

**THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
OLIVER S. LELAND. - NO.3.  
BEATRICE; OR, THE FALSE AND  
THE TRUE: A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS**

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The dramatic works of Oliver S. Leland. - No.3. Beatrice; Or, The False and the True: A Play, in Five Acts by Oliver S. Leland

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# BEATRICE;

OR,

## THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

A PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

OLIVER S. LELAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE RIGHTS OF MAN"—"CAPRICE"—"THE EMERGENCY"—&c.

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BOSTON:

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

125 WASHINGTON ST. (COR. OF WATER.)

1858.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, 1857.</i>	
COUNT RAMIRO DI PESCHIERA, (an Italian exile,).....	Mr. E. L. Davenport
LORD WALTER COURTENAY, (his friend,) .....	" Wm. Wheatley
LORD LANDSMERE, (an old noble- man,).....	" John Dolman
REV. MR. HOFFMAN, (President of the Society,).....	" A. Fisher
MARK BELLAMY, (an old gardener,) .....	" W. S. Fredericks
RICHARDS, (sec'y to Landsmere,) .....	" M'Cullough
WILLIAM, (servant to Landsmere,) .....	" D. Reilly
BEATRICE DI NEGRA, (an Italian adventuress,).....	Mrs. E. L. Davenport
LADY EDITH BELLENDEN, (niece to Lord Landsmere,).....	" M. Elmore
CLARA BELLENDEN, (her daugh- ter,).....	Miss Emma Taylor
MRS. FANNY FITZHERBERT, (cousin sister of Beatrice,).....	Mrs. Thayer
FRANCESCA, (maid to Beatrice,)....	Miss Clara Reed

SCENE — London.      TIME — Present day.      COSTUMES — Modern.  
TIME OF REPRESENTATION — Three hours.

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*George Beck*  
BEATRICE;  
OR,  
THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Lodgings of the* COUNT DI PESCHIERA, 1 G. *Doors*  
L. H. 1 E. — R. H. 1 E., *a handsome table; C., chairs, &c.*

COUNT DI PESCHIERA, L. H., and LORD WALTER COURTENAY, R. H.,  
*discovered seated at table, on which are wine and glasses.*

*Lord Walter.* By Jove, count, I give you fair notice, if you don't move your lodgings a little more earthward, you'll not see much of me this winter. What a strange whim this is of yours! — this affected contempt of ground floors.

*Peschiera.* Affected! O Walter! nothing is less natural for the human soul than a ground floor. We are quite far enough from heaven, mount as many stairs as we will, without grovelling through preference.

*Lord W.* But according to your symbolical view of the subject, you should lodge in an attic.

*Pes.* So I would; but I abhor new slippers, and have an affection for my hair brush.

*Lord W.* And what have slippers and hair brushes to do with attics?

*Pes.* Try. Make your bed in an attic, and the next morning you will have neither.

*Lord W.* And what will I have done with them?

*Pes.* Done? *Per Bacco.* Shied them at the cats, to be sure.

*Lord W.* Ah, count, I see you have not changed. I had hoped better things of you, when, two years since, I heard that you had taken up your abode in London. I could not presuppose that you would shun society, and be as great a hermit here as under the vines of Como.

*Pes.* My dear Walter, I have sat in your stranger's gallery, and heard your great speakers; I have been in the pit of the Opera, and

seen your fine ladies; I have walked your streets, I have lounged in your parks, and I say that I can't fall in love with a faded dowager, because she fills up her wrinkles with rouge and powder.

*Lord W.* Dowager! What dowager?

*Pes.* One who has many names. Some call her Fashion, others Politics; it is all one; I mean London life. No, I can't fall in love with her, the old harridan.

*Lord W.* I wish you could fall in love with something.

*Pes.* I wish I could, with all my heart; but women, nowadays, are so knowing that one is a fool to become their dupe. If they marry you, it is on pure algebraical principles; you are but the  $x$  or  $y$  that represents a certain amount of goods matrimonial — pedigree, title, rent roll, diamonds, opera box, et cetera. They cast you up with the help of mamma, and you wake some morning to find that *plus wife, minus affection equals the devil.*

*Lord W.* Nonsense, count; you are too cynical. I grant you that it is man's misfortune to be married often for what he has, rather than what he is; but you are tolerably penetrating, and not likely to be deceived in the woman you marry.

*Pes.* *Cospetto*, woman is a changeable thing, as our Virgil informed us when at school, and her one great change is from the fairy you woo to the brownie you wed. You marry a girl for her accomplishments, she paints charmingly, and plays like St. Cecilia. Clap a ring on her finger, and she never draws again, except, perhaps, your caricature on the back of a letter, and never opens the piano after the honeymoon. You marry her for her sweet temper, and the first time you contradict her, look out for a storm of hysterics. You marry her because she hates balls and likes quiet, and, ten to one, she becomes a patroness at Almack's or a lady in waiting. No, Walter, I'm not yet old enough to marry. Besides, who would accept me, an exiled prince, a count without a coin, a duke without a ducat? But let us talk no more of this: to gayer subjects. You, then, my Walter, have at last given over wandering, and come back to settle down in London?

*Lord W.* Yes, at last. Dear old England; no clime I yet have seen can win me from thee, not even thy fair land, my Pechiera.

*Pes.* O Walter, Walter, I fear it's not so much your love of country as some other love that brings you back at last.

*Lord W.* Well, well, perhaps you're right; but of that anon. But tell me what news in London; for while I've been wandering in your land, here have you become a denizen of mine. Tell me who is your fair country woman of whose beauty, charity, and wealth the whole city talks?

*Pes.* What! Beatrice de Negra. Did you not know her when in Italy?

*Lord W.* No, at least I do not recollect her. Of all the fair dames I knew in Italy, there was but one Beatrice, a Beatrice Franzini — the fairest outside, but at heart a monster.

*Pes.* And you knew her?

*Lord W.* Alas, would that I had not! But of this Madame di Negra? You know her?

*Pes.* I do, indeed, and better than most men in London. She

