

**BANQUET OF
PALACIOS:
A COMEDY**

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Banquet of Palacios: A Comedy by Charles Leonard Moore

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CHARLES LEONARD MOORE

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A COMEDY**

BANQUET OF PALACIOS.

A COMEDY.

BY
CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

C. L. MOORE,
305 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
1889.

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PERSONS.

PEDRO PALACIOS.
JUAN FLORES FALCON.
PADRE PACIFICO.
PADRE CYPRIAN.
LIEUTENANT ESPIRITU SANTOS DE LA TORRE.
SEÑOR HERRARA.
SEÑOR BARBOZA.
MARQUIS LUNA DE SILVA.
JOSE CAVALHO.
LUIS ALVES.
APPARITIO.
TITAN PAPE.
SEÑORA FERRERA HERRERA.
JASMIN.
ERRERÉ.
CRITA.

Boy, Officers, Servants, etc.

Place of drama, Para, at the mouth of the
Amazons. Time, the present.

60

61

62

63

64

65

66



BANQUET OF PALACIOS.

SCENE I.

A hut in Para. CERITA in a hammock.

Falcon. (*Without.*) Cerita!

Cerita. (*Waking.*) A spider's web woven o'er my face! What noise is that? Who calls?

Falcon. Flores, Cerita; your brother Flores!

Cerita. And I dreaming of disasters. Oh, Flores, my door should dance itself open to you.

Falcon. Hold, my child! Not so fast. The door is well enough as it is. My planet is in occultation. My dwelling-place is the extreme dark.

Cerita. What do you mean, Flores? What mischief make-believe are you at?

Falcon. Alas, I pretend nothing. I am absolutely simple. Cerita, you know Señor Cavalho, my host, the landlord of the Hotel Belem?

Cerita. What, that round, red, flaming gentleman! Know him; why, I wash for him. Nobody in Para has such clean linen as he. I do it out of gratitude because of his kindness to you.

Falcon. Gratitude, Cerita; I am damned with gratitude. I have been at his charges now for eighteen months and only hopes have paid the score. My bill has fattened faster than I. It is swollen by the dropsy of interest,—twelve per cent. a month and a percentage upon that per cent. By Our Lady, Cerita, I am a sum in compound interest. Simple as I stand here I have eaten

off him until I am the sole asset of his establishment. I represent a herd of oxen, forty sheep, and a whole poultry-yard of hens and pigeons. Why, I can crow and flap my wings—so. At the last day I shall resolve back into these my elements. The Lord shall see herds coming out of me, every separate winged or walking thing of them, stamped with the inscription “Jose Cavalho.”

Cerita. But, Flores, if it is as bad as this, why don't he send you away?

Falcon. I am grown too valuable. I am the whole savings of the poor man's lifetime. Why, he turns pale if I sit in a draught, and if I take a third glass of wine he sends for the doctor. 'Tis a new fear to have one's bank threatened with apoplexy. He borrows money on me, and I go about like a bill of exchange. I am attended by a retinue in the daytime,