

**ASMODEUS; OR, THE  
LITTLE DEVIL'S SHARE. A  
DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.**

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Asmodeus; or, The little devil's share. A drama, in two acts. by Thomas Archer

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**THOMAS ARCHER**

**ASMODEUS; OR, THE  
LITTLE DEVIL'S SHARE. A  
DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.**



FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CCIV.

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# ASMODEUS;

OR,

THE LITTLE DEVIL'S SHARE.

A Drama, in Two Acts.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF SCRIBE

BY THOMAS ARCHER, ESQ.,

*Author of "The King's Ransom," "Blood Royal," &c., &c.*

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—  
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and  
the whole of the Stage Business.

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AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

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NEW YORK.

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

**Cast of the Characters.**—[ASMOLEUS.]

FERNANDEZ, King of Spain, - - - - -	<i>Survey, Loudon, Broadway, N. Y., Lowery, 1857.</i>	<i>New Orleans,</i>
FRAZ ANTONIO, the Grand Inquisitor, and Coun- sellor to the King, - - - - -	1843, Mr. Heslop.	1848, Mr. Wright.
GIL VARGAS, his Creature, Usher of the Black Rod, and Tutor to Don Rafael, - - - - -	" Morrison.	" Haviland.
DON RAFAEL D'ESTRUCO, a Student of Theolo- gy. Pupil of Gil Vargas, subsequently Captain of the Queen's Guard, - - - - -	" Neville.	" Lingard.
CORNET MENDOZA, Chamberlain to the Queen, - - - - -	" J. T. Johnson.	" Fitzgerald.
ANTONIO, - - - - -	" Law'st.	" Milburn.
CARLOS, - - - - -	" Dixie.	" Gourley.
OFFICER, - - - - -	" R. Green.	" Holland.
CARLO, an Orphan and Wandering Minstrel, as- suming the character of Asmoleus, - - - - -	" Wright.	" O'Neal.
ISABELLA, Queen of Spain, - - - - -	Mrs. R. Homer.	Miss A. Robertson.
CASILDA, Sister to Carlo, in love with and be- loved by Don Rafael, - - - - -	Mrs. H. Vizing.	Mrs. E. Eddy.
<i>Inquisitors, Guards, Hofsseken, Alguazils, Ladies of the Court, &amp;c.</i>	Mrs. Warren.	Mrs. Jordan.
Time in Representation, 1 hour and 30 minutes	" Nagle.	Miss Keough.
	<i>Attendants, Alguazils, Ladies of the Court, &amp;c.</i>	Miss Meadows.

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**Costume.**—[ASMODEUS.]

- FERDINAND.—Spanish dress, scarlet and gold, with large red cloak—hat and plume.
- FRAZ ANTONIO.—Black dress, with black cloak, and black close Geneva cap on his head.
- GIL VARGOS.—Dark shape, puffed with red—Geneva cap, like that of Fraz Antonio.
- DON RAFAEL.—Plain grey tunic. *Second dress*: Handsome scarlet shape, with breastplate—hat—feathers—spurs.
- INQUISITORS.—Black suits.
- LORDS, &c.—Handsome spanish shapes.
- CARLO.—Green tunic. *Second dress*: Very handsome tunic and cap—stripes of scarlet and gold.
- QUEEN.—Sort of riding habit, green and old. *Second dress*: Very handsome robe, &c.
- CASILDA.—Plain dress. *Second dress*: Handsome robe, &c.

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**STAGE DIRECTIONS.**

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

\*.\* The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

# ASMODEUS.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On the l. n. at the back, a convent. In the c. of stage, a large chestnut tree, at the foot of which is a bank. On the r. n., a small tavern, bearing the sign of the "Castilian Arms."*

*Enter RAFAEL and GIL VARGOS, I R. R. II*

*Raf.* So you have just come from my uncle, the Duke D'Estunego.

*Var.* Yes, my dear pupil.

*Raf.* And he was enraged, you say—

*Var.* Against you and me. He dares to accuse me of having given you ideas, and all I could say would not do, although I told him over and over again, that during the ten years he had confided you to my care, I had taught you nothing, absolutely nothing—that is, at least, in the way he meant; and that, at eighteen years of age, simple and ignorant of everything, you—

*Raf.* That's very true.

*Var.* "Then," said he, "why, for the last three months, has he taken such a dislike to the monastic life for which I intended him? Why has the annual sum of six hundred ducats, which I have allowed him, been squandered on women's dresses and millinery—and lastly, why has he contracted debts?" I then, with all the respect I owe to your noble family, swore that it was not so.

*Raf.* You were wrong to swear.

*Var.* Why, you have got no money?

*Raf.* Not a farthing.

*Var.* And you are greatly in debt.

*Raf.* Two hundred pistoles.



*Var.* I'm afraid you have kept very bad company.

*Raf.* Not at all!

*Var.* Then you have been gambling, the ruin of all young men.

*Raf.* No! since you left me, I have passed my time in studying theology from the large folios that you gave me, by the fathers, Fanchez and Escabor.

*Var.* Good books—very good books.

*Raf.* I say, very bad books, for they were so very tedious, that they made me think of anything but their contents, and instead of looking down upon them, I found myself always looking up, and just before my window was the apartment of one of the first milliners in the town, and amongst the young workwomen, there was one, who—

*Var.* Heaven defend us! a milliner! why, then, you are in love.

*Raf.* You are right—a form—oh, such a form—and then her face—that of an angel! and I who had been accustomed to see none but yours—

*Var.* Ah! you looked at her—

*Raf.* All day long! the change was quite delicious.

*Var.* And she is the cause of your having committed all these follies.

*Raf.* Ah! yes—to be near her, to speak to her, I had but one way; and that was to go and buy gowns, petticoats, cloaks, mantles, bonnets, caps, and thingamies, you know, and all these things are expensive, particularly when one has no use for them.

*Var.* No doubt.

*Raf.* I ordered something new every day, and when my uncle's allowance was spent, I went in debt to buy frills and furbelows, and when my credit was gone, and I could borrow no more, I sold Father Fanchez, and Father Escabor to buy laces and ribbons.

*Var.* What you—my pupil! And what have you done with all these things?

*Raf.* Oh! they are in my apartment—in my study—but I have left them, because she whom I admire has disappeared. I see her no more, and I know not what is become of her.

*Var.* And what do you intend to do?

*Raf.* I don't know; however, I don't intend to study theology again. I am a gentleman, my father was a gentleman—I wear a sword, and can fight my way through the world, and one day marry the only woman I shall ever love.

*Var.* What, in opposition to your uncle? he'll disinherit you, and he's very ill now.

*Raf.* Well! without friends, without family, without a mistress, I have but one desperate resource, and it is not my fault if I am driven to it—

*Var.* And what is it?

*Raf.* [*Looking round mysteriously.*] I had my meaning in directing our steps his way. Don't you know where you are?

*Var.* Yes, to be sure; that's the convent, two miles from Madrid—and that's the sign of the Castilian Arms; a tavern generally used as a resting place during the royal hunt.

*Raf.* And this old chestnut tree, which is at least three hundred years old—

*Var.* What that? the one which is called the sorcerer's tree?

*Raf.* Yes, that's it; and in those books that you gave me, and I believe it all, and so do you, for you told me they were true, I read that this monastery was built to keep away devils and sorcerers, who were in the habit of assembling here at night.

*Var.* Of all that I have taught him, he can only remember this!

*Raf.* And that, notwithstanding they still come two or three times a year—at Christmas, and at Midsummer, and that at twelve o'clock at night, under the great chestnut tree, by simply calling Asmodeus three times. You know you told me so!

*Var.* Oh! impossible. Who would have believed that you would so exaggerate such ideas, as to—but think no more of the nonsense, or you will be taken for a fool, or a madman.

*Raf.* Perhaps so! but since the morning, I have been in a fever; my brain has been on fire, for to-day is the feast of St. John, and I said to myself, if all else fails, at sunset I'll go to the great chestnut tree.

*Var.* You!

*Raf.* I'll call Asmodeus three times, and if he answers me——

*Var.* Pho! but he won't answer you.

*Raf.* Why, you infidel—then you don't believe that Lucifer exists?

*Var.* I don't say that.

*Raf.* Then he may come.

*Var.* Heaven forbid that I should hinder him. But I only wish to say, that before you disturb him, you had better try some other means to——

*Raf.* Oh, if you know any other means, I have no objection. What are they?

*Var.* Why perhaps we may find a protector, without calling in the assistance of one so much beneath you. [*Pointing downwards.*] Now, hear me. Our King Ferdinand is attacked by melancholy, which at times they say, degenerates into folly.

*Raf.* Is it possible?

*Var.* This malady (which from a particular circumstance) I know more about than any body, has latterly been worse than ever. A young girl, of whose death he believes himself to have been the cause, her shade pursues him constantly and through this, the Grand Inquisitor Fra Antonio, the confident of his majesty, enjoys great power. Now I am the Grand Inquisitor's confidant. I rendered him great services in several dangerous and delicate affairs, for which he has promised he'd serve me in return, as soon as we have divorced the Queen, and sent her back to Portugal. In the mean time, he shall patronize you—I'll recommend you to his notice as my pupil.

*Raf.* Do you think he will?

*Var.* I'm sure of it. This very night there is to be a hunt by torch-light, at which all the Court will assist—for they are at a loss what means to devise to amuse the King—and the Grand Inquisitor, who seldom leaves his majesty, will not fail to be amongst them; therefore, follow me, and tell me in what way I can assist you.

*Raf.* Where?

*Var.* Here, at the Castillian Arms, where the Court will rest; and since you had decided to give yourself to the devil—

*Raf.* Why, the Grand Inquisitor or the devil, it amounts to the same thing in the end.

*Var.* [*At door of Inn.*] Come! are you coming.

*Raf.* I follow you, my beloved tutor. [*Turns towards tree.*] ASMODEUS, avant! [*Exit with VARGOS into tavern—as they enter, CARLO parts the branches of the chesnut tree, and looks out.*]

*Carlo.* A very pretty sort of conversation, I have overheard from my hiding place. This tree is a favorite resting-place of mine. I was just beginning the prettiest dream, when the sound of their voices awoke me. [*Comes down out of the tree.*] Poor young man! without friends—without assistance—I pity him. I can well understand his situation, for it is the same as my own—yet, no I am happier than he is, for I have a sister, and to live for one another is our greatest blessing, whilst he—but where can my sister be? I thought she would have been here by this time. Oh! who have we here? It's her! my pretty dear little sister.

*Enter CASILDA, U. E. L. H.*

*Casi.* My dear Carlo, my good brother.

[*She is going to embrace him.*]

*Carlo.* First tell me, what is the meaning of the letter I received from you, and why did you leave Madrid?

*Casi.* Ah! now you are going to scold me.

*Carlo.* No! perhaps not. But what am I to do with you now? How is a poor wandering minstrel, like me, with his pretty sister on his arm, to go to the convent of the monks to sing or play the organ? and but for the kindness of the good Lady Abbess, who—but come, before I explain, tell me what induced you to leave the house where I had placed you?

*Casi.* Yes, at Madrid, with the Senora Urrica, a celebrated milliner.

*Carlo.* Ah! did not a young man often come to your workroom, who lived opposite to your window?

*Casi.* Why, who told you so?

*Carlo.* A student of theology!

*Casi.* He was one of our best customers; every day he bought new dresses, mantles, laces, and ribbons.

*Carlo.* It must be the same.

[*Aside.*]

*Casi.* I always took care they should not charge too much, for he never tried to get a bargain, and he was so kind, and so generous.

*Carlo.* Tell me—did he ever say he loved you?

*Casi.* No! but I am sure he did.

*Carlo.* But does he know your name, or who you are?

*Casi.* Oh no, but that was of no consequence—I was very comfortable, and very happy—I worked all day long at my window.

*Carlo.* At your window?

*Casi.* Yes, brother, because it looked on the other side into the gardens of the palace, and I worked with my companions, singing the boleras you taught me, but oftener the one our dear mother used to