* Love's gentle when beloved, but love can rage,  
 I mourn far more than anger at his fate;  
 Love's vengeance now from you must separate.

And deadly warfare with a rival wage!

*Lel.* O Rupert, spare, and me as victim take;  
 I am content to perish for his sake.

*Sat.* No!—never, never!

*Lel.* No, my fate shall be his fate.

*Rup.* Heaven shall defend!

*Sat.* Heaven holds thee in its hate:  
 This contract binds thee to the fiend a slave.

[*LELIA snatches Rupert's dagger, which she is about to plunge into her breast*]

*Lel.* Let me, too, perish, since I cannot save.

*Sat.* [*Stays her arm.*] Hold! hold!

[*Regarding Lelia with admiration.*]

*AL* Oh, tenderness sublime!

If thou, without a crime,  
 Heaven, for him resign,  
 Thy love surpasses mine.

*Lel.* She weeps! she weeps!  
 Has then compassion touched her breast?

*Sat.* [*To Lelia.*] Weep thou no more,  
 With him forever blessed.

*Sat.* Oh, tenderness sublime!

[*together*] If thou without a crime  
 Would'st Heaven for him resign  
 Thy love surpasses mine.

*Rup.* Oh, tenderness sublime!

[*together*] Her heart, without a crime,  
 Would heaven for me resign,  
 And share the sad fate mine.

*Lel.* My heart, in love sublime,

[*together*] Would partner her in crime;  
 If he must heaven resign,  
 Let his sad fate be mine.

*Sat.* This I'll consume, thou shalt again be free.

[*Places contract over lamp, and throws the burning scroll on the ground.*]

*Lel. & Rup.* And thou?

*Sat.* My mortal form shall pass away as it expires;  
 My spirit then resume a demon's 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. & 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.

*Sat.* Hence—away,

*Rup. & Lel.* Let's hence away, Heaven's mercy pray.

[*together*] Fear not to die, 'Twill ne'er deny, &c.

*Sat.* Hence away, And mercy pray.

[*together*] For love's sake I will die, &c.

[RUPERT &amp; LELIA exeunt.]

Sat. [*Kissing rosary.*]

What joy is this?  
 A gleam of bliss,  
 And dare I hope  
 With fiends to cope?  
 Heaven 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 surrounded by Furies, who rush wildly and with 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.

Ari. Demon slave, thy shape resume,

Writhe beneath the curse of doom.

Sat. Heaven have mercy, list' above;

Save me, save me for my true heart's love.

Demons. Oh, what terror!

Sat & Cho. There's a power whose sway,  
 Angel souls adore, and the lost obey,  
 Weeping ever more.

Language cannot tell, half thy power, oh, love!

[*A religious strain is heard.—Satanella, 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 Satanella, 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.