

THE  
DUMB SAVOYARD,  
AND HIS MONKEY:

A MELO-DRAMA,

IN

ONE ACT

BY

C. PELHAM THOMPSON,

Author of *Nothing Superfluous*—*The Shade, or,*  
*Blood for Blood ; Jack Robinson, &c., &c.*

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*The only edition correctly marked from the Prompter's Book :  
to which is added, a description of the Costume—Cast  
of the Characters—the whole of the Stage  
Business—Situations—Exits—En-  
trances, and Directions.*

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AS PERFORMED AT

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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1830

<i>Maldichini</i> . . . . .	Drury Lane.
<i>Pepino (the Dumb Savoyard)</i> . . . . .	Mr. Younge.
<i>The Monkey</i> . . . . .	Mrs. W. Barrymore.
<i>Sturmwald</i> . . . . .	Master Wieland.
<i>Vatchvell</i> . . . . .	Mr. Webster.
<i>Florio</i> . . . . .	Mr. Browne.
<i>Sergeant Huberto</i> . . . . .	Miss Lane.
<i>Leopoldstadt</i> . . . . .	Mr. C. Jones.
<i>Rapinstein</i> . . . . .	Mr. Yarnold.
	Mr. Howell.
<i>Countess Maldichini</i> . . . . .	Mrs. West.
<i>Teresa Vanepa</i> . . . . .	Mrs. C. Jones.

*Zingari Gang, &c. &c.*

### COSTUME :

*Maldichini*—German tunic, fancy trimming.

*Pepino*—Brown peasant boy's dress, slouch drab hat.

*Sturmwald*—Dark brown boatman's dress, long boots, woollen cap, &c.

*Vatchvell*—German invalid uniform.

*Florio*—A child's green tunic handsomely trimmed.

*Sergeant Huberto*—German uniform.

*Leopoldstadt* . . . Ditto.

*Rapinstein*—Robber's dress.

*Zingari Gang*—Ditto.

*Countess Maldichini*—Blue travelling dress, with fur German cap, &c.

*Teresa Vanepa*—German tabbs, &c. square cap.

### *Exits and Entrances:*

**R.** means *Right*; **L.** *Left*; **R.D.** *Right Door*; **L.D.** *Left Door*;  
**E.** *Second Entrance*; **U.E.** *Upper Entrance*; **M.D.** *Middle Door*.

### *Relative Positions.*

**Right**; **L.** *Left*; **C.** *Centre*; **R.C.** *Right of Centre*  
**Centre.**

## THE DUMB SAVOYARD, AND HIS MONKEY.

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### SCENE I.

*Ferry House, on the margin of an extensive Lake. L.H. an Inn, 2nd E.B.H. Barrier gate, 1st E.B.H. Time, Sunset. Fortress at a distance.*

*Music.*—At the rising of the curtain, a group of Peasants are discovered performing the National dance, during which, the Ferry boat, filled with Passengers, is seen to arrive.

*Sentinel.* The Ferry boat is arrived.

*(Music.*—All the Peasantry now begin to bustle. The Sentinel rings the guard bell. A file of Soldiers come out and take their station at the gate leading from the Tower. The boat arrives. A party of Soldiers crossed the stage, from L.H. to R.H. The Peasants exeunt, L.H. arm in arm. Various Characters disembark from the boat—as Officers, Market Women, &c. The Sentinel at the gate examining the goods. The other Passengers are officiously escorted into the Inn by Teresa, the active and good humoured landlady.)

*Sergeant Huberto.* A charming ready money business yours, Master Sturmwald! A pretty *pole-tax* you collect here.

*Sturmwald.* Well, it's my right, isn't it? All according to law—I pays my rent and taxes, and cares for nobody!

*Hu.* Those baskets at the stern of your boat—What are they full of?

*Sturm.* You'd like to know, eh?

*Hu.* Like! I insist upon knowing!

*Sturm.* They are full of—emptiness, ah, ah, ah! Are you satisfied?

*Hu.* Satisfied? No! land the baskets there. *(Music.—His assistants toss them down.)* One—two—three—Hollo, friend, I suspect that empty basket's full—and that too. No. 4. Oh, ho! Master Sturmwald! have I caught you tripping? In the name of the Emperor, I say, open and seize the goods.

THE DUMB SAVOYARD,

*(Music.—They bring two baskets forward—on opening them, Monkey and Boy appear.—General laugh. The Monkey jumps out of one, and Sturmwald lugs Pepino by the ear out of the other. The Soldiers in the mean time taking away the baskets, 1st E.R.H.)*

*Sturm.* How the devil did you get there?

*Hu.* Come, Come, Sturmwald, spare your angry speeches, they'll be lost—the boy's dumb. I remember the merry rogue well.—he's honest though poor; and dependent on the tricks of his monkey for his daily support. I warrant business has been bad, of late, so I suppose he and his monkey popped into the empty baskets to procure themselves a cheap passage across, the lake.

*Sturm.* What's his poverty to me? I'm not to be done out of my fare—so the money for yourself and friend.—*(holding out his hand.)*

*Music.—Pepino expresses that he has not a farthing, and implores his pity. The Monkey, at the same time, presenting a cap, begging.)*

*Hu.* See how the poor boy pleads!—take pity on him, Sturmwald.

*Sturm.* Pity! what's that? Who's pity? Where is pity to be found?—where does pity live?

*Hu.* Not in your breast, I believe.

*Sturm.* I'll have my money. I pays every body, and I'll make every body pay me. So if dummy has no cash, I shall seize his monkey—and so, my beauty, come you with me.

*(Music.—Sturmwald seizes the Monkey—forcibly drags him from Pepino, who entreats. The Monkey resists; and when Pepino beats his tabor, seizes Sturmwald by the calf of the leg, and bites him severely. He roars out and lets go the chain. The Monkey escapes—scrambling to the top of the Inn—Sturmwald pursuing him with his boat-hook--Pepino intercepting him. At this moment Teresa comes from the Inn. Pepino sees her--immediately recognizes her,--runs and takes her hand, and kisses it frequently.)*

*Ter.* What, Pepino! poor Pepino and his comical monkey to! Marmozette--marmozette! aye, the rogue remembers my voice. *(The Monkey reaches down his paw to shake her hand.)* But tell me, boy, what brought you on this side the lake.

AND HIS MONKEY.

*Sturm.* Why, *my boat*, to be sure ; and as you seem to know the swindling pair, perhaps you'll pay my demand.

*Ter.* Swindling ! for shame, neighbour.—The poor boy, dare say, has had bad luck lately ; and a wealthy man, like you, might have a little compassion.

*Sturm.* I'll have my lawful fare. I never gives no trust, —mine's a ready money business.

*Ter.* But you won't charge for the monkey ?

*Sturm.* Why not ?—monkeys and men are so much alike now-a-days, that I don't see any difference, so charge them all the same. Come—if you mean to pay, pay at once.

*Ter.* There's your money ! (*aside*) and woe betide your stomach the first time you call for a cup of liquor at my house. Fillippo ! some food for the boy,—though he has no money, he shan't starve while the hostess of the Black Eagle has a morsel in her larder.—(*patting his head—Music.*)

*Sturm.* Good night, neighbour.

*Ter.* Good night—(*aside*) brute.

(*Pepino returns his grateful acknowledgments to Teresa. Sturmwald takes his oars out of his boat, and retires with them surlily into the Ferry-house—the Monkey throwing his chain at him as he goes in. By this time the table is spread, and Pepino seated, who offers bread to the Monkey. Previous to Pepino's seating himself, some Officers come out of the Inn, and cross to L.H. the Monkey exhibiting before them, and they giving him money, which he takes to Pepino. Monkey jumps on the back of Pepino's chair. Pepino pushes him down, and puts a plate for him on the ground.—Hostess now enters, and puts down another plate.*)

*Ter.* Ha, ha ! what do I see ! an equipage ! More customers to the Black Eagle—good, good !

*Music.—Enter CELESTINA and CHILD, L.H.*

Welcome, lady—welcome to the Black Eagle.—This little cherub is welcome too—bless him ! (*calling*) The Blue Damask Room there !

*Celes.* Thanks—kind hostess. I dare not stop,—I must cross the lake immediately.

*Ter.* Immediately ! impossible, lady—it's past the hour ; early to-morrow you can cross the lake.

*Celes.* To-morrow ! not till to-morrow ? oh, say not so, for life or death hang upon my speed.

*Ter.* Well, well,—be calm, be calm. I'll endeavour to persuade the ferryman—but he's a surly fellow, and I almost fear entreaty will be useless.

*(Music.—She rings, and Sturmwald appears at window above.)*

*Sturm.* What's the matter now?—can't you let an honest man sleep?

*Ter.* Here's a passenger in the greatest haste. You must cross the ferry instantly.

*Sturm.* I shan't.

*Celes.* Oh, hear me, friend! I bear a pardon for one condemned to die—to die at sunrise—should I not, ere that hour, reach the fortress of Spielemberg.

*Sturm.* Condemned to die!—what's that to me? I dare say he deserves it.

*Celes.* No, no, his innocence has been proved.—Here! here's his pardon! His wife, his child, are flying with the joyful tidings! You—you will not, sure, refuse your aid?

*Sturm.* I shan't go—it's past ferry hours. The law don't oblige me,—and I always sticks to the law—so, good night! *(Music.—He shuts window.)*

*Ter.* Well—although I am naturally tender-hearted, yet, for once, I should like to hang a ferryman—and *he* should be the man.

*Celes.* Oh, my husband! my beloved Maldichini! must you then perish?

*(Music.—Pepino starts—feels hastily in his bosom, and shows a Letter to the Hostess.)*

*Ter.* Addressed to the Countess Maldichini!

*Celes.* For me!—My husband's hand! How came it in your possession?

*(Music.—Pepino replies rapidly—from her husband.)*

*Celes.* *(opens—reads)* "A poor Savoyard will convey this, my blessing, to my wife and child. To-morrow, on a scaffold, the woes of Maldichini will end for ever."

*Ter.* Merciful heavens! what's to be done?

*(Music.—Pepino motions he will row her across.)*

*Ter.* Good, brave boy! But say—know you the windings of the lake? the various shoals?—can you, with confidence undertake the task? Yes, that fervent grasp assures me. What say you, lady? will you trust to his guidance?

*Celes.* Willingly, willingly. I scorn all thought of danger; so, to the boat! the boat!

*(Music.—They rush to the boat—the Monkey jumping on the top of the awning. They find the oars are removed)*

*Ter.* Ah! the oars are removed! (Pepino tries some fastened to the ferry-house.) Those, too, fastened to the wall!

*Celes.* Then every hope is fled!

*(Music.—Pepino reflects a moment, then beats his tabor for the Monkey. They try to force the oars from the wall, but in vain. Pepino looks through keyhole—sees oars—shews the Monkey what he wants, by pointing at those against the wall. The Monkey applies his eye to the keyhole, and scratches to get them—but not succeeding, climbs to the roof—displaces the tiles—descends—passes out the oars, and then seats himself on the roof, playing with the tiles. The noise awakens Sturmwald, who opens his window, when the Monkey throws the tiles at him and descends. They all enter the boat. Sturmwald having left the window, comes out to stop them—but the Monkey raps him on the head with the oar as the boat quits the land.)*

## SCENE II.

*Lake, by Moonlight. Stage covered with still water.*

*Music.—The Boat floats upon the stage. Pepino rowing—the Monkey seated on the awning. Celestina and Child in stern of the Boat. When they reach the centre of the stage, Pepino pauses, fatigued. Celestina offers him refreshment from the basket given her by Teresa—the Child feeding the Monkey.*

*Celes.* Speed, boy, speed! you know how pressing is my errand. Quick!—ply your oar—outstrip the river's rapid current. And see! to cheer thy flagging zeal—see where the friendly beacon light glares broadly to mark our place of landing. Then strain each nerve;—courage, my good boy, courage! See! the boat moves rapidly—we near the shore! Florio! my child—a father's arms will soon embrace thee. *(the boat reaches the shore.)* Thanks, thanks! my kind, my generous boy,—words are too poor, too powerless, to express the feeling of this grateful heart.—Florio! raise thy little hands—lift up that innocent eye, now beaming with delight, and look—look thy mother's thanks. *(Pepino prevents their kneeling—motioning them to proceed.)*

*Celes.* True,—you counsel well, for the wished-for goal is still far distant. Florio, you must be weary! but droop not—the heartfelt joy when we behold thy father free, will overpay all present sufferings.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

### SCENE III.

*Extensive Mountain-Pass, with Waterfall.*

*Music.*—At the opening of the scene you perceive Pepino carrying Child on his back—Celestina following,—and the Monkey, with the Provisions on his head. They descend the Pass and reach the stage. Celestina appears much fatigued, and sinks on a piece of rock. Pepino observes this, and putting the Child on a bank—to relieve the mother removes the scarlet travelling Paper-case, in which the Pardon is placed for security, and puts it on the ground—opening also the vest, and going to the Waterfall for some water to sprinkle her face, in order to recover her. During this, the Monkey, attracted by the scarlet Paper-case, begins to rummage it,—takes out the Pardon, the red seals of which delight him,—picking, eating, &c. till Pepino, unable to recover her, thinks of lighting a fire.

*Florio.* What, monkey-boy! are you going to light a fire? Oh, how glad I am, for poor mama is very cold. (*rubs her hand.*)

(Pepino, from his wallet, produces flint and steel—strikes light. The Monkey, who has ascended a piece of rock, 2d E. R.H. seeing this, tries to do the same with two stones. Pipino takes a large piece of paper to light a fire—Monkey imitates—thrusting the Pardon into the hollow part of the rock; and as Pepino blows the fire, so does Monkey blow his, tho' without fire. The Child during the blowing of the fire, has, as if unable to sleep, quitted his recumbent posture, and been warming himself at the fire,—heating his little hands, and once or twice applying them to the face and heart of the mother, till by degrees she recovers.)

*Celes.* Ah, my child!

*Florio.* It was monkey-boy who made the fire, mama.

*Celes.* He is good—very good. (*whistle heard.*) What sound was that? at such an hour—in such a place!—



(*whistle*) 'Tis answered—and from another point! Oh, fortune! do not now desert me. Should it be banditti!

(*At each whistle, all parties gather together, and are about to fly, when a Zingari pokes his head above a rock. They retreat from that quarter, till a second appears—and soon the whole stage is filled with Zingari. The Monkey flies for refuge to the high piece of rock. Celestina, Child, and Pepino, being surrounded by Zingari—they proceed to strip them of every thing valuable—shawl, cloak, necklace, ear-rings, and finally the red-case.*)

*Celes.* (*seizing one hand of the Robber—he holds the case out with the other.*) No, no—not that!—take all else,—all!—but spare me that!

*Rapinstein.* Spare! ah, it's easy to say *spare*! But what's this worth?

*Celes.* To you nothing, to me the world! I am the wretched wife of a man condemned to die.—That case contains his pardon. Look on this smiling innocent!—'tis his infant son. (*puts the Child to him, who kneels, and clasps his hands—looking up smiling in his face.*) Look! and then refuse me if you can.

*Rap.* 'Tis a pretty babe! (*looks at her and child—wipes a tear*) A wife—a mother!—Only to think now, that the tear of anguish in woman's eye should have power to melt the flinty heart within a breast like this!—but so it is (*raises the Child, and kisses it*) There—there. (*returns the case.*)

*Celes.* (*aside*) Oh, holy nature! e'en to the hardened robber's soul you do not always plead in vain. Thanks, thanks!—hereafter, this one good deed shall be registered and weighed against thy many daring acts of lawless passion. (*the Fortress bell is heard striking—and through the music.*)

*Rap.* Ah—the fortress bell! Speed, lady, speed!—you have your wish. Then speed—ere the Sentinels are posted, or you will not gain admittance till after noon to-morrow,—then, perhaps, the pardon would be of little use to a dead man.

*Celes.* O, gracious heaven! this delay——

*2d Chief.* No fault of ours, lady,—no professional delay with us; I'm sure we stript you of your worldly goods in as 'quick time' as any gentlemen of our romantic and honorable fraternity. Why a band of *lawyers* wouldn't have

fleeced you sooner—and that's saying a bold professional word. (*drum heard.*)

*Celes.* Ah—that drum !

*Rap.* The guard ! Lady, farewell !—you'll excuse our absence ; we don't wish to form any 'military attachments.' There lies your road—ours to the mountain.

*Music.*—*Rapinstein motions to his tribe to separate.*—

*They exeunt over the mountains, R.H. His gun, Celestina's cloak, and the Child's hat and diamond loop, have been leaning against the rock ; and during the dialogue, the Monkey has drawn them up and equipped himself in them—then descends behind the rock, and is crossing to follow his master and Celestina, who exeunt over a little Bridge, U.E. L.H. Rapinstein misses his cloak, and turns and sees the Monkey. Pursues. The Monkey presents gun, and keeps him at bay. Rapinstein enraged, pursues. Monkey fires—it strikes Rapinstein in the arm, who falls, and the Monkey makes his escape over the Bridge.)*

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#### SCENE IV.—*Exterior of State Prison.*

*Moonlight—with Shaft of the Salt Mine. Barrier Gate, 4st E. L.H. Tower, with practicable Door, in L.H. flat, and Shaft of Mine in R.H. flat.*

*Music.*—*At the opening of the scene the Prison Bell rings. A Drummer steps out of the Guard-room and beats to arms. A file of Soldiers come from the Guard-house—fall in—manœuvre, and take their station at the Shaft of the Mine. By this time the Prison Gates are opened, and the jailor, Vatchvell, an old German soldier, enters. The Prisoners now rise from the Shaft, habited in their prison costume—heavy chains to their legs, and fastened together, they pass examination, delivering their tools to an under Jailor, and passing into the Prison. The Guard 'Order arms'—and 'Deposit arms,' and then enter Guard house—Vatchvell fastening the Barrier Gate.*

*Vatch.* A pretty sight ! For forty years I marched beneath the German eagle—aye, and when an enemy was the chace, once the foremost of the warlike pack ;—now, worn with age and service, they have made an old watch-dog of me—posted to guard poor weak mortals, who, at Ambi

tion's beck, or Pleasure's syren voice, have fallen from honor to disgrace and infamy. Poor devils! poor devils! (*Music.—At this moment three slow knocks at the Barrier.*)

*Vatch.* Hollo! at such an hour as this—strangers indeed! Who goes there?

*Music.—Pepino plays a short air on his guitar.*)

Ha! ha! surely that's the poor Savoyard's guitar. Pepino, is that you? Well, that's a precious stupid question of me—to ask a dumb boy. (*guitar played*) Humph! I am not so great a fool as I thought myself—tho' he can't answer, his guitar can. But we shall soon see—for where Pepino is, his best friend, the Monkey, can't be far off.

*Music.—As Vatchvell bends to open the Barrier gate, the Monkey appears on wall above—and as he opens the gate, Pepino enters. The Monkey descends, caressing him, on the other side. While at the gate, Celestina and Child appear exhausted—leaning against the walls for support.)*

*Vatch.* What do I behold—a woman! and a tender in fant! at such an hour—and in such a place! Ha! I see, I see!—a wife and child seeking some condemned and miserable wretch, under the guard of the old watch-dog. By the honor of a soldier, I must get our blacksmith to make me a heart of iron to wear on duty, for mine's of too soft a material for my present post.

(*Music.—Pepino leads Celestina forward.—She appears overcome with anxiety.*)

*Celes.* You have a prisoner named Maldichini?

*Vatch.* Maldichini! (*sighs*) ha—we have, indeed! Tomorrow's sun will see his death.

*Celes.* You speak of Maldichini as if you pitied him?—you would rejoice at his deliverance?

*Vatch.* Rejoice!—rejoice! damme, if I wouldn't make the creaking hinges of his prison doors change to glorious harmony, and chaunt aloud, "home, sweet home!"

*Celes.* Then Maldichini's free! His innocence is proved. I bear the Emperor's pardon.

*Vatch.* His pardon! Huzza! His pardon!—only let me see it—where is it?—where is it?

*Celes.* Here—here.

(*Music.—In the extacy of the moment, he embraces Pepino, pats the Monkey on his head—all three showing boundless joy—when the music changes with the ac-*

*completing action of Celestina, who taking the red case from her shoulder, searches for the Pardon—and perceiving it gone, exclaims, with horror depicted on her countenance,)*

*Celes.* 'Tis gone!—lost! Horror! horror!

*(Music—Vatchvell's joy changes to grief—but the Monkey, full of joy, still clings to him, till, in his agitation, he throws him off angrily,—the Monkey flying and perching on the prison door top.)*

*Vatch.* Lady, lady,—this is not well; you would play upon, and then betray, the warm feelings of an old soldier. But, no more—begone! begone!

*Celes.* *(kneels and seizes his hand)* By the purity of sacred truth, I swear, I had my husband's pardon. I placed it in that case: why it is not there I cannot tell. Ah! the robber had it in his hand!—could he? could he? Oh, no, no,—human nature, howe'er degraded, could not commit an act like that. Oh, my child! now all is lost—and thy broken-hearted mother dies! *(totters—caught by Vatchvell and Pepino.)*

*Vatch.* I wish my iron heart was come home from the blacksmith's—the poor soft gentleman here *(patting his breast)* can't stand this much longer.

*Celes.* On you, my friend, rests my last, my only ray of hope.

*Vatch.* On me, lady?

*Celes.* Many a worthy heart beats beneath a rugged bosom; such a one I know inhabits yours.

*Vatch.* Just what my poor dear old wife used to say.—Peter! said she—Peter! you are a lump of honey wrapt up in a German uniform.

*Celes.* Let me—let me see my husband!

*Vatch.* Lady, I would, but *dare* not.

*Celes.* But for an instant!—

*Vatch.* 'Tis useless.—I should only risk my life without preserving his.

*Celes.* Oh, heavens! what can I do? whither fly?

*Vatch.* Rest, rest your exhausted frame beneath this roof till morn, then our Commandant shall know your mournful story; and if my humble voice can aid your cause, and help to save the beloved of your heart, the old soldier will not desert the way-worn woman in her hour of sore calamity. Come! come.

(*Music.*—Celestina, wild with grief and disappointment, is led almost unconscious towards the Tower door in flat, L.H. Vatchvell ushers in Celestina, Child, and Pepino—he being the last to enter.

SCENE V.—*The Salt Mine.*

*The whole foreground is composed of solid rock, in which is raised artificial Barriers of stone, or Prison Entrances, one, 2d E. R.H. another, 2d E. L.H. The great Entrance leading to the Mine, is by means of a Portcullis, R.H. flat. Through a large opening in the centre you perceive the Mine itself,—and over this opening is a Passage, along which the Characters are seen to pass, previous to their entrance through Portcullis.*

*Music.*—COUNT GIOVANNI MALDICHINI discovered in a posture of despair. He advances.

*Mal.* Oh, Maldichini!

Is this the scene thy boyish fancy painted?

Is this the fate thy early manhood promised?

Land of despots! 'tis thus, with secret vengeance,  
Patriot tongues are silenced. Not for myself—

But for my wife, my child, I feel. To meet  
A felon's doom!—to fill a felon's grave!

Oh, that

I had found death, when first the shrill trumpet  
Call'd my youthful ardour to the field—

When, at the cheering sound, eager I rush'd  
Amidst the foremost of the foes, to purchase  
Living glory or a hero's grave!

[Exit in dungeon, 2d E. R.H.]

*Music.*—The Monkey and Pepino pass along the Passage above—Pepino driving the Monkey before him, not wishing to be observed; but suddenly the Monkey retreats, and bounds over the side of the arch of the Cavern, and escapes the notice of the Sentinel, who now appears, and arrests the progress of Pepino, who is driven back, till Vatchvell comes on with a lamp, conducting Celestina.)

*Vatch.* All's right, sentinel.—Pass!

(*Music.*—The Sentinel retires. Pepino passes,—and Vatchvell conducts Celestina through the opening.—During this, the Monkey, defying all barriers, gets an

*easy entrance to the Prison below. By the time Vatchvell has arrived at the Portcullis, the Monkey has seated himself on the projecting pillar. The Portcullis is raised, and they enter.)*

**Vatch.** There, there—say no more; the tears of beauty in distress have (for this once) bothered the old soldier—upset German discipline, and sent military duty to the devil. You shall see him, though no earthly being ever passes this barrier without a written order. (*The Monkey here pulls him by the coat*) Hollo! how the devil did you come here? If all my prisoners were like my friend here of the monkey tribe, it must be a queer sort of a building that would secure them. Lady—that's your husband's cell: a few minutes alone are yours. You have my confidence—don't abuse it.

(*Music.—He gives her lamp, and she enters cell, 2d E. R.*)

**Vatch.** Now for my rounds, to see all secure. Pepino, remain here.

(*Music.—Vatchvell departs—Pepino and Monkey being left alone. The former begins to take notice of the fastenings of the Prison—first, the Count's prison door, then the Portcullis. He raises it by means of the wheel. He plans an escape—and being dumb, determines to write his plan. Sees pen, ink, and paper—begins to write. Thinks—puts pen behind his ear, (every thing being imitated by the Monkey, who is seated behind him on the chair.) Pepino having made his notes, goes to the Portcullis to see if any body is coming; which gives the Monkey an opportunity of imitating his master, by scribbling and blotting the whole paper. Pepino now returns, and is about to make further notes—see the whole paper blotted with ink. Is highly enraged—and observing pen behind the Monkey's ear, knows him to be the culprit. "Did you do this?" he motions,—and the Monkey thinking he had done a good thing, nods "Yes." But before punishment can be inflicted, Vatchvell enters.)*

**Vatch.** So, all's safe. Now for a painful, but imperative duty—to sever hearts that heaven has united. (*goes to dungeon door*) Lady, 'tis time—Pepino, hence boy, hence!—at your next visit I hope your guitar will cheer us,—now, you've only added to our usual gloom. Here—here's the veteran's mite, my poor dumb boy! you deserve

it, for your heart's in the right place, and prompts you to save poor Maldichini's life—eh, doesn't it, boy?

(*Music.—He explains it does.*)

*Vatch.* Heigho! I wish you could. Ah, nothing would give me greater pleasure. ("Indeed!" *motions* Pepino.) Yes, I repeat it,—nothing would give me greater pleasure.—But away, away! Lady, come! we've already trifled too long with time, and he's a positive old gentleman, that won't stop for man, woman, or child, saint or sinner, peer or pedlar, monarch or man-milliner.

(*Music.—Guard now passes with torches. He urges Pepino and Monkey up the Staircase, then turns to call Celestina—entering the Cave, 2d E. R.H. which affords Pepino time to return—pulling back his monkey with him, whom he places rapidly at the windlass—putting his paws upon the iron that holds it; but he cannot make the Monkey understand. In his anxiety, the iron is pulled out, and the Portcullis falls with a tremendous crash. Pepino's alarm is great,—and dreading discovery, blows out the light. At the same moment, Vatchvell darts in and seizes Pepino.*)

*Vatch.* How now—how now! eh, Pepino?

(*Pepino, agitated, makes inarticulate sounds, such as escape from a dumb person.*)

*Vatch.* Poor fellow! he would speak if he could—but nature says he shan't. Aye, aye, I suppose he means that his monkey has been at some of his damned tricks. But, lady, where are you? your hand.—Stand here, while I seek a light in your husband's cell.

*Music.—When Vatchvell first came out, Celestina was closely followed by her husband,—and as Vatchvell passes to get the lamp, the Boy forces Celestina and Maldichini back,—and, when safe, he again utters broken sounds.*)

*Celes.* Ah, Pepino! am I right?—there is some stratagem prepared by you?

(*Music.—Pepino motions "Yes."*)

*Celes.* And you urge our instant flight?

(*Music.—Pepino forcibly drags them back.*)

*Mal.* The veteran jailor returns!—one moment, and all is lost.

*Celes.* Ah! the guard is here. Pepino, our only hope now rests on you.

*Music.*—*The Guards, with their torches, are returning. Pepino leads them up the stairs. As they pass the Portcullis, which Pepino has raised, and left the Monkey to hold on by the wheel, Vatchvell enters, and through the music exclaims "Gone! escaped!" He rushes up the staircase, when Pepino strikes his tabor. the Monkey lets go the Portcullis, which prevents pursuit. The Monkey scrambles up the rocks. The Soldiers enter—fire. Monkey throws a piece of rock, knocking down the foremost. Tableau.)*

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#### SCENE VI.—*A Landscape.*

*Music.*—*CELESTINA and MALDICHINI enter, L.H. as if pursued.*

*Celes.* Once on the surface of the lake, we may defy pursuit.

*Mal.* But our preserver—the poor dumb Savoyard—if captured, his fate is certain;—his life would pay the forfeit of his generous act. One moment's delay—

*Celes.* May bring thee death! Ah! see where he turns the rock. He's safe, he's safe! Pepino! quick—quick! follow to the lake. [*Music.—Exeunt, R.H.*]

*Enter PEPINO, L.H.—He looks about to see if he is pursued.*

*Runs to R.H. and motions Celestina to continue her flight.*

*He then crosses to L.H. and urges his Monkey to follow, and then exits, R.H. The Monkey now enters, L.H. with a very large padlock, that he has stolen, and one of the soldier's cocked hats. He appears tired of padlock—throws it down, and runs off R.H. After a short pause, Leopoldstadt enters, followed by a guard of six men, L.H. The padlock arrests his steps.)*

*Leopold.* We have tracked their steps. Ah,—see! the prisoner glides along the brow of yonder hill. Delay not! Fire! (to first man) he escapes unhurt! (second man fires) Ah—that shot has struck him to the earth! Follow, follow!—he cannot now escape.

[*Music.—They exeunt in pursuit, R.H.*]



SCENE LAST.—*Same as Scene III. Sunrise.*

*Music.*—CELESTINA enters over Bridge, upper E. L.H. conducting MALDICHINI.—He appears faint. As he reaches the stage, he falls, unable to proceed.

*Mal.* All hope is vain—I can no farther.

*Celes.* Oh, say not so,—a few paces more and we shall reach the boat. (*distant drum, L.H.*) Hark! the guards approach! Oh, that a giant's strength would nerve this feeble arm, to bear the beloved of my heart to life and safety. Ah, Pepino there! Quick, quick!—assist me, Pepino, or we are for ever lost!

*Enter LEOPOLDSTADT, with Guard, on Bridge.*

*Leo.* Surrender—or instant death——

*Celes.* Oh, lost! lost!

(*Music.*—Celestina faints, and falls into the arms of Pepino, as the Guards descend.)

*Leo.* Count Maldichini—you have abused the confidence of a kind old man.

*Mal.* Behold the cause!—the broken-hearted wife of my bosom, and mother of my child. She came to give me freedom—she bore the Emperor's pardon—by sad mischance she lost it.—I am now at the mercy of your rigid laws.

*Leo.* Rigid, indeed! Behold my orders! (*gives paper to Maldichini.*)

*Mal.* (*peruses paper*) To die at sunrise!

*Leo.* You are a soldier, Count, and know a soldier's oath is 'obedience.' Were I Maldichini, and you on my duty,—how would you act?

*Mal.* As a soldier should—obey the orders of my sovereign. (*firmly*) I am prepared to die!—but my wife—my unhappy wife! she must not know. She revives! Oh, think of some device! (*to officer.*)

*Celes.* (*recovering, and looking wildly round.*) Maldichini!—my husband! Ah, he lives! (*embraces*) he lives! and still may be preserved.

*Mal.* Comfort—comfort, dearest Celestina! the Commandant has yielded to my prayer. He consents to arrest the execution,—thus giving you time to seek and return with the confirmation of our generous monarch's pardon.

*Celes.* Can it be? Thanks—thanks! My heart leap from the depths of misery to joy's bright pinnacle. Oh! the—the pleasure's too great! I—I—— (*Officer turns his head*) That averted head! Ah! it is not so—you but deceive. (*Fortress bell tolls.*) That bell! the solemn har-binger of death!—my husband's fatal summons! (*to her husband*) Why practice deceit? (*to Officer*) Will he stay the execution? Do not blind me with false promises. (*two Men advance, and gently take her by the arms to lead her away*) Why do you hold me thus? Why force me hence? I tell you he is free! I had his pardon—by the purity of heavenly truth, I had his pardon. (*Officers are dragging her away, L.H. when she sees the Monkey on rock, 2d E. R.H.* Ah! (*screams violently*) Monsters—let go your hold!—(*breaks from them, and frantically scrambles up the rock, where the Monkey is seated—who has, during the above dialogue, pulled the Pardon out of the hole in which he pushed it in Scene 3rd., and is playing with it. As she reaches the top, the Monkey, alarmed, lets it drop.*

*Celes.* (*screaming hysterically*) The—the—pardon!—Pepino!

(*Music.*—Pepino picks up the Pardon—runs to the Officer with it. Maldichini carries his almost fainting wife from the rock to the centre of the stage. Vatchvell rushes on, the same instant, with the Child.)

*Leo* It is the Emperor's seal! Maldichini's free!

(*Three shouts. Picture.*)

## THE URBAIN FALLS