

MARCO SPADA.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

ALTERED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF
MONSIEUR SCRIBE,

BY

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

*Poor Cousin Walter, Without Incumbrances, That Odious
Captain Cutter, Only a Clod, Very Suspicious,
Matrimonial Prospectuses, &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

*First performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre on Easter Monday,
March 28, 1853.*

P E R I O D 1725

Previous to the Drama, the Original Overture by AUBER.

The Incidental Music composed and Arranged by Mr. R. STOPEL.

The Dances and Action by Mr. OSCAR BYRN.

The Music of the Opera is Published, and may be had of all Music and
Booksellers.

PRINCE ORSINI (*Governor of Rome*) MR. J. VINING.
PRINCE FEDERICO (*his Nephew*) MR. G. EVERETT.
COUNT PEPINELLI (*Captain of Dragoons*) MR. W. LACY.
BARON DI TORRIDA MR. RYDER.
FRA BORROMEO (*a Franciscan Monk*) MR. GRAHAM.
GIACOMO (*an Officer*) MR. J. COLLET.
GREGORY } MR. TERRY.
GIANETTO } *Brigands,* MR. PAULO.
RONCO } MR. ROLLESTON.

The MARCHESA SAN PIETRI (*Niece to Prince Orsini*)
Miss CARLOTTA LECLERO.
ANDREA (*Daughter to Baron di Torrída*) Miss HEATH.

Nobles, Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, Papal Troops, Dragoons and
Infantry, Brigands, Brigand Women and Girls, Servants of the
Prince Orsini, Servants of the Baron di Torrída, &c, &c

ACT I.
INTERIOR OF THE CHATEAU OF THE BARON DI
TORRIDA. (F. Lloyds)

ACT II.
BALL ROOM IN THE PALAZZO OF THE PRINCE ORSINI,
GOVERNOR OF ROME. (Dayes)

ACT III.
RETREAT OF THE BRIGANDS IN THE ROMAN
DOMINIONS. (Gordon)

COSTUMES.

ACT I.

Prince Orsini—High boots, buff smalls, green velvet square cut coat trimmed with gold lace (red collar), lined with crimson silk, the corners of skirt turned up back and front, white embroidered vest, black three-cornered hat, feather trimming, frill, buff waistbelt, short hunting sword, spurs, buff gauntlets, star on left breast, powdered wig and bag, black ribbon round the neck, with buckle in front.

Pepinelli.—The same without star.

Federico.—Drab coat, with cape and black trimmings, drab smalls, jack boots, white neck cloth, powdered wig; three cornered hat, feather trimming; guitar slung across the shoulders, ruffles.

Baron.—Crimson velvet frock-coat, trimmed with fur, smalls, embroidered vest, long black flowing wig, white neckcloth.

Servants to the Baron.—Orange coats, silver trimming, black shoes, buckles, orange smalls, white stockings rolled over the knee, garter below the knee, white neckcloth, powdered wigs.

Dragoons.—Blue coats, red cuffs, white trimming, buff smalls, boots, three-cornered hats, pouch and waist belts.

Marchesa.—Gold coloured satin skirt. Fawn riding habit, looped up with gold tassels, crimson velvet jacket trimmed with gold lace, habit shirt, gauntlets, powder, small three-cornered hat, whip, ruffles.

Andrea.—Blue silk sacque, black ribbon round neck, powder, black ribbon to the wrists.

ACT II.

Prince Orsini—Crimson velvet coat and smalls, white vest, white satin shoulder knot on right shoulder, shoes, buckles, stockings rolled over, garter below.

Federico.—Green velvet coat and smalls, pink shoulder knot, pink vest, shoes, buckles, stockings rolled over garter, pink ribbon round neck, white neckcloth, ruffles.

Pepinelli.—Salmon velvet coat, silver trimming, blue

COSTUMES.

satin smalls and vest, trimmed, blue shoulder knot, black ribbon round neck, shoes, buckles, stockings rolled over garters, ruffles.

Baron.—Brown velvet coat, breeches, scarlet shoulder knot, scarlet vest, ruffles, scarlet stockings, shoes, buckles, powdered flowing wig.

Lords, &c.—Various colours.

Prince's Servants.—Scarlet coats, gold trimmings, smalls, shoes, stockings rolled over, powder, white neckcloths.

Fra Borromeo.—Brown monk's dress, and cloak with hood, fleshings, sandals, bald head and black hair round.

Marchesa.—Blue embroidered petticoat, gold brocaded dress, looped up, cherry ribbon round neck, &c.

Andrea.—White embroidered petticoat and dress looped up, white ribbon round neck, flounces, &c.

Ladies.—Various.

ACT III.

Prince Orsini. —Puce velvet coat, gold lace, smalls, jack; boots, hat, gauntlets.

Federico.—Scarlet velvet coat, gold trimming, cape, white pantaloons, boots, gauntlets, vest.

Pepinelli.—Blue coat, silver trimming, red cuffs, buff smalls, boots, and gauntlets, waist and pouch belt.

Baron.—As first dress.

Infantry.—Blue coats, white trimming, scarlet vest, white smalls, long white gaiters, garter below knee, waist and pouch, belts, hats.

Brigands.—Various.

Marchesa.—White embroidered sacque veil.

Andrea.—Italian peasant, brown petticoat, blue apron.

Brigands' wives.—Various.

MARCO SPADA.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An old-fashioned apartment in a Chateau, richly and luxuriously furnished. Large folding doors c. Door, 3 E.R.H. Concealed door, 2 E.L.H. Window with practicable Balcony; 3 E. L. Vases and stands of flowers. A handsome Candelevra lighted, stands on a table R.C. Tables R. and L. at back. Music.*

Enter, door 3 E.R.H., PRINCE ORSINI and the MARCHESA SAN PIETRI, in hunting dresses of the period. They look around them with, astonishment.

PRINCE (L.) (*looking around him*). Well, we certainly might have done much worse, my dear niece; and, for hunters, lost in a forest by night, this strange hotel seems pleasant enough.

MARCH.(R.) An hotel! say rather a palace within! (*looking round.*)

PRINCE. And a fortress without.

MARCH. At first I was rather alarmed; but these evidences of domestic luxury compose my poor nerves. Yet we have wandered on to this apartment without encountering a human soul to ask us in, or show us out again.

PRINCE. I confess my curiosity is somewhat excited.

MARCH. And so is mine, to a pitch that's positively painful. But what has become of our companion, the gallant Captain Pepinelli, who, in his capacity of *cavaliere ser-tente*, is bound to know everything.

PRINCE. Whether he does or not ?

MARCH. Of course; or where would be the merit ? Where is he, I say ?

PEPINELLI (*without*) Where am I ? If you'll oblige me with a light, I'll endeavour to satisfy your curiosity.

Enter COUNTPEPINELLI R. 3 E. ; *a hunting horn slung about his neck.*

MARCH. Ha! ha!

PRINCE.(R.H.) Well, Captain, so you've found your way at last?

PEP. Found it—you mean *fumbled* it! I was within an inch of precipitating myself out of a window.

MARCH. Never mind. Have you put the horses under cover?

PEP. Yes. By the bye, such princely stables ! any animal might be proud to inhabit them.

MARCH. I wonder you didn't stop there then ?

PEP. (*with dignity*) When I said *any animal*, I confined myself exclusively to quadrupeds.

PRINCE. Did you see any one ?

PEP. No ; not even a stable boy.

PRINCE. It is very strange; the man who opened the gate for us seemed to vanish instantly, as if by magic.

PEP. So he did; and it struck me that he left a strong smell of brimstone behind him.

MARCH. Pshaw! I positively hate you to-day—for you are the whole and sole cause of our present disagreeable predicament.

PEP. I see how it is, Marchesa—you are determined to quarrel with me; and your highly respectable uncle coolly informed me your cousin Federico was coming back to Italy now, after being ten years absent in England. What the deuce he should come back for I can't imagine.

PRINCE. Didn't I explain to you, in the plainest manner ?

PEP. Oh! yes; you were very—very plain indeed, as you always are. You said your intention was to unite the two branches of the Orsini family, by marrying two unfortunate individuals who have never seen each other, just as if the branches couldn't flourish well enough without that. Wasn't I *cavaliere servente* of your charming niece, even before the death of her late little-lamented—I mean much lamented—husband, the Marchese San Pietri ? What was the good of his dying, I ask, if you take another ? You might as well have kept him. I had got used to him. In short, under the circumstances, I rather liked him. If you marry Federico, or whatever his name is, I shall lose my senses.

MARCH. (*shrugging her shoulders*) Are you sure you have any senses to lose? There was no evidence of them in taking us to a horrible roadside inn; but I preferred going out into the soaking rain again to remaining in the society of those ferocious-looking men we found there.

PEP. Well, the gentlemen certainly looked as if they hadn't washed or shaved themselves for a year or two.

PRINCE. You already fancied yourself the heroine of a brigand story.

MARCH. Don't mention brigands, if you love me. The very idea of one—the name alone of that horrid Marco Spada is almost enough to throw me into a fit of hysterics.

PRINCE. Then what would be the effect of reality?

PEP. Two fits.

PRINCE. But these lawless marauders are much diminished. Since I have been Governor of Rome I have taken and shot so many of the rascals.

PEP. Yes—they wanted thinning.

MARCH. Thinning! You mean exterminating.

PEP. Well, keep on thinning them, and they will be exterminated.

PRINCE. We must surely be in the chateau of some wealthy noble. It I could but know on whose premises I have intruded.

MARCH. Go and inquire, Pepinelli.

PEP. Thank you. As there doesn't appear any one in the house I could put a question to, I don't see how I could reasonably expect an answer.

MARCH. Pshaw! what's the use 'of a *cavaliere servente* if he can't do impossibilities?

PEP. Most reasonable of women, I will do impossibilities (*hesitating*). But, the corridors are so confoundedly dark—

MARCH. Take that candelabra.

PEP. That's not a bad idea of yours; but I shall have to leave your adored person in profound obscurity.

MARCH. Surely you are not afraid to go alone?

PEP. (*seizing the candelabra*) Afraid! Just you come with me, and see if I'm afraid to go alone. (*Hesitates at door, then advances cautiously, holding the light before him. Stagedark.*)

MARCH. (*who goes up and places her hand against the concealed door L. 2 E.*) Oh, heavens!

PRINCE. What—already afraid of being left in the dark ?

MARCH. No—no. But I thought I felt here a moveable knob.

PRINCE. A bell, probably. Pull it.

MARCH. Oh, gracious ! not for the world.

PRINCE. (*laughing*) Silly coward ! (*crowing*) then I will.

MARCH. (*retreating*) Oh, pray don't! Somebody might come.

PRINCE. Well, that's the very reason I ring. (*Music.*)

[*He pulls the knob forcibly. The concealed door opens, and ANDREA springs joyously into the room. The MARCHESA falls in chair L. C*]

AND. (*On entering*) Ah! 'twas the signal (*stumbling against the Prince*) Ah! you are returned. I'm so delighted. (*Takes his hand.*)

PRINCE. (*aside*) A woman ! What does this mean ?

MARCH. (*L. advancing*) A female voice! Then I shall reserve my hysterics for another time.

AND. You are angry with me. At least you can't accuse me of want of frankness. My letter told you all. You will forgive me—will you not? Oh! speak.

PRINCE. (*C. aside*) What shall I say ?

AND. (*R. caressing the Prince*) Come, in token of forgiveness, kiss me, my dear father.

PRINCE. (*aside*) Her father!

MARCH. (*advancing*) Only her father ! How very common-place. I had made sure 'twas a lover she expected.

At the same moment PEPINELLI re-enters with the light and utters an exclamation; ANDREA sees the strangers and starts away from the PRINCE with a cry of surprise. Stage light.

AND. (*R.C.*) Oh! who are you all ? What do you want ? Whence do you come ?

PRINCE. (*L.C.*) Pardon us, young lady; we had lost our way in the forest. An accident led us to this chateau.

MARCH. (*L.*) And we ventured to seek hospitality from its inmates.

PEP. (*R. who has been pluming up*) Little dreaming that in one of them we should find a Venus—a goddess—the goddess of hearts, you know, whom I long—in short, that is—

MARCH. Pepinelli, don't make yourself ridiculous.

PEP. (*aside*) Now she's jealous (*with conceit*). Ahem!

AND. (*hesitating*) But my father forbids my receiving any one in his absence.

MARCH. (*uneasy*) Must we be driven out then ?

PEP. (*anxiously*) In such a very dark night!

AND. (*smiling*) Calm yourself, lady. I will venture to disobey him for once. He will thank me, I am sure, when he sees to whom his hospitality is offered.

PEP. (*smiling graciously*) Fair being, you flatter me.

MARCH. Pepinelli, hold your tongue.

AND. But explain to me how you were able to reach this chateau, when it is so secluded and isolated.

PRINCE. It was without design, in spite of ourselves.

AND. (*surprised*) How?

PEP. The fact is, graceful being—

MARCH. Pepinelli, hold your tongue.

PEP. The fact is, swan-like creature, we had sought—
[*The MARCHESA tries to stop PEPINELLI; but he goes on in spite of her.*] We had sought refuge from the storm in a little roadside inn, with some other strange (*looking at MARCH.*)—I may say strange, and even suspicious (*as before*)—I may say suspicious—personages. Considerable impatience, however, having been manifested by one of our party—

MARCH. (*angrily*) Pepinelli!

PEP. My dear Marchesa, I mention no names—I went myself to saddle the lady's quadruped ; and being a frisky young filly—I mean the horse, not the lady—

MARCH. Pepinelli, hold your tongue. (*Grosses to R.C.*) We mounted, intending to return to Rome. The horse on which my saddle was placed, in spite of every effort, insisted on taking the Albano road. I then perceived it was not my own—

PEP. The saddle ?

MARCH. No, the horse, which being spirited and impetuous, hurried me along, spite of precipices, labyrinths, and intricate roads. With difficulty my companions could follow me—

PEP. Yes, you may say so. If I hadn't seized tight hold of my horse's mane with one hand, and tail with the other, I should have been off twenty times, to a certainty.

MARCH. Pepinelli, hold your tongue. On emerging from a thicket, we found ourselves before the dark front of an old chateau.

AND. (*guessing*) Ah!

MARCH. The horse then stopped, neighed loudly—

PEP. And a very peculiar sort of neigh it was. Now, I'm rather versed in the peculiarities of neighing—

MARCH. Brayng.

PEP. (*very loud*) Neighing!

MARCH. A sort of drawbridge was lowered—our four-footed guide darted across it—my companions followed; and here we are.

AND. (*smiling*) I understand. The horse was my father's, and took the way to his home.

PEP. The sagacious brute—I mean the horse—not your father.

AND. (*continuing*) My father, the Baron di Torrida, will soon be here, and probably he will bring back to the Signora *her* gallant grey.

MARCH. And so we have a solution of the mystery—an exchange.

PRINCE. Nevertheless I am anxious to make my excuses to the Baron di Torrida, of whose name I was ignorant. It is surprising I should never have seen at Rome either the Baron—

PEP. (*admiringly*) Or his dove-like daughter.

MARCH. Pepinelli, hold your tongue.


AND. Oh, my father goes but little into the world—I never.

MARCH. And you have no desire for gay society—fêtes, balls—

AND. Such a thought never crossed me.

PEP. And she's a woman—incomprehensible !

MARCH. Pepinelli, don't *you* attempt to judge of women. How should you ?

PEP. How  Why, some by their figures—some by their feet and ankles—some by their teeth—a few of them by their mouths—but most of them by their tongues.

MARCH. Indeed ! There are some animals I know who are judged by their ears. (*To ANDREA*) But you really ought to enjoy such pleasures. My uncle gives a ball to-morrow, to welcome the return of my cousin Federico. (*Makes sign to the PRINCE to invite her*)

PEP. (*aside*) If the ball were through his head I should like it better.

PRINCE. I trust the Signora will deign for one night to quit her Solitude.

MARCH. Say you'll come ! It will be charming.

AND. If my father will permit it.

MARCH. Then it's a settled thing. As soon as he arrives we'll make our invitation in form.

AND. Meanwhile, you must need refreshment. (*She strikes upon a bell, placed on the table. A SERVANT in handsome livery appears, door R.H.*) Show the Signora and these gentlemen apartments.

PEP. Marchesa, will you permit your devoted servant the honor of conducting you ? (*Holds out his hand.*)

MARCH. You know it's your duty—why ask?

PEP. Oh! merely for form's sake. I'm a stickler for correctness and elegance of form.

MARCH. Are you ? Then it's a pity you can't apply it to yourself.

PEP. Playful trifler.

[*As they are going out, the sound of a guitar is heard beneath the window. L. H.*]

AND. (*aside*) Heavens!

MARCH. Hark!—A guitar!

PEP. (*humming the tune*) La ! la ! la ! Enchanting !

MARCH. That's more than your imitation is.

PRINCE. Music in this secluded spot! How's that ?

AND. (*embarrassed*) I really don't know.

[*A shot is fired. The sound of the guitar ceases.*]

AND. (*with suppressed alarm, putting her hand to her heart*) Ah!

MARCH. (*alarmed*) Where could that shot proceed from ?

PEP. Probably from some species of firearms or other.

AND. (*trembling with emotion*) Such a sound is not rare in the forest—there are so many poachers.

MARCH. And you are not afraid of them in this lone place?

AND. (*as before*) Oh, no.

MARCH. Nor of that desperate renowned brigand, Marco Spada?

AND. No—(*looking with anxiety at the window*). I have no fear.

PEP. Well, some women have a surprising stock of courage, certainly. I suppose they inherit it from their fathers.

MARCH. Some men inherit theirs from their mothers.

PEP. That's not bad. If you persevere, your wit, some day, will equal your beauty.

(Music) Exeunt SERVANT, PRINCE, MARCHESA, and PEPINELLI, R. PEPINELLI turns at door to look admiringly at ANDREA. The MARCHESA gives him a blow of her whip. He makes a grimace, and follows her, 3 E.

AND. *(alone in great anxiety)* Oh! 'twas he—'twas he again—how imprudent! And should he be in danger from the brigands the Signora mentioned! That shot!—oh! if he be wounded—killed perhaps! *[The guitar is heard again]* No—no. I hear the guitar once more. *(A few lines of a song sung outside).* *[She creeps to the window L.]* I'll only give one look—he shall not see me.

[She goes to open the window. As FEDERICO appears on the balcony without, ANDREA springs with a cry to the other side of the stage.]

AND. Good heavens!

FED. Hush! Your balcony, to which I had climbed, protected me from a shot fired at me.

AND. *(running eagerly to him)* Ah! you are wounded!

FED. Unfortunately—no. Had I been so happy, perhaps I might have been received—tended in this chateau, and you my nurse.

AND. Not in my father's absence. But I have written to tell him all—how a young stranger protected me in the forest, during a violent storm, and how, since that time, he has passed every day beneath my window.

FED. You have told your father this?

AND. Everything. Your very words—your very looks! He is my dearest friend.

FED. But should he forbid you to see me more?

AND. I should obey my father.

FED. Ah! you would refuse to see me. *(Sighs)* I too have been commanded to obey. I have been ordered to quit England, and join my friends at Rome; and yet, for ten days past, I linger in this forest, in the hope to see you, if only at your window. To-morrow all will be over—I must depart.

AND. To-morrow!

FED. So, at the peril of my life, I was resolved to speak with you to-night.

AND. I expect my father this very evening.

FED. Ah ! if I dared remain. But no—I could not face him thus. Stay—all the first nobility of the Roman States will be assembled to-morrow at a grand ball—

AND. The same, perhaps, to which I am invited.

FED. You ! invited ! Come then, I implore you—come!

AND. [*A horn is heard without*] Hark!—'tis my father!


FED. (*stopping her*) One other word. Promise me that you will come to this ball.

AND. With my dear father's permission—yes, yes.

FED. Then I am indeed happy. Farewell!

AND. Be prudent—the balcony is high !

FED. I will be cautious. Fear not that I shall compromise you.

AND. (*with reproach*) Ah ! was it  myself I feared ?

FED. Andrea! (*he kisses her hand with transport*) Adieu!

(*Music*) FEDERICO disappears by the window. At the same moment the BARON DI TORRIDA appears on the threshold of door R. 3 E.

AND. [*rushing to him, and flinging herself into his arms*]. My father! my dear—dear father!

BARON. (*embracing her with fervour*). My beloved child ! Once more let me me enfold you, that I may feel it is indeed yourself!

AND. My father ! (*leans her head on his shoulder*)

BARON. (*as he bends over her head, whispers*) Tears !

AND. Oh ! only tears of joy!

BARON. (*kisses her cheek*) Nay, smile again. That joyous smile is the sunlight of my domestic heaven. And see, I bring you proofs that I have thought of you. (*gives into her hand a little casket.*)

AND. (*opens the casket*) Jewels, diamonds ! Oh ! this is too much for me !

BARON. Naught is too much. I would have thee radiant as a fairy queen ! Above all, I would see thee happy.

AND. You spoil me, father; but you must be tired with your journey. Will you not sit ?

BARON. Thanks, darling. Ever thoughtful of me. [*he sits. ANDREA takes a little stool by his side.*] Well, my child, let us talk of—

AND. (*timidly*) Of what?

BARON. A certain handsome young stranger—

AND. (*confused*) Father!

BARON. True. Of course the subject cannot possibly interest *you*, but it interests *me*; for he protected my child in danger. (*watching her.*) So, he's good-looking, eh? amiable in manner?

AND. Oh! yes, father (*casting down her eyes*); not that I ever looked at him.

BARON. (*smiling*) Oh! of course not. But he was a little more observant, I dare say. He thought you pretty—told you so.

AND. I think—I recollect—he did. Not that I listened to anything he said! Then you are not angry?

BARON. I, angry! Why, my child, you are young, pretty, rich in dowry. Choose yourself a husband: I make but one condition: choose none of this land; let him be no Roman lord.

AND. (*eagerly*) I think he comes from England.

BARON. 'Tis well! I must first see this son-in-law.

AND. Oh! I must inform you—in fact, I ought to have begun with that; but you have been talking of so many other things—

BARON. (*smiling*) Nay, of one thing only—this young stranger who you say is so handsome—though you never looked at him—and told you he came from England, though you didn't listen to a word he said.

AND. Well, I quite forgot to tell you that this evening, although you were absent, and in spite of your orders, I have given hospitality to two gentlemen and a young lady, lost in the forest.

BARON. You did well, my child.

AND. They were so alarmed,—that is, the lady and the younger of the gentlemen—so alarmed about brigands; and there are none, you know, in this part of the country.

BARON. None whatever.

AND. They spoke especially of one Marco Spada. Marco Spada!—who is he, father?

BARON. An unfortunate, who for fifteen years has caused some trouble to the government. He is a political prescript, whose family was ruthlessly massacred before his eyes during our civil wars, and whom despair drove to join a band of

men, who, like himself, had naught to lose, and much to revenge. But let us not tell of this wretched man. Never may his name, my child, nor the ideas it recalls, sadden your happy life ! And now ask of me what you will—give me the joy to grant you all you may desire.

AND. (*with joy*) Ah! I have a favour to beg.

BARON. What is it?

AND. A splendid *fête* is to be given to-morrow in Rome.

BARON. At the palazzo of the Governor.

AND. Indeed ! (*aside, looking towards the door R.*) Then 'twas *he* gave the invitation—'tis the Governor himself.

BARON. Well, this request?

AND. My request is, my dear father, that you should take me to this ball.

BARON. (*with agitation*) I!—I! You know not what you ask. It is impossible !

AND. (*after a pause, timidly*) But father—*he* will be there.

BARON. Who?

AND. The young stranger, you know; 'tis there he hoped to see you—claim your acquaintance.

BARON. Ah, indeed !

AND. And I have promised him. And promises, you know, are sacred.

BARON. (*with impatience*) But who has invited you to this ball?

AND. The Governor himself.

BARON. (*with the greatest surprise*) The Governor !

AND. Yes—he is here!

BARON. (*with a look of rage*) The Governor of Rome here, under my roof?

AND. Oh ! I have angered you!

BARON. (*with an expression of joy*) No, no. 'Tis well! This unexpected honor has somewhat startled me. [*He strikes upon the bell, SERVANT appears, door R. H.*] The Prince Orsini, the Governor of Rome, has done me the infinite honor to visit my poor chateau. Let him be received with such treatment as his Excellency merits at my hands. [*He whispers in the ear of SERVANT, who bows, and exit at door.*]

AND. (*during this*) He seems pleased. Can I still hope ?

BARON. (*coming with joyous mien to ANDREA, who stands*

surprised at what passes) My child, be happy! *If this ball takes place, we will go together. I swear it to you.*

AND. You are my dear, kind, father again.

BARON. (*seeing the others enter*) Ah, they come !

Enter PRINCE ORSINI *and the* MARCHESA. SAN PIETRI,
R. 3 E.

AND. Father, our guests.

MARCH. (*introducing*) His Excellency the Governor of Rome.

PRINCE. (*likewise*) The Marchesa San Pietri, his niece.

BARON. (*bowing*) I little expected such an honor.

MARCH. Nor we so pleasant a surprise. Your chateau, Baron di Torrida, is positively charming. Full of elegance and taste!

BARON. You flatter us poor hermits.

MARCH. (*gaily*) No, my vocation is to be flattered—not to flatter.

PRINCE. All your alarms are gone, I see.

MARCH. Alarms ! I never had any. Nobody was frightened but Pepinelli—Captain Pepinelli, of the Dragoons.

AND. (*smiling*) You surely had nothing to fear, Lady, protected as you were by a Captain of Dragoons—

MARCH. Who counts for nothing.

AND. And his Excellency the Governor.

MARCH. Who counts for worse than nothing.

AND. How?

MARCH. (*laughing*) Since, in his very capacity, he is upon the most delicate terms with their mightinesses the brigands of the forest.

PRINCE. Who, assuredly, would show me no mercy—nor should I expect it. I have sworn that Marco Spada, the brigand chief, shall be hanged or shot, as the case may be.

BARON. (*laughing*) Suppose he should have made the self-same vow in favor of the Governor of Home ?

PRINCE. Likely enough. (*gaily again*) The worst of it is, there's no knowing the fellow's description. But he will not escape me long. [*The large doors c. are thrown open. The apartment beyond is magnificently illuminated; six SERVANTS in rich livery in attendance.*]

BARON. See! my poor supper awaits you; if you will condescend—(*offers his hand to* MARCHESA.)

MARCH. Really, Baron, your gallantry shames our first grandees of Rome!

PRINCE. ORSINI *offers his hand to ANDREA. As they go up,*
PEPINELLI *rushes in, pale and trembling.*

MARCH. (*running*) Good Heavens, Pepinelli! What ails you?

PEPINELLI (*moves his lips but can't utter a word.*)

PRINCE. (*coming down with the others*) What's the matter?

PEP. Murder's the matter! We are all dead men; so are you, ladies! The house is at this moment full of brigands!

AND. Heavens!

MARCH. Merciful powers! my nerves! Pepinelli—(*tries to grasp him.*)

PEP. (*getting away*) Now don't. I know what that means; and I shall have *their* claws on me soon enough.

MARCHESA (*supports herself upon chair L.H.*)

PRINCE. Calm yourselves, ladies. This is some mistake; it is impossible!

PEP. (*trembling—in a low voice, mysteriously*) But I have seen them, and have heard them! "'Tis the Governor of Rome, himself," said one, "and that fool, Count Pepinelli, the Captain of Dragoons." He' positively called *me* a fool! Think of that! "What matters," said the other, "who they are?" we have Marco Spada's orders to fall upon them, and avenge the death of our comrades! Think of that! "All right," replied the first. He actually said, "All right!" Think of that!

PRINCE. The brigands must have recognized us at that horrible inn your cursed stupidity led us to.

PEP. There! of course it's my fault; go on! As my amiable ruffian remarked just now—It's all right.

PRINCE. Well, Marco Spada has won the game!

BARON. (*calmly*) It seems so; and unfortunately, the stakes were high.

PRINCE. Baron, I care not for myself, but I am deeply grieved for you; (*low to Baron*) more than all for these poor women. (*With a sudden thought*) But all is not yet lost! In the glade of the forest, by the fountain, there is a detachment of dragoons; go at once, Pepinelli, and place yourself at their head. [*The LADIES advance with hope.*]

PEP. It's very easy to say "go;" the house is surrounded by brigands.

MARCH. Cut your way through them; think what an opportunity of distinguishing yourself.

PEP. You mean extinguishing myself.

PRINCE. (*going towards R. D.*) On this side probably the attack will be. Pepinelli, that shall be your post.

PEP. Thank you!

PRINCE. By barricading these doors, (*to BARON*) we may still stand a seige. Before your daughter falls into their hands.—

BARON. Well?

PRINCE. I will die in her defence.

BARON. Ah! (*aside*) He ! die for my child ! Oh ! he shall be saved ! [*Sound of a cavalry trumpet without.*]

PRINCE. Hark!

MARCH. Ah! What's that?

PEP. A reinforcement coming to the brigands ! oh !

PRINCE. No ! 'Twas the trumpet of your cavalry ! you ought to know it.

PEP. How should I ? I never blow my own trumpet.

MARCH. Saved!

PEP. (*going up to window*) Yes ! there they are ! my brave dragoons. The jolly fellows! Yes, we are all brave and jolly fellows—all! They are thundering at the gate like madmen. Go it, my boys ! (*comes down proudly*) I think I may say that we dragoons have rather astonished the rascals.

BARON. (*calmly*) Wait! I'll give my signal for their admittance (*sounds a horn slung at the window*).

AND. Father ! the danger is passed! is it not ?

BARON. It is, my child! they have escaped it (*aside*) for the time.

Enter FEDERICO, R. D. followed by an OFFICER and DRAGOONS. PEPINELLI swaggers up, speaks to them, they exeunt together R. door.

AND. Good heavens ! (*low to BARON*) It is he!

BARON. (*looking at Federico with interest*) Indeed !

AND. And it is he who comes to our rescue!

BARON. Strange enough I Young, brave, handsome ! I like my son-in-law.

FED. (*meanwhile, has bowed and spoken to PRINCE ORSINI, and the MARCHESA, who have gone up to meet him, coming down with them*) I was wandering in this forest, as a lover of the beauties of nature (*gives a glance at ANDREA.*)—The

picturesque portion of this old chateau attracted me, when the sinister figures grouped about its walls alarmed me for its inmates. Fortunately I had remarked this morning a detachment of dragoons in a glade of the forest. I hastened to seek them—bring them hither: you know the rest.

PRINCE. Our utmost thanks are due, Sir !

MARCH. Our gallant preserver! (*gives her hand*)

BARON. (*aside, observing all*) He owes me much amends!

PRINCE. (*turning and giving his hand to the BARON*) Pardon my good host, for all the trouble we have caused you. But we claim your promise—you will come to our *fete* ?

BARON. (*starting*) Your *fête* !

MARCH. Yes, we can take no denial now.

FED. (*aside*) Will she come ?

AND. (*watching her father*) Yes, yes; he promised, and my father ever keeps his word. (*To BARON*) Did you not say " Be happy, my child; if this ball takes place, we will go together. I swear it."

BARON. (*after a violent struggle*) Yes, yes ; I *did* say it. Come then what may—so be it.

Re-enter PEPINELLI, OFFICER, *and* DRAGOONS.

PEP. We are masters of the place. I and my dragoons have cleared the house of the scoundrels; that is, we *would* have cleared the house of them, only there wasn't one to be seen.

BARON. (*laughing*). Indeed !

PEP. Not the whisker of one !

BARON. A miracle !

PRINCE. Pursue them at once ! scour the forest! A 100 crowns for every brigand, dead or alive.

Music. PRINCE ORSINI *offers his hand to* ANDREA; BARON *the same* MARCHESA ; FEDERICO *makes a gesture of joy* ; PUPINELLI *commands his Dragoons, who face about, and as they are all on the move the drop descends, and end of*
ACT THE FIRST.

ACTII.

SCENE.—*A room in the Palazzo of Prince Orsini. Doors R. and L. open arches in c, upon side galleries. Terrace, backed by palazzo drop, with transparent lights. Dance. Music. Groups of male and female GUESTS upon the Terrace. SERVANTS passing and repaying behind with refreshments. Enter the MARCHESA SAN PIETRI behind, and mixes with the guests, receives them, &c. PEPINELLI follows her everywhere. At last the MARCHESA comes down with PEPINELLI.*

MARCH. (R.) Charming!—delightful! beautiful!

PEP. (L.) Ah, Marchesa!

MARCH. Not you, Pepinelli.

PEP. Of course not—but you, adorable Marchesa! I never saw you more—more—you know what I mean. My head is turned—lost—gone—

MARCH. What a comfort!—perhaps you may pick up a stray one in exchange, that will be better worth looking at.

PEP. Oh, Marchesa! when is my ardent passion to be rewarded by some trifling—very trifling favour?

MARCH. Mercy on me!—what does the man expect? Don't I allow you to sigh, and to hope, and to write sonnets to my beauty, which of course I'm not expected to read, and to go through all the insipid manoeuvres of a lover? And then you grumble if I laugh at you, although you know how becoming smiles are to me.

PEP. It *is* folly in me to love you as I do.

MARCH. Then why do you?

PEP. Because I can't help it. The worse you treat me, the more I love you.

MARCH. A pretty moment to talk of love, indeed, when we expect my cousin Federico, my affianced husband, every moment.

PEP. But Federico is not here yet; and, what's more, Federico doesn't seem much inclined to come.

MARCH. Ah! if I thought he intended such an insult—

PEP. You would avenge yourself?

MARCH. I would, by marrying another.

PEP. Then choose me.

MARCH. Hold your tongue, Pepinelli! Where's my uncle?

PEP. He's detained upon important business; consequently, he requests you to do the honours; and I'm to help you.

MARCH. Indeed! Then I'll tell you how you can save me a deal of trouble and annoyance.

PEP. How?

MARCH. By not coming near me the whole evening. Ha! ha!

PEP. Ha! ha! pleasant again.

GUESTS *have assembled in crowds, upon the terrace without.*

As the MARCHESA goes up, BARON DI TORRIDA, leading ANDREA by the hand, R.H., comes forward from among the groups. The MARCHESA receives them with eagerness.

MARCH. Ah! welcome, our generous host! welcome, fair young lady. [BARON and ANDREA bow and curtsy.] Well, what say you to our *feté*?

AND. (R.C. *coming forward with the MARCHESA and her father*) Oh! all is charming—magical! I'm confused with the splendour and the intoxicating sound of music.

PEP. You are partial to music? eh?

AND. I enjoy it of all things!

PEP. Do you? I'm sure any amusement I can afford you in my small way—

MARCH. Pepinelli!

The GENTLEMEN look at her with admiration, and point her out to others; some approach ANDREA, bow and say a few words, as if soliciting her to dance; she timidly declines.

BARON. (*watching ANDREA with interest and emotion*) All admire her; all pay her court; but, though my heart is filled with pride, each look her fascination draws upon us makes me tremble.

AND. (*leaving the groups around her, having made sign she desires to join her father. Aside*) I see him nowhere. But he will come, surely. He said he would. (*coming close to BARON*) My father!

BARON. (*assuming a gaiety of manner*) What did these gay cavaliers say to you, my child?

AND. (*smiling timidly*) They compared me to flowers, stars, and—I don't know what besides; then they all wanted me

to dance with them at the same time. (*with simple joy*) Oh! father, I am so happy!

BARON. (*looking at her with tenderness*) Indeed! Then I have done well to come.

AND. Oh, yes, indeed!

BARON. (*aside, with emotion*) Heaven grant these moments of happiness be not too dearly purchased. [*he talks low with ANDRÉA, going up R. H.*]

MARCH. (*coming slowly down L. C. surrounded by several GENTLEMEN, who have been interrogating her*) Oh! inconstancy of men! A new star appears upon our horizon; and you all fall down and worship it, regardless of your former objects of idolatry. Well, well! I'll not see you all die at my feet with curiosity. Your new beauty is the daughter of the Baron di Torrida, who stands at her side—our good and gracious host, who received us and shared our dangers in that fearful adventure with the band of the renowned and terrible Marco Spada, which has made such a noise in Rome this morning.

PEP. (*C. approaching the group*) And in which we performed such prodigious prodigies of valour—I and my dragoons. But we didn't capture the rascal. He sneaked away, the coward! This very night, though, we shall have him.

BARON. (*who has listened with a scornful smile, to PEPI-NELLI*) Indeed! You think so?

PEP. Well, I rather think I do think so. (*Music.*)

MARCH. (*who has gone up again*) But hark! The music invites us.

Several young CAVALIERS have been disputing, who should dance with ANDREA. One advances towards her, she accepts his hand. Dance of 24, in which the MARCHESA, PEPI-NELLI, and ANDREA join. After the dance the MARCHESA and ANDREA exeunt C. The various groups disperse R. and L. and R. some sit, others lean, over the balustrade, &c. &c.

BARON. (*to PEP.*) Might I request a few moments' conversation, Sir?

PEP. (*who has sunk on ottoman L. H., fatigued with the dance*) Certainly; but first allow me to say that your enchanting daughter is—(*seeing BARON looks angry*)—the very image of her father.

BARON. Enough, Sir. You were speaking of the capture of this—this—Marco Spada—this very evening, I think you said?

PEP. Baron, may I rely on your discretion ?

BARON. Certainly.

PEP. Then listen! (*whispering*) Marco Spada is coming here this evening, to this very ball—eh ?

BARON. And you discovered this ?

PEP. By rather an ingenious plan, concocted by this sagacious brain. I offered a reward of six thousand crowns to whoever would deliver up the renowned bandit, Marco Spada. This very afternoon I received information from one of his own men, one Gianetto !

BARON. (*aside*) Gianetto!

PEP. (*giving him a paper*) Look yourself! He tells me that his noble Captain, Marco Spada, had ordered his carriage to be in readiness, and chosen the most intrepid of his men to accompany him to night *incognito* to the Governor's ball. Think of that. If my plan succeeds, and we do take him, I shall be the hero of the day. Why the women will positively tear me to pieces. Think of that.

BARON. (*laughing*) And you believe this ?

PEP. Why not? The fellow is capable of anything. The Governor is at this very moment taking measures to prevent Marco Spada from quitting the house. So if he has the audacity to put his foot in it—why, put his foot in it he will. But see, the fair Marchesa and your charming daughter! *The sex demands me—the sex, Baron—the sex.* (*Goes up.*) [*The BARON stands thoughtfully in front.*]

Enter MARCHESA SAN PIETRI, with ANDREA, hurriedly.

Much animation and a certain degree of consternation in the movements of the ensemble. ANDREA comes down to her father, while MARCHESA speaks with animation to PEPI-NELLI and others.

MARCH. (*advancing*) Oh, Baron! a circumstance has occurred which has thrown us all into much confusion. A report was suddenly spread about in the rooms, I don't know how ; it came rumbling like an earthquake—

PEP. And what was the earthquake rambling about ?

MARCH. (*continuing*) That Marco Spada himself had entered the Palazzo.

PEP. There ! what did I tell you ? (*to Baron*)

AND. (*holding her father's arm—to him*) How fearfully audacious—is it not ?

BARON. (*coldly*) It is.

MARCH. I hastened immediately to my uncle: his valet informed me that a man enveloped in a cloak, a great dark brigand cloak, had just got out of a carriage and had glided, not to the ball-room, but to the very apartment of the Governor himself; but the worst has yet to come.

PEP. Then out with it! don't keep us in this awful state of suspense.

SEVERAL LADIES. Gracious Heavens !—Well, I never!—How I should have liked to see the monster—and I—and I—and I—(*confusion of tongues.*)

MARCH. And I. I was dying of curiosity. (*with pride*) And I *have* seen him, ladies.

SEVERAL LADIES. (*confusion renewed*) Is it possible? She has seen him! What a chance !—Well, I never!—Goodness gracious !—Is the monster really here ?

MARCH. He is. And what's more, I've seen him. I opened the door of my uncle's room, and there—mercy on me—

PEP. Go on.

MARCH. There, I saw (*to Andrea*), only think, my dear young lady—you'll scarcely believe it—there I beheld the handsome young man who came yesterday to our rescue at your father's chateau.

AND. (*trembling with emotion*) Speak ! what of him ?

MARCH. He was the man. He was Marco Spada !

AND. (*with a stifling cry*) He! ah! (*Flings herself into her father's arms. The company surround the MARCHESA, interrogating her with curiosity.*)

BARON. (*pressing Andrea to his bosom*) My child ! calm your emotion.

AND. (*low, but with concentrated grief*) Oh, my father! do not fear for your child ! All that she can feel for such a being is horror, loathing, scorn. (*She hides her face on his shoulder.*)

BARON. (*aside in the bitterest grief*) Each word sears my very soul! Scorn, scorn! from her! from *her!*

[*During the above scene the MARCHESA, PEPINELLI, and the GUESTS have been conversing with animation up the stage. The MARCHESA has got upon the terrace.*]

MARCH. (*looking off*) Ah, yes—he comes this way.
 ALL (*exclaim*) Marco Spada! [*The LADIES fly to different tides of the stage. Some fling themselves into gentlemen's arms, who console them, &c. PEPINELLI uses his smelling-bottle. Tableau of confusion. Enter C. from R. on terrace PRINCE ORSINI holding FEDERICO by the hand. ANDREA, who has looked round, as if with a hope of mistake, utters a smothered cry on seeing FEDERICO, and hides her face upon her father's shoulder.*]

PRINCE. (*coming down C. with FEDERICO*) My friends, allow me to present to you my nephew, Prince Federico Orsini.

ALL. His nephew!

AND. Ah, my father!—do you hear?

MARCH. My cousin Federico!

PEP. Federico! The evil fiend seize him!

PRINCE. (*continuing*) Yes, my dear nephew, who has been absent from us since his childhood.

AND. Oh! my heart was not misled in him.

MARCH. How could I have made such an atrocious mistake? 'Twas all your fault, Pepinelli.

PEP. Oh, of course it was my fault! Ha! ha!

MARCH. My dear cousin, welcome home! (*crosses c.*)

PEP. (*aside*) I'm disgusted! Not only your dear cousin, madam, but your affianced husband.

AND. Affianced husband! Oh, my father!

BARON. Oh, heartless villain! (*aside.*)

AND. My heart is breaking.

BARON. (*aside with rage*) And fearfully shall you be avenged.

FED. (*who, in the centre group, has been looking at intervals anxiously around, seeing ANDREA, with joy disengages himself from the PRINCE and the MARCHESA, and approaches ANDREA*) Mademoiselle—

AND. (*starting*) Ah! (*coldly and proudly*) Sir! [*The BARON stands on her other side, holding her hand, and presses it, to support and encourage her during the following.*]

FED. Will you permit me to lead you to the dance?

AND. It is an honor, Sir, I must decline.

FED. Later in the evening may be?

AND. (*coldly*) I am fatigued. (*To BARON*) Let us go home, my father, at once, I entreat you.

BARON. Immediately, my child.

FED. (*low to ANDREA*) Oh, hear me, I implore you!

BARON. (*passing ANDREA to the other side of him*) My daughter has given you her answer.

PRINCE (*up. R. H.*) Federico, the Marchesa requires your presence.

AND. (*shuddering*) Ah!

FEDERICO, *unwilling, goes to the MARCHESA, who is seated, and motions to him to sit by her side. He takes his place, but talks with her abruptly, looking continually towards ANDREA, whom her father has led to a seat by some other ladies. During the following, young CAVALIERS approach her again, but she pays no heed to them, or answers only by a bow of the head; and they gradually drop off.]*

PEP. (*crossing C, and looking at FEDERICO as he goes up*) Of course! there he sits, making a fool of himself in my place. I shall do something desperate presently—I'm sure I shall.

BARON. (*coming down*) You seem to be one of the family, Captain. My daughter is ill—may I ask of your courtesy to see that my carriage is called?

PEP. What! departing already, Baron?

BARON. Yes. I cannot even wait to witness your capture of Marco Spada.

PEP. Well, between you and me, I don't think we shall have him to-night.

BARON. Between you and me I don't think you will. But are you as valorously determined as ever to capture him?

PEP. Feel my pulse, and judge for yourself.

BARON. (*mysteriously*) Listen, then. At day-break, after the ball, be in the forest in the valley of *Acqua Verde*—you know it? [PEPINELLI *nods*] I also will be there.

PEP. And you answer for my success—you answer for this Spada?

BARON. As if he were myself.

PEP. Without danger? Of course you mean without danger!

BARON. I fear none.

PEP. No more do I; but, nevertheless, perhaps a score or two of my dragoons wouldn't be amiss..

BARON. As you please. And mind—bring with you the Governor—this Federico too.

PEP. (*indifferently*) Yes—yes. (*aside*) Catch me at it! I mean to have all the honor and glory myself. (*Aloud*) To-morrow, then! But, my dear Sir, what can I do to prove to you my eternal gratitude?

BARON. (*smiling*) As I said before—order my carriage up immediately; and, if there is any private door by which my daughter and I can depart unobserved—

PRINCE (*who has approached the Baron and heard the last words, putting his hand on his shoulder*). Depart, Baron, already! You surely will not quit us thus early?

BARON. I am sorry; but I am obliged.

PRINCE. (*who has been urging the Baron*) Grant me a few moments in private.

PEP. Oh, yes!

PRINCE. Perhaps you will leave us.

PEP. Of course, I am always in the way. Ha! ha! Pleasant again! (*goes up, and exit C.*)

PRINCE. You must not leave us yet. This terrible Marco Spada, into whose hands we all nearly fell last night—

BARON. (*smiling*) Is expected at your Excellency's ball to-night.

PRINCE (*as before*) But the difficulty is to recognise him in such a crowd.

BARON. You have never seen the fellow?

PRINCE. But I am expecting one who knows him well.

BARON. (*smiling*) Indeed!

PRINCE. Yes; a poor monk, whom Marco Spada captured, and who escaped.

BARON. Indeed!

PRINCE. He will be here presently to ask alms for his convent among my rich and noble guests, and will present his satchel to each person in the palace; by these means he cannot fail to recognise Marco Spada.

BARON. Pardon me, your Excellency; my daughter is fatigued. [ANDREA *has risen and come down to him.*] She is anxious to depart.

PRINCE. (*taking the hand of ANDREA*) Nay! then I shall take your daughter as hostage. Ah! here is our very man.

FRA BORROMEO *enters by the terrace, bearing a monastic money satchel in his hand.* PRINCE ORSINI *goes up to meet him.*

BARON. (*rapidly to ANDREA*). Go to your hostess, my child. Go!

AND. (*surprised*) Father!

BARON. Go, I entreat you. I command you! (*Music.*)

[ANDREA makes a gesture of submission, surprised, and goes to speak to the MARCHESA, avoiding FEDERICO, who rises and in vain attempts to catch her eye. They, with other LADIES and GENTLEMEN, form several groups, R. Several other scattered groups of GUESTS are standing or sitting, L. The BARON, with a careless, natural movement joins the groups, L. and turns his back as FRA BORROMEO comes down between the groups, R., followed step by step by the PRINCE ORSINI.]

FRA. B. In the name of charity, my friends, I appeal to you in behalf of those who suffer and sorrow in penury and wretchedness. Remember them in the plenitude of your joy, and give—in the name of charity, my friends! (*To PRINCE ORSINI, who accompanies him by his side.*) I don't see him yet. (*Aloud, presenting his satchel.*) Give aid, and Heaven will bless you. It is in the name of charity I ask. (*Low to PRINCE, as they come down to the end of the groups.*) He is not there!

[*All the personages, R., have during this movement put money into the satchel. FRA BORROMEO crosses the stage, and begins between the groups, L., followed by the PRINCE. As he crosses the BARON crosses quietly above to the groups (R.), and talks to the MARCHESA and his daughter, standing with his back to FRA BORROMEO.*]

FRA. B. In the name of charity, my friends! Make yourselves twice happy in bestowing a small share of your happiness on others. Give, in the name of charity! (*To PRINCE ORSINI, low.*) I still don't see him. (*Aloud.*) It is in the name of charity I ask. Give, and Heaven will bless you. [*He goes to the top of the stage, L., having received from all.*] (*To the PRINCE.*) No, he is not there.

[*At this moment the MARCHESA, to whom a SERVANT has come down to speak, rises, and goes R., so as to meet the PRINCE, who now precedes FRA BORROMEO.*]

MARCH. (*low to PRINCE*). Has he discovered anything?

PRINCE. Nothing as yet.

MARCH. Then, as the supper is ready we will go. I will lead the way. (*Music.*) [*The BARON offers his hand eagerly to the MARCHESA, and exit with her C, turning his back suddenly upon FRA BORROMEO, who at that moment approaches him. The other guests rise and exeunt during the following.*]

PRINCE (*during this movement to FRA BORROMEO*). He is

evidently not in these rooms. But on this side are the card tables. Doubtless the fellow gambles.

FRA B. I follow your Excellency. If the villain is here (*crosses*) he shall not escape me. [*Exit following PRINCE, L.*]

[ANDREA, *who has followed the BARON, and then made a movement towards, L., behind, to avoid FEDERICO, who was near her; turns to leave the room the last, and finds her passage barred by FEDERICO.*]

FED. You must not fly me thus. Oh! in mercy hear me!

AND. Leave me, sir! Your affianced bride, the Marchesa, may feel surprised at your absence.

FED. My affianced bride! Andrea, hear me! This union has been the long cherished project of my uncle, it is true; but the Marchesa and myself have not met since childhood. From the moment I beheld you, I felt the misery of my position; and have assured my uncle this marriage never could, never should, take place.

AND. Oh! can this be?

FED. He is grieved, but not unjust, and asks a few days delay to prepare the Marchesa for an event which will wound her vanity, not her heart's affection.

AND. Oh! pardon me. I accused you without reason.

FED. And now—

AND. (*giving her hand*)

FED. This hand shall be mine to-night in the dance, as warrant for my future happiness.

AND. Yours alone! (*Seeing the BARON*) Ha! my father comes; leave me for a time with him. [*Exit FEDERICO, L. H.*]

Enter BARON DITORRIDA from vestibule, L. C., followed by SERVANT in livery.

BARON. 'Tis well. Be near at hand with your companions, and await my orders. [*Exit SERVANT, R*] Now let us hasten. The carriage is ready! come!

AND. A short time still I beg.

BARON. Nay, this is mere caprice. But now the ball was painful, oppressive, hateful to you?

AND. It has changed to a scene of joy.

BARON. But we must fly—if we remain here another instant I am lost.

AND. Lost!

BARON (*seeing FRA BORROMEO—coolly*): It is too late.
 [During the above rapid scene FRA BORROMEO has come down from the terrace with a LORD, and stands R. between the BARON and the door R.]

LORD. You seem to have made uncommon pretty pickings, worthy brother.

FRA B. My satchel is almost full. I have received alms, I think, from all.

LORD. Then join with me the supper table, worthy brother, and refresh your weary body, as you have refreshed your charitable soul.

FRA B. (*going*). I'll not refuse (*seeing BARON, who turns his back to him*), but who is the cavalier?

LORD. The Baron de Torrida, a man worth millions.

FRA B. Methinks he has not yet bestowed on me his alms.

LORD. Make haste, then, with your petition, for he is going—his carriage waits—I'll reserve you a seat at the supper table, [*exit C.*]

FRA B. (*advancing towards BARON, who clasps his daughter convulsively in his arms*). I appeal to you in the name of charity, good Signor.

AND. (*low to the Baron*) You seem so agitated! you are ill!

BARON. (*low to her*). Leave me. This is not your place; leave me, I say.

FRA B. Give, in the name of charity, good Signor, and Heaven will bless you (*offers his satchel, and while the BARON feels in his pocket, raising his eyes*). Marco Spada!

AND. Marco Spada—no, no—it's my—

BARON. (*intercepting the Monk, who was hastening towards the terrace, and presenting a pistol at his head*) Not a step!

AND. (*seeing this, with a conviction of the truth*) Ah! (*falls fainting on stage.*)

BARON. Not a cry! not a gesture! or your life pays the forfeit! Yes, it is Marco Spada, who spared your life—Marco Spada, whose child you have destroyed—look, man of peace and charity, look at your work! Gregorio! without there! [SERVANTS of the Baron rush in, R with a cloak.] Seize the monk! quick! [*They fling the cloak over the head of FRA BORROMEO, and stifle his cry*]. To the mountains with him! away!

(*Music.*) [*The SERVANTS bear away the MONK down R.U.E.*]

BARON. (*hurrying over to ANDREA, who lies fainting and regards her with the profoundest grief. After a pause he flings himself on his knees by her side, and hides his face in his hands*) Pardon, pardon, my beloved child! look on me again, if thou *canst* look on me! Thou knowest thy father's shame, but know not his misery—know not the anguish of his heart—know not all his expiation in this bitter moment! mercy—pardon !

AND. (*coming to herself*) Where am I ?

BARON. Ah! she revives.

AND. (*looking round, and seeing her father at her feet*) My father ! (*with a sudden recollection of the truth*) Ah! (*shrinks from him, hiding her face*).

BARON. (*clinging to her, speaks low and rapidly but earnestly*) Hear me, Andrea. That name which brings thee dishonour and reproach is still unknown to all beneath this roof. To-morrow I will go far from thee for ever. Thou shalt never see me more—I will shame thee no longer—thou shalt remain happy in thy love, happy in the husband of thy choice—thou shalt give thy wretched father no more thought—while he far, far away in lone bereavement, may yet dream of days gone by, and pray—if such as he may pray—for the welfare of the child he loved so fondly, truly, ever. (*springing up quickly.*) Ah ! 'tis he! (*ANDREA flings herself into his arms*).

Enter FEDERICO C. *from L., by terrace.*

FED. Baron, you are now acquainted with my rank, my family, my fortune. I aspire to the honour of your daughter's hand. I wait your answer.

BARON. (*looking at Andrea with emotion*). That answer now depends upon my child alone : (*with marked emphasis*) let her decide.

FED. (*with joy*) Is it possible ? Andrea!

AND. (*aside*) Oh! to choose between my father and my Jove ! The struggle is bitter, bitter (*struggling to support herself and command her feelings*) Hear me ! Heaven knows I love you—love you deeply—but—but—I never can be yours! (*hides her face in her hands*).

FED. Andrea!

BARON. (*aside*) I knew not I could not suffer thus!

AND. (*struggling to be calm*). Forget me; and may

another, more worthy than myself, give you a heart as true as that which I—(*breaks down with a bitter hysterical sob, and falls on her father's shoulder.*)

BARON. My child!

FED. Faithless, heartless girl; you have basely—you have cruelly deceived me (*goes up, throws himself on seat R. H. of arch.*)

BARON. (*angrily*) Sir! (*aside*) Alas! how can I condemn him? (*Music.*)

Enter PRINCE ORSINI, MARCHESA, and PEPINELLI from terrace c. Various groups of GUESTS follow by degrees until the stage is filled.

PRINCE. Where's the Reverend Franciscan: he hasn't shown himself at the supper table; why, he is a miracle of monastic abstinence! Where can he be?

BARON. (*coldly*) After receiving our modest offering here, he left in haste—for his convent I presume.

PRINCE. (*to BARON*) Gone! without discovering Marco Spada. (*Goes up c.*)

FED. (*L.H. Who has stood overwhelmed in his feelings of despair and rage, seeing the MARCHESA, aside*) Ah! her perfidy shall meet with scorn. She shall see how I can tear her from my heart, (*going to the MARCHESA, with an assumption of gaiety and gallantry*) Ah! my charming cousin! Can I find a better moment to proclaim my impatience to fulfil my uncle's wishes (*suppressing his emotion*) and claim my bride! (*kneels.*)

MARCH. (*with joy*) Federico! I have him at my feet. (*Music.*)

[ANDREA, pale and trembling, supports herself upon the BARON. who prepares to lead her away. FEDERICO holds the hand of the MARCHESA, who, proud and delighted, receives congratulations—PEPINELLI falls on couch L. H.—
TABLEAU—

PRINCE (*on steps*)

LORDS and LADIES

MARCHESA

BARON

FEDERICO (*kneeling*)

ANDREA (*fainting across his arm*) (PEP. *fainting*).

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE. *A wild and picturesque spot in the mountains. In the distance, mountains and forests, practicable rocks on all sides. Practicable paths among rocks lead down to the deep valley supposed to lie between the stage and the back scene.—R. 2. C. The entrance of a cavern among the rocks, overhung with creeping plants. A chapel upon the summit of rocks to which practicable paths in the rock ascend, L. Large spreading forest trees branch over the front. Pieces of rock which serve as table and seat near the grotto entrance. L. and R. Ruins at back; ruined arch, supposed to command a view of the valley.*

Various groups of BRIGANDS among the rocks and trees—some distributing spoil—some playing dice or morra—some lying or sitting, eating and drinking, with their carbines by their sides. BRIGANDS' WIVES and other women are cooking at a great fire, carrying food to the men, &c. Animated picture. GREGORIO with a group of BANDITTI. R. On a table of rock stand drinking horns.

DANCE (*Tarantella*) by 16 girls.

End of dance, enter MARCO SPADA, in the same dress as Act 1st, sits at table. L. H.

MARCO. She knows my wretched secret. And yet her love has triumphed. But oh! at what a sacrifice! Poor girl, she pines within her glittering cage while her heart breaks against its bars of shame. Away the thought! (*holding out one of the horns without looking round*). Give me to drink!

ANDREA, *in the dress of a peasant woman of the country, has come from the cavern R. during the last words of her father—with a jug, and pours out wine into the horn held by MARCO.*

AND. 'Tis done!

MARCO. (*starting and rising,*) Andrea! my child! you here! in this dress! among these wretched people! Why have you left the Chateau?

AND. Have I not said, "Father, *your* lot is *my* lot, where *you* go, *I* will go?" The sumptuous palace is not a fitting home for Marco Spada's child! Her place is on the mountain top, and by her father's side.

MARCO. You know not the miseries—the dangers of my life.

AND. If there be dangers, I could still less bear the

thought of them away from you. If there be miseries, I would lighten them by my love and tenderness. See! I am the peasant girl !

[*The groups of BRIGANDS and WOMEN have talked together with wonder, pointing to ANDREA during the above. They question GREGORIO, who seems to explain.*]

RONCO. Welcome to our Captain's daughter! Hail to the fair Signora!

GIANETTO *appears winding- among the rocks, coming from the valley below, with a packet of letters in his hand.*

GREG. (*approaching MARCO SPADA*) Pardon, captain! Gianetto comes.

MARCO. (*disengaging himself from ANDREA*) Ah! Leave me, my child; leave me—for a few moments only. I will speak with you anon. Go, go!

ANDREA *turns away, and enters the cavern R.*

GIANETTO. (*coming R., and advancing to MARCO*) Captain, these letters have been taken from a courier, surprised near the cross in the valley.

MARCO. (*taking the letters*) 'Tis well, my faithful Gianetto! (*To GREGORIO*) Send the women away! [*GREGORIO makes the women disperse, R. and L.*] And now, my friends, approach—all!

The BRIGANDS, leaning on their carbines, form a thick circular group around MARCO and GIANETTO, who stand isolated C.

MARCO. Gianetto ! you are a traitor!

GIAN. (*boldly*) Who has dared to say so? 'Tis false !

MARCO. You are a traitor! You have been tempted by a reward of six thousand crowns to betray me.

GIAN. (*less boldly*) 'Tis not true !

MARCO. To give information that I should be present at the Governor's ball.

GIAN. (*trembling*) Captain! I swear to you—I never—

MARCO. (*holding out the paper, given him in Act 2*) Liar and villain! here is the proof!

GIAN. (*falling on his knees*) Mercy ! mercy !

MARCO. Mercy! Had you thoughts of mercy when, for gain, you betrayed me and four of our friends to certain destruction? But I will not judge you (*crosses to L.*) Your comrades shall decide your fate. What say you?

ALL. Death to the traitor! Death!

GIAN. Mercy ! have mercy! I will never—

MARCO. Away with him ! (*Music.*)

[GIANETTO is dragged off by several Brigands down rake, R.C. struggling and screaming for mercy. The WOMEN re-enter on all sides.]

SEVERAL WOMEN. What is the matter ?

MARCO. Nothing. Resume your occupations and your games. [*The groups arrange themselves again. Music. Dance.* MARCO SPADA sits gloomily, looking at the letters. In the midst of the dance the discharge of several carbines is heard. All start and stop.]

MARCO. It is nothing.

ANDREA hurries out of the cavern, E.

AND. What was that ? The noise of firearms !

MARCO. My men at practice. You see even at the first sound you tremble—and you would share my perils ? Child, you know not what you say.

AND. (*puts his hand on her heart*) Does my heart beat with fear ?

MARCO. (*shaking his head*) I would speak with you.

(*Music.*)

GREGORIO, who had gone out with GIANETTO, re-enters.

MARCO goes up to meet him, and gives directions, &c. He then signs to all to disperse. They exeunt gradually on various sides. ANDREA during this sits in a mournful attitude.

MARCO. (*stopping GREGORIO*) Has Fra Borromeo, the Franciscan Monk, whom you brought here last night, been well treated ?

GREG. Yes, captain. A good supper—a good bed. What can a monk want more ?

MARCO. 'Tis well! Let every respect and attention be shown him.

GREG. (*gruffly*) Captain, you know our customary politeness in doing business. The reverend gentleman shall have every delicate attention it is in my power to show him.

MARCO. Go, then ; leave us! *Exit GREGORIO C.*

MARCO turns and sees ANDREA sitting mournfully. He contemplates her with grief, and shakes his head.

MARCO. Andrea!

AND. (*rising*) My father!

MARCO. Come hither ! Could you think for one moment that I should accept the fearful sacrifice your loving heart would make ? Could you think that I would permit you to remain in savage spots like this ? Impossible ! To-morrow I will renounce for ever this life I lead. May heaven pardon one the past, and, as the price of my repentance, grant me the happiness of my child ! And when we are far, far from hence, my child, I will write to Prince Federico Orsini, and tell him that all the obstacles to your union are happily removed—that he can follow us—

AND. But, my father—

MARCO. And he *will* follow us—if he still loves you.

AND. Does he not this very day marry the Marchesa San Pietri !

MARCO. Perhaps !

AND. What do you mean ?

MARCO. The marriage certainly was fixed to take place to-day ; but suppose the fair bride should be carried off.

AND. (*alarmed*) What would you do, my father ?

MARCO. Be calm, my child ; where your happiness is concerned, trust to a loving father !

PEP. (*from below*) But, good gentlemen brigands, I can assure you I am a most simple individuals—the most harmless creature in the universe.

MARCO. (*smiling*) Hark ! a voice not unknown to us.

AND. Surely, Count Pepinelli's !

MARCO. Yes, leave me. He must not see you here—in this costume.

AND. But you, my father—

MARCO. I will still appear as the Baron di Torrida. Leave me, Andrea. Nay, fear not. I meditate no harm to our gallant captain. [MARCO *presses her hand*. *She exits R.*]

COUNT PEPINELLI *is brought up from the valley below, with his eyes bound, led by GREGORIO and other Brigands.*

PEP. Now, dear good gentlemen brigands, gently up the hill, if you love me ! Wheugh ! if you only knew what an enormous breakfast I have just made, you'd understand that this extreme rapidity of motion is in the highest degree inconvenient ! Wheugh !

MARCO. (*in an assumed tone*) Count Pepinelli, you are at length in the power of Marco Spada—the *execrable* Marco Spada, as *you* have called him.

PEP. Never! No such thing; he is a man I have the most intense admiration for—a splendid creature!

MARCO. Silence! In the treatment of our prisoners, the laws of our society are remarkable for their extreme simplicity—namely, instant death.

PEP. Goodness gracious!

MARCO. Either by being hurled headlong down a precipice, or being shot. Now which do you prefer?

PEP. It's a point that requires a deal of consideration.

MARCO. Perhaps you would wish to save your wretched life?

PEP. Perhaps! What do you mean by perhaps? Of course I should! You're talking nonsense, my dear friend, whoever you are.

MARCO. Then you can do so.

PEP. How?

MARCO. By becoming one of us.

PEP. What! I'll see you all hanged first, you villains! So fire away, you scoundrels! I've pluck enough to die when I can only live by becoming a cowardly cut throat; so blaze away. (*Music*) [*During the above the BRIGANDS have been enjoying the joke, but, at the last speech of PEPINELLI, seize their guns; on a sign from MARCO, they replace them. They unbind PEPINELLI; he turns and sees them perfectly unconcerned, some playing at cards, some at dice.*]

PEP. Ha! Ha! Then it was a joke after all. Ha! Ha! (*laughs hysterically*) you funny rascals, you! (*seeing MARCO*) Eh—no—yes! The Baron di Torrida here!

MARCO. Yes, Captain; and a prisoner like yourself. You went, then, this morning to the ambuscade I last night told you of?

PEP. (*low to him*) The information you gave me was correct. Marco Spado was there; but with such a lot of his men at his heels, that instead of I and my dragoons taking him, egad! he took me and my dragoons. Of course I thought it was all over with me; but that intellectual-looking fellow (*pointing to GREGORIO, who advances a little*), (*louder*), that amiable gentleman told me he had orders to shoot all the dragoons. But he added that he had received orders to spare my life on one condition—a most absurd and ridiculous condition—that I should be married this very morning. I civilly inquired who the lady was; she might have been one of the ruffian's grandmothers, and

have a beard like themselves for all I knew. " Who is she ?" said I. " What is she ?" " Where is she ?" I say it again (*turning to brigands*) " Where is she ?"

BRIGANDS *appear from below, winding up, with the MARCHESA ; who struggles and sobs. She is in bridal attire.*

GREG. Behold her!

PEP. Goodness gracious! the Marchesa! (GREGORIO keeps him silent.)

MARCH. (*struggling and sobbing as they bring her forward*) Monsters! wretches! take your horrid hands off!

MARCH. (*advancing*) Calm yourself, fair lady !

MARCH. You here! Baron di Torrida! And what do I see? Pepinelli! Pepinelli, come here directly, sir.

PEP. (*awed by GREGORIO*) I can't, Marchesa.

MARCH. I command you instantly to take me away from these horrible people. Draw your sword.

PEP. I can't draw what I have not got. Don't you see I'm a prisoner ?

MARCH. Baron di Torrida, since that utterly useless individual will not aid me—

MARCO. Alas, Madam, I am a prisoner too.

MARCH. (*crying*) You don't mean to say that? Oh! then, take our jewels, and let us go. Pepinelli, instantly divest yourself of everything.

PEP. Marchesa!

MARCH. I mean everything in the way of valuables. What am I carried off for? I demand to know what I am carried off for? (GREGORIO shakes his head.) What do you want with me ?

MARCO. You wished to know who your intended bride was. 'Tis she! Tell her—

PEPINELLI *makes several efforts in vain. Then at last takes courage, approaches the MARCHESA, whispers, with a submissive air, in her ear, and then darts back again.*

MARCH. (*screaming*) Ah! absurd—impossible! Marry you! (*pointing to PEPINELLI*) when this very morning all was ready for my union with my cousin Federico. Pepinelli, you are a monster!

PEP. I know I am; but I can't help it.

GREG. It is by the orders of our Captain, Marco Spada; and the Captain's orders must be obeyed.

MARCH. Pshaw! Where is this Marco Spada ? Let me see him. Is he invisible ?

MARCO. No, for *I* have seen him.

MARCH. Indeed !

MARCO. And he intends to make you the heroine of an interesting romance by a forced marriage with a gallant captain—young—brave—well-favoured.

MARCH. (*looking at Pepinelli*) Pah !

MARCO. Who adores you.

MARCH. Pooh!

MARCO. And who, if you refuse him, will be shot.

PEPIN. and MARCH. (*together*) Shot!

GREG. (*commanding the other Brigands*) Look to your carbines !

MARCH. Stop! stop ! But reflect; to be married at a moment's notice ! it's not possible.

MARCO. On the contrary Marco Spada tells me that Fra Borromeo, a Franciscan monk, whom you saw last night at the Governor's Palazzo, waits to consecrate the nuptials.

MARCH. But—but—

GREG. Make ready!

PEP. You wouldn't see me shot like a dog before your very eyes, under your very nose, would you ? I repeat, amiable being, would you ?

GREG. Present! (*BRIGANDS present carbines.*)

MARCH (*in an agony*) There's my hand (*going to PEPINELLI*).

PEPIN. Thank you !

MARCH. But I shall always hate you!

PEP. Thank you again !

GREG. (*to whom MARCO SPADA makes a sign*) Let the reverend monk be brought hither. [*Some BRIGANDS exeunt R.*]

MARCH. Here's a marriage ! Pepinelli, can you go through the awful ceremony ?

PEP. I'll try—I'll endeavour to meet my fate with becoming resignation *They hold each other's hands, trembling.*

FRA BORROMEO *is led in, R., by BRIGANDS.*

MARCO. May all happiness attend you, my friends !

MARCH. Oh!) (*together*) Thank you!

PEP. Ah! (*together*) Thank you!

FRA B. In the name of my holy office, I protest against this violence.

GREG. There is no violence! Marry that interesting couple—that's all; or else, reverend gentleman—

FRA B. (*turning to MARCO*) And you, man of crime—

GREG. (*presenting a pistol*) Or else, reverend gentleman—

FRA B. May heaven pardon you, as my duty teaches *me* to pardon (*turns to go up the rocks, L.*)

GREG. (*putting up the pistol*) I thought it would be enough to appeal to the reverend gentleman's feelings.

PEP. (*leading MARCHESA*) Marchesa!

MARCH. Pepinelli! Remember, I shall always hate you.

PEP. Think what a consolation that will be. (*To GREGORIO*) What do you want?

GREG. I am going to give you away, Sir.

The MARCHESA and PEPINELLI follow FRA BORROMEO up the rocks towards the Chapel.

Enter RONCO, up tracks, R.C.

RON. Noble captain, I've just heard that Prince Orsini and his nephew, on learning the capture of the Marchesa, resolved to attempt his rescue, and have set out in pursuit of them.

MARCO. What is their escort?

RONCO. A very slender one at present; but a strong detachment of cavalry, as well as infantry, are advancing to support them by the other road.

MARCO. Indeed! this must be looked to.

Enter ANDREA, R.

AND. Whither are you going, father?

MARCO. (*gaily*) Only to receive some guests that I expect. [*taking ANDREA by the hand, and pointing to the chapel*] And at this moment Fra Borromeo is uniting our friend Captain Pepinelli to the Marchesa di San Pietri.

AND. Ah!

MARCO. You have no rival now to fear, my child. To-morrow we shall quit this place for ever!

AND. Oh! welcome to-morrow that will secure my father from danger!

MARCO. And all happiness for my child. Adieu! May Heaven bless you! Adieu! adieu! [*He kisses her upon the forehead, and hastens off, descending at back.*]

AND. (*alone*) My heart still whispers hope—and hope still points to a bright future, and shows me him I love. [*As she stands with her eyes raised to heaven with an expression of in-*

spired happiness, the faint sound of a bugle is heard, distant but clear, from helm. She starts] What was that? [*The bugle sounds again*] Hark again! [*A noise of distant firing from the valley below*] Where is my father? [*The sounds of the bugle and firing continue at intervals during the following*] Death is dealing round his blows—each blow may strike my father! [*She scrambles up some of the rocks. The noise increases. The clash of swords, cries, and shouts are faintly heard*] Help me, heaven! This suspense is horrible! [*She clambers further up the rocks, and looks through the ruined arch as PRINCE ORSINI and FEDERICO are dragged upwards by RONCO and a group of BRIGANDS.*]

RON. Bring them along! Drag them hither! Vengeance on the murderers of our comrades!

BRIGANDS. Yes, vengeance! vengeance! Hurrah!

RON. Death! death to them! Fire on them! (*Music.*)

[*RONCO and BRIGANDS, L., present their carbines at PRINCE ORSINI and FEDERICO, who, thrown partly on their knees, are grouped R. ANDREA, who has turned, seen what passes, uttered a low cry, and descended rapidly, rushes at this moment between the groups.*]

AND. Hold! hold!

PRINCE. What do I see?

FED. Andrea!

RON. Fire!

AND. (*flinging herself before the PRINCE and FEDERICO*) Fire, then, and kill me with them!

RON. (*pausing with the others*) They are our prisoners! They belong to us!

AND. By my death alone shall you obtain your ends! (*She advances upon RONCO, who has drawn a dagger, but lets it fall sulkily as she approaches him*) Begone, I command you! [*RONCO and BRIGANDS consult and grumble among themselves, and retire sulkily. At one moment they advance again; but at another authoritative gesture from ANDREA, they retreat and disappear, ANDREA, who has stood proudly watching their going out, then sinks altogether, and seem scarcely able to support herself!*]

PRINCE. Noble lady, how have you protected us?

AND. Providence has enabled me to save you from death. Seek to know no more! Leave me at once—fly!—escape! Go, go! (*she hides her face in her hands.*)

PRINCE. Fly with us, lady, then !

FED. Yes, come—come—let us away! [ANDREA *waves her hand with a negative gesture, turning away her head.*] Hear me, Andrea! I love you still—spite of this marriage vow, which I break for ever! [*Seeing the MARCHESA, who descends from above leaning upon the arm of PEPINELLI*] Heavens! 'tis she herself!

PRINCE. And Pepinelli! How is this ?

PEP. [*still among the rocks, holding up the MARCHESA*] Was ever such a concatenation of misfortunes to day !

MARCH. You may well say so. Haven't I married you?

PEP. [*In speaking they have arrived upon the stage, and see the PRINCE and FEDERICO*] The Governor here !

MARCH. (*clasping her hands*) My cousin Federico !

PRINCE. Our lost bride and the gallant captain together!

PEP. (*very melancholy*) Yes, Prince, you see before you a happy couple—just married by special license, and on their wedding trip.

FED. Married!

MARCH. Yes, cousin; married by force.

PEP. They gave me the choice between immediate marriage and instant death; so of two evils I chose the least.

FED. Andrea ! now you are mine for ever!

[*A nearer discharge of musketry is at this moment heard. Noise and confusion without, which continue until the entrance of Marco Spada. ANDREA utters another cry of anguish. The MARCHESA screams, runs to FEDERICO, finds him occupied with ANDREA, and returns to faint in the arms of PEPINELLI, who holds his smelling-bottle alternately to her nose and his own*]

PRINCE. (*who has mounted a platform of rocks opposite where ANDREA before stood*) See yonder ! New reinforcements of troops arrive to support the dragoons against the Brigands.

ANDREA (*shudders.*)

PEP. Indeed! I must have a look at my dragoons. Bravo! bravo ! Courage, my noble fellows! At them again ! [PEPINELLI and the MARCHESA mount to the platform with the PRINCE. The MARCHESA, FEDERICO, and ANDREA are in the front. The noise of firing, trumpets, shouting, &c, continues.]

MARCH. It's so very dreadful—and so exciting!

PEP. Yes, very exciting up here. My brave dragoons are performing prodigies of valour—ten soldiers at least to one brigand.!

AND. (*shuddering. Aside*) My father—oh! my father!

PRINCE. The day is ours! Hear you not their cries of victory? (*Music.*)

[*Shouting, and cries of " Victory!" without. The PRINCE, PEPINELLI, and the MARCHESA descend the rocks, and come upon the stage. DRAGOONS come from below, dragging BRIGANDS, prisoners and wounded, and form groups on every side.*]

PEP. Victory! victory! Down with the villains! down with them!

PRINCE. (*advancing*) But has their chief escaped, the renowned Marco Spada?

OFFICER. (*coming forward*) No, Excellency; he has been wounded—mortally perhaps. They bring him hither.

[*ANDREA is near fainting; FEDERICO supports her. She shudders, and tries to disengage herself from him. MARCO SPADA is carried up by BRIGANDS. He is covered with a cloak, stained with blood. GREGORIO, also wounded, is by his side. ANDREA turns to look, with doubt, sees it is her father, and, with a cry, tears herself from FEDERICO. SOLDIERS follow.*]

AND. (*rushing to MARCO SPADA, and sinking on her knees by his side*) Oh! my father!

PRINCE. The Baron di Torrida Marco Spada!

FED. And she—and she a brigand's child!

PEP. } (together) He, Marco Spada!

MARCH. }

[*MARCO SPADA is placed in the middle of the stage: ANDREA is on her knees beside him. GREGORIO stands by him—FRABORROMEO, who has descended from the chapel during the preceding scene, form apart of the group. DRAGOONS stand around. On the right are PRINCE ORSINI, FEDERICO; on the left the MARCHESA and PEPINELLI The backpart of the tableau is filled with DRAGOONS, BRIGANDS, CAVALIERS of the Governor's suite, BRIGANDS' WIVES, &c. &c.*]

AND. My father!—my father! Speak to me!—speak to your child!

MARCO. (*opening his eyes*) Ah! 'tis thou! Thank heaven, thou art here to close my eyes!

AND. No, no! you are not dying—it cannot be! heaven will hear my prayers.

MARCO. Then pray that I should die—that were the happiest lot for both,

PRINCE. He the brigand—the outcast! and she his daughter! Prince Orsini, this is not your place. Such a union would be infamy!

[ANDREA utters a cry, and hides her face upon her father's bosom.]

MARCO. (*raising himself with an effort. Aside*) Infamy! Infamy! (*Aloud, collecting all his strength*) Gregorio, support me—so. My life is ebbing fast. Before I go, I have a secret—which weighs upon my conscience. (*To FRA BORROMEO*) Father, approach! (*With breaking voice*) To you—before all—before heaven—I declare (*pointing to ANDREA*) that girl—whom all believe—to be—my daughter—

FED. (*eagerly*) And she is not?

MARCO. (*aside. Struggling with himself*) She will curse me! Hatred, scorn, abhorrence she will bestow upon my memory! But her happiness before all!

FRA B. Speak, man of sin! Speak! Make thy peace.

MARCO. Listen. Years ago—a noble lord (*collecting his strength*) was massacred by our band—family—attendants—all——

PRINCE. Murderer!

MARCO. No; avenger! The humble, poor, and innocent never felt my hand. On those alone who crushed me when guiltless—then persecuted—hunted to the death—has my vengeance fallen in all its terrors. But let me to my story. I came too late to save. One child alone I snatched from death. That child stands there! (*ANDREA shrinks from him.*) She turns with horror from me! Oh! bitter is my expiation! Speak, Governor of Rome! Is the daughter of the Duke de San Gennaro a fitting bride for Prince Federico Orsini? (*FEDERICO raises her and embraces her*) She will be happy—and I—I—lost for ever! No! heaven may still be merciful.

AND. (*disengaging herself from FEDERICO*) Still—still—he was the kind protector of my youth—my devoted guardian! Can I forget that? He loved me—loved me always—and he dies (*bends over MARCO SPADA.*)

MARCO. She does not curse me. Blessings, blessings on thee, my child—ah! (*Falls back dead*)

TABLEAU.