

# ANTICHRIST

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*Scene. Partly in Greece, and partly in Turkey.*

## ACT I.

*Scene I. New York. A Room in Prince Vittorio's House.*

*Enter NAPOLEON and GLADYS.*

GLADYS. How the notes of the Opera gambol through  
My brain. Good old Fourteenth Street, you seem from  
The clustered vales of fair Italy. Orrie,  
Was not Il Trovatore grand?

NAPOLEON. It was mellifluous. I never knew  
Such art was in New York, other than in  
The larger theatres. It was grand.

GLADYS. Do you remember the scene in the first  
Opera, when everyone rose to his  
Feet?

NAPOLEON. Even now it flashes through my brain. Il  
Trovatore is lovely; but that was  
Grand.

GLADYS. They do not strive for money; it is for  
Art. Within the shadow of Broadway they  
Have clustered. Dulcet joy they bring to the  
Italian People.

NAPOLEON. I expected you to say: "My People."

GLADYS. I was born in New York, although Mother  
And Father were born in Italy. I  
Am proud I am an American.

NAPOLEON. The old legends of Italy and Greece  
Carry my mind afar, not allowing  
Me to be master of myself.

GLADYS. The mountains, the rivers and vales resound  
With musical notes. It is a Land of  
Dreams. Great men have risen and crowned the Earth