

THE
DUMB MAID OF GENOA

OR THE

BANDIT MERCHANT

A MELO DRAMA

BY

JOHN FARRELL.

THOMAS HAILES LACY
WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND,
LONDON

909700

THE DUMB MAID OF GENOA.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT CORVENIO	:	Mr. GALLOT.	Mr. HARDING.
JUSTIN	Mr. DAVIDGE.	Mr. SAKER.
MOCO	Mr. H. BEVERLEY.	Mr. WYATT.
STRAPADA	Mr. BLANCHARD.	Mr. FARRELL.
CIRENZA ANTONIO (<i>the</i> <i>Mountain Devil</i>)	.	Mr. H. KEMBLE.	Mr. C. EDWARDS.
DESPERETTA	{	Mr. BRADLEY.	Mr. SHOARD.
JASPERO	{ his band	Mr. HIGMAN	Mr. MAYNARD.
WHISKERISKIS	{	Mr. EBSWORTH.	Mr. STIRLING.
JULIETTA	Miss WATSON.	Mrs. H. BEVERLEY.

COSTUMES.

- COUNT CORVENIO—Splendid hussar dress, trimmed with silver—scarlet pelisse, white pantaloons.
- JUSTIN—Slate coloured tabbed jacket and trunk breeches.
- Moco—Blue vest, straps in front of shirt, scarlet breeches and blue stockings.
- STRAPADO—Hussar dress, and forage cap.
- ANTONIO—*1st dress*, A Jew's gaberdine, trimmed with scarlet, and large hat. *2nd dress*, Brown tabbed tunic, trimmed with scarlet with brass clasps, brass breast-plate, scarlet pantaloons, russet boots.
- DESPERETTA—*1st dress*, Brown tabbed tunic, trimmed with black, large boots. *2nd dress*, A robber's dress, with breast-plate.
- JASPERO and WHISKERISKIS—Ditto.
- JULIETTA—Light blue short petticoat, trimmed with black, stomacher front, blue stockings.

X 6366305

There is no charge for the Performance of this Drama.]

THE DUMB MAID OF GENOA.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn Yard—the Inn on the L.—a Wall across the back of the stage, above which is the view of distant Mountains. On the R. H. the Wall continues to the R., with a Gate in the centre, supposed to be the only entrance to the Inn. The curtain rises to Music.* STRAPADO, SOLDIERS, and PEASANTS seated at tables, drinking.

Enter JUSTIN from the inn, L.

JUSTIN. Well, neighbours, it's time to depart, and if your heels are as light as your heads, you'll soon reach home.

PEASANT. To be sure they are—but our hearts are lighter than either.

Enter Moco from the inn, L.

Moco. That's right—a light heart and a thin pair of—(*one of the WOMEN check him.*)—small clothes! I beg pardon.

JUSTIN. Where have you been loitering your time?

Moco. I haven't been loitering my time—I've been making good use of it. Julietta has been teaching me to talk with my fingers, and I can say my A B C with both hands! see here! Ah! I shall make a very good fist of it in time. Julietta thinks so too.

PEASANT. But how do you know her thoughts? She can't speak.

Moco. But she can make signs; when she means "yes," she nods or winks—just so. (*imitates.*)

PEASANT. You understand her by that!

Moco. To be sure I do—a nod's as good as a wink for a blind horse.

JUSTIN. Come, Moco, what are you chattering there for—detaining the people? 'tis already past eight o'clock—the gates

4 THE DUMB MAID OF GENOA. Act 1.

should have been closed half an hour since ; the commander of the troops will be angry ; you know that it is his peremptory order that no inn on the road to Genoa shall be open after eight during these troublesome times. *Exit into inn, L.*

MOCO. Ay, so it is. There, you may go along ; take care you don't meet the robbers on the way. If you should fall into the power of old Beelzebub, their captain, the fellow they call Cirenza Antonio, surnamed the Mountain Devil, I wouldn't give that for your lives. (*snapping his fingers.*)

PEASANT. Well, good night.

MOCO. Good night.

PEASANT. I say, Moco, let's hear you say good night with your fingers.

MOCO. I will. (*puts his fingers together.*) There—that's G, U, D, good—N, I, T, night—good night.

Exeunt PEASANTS, laughing, through gates, c.

MOCO. Ha—ha—ha ! these fellows have no more brains nor an old tin-kettle. Let me see—A, B, C—C—C—let me see—what's next ? D, F, G, K, L—there, then, I've got to L, huzza !

STRAPADO. (*comes down, L.*) The devil you have.

MOCO. Yes, but I can't go any further.

STRAP. No, I think you're quite far enough. But, honest Moco, what are you trying to say to yourself ?

MOCO. O, I am practising a new language.

STRAP. What is it—the vulgar tongue ?

MOCO. Vulgar tongue ! civility if you please. No, it an't done by no tongue at all.

STRAP. How do you manage it ?

MOCO. I does it all by the rule of thumb. See—that's Y !

(*putting his fingers.*)

STRAP. I don't want to know why—I want to know how ?

MOCO. Now look, I puts my fingers together—that's A.

STRAP. Eh, what do you say ?

MOCO. Why the next is B.

STRAP. Be what ?

MOCO. Why, be quiet, will you ? Now C.

STRAP. Oh, damme, I don't see anything at all in it. And who taught you all that nonsense ?

MOCO. Nonsense, do you call it ! that shows what a genus you are. Julietta, that little dumb girl as you saw, she taught me, and in return, I promised to teach her to play on the flute, only mine's rather out of tune just now. Do you know I have got such an excellent ear—I say, have you got an ear ?

STRAP. Why, for the matter of that, I've got two, I believe .

MOCO. But I mean an ear for music?

STRAP. Why, if you were to play within hearing, I dare say I should hear you.

MOCO. But have you got a taste?

STRAP. Yes, and a swallow too. (*drinks out of mug, and retires with Moco.*)

Enter JUSTIN, from the inn, L.

JUSTIN. Confound that fellow, Mocco; he has locked the cellar door, and the soldiers are calling out for wine. Oh, here he is.

STRAP. Well, if you are so very clever, I should like to hear you play.

MOCO. So you shall; but I can't now, I have lost the key.

JUSTIN. The devil you have! and how came you to do that, sir?

MOCO. Why, it was an accident.

JUSTIN. You scoundrel! and I've been looking for it this half hour.

MOCO. Lord, uncle, I'm very much obliged to you—I've been looking for it myself, but can't find it nowhere.

JUSTIN. How unfortunate! when the count and the merchant are waiting so anxiously.

MOCO. Are they, indeed! what an opportunity to display my abilities! What's to be done?

JUSTIN. I suppose we must break it.

MOCO. No, no, don't break it—we can easily get one to fit.

JUSTIN. I would not have had it lost on any account.

MOCO. Nor I, it was such a handsome one.

JUSTIN. Hang its beauty; its utility was everything.

MOCO. To be sure! I couldn't shake without it.

JUSTIN. I'll shake you if you don't find it soon. To lose the key of the wine-cellar!

MOCO. Oh! here it is. (*gives key.*) I thought you meant the key of my flute. I only was telling Strapado what a fine ear I had—that nothing could touch it.

JUSTIN. I'll try if my hand can touch it: take that, you scoundrel. (*gives him a box on the ear, and exit into inn, L.*)

STRAP. Well, Moco, how is your ear now; I think you got a bit of a taste then.

MOCO. Ah, I don't care—he is only envious of my abilities; but I'll let him very soon know my genious is not to be cramped.

Exit into inn, L.

STRAP. Silence! here comes the commander. (*drum.*)

*Enter COUNT CORVENIO, from the inn, followed by JUSTIN.
SOLDIERS enter R. U. E., and the MEN fall in.*

COUNT. Serjeant, let the men be mustered by daylight in the morning, this lawless band of depredators must be exterminated ; you will merit your country's thanks and rewards by opposing a misguided rabble, who are torn from their allegiance by the machinations of a designing villain.

STRAP. I will, your honour.

SOLDIERS *retire.*

COUNT. Landlord, I cannot sufficiently commend your behaviour to the troops under my command, since they have been quartered here.

JUSTIN. Why, your honour, I think the brave fellows who defend our country, and protect our property, who fight our battles abroad, and shield us from incendiaries at home, deserve to be treated as our brothers and our friends.

COUNT. Tell me, landlord, who is that interesting girl I saw in your house just now ? She appears to be labouring under some heavy affliction—a settled melancholy hangs upon her features, yet the beam of beauty that plays on her face seems to borrow fresh lustre from her dark intelligent eye : moved at her appearance, I asked her if any recent misfortune had happened that thus depressed her spirits ? she answered me not—an involuntary sigh burst from her lips, which would have pierced a heart of flint—she curtsied, and with a look that modestly rebuked my curiosity, instantly retired.

JUSTIN. Ah, poor girl ! she couldn't answer you—she is dumb.

COUNT. Indeed !

JUSTIN. I know but little of her ; she is, I believe, a stranger in this country, and an orphan. It is near six months since she rested on that little seat by my door—the day was excessively hot, and she appeared as if she had travelled far—she was exhausted, and dejected—her appearance excited my compassion, I pressed her to take some wine, which she at first refused—I again pressed her—for you must know I am not like the most of my trade, who only press those they think will pay.

COUNT. Proceed.

JUSTIN. Well, sir, she accepted it. I then prevailed on her to enter the house—overcome by my unexpected kindness, she threw herself at my feet ; I then discovered the poor girl was dumb ; however, I resolved to shelter and protect her—she is a good girl, and well deserves all I can do for her.

COUNT. From her manners she cannot be of humble parents.

I will offer her an asylum in my castle—if she will accept of it, she shall be treated as one of my family.

JUSTIN. Oh, sir, 'tis worthy your noble nature thus to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate—'tis a godlike act to protect and succour a helpless orphan, deprived by nature of the faculty of speech. But see, she come.

Music.—JULIETTA enters from the inn, L., her action dignified and expressive—she gives JUSTIN a small bunch of keys, signifies she has finished writing, and locked up the books.

JUSTIN. That's a good girl; you have arranged all the books, you have made great haste about them; should I lose you, I should never again get so good and so pretty a clerk.

(Music.—JULIETTA entreats him to desist—she expresses her gratitude to him, then points to heaven.)

JUSTIN. Heaven has amply rewarded me in sending so great a blessing. My dear girl, you know I consider you as my daughter, I have adopted you, and I am sure I love you as if you were. (*she kisses his hand.*) But still, I would forego my own wishes to promote your own happiness; this noble gentleman offers you an asylum in his castle—for your own sake, I should wish you to accept it; your situation there would be more agreeable, though it would break my heart to part with you.

(Music.—JULIETTA expresses her determination not to leave him—she crosses over to the COUNT, drops on her knee, then bursts into tears—the COUNT gently raises her, endeavours to soothe her—she turns affectionately to JUSTIN, who appears much moved—she again expresses her determination never to leave him—she asks permission to retire to recover herself.)

JUSTIN. Well, child, go—but return immediately, and send Moco here. *Exit into inn.*

You see, sir, she refuses your kind offer; I, in fact conjectured she would.

COUNT. She appears much attached to you. Although I feel interested for her, yet I should be sorry again to raise a pang in her breast by requesting her to accept my friendship.

(the large bell at the gate rings, L. H.)
JUSTIN. Heyday! Who have we here at this hour? Moco!

Enter Moco from the inn.

JUSTIN. Inquire who is at the gate? But you must not let them in; 'tis too late—we dare not disobey the commander's orders.

MOCO. (*goes to gate, c.*) No, I won't let nobody in. Who's

there? what are you? where do you come from? who sent you? tell me your name, and what's your business?

ANTONIO. (*without, c.*) 'Tis Mynheer von Tuffel, the Dutch merchant—I comes from Genoa, vid some valuable merchandise, and I am benighted here; if you vil let me come in I shall reward you handsomely.

MOCO. It's Mr. von Devil, the merchant—he has got a great quantity of goods, and begs hard you will admit him in.

JUSTIN. I know him; the Dutch merchant that comes here to buy goods for Leipsic fair. How am I to act, sir? It is against your orders to let any person in after sun-set—but this poor foreigner may be robbed of his property if we deny him shelter; he is a harmless creature, and his being a stranger to our country should give him a double claim to our hospitality.

COUNT. Certainly; my orders were strict, and should be as strictly obeyed; but I think I shall not far o'erstep the bounds of my duty by granting this indulgence; and tho' I risk my own reputation, yet I have the pleasing reflection of perhaps saving a fellow creature's life and property.

ANTONIO. (*without.*) Is dere nobody coming at all?

MOCO. Don't be in a hurry, Mr. von Devil; I shall be with you directly.

COUNT. Well, as you say you can answer for this man's character, that he is a harmless, honest fellow, I can have no objection to your receiving him for the night. (**JUSTIN** gives Moco the key.)

MOCO. (*opens gate.*) Now Mr. von Devil, you may come in.

Enter ANTONIO, disguised as a Dutchman, c.—DESPERETTA, JASPERO, and WHISKERISKIS as carriers.

ANTONIO. Ah, Mynheer, I'm so much obliged to you for letting us come in! we should perhaps met vid some of those terrible robbers dat is on der road; I vas much frightened.

JUSTIN. But how is this? you are not the Mynheer von Tuffel that I know—he was a bigger man than you.

ANTONIO. Ay! dat is der alt Von Tuffel, my oncle, vat you know; he is gone by der ship from Genoa; he wouldn't come dis way, because he vas robbed two years ago. So my oncle say I might come if I like to venture my marshandise, and I said I vould, because I could make more money of it by der road.

JUSTIN. It is fast approaching night. (*the lights down.*) Get your goods in as soon as possible; I have no convenience for your mules, they must remain outside.—**MOCO,** assist the carriers to bring in the goods.

Sc. 1. THE DUMB MAID OF GENOA.

9

(*Music.—Several bales of goods are brought in, and placed in the centre of the stage.*)

JASPERO. I say, master, we must give the mules some corn, poor things, they will be starved before morning.

MOCO. Yes, I'll go fetch some corn directly.

Exit R. H., and returns with a corn measure.

JASPERO. They have travelled upwards of ten leagues to-day, and they have had nothing but a little grass.

MOCO. Here's your corn ; you may go and feast your mules, and when that's done, you may come in and feast yourself.

Exit JASPERO through gate, c.

ANTONIO. Well, sir, I am very much obliged for your kind offer—I am only poor honest man, and if I was to get robbed of my goods, 'twould break my heart.

COUNT. There is little fear of the robbers coming near us to-night.

ANTONIO. You don't know, sir ; dey may be much nearer den you tink for. (*retires up.*)

Re-enter JASPERO, c.

JASPERO. Here's your measure.

MOCO. Here's your measure ! is that the way to speak to me, fellow ? Do you take me for one of your mules ? Zounds, man, do I look like a mule.

JASPERO. No, you look like a jackass.

MOCO. Do I ? I'm such a jackass that I could take the conceit out of you very soon. I say, you can't talk with your fingers—A, B, C. (*JASPERO gives him a cut with his whip.*)

JUSTIN. Juliette, show this gentleman into the small room on the left, and get supper ready immediately.

(*Music.—JULIETTE approaches ANTONIO—the instant she sees him, she appears horror struck, and sinks apparently lifeless into JUSTIN'S arms.*)

ANTONIO. (R. C., aside to JASPERO.) By Heaven ! 'Tis Juliette.

JASPERO. (R.) Hush ! you will betray yourself !

ANTONIO. Bless my heart, the young lady isn't well. She is perhaps alarmed at the appearance of strangers—let me speak to her—I'll endeavour to quiet her fears. It surely couldn't be my appearance that has so frightened her into fits.

MOCO. Ay, but it is, though : your looks are enough to frighten a horse into fits.

(*ANTONIO approaches her—she partially recovers—on seeing him, she appears terrified, and again sinks into JUSTIN'S arms.*)

10 THE DUMB MAID OF GENOA. Act 1.

MOCO. There now, I told you so ; I wish you would keep away ; you see she don't like your ugly phismahogany.

(*Music.—she seems to recover slowly, but appears much agitated—leans on JUSTIN's arm.*)

COUNT. She recovers ! I must take my leave for the night : a sentinel shall be placed, therefore you need labour under no apprehension. In the morning we proceed on our march against the robbers, and, I am much mistaken, or before to-morrow night I shall have their leader, the notorious Cirenza Antonio, in my power.

ANTONIO. And I am much mistaken but you will meet the leader long before that.

COUNT. I hope so. Dissalvo, (*to SERJEANT.*) place the sentry, and as the responsibility is now doubled, see that a vigilant soldier be our trust. Good night. *Exit into inn, L.*

(*the guard is placed—JASPERO and DESPERETTA come down to ANTONIO—this action is the time the SOLDIERS take in setting the guard.*)

ANTONIO. How is the young lady now ?

JUSTIN. She is better.

ANTONIO. Suppose you fetch her a little wine ; I am very sorry—and anything that is in the house I'll pay for that would do her good.

JUSTIN. Oh, sir, you are very kind—but there is nothing in the world that would do her good, that I would not pay for myself. I will return immediately.—(*JUSTIN attempts to go—she earnestly entreats him not to leave her, or else to suffer her to go.*) Poh, poh ! nonsense, child, you shall not stir ; I tell you, you are too much fatigued ; sit quietly till I return. Come, Moco.

Exit with MOCO, into inn, L.

ANTONIO. Julietta, how is it I find you here ? Nay, if you attempt to leave me it will cost you your life. (*he levels a pistol at her—she appears, under the impulse of fear, willing to obey him.*) You fled from our cave evidently with the intention of betraying me and my band. Now mark me—in pity to your misfortunes, and the wrongs I did your mother, I spare you. My band are secreted in different parts round the neighbourhood of the inn ; on my signal the inn will be attacked—the soldiers overcome by superior force, must yield. Picture to yourself the scene of carnage that will ensue ! it rests with you to avert the last dreadful blow. Should you betray the least symptoms of my plan—I'll watch you closely—that moment I give the fatal signal—and by Heaven, I swear, yourself, your protector, officers, soldiers, and all, shall fall a sacrifice to the revenge of me and my brave band. (*JULIETTA seems terrified, and signifies she will not betray him.*) 'Tis enough ;

on your promise I spare their lives. My band will attack this inn at midnight—'tis my wish only to frustrate their plans by securing their officer, and holding him as an hostage. But the landlord is here—remember, your life is at stake, if—

Enter JUSTIN and Moco from the inn, with bottle and glass, L.

JUSTIN. Now, Julietta, taste this—'twill do you good I'll answer for it.

ANTONIO. Ay, do, my good girl, do as he bids you—taste it; (*aside.*) or perhaps you would prefer tasting this? (*offers her the wine, and unperceived by any but her shews the dagger.*)

Moco. No she don't like that. Taste uncle's—his is choice wine. See—(*spelling with his fingers.*) Ch, O, I, C, Choice—W, I, N, Wine.

JUSTIN. Get out, you blockhead. Please to come in, the sentinel is about to be placed for the night, and it is time we should retire.

ANTONIO. Lead sir; I attend you.

JUSTIN. Have you given the Serjeant of the Guard the key of the inn gate?

Moco. Yes, uncle.

JUSTIN. This way, sir! come Julietta.

(*Music.—JULIETTA endeavours to lurk behind, which ANTONIO perceiving, menaces her at each effort with his dagger—she is ultimately compelled to lead. The SERJEANT enters, U. E. R. H., with GUARD; a SENTINEL is placed; scene closes.*

If performed in Two Acts the first ends here.

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Inn. Table and Stools brought in.*

Enter JASPERO, DESPERETTA, STRAPADO, and SOLDIERS, L.

JASPERO. Ha, ha, ha! a good joke that; so because you gentlemen cut throats by licence, you think you are licensed to kiss pretty girls?

STRAP. To be sure we are. Show me a woman can resist a soldier! We kiss our landlady, and then we have our quarters free. We drink with our landlords, and then we have our liquor free. We touch our pay, and then our hearts are free. We fight the battles of our country to make all free. Your health, my friend!

JASPERO. Well, you are a fine fellow!

STRAP. To be sure I am. There is only one thing I confine myself to, and I don't like confinement either.

JASPERO. What's that?

STRAP. Not to drink more than half-a-pint of brandy before breakfast for these three months to come.

JASPERO. And a very good precaution too.

STRAP. Yes, I found it necessary to adopt it; for a man trusted as I am, should lead a regular, sober life. Your health, my friend.

JASPERO. But our master, the Dutch merchant, is liberal, and he will pay for whatever you like to call for.

STRAP. Will he? then I'll drink his good health.

JASPERO. (*aside to DESPERETTA.*) If I can but make these fellows drunk, 'twill forward our views.

DES. (*aside.*) They'll fall an easy prey to us.

STRAP. But I say, old jackass driver, what do you think of those robbers we are going in pursuit of? the poor devils! they little think of what will be their fate before this time to-morrow night.

JASPERO. Oh, never mind the robbers.

STRAP. Not I, damn the robbers. (*drinks.*) I say, I'll give —“Confusion to all public plunderers.” (*all rise.*) Why don't you drink that toast?

JASPERO. Because these are gentlemen above you and me, whose feelings it might wound.

STRAP. Oh, I'd have them all share the same fates, their heads should drop off like so many ripe cherries.—I say, they would be glad of some of this stingo to keep up their spirits.

JASPERO. I'll be bound they're in good spirits; there is not a robber amongst them but knows how to take care of himself. Your health, my friend. (*drinks.*)

STRAP. Perhaps you are acquainted with them?

JASPERO. Acquainted with them?

STRAP. I mean to say you have been in their company.

JASPERO. Me!—yes, just as much as you are now.

STRAP. I beg pardon—I didn't mean to offend;—but you know one can't be too cautious. I say, don't ask me to drink any more to-night, for fear I should get drunk.

JASPERO. Oh, you had better take another bottle, it won't hurt you.

STRAP. Well, I will—it's unmannerly to refuse.

Enter Moco, l. h.

Moco. Come, I say, arn't you going to bed?—it's almost time to leave off drinking to-night.

STRAP. Well, let's have another flagon, and then—

MOCO. Ay, what then?

STRAP. Why, you shall play me a tune on your flute, if you like.

MOCO. No, indeed, I shan't do any such thing. You haven't got no taste for music.

STRAP. No, but I've got a taste for that pretty dumb girl, my fine fellow.

MOCO. You had better mind what you are about there! Egad! if I catch you taking any unbecoming liberties with her, I'll have you tied up to the halberds, my fine fellow.

STRAP. I wish, Moco, you'd resign her to me, only to dance with her.

MOCO. Resign her to you, eh? I tell you what, you shall dance to the Rogues' March, and have your own rattan for a fiddle.

Exit Moco, R. H.

JUSTIN. (*without.*) Lead the way, Julietta—I must see those fellows to bed. If they get drunk, we shall have no rest to-night.

Enter JUSTIN, JULIETTA, and ANTONIO, L. H.

Come, my good men, it's time to disperse for the night.—Remember, you must march at roll call in the morning.

STRAP. Oh, yes, we know that, Master Justin. A good soldier, when he hears the first tap of the drum, he's up and dressed, like a sentry-box. Well, good night, Mr. Justin! good night, old rough and tough. I say, you start with us in the morning! and if we can only lay hold of this fellow they call the Mountain Devil, damme if we don't play the devil with him.

Exeunt STRAPADA and SOLDIERS, R. H.

ANTONIO. I dare say you will. Come, my lads, away to bed; you must get the tackle on the mules early in the morning. (*aside.*) Remember! at midnight I give the signal!—our band will then be in readiness. Be cautious not to sleep.

JASPERO. I will observe.

Exeunt JASPERO and DESPERETTA, L. H.—JULIETTA has endeavoured to overhear them.

ANTONIO. I say, my pretty maid, don't you know it is unmannerly to listen to people's conversation?—but it was of no great consequence.—I was only giving instructions to the men to have everything in readiness; for any neglect on his part might ruin all.

JUSTIN. True, sir, it might—for if you are not ready, the soldiers will not wait for—hulloh! Jullietta, where are you going to?

ANTONIO. Ay, where are you going to?

(*JULIETTA expresses a wish to sit up, if JUSTIN will permit; and seems anxious to leave the room.*

JUSTIN. No, no, my dear girl, I am sure you must be tired, you have had a great deal to do to-day; if you go on so, you will kill yourself. (JULIETTA sighs heavily.)

ANTONIO. Ay, do, my dear girl, go to bed—it will be the better for you. Take my advice; if you were to attempt to sit up, it might be the death of you.

(unperceived by JUSTIN, he shows her his dagger.)

JUSTIN. Come, lead the way, Julietta! you can show the gentleman his room.—Go! persuade her, sir. (she unwillingly crosses to R.)

ANTONIO. Do what the good man wishes you. If you sit up—mark my words, you will lose your life.

(Music.—He again shews his dagger, R. 1. E.
She goes off, trembling, R., followed by ANTONIO and JUSTIN.

SCENE III.—*The Inn Yard. The Horizon dark—the moon gradually breaking from the clouds, throws sufficient light upon the scene to render the action at the opening clear and perceptible.*

STRAPADO discovered walking up and down.

STRAP. Well, it's devilish cold, and my brandy bottle is almost out. I was merry enough in the early part of the evening, but I don't know how the devil it is—now, all my spirits are out! (turns his flask up.) However, in about an hour I shall be relieved, and then I can get some brandy. It's a pleasant thing to be relieved when one is in distress. I don't know how it is—I find myself devilish sleepy! and I think I'll take about ten minutes nap.—I may do it with safety, as I've just come on guard. There's no fear of anyone's running away with the Dutchman's goods!—they'll be safe enough.

(Music.—He sits down on one of the bales and falls asleep.

The window is opened by ANTONIO, who puts out a rope-ladder, and descends cautiously. JULIETTA enters from door of the inn, and in crossing the stage, runs against him. He attempts to stab her—misses, and his dagger sticks in one of the bales. ANTONIO, lifting up his lantern, perceives his error, and sees the SENTINEL—signifies he will assassinate him. JULIETTA having recovered, watches him—and as he is about to stab STRAPADO, she pulls the trigger, and discharges the gun. ANTONIO hastily ascends the ladder and draws it up—VOICES are heard within. MOCO, (half undressed) JUSTIN, COUNT, and ANTONIO (having resumed his disguise) enter from the inn. DESPERETTA also. STRAPADO starts up and resumes his watch.

COUNT. } What's the matter?
JUSTIN. }

MOCO. Oh, dear! what's the matter?

STRAP. 'Tis nothing. I was merely resting my piece by my side, when something accidentally touched the trigger, and the piece discharged itself.

MOCO. I wish the captain would discharge you for alarming us so.

COUNT. I fear, sir, you had been sleeping on your post.

STRAP. I trust, your honour, I know my duty better.

COUNT. In order to prevent a recurrence of such an accident I will have two sentinels placed here.

MOCO. Ay, do, sir, and then one can watch the other.

ANTONIO. If you shall please, one of my carriers will sit up with the sentinel. As they are my goods, I don't mind paying the man to watch them;—besides, it will save your men the duty—and it is my wish that all your soldiers should sleep sound before morning.

COUNT. Thank you, my honest fellow; you are very considerate—but there is no necessity for your going to the expense of paying a man.

ANTONIO. I have a right to do it. Why should I be so troublesome to you? This honest fellow here will undertake the task—won't you, my fine fellow?

DESPERETTA. Certainly, master.

COUNT. We will once more to rest. *Exit into inn, L.*

MOCO. I say, my fine fellow, don't you get playing with your gun again.—Do you hear?

JUSTIN. Come, Moco—get to bed, sirrah.

ANTONIO. (*aside.*) Do you hear, Desperetta? ply him well with liquor. As soon as all is quiet, I'll join you.

DES. I understand you.

ANTONIO. Well, good night, all. I hope we shall not be disturbed again.

JUSTIN. I hope not. Sentinel, you have the key!

STRAP. Yes.

Exeunt ANTONIO, JUSTIN, and MOCO, into the inn, L.

DES. Well, comrade—it's rather a cold berth to be walking up and down here all night.

STRAP. For my part, I am all over in a cold dew.—Egad! I was very near getting into trouble.

DES. You had, indeed, a very narrow escape. But now it's all over, think no more of it—here, take a drop of this cordial, 'twill help to banish it from your memory.

STRAP. This is just what I wanted—this will put me in spirits. (*drinks.*) Egad! 'tis famous.

DES. I made my master give me a drop of the best in the house. Here's may the robbers have all their troubles finished before this time to-morrow. (*drinks.*)

STRAP. Yes, I think there will be a speedy end put to them.

DES. I hope so. Come, drink again.

STRAP. With all my heart. Damme, I should like such a comrade as you to be on guard every night. Your health!

(*drinks.*—JULIETTA enters cautiously behind.)

DES. Thankye. I suppose it must be near midnight.

STRAP. I take it, it is. I dare say we shan't be above equal to these robbers.

DES. No, no, you are not equal to the robbers.

STRAP. In courage, discretion, and generalship, we are superior to them. I tell you what our plan is:—We divide our force,—the smallest part will march on as a decoy, while the other division is lying in ambuscade—we draw them to a certain point, then open right and left, we meet them with the devil's salute—that's fire and smoke—till they are tired of it. I say, don't you think some of the robbers would give a trifle to know that plan?

DES. Ha, ha! I think you'll be almost too deep for them.

STRAP. To be sure we shall. I'll tell you why our colonel is so incensed against the robbers. It is thought, the count's mother, while crossing these mountains, some seven years ago, fell into their hands. She was on her way to a chateau in this neighbourhood, prior to her confinement—and though a handsome ransom was offered, it was not ascertained, till some years afterward, that she died in a convent in a state of delirium: but it was never known what became of the child. Her husband never recovered the shock, but died shortly after of a broken heart, for the loss of his wife.

DES. More fool he. For my own part, I have lost five wives, but, damme, if ever they cost me a broken sigh. But what was her name?

STRAP. The Marchioness Corvenio.

(JULIETTA, who has been listening, at hearing the name, makes signs of mixed terror and joy.)

DES. What the devil's that?

STRAP. It rather startled me.

DES. 'Twas the passing wind. Drink again, you will forget it.

STRAP. I will. We shall have our work to do with the robbers. Your health. I say, this flask is out.

DES. Never mind, I've got another as good. Your health!

(Offers it to STRAPADO. JULIETTA takes the flask from DES-

PERETTA, who hands it, as he supposes, to STRAPADO, empties it on the ground, and gives it to STRAPADO, as from DESPERETTA.

STRAP. Well, you are a fine fellow. I believe you are made of brandy—but where is it?—oh here. (*takes it out of JULIETTA's hand.*) Your health.—Hullo! you have given me the wrong bottle there's none in this!

(*by this time, he is intoxicated.*

DES. No, no, you have got the right one—here's the other! none of your tricks.

STRAP. Tricks! what do you mean? What, do you take me for a shabby fellow?

DES. No, no, it's only a joke, I know.

STRAP. Joke! Curse such jokes!

DES. So I say. (*aside.*) This will be a good opportunity to quarrel, and I can easily dispatch him.

STRAP. No tricks upon travellers—it won't do!

DES. I thought it was a joke before, but now I see the drift of your roguery—you have drank it all, and now you pretend there was none in the bottle.

STRAP. Roguery! I don't know who you are, or what you are, Mr. Swaggerer! but such another word, and I'll level you to the ground.

DES. Will you? then out sword!

(*drunken combat—STRAPADO kills him.*

STRAP. Ah! what have I done? Rash man! I have killed him. 'Twas in my own defence! but who will know that? No, life for life! One only way is this—'twill save me from an ignominious death.

(*Music.—He attempts to kill himself, by falling on his sword.*

JULIETTA stops him, and informs him by signs, she can save him, points to the key—urges him to open the gate; he reluctantly obeys, and follows her out—pause—ANTONIO comes from the inn, and stumbles over DESPERETTA.

ANTONIO. Ha! what do I see! Desperetta murdered! the sentinel gone! then the fates are busy to mar my plans; no more delay, we will at once revenge our murdered comrade.

(*sounds his bugle.*

(*Music.—Drum and bugle. The c. gates are forced by the BANDITTI—the COUNT, JULIETTA and MOCO, are dragged on, prisoners. The inn is set fire to.*

ANTONIO. Now count, you are my prisoner, and I triumph!

COUNT. I am your captive—my prospect of escape from your sanguinary power rendered hopeless—yet I'll meet my death with fortitude and resignation; but, monster as you are, I'll pray for you, even with my latest breath, if you but spare that hapless, innocent maid.

ANTONIO. 'Tis there my revenge is sweet. She was for

many a year in my power, she escaped and would betray me ! but now I secure you both together. I'll add another pang to your torments that shall dart like deadly poison through your heart. Know that Julietta is your sister ! (*chord.*)

COUNT. Great Heaven ! my sister ! (*they rush into each other's arms.*)

ANTONIO. Tear them asunder ! Your mother fell into my power while crossing these mountains ; within our gloomy cave was Julietta born. Your mother died unknown and delirious in the Convent of All Saints. Say then, who has triumphed now ? the noble Count Corvenio, or the proscribed Antonio ?

COUNT. Hear me, thou monster in a human form.

ANTONIO. My revenge will not be satisfied until I hear your dying groans. Did I not tell you, you would meet Antonio before you expected ?

COUNT. Antonio, my wealth is yours—my life is yours—I will ensure your pardon : here I will lay bare my bosom while you strike the blow ; and while the last gleam of life is fluttering on my lip, I will worship—will bless your name—but spare —oh, spare, my sister ! (*falls at his feet.*)

ANTONIO. Idiot ! think you Antonio will revoke his word ? never ! I swore to be your destruction and I will keep my oath. Prepare to meet your fate.

STRAPADO and SOLDIERS *rush on from c.*

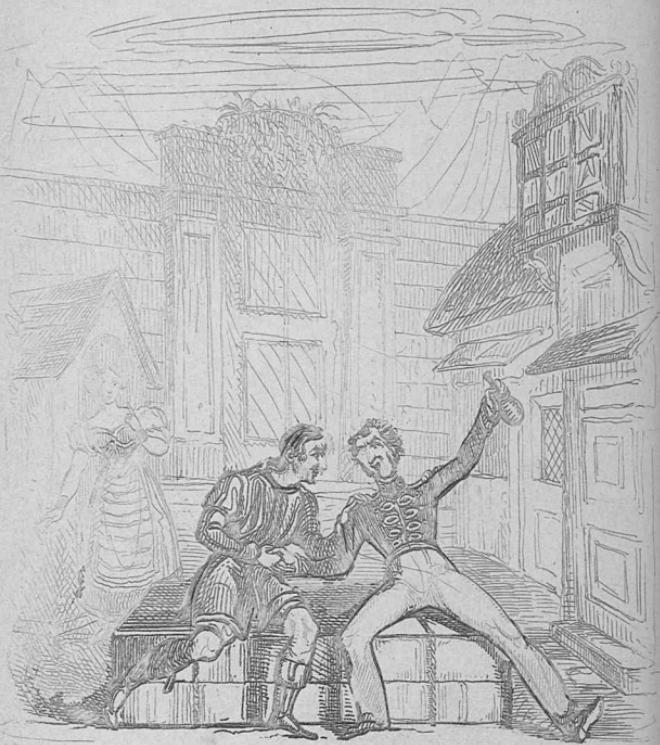
STRAP. Not yet, rascal ; you'll find the tables turned. Surrender instantly as our prisoner.

ANTONIO. Villains ! I would rather die first.

STRAP. Fire !

(SOLDIERS *instantly fire—the ROBBERS fall—ANTONIO aims a blow at the COUNT, with a dagger, which JUSTIN wards off—STRAPADO at that moment runs him through the body—he falls—JULIETTA and the COUNT embrace.—Tableau.*

CURTAIN.



T. Jones Fecit

The Maid of Genoa.

TRAPADORE — Here's may the Robbers have all their troubles
finished before this time tomorrow. —

Act 2^d. Scene 2^d.