

VICTOR HUGO



TORQUEMADA

ENGLISH / FRENCH

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# **TORQUEMADA**

## **PART FIRST. FROM MONK TO POPE**

### **DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

TORQUEMADA  
DON SANCHO DE SALINAS  
DONNA ROSA D'ORTHEZ  
GIL, MARQUIS DE FUENTEL  
KING FERDINAND  
POPE ALEXANDER VI  
FRANCIS DE PAUL  
GUCHO, a clown  
THE PRIOR  
BISHOP OF SEO DE URGEL

Monks, Soldiers

## **ACT FIRST. THE IN PACE**

Catalonia. Among the mountains on the frontier. The Lateran monastery, a convent of the order of Saint Augustine and of the discipline of Saint Rut".

The old cemetery of the convent. General appearance of an uncultivated garden. The time is April. Bright sunshine and flowers in bloom. Crosses and tombs in the grass and under the trees. Ground dotted with graves. At the back of the stage the monastery wall, very high, but falling in ruins. An enormous breach extends nearly to the ground, and gives access to the open country. Close beside a huge square fragment of the wall stands an iron cross, planted on a grave.

Another very high cross, with the mystic gilded triangle, stands at the top of a flight of stone steps, and overlooks the whole cemetery.

In the foreground, even with the ground, a square opening, surrounded by flat stones on a level with the top of the grass. At one side a long flagstone, apparently intended to cover the opening. In the opening can be seen the topmost steps of a narrow stone staircase which leads down into the hole. It is a sepulcher, the lid of which has been removed, disclosing the interior. The long flagstone is the lid.

As the curtain rises the prior of the convent in the garb of an Augustinian monk is upon the stage. At the back of the stage an old monk, in the garb of a Dominican, is walking slowly across, bending his knee at each cross that he passes. He disappears and the prior remains alone.

## SCENE I

THE PRIOR OF THE CONVENT; afterward, A MAN.

(The prior is bald, with a circle of gray hair and a white beard; frock of coarse dark cloth. He scrutinizes the wall, and wanders pensively about among the tombs.)

THE PRIOR.

Convent in ruins. Brambles and underbrush. What havoc time, th' old renegade, doth work in sacred places.

(He examines the breach in the wall.)

A breach through which a novice might escape. 'T would seem that the old wall is weary from having stood erect too long, and grudges further service. It doth our privileges much resemble, for they are crumbling too, alas! They have their rust, they have their breaches. The sacred branch doth wither in our hands. The popes wax slothful in the struggle. Ah! within our walls to-day the princes are at home; they hover, like the eagle's shadow, threateningly above our heads. An end of discipline, an end of charters and of regulations. Lower we bend and lower every day for fear of stripes; we have no certainty that we have not among us court intrigues and villainies. They force us to bring up their little highnesses in secret and promiscuously, both girls and boys; bastards, perchance, who knows? and we obey.

(He pauses before the open tomb.)

If ever any act of justice is performed in our community, 't is on one of ourselves.

(He gazes at the wall.)

Our old structure is tottering like ourselves, and Christ is bleeding, and we know that, in darkness and in shame, more and more helplessly, we grope about.

(Enters, through the breach in the wall, a man wrapped in a cloak with his hat pulled over his eyes. He pauses,



standing on the heap of ruins near the breach.

(The prior spies him.)

THE PRIOR.

Begone, sirrah!

THE MAN.

Nay.

THE PRIOR.

Away with you! Know, clown, that this is holy ground.

THE MAN.

Even so?.

THE PRIOR.

A famous cloister.

THE MAN.

Pish!

THE PRIOR.

By day, no one comes hither save the monks alone; by night, the shades of the departed in their shrouds. For him who enters here there is no mercy. The axe if he be duke, the rope if he be peasant. None save they who are of the convent may come within these walls. Beware! Aroynt thee, knave!

(With a haughty laugh.)

Unless thou art the king!

THE MAN.

I am he.

THE PRIOR.

You, the king!

THE MAN.

So am I called.

THE PRIOR.

What proof have I thereof?

THE MAN.

This.

(He waves his hand. A troop of armed men appears in the breach. The king points out the prior to the soldiers.)

Hang that man.

(The soldiers pour in through the breach. They surround the prior. With them enter the Marquis de Fuentel and Gucho. The marquis is a gray-bearded man in a rich Alcantara suit. Gucho, a dwarf, dressed in black, with a cap and bells. He has a fool's bauble in each hand, a figure of a man in gold, and one of a woman in copper.)

## SCENE II

THE PRIOR, THE KING, MARQUIS DE FUENTEL,  
GUCHO, THE KING'S ESCORT.

THE PRIOR (falling on his knees).

Mercy, monsenor!

THE KING.

So be it—on condition. What art thou in this convent?

THE PRIOR.

Prior.

THE KING.

Hark ye. Thou 'lt keep me posted touching everything that comes to pass here. The gibbet, if thou liest; if thou sayest true, thy pardon.

(He leaves the prior in the midst of the soldiers, and approaches the Marquis de Fuentel at the front of the stage.)

Let us begin by saying our prayers, Marquis.

(He tosses his cloak to a servant behind him, and appears in a modest Alcantara suit with a huge rosary at his side. He tells his beads silently for a few moments. Then he turns again to the marquis.)

The queen is far away and I exist. To be alone is bliss. To be a widower would be still better. I laugh for joy.

GUCHO (sitting on the ground with his two baubles in his arms against the corner of a tomb. Aside).

The world doth weep.

THE KING (to the marquis).

I have my reasons, thou wilt know them soon, for coming to inspect this convent close at hand. Come.

(He motions to him to follow him a little apart, near the tomb against which Gucho is crouching.)

THE MARQUIS.

I listen to the king.

GUCHO (aside). I listen to the wind which whispers to me overhead the things you do.

THE KING (to the marquis).

I wish thy counsel upon certain secret matters.

GUCHO (aside).

Bah! provided that I eat and sleep, why all is well.

THE MARQUIS (to the king).

Shall we send Gucho hence?

THE KING.

No. He doth naught understand.

(To Gucho.)

Lie there.

(Gucho makes himself as small as possible in the shadow behind the king. The king draws near the marquis.)

Marquis, I love women beyond measure. The thing that pleases me in thee is that thy morals are unmentionable, or were. Later, old fellow, thou didst turn pious. That is well. That too doth please me. Man's worth depends upon his faith, for that alone can wash away our sins.

(He makes the sign of the cross.)

THE MARQUIS.

This convent, whereof the king doth purpose to keep watch upon the practices, is under the control of two superiors, one at Cahors, one at Ghent.

THE KING.

Thou art reputed to have been a monster of intrigue. So art thou still. 'T is said that women, pretty women too, in former days did foolish things for thee, good man. That thou wert once a page, a charming boy; that seems impossible, but, in good sooth, why so? The morning smiles, and still the day is dark; that's often seen. Knowst thou that there's a pretty anecdote concerning a young court attendant, said to have been thou? Hast thou ever called thyself Gorvona?

THE MARQUIS.

No. Wherefore?

THE KING.

To hide thyself, 't is said, by craft and fraud, and for a love-affair with a fair princess.

THE MARQUIS.

Never!

THE KING.

I was told the whole long story of a dull-witted king to whom thou gav'st an heir. But the authorities are not agreed touching the country. In all likelihood 't is pure invention.

THE MARQUIS.

Nothing more. You have made me a marquis and they seek to do me evil in your sight.

THE KING.

And they are right. But 't is my rule, whether they say what 's false or what is true, to hold myself above what man invents. Naught reaches me, for I am king. Thy origin, midst lackeys, aye, and clowns, thy low, base, slippery beginnings suit my whim. No one can say with certainty, not even thine own self, who was thy father. I do admire thee for that thou dost so cunningly hide thy identity while living in the public eye. The cormorant's nest, the hole where lurks the basilisk, are the fit starting-points of a life like thine, erratic, wandering, enslaved. I have made thee

count and marquis, grandee of Castile; a mass of worthless dignities, well-earned but ill-gotten. To act by cunning, or at need by force, is easy for thee; thou wouldst hold thine own with a whole council, aye, or turn them out of doors e'en though the devil were among them. Thou canst be bold, and yet lose not thy subtlety. Though made to crawl, thou dost defy the tempest. If need be thou wouldst risk thy life for some rash stroke, and, old as thou art, wouldst draw thy sword therefor. Thou givest evil counsel, but dost not follow it. It is thy faculty to be of nothing innocent, of nothing guilty, and I esteem thee capable of anything, even of loving. 'T is common rumor that thou didst rise from serving-man to bandit, from bandit to courtier. For my own part, I laugh as I look on at thy maneuvering. It pleases me to see thee twine thyself about the serpents. Thy schemes, which thou dost quietly, and with a pensive air, concoct, a sort of floating web that loses itself in the darkness, thy wit, thy talents, thy good fortune, and the mire wherein thou wallowest, all tend "to make of thee a creature strange to contemplate, a shuddering, ungrateful thing, whose services I love to have at my command.

#### THE MARQUIS.

O king, the Tagus, the Ebro and the Guadalquivir are yours; your Majesty hath added Naples to Castile, and the French king is vanquished in the jousting; Africa doth fear my king, whose shadow oftentimes ere now hath met the sun rising o'er Algiers; Sos was your birth-place, so near to Navarre that you have a just claim upon her, and I avouch that you were rightful master of that kingdom while you lay sleeping in your cradle, for never was king born for nothing; though a Catholic king, you have set foot upon the church wherein republican ideas are taking root; the pope, for fear of thee, doth quake before the king, and his church-bell is hushed before your loud alarum. Your flags wave from Etna to the shores of Hindustan, and with you is Gonzalvo de Cordova. Moreover, you win battles single-

handed. Young as you are, you tower above other monarchs like a patriarch, and when a priest would take an oar in any of your galleys, with faltering speech Rome hastens to explain away its wrath. O conqueror of Toro, mighty king! All words seem weak and paltry in your presence, and die upon my lips. My lord, I am devoted to your interests.

THE KING.

'T is false.

THE MARQUIS.

Your Highness . . .

THE KING.

Spare me your wearisome chatter of devotion, my dear friend. To thee I am a mystery, to me thou art by no means clear as glass. I play the generous prince and thou the saint, but in our hearts we both are filled with gall against each other. I execrate the slave, thou dost detest the king; thou wouldst assassinate me if thou couldst, and I mayhap will have thy head shorn off some day. We are good friends, save that.

(The marquis opens his mouth to protest.)

Waste not thy words, thou courtier. Thou hatest me, and I hate thee. In my case 't is my gloomy nature, in thine thy wicked aspirations. And each of us doth keep his specter in his heart.

(The marquis again makes a motion, which is repressed by the king.)

We have a just appreciation each of the other. Each of us hath a dark window in his breast, through which we see each other's evil hearts. I laugh to scorn thy love and thy devotion, thou old traitor. Until the day when thou canst no more gold extract from me, so long as thine own interest, the surest of all bonds, unites us, marquis, I will employ thee to give counsel to me, knowing that thou wilt serve me better, the more depraved thou art. Off with thy mask! and off with mine! I like it better so. In very truth, this insult

which no man dares offer me, I, marquis, offer everyone. Surely I can no less than be outspoken, having knaves for witnesses. And if the prince, whom truth like a wild deer doth shun, hath it not in his ear, then shall he have it in his mouth, and thou with thy vile stammering tongue shalt witness bear that I, the king, am frank of speech, and thou, the lackey, liest. Now let us talk.

THE MARQUIS.

But . .

THE KING.

What a weary burden to be king! To be a young man, full of hasty impulses, of hatred and of turbulence, an active, ardent, effervescent, mocking creature, with a whole hurricane of passions in one's heart; to be a strange, inexplicable mixture of blood and fire and powder and caprice, most like unto a sheaf of thunderbolts; to long to try one's hand at everything, to seize upon and pervert everything; to thirst for the possession of a woman; to hunger for a pleasure; never to look upon a maid, a heart, a tempting prey, a scene of wild confusion, without shuddering with the fierce need of biting at it; to feel one's self from head to foot the man of flesh, and without respite, in the darkness of a gorgeous hell, to listen pale-faced to a voice that says: "Be thou a phantom!" To be not e'en a king! God save the mark! to be a kingdom! To feel a ghastly medley of cities and of states replacing one's will, one's instincts and desires; and towers, walls and provinces involved in endless intricacies in one's bowels; to say as one looks at the map: lo! that is I! Girona is my heel and Alcala my head! To see ever increasing in one's mind, each day more base and despicable, an appetite that seems a thirst for empire; to feel cold rivers flowing over one; to see wide oceans with their dreary waste of waters isolating one from all mankind; to have the sense of being suffocated 'neath a wave of flame, and to look on, dull-eyed, while the whole world is poured as through a sieve into one's heart!

And then, my wife, that monster of inflexibility! I am her slave by day, her galley-slave by night. Omnipotent and melancholy, side by side we sit, alone and friendless in a ray of light—a light that shines but dimly, 't is so high above our heads. We shiver as we touch each other's hands. God places on a barren, tragic eminence, far above Aragon, Algarva, Jaén, Burgos, Leon, and Castile, two insects, masks, formidable nonentities, the king, the queen; she stands for dread and I for terror. Ah! certes it would be pleasant to be king; who can say otherwise? Had not the tyrant tyranny forever on his back! But to be always looking on, to lead a life of feigning, two effigies of pallor and of silence; never to laugh or weep. Urraca lives in her, in me Alonzo 's born again. The marble man and the bronze woman! Prone in the dust the peoples worship us; while they do bless us here below, we feel that we 're accursed; the incense floats up tremblingly toward us, and in the smoke the idol Ferdinand and the idol Isabella are hopelessly confused. Our twin thrones mingle their effulgence, we see each other indistinctly at each other's side, and when we speak, the tomb doth open its door. In sooth, I am not sure that she's not dead. She is a corpse as much as she's a despot, and I am like to freeze her when our fingers meet upon the scepter, as if God with a fillet bound her mummy's hand to the hand of a skeleton. And yet I am alive! This pompous phantom is not I, no! no! And so, whene'er I can, from all these grandeurs that do weigh so heavily upon us I escape, I sally forth from out my kingiy shell, and, like the dragon that doth rear his head aloft in the bright sun, I feel the marvelous glow of the awakening! Mad as the cyclone, as the howling tempest, I, the gloomy prisoner of the throne, steal forth, distracted with excitement! Freed from my yoke I rush through misery and happiness, my only aim to be an animal; trampling upon my royal cloak, my heart attuned to vice and ribald songs and midnight revelry, and I, the king, the prisoner, the martyr,



watching my lust wax greater, and my talons grow; woman and her chastity, the bishop with his cross arouse my anger; I am fierce, frantic, joyous; and the man whose blood is boiling in my veins, flame mixed with slime, takes his revenge for having been a ghost by turning demon!

TORQUEMADA (Pensively.) Only to become a shade and phantom once again tomorrow.

(To the marquis.)

The mind of the colossus is impenetrable to the atom, wherefore thou dost not understand how I display myself thus shamelessly before these men; but I do know that one and all, when I lay bare my thoughts, tremble the more, the more I play the cynic, and 't is my keenest joy, as I stand laughing here amongst them, to make them all the viler by confessing my own hideousness, and as I thus break through all equilibrium, all respect and all restraint, I, who was naught but king, feel a free man! Thou dost not comprehend me, and thy fear grows more intense. 'T is well. Tomorrow when thou meetest my cold glance once more, thou'lt quake with fear, doubting thy senses, taking for a dream the drunken frenzy in which I now am plunged before thee—a glowing furnace wherein my past, my lofty rank, my scepter burn and seethe beneath thine eyes, and whence I shall emerge a lump of ice!

(He again takes his rosary in his hand.)

Now let us conclude our prayers.

GUCHO (aside, looking askance at the king).

Go! pray.

THE KING.

Then will I question yonder monk.

(He begins to tell his beads.)

GUCHO (aside, as he watches him).

What mummery! To such an end will this king come. A merciless impostor, he believes in naught, but,—such is the chaos of his unenlightened soul! when he repeats a pater he becomes an imbecile. He then bows down before the

pope and looks with holy awe upon a council. Even while he runs amuck among the priests he fears them; he feels that he 's but dust beneath the feet of yonder haughty saunterer.

(Crossing himself.)

So be it! He's a libertine, a liar and a cheat, deceitful, cruel, obscene, atheistic—and Catholic. And, more 's the pity, in the years to come, he'll be known by that name.

(The king replaces his rosary at his belt and motions to the prior to approach.)

THE KING (to the prior).

Come hither.

(The prior comes forward with his hands folded across his breast, and his eyes cast down.)

If haply frankness should be lacking in thy answers, look to thyself!

(The prior bows.)

Beware. Now tell the truth.

(The prior bows again.) (A few moments earlier the old monk in the Dominican's frock has reappeared at the back of the stage. He walks along, with eyes cast down, heedless of everything, and occupied solely in saluting all the crosses on the tombs he passes. He seems to be mumbling prayers. The king's attention is attracted by him and he points him out to the prior.)

And first of all, who is yon monk with haggard face, dressed not as thou art, who bends his knee before each cross he passes?

THE PRIOR.

He is a madman.

THE KING.

But how pale he is!

THE PRIOR.

He fasts and watches. He wears his strength away. He speaks in a loud voice! He walks in the bright sunlight with bare head. He raves and rambles in his speech. He dreams

of going to confront the popes, and telling them their duty on his knees. We should keep silence when he passes by. He is not of our order. In this cloister he is under surveillance. 'T is customary to immure thus in our convents all the restless priests, the learned men, the dreamers who might preach about the country doctrines unpleasing to our church of Spain.

THE KING.

What form of madness hath he?

THE PRIOR.

Visions of flame, hell, Satan. He hath been here but a short while.

THE KING.

He is quite old.

THE PRIOR.

Methinks he hath not long to live.

(The monk passes out of sight without noticing anyone.)

GUCHO (aside, contemplating his baubles).

I have two baubles. One of gold, the other copper. One is named Evil and the other Good. And I love both of them alike.

I have no aim in life.

(He gazes at the turf upon the graves.)

Here flowers, there dried leaves.

THE KING (to the prior).

The morals of your convents, monk, are much relaxed.

THE PRIOR.

My lord . . .

THE KING.

Women are often seen within these walls.

THE PRIOR.

A convent of the Ursulines is close at hand; they are the sheep of our pasture; we are . . .

THE KING.

Goats tending sheep.

THE PRIOR (bowing).

My lord . . .

GUCHO (aside).

Every male convent acts as confessor to the nearest female convent, commits the sin, and then gives absolution with paternity, and holding sway in its omnipotence over those yielding hearts, deprives them of their virtue, then restores their innocence. A pleasing miracle. Secret of the confessional.

THE PRIOR.

O king, the sons of Levi, Sion's daughters . . .

THE KING.

Mate well together. But I must needs be stern. Be sure that Rome shall know of it.

THE PRIOR (bowing).

My lord . . .

GUCHO (aside).

When at their cloister gate, where Jesus no more reigns, the little pagan god Dan Cupid comes a-knocking, Pope Sixtus, having two daughters by a strumpet, cannot scold if they do set the gate ajar.

THE KING (to the prior).

Rome is prepared to punish and the times seem ripe.

(Gazing fixedly at the prior.)

The Bishop of Seo de Urgel is within your walls; I have been so informed.

(The prior bows.)

And with full power to chastise.

THE PRIOR (with a reverence).

In matters of dogma only, good my lord, and to exterminate or conquer heresies. No more than that.

THE MARQUIS (in an undertone to the king).

Your eyes are famous scouts.

THE KING (in an undertone to the marquis).

I love to see.

(The king's eye is attracted by the yawning opening in the ground a few feet away.)

What is this, monk?

THE PRIOR.

A tomb. An open tomb.

THE KING.

Open!

THE PRIOR.

Yes, king.

THE KING.

For whom?

THE PRIOR.

When a man is to fall, God only knows.

THE KING.

For whom is yonder tomb?

(The prior says nothing. The king persists.)

Speak instantly, I bid thee; answer me!

THE PRIOR.

I cannot say. It doth await an occupant.

(After a pause.)

Perchance it is for me. Or e'en for you.

THE MARQUIS (in the king's ear).

When there's a feeling in a convent that a monk therein doth rise above the level of the order, whether in evil works or in well-doing, he is suppressed.

THE KING (in an undertone).

In sooth, 't is a wise course to kill him.

THE MARQUIS.

Nay. The church abhorreth blood. Sire, they simply bury him.

THE KING.

I understand.

THE MARQUIS.

This is a lonely spot. Cry out, no one will hear; resist, there are no passers-by.

(Pointing to the hole wherein one can see the beginning of a staircase, and then to the flagstone nearby.) They force

the man down step by step, and when he's at the bottom, then they set yon stone in place above his head and darkness fills his eyes for evermore; his fellow-men, the woods, the water and the wind and sky are all above that pall. And, living . . .

THE KING.

He is dead. Yes, 't is a simple plan.

THE MARQUIS.

He dies if he so choose. The church has shed no blood.

(The king nods approvingly.)

THE KING (aloud, looking toward the garden of the cloister).

Whate'er this monk may say in that connection, women . .

THE PRIOR.

Do not come within our walls.

THE KING (to the marquis).

How he doth lie! I see one now!

(He gazes into the garden, and continues.)

And by her side a charming beardless youth, almost a child, bright-eyed and slender . . .

THE PRIOR.

King, she is a princess.

THE KING.

And the youth?

THE PRIOR.

A prince, O king.

THE KING (in an undertone to the marquis).

I have done well to come.

THE PRIOR.

The statute Magnate: . . .

(Saluting the king.) We are the subjects of the Viscount d'Orthez . . .

THE KING.

And mine.

THE PRIOR (resuming).

Permits us to receive a royal highness.

THE KING.

Two it seems. A male and female.

THE PRIOR (bowing in the direction in which the king's finger is pointing).

A countess!

THE MARQUIS (in an undertone to the king).

Like the King of France, who is a bishop elsewhere, Viscount d'Orthez, Dax and Cahors is at the same time clerk and layman, being a prince; and while he's always fighting over yonder in his province, shouting: "Forward, my gallant veterans! forward, my guards!" he is a cardinal-deacon and abbot of this convent.

THE KING (with a laugh).

A man of war in France and of the church in Spain.

THE MARQUIS (pointing off the stage to the two persons the king has spied).

And if yon gallant finds his idol here, 't is he who places these two hearts beside each other midst the flowers and shade to carry out some project of his own.

THE KING (seriously).

Some project? Nay. I see his aim. A marriage.

(To the prior.)

How long since came they here? When they were children.

THE KING (to the marquis).

Then have they grown to manhood and to womanhood here in this cloister's stilling atmosphere?

(To the prior.)

Their names?

THE PRIOR.

The girl is Rosa d'Orthez.

THE KING.

And the youth?

THE PRIOR.

Don Sancho de Salinas.

(The marquis starts. He gazes eagerly in the direction in which the king has espied the pair.)

THE KING (more seriously than ever).

She will inherit Orthez, and he, Burgos.

THE PRIOR (with a gesture of assent).

His rights extend even to the Tagus.

THE MARQUIS (aside).

Sancho de Salinas! Burgos! Can it be?

THE KING (to the prior).

Go on. Yes, this is all contrived in secret. This Sancho is my cousin. But I thought that branch extinct.

THE PRIOR.

Don Sancho is kept here in hiding. He was sent hither to be reared, and by his side was placed the viscount's niece.

THE MARQUIS (aside).

And I believed they were all dead. What a discovery! What thought is this that comes into my mind? This child in hiding here is he, beyond a doubt. I feel my bowels yearn for him. This is most unexpected.

THE KING (to the marquis).

This sequestered convent is well chosen.

THE PRIOR.

The children are betrothed and soon will be made man and wife. They both descend from the same ancestor, a saint whose name we here invoke; his son, Loup Centulle, was Duke of Gascony; then Luke, King of Bigorre, and John, King of Bareges, Viscount Peter, Gascon Fifth . . .

THE KING.

Be brief.

THE PRIOR.

The Viscount-cardinal, who resigns to-day, doth order that, so far as possible, we keep them out of sight in this secluded corner of the cloister.

THE MARQUIS (aside).



Sancho!

THE KING (pointing to the young man, who cannot be seen by the audience).

He is a comely stripling. Look!

(The marquis looks, with something like terror, in the direction indicated by the king.)

THE PRIOR (also looking in the same direction).

He is entitled to a guard of fifty hidalgos commanded by an abbot. When he comes to church he sits in the king's gallery, and Peñacerrada 's his capital. But, as he seems to have been born beneath a fatal shadow, no person save myself, the prior of this monastery, knows that he is a royal prince and heir to a great name. He knows it not himself, and, for the same cause, the viscount's niece, the Infanta Donna Rosa, doth not know that she's a princess. The viscount stands in dread of someone.

THE KING.

God! even so of me! the king! I well might be indignant at this game.

(To the prior, with his eyes still turned in the same direction.)

They wear gowns made of serge like yours?

THE PRIOR.

They both were consecrated to the Virgin; otherwise we could not keep them at the convent. Furthermore they both have ta'en their vows as novices before the chapter.

THE KING.

He is almost a monk and she almost a nun.

THE PRIOR.

E'en so; but they will have the dispensation ne'er refused to princes, and may marry.

THE KING (to the marquis).

I am the wolf, I find my way into the fold, and I can upset everything.