

THE
OUTLAW OF THE ADRIATIC;
 OR, THE
FEMALE SPY AND THE CHIEF OF THE TEN.

A Romantic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

Adapted from the French of

VICTOR SEJOUR.

Edinburgh.

THE OUTLAW OF THE ADRIATIC.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,) London.

THE OUTLAW OF THE ADRIATIC.

First performed at the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, May 8th, 1855. A version performed at the Royal Princess's under the title of the "Master Passion," November 2nd, 1859.

SCENE.—*Venice and the Isle of Segua.* TIME, 1553.

Characters.

	Original.	Princess's.
JOHN ORSEOLO (<i>Chief of the Council of Ten, aged 80</i>)	M. LEGIER.	MR. RYDER.
GALIENO FALIERO (<i>The last of a noble race—the Venetian General and the Outlaw Chief</i>)	M. LUGNET.	MR. G. MELVILLE.
MARK ANTONY TREVISANI (<i>Doge of Venice</i>)	M. ADLER.	MR. COLLETT.
SPOLATRO (<i>Captain of the Outlaws</i>)	M. VANNONI.	MR. GRAHAM.
RASPO (<i>A Spy</i>)	M. CHARLY.	MR. CATHCART.
FABRANO { (<i>Seigneurs</i>)	M. FERVRE.	MR. DALY.
PALLAVICIN	M. PAULIN.	MR. DAWTON.
BARON LANSDORF (<i>Austrian Envoy</i>)	M. DORVILLE.	
SIMOLIE	M. BREMONT.	MR. GARDEN.
OITOFAX	{ M. MERCIER.	MR. PAULO.
BRIANI { (<i>Outlaws</i>)	M. BRUEL.	MR. CORMACK.
JACAPO	{ M. EUGENE.	
CAMILLA ORSEOLO (<i>Grand daughter of the Chief of the Ten, aged 18</i>)	MIDDLE. GUYON.	Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
MOROSINA (<i>The Patrician Spy—aged 26</i>)	MIDDLE. IJA-FELIX.	Mrs. CHARLES YOUNG.
THE ZINGARO OF THE ROCK	MIDDLE. HENNCRAFT.	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
SENATORS, PATRICIANS, SPIES, OFFICERS, OUTLAWS, GYPSIES.		

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THE OUTLAW OF THE ADRIATIC.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Grand Council Hall of the Ducal Palace, Venice.*
R., A large window opening upon a balcony, and through which is beheld the distant sea—against the walls the portraits of every Doge of Venice—that of Marino Faliero excepted, R. C. whose place is indicated by a black veil, and beneath it written in letters of gold the following inscription.

“ *Locus Marini Falettri, decapitati pro criminibus.*”

RASPO discovered seated at a table, R.—**SPOLATRO** standing near him, and bowing an acknowledgment.

RASPO. You are my pupil, and I rely on you to prove no vulgar spy. Prefer your request to the Chief of the Council of Ten.

SPOLA. To John Orseolo!

RASPA. Yes, we must lose no time. (*staying him*) Ah! You have there a very handsome ring.

SPOLA. Yes, tolerable—by this ring, Signor Raspo, I hope to recover my father. (*sighing*) Ah! tis a sad history.

RASPO. Yes, yes, I know—you have already related it to me.

SPOLA. (*aside, laughing*) My father—how good. (*aloud*) For three years I have sought through every palace in Venice—for, if I may judge by own figure, my father must be, at the very least, a nobleman.

RASPO. Write your letter.

SPOLA. I was sadly discouraged when first I encountered you, so I immediately flashed my ring before your eye.

RASPO. (*gratified*) Ah! You believed that I was noble,

SPOLA. No, I had just resigned myself to recommence a search amongst the lower orders.

RASPO. (*crosses L. sharply*) Enough! To your letter!

SPOLA. (*having approached table, suddenly returns to RASPO*) Stay—should it be Your Seigneurie, or, Your Excellency?

RASPO. Serenissime Seigneur.

SPOLA. Is that all—Serenissime Seigneur—ah! (*sits at table—takes up pen—and then suddenly rises and goes to RASPO*) before I commence this letter, Signor Raspo, I must tell you there is one trifling matter I had forgotten.

RASPO. Which is—

SPOLA. That never having been taught, I know not how to write.

RASPO. Indeed!—no matter—you have a quick eye and a ready arm—I will write for you. (*loud cries without, L., "Long live Galieno—long live the General."*) Long live Galieno! (*shrugging his shoulders*) Ah!

SPOLA. Tell me, Signor Raspo: were you in the general's place, would it gratify you to hear your name thus shouted forth?

RASPO. Should you enjoy the flavour of Cypress wine from out a poisoner's cup. Popularity, like glory, is at Venice, mortal. (*cries repeated*)

SPOLA. I would give my little finger to know, what the Chief of the Council of Ten thinks of this.

RASPO. John Orseolo—his thoughts are never known, except when he rewards or punishes. (*watching him*) What say you to our nocturnal executions.

SPOLA. The work is well and quickly done.

RASPO. (*giving his hand*) Well answered. You now belong to us—but, remember, the secrets that are confided to our care.

SPOLA. Ay, it is those which make our strength.

RASPO. And which cause too often, our destruction.

SPOLA. Ah! (*smiling*) by that reckoning, Seigneur Raspo, your own last hour cannot be far distant.

RASPO. I live as though I were to die to-morrow, my good Spolatro. (*leaning on his shoulder*) If ever I become infirm or old—useless, in short; some day, at the corner of a street, you will inevitably stumble over my corse.

SPOLA. A miserable life!

RASPO. The existence of others is no more enviable than our own, as you will presently understand, (*pointing*) behold and listen! (*retiring, R.*)

Enter FABRIANO, PALLAVICIN, and LANSDOFF, L. 1 E.

FABRI. (L. C.) What enthusiasm!

PALLA. (C.) What fortune—he departed a simple soldier and returns a general!

FABRI. (R. C.) Great men have the feet of the chamois and the eyes of the eagle.

LANS. Yes, when they have them.

PALLA. And when they have them not?

FABRI. They are caught in the first trap laid for them—witness Marino.

LANS. Hush, hush!

PALLA. (*to FABRIANO*) He is right—that name must not be pronounced here—before yonder black veil which for ever perpetuates the shame of that family, besides the Chief of the Ten might hear us.

FABRI. Well!

PALLA. His grandfather was the first who signed the condemnation of Faliero.

FABRI. Orseolo accepts the past with pride—he makes to himself a glory of that terrible vendetta which for six generations has existed between the two families, and which would still endure, but that the race of the Falieri is now extinct.

PALLA. Extinct, say you?—that certainly is not the belief of the Chief of the Ten—there are moments when he imagines that his son, Guippo, would not have been slain fifteen years ago on the Bridge of Lodi if there had not existed a Faliero to assassinate him.

FABRI. André, the last of that race, was living then.

PALLA. (*lowering his voice*) He was found drowned one morning in the Orfano.

RASPO. (*passing behind them to L.,—in a low tone*) A loose tongue makes a loose head. (*retires*)

PALLA. Ah! (*starting*) who said that?

FABRI. (*to PALLAVICIN, trembling*) Ay, truly, you were calumniating Orseolo.

PALLA. (*shuddering*) Are you my accuser?

FABRI. Thou art a traitor! (*to LANSADORFF*) I appeal to you.

LANS. (*turning from them*) You are, both of you, traitors.

RASPO. (*aside to SPOLATRO, L.*) These are my little diversions—I shall not need to accuse them—they will become their own denouncers.

SPOLA. How delightful.

RASPO. (*to a SENATOR who approaches him*) I am at your service, seigneur.

Exeunt L., conversing.

LANS. (*aside to SPOLATRO as he brings him forward*) I arrived here last night from Parma, whither I went on a mission to arrange our little affair.

SPOLA. Speak lower. Here I am but the apprentice spy of Raspo. (*giving him a roll of notes*) Drafts for fifty thousand ducats on a Genoese banker. The support you gave us in determining the Court of Austria, whose Commissioner you are, to suffer us to maintain our strong places in spite of the

remonstrances of Venice, has well deserved this liberality. I hope you will continue for us your good offices.

LANS. Certainly. (*aside*) At the same price, always. (*aloud*) Why are you here in Venice?

SPOLA. The captain of the night who sold us the secrets of the two Councils is recently dead.

LANS. And you wish to replace him I understand.

SPOLA. Hush!—the Chief of the Ten!

LANS. (*looking off*) And with him his daughter. I believed that she was still within the convent.

SPOLA. No.

Exeunt, l. 1 E.

Enter ORSEOLO, with CAMILLA on his arm, r. 1 E.

ORSEOLO. (*as he enters*) And you encountered that danger?

CAMIL. The abbess and my companions of the convent thought it their duty to keep the knowledge from you. Yes, but for my robes which sustained me on the water, I must have perished before assistance could have reached me.

ORSEOLO. Oh, heaven! death so near. Ah! how fearful must have been your terror.

CAMIL. No; I awaited it calmly, for I had faith in heaven.

ORSEOLO. (*pressing her hand with pride*) Ah, thou art truly of our race; a heart of steel, within a frail and delicate frame, and the resolution of a hero in a pious soul.

CAMIL. I have witnessed life through your experience, and the woes of my family prepared me early for the struggle.

ORSEOLO. (*sadly*) Yes—your poor father—my unhappy son—the assassin deprived me of him. Yes—your poor mother—who was unable to survive the husband that heaven and her own heart had given her—my poor child!

CAMIL. Ah, what a void they left within my life—but, I still have you, my father. You were beside my cradle—and since, it is your hand that hath sustained, your heart thus hath loved me.

ORSEOLO. (*firmly*) A heart and hand which will never fail you. (*they embrace*)

Re-enter RASPO and SPOLATRO, l. 1 E.

ORSEOLO. (*t.* RASPO) You may approach. (*indicating SPOLATRO*) What man is this?

RASPO. One whom I employ. General Galieno will be here within an hour.

ORSEOLO. Go, mingle with the populace—study their faces—especially that of the General, when the people salute him with their acclamations.

RASPO. (*aside to SPOLATRO*) Come, the old tiger is beginning to show his teeth.

SPOLA. (*aside*) And the young lion is approaching. I shall not be sorry to see them confront each other.

Exeunt SPOLATRO and RASPO, l. 1 E.

CAMIL. (*aside, in a reverie, and looking from window, l. 3 E.*) Galieno, so young, and already a nation's hero! (*sighing*) Ah! that I could have been the first to descry the galley which bears him hither!

ORSEOLO. (*approaching her and smiling*) Ah! a sweet sigh—to what breeze have we confided it? is it wafted to the north or to the south? (*taking her hand*) Come, tell me, what is this handsome unknown who causes you thus to dream? Nay! do not blush, dear child, do not tremble. Your choice cannot be less noble than your heart.

CAMIL. Dear father, (*embracing him*) I love no one. (*aside*) Is it to love—to worship a name, a glory, a renown? (*shouts without, l., as before*)

ORSEOLO. (*shrugging his shoulders*) Stupid people.

CAMIL. Wherefore, do they not welcome, as best they may the hero they admire?

ORSEOLO. Possibly.

CAMIL. (*quickly*) The general is your enemy?

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) My son was of his age, and would, perhaps, have had his glory.

CAMIL. Do you hate him?

ORSEOLO. Hate him—I—oh, no! he preoccupies my thoughts, that is all.

CAMIL. (*aside*) My every drop of blood was frozen at the mere idea of hatred between us.

ORSEOLO. The Orseolo no longer hate—have no longer the right to hate—their hatred was sworn against the Falieri, and that hatred was buried with the last victim of that race,—a race most worthy of our anger—they invoked the People, we the Senate; a terrible struggle, to which, in their turn, ten generations have been summoned—gigantic duels which passed to the living the weapons of the dead—to the son the father's vengeance—from age to age—from hand to hand—from the tomb to the cradle, and which even now would rage, but that the most audacious of the Falieri, defeated, gave his blood for the triumph of the Orseolo! (*with savage joy, pointing to the black veil*) The place of Marino Faliero decapitated for his crimes! Ah! the ferocious old man who sought to subvert an entire empire, that he might conceal his shame beneath our ruins! he attempted it, and would have succeeded too, but that an Orseolo was there to confront him, and to lower that rebel head, which rolled bounding from the summit of the St. Marc amidst the shouts of rescued Venice!

CAMIL. They are dead, my father, we should respect them.

ORSEOLO. You should know how to accept without trembling that which blanches not History to relate; we are living with the dead, and if Albert Faliero, now ten ages past, was the first to cast down the glove—if at a festival he assassinated Antoine Orseolo—if he added sacrilege to murder, by making of the skull of him he had slain, a drinking cup for his midnight orgies, I still applaud with heart and hand Pierre Orseolo, the avenging heir, for having slaughtered the foul bandit, and for having raised our Palace above his decaying bones.

CAMIL. (*shuddering with horror*) Ah!

Enter RASPO, L. 1 E.

RASPO. My men are dispersed at every point.

ORSEOLO. Good!

RASPO. Ten young girls clothed in white are now waiting in the hall of the Four Portals; they are charged to offer to the general, from the abbess of Saint Zacharius, a scarf embroidered with gold and with the arms of Saint Marc—and they say that the signora Romilla—

ORSEOLO. Yes, my daughter will conduct them. (*to CAMILLA*) Are you satisfied?

CAMIL. Our refusal would have pained the worthy abbess. I will rejoin my companions. *Exit, R.*

ORSEOLO. (*looking after CAMILLA*) The fairy of the waters! so is she styled by the gondoliers. Yes, a true fairy, for her will is the golden wand which makes of the old lion a crouching and submissive dog. (*to RASPO*) Why do you linger?

RASPO. To report an accident which occurred this morning—on the canal Morosina's gondola was shattered by contact with a felucca—the crew were rescued.

ORSEOLO. (*trying to remember*) Morosina—Morosina.

RASPO. Yes, your excellency—I have often spoken to you of her—she is an accomplished woman—skilful, bold, and without principles—she has dissipated her fortune in riotous extravagance and in play—and her name, formerly one of the most noble, is now one of the most degraded in all Venice.

ORSEOLO. I remember—you may go.

RASPO. Your Excellency has no further order to give me?

ORSEOLO. No!

RASPO. (*approaching him*) Not even against the general!

ORSEOLO. The general! Why he rather than another?

RASPO. (*with emphasis*) He is a happy man—a man with whom everything succeeds. What thinks your excellency of him?

ORSEOLO. He is devoted to the state.

RASPO. Yes.

ORSEOLO. Faithful.

RASPO. Yes.

ORSEOLO. Submissive to the Ten.

RASPO. Yes. (*a pause*)

ORSEOLO. What is in your thought?

RASPO. I have twice beheld this young man—first, motionless and dreaming before the deserted palace of the Faliero—it was night; and again, moved, indeed weeping, as he leaned against the Giant's staircase, and, as before, 'twas night.

ORSEOLO. And what do you conclude from this?

RASPO. That a soldier of fortune, who dreams at night before the palace in which Marino Faliero was born, and who weeps reclining against the Giant's Staircase, and upon the spot where Marino Faliero died—that this soldier of fortune, who can be moved thus by the past, may prove to be more than he appears.

ORSEOLO. I will think of this. You say that Morosina is ruined?

RASPO. Nothing is left to her, except her beauty.

ORSEOLO. On which she hopes, no doubt, to reconstruct her fortune?

RASPO. 'Tis certain that she does, in order that she may ruin herself afresh.

ORSEOLO. Precisely! (*voices without*) What is that?—a woman's voice too! (*quickly*) I am visible to no one—

Enter MOROSINA, L.

MOROS. Except to Morosina, (*inclining*) at least, Seigneur Orseolo, so I venture to hope.

RASPO goes off, L., on a sign from ORSEOLO.

ORSEOLO. Has the daughter of the Morosini a complaint to make?

MOROS. (*with difficulty restraining herself*) Yes, assuredly! and I warn you that I am furious; you know that my gondola—

ORSEOLO. I know the accident that has happened to you.

MOROS. Accident!—it was an insult. A miserable felucca, which it was said belonged to the General Galieno, and which preceding his gondola—

ORSEOLO. I know!—I know!

MOROS. Well, then, I appeal to your justice, that I may be avenged. (*sinks into chair*)

ORSEOLO. (*leaning on the back of her chair*) You are a women, Morosina, and therefore, would I wager, that that which irritates you most of all, is the thought that the General authorises the insolence of his valets.

MOROS. (*carelessly*) The General? No, indeed—I have never thought of him at all.

ORSEOLO. At all events, he has so far defied your power, and remained blind to all your beauty.

MOROS. I have never beheld him.

ORSEOLO. And should you see him, you would find him as I have said.

MOROS. (*laughing*) Really—you are the most gallant person of my acquaintance, and have a high opinion of my charms.

ORSEOLO. Illusions—at my age, value nothing—at my age everything is doubtful—even the fascinating charm of your bright eye—your brilliant smile—even your dazzling beauty.

MOROS. (*looking at him steadfastly*) Is this a defiance to action?

ORSEOLO. Yes!—or a wager, if you like it better—of two thousand sequins.

MOROS. I had not before observed the sweetness of your voice—pray go on.

ORSEOLO. To what purpose, since you have understood me.

MOROS. Yes, you are right—and the General once fairly taken and within my toils?

ORSEOLO. It is a captive that belongs to me—his every word, his every action, even his very thoughts, must be registered with care, and transmitted to my tribunal. For each revelation, a hundred ducats; for each secret, a thousand; each project, rendered abortive—each danger dissipated, a thousand, two thousand, ten thousand ducats.

MOROS. (*rising*) I am won by the singularity of the mission—where shall I see him?

ORSEOLO. Here, if you will.

MOROS. And when?

ORSEOLO. In an hour, if you choose.

MOROS. In an hour—be it so. Ah! the two thousand sequins.

ORSEOLO strikes upon a bell—an OFFICER enters, R., and goes off again, R., immediately on receiving orders from ORSEOLO.

ORSEOLO. (*presenting his tablets to MOROSINA*) And now sign the engagement which you have contracted with the Council.

MOROS. (*carelessly*) Most readily.

(she writes—the OFFICER has returned, and has given a purse to ORSEOLO)

ORSEOLO. (*giving purse to MOROSINA*) There is the sum.

MOROS. (*returning tablets*) I write a splendid hand, do I not? (*a pause*)

ORSEOLO. (*changing his tone*) You know what engagement you have made?

MOROS. Perfectly.

ORSEOLO. And you well know Venice?

MOROS. I know two Venices—the Venice perfumed, gilded, and elegant; and the Venice of midnight executions, ceaseless terrors, and relentless tortures!—

ORSEOLO. Not so loud!

MOROS. In every palace, a spy—in each gondola which passes, a spy—everywhere, within and without, a spy!

ORSEOLO. You know then to what you would expose yourself, should you betray me?

MOROS. To death.

Enter SPOLATRO and RASPO, L.

ORSEOLO. (*to SPOLATRO*) You may speak.

SPOLA. The General approaches. The port, the streets, the roofs, all are crowded with the populace. The pilot, in consequence of the prevailing fog, could land only before the two columns, which has been regarded by the people as an evil omen.

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) It may prove so.

SPOLA. (*looking from window*) He approaches by the Giant's Staircase.

MOROS. (*returning to ORSEOLO, after having looked from window*) He is a noble and a handsome cavalier!

ORSEOLO. (*to MOROSINA*) Go and await me in the Bussola.

MOROS. (*smiling*) You choose well your enemies. I shall not, perhaps, be sorry to avenge you. *Exit, R.*

RASPO. (*aside—looking after MOROSINA*) Is she seeking to have a finger in the pie of the Venetian police? Ah! if women are taken into partnership, the trade will speedily be ruined.

Enter the DOGE, MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL, SENATORS, OFFICERS, &c., R.—all take their places—the DOGE occupies a raised seat in the centre of the stage—ORSEOLO is seated, R., at the head of the Council of Ten.

SPOLA. (*announcing*) General Galieno!

Enter GALIENO, L., followed by SOLDIERS bearing banners.

GALIENO. (*to DOGE—pointing to banners*) Serenissime Prince, (*to SENATORS*) illustrious and very excellent seigneurs, behold fresh banners of our enemies, which my happy fortune permits me to deposit at your feet! The army deserves your praise—the soldiers equally with their chiefs! Venice is mighty—heaven preserve Venice!

DOGE. Entered early on the career of arms, you have quickly acquired great renown. For five years you have been the rampart of Venice; and it is not the least of your merits that you have driven from the gulf a legion of outlaws whose

misdoings were long imputed to us, and who dishonoured the Princes that had them for their auxiliaries ! I allude, as you know, to the Usocques—those refugees from every nation, and condemned of every justice.

GALIENO. (*bowing*) I have performed my duty, Prince.

DOGE. The grateful Senate thanks you by my voice, and charges me to acquaint you with the gifts and honours it is about to award you.

Enter CAMILLA, R., accompanied by young GIRLS dressed in white—one of them carries a scarlet cushion, on which is placed a scarf, embroidered with gold, and bearing the arms of St. Marc. CAMILLA takes scarf from the cushion, and advances to GALIENO, who kneels.

CAMIL. Your last victory, General, will be your greatest triumph. You have conquered the Turks, and have snatched from their hands five pious sisters of Saint Zachary, whom they had made their prisoners. The Abbess thanks you. Five daughters of the most noble Venetian houses thank you. The nobles thank you ! The people thank you ! I dare to mingle my gratitude with that of my country—I, too, thank you ! (*gives him the scarf*)

GALIENO. (*rising—with emotion*) There are words which can never be forgotten.

Exeunt the GIRLS, preceded by CAMILLA, R.

GALIENO. (*to SENATORS*) All-powerful Senate, there is a recompense more precious than all the favours which you offer me, and which I dare to expect from your august justice.

DOGE. Speak, General ; the Council is ready to accede to all your wishes.

GALIENO. A recompense most dear to my heart, because it would efface the degradation now resting on my family.

DOGE. Your family, General ?

GALIENO. Yes, Prince ; and within this hall, where are collected the portraits of all the Dukes who have made Venice so illustrious, I recover the trace of my ancestors, and, with a pious respect, I bow before that glorious heritage of the past, but pause and shrink at yonder veiled picture—at that frame where for two ages people have read as on a tomb that fatal inscription—"The place of Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes." That inscription would proclaim that the glory of the Faliero is lying dead beneath that marble, never more to arise. Well—I—I again elevate it ; and I declare before you all that that legend is a lie. I am the last grandson of Marino Faliero. (*sensation*)

ORSEOLO. (*rising, threateningly*) Marino Faliero !

GALIENO. Yes, Marino Faliero !

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) André had a son. (*to the SENATORS, restraining himself*) Well, serenissime Seigneurs; wherefore this excitement? wherefore this agitation?

DOGE. The surprise caused by this unexpected revelation—

ORSEOLO. (*dryly*) Venice is never surprised, your highness. (*to GALIENO*) Yes, you are the grandson of Fabritio, son of Marino Faliero. Yes, your grandfather, that he might save his life, denied his name, and mingled with the fishermen of the Adriatic, with whom he dwelt unknown. Yes, your father found himself too near the scaffold of his ancestors, and so fled and lived an exile in the Morlaccia Islands, whence you departed a simple fisherman; next, a sailor, then a soldier, and finally, General of the Venetian armies. Like the eagle, you gazed upward as you soared; and now you dare to raise your head and speak loudly to that same tribunal before which the boldest of your ancestors cowered and shrank abashed. You see I know your history—go on!

GALIENO. It is then to you that I must answer—you whose ancestors were the destroyers of mine own. Well, then, I reply, whatever may be the past, I accept it in its entirety; and if Fabritio or André, my father, withdrew an instant from their name, it was because they were awaiting him who was to restore it.

ORSEOLO. You speak bitterly, young man.

GALIENO. Old man, you are not just.

ORSEOLO. Pride has destroyed thy race.

GALIENO. Be it so! I will sleep enwrapped within the same shroud.

ORSEOLO. (*to the SENATORS, smiling*) It is a master who has come to us.

GALIENO. (*quickly*) No—a pious son—a submissive soldier—who has had but one aim throughout his life, that of serving Venice, in order that, by his services and his devotion, he might purchase the only moment of error with which one of his ancestors may be reproached. Is it just, I ask you, to cast upon the son the fault of the father? No, serenissime Seigneurs! and it is with confidence that I come to you, that I ask of you to tear aside that sombre veil which is perhaps a warning, but which, also, is a menace, and which hurls the crime of one amidst the future of all.

DOGE. (*seated*) It is my hope that the noble and pious solicitation of the last grandson of Marino Faliero will find a favourable reception with the Council. Pardon for Faliero—pardon for his son.

ORSEOLO. (*seated*) It pains me to differ with the honourable and illustrious Doge of Venice; but my duty, and the interest of my country, speak more loudly than my deference to him.

I oppose the General's request. Who amongst you will dare to condemn the past by censuring the judges of Marino Faliero? Who of you will solicit crime by generously absolving treason? Ah, beware! Most anxious are the people to despise us through our ancestors, and to gather doubts of our rights from the injustice of our fathers. That veil, it is asserted, obscures the glory of a family. That is unfortunate; but it must continue thus so long as we shall endure the sword of justice.

A SENATOR. The Chief of the Ten is right.

SEVERAL VOICES. Yes! yes!

DOGE. Yet! hear me!

GALIENO. I am condemned, Prince, so do not compromise yourself in my defence. (*to SENATORS*) I have addressed no supplication—I did but ask from men, that which I had the right to expect of them. You have thought fit to reject my claim. You have the power. You may hurl me back to degradation, may crush me beneath the opprobrium of my name; but there is something you cannot do, for never, except you take from me my life, never will you stifle the burning indignation my heart now feels for the unworthy insult you have cast upon me. (*general movement*)

DOGE. (*aside*) He is lost!

ORSEOLO. (*to SENATORS*) The Council will, I hope, reply—as it has always known how to answer—to threats and provocations. Rise, those who are against the General! (*all rise except he DOGE—to GALIENO, satirically*) The Council regrets that your demand is opposed to all State policy—so is the State compelled to reject it. Go to the Treasurer, and you will receive the sums due to yourself and to the troops.

GALIENO. So, it is then understood that I am still an adventurer, a mere soldier of fortune; and if I seek to bear the name of my ancestors, I am the last grandson of an executed criminal, the descendant of an assassin and a traitor! Well, be it so! Rejected by my country, I will elsewhere seek an asylum! I give you back my sword! (*drawing it*) It is to you, Orseolo, Chief of the Ten, that I would render it—since it is the sword of an assassin, pray, receive it! (*breaks his sword, casts it at his feet, and goes off, L.—general movement*)

ORSEOLO. (*calming SENATORS*) I will answer with my head for the tranquillity of the State.

*All exeunt (except ORSEOLO)—the DOGE and SENATORS, R.
the OFFICERS and SOLDIERS, L.*

Oh, glorious day! I would have waited ten years, nay twenty, for such vengeance!

Enter CAMILLA, R.

CAMIL. (*going to him*) Father, what has happened? What means this agitation throughout the palace?

ORSEOLO. To reinstate Marino Faliero would be to degrade our race. Is't not so?

CAMIL. How? the General?

ORSEOLO. No, Galieno Faliero!

CAMIL. A Faliero?

ORSEOLO. (*speaking to himself*) Ah! dares he to desire to elevate the head of the dead. Well, the head of the living, and that of the dead—I will lower both—I will set my foot on both!

CAMIL. (*placing her hand on her heart*) Oh, heaven!

ORSEOLO. (*not perceiving her emotion*) Return to the palace, my duty still detains me here. (*aside*) Now, Morosina, for thy aid—for thy aid, Morosina! *Exit, r.*

Enter GALIENO, l.

GALIENO. (*not seeing CAMILLA*) It was my pride withheld me, or—Ah, the cowards! how they cringe and crawl before that man! The troops paid, and I depart; all is ended! Yes, I go—to exile; and after—we shall see! we shall see!

CAMIL. (*approaches him timidly*) Farewell, General, farewell!

GALIENO. Is this a last insult?

CAMIL. Women should teach forgetfulness and peace—General,—your hand!

GALIENO. (*extending his hand*) Dare you take it!—it is the hand of a Faliero!

CAMIL. (*pressing his hand*) May heaven protect you, Faliero!
She hurries off, r.

Enter SPOLATRO, l.; he goes slowly over to r. c.

GALIENO. (*looking after her*) Noble maiden! But a tear of pity cannot drown my rage—the rebel blood of the Falieri courses through my veins—and that which by entreaty I have failed to win, by daring I will obtain—daring, whose son I am, and which gives to its children a brilliant triumph or a glorious death! (*turning towards black veil*) Ah! accursed veil!—accursed veil! (*he encounters SPOLATRO, who is leaning against the chair, r. c.*)

SPOLA. (*not stirring, his cloak wrapped around him*) Reflect, young gentleman; your head is held but by a single thread!

GALIENO. Who art thou? (*a pause*)

SPOLA. (*advancing, and in a low tone*) I am a man who can die for you, as his grandfather perished for yours, and as his father would have died for your father.

GALIENO. Know you that you speak to Marino Faliero's heir?

SPOLA. I am the last grandson of Israel Bertuccio—

GALIENO. (*aside*) He is a spy! No—'tis false!

SPOLA. I am one of a legion of outlaws against whom, swords, vigorous as thine, fall harmless—terrible soldiers that, when thought beaten, rise suddenly again with greater boldness and success; if driven from the towns, we have the sea—the sea disputed with us, we have impracticable mountains and inaccessible rocks where the human foot pauses and the head turns dizzy! It is from these that like an avalanche we descend; that like a thunderbolt we fall—it is from these that we open our wild wings and downward swoop like vultures!—

GALIENO. 'Tis false!

SPOLA. For riches—our vessels skim the seas, and bring back wealth enough to dazzle Venice!

GALIENO. Pshaw!

SPOLA. We like to recruit our soldiers, especially our chiefs, from those who have been our sternest adversaries; from those before whom we have almost trembled! It is therefore that I address myself to you. Become our chief, and I will be your lieutenant!—what say you?

GALIENO. (aside) This man is mad!

SPOLA. (opens his cloak, and shows two swords marked upon his vest in the form of a cross) You still doubt—well, then—behold—

GALIENO. An Uscoque—you—

SPOLA. I have spoken of an army—that was for your pride; I have told you of our riches—that was for your pleasures; now, I speak to you of your revenge—

GALIENO. Leave me!

SPOLA. Three months hence, as Syndic of Saint Marc, Orseolo will quit Venice, in order that he may visit the cities both by sea and land—his daughter will accompany him—think of them as your captives, conquered, terrified, humiliated, and at your feet imploring mercy.

GALIENO. (aside) It would be too glorious a revenge—he is a spy.

SPOLA. I await your answer.

GALIENO. Seek your dupes elsewhere.

SPOLA. You do me the honour to believe me a spy.

GALIENO. (raising his voice) My arm belongs to Venice.

SPOLA. (aside) Have I then betrayed myself. (aloud) Once more, will you become our chief?

GALIENO. I will not hear another word! (crosses to R. corner)

SPOLA. (aside) Decidedly, I have betrayed myself (glaring around him) He has my secret, nay, more, the secret of my friends—should he ever become reconciled to the Senate, we are lost. (drawing his poniard, l. c.) He has chosen to invite the blow. (is about to stab GALIENO, when MOROSINA enters, R, and arrests his arm)

MOROS. A moment—if you please! (SPOLATRO, c., drops the poniard)

GALIENO. You would have assassinated me?

SPOLA. I would not be at the mercy of a traitor, to whom I have given my confidence!

GALIENO. And you really would have slain me?—there is my hand! (extending it) I am your man!

SPOLA. (grasping GALIENO's hand) Now, are we two for revenge!

MOROS. (r. c., advancing) We are three! (GALIENO starts) I have heard all—kill me—or take me with you,

GALIENO. (offering his arm) You are charming!

MOROS. (aside) He is mine! (going to L.)

GALIENO. (to SPOLATRO) Come!

SPOLA. (in a low tone—seeing ORSEOLO, who appears at R.) I follow you.

Exeunt GALIENO and MOROSINA, L.

ORSEOLO. (aside, looking after MOROSINA) A true siren! (reflecting) Yes! but, a fantastic mind—a yielding, pliable heart—I should have listened. (calling) Raspo!

RASPO enters, R. 1 E.

I recommend that man and woman to your notice.

RASPO. (aside to SPOLATRO) Now, to business.

SPOLA. Shall we have to work with the knife?

RASPO. Perhaps!

SPOLA. (pretending fear) The devil!

RASPO. Habit reconciles us to everything—let us go!

SPOLA. (aside, following) The idiot. *They exeunt, L. 1 E.*

ORSEOLO. Orseolo and Faliero—the dead have transmitted to me their hatred. I will obey the dead!—I swear it! (sinking into chair)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Esplanade of the Fortress of the Uscoques amidst the mountains of Segua. A crenelated tower, placed obliquely at back, R. C., through the large open door of which is seen a hall, lighted by torches, showing USCOQUES seated at tables and gambling. At back, the sea. A parapet commencing at L. 1 E., and terminating in a gateway at L. 4 E.—beyond is a narrow accidental path which communicates with the entrance to the stronghold, L. 3 E.*

SENTINELS at back and before the path. Before the act drop rises, chorus and shouts of laughter are heard. MOROSINA discovered, at back, leaning on the parapet, and looking towards the sea. The ZINGARO is seated thoughtfully, R. The USCOQUES are singing the following chorus, through which the BOHEMIANS are dancing.

Brave Cypress wine ! brave Cypress wine !
We know thy flavour is divine ?
But wine may come from France or Spain,
And never appeal to us in vain.
Neither of these from us escape :
'Tis the same sun that ripens the grape.
Then, hurrah for wine—for mighty wine,
We know thy flavour is divine.

MOROSINA. (*aside*) Will he never return ?

BRIANI. (*to USCOQUES, and pointing to the ZINGARO*) Observe the Zingara—our songs have inspired her; she is about to speak (*ZINGARO rises and goes to MOROSINA, L.*)

ZING. (*in a low tone*) Wherefore do you not question me instead of interrogating the sky and water ?

MOROS. Because, Bohemian, I have no faith in your predictions.

ZING. (*offended*) Ah ! (*she turns a pirouette*) We shall see ! we shall see !

BRIANI. (*to USCOQUES*) She will tell us now our good fortunes.

ZING. (*to one of the USCOQUES, as she dances*) You will be hanged ! (*all laugh*) You will be married ! (*to MOROSINA—still dancing*) You are jealous—mistrust blue eyes. (*she finishes her pas centre of stage ; the USCOQUES repeat chorus and dance around her*)

ZING. (*to OTTOFAX, as he dances alone*) Gambling will destroy you.

OTTO. Bah ! life is long.

ZING. Life is short.

OTTO. And mine—

ZING. Thine especially. (*dancing—to MOROSINA*) You are jealous—mistrust the daughters of Venice.

Chorus, and dance around the ZINGARA.

MOROS. (*going to the ZINGARO*) Why did you speak to me the words which but now you uttered ?

ZING. Why does the absence of the Black Captain trouble you less than the name which in his sleep, ten days ago, escaped his lips ?

MOROS. (*quickly*) The name of Camilla!

ZING. (*laughing and dancing from her*) Why? Why?

MOROS. (*aside, pressing her hand on her heart*) Oh, heaven!

(SPOLATRO sits. Drums without)

BRIANI. What is that?

SPOLA. No doubt, the Austrian Commissioner! Go and ascertain.

BRIANI *goes off*, L. U. E.; DANCERS and USCOQUES *go off to hall*, R. C. to R.

MOROS. (*to ZINGARO*) Will the Black Captain soon return?

ZING. To-day—almost on the instant—a woman will be with him—beware! (*dances from MOROSINA—drums*.)

Re-enter BRIANI, L. U. E.

BRIANI. You were right, Lieutenant. It is the Archduke's envoy.

SPOLA. Lower the drawbridge.

BRIANI. (*calling*) Lower the drawbridge!

MOROS. (*rejoining the ZINGARO, R.*) Yes, you have said truly, that dream has troubled me.

ZING. (*dancing*) A dream—no, a reality.

MOROS. See, here is my purse!—take it, and tell me what I must do.

ZING. (*dancing*) You would not believe me.

MOROS. Oh, in pity, speak!

ZING. (*as before*) You would not believe me. (*dances off into hall at back*)

MOROS. (*aside*) Oh, my heart!

LANSDORFF is brought on, L. U. E.

LANS. (*speaking off*) Wait for me at the entrance to the bridge. (*advancing*) The Black Captain?—

MOROS. Absent!

LANS. I might have expected it—he is no doubt with those who are burning the fleets of Venice. The Commandant of the fortress?

SPOLA. (*advancing*) I am he!

LANS. (*aside*) Spolatro!—it suits me better thus.

BRIANI and USCOQUES *go off into hall at back*, R. C. to R.

SPOLA. (*aside to LANSDORFF*) What has happened, seigneur, that you are here?

LANS. I used my utmost influence with the Archduke that he might charge me with the mission which brings me now amongst you; but I would rather that we spoke privately, we should more easily understand each other.

SPOLA. This way then.

They go off, R. I. E.

MOROS. (*seated, absorbed*) Oh, that dream!—Camilla—he murmured the name with so much fervour; and then, what claim have I upon him—what promise has he ever made me—what, but capricious fancy led us towards each other? I have nothing with which to reproach him—no!—heaven to chastise my proud heart has caused me to adore the man whose destruction I had sworn. Oh! how I love him!—and before, I was so calm and tranquil—(*rising*)—ah, that Bohemian! the woman that would place herself between my happiness and me, let her beware!—let her beware!

SPOLATRO returns with LANSDORFF, whom he accompanies to the path, L. U. E.

LANS. Arrange the affair as you have said, and our generosity shall be equal with the service you will have rendered us.

LANSDORFF goes off, L. U. E.

Re-enter BRIANI and USCOQUES, R. C.

SPOLA. (*to the USCOQUES*) The Archduke, in the name of Austria, demands that we deliver to him our Chief—the Black Captain. My answer was that, we would perish to the last man, sooner than commit so dastardly an act.

OMNES. Yes!—yes!

Enter JACAPO, L.

SPOLA. Well!—

JACAPO. All is ready, lieutenant—arms, ammunition, even the reserve.

BRIANI. The reserve!—does then danger threaten the Captain?

SPOLA. No!—on the contrary, he meditates a great victory, of which, he himself will inform you on his return from the Island of Veglia.

Enter OTTOFAX, L. U. E.—the WOMEN re-enter, R. C.

OMNES. Ottofax!

SPOLA. (*seizing his hand*) You are welcome!

OTTO. Glad again to see you, comrades.

MOROS. (*quickly to OTTOFAX*) And the Captain?—

OTTO. The Captain—he is staying behind to defend the entrance to the canals. (*to the USCOQUES*) a complete victory, excellent prizes, gold, rich silks, and prisoners of the highest value.

MOROS. (*to OTTOFAX quickly*) Prisoners!—amongst them are there women?

OTTO. Several—one especially who carries her head as lofty as the cathedral of Venice. She maintains that her name was not made to be pronounced by such banditti as us. All the prisoners will presently be here.

SPOLA. Is Orseolo one of them?

OTTO. No, the old bear has escaped us.

(*ALL show disappointment*)

MOROS. That woman—is she young?—

OTTO. About eighteen. (*to MEN*) We fought for three hours. The Island of Veglia was turned completely topsy-turvy. We fought in the streets, on the roofs, in the cellars—everywhere where there was fighting room! Ah! it was splendid!—

MOROS. (*as before*) Beautiful!

OTTO. The battle?

MOROS. No, no—that woman!

OTTO. Well, there is something in her air that serves for beauty. (*to SPOLATRO*) And to finish, we set fire to Veglia, and threw them that in beyond the bargain.

MOROS. Did the Captain observe—

OTTO. That we burned Veglia? I should think so. Why, he threw himself amidst the flames as if he had been a Salamander, and fought as if he were a madman!

MOROS. I am speaking of that woman.

OTTO. Oh, that's another matter. No, the Captain has not seen her—but here are the prisoners.

The PRISONERS are brought on, l. 3 E.—amongst them is CAMILLA, calm and dignified.

CAMIL. (*l. c., aside*) Death is nothing—shame alone is to be feared. Venice shall be able to respect me living, and to admire me dead.

OTTO. (*to the Prisoner's GUARD*) The men in the western tower, the women in yonder hall—such are the Black Captain's orders.

The PRISONERS are taken off.

MOROS. (*staying CAMILLA*) Look at me! (*aside*) Yes, she is worthy to be loved. (*aloud*) How are you called?

CAMIL. (*proudly*) I?

MOROS. Yes, you, I say—you!—your name?

CAMIL. (*proudly*) Camilla!

MOROS. Ah! (*agitated*) You are named Camilla?

CAMIL. Well!

MOROS. (*with restraint*) Oh, I shall remember—do not doubt it. Your family name?

CAMIL. I am called your prisoner.

MOROS. By heaven, she banters me!

CAMIL. Banter better becomes the conquered than insult the conqueror.

MOROS. The conquered are those whom heaven condemns.

CAMIL. The conquerors are often those whom heaven places on their trial.

MOROS. (*threateningly*) Ah—beware!

CAMIL. Of what? I felt you hated me the moment I beheld you.

MOROS. (*aside*) So, then, the struggle has commenced. (*she passes over to R.—BRIANI signs to CAMILLA to follow him—MOROSINA laughing to USCOQUES*) Ottifax has taste—he recognises at a glance the wife or mistress that will suit him.

BRIANI Ah!—hush!—hold! Ottifax has been already married seven or eight times since I have had the honour of his acquaintance! (*USCOQUES advance a step towards CAMILLA*)

CAMIL. (*aside*) Oh! those men terrify me! (*shrinking to L.*)

MOROS. (*aside, joyfully*) The struggle has begun!

OTTO. (*cup in hand*) To the health of the new-comer!

ALL. (*extending their cups*) Ay—drink—drink! (*VIVANDIERES fill the cups*)

CAMIL. (*aside*) Oh, heaven! (*she passes over to R., and is confronted by MOROSINA*)

MOROS. (*aside to CAMILLA*) When these men are intoxicated they are perfect devils.

(CAMILLA crosses to R.—MOROSINA goes up a little)

ZINGARO. (*at back, to MOROSINA*) Not always.

MOROS. (*aside*) Ah, that Bohemian! (*to USCOQUES*) You must celebrate the return of Ottifax, and the Captain's recent visit. (*filling cups*) Come, I will be your cup-bearer.

BRIANI. (*to SPOLATRO*) You will join us?

SPOLA. Decidedly.

ZINGARO. (*meaningly*) Do not drink with them, Spolatro.

CAMIL. (*slightly starting*) Spolatro! (*going to him*) You are called Spolatro?

SPOLA. (*coming down, L.*) Spolatro is my name.

MOROS. (*to USCOQUES—filling their cups, and pointing to CAMILLA*) Yes, she is charming,—adorable,—divine!

BRIANI. (*drinking*) Women are like wine—the flavour of all is something similar, particularly in the dark! (*ALL laugh*)

CAMIL. (*aside to SPOLATRO*) Three years since, your son was employed at the great glass-works of Murano—

SPOLA. How knew you that?

OTTO. (*drinking—to USCOQUES, indicating CAMILLA*) It is only when seen through sparkling wine that women are desirable.

CAMIL. And one day he was sentenced to the lash for having broken a valuable mirror, intended for the king of Spain.

SPOLA. (*sadly*) He has died since then, poor boy.

CAMIL. Did he ever speak to you of the unknown female that had saved him from chastisement?

SPOLA. That unknown—

CAMIL. Was I.

SPOLA. You!

OTTO. (*indicating CAMILLA*) She shall be mine!

SPOLA. (*to CAMILLA*) You! (*he passes her quickly over to his L.*)

BRIANI. (*holding OTTOFAX*) No, no! our rights to her are equal.

OTTO. Well, then! where are the dice?

OMNES. Ah, yes! the dice! the dice!

(*OTTOFAX and BRIANI sit on ground and throw dice—the USCOQUES form a circle around them*)

CAMIL. (*quickly to SPOLATRO*) I do not ask you for my life; I ask you to preserve my honour.

SPOLA. What mean you?

CAMIL. That death is less terrible than shame—that living, I shall become the prey of these men—and it were wretched cowardice should you refuse to slay me.

BRIANI. (*rising*) Lost!

CAMIL. Ah, behold! then promise that, on my first appeal, that you will boldly strike unto my heart!

SPOLA. And you really—

CAMIL. (*kneeling to him*) I implore you—on my knees!

SPOLA. Rise, rise! I will obey your wish.

CAMIL. It will be a good action, and will be registered to your account in heaven.

OTTO. (*rising*) I have won!

MOROS. (R.) And debts of honour are sacred.

BRIANI. (*to OTTOFAX*) Yes, I confess it! She belongs to you!

OTTO. Yes, I've won her, and I'll have her. Come, girl!

(*approaches CAMILLA*)

CAMIL. (*aside*) Heaven receive my soul! (*clinging to SPOLATRO*) Now, strike! strike!

SPOLA. No, I will not! (*thrusting OTTOFAX aside, who is advancing towards CAMILLA*) Stand back! Do you hear? stand back! I have taken this young damsel under my protection. I will defend her even against you. I will save her! (*murmurs*)

MOROS. (*aside*) Oh!

OTTO. (*threateningly*) And by what right—

SPOLA. The right that I have, to be less of a wild beast than yourself!

OTTO. (*drawing his knife*) Ah, you are anxious for a little amusement with the knife! I shall not baulk you!

(*they prepare for a combat with their knives and cloaks—ALL are interested, and gather round*)

CAMIL. (*to SPOLATRO*) No, no! you might be slain, and then again should I be at their mercy! Your promise!

SPOLA. Rest easy ! This time I have a good cause for which to fight !

OTTO. Do you know, Spolatro, that I am weary of your nonsense ?

SPOLA. Do you know, Ottifax, that I am sick of your rascality ? (*all laugh*)

OTTO. (*advancing*) Do you know that I am one of those who pillaged the Count de Zore's frigate, after having nailed the sailors to the rudder ?

SPOLA. (*thrusting him away*) Stand back, butcher !

OTTO. I am your elder in the band, and have closed the mouth of more than one boaster such as you !

SPOLA. (*coolly, showing knife*) I know I am your junior here, but my teeth are as long and sharp as your own, my elder brother !

OTTO. We shall see that !

SPOLA. We shall ! (*they fight a cloak and dagger combat—USCOQUES surround them, displaying great curiosity*)

MOROS. (*aside*) Spolatro, My malediction is resting on your poniard ! (*SPOLATRO lunges with his knife at OTTOFAX, who parries it with his cloak*)

OMNES. Good ! Bravo, bravo !

CAMIL. (*L. aside*) Oh, heaven protect my defender ! Oh, protect him !

(*the fight continues—at every parried blow the USCOQUES applaud as before*)

Enter GALIENO, wrapped in a black cloak and masked, L. 3 F.—he comes forward slowly and silently to C.—on seeing him all start back—the combatants hastily drop their knives.

OMNES. The Black Captain !

MOROS. (*aside*) She escapes me !

GALIENO. (*to USCOQUES, coolly*) So, then, you are never to be found but with extended claws ! (*removes his mask*) And you, too, Spolatro, what means all this ?

CAMIL. (*aside—recognising him*) Galieno ! he !

MOROS. (*quickly, to GALIENO*) It was nothing ! the blood flew too rapidly to their heads, that was all ! Come, let us sit ! (*she leads him over to a stone seat, L. C.*)

CAMIL. (*aside, L.*) A Faliero ! (*GALIENO is dressed in black, and wears the scarf given to him in Act I.—he sits, L. C.*)

MOROS. (*aside, to BRIANI*) Lead hence that woman ! (*BRIANI is about to obey—SPOLATRO stops him and goes to CAMILLA*)

CAMIL. The chief of these outlaws ! Oh, heaven, I had dreamed for him another destiny ! (*to SPOLATRO, who wishes to lead her away*) I would speak to your chief.

SPOLA. Presently, you shall !

CAMIL. Presently, you promise?

SPOLA. Yes! (*leads her off into hall at back—the USCOQUES follow*)

GALIENO. (*to MOROSINA, having drank a cup of wine*) Ah, most welcome is the rest which follows the combat!

MOROS. You are not wounded?

GALIENO. No, indeed, not I! (*smiling*) Good spirits and bad alike watch over me!

MOROS. (*smiling bitterly*) And your famous scarf; you prize it very highly?

GALIENO. Nay, do not laugh, it brings me happy fortune!

(*tumult and cries from the hall at back, in which JACAPO, BRIANI, and OTTOFAX, surrounded by USCOQUES, are playing at dice*)

BRIANI. (*rising, and threatening*) Villain, you lie!

JACAPO. (*starting up and coming forward*) You have robbed me! I say, you have robbed me!

BRIANI. (*placing his hand upon his knife*) Repeat that word, and you are a dead man!

JACAPO. Robber! robber! robber!

BRIANI. (*stabbing him*) Die then!

JACAPO. (*falling*) Oh!

(*he is surrounded, a portion of the USCOQUES come forward*)

MOROS. (*clinging to GALIENO*) Oh, heaven!

GALIENO. A murderer! arrest him! (*pointing to BRIANI*) Take hence the wounded man!

SPOLA. (*coming forward*) He is dead, Captain!

MOROS. (*L., aside*) Horrible!

GALIENO. (*L. C.*) Again, crime!—again, blood!

OTTO. (*R. C., pointing to JACAPO's body extended on the floor*) He was a brave man! Labourers live by the earth, and after their death 'tis to the earth their bodies are confided. We live by the sea, and 'tis for the deep sea to receive us dead—come!

(*two USCOQUES raise the body and are going towards the sea*)

SPOLA. (*C., staying them*) Hold! (*MEN place the body on the ground*) Right was on Jacapo's side!—his blood cries for vengeance!—the slain dead demands justice on the living murderer!

GALIENO. You say well, Spolatro!

OTTO. You tell him so, Captain; and you know what 'tis he asks?

GALIENO. He asks that, according to ancient custom, the assassin shall be bound to his victim, the living attached to the dead!—that together they be cast into the sea, that the same wave may cover them, the same tempest dash them onward in its fury!

OTTO. Well!

GALIENO. Well, justice shall be done. (*murmurs*)

BRIANI. It is my death that you command!

GALIENO. (*pointing to body*) You robbed that man!

BRIANI. You forget my services!

GALIENO. You murdered him!

USCOQUES. (*dissatisfied*) Captain, Captain!

GALIENO. (*commandingly*) Obey! (*murmurs repeated*)

MOROS. Ah, beware! Lions are tamed, yet often they
tear the hand that has subdued them!

GALIENO. (*to USCOQUES*) You have heard me!—obey!

(*rebellious cries—threatening murmurs*)

MOROS. (*terrified*) Galieno!

GALIENO. (*to REBELS*) Obey!

USCOQUES. (*advancing, threateningly*) Captain!—

MOROS. (*imploringly*) Galieno!—Galieno!

GALIENO. (*firmly*) Obey!

(*the REBELS cower under the imperious gesture of GALIENO*)

(*The body is taken off, L. U. E., and BRIANI is dragged after it*)

GALIENO. 'Twill not avail to bend these men—they must be crushed! (*passing with MOROSINA over to R.*)

MOROS. Oh! they are savage as tigers!

GALIENO. 'Tis a good tree, although the bark be rough.

(*a cry is heard, L.—the USCOQUES, who have taken off BRIANI, return*)

OTTO. Captain, justice is done!

(*a pause—the USCOQUES form two groups, R. and L.*)

(*GALIENO passes slowly amongst them as he speaks*)

GALIENO. (*coldly*) In six months I have made of you an army!—I have made you men!—nay, almost heroes! I have elevated, disciplined, and enriched you!—and of this mountain I have made an impregnable fortress! If you believe that you can find amongst you a better Captain than myself, select him!

OTTO. Oh, Captain, we did not say that!

GALIENO. Listen, and be worthy of the ambitious destiny I would win for you! There is in the world a nest of tyrants, called the Senate of Venice! Well—that execrable Venice—Venice of the Councils of Ten, and of Three—the Venice of spies, of chains and tortures; of the Canal Orfano, and the Bridge of Sighs! That accursed Venice shall our swords disperse and scatter to the winds!

OMNES. Yes—yes! To Venice—to Venice!

MOROS. (*darting towards GALIENO*) What would you do! Venice will not suffer itself to be surprised—the Gulf is guarded! Oh, think of the double death to which you would expose yourself—you, the Black Captain and rebels' heir!

GALIENO. (*to MEN*) There is my hand!

OMNES. Long live the Black Captain! The Black Captain for ever!

MOROS. (*aside*) Venice—and Orseolo, who expects me!—if, before him, he should cast into my face the secret of my opprobrium and my shame!

GALIENO. You will give notice to the other Chiefs of the frontiers! At midnight, at the Castle of Moschenizza, I will rejoin you—go!

OMNES. (*as they depart*) Hurrah for the outlaws of the Adriatic! Long live the Black Captain!

Exeunt, L. 3 E.

GALIENO goes with them to the path, L. U. E.—on returning he sees CAMILLA, who has entered, R., and who, absorbed and motionless, is leaning against the wall.

CAMIL. (*aside, sadly*) A Faliero.

GALIENO. (*aside, starting back*) Camilla!

MOROS. (*at back, aside*) She here?

SPOLA. (*aside*) She has listened!

GALIENO. (*aside, as he comes forward*) Camilla!

SPOLA. (R. C.) I ask you, Captain, in the name of all the services it has been my good fortune to render you, to deal gently with yonder prisoner! She saved my son from ignominious punishment; and she did not hesitate a moment in asking me to kill her, rather than suffer her living to fall into the hands of Ottofax. (*GALIENO starts*)

MOROS. (*smiling sarcastically as she comes slowly forward, L.*) Good Spolatro—and men are taken by such stale and common tricks! The truth of all this is, that Ottofax and Briani both contended for her as their share of the prize, and that I ask that she be given to me. I must have her, Galieno, I must! I will dispose of her as I shall see fit! She shall become, if so I please, the wife of Ottofax—my servant, if such should be my fancy; or the slave of any to whom I choose to sell her, for she has braved, humiliated, and insulted us; and I hate her!—Do you give her to me? (*GALIENO is agitated*)

CAMIL. (*slowly advances towards him*) Why do you hesitate?

MOROS. She is mine; is she not?

CAMIL. That last infamy would be the crowning point of your honorable career!

MOROS. Answer—shall I have her?

GALIENO. (*to CAMILLA, after a moment's hesitation*) You are free!

MOROS. (*aside*) Oh!

SPOLA. Thanks, Captain!

CAMIL. (*calmly*) And so do you perform your duty—'tis not alone with me, 'tis with Venice, also, your country, your mother, that you now form reconciliation.

GALIENO. It is too late!—Venice cast me forth!—Venice I will destroy. (*goes up*)

MOROS. Yes, Venice, that accursed city, which makes of its patrician women courtesans, and of its heroes banditti.

CAMIL. (*indicating scarf*) Since you would destroy Venice, why preserve that token of her children's gratitude?

GALIENO. (*starting*) This scarf! (*offering it to CAMILLA*) take it, I restore it to you.

MOROS. (*aside*) Ah!—I breathe again.

CAMIL. (*taking the scarf and sighing*) Oh, I pity you!

GALIENO. (*with agitated voice*) Yes, thou art free; but go and say to them that the eagle is hovering o'er their heads.

CAMIL. (*contemptuously*) An eagle—thou? and what then are they?—though thou shouldst prove a Venetian Coriolanus? rare glory to be the imitator of a traitor! Oh, Galieno, having been a nation's hero, that I should behold thee a brigand here at Segua! having commanded glorious armies, that I should find thee now the leader of a horde of pirates! having been noble, noble amongst the most noble, the first soldier, the best captain—thou art now allied to savage hearts, and thou dost not see, that in treading our Venetian banners beneath thy feet it is thine own dignity thou dost crush, and that in striking thy country, it is thy own mother thou dost trample on.

GALIENO. (*agitated*) Enough!

MOROS. (*aside*) Oh, that woman! (*goes up*)

CAMIL. Venice hath been unjust to thee; but, thou art cowardly to her. Venice hath misunderstood thee—her thou dost deny. Venice hath driven thee forth—her thou dost menace; and meanly, traitorously, skulking like a bandit amidst the rocks and mountains. (*GALIENO starts*)

MOROS. (*coming forward, c.*) Oh, these tender girls! they pass through the streets with their eyes cast down, displaying but the point of their foot as they step into a gondola, would not even kill a fly till their confessor first has been consulted! but to counsel treachery and cowardice they have a tongue that's tipped with gold.

GALIENO. Morosina!

MOROS. Yes, return to Venice! go, and resume the yoke of shame and degradation! go, and offer anew thy cheek to Orseolo! go! go!

CAMIL. Go, and sustain thy country which is tottering! go, and raise again the ruined pillars of the palace where dwelt thy ancestors—

MOROS. (*rallying*) Thy ancestors, that a grateful Senate so rewarded!—go!

CAMIL. Thy ancestors! should they issue from their tombs where could they seek thee?—would they come to this robber's haunt?—would they go to Veglia, which thou hast

burnt; or, to Rovigno, which thou hast pillaged? No! they would seek thee amongst those battle-fields whereon they did so grandly illustrate thy name—

MOROS. (*rallying*) At the Giant's Staircase, for example—down which rolled the head of Marino Faliero!

CAMIL. At Durrazzo, where triumphed Vital Faliero—

MOROS. (*as before*) At Saint Marc, in the portrait hall, whence thou wert driven like a lackey, for having sought to conceal the degradation of thy name beneath thy newly acquired renown—

CAMIL. At Zara, where Ordelafo Faliero nobly died—at Rhodes, at Cypress, at Capo d'Istria, everywhere where they so gloriously have triumphed.

MOROS. Thy victories are worth as much as theirs!

CAMIL. (*sadly*) Thy victories!—thy victories are defeats; for they cause thy country to suffer, and they are not sung by the gondoliers of the Adriatic. (*she goes up, pressing the scarf to her eyes to conceal her tears*)

GALIENO. Ah! (*to CAMILLA*) give me back that scarf! (*she returns it to him*)

MOROS. (*aside*) The Zingaro spoke the truth.

(GALIENO signs to SPOLATRO to attend CAMILLA)

SPOLATRO. (*aside to GALIENO*) Should you return to Venice I shall be with you, to save, or perish by your side. (*he goes to CAMILLA and takes her hand*)

CAMIL. We shall meet again, Galieno Faliero.

Goes off with SPOLATRO, L. 3 E.

GALIENO. (*sinking on to seat, L.*) To what purpose are our greatest projects when a woman's breath can blow them thus aside—when by a mere child we are thus easily subdued.

*
The ZINGARO appears at back.

MOROS. (*aside*) He loves her!—he loves her! Ah! I will destroy him. Yes, to Venice! John Orseolo, thou shalt have thy prey!

ZING. (*R., shaking tambourine*) Perhaps not!

MOROSINA gazes on her maliciously—GALIENO rises, and without looking at MOROSINA, walks thoughtfully away, R.

MOROSINA looks after him, then turns to the ZINGARO, who laughs and shakes tambourine—MOROSINA clasps her hands, and rushes off despairingly, L.—ZINGARO continues laughing, dances to back, and beckons—BOHEMIANS, &c. enter.

CHARACTERISTIC BALLET.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Hall of the Council of Ten. Folding doors, c. with large black curtains—doors, R. and L.*

ORSEOLO seated at a table, R., on which are papers, pens, &c., and a lamp burning—RASPO stands, R. Enter two SPIES, L. D.

ORSEOLO. I expected you not till daylight.

1ST SPY. Morosina Morosini is in Venice—she alighted at the Madonna tavern.

2ND SPY. Galiemo Faliero also is in Venice—he alighted at the Three Crowns hotel.

1ST SPY. Morosina reached the port in a Maltese galliot.

2ND SPY. Galiemo in a Spanish galley.

1ST SPY. Morosina has been in Venice since nightfall.

2ND SPY. Galiemo, but an hour.

ORSEOLO. (*rising and going to RASPO—in a low tone*) It appears you are not always well-informed: according to your report, one of your men saw them between Stromboli and Venice, and on board the same vessel.

RASPO. They have thought to turn aside suspicion by arriving separately.

ORSEOLO. (*to SPIES*) Have they seen each other?

1ST SPY. No, your Excellency.

RASPO. Your pardon, monseigneur, but I still persist in my belief, that Faliero is no other than the Black Captain; my instinct never yet deceived me—question Morosina.

ORSEOLO. You are right!—yes, immediately—

RASPO. And suddenly—and before they have been given time to meet.

ORSEOLO. (*to 1ST SPY*) Repair with your men to the Madonna tavern—conveyed by the bark with the red lanthorns, masked, and without uttering a word, you will arrest Morosina and place her in the Hall of Torture.

The two SPIES bow, and go off, L. D.

RASPO. The hall of torture!

ORSEOLO. Yes, Raspo; its walls are not without their eloquence.

RASPO. Your Excellency knows the human heart, and yet, not always; since you have believed the fables told to you by Spolatro. It is true that I sent him to Segua—that he was there detained a prisoner is possible. Donna Camilla obtained his liberty with her own, and has imposed him on you as guardian of the palace; but, I cannot understand how that man, who is no fool, should remain six months at Segua, and never once behold the features of the Black Captain.

ORSEOLO. Umph! go on, Raspo, go on!

RASPO. And have I not intercepted a letter addressed to the Useques, and written by him—an insignificant letter, it is true, to us who have no key to it, but to those outlaws probably of vast importance; and a few moments before I entered here, he passed Galieno on the street—he was masked, and did not speak to Galieno, but as he saw him, he let fall his handkerchief as if by accident; I, however, saw much meaning in the act.

ORSEOLO (*having reflected*) I give him to you.

RASPO. (*delighted*) Good!—then together we will have a pleasant walk upon the Bridge of Sighs.

ORSEOLO. He is not now within the palace.

RASPO. Ah, true! he has had the honour to conduct the Donna Camilla to the midnight mass.

ORSEOLO. Be careful!

RASPO. Rest easy, your Excellency, I shall not do as did that idiot Jacopo, who drowned a Calabrian merchant under the full conviction that he was throwing a Venetian gentleman to the fishes—you may trust to me, your Excellency. *Exit, L. D.*

ORSEOLO. I could easily award the same fate to the master as to the valet; but for Galieno I would have a public chastisement, in the open day and the broad sunlight, between the two pillars of Saint Marc. And I shall attain my purpose—yes, I shall attain it! Now are my spies dispersed through Venice!—go, my tigers,—go, my cunning foxes!—the canal Orfano is silent—deserted is the Bridge of Sighs!

Enter CAMILLA, L. D., unseen by ORSEOLO.

You cannot long escape me, Galieno!—my spies will hunt you down—and I—I will give you, Galieno Faliero, to the scaffold of your ancestor!

CAMIL. (*recoiling with horror*) Ah!

(*ORSEOLO turns, sees, and hastens to her*)

OBSEOLO. (*supporting her*) What is this?—What is't? Heavens, how pale you are!

CAMIL. You know that I am always so.

ORSEOLO. Only during the last two months. Why is this? Why are you so sad? Often have I beheld you gazing towards the sea—wherefore?—oh, there is a mystery in all this which grieves, which terrifies me!

CAMIL. You torture me, when you speak thus to me, my father!

ORSEOLO. Well, well! to-day is the anniversary of your birth. (*taking her hand*) Is there anything you would ask of the old man who would gladly die to make you happy?

CAMIL. (*leaning on his shoulder*) Yes, one request.

ORSEOLO. (*pleased*) Ah!—speak—speak!

CAMIL. That you will to-day sign no death sentence—

ORSEOLO. (*surprised*) What say you?

CAMIL. (*smiling*) Ah, see, the despot and the tyrant are re-appearing from beneath the father—thou art almost a king, I may, therefore, claim the authority of a queen, the sweetest part of whose prerogative is clemency.

ORSEOLO. (*softened*) Dear child!

CAMIL. You promise!

ORSEOLO. Have I ever refused you aught?

CAMIL. You swear it to me!

ORSEOLO. I swear it!

CAMIL. (*aside*) I shall have time to warn him.

RASPO *hurries on*, L., as if pursued.

RASPO. Ah! (*he listens*)

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) Raspo! (*quickly to CAMILLA*) Leave us!

CAMIL. (*going towards L. D.*) Yes, my father.

ORSEOLO. (*staying her*) No, no!—that way!—that way! (R.)

CAMIL. (*as she goes off*, R. D.—*aside*) Oh, yes, I will warn him—I will warn him! Exit, R.

RARPO. (*listening*) There is no one!—no one!

ORSEOLO. (*hurrying to him*) You have been pursued?—

RASPO. Fear not, your Excellency, he is dead.

ORSEOLO. You have been pursued?

RASPO. An instant only.

ORSEOLO. (*terrified*) Ah, and you have entered the palace—have, perhaps, been recognised?

RASPO. No, no! and he is dead—he is dead!

ORSEOLO. Then wherefore this agitation?

RASPO. Wherefore! Spolatra was standing near the canal, enveloped in his cloak, and whistling an air; he did not even turn. I struck him between the shoulders, and, with a loud cry, he toppled head foremost into the canal. That cry troubled me. I believed the whole world must have heard it, and I fled; and thanks to my nightly habits and my knowledge of Venice, I was enabled to glide beneath the arch of the water-gate, and unseen, enter the palace.

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) If a mere nothing moves him thus! (*sternly*) By what did you recognise him?

RASPO. By his costume—by his manner! Oh, it was really he; and I recognised his voice, spite of the strange vibration that attends a last death cry.

ORSEOLO. 'Tis well! Place yourself at yonder door, which would have been his station; and you will suffer no one to enter during my interview with Morosina. To your post!

RASPO. (*taking halberd and placing himself at centre door*) Poor Spolatro, how disagreeably he must have been surprised!

SPOLATRO runs on C. D., snatches the halberd from RASPO, and stands as if on duty.

RASPO. (*L., terror stricken*) Heaven and earth !

ORSEOLO. (*R., turning*) Spolatro !

SPOLA. (*C.*) Yes ! I, your Excellency, am somewhat late, for I have been detained by a terrible adventure. The body of Signor Giustiniani, the Doge's nephew, has just been taken from the great canal !

RASPO. (*aside*) It was he !

ORSEOLO. It cannot be !

SPOLA. I had just parted from the young seigneur at the point of the island. "Lend me your hat and cloak," said he ; "I would watch the woman who has just entered yonder house."

ORSEOLO. What say you to this, Raspo ?

SPOLA. Poor Raspo must be in despair, your Excellency ! The young seigneur was formerly his master ! Well, ten minutes after he had left me, I heard a cry—a terrible cry—and I hastened, but was too late ; the young signior was dead, and the assassin had disappeared,

ORSEOLO. (*crosses to RASPO*) What say you to this, Raspo ?

RASPO. (*aside, to ORSEOLO*) Signior—

ORSEOLO. (*coldly*) You are growing too old !

RASPO. (*aside*) I am lost !

SPOLA. (*R., aside, looking at RASPO*) His position now is not the most delightful.

ORSEOLO. (*to SPOLATRO, watching him*) Was the blow intended for thee, or for Giustiniani ?

SPOLA. I know not that I have an enemy, your Excellency.

ORSEOLO. You suspect no one ?

SPOLA. No one ! (*aside*) Wretches !

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) What security for a State's repose—an idiot mistakes—and behold, the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty. (*looking at RASPO*) I can no longer trust that man ! (*sits at table and writes*)

SPOLA. (*aside, up C., rubbing his hands*) His account is settled !

RASPO. (*to ORSEOLO, imploringly*) It is my first fault ! I swear I will redeem it !

ORSEOLO. (*turning, and patting him on the shoulder*) I know it Raspo, I know it ! (*seals the letter he has written, and gives it to RASPO*) Hasten and give this letter to Malipieri, my colleague of the Council of Three.

RASPO. Signior—

ORSEOLO. (*quietly*) Go, go !

RASPO. (*aside*) I am lost !

SPOLA. (*to RASPO*) My dear Raspo ! (*RASPO repulses him savagely, and goes off, L.*)

SPOLA. Poor fellow ! Misfortune sours the temper.

Enter GALIENO. L. D.

GALIENO. The Doge's nephew, but now has been assassinated !

ORSEOLO. Alas, I know it !

GALIENO. As envoy from the Doge, and in his name, do I demand justice !

ORSEOLO. The Doge's envoy ! you ?

GALIENO. Yes ; I heard the fall of the body, and drew it from the waves ; alas, too late to save—the murderer's blow had been too sure. I bore the victim to his uncle's arms ; and for him I, once more, demand justice !

ORSEOLO. Well, speak ! The Chief of the Ten is ready to reply to you.

GALIENO. The weapon which slew the youth has struck also to the old man's heart. The Doge is dying, but he would die avenged !

At this moment a SPY enters, C. D., and speaks aside to SPOLATRO, and then goes off again, C.—GALIENO continues.
And as all beside his couch were weak and cowardly, and dared not bring to you his just demand, I undertook the mission, and I am here !

ORSEOLO. Your tone is very lofty !

GALIENO. So is his rank who sends me hither !

SPOLA. (*aside to ORSEOLO*) The Signior Malipieri has caused your orders to be executed. (*returns to back*)

ORSEOLO. You will say to the Doge that I have not waited for his demand in order to avenge him.

GALIENO. Those are mere words : I require deeds.

ORSEOLO. You know at least the name of the assassin ?

GALIENO. Yes, I recognised him !

ORSEOLO. What, then, is his name ?

GALIENO. Raspo !

ORSEOLO. (*extending his hand*) Behold !

(*SPOLATRO draws aside the large drapery at back—RASPO is seen extended on a bier, and covered with a pall—two EXECUTIONERS, dressed in red, masked, and holding a cord, are standing on each side of the bier—two other MEN, holding torches, are placed behind the body*)

GALIENO. (*going up and returning*) Raspo !

ORSEOLO. Are you satisfied ?

GALIENO. Yes ! (*the drapery falls*)

ORSEOLO. So am not I ! You are my prisoner !

GALIENO. Prisoner ! You will let me know my crime !

ORSEOLO. Perhaps !

GALIENO. Who are my judges ?

ORSEOLO. You shall see them !

GALIENO. Who will dare to arrest me?

ORSEOLO. I!

GALIENO. (*about to draw his sword*) Now, by heaven!

SPOLATRO. (*who has stolen close to GALIENO, aside to him*) Do not defend yourself, I will save you! (*GALIENO suddenly pauses*)

ORSEOLO. Well! you do not defend yourself?

GALIENO. (*with rage*) Oh—

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) I have gone too far, but no matter. No power now shall snatch him from my hands (*aloud, pointing, R.*) For the present yonder hall shall be your prison!

GALIENO. (*sarcastically*) I rely upon your justice!

ORSEOLO. You may!

GALIENO goes off, R.

(*to SPOLATRO*) Let Morosina enter!

SPOLA. (*aside*) Ah, I understand all!

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) She must speak! She shall speak!

SPOLATRO goes off, L.

MOROSINA is brought on by the two SPIES, who are masked, C., and who immediately retire, C., closing doors after them.

MOROS. (*aside, not seeing ORSEOLO*) How terrible a display! Do they take me for a child? They do but excite my pity. (*perceiving ORSEOLO*) Ah, you are there, Seigneur Orseolo—you are most amusing, I assure you! Masks—and the barque with the red lanthorns—how very frightful!

ORSEOLO. You have been the victim of an error!

MOROS. Precisely as I imagined; besides, to you, of course, my first visit was intended.

ORSEOLO. Ah, then the mission I entrusted to you, you have fulfilled as I would wish?

MOROS. Nothing escapes your penetration!

ORSEOLO. And you come to deliver Galieno to me?

MOROS. (*aside*) Deliver him! (*aloud*) Yes!

ORSEOLO. Well, then, tell me of—

MOROS. (*aside*) Ah! shall I have the courage. (*sinking into chair, L.—aloud*) You will be pleased with me! You greatly hate him! Do you not?

ORSEOLO. (*forgetting himself*) Hate him! do I hate him? (MOROSINA turns from him with a shudder)

MOROS. Enough, I believe you! (*aside*) It is this man, and not myself, I should avenge!

ORSEOLO. (*sitting near her*) Well!

MOROS. Confess that Galieno was no easy prey to grasp! All my acts, all my blandishments failed to make of him a traitor unto Venice! He was withheld by his past glory!

ORSEOLO. Ah!

MOROS. But it is to me you owe that he is now at Venice, suspected by the Council of Ten, and almost within your clutch! To me, whom certainly you have suspected, and who pardons you most readily! (*she rises*)

ORSEOLO. (*seated*) You did not return together?

MOROS. We separated on the coast of Stromboli, for he had business in Sicily.

ORSEOLO. What business?

MOROS. (*returning to chair and sitting*) Some estate which he had sold, or was about to sell.

ORSEOLO. Where did you both go on quitting Venice?

MOROS. (*for a moment perplexed*) To Spain!

ORSEOLO. From Spain?

MOROS. To France!

ORSEOLO. And thence?

MOROS. To Austria!

ORSEOLO. And from Austria?

MOROS. (*after a moment's hesitation*) Here!

ORSEOLO. And that is all?

MOROS. That is all!

ORSEOLO. (*smilingly*) And I was told that you had coasted the Morlaccia Islands, and had landed after at Segua.

MOROS. Segua?

ORSEOLO. (*changing his tone*) Beware, Morosina, beware!

MOROS. Of what? (*rising*) I am not then in safety here?

ORSEOLO. (*rising and going to her*) I thought you knew Venice?

MOROS. It is a portion of our knowledge, monseigneur, which can never be forgotten!

ORSEOLO. You know then how little time is needed to seal the doom of a suspected agent?

MOROS. You confess then that you suspect me?

ORSEOLO. Suspect—no! (*breaking forth*) I accuse you! You went neither to Spain, nor France, nor Austria! Ah! not another word—you went to Segua—

MOROS. (*shrugging her shoulders*) Really—

ORSEOLO. Galieno and the Black Captain are one and the same—

MOROS. (*aside*) He is lost!

ORSEOLO. Confess it!—confess it!

MOROS. Really, (*with a forced laugh, and turning her back to him*) I could not have believed you were so well informed.

ORSEOLO. (*goes to and opens R. door—aside*) She escapes me—then it is he who shall speak! (*returning to MOROSINA*) I doubt if you have rightly understood me! Your head also will be found between the block and the axe!

MOROS. (*disdainfully*) My head—take it!

ORSEOLO. I know that you would bravely mount the scaffold ; but could you dare that Hall of Torture from which but now you came—that hall where even now the State Inquisitors are asking for you, and in which the torturer impatiently awaits your presence ?

MOROS. (*horrified*) Ah, you would not !

ORSEOLO *strikes on bell—two EXECUTIONERS, clothed in red appear, c..*

ORSEOLO. Question these men and they will answer for me.

MOROS. (*recoiling*) Horror !—horror !

(*ORSEOLO goes to table, sits, and places his hand on the sand-glass*)

ORSEOLO. I give you five minutes—is he the Black Captain ?

MOROS. Five minutes !—and in five minutes ! (*kneeling to him*) Oh, mercy, mercy !

ORSEOLO. Confess—

MOROS. But what ? I have nothing to confess. Ah, you could not—you do but seek to terrify me, that is all—Oh, say that that is all.

ORSEOLO. But one minute now is left to you—Is he the Black Captain ?

MOROS. (*rising*) One minute—oh, heaven, oh, heaven—pity me—I have told you all the truth—I am but a woman—and torture, the executioner, oh, no, no ! (*going to ORSEOLO*) you wish me to confess—well, I—*going falling at his feet*)—no, no, —I cannot—I cannot !

ORSEOLO. (*to the MEN*) Away with her !

MOROS. (*rising*) Ah, wretch ! (*hesitating*) Well, then, I—*(with energy)*—No ! rather the torture ! (*to MEN*) Lead on !

Enter GALIENO, R. D., and places himself before MOROSINA—SPOLATRO appears, L. D.

GALIENO. (*to men*) Hold, hold ! (*to ORSEOLO*) I am the Black Captain !

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) At last !

SPOLA. (*aside*) Camilla alone can save him. *Exit, R. D.*

MOROS. (*casting herself into GALIENO's arms*) Galieno !

GALIENO. Poor woman !

MOROS. Thou hast destroyed thyself !

GALIENO. I have saved thee !

ORSEOLO. (*to GALIENO*) I am a Christian, and would not kill your soul—pray. (*goes to table—sits and writes*)

Enter CAMILLA, R. D., conducted by SPOLATRO.

CAMILLA. (*going to GALIENO, c.*) We will pray together, Galieno.

GALIENO. (*L. C.*) Heavens !—

MOROS. (L.) Camilla !

ORSEOLO. (R. C., rising) Camilla—my daughter !

CAMIL. (*going to ORSEOLO, and falling at his feet*) I love him !

ORSEOLO. (*recoiling*) Ah, misery, misery ! him—a Faliero ! hence from my sight, unworthy, degraded girl ! away, away ! (*thrusts her from him*)

CAMILA goes off weeping, R., followed by SPOLATRO.

ORSEOLO. (*to GALIENO*) And you rejoice that you have given your head to the block for her ! (*pointing to MOROSINA*) The spy of the Council of Ten—my spy—employed and paid by me to hunt you down ! 'Tis a glorious sacrifice ! rejoice, rejoice, rejoice !

Exit, R.

GALIENO. (*turning to her*) Morosina !

MOROS. (*kneeling to him*) Pardon, pardon !

GALIENO. A spy of the Ten ! you ! oh, impossible !

MOROS. Pardon, pardon !

GALIENO. It is true, then, and your lying tears and protestations of an instant since ! I thought them real, and so have given myself unto the executioner !

MOROS. Galieno !

GALIENO. Ah, at what price, madam, have they valued my head ? Ten thousand—twenty thousand sequins ? It is not enough for the head of a Faliero (*throwing her his purse*) There, take that ! take it and leave me ! go, go !

MOROS. You rend my soul ! you are crushing my heart beneath your feet ! kill me, but do not—do not torture me thus ! you must not—for I am innocent ; and I love you—yes, spite of myself, against my will, I love you. Oh, believe that I am innocent—believe that I love you ! See ! behold these papers which, at Segua, when great dangers threatened you, you confided to my care ; these papers contain your life—I had but to send them to an inquisitor of the State and you were lost ! Well, see, I have them still !

GALIENO. (*moved, and raising her*) Morosina !

MOROS. Amongst these papers is your father's will which relates the death of Guippo, whom he killed in an encounter. I had but to send that confession to Jean Orseolo and then, between his daughter and thee, an eternal barrier had been raised. See, here is that confession !

GALIENO. Oh, forgive me, Morosina !

MOROS. And more, I am here to save you ! A bark is now awaiting you, with Spolatro and thirty determined men ! Time is precious—fly, ere it be too late !

GALIENO. No, I shall remain, I will not attempt to escape.

MOROS. (*aside*) Oh, spite of himself, he shall be saved. (*aloud*) farewell !

(*hurries off, L. D.*)

Enter ORSEOLO, R.

GALIENO. You here? Beware! dark and violent memories are raging in the mind of both of us!

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) Oh, Camilla, I will remember the oath that I have sworn to you!

GALIENO. (*throwing his sword from him*) Beware, I say, beware!

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) Oh, my oath, my oath! (*aloud*) You do not well to remind me of the past! I am striving to forget it now, for I have come to save you!

GALIENO. To save me?

ORSEOLO. At Segua you saved the life and honour of my daughter! I would have her gratitude equal to the service you have rendered her! See—here is a safe conduct—go, then, on the instant—an hour hence would be too late!—go, and do not tarry even to thank me! See—here is the safe conduct—take it, and begone!

GALIENO. (*taking safe conduct, and tearing it*) Thanks!

ORSEOLO. Thou art tempting heaven!

GALIENO. Heaven is just!

ORSEOLO. You give yourself to death!

GALIENO. Death is faithful! Go, say that to Camilla, and let me die!

ORSEOLO. Camilla?

GALIENO. Yes!

ORSEOLO. Elsewhere is life!—in Venice death!

GALIENO. I am satisfied to die in Venice!

ORSEOLO. And my daughter—my Camilla! Should you perish, she too would die!

GALIENO. (*quickly*) Oh, then she still loves me?

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) What have I said?

GALIENO. Oh, speak!—answer!

ORSEOLO. Wilt thou depart?

GALIENO. Listen, Orseolo!

ORSEOLO. Wilt thou quit Venice—wilt thou?

GALIENO. Thou hast vanquished me with a word! Oh, listen, listen! I know not if there was reason in the hatred of our ancestors—it matters not, for I forget the past! I ask you to give your daughter to me—to accept me for your son!

ORSEOLO. My son! thou!

GALIENO. Think not of me—think only of her!

ORSEOLO. Heaven hath placed the dead between us!

GALIENO. (*entreatingly*) Oh, mercy, mercy for her—for me! Have mercy on yourself, and do not destroy the support which, for your old age, heaven hath reserved to you!

ORSEOLO. To thee! give her to thee! a daughter of the Orseolo wedded to a Faliero! Oh, never, never!

GALIENO. Enough! I am menaced by the Council of Ten, and should I perish, she, too, would die! 'Tis well—she shall never belong to another—never! and an hour hence Galieno will have given the Black Captain to the scaffold!

ORSEOLO. (*starting*) Heaven!

GALIENO. And you shall hear, and bear the curses of your expiring daughter!

ORSEOLO. Must she then be condemned to death by those whom she has loved the most? She has saved you, and you would sacrifice her! No, no! you love her—and in all her youth and beauty you dare not give her to the tomb!

GALIENO. Yes, for you separate us here, in life: and heaven, in death, will re-unite us!

ORSEOLO. No, she will live, she must! the daughter of my slaughtered son—the last of our name! Oh, torture, torture! I hate thee, Faliero, but lack the courage to kill my child. (*sinks into a chair*)

Enter CAMILLA, R.

CAMIL. I will not live, my father, bereft of happiness! Oh, how often have you said that you would hold your life as nothing, if by its sacrifice your child's felicity might be ensured?

ORSEOLO. My life!—yes! but not my hatred to the Falieri.

CAMIL. Well, then, Galieno, (*crosses to him*) happy in our love,—condemned, but heedless of life,—and anxious for the death that smilingly awaits us, we will die together!

GALIENO. Camilla—

ORSEOLO. Oh, I cannot be the vulture to stifle in my claws the last eaglet of our great race! Ah, cruel child, what would become of me? You shall no longer have cause to curse me! (*extending his arms—she embraces him*) You shall live—you shall live! (*strikes on bell—ATTENDANT enters, R.—ORSEOLO, after an irresolute pause, turns to ATTENDANT and says with effort*) Go to my chaplain and say, that by my command he will repair to the chapel! With my consent Camilla Orseolo becomes the wife of Galieno Faliero! *Exit ATTENDANT, R.*

CAMIL. My father—

GALIENO. Seigneur—

ORSEOLO. Presently you shall thank me—not now—not now!

CAMILLA. Oh, Galieno!

GALIENO. (*embracing her*) Dear Camilla!

ORSEOLO. Go, my children, go! (*aside, as they go up*) A Faliero will owe to me his happiness. *They exeunt, R. D. (with a choking voice)* Oh, it kills me,—it kills me! (*staggers and falls into chair*) Those who comprehend not how a passion

may kill ! ah, those have never loved, nor hated ! What an impenetrable mystery is man—my last hour approaches, and I fear it not—I tremble only at the thought that my daughter may weep for my loss—that my death may trouble the happiness of her life ? Oh, that man !—he has taken from me my repose, my honour, my life. (*rising*) And he has taken from me my child ! Can I forgive—forgive him ? Oh, how his last cry would rejoice my soul ! No—no—for that same cry would kill Camilla !

Enter MOROSINA, L. D.

Morosina !

MOROS. (*wildly*) It is not true, that you but now have given your daughter to Galieno Faliero ?

ORSEOLO. She is now his countess ! How dare you question me thus ?

MOROS. His wife !—married !—they !—'tis false !—your hatred 'gainst the Faliero is a guarantee that 'tis a lie !—you would lop off your right hand, ere you would suffer it to grasp in friendship the right hand of a Faliero—oh, 'tis false, 'tis false !

ORSEOLO. To-morrow, before the assembled Senate and the nobles, the marriage of my daughter with Galieno Faliero, Count of Val-di-Marino, will be publicly announced.

MOROS. (*grasping his arm*) Silence, silence !—it is true then ! oh, heaven !—and you dare tell me so—you do not fear to overwhelm me with my misery ;—and to-morrow the marriage will be publicly announced !—well, I shall be there—I—Morosina Morosini !

ORSEOLO. You may—

MOROS. And I will say to them—the wife of Galieno Faliero ?—no—she is wedded to the Black Captain !

ORSEOLO. (*aside*) Oh, heaven !

MOROS. A Venetian noble ?—no—an outlaw—a traitor !

ORSEOLO. Misery !

MOROS. For him is the great altar of Saint Marc illuminated ! At his feet the clergy and the nobility. No—chains and a dungeon for the traitor—the scaffold and the executioner for the outlaw !

ORSEOLO. Oh, silence, silence !

MOROS. Ah, you no longer menace me !—you forgot such vengeance was in my power, and you suffered me to live ! Yes, tyrant, I live to be avenged ! (*she is going, L.—he grasps her arm, and brings her forward*)

ORSEOLO. How much your love resembles hatred ! Ah, I hate more than you have ever loved him ; and yet for my

daughter, I have stifled my great loathing. Your jealousy is as nothing, to the wild sentiment by which I am dominated and devoured!—a father who pardons with the lips, and who repulses with the heart—an old man about to die, and who dares not look upon his children, lest in dying, he should curse them!—who dares not bless his daughter, lest he be constrained to pray a blessing on that man's head! Answer—What is thy jealousy compared with this torture? (crosses L.)

MOROS. (*weeping, and sinking into chair*) Oh, would that I had died ere I had known this moment!

ORSEOLO. Come, Morosina, let us leave this place!

MOROS. (*raising her head*) I understand, my presence here is profanation!

ORSEOLO. Galieno will presently return hither!

MOROS. (*starting up*) And with her! Oh, I cannot know him happy in another's arms!

ORSEOLO. Morosina!

MOROS. No! Give me that poniard! (*snatching dagger from ORSEOLO's girdle, and going to R.*)

ORSEOLO. (*endeavouring to recover dagger*) Ah!

MOROS. In the midst of his felicity, shall he perish by the hand of her he has betrayed!

ORSEOLO. (*placing himself before R. D.*) In killing him you would slay my daughter!

MOROS. (*threateningly*) Beware, old man, beware!

ORSEOLO. Strike, if thou darest!

MOROS. Ah, you would save him! Listen, then! It was *his father who slew your son!* Save him now!

ORSEOLO. His father—the assassin of Guippo?—and I have given my daughter to him! here, in the very palace where Guippo was born! but no, no, it cannot be! I'll **not** believe you!

MOROS. By my mother's tomb—by my hopes of heaven—I swear it! (ORSEOLO staggers from door) Now bid me not to strike! (*looking off*) He comes to meet his death! (GALIENO enters, R.—she raises dagger, then recoils) No, no! I cannot—I cannot! (drops dagger and goes up stage)

GALIENO. (*hurrying to ORSEOLO*) My father!

ORSEOLO. (*shuddering*) Your father—yes! Give me your arm. (*clinging to him*) It is a voice which speaks to you from the tomb—which would whisper to you a father's last farewell! (*hissing his words into GALIENO's ear*) I have done all that I could to pardon—to forget; but you have robbed me of my daughter, and I hate you!

GALIENO. Heavens!

ORSEOLO. Your father it was who slew my son; and I hate you—I hate you!

GALIENO. Horror! horror! (*recoils to L.*)

Enter CAMILLA, attended by LADIES, R.

CAMILLA. (*hurrying to him*) Dear father ! (*he sinks into the chair*) —CAMILLA, *looking from ORSEOLO to GALIENO*) Oh, what is this ?

ORSEOLO. (*embracing her*) To my arms, dear child, to my arms ! I feared that I should die ere beholding you once again !

CAMILLA. Die !

ORSEOLO. Courage, dear child ! I leave you not alone ! Oh ! I suffered so greatly ! (*lying back in chair*) Ah !

CAMILLA, (*clinging to him*) Oh, heaven ! help, help !

ORSEOLO. It would come too late ! I have but the time to embrace—to bless thee ! Ah, yes, dear child, I love and bless thee !

CAMILLA, (*pointing to GALIENO*) Bless him, too, my father ! Your daughter's husband, bless him ! that together we may weep you dead ; that together we may revere your memory !

MOROS. (*beside ORSEOLO*) You will forgive ! My heart has pardoned him—and in a convent's walls I'll woo forgiveness for the past.

ORSEOLO. (*assisted to rise*) Lead me—lead me !

MOROS. My jealousy o'erthrown—your hatred subdued—such a sacrifice will plead for us hereafter !

ORSEOLO. No more ! At this supreme moment a ray of heaven's light illumines my soul, and by it do I behold the madness of my past life ! I no longer loathe the memory of the dead ! I no longer hate the living ! You are, both of you, my children, and with my last breath I bless you both !—both ! both !

(*ORSEOLO sinks to ground—GALIENO and CAMILLA each take one of his hands—he gazes from one to the other of them—and dies—CAMILLA throws herself weeping into GALIENO's arms—MOROSINA covering her face with her hands*)

Curtain.

OUTLAW OF THE ADRIATIC.

Costumes.

ORSEOLO.—*First Dress*: Long red shirt, over-robe of plain black gold chain and belt, dagger, walking staff, white hair and beard. *Second Dress*: brown dressing robe, trimmed with fur.

GALIENO.—*First Dress*: Steel casque and feathers, steel cuirass and thigh pieces; red tights, trunks, and arms; buff boots and spurs; gauntlets; mantel of red stuff; truncheon, sword and dagger, moustache. *Second Dress*: Plain black shirt, tights, and arms; black boots and gauntlets, plain steel morion and cuirass, black velvet mask, large black cloak, scarf. *Third Dress*: Yellow tights and arms, green velvet shirt, green and yellow turban cap, gilt waistbelt, sword and dagger, ankle boots.

DOGE.—Robe of cloth of gold, ermine tippet, doge's cap.

SPOLATRO.—*First Dress*: Plain cloth jerkin, short trunks, ankle boots, turban cap, dagger. *Second Dress*: Outlaw's dress—half armour. *Third Dress*: Same as first.

RASPO.—Jerkin and short cloak, trunks, short boots, belt and dagger.

OTTOFAX & OUTLAWS.—Wild and picturesque dresses.

LANSDORFF.—Short shirt, trimmed with fur; green tights, ankle boots, turban cap.

VENETIANS.—Doublets, &c., as in "Othello" and "Merchant of Venice."—See the published *Costumes* of those Plays.

MOROSINA.—*First Dress*: Handsome embroidered satin body and tight sleeves, full single skirt, gilt net for the hair, large embroidered veil. *Second Dress*: Plain black body and skirt, hanging sleeves, bare arms, crimson drapery, small gilt circlet round the brow, belt and dagger. *Third Dress*: Green velvet, same shape, &c., as the first.

CAMILLA.—*First Dress*: Embroidered satin, circlet of flowers, large white veil. *Second Dress*: Bridal dress.

THE ZINGARO.—Picturesque dress of a Bohemian gipsy.