

IDALIA;

OR,

THE ADVENTRESS.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

GEORGE ROBERTS,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society)

AUTHOR OF

Lady Audley's Secret, Under the Rose, Three Furies, Forty Winks,
Cousin Tom, Ample Apology,
&c. &c.

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IDALIA.

*First produced at the Royal St. James's Theatre (under
the management of Miss Herbert), on Monday,
April 22nd, 1867.*

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**This Drama is in part founded on the novel, " Idalia,"  
by G. A. S.**  
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Characters.

HUGH STONELEIGH	Mr. C. WYNDHAM.
COUNT FALCON	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
VICTOR VANE	Mr. F. CHARLES.
VOLPONE VITELLO	Mr. J. D. STOYLE.
BAEON LINTZ (<i>of the Austrian Army</i>)	Mr. GASTON MORRAY.
CAPTAIN DELAFOSSE (<i>of the Zouaves</i>)	Mr. WILTON.
JOSEPH (<i>Garcon at the Cafe</i>)	Mr. ALLEN.
SCHWARTZ ... (<i>a Croat</i>) ...	Mr. BRIDGFORD.
BATZ ... (<i>an Innkeeper</i>) ...	Mr. RIVERS.
FILIPPO ... (<i>Postillion</i>) ...	Mr. BROWNE.
ENSIGN SCHWEITZER ...	Mr. MERVIN.
PICCOLO.....	Mr. MONRO.
BOTTEGA ... (<i>a Savoyard</i>)...	Mr. SHARPE.
BERTO ... (<i>a Boy</i>) ...	Miss GUNNISS.
IDALIA, COUNTESS GLORIA...	Miss HERBERT.
MADAME PARA VENT	Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS.
CERISE	Miss K. KEARNEY.
MADemoiselle PETITCHAT ...	Miss BRUCE.
VIOLETTA	Miss THOMPSON.
BIBI	Miss AUSTIN.
LULU	Miss SMITHSON.
<i>Masquers, Croats, Zouaves, French and Austrian Soldiers, Vivan- dieres, Flower Girls, Monks, Peasants, &c.</i>	

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**PERIOD—1859, during the Struggle for Italian Independence.**  
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Time of Representation—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

IDALIA.

Programme of Scenery.

ACT I.

CAFÉ MINUIT—PARIS.

POST HOUSE ON THE SIMPLON PASS.

GORGE OF GONDO.

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An interval of Two Months is supposed to elapse  
between the First and Second Acts.

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ACT II.

THE VILLA BEATA—LAGO DI GARDA.

GARDEN OF THE VILLA.

GROTTO ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE.

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ACT III.

**PIAZZA DEL DUCINO—BRESCIA.**

ROAD NEAR SAN MARTINO.

**SOLFERINO FROM THE SPIA D'ITALIA.**

IDA L I A;  
OR,  
THE ADVENTURESS.



ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Cafe Minuit, Paris.*

*Music.* MASQUERS and others passing along the Boulevards, at back; principal door (glass), c.; comptoir, on L. c. at back; doors and openings to interior of cafe, R. and L. BIBI, MIMI, and LULU with HENRI, ALPHONSE, and ALEXANDRE, at separate tables; VANE and VITELLO, at table, L., playing dominoes; table, R., unoccupied; MADEMOISELLE PETITCHAT, at table, R. corner.

JOSEPH. (at c. door, keeping out party of MASQUERADERS) No, no—*pas de place ! pas de place !* respect Monsieur le Prefet! respect the police! Off with you to the Cafe de Bade!

MASQUERS. (without) *A bas Monsieur le Prefet! a bas le police! Va pour le Cafe de Bade ! (they disappear)*

JOSEPH. (taking bills from comptoir) Schoking—schoking!

VANE. (without looking up) Drunk to a man.

JOSEPH. And woman, *attest, monsieur.* I wonder which will ache de most to-morrow, their heads or my legs.

BIBI. (calling) Joseph!

LULU. (ditto) Jo—seph!

MADLLE. P. (ditto) Jo—o—seph!

JOSEPH. (takes bill to BIBI) *Voila !*

BIBI. (gives bill to her friend) Monsieur pays. (JOSEPH takes money, and crosses to LULU—gives bill)

LULU. (gives bill to her friend) Alphonse.

ALPHONSE pays, and exits with LULU, C.

JOSEPH. (crossing to MADLLE. PETITCHAT) *Et voila pour vous, madame.* (gives bill)

MADLLE. P. (rising) Aha! I've got no money, Joseph, (shews her empty pockets) Alexandre ! (tosses bill to ALEXANDRE)

(ALEXANDRE rises—shews his empty pockets— JOSEPH remonstrates—they twist him round—dance towards him, and run out laughing, C.)

JOSEPH. (puts money in box on comptoir) All right, I know her! Mademoiselle Petitchat, of the Porte St. Martin—35-----

VANE. What? Her age?

JOSEPH. No, *monsieur*, number 35, *Rue de la*-----(*whispers—then goes across to R. table*) *N'importe*—we'll take it out in orders, (*sits down—takes up a paper*) Now for a peep at the "Petit Journal." (*reads*) "*Politique* —Italy with one voice, from the Alps to the Adriatic, cries----- "

VOICE. (*inner room, R.*) *Garçon! Du café!*

JOSEPH *seizes coffee pots from comptoir, and exits, R.*

VITEL. (*turning over dominoes*) There, I never can win now.

VANE. That's true, my poor Vitello—you Venetian gentlemen are not on the winning side.

VITEL. But the luck will turn—I say, Monsieur Victor, the luck will turn.

VANE. Possibly, but it will take a better man than you, Vitello, to send it round.

VITEL. What—you doubt my courage ? You don't know what stuff-----

VANE. Venetian glass is ? Don't I! brittle—confoundedly brittle!

VITEL. You'd call Volpone Vitello acoward—you'd call him—

VANE. Out, certainly not; for I know he wouldn't come—There, don't make a fuss; cool your throat, (*pushes syphon, towards him*) You're like an old volcano, always rumbling, and never in a blaze, (*taps glass with knife*)

*Enter JOSEPH, R.*

There, (*pays him, JOSEPH turns to VITELLO who gives him nothing*)

JOSEPH. Now, that's what I call Italian independence!

VITEL. Come, (*rises*) Shall we go back to the opera, and look after-----

VANE. (*rises*) No. 35, Rue de-----

VITEL. No—Idalia.

VANE, (*lights cigarette*) Don't you think the Countess Gloria is capable of taking care of herself? (*aside*) If I go, I go alone. (*aloud*) She's in safe hands with Falcon, and the old Frenchwoman.

VITEL. *Politesse*, signor. Old! No woman *should* be old, and no Frenchwoman ever *could* be!

VANE. Good ! Very good, for you, Vitello.

VITEL. I like Madame Paravent.

VANE. No wonder, she's a general favourite.

VITEL. And I flatter myself she'd have no objection to share my castle-----

VANE. In the air ?

VITEL. The Palazzo Vitello, at Venice—a castle in the air !

VANE. I beg pardon, your palace under water. No, no, the Paravent as we say in England is too wise to quarrel with

her bread and butter; and take my word for it, Vitello, the Countess's bread and butter is a richer meal than your pipe of macaroni.

*(Music. MASQUERS appear at back, surrounding MADAME PARAVENT, laughing, &c—STONELEIGH interposes, and conducts MADAME PARAVENT to the cafe, and exits at back, R. u. E., as MADAME PARAVENT enters)*

VANE. Why, talk of the-----

VITEL. Angel!—It's Madame, I know her domino.

VANE. And that fellow, Stoneleigh, what can he-----

MAD. P. *(entering c.)* Thank you. *(agitated)*

VITEL. *and* VANE. *(together)* What's the matter ?

MAD. P. A chair, *(sits)*

VANE. *A petit verre !*

VITEL. A punch.

VANE. A limonade.

VITEL. A grog.

MAD. P. A grog, several grogs! *(to VANE)* What do you think—that dreadful man.

VANE. What man ?

MAD. P. Why Falcon, deserted me in the midst of a mob of-----

VITEL. Dont mention them.

MAD. P. I'd rather not—broke away from me, and nearly broke my poor little wrist, and left me to the tender mercies of a monk, a medical student, and a pair of Pierrots; if it hadn't been for the timely assistance of one of your countrymen—*(looks round)* Eh! Why, where is he ? A magnificent man, I assure you.

VANE. I know the fellow—it's the first act of gallantry Hugh Stoneleigh has ever been guilty of to my knowledge,—he's a perfect misogynist.

MAD. P. A mahoganist ?

VITEL. Ah, what we call a cabinet minister.

MAD. P. I don't care whether he's a cabinet minister, or a cabinet maker, I know he saved me from-----

VITEL. Don't mention them-----

MAD. P. And so, *vivent les Anglais!*—and *(raising glass)* *vive le grog!*

VANE. But Idalia—where is she?

MAD. P. At the ball, still.

VANE. Alone?

MAD. P. Why, you silly boy what an idea! The Lady of the Silver Ivy alone ?

VANE. More conquests, eh?

MAD. P. Half Paris in her box!

VANE. I've scarcely had a chance of speaking to her to-night, and when I did, Falcon——

VITEL. Ah! if I were Falcon.

MAD. P. If you were—thank your protecting planet, Vitello, you are not the Count, if you were you'd be-----

VITEL. What, my dear madame?

MAD. P. A brute! whereas you've the satisfaction of being nothing worse than a fool.

VITEL. Ha! ha! You should not abuse the Count, he's the champion of the glorious cause of Italy and liberty.

MAD. P. Liberty! He'd enslave all the world if he had his way! He has enslaved Idalia, and me, and poor Vitello, here, and—(*looking at VANE hesitatingly*).

VANE. (*inquiringly*) And me?

MAD. P. Oh! Englishmen, as your great poet Tupper says, "Englishmen never, never, never can be slaves!"

VANE. (*gallantly*) Slaves only to women! (*looks at watch*) Late! (*aside*) I must see Idalia.

MAD. P. You're not going, Mr. Vane?

VANE. Just one turn at the opera.

MAD. P. Then I claim your escort (*rises*).

VANE. (*aside*) Confound it! (*aloud*) A thousand pardons, but, the fact is—I'm engaged.

VITEL. And so am I, (*aside to VANE*) What was the number?

VANE. No. 35, Rue de—

MAD. P. Oh!

VITEL. The address of his washerwoman, I mean *my* washerwoman.

MAD. P. No, no, Vitello, as they say in England, that will not wash; no, not if I know it. Give me my mask. (*VITELLO does to*).

VANE. Unnecessary precaution.

MAD. P. Oh!

VANE. That is, you can see better without it.

MAD. P. Wretch! Come, Vitello, why how melancholy you look.

VITEL. No wonder, I was thinking of my home, my sunny home!

MAD. P. Poor fellow! his "sunny home!" in Leicester Square. *Exit, with VITELLO, C.*

VANE. Half Paris in her box! The decoy bird lures them all into Falcon's net. To-night the fair conspirator scarcely gave me a look—a sigh. Her manner too was strange. Can she have fallen? No, no; the marble heart is proof against a quiver of the little devil's sharpest darts; and yet—were there a man-----

*Enter STONELEIGH, C.*

STONELEIGH. (*agitated*) Vane!

VANE. (*turning*) Stoneleigh! you positively startled me.

STONE. A word.

VANE. Fifty if you like.

STONE. The—the woman who was with you in the box to-night.

VANE. The woman—in the box? Which woman—in which box? I've been in so many boxes, and with so many women.

STONE. The centre on the grand tier; a black domino, with-----

VANE. Sprays of silver ivy?

STONE. Yes.

VANE. Idalia. (*aside*) He's in the net.

STONE. Idalia? Who and what is she?

VANE. The Countess Gloria—an adventuress.

STONE. Adventuress?

VANE. Politically. Conspirator if you like.

STONE. Conspirator? Against whom?

VANE. The oppressors of her country—Italy.

STONE. She's an Italian?

VANE. So they say.

STONE. And you know her?

VANE. Yes. (*aside*) The fellow floods me with interrogatories.

STONE. And she's married?

VANE. (*aside*) This is no joke, (*aloud*) We don't come into a *cafe* to say our catechism.

STONE. One word more. The man who leant over her shoulder—an olive face and deadly smile—is he—her-----

VANE. What you please. Ask her yourself.

STONE. I want the truth.

VANE. Which is not always convenient to be told. You quite surprise me—you, the most unimpressionable of men, set in a blaze by a black domino. A question in return; have you spoken to la Gloria?

STONE. No.

VANE. Then don't make the experiment. Fight shy of Idalia; she'll fool you, and then fling you to the dogs, where she has flung a score of others, (*going*) It's late; go home and sleep off the Spirit of the Silver Ivy; that's the best advice I can give you for your sake, and (*aside*) my own. (*noticing JOSEPH asleep in the chair, R.*) The poor devil's asleep—a caution to me not to follow his example.

*Exit, c, stopping for a few seconds in conversation with FALCON, who enters, L. U. E.*

STONE. Fool that I was to trust him with the knowledge of



my passion. Can she love him ? Women ere now have fought for a smile from that pale lip—have trusted that boyish face, and lived bitterly to repent that trust. Love! Till to-night Hugh Stoneleigh has denied its influence—has passed his life in pity for the fools who put their faith in such an idle dream; and now the same Hugh Stoneleigh is bound, body and soul—a woman's slave ! Love at first sight! Poets have sung, and players preached of it; but till that glance, I'd have forsworn its being. (*sits at the table, L., leaning his face on his hands, in thought*)

FALCON. (*aside*) Cavour in Paris—that's well—but the Tuileries not yet determined ! When will the blow be struck ? We've been at fault to-night. The attache's of the Austrian embassy were not to be entrapped into a single word. Idalia's sweetest smiles failed to charm the Baron into confidence ; at supper, perhaps, the champagne will loosen Lintz's tongue. (*sees STONELEIGH*) The fellow Vane, pointed out to me; the last victim to Idalia's charms; he may be of service to the cause. (*gently drawing paper over which STONELEIGH'S elbow rests*) Pardon, monsieur.

STONE. (*looking up—aside*) The man who was with her in the box to-night.

FALC. (*aside*) An Englishman—(*sits, R., and after glancing at paper, addresses STONELEIGH*) Not such a power as your press, monsieur.

STONE. Possibly. I'm no politician.

FALC. Nor patriot, perhaps ?

STONE. Perhaps not, in your meaning.

FALC. My meaning is not a special one—cheap bread and high wages, is the only receipt I know for patriotism; give the people that, and any idiot may play the tyrant at his pleasure, (*pause*) You know Paris well ?

STONE. Too well!

FALC. Ah ! a pleasant furnace to pass through, though few of us come out of the flame purified by the process. At the ball to-night ?

STONE. Yes.

FALC. Amused?

STONE. No.

FALC. Instructed ; or, it may be, interested ?

STONE. Interested? Yes.

FALC. Though there's little enough in such a scene to interest a man of your stamp. It needs no Lavater to see the mountain and the moorside are more to your taste, than mummery and masking!

STONE. (*aside*) Inquisitive! Who can he be ? Is this mere idle curiosity ?

FALC. There's work now for men who have no wish to let their ardour rest—work across the Alps—in Italy.

STONE. I'm no friend to faction.

FALC. You may have sympathy.

STONE. What Englishman has not, for those who merit it. *(aside)* Who can he be ?

FALC. *(aside)* Reserved, like all his race ! *(calls waiter)* Joseph.

JOSEPH. *(waking, and coming forward)* *Voila, monsieur.*

FALC. Have supper ready at once—this table—*(pointing, R.)*

JOSEPH. It's already ordered.

FALC. Ah!

JOSEPH. By Monsieur Vane.

FALC. Good, *(going)* Now to Idalia, and see what play she's made with the Baron. If the woman fails, we must see what the wine will do. *(bows to STONELEIGH)* I plainly see he'll be of no service to our cause. *Au revoir.* *Exit, C.*

STONE. *Au revoir.* I'd gladly forego the pleasure, yet something whispers we shall meet again! What is he?—a spy, a mouchard, a— a gambler? I've seen his double many a time at Homburg and at Baden, and never alone—never alone, but always with—no, *never* with such as she! Better to blot her face from off my soul!

*Enter IDALIA, C, with domino.*

Ah! 'tis she!

IDALIA. The man who kept his eyes so constantly on me at the ball! I saw what those eyes spoke.

STONE. One word.

IDA. Who are you who dare speak to me thus? Are you mad ?

STONE. I think so.

IDA. I think so, too!

STONE. Heaven help me—I scarce know what I say! In pity's sake tell me who and what you are.

IDA. Such a question a stranger has no right to ask, and I no mind to answer. Leave me.

STONE. Idalia!

IDA. How did you learn my name ?

STONE. From a friend.

IDA. Of yours?

STONE. No, of yours. Victor Vane.

IDA. He, then, is not your friend ?

STONE. Friend? Knowing what his life has been—what it now is—I would not trust him.

IDA. An excellent reason for not trusting those who have

the misfortune to be his friends. You know nothing of me but my name,—leave me, and know no more !

STONE. I cannot—will you hear me ?

IDA. I have heard more than enough already. What is it you ask —the *entree* to my box—admission to my house—the tedium of my company—in a word, do you seek my acquaintance or my friendship ?

STONE. More,—I seek your love!

IDA. (*laughing ironically*) And this from one of your cold, calculating country ! The old, old story ! Such havoc made of your heart in a single night, and by a single domino ?

STONE. Then lay the mask aside, if it's to blame.

IDA. (*aside, pleased*) A Frenchman could not have been readier, (to *him*) The compliment claims the reward. There (*removes her mask*)—are you satisfied ?

STONE. You forgive me ?

IDA. I've nothing to forgive. The woman who allows her name to be bandied to and fro, by every idle blast, must take the consequences.

STONE. Vane told me little of you.

IDA. So much the better for us both.

STONE. Yet he coupled a strange title with your name—adventuress !

IDA. He called me rightly; he might have added, rebel-revolutionist. I am an adventuress—I venture for a noble cause—for that cause suffer—have made others suffer.

STONE. What ?

IDA. Pangs such as no honest English nature has any knowledge of. My road is rough—my path a stony one.

STONE. Those are strange words.

IDA. I am strange; there's mystery where I tread; and where there's mystery there's sin. Now, would you know more of me ?

STONE. Yes.

IDA. You're rash—you, whose face tell of your manhood and your honour.

STONE. I would risk both-----

IDA. For a woman? No, there's not one worth the loss. (*pause*) What title have I given you to speak of love ?

STONE. None, but I claim one. The title all have to love, though they may go unloved.

IDA. You don't know what you say! (*MASQUERADERS heard without*) No more of this, they're coming from the opera, farewell, (*gives her hand, STONELEIGH kisses it, VANE appears at back, C.*)

STONE. One word. Are—are you married ?

IDA. Yes.

STONE. To-----

IDA. Liberty! I cherish freedom too ranch to be wedded.

STONE. But he, with the dark eyes, and olive face.

IDA. (*leaving him*) Hush! Pray that we may meet no more.

*Exit, L.*

STONE. (*gazing after her*) No more! (*sinks in chair, L.*)

VANE. (*entering, c.*) She loves him! Curse him!

*Enter* FALCON, MADAME PARAVENT, and VITELLO.

MAD. P. Idalia not arrived ?

FALC. Still fooling with the Baron, I dare swear, (*aside*)

VITEL. (*looks off, L.*) Ah, what do I see ?

VANE. Double at this hour, Vitello.

VITEL. There is the Countess!

MAD. P. And not double, but all one, all alone.

FALC. I'll join her, and hear what success with the Baron.

*Exit, L.*

VANE. (*to* STONELEIGH) Still here ? (*STONELEIGH nods, but does not answer*)

MAD. P. Ah! why it's my champion, who rescued me from—

VITEL. Don't mention them.

MAD. P. (*to* VANE) A friend of yours—introduce him, pray, (*to* VITELLO) Who knows he might have a palace above water.

VANE. (*to* STONELEIGH) Friends of mine. (*STONELEIGH rises*) Madame Paravent, Signor Vitello, permit me to present to you Mr. Stoneleigh, of Stoneleigh Manor, Stoneleighshire, a sportsman, and a capital fellow.

MAD. P. Sportsman! Capital fellow! *Ah je comprends*, what you call beautiful filly, won the Derby and Ascot Claret Cup ! *Vive le sport, monsieur, vive le sport.*

VANE. (*to* VITELLO) And a traveller.

VITEL. (*bowing*) *Viaggiatore !* You have travelled ? You know the Rialto ? You feel for Venice ? *Corpo di Bacco !* once again in the Palazzo Vitello, you shall feel-----

VANE. The mosquitoes, (*to* STONELEIGH) You sup with us?

STONE. Thank you, I'm engaged, (*aside*) I can't stay while she is here!

VANE. (*to* MADAME PARAVENT) He's a queer fellow, (*goes up*)

MAD. P. Oh, quite a mahoganist!

(*VANE, VITELLO, and MADAME PARAVENT sit at supper table, R., STONELEIGH is leaving as LINTZ enters, L.*)

STONE. Lintz !

LINTZ. Herr Stoneleigh! Is it possible ? Well, you are the last man I should have thought of meeting. Ah, Countess!

Enter FALCON and IDALIA, L.—IDALIA starts at seeing STONELEIGH—LINTZ bows to IDALIA, and hands her across to supper table.

LINTZ. Excuse me, Countess, a few words with ray friend.  
(rejoins STONELEIGH at table, L.)

FALC. Diavolo! the Austrian with him. (aside—sits at table, R.)

IDA. Now, I make the salad, (to VANE) Oil and vinegar, (sits)

VANE. Ah, Countess, your hands would make harmony of the most incongruous materials.

MAD. P. (handing plate) Now then, Vitello,—Vitello, are you asleep?

VITEL. I beg your pardon—a little chicken?

MAD. P. A little—a great deal, if you please Looking on, and not dancing always gives me an appetite. No, not the leg, the liver wing.

IDA. (to FALCON) You take nothing.

FALC. I dined late, (aside, looking towards STONELEIGH) What can the Baron want with him?

STONE. (to LINTZ) You know that lady?

LINTZ. Who doesn't know Idalia; in Lombardy, we Austrians know her too well.

STONE. She's an Italian?

LINTZ. Yes, Countess Gloria. Her title is better than her company. That countryman of yours, for instance, Mr. Vane, has not the best of reputations.

STONE. And Idalia, she lives----

LINTZ. On her estate; the Villa Beata, on the Garda, is the home of the disaffected and disappointed. Indeed, Idalia is a revolution in herself, and has given our government more trouble than a whole republic.

(VITELLO is seized with a violent fit of coughing)

FALC. Hush! be quiet!

IDA. The poor fellow's choking.

MAD. P. He's getting black in the face.

VITEL. I beg pardon, it's the red pepper!

VANE. An excuse for having his glass filled.

IDA. And quite right, too. Count, though you won't eat, you must drink.

FALC. (fills glass) Your health, with pleasure.

IDA. No, my toast (rises, fills glasses) Here's to Liberty!

ALL. (rising) Liberty.

(all resume their seats except VITELLO, who flirts with one of the DEBARDEURS, at upper table, L. u. E.—FALCON listens attentively to LINTZ and STONELEIGH)

MAD. P. Vitello, what are you doing.

IDA. Merely carrying out the sentiment.

LINTZ. (to STONELEIGH) A man of your pursuits, Herr Stoneleigh, who has no love but for the chase, what keeps you here?

STONE. Pleasure, the weariest of work—I'd gladly tear myself from Paris, had I an excuse.

LINTZ. (*aside*) The very man for our purpose if I could contrive it.

STONE. I thought of rambling in Lombardy, over old ground—

LINTZ. And *new* battle fields, for war is at hand. Carry out your resolve, and you may render me a service.

STONE. You've only to mention it.

LINTZ. I have here (*producing sealed packet*) some letters—letters to the General commanding at Milan; they're of the utmost importance, our courier has not arrived, and the Bureau, in Piedmont, I'll not trust; they might be tampered with! Now I want a friend on whom I can rely.

STONE. To start at once; you may rely on me! I'll go.

LINTZ. You will?

STONE. When you please, by the "Express," at 8, this morning! if you wish it.

LINTZ. A thousand thanks!

STONE. It's short notice : I'll give orders to my man, at once. Adieu, in three days I shall be in Milan. No thanks, it is you who have done me a service, (*aside bowing to IDALIA*) By heaven ! I may yet forget her!

*Exit STONELEIGH, C.—FALCON rises and follows STONELEIGH rapidly—VITELLO returns to table, R.*

MAD. P. The Count leaving us ! Is anything the matter ?

LINTZ. (*aside*) Diplomacy! The contents of those letters convey to the General, at Milan, timely notice of the French Emperor's adhesion to the Italian cause. Poor Stoneleigh,—he little knows what combustible matter he is charged with. (*goes to table, R.—sits*) Pardon my rudeness, Countess, but—an old friend—once—like many of his brave countrymen—in our army. Vitello, the champagne,—thank you,—Madame Paravent, I drink to you. Vane, your health. La Gloria, you are pale!

IDA. Late hours, Baron, (*to FALCON, who returns*) Where have you been?

FALC. (*aside*) No matter, (*aloud*) I was not aware, Baron, Mr. Stoneleigh was your friend.

LINTZ. An old one.

FALC. Indeed ! —A strange, wild fellow.

VANE. Led a wild Bohemian life.

IDA. But not *with* Bohemians.

FALC. How can you tell ?

IDA. By his looks—his speech.

FALC. You have heard him ?

IDA. Did he not greet our friend here (*indicating LINTZ*) just now ? What do you think of him, Madame Paravent ?

M. P. Oh, I think him a Don Juan!—No, I don't mean that. Don Quixote, he saved me-----

VITEL. Don't mention them!

IDA. (to FALCON) What do *you* think of him ?

FALC. Well, I think he'll die a violent death.

IDA. Why do you think so?

FALC. I think so—because I think so—he'll get shot in a duel, perhaps, for blundering out some barbaric truth, in the teeth of policy, (*aside to VANE*) Overheard the orders to his servant; retain the *coupe* for Geneva, and telegraph for a post carriage to Milan, *via* the Simplon—no time's to be lost. (*aloud*) We must be moving. (ALL *rise*, LINTZ *bows and exits*, c. —*aside*) That packet must be secured, at any cost.

*Exit VANE, VITELLO, MADAME PARAVENT, C, FALCON, and IDALIA at opening, c.—Music.*

FALC. (to IDALIA) I start this morning.

IDA. For----- ?

FALC. Geneva.

IDA. Alone?

FALC. No, not alone—Vane—Vitello—

IDA. And *I* go with you.

FALC. You?

IDA. Yes, I. I watched you when the Baron gave the packet. I watched you when *he* took it. I read your errand in your face. Harm that man at your peril.

FALC. (*enraged*) Traitor ! You'd save him ?

IDA. With my life. (*Scene closes in*)

SCENE SECOND.- *The Post House on the Pass.—Storm.—Music.*

*Enter BATZ and FILIPPO, the latter drinking, L.*

FILIPPO. Is the pole mended, master Batz?

BATZ. We've made shift for the present, (*pours out wine*) How many mules d'ye want, Filippo ?

FILIP. We've more than enough already. The men are twice as obstinate as my worst team. No mule would tempt the storm in such a night as this, (*rain, &c.*)

BATZ. Since '33 we've not seen the like. Why do you budge, Filippo ?

FILIP. Because I'm paid for budging, master Batz. Paid handsomely, (*chinks money*)

BATZ. Well, you'll have a lighter load to carry, that's some comfort to your cattle. The poor lady-----

FILIP. Is she better ?

BATZ. No ; not come round yet.

FILIP. When we turned over, *Santa Maria!* I thought it was all over with her!

BATZ. She must stop here to-night. Rough lodging for such as she, but she's safer here than on the Pass.

*Enter FALCON, R.*

FALC. Right; she'll be safe enough in your hands, *padrone*, (to FILIPPO) Are the relays ready ?

FILIP. In a moment, signor. (*drinks*)

FALC. Then toss that glass down quickly. We've no time to waste.

FILIP. Si, signor. (*returns glass to BATZ*)

BATZ. (*aside*) What's their errand ?

FILIP. The devil's; or I'm no judge of passengers.

*Exit, with BATZ, L.*

FALC. The game's in my hands now. Stoneleigh has not seen us. We kept behind him from Geneva, and pushed on at dusk, while he was loitering at Briegg over his supper. It's well the accident occurred. Vitello and the Frenchwoman would have hampered us, and Idalia, she might mar all! Good out of evil, and no harm done. She's in no danger, and will gain her senses, when she has no use for them.

BATZ. (*re-entering, L.*) All's ready, signor. The other gentleman's inside, and waits.

FALC. There (*gives money*) for the reckoning. Look to the signora. Good night.

(*Exit, L., horn, smacking of whip, &c, as of carriage going off.*)

BATZ. The devil's errand ? Filippo's right. It's in his face.

*Exit, L.*

*Enter VITELLO, R.*

VITEL. Your sufferings in the glorious cause of liberty, Volpone Vitello, have begun, and no mistake ! Upset in mind and body. Overturned physically and metaphysically. Where should I have been now, had not a mysterious dispensation decided that Madame Paravent should break my fall. That guardian angel came between me and the carriage step, and saved my spine! Generous woman! Cause of liberty ! Cause of complaint, would be nearer the mark ! I've half a mind to repudiate my nationality! (*storm*) And I will, too, if this goes on much longer (*looks off, c. after carriage*). There they go. Well, every one to their taste. I wish I was back at the Opera—in the mazy throng—with No. 35, *Rue de*—what was the name of the place ? (*humming and pirouetting*)

*Enter MADAME PARAVENT, R.*

MAD. P. If the man isn't singing! Vitello! Vitello! How can you have the audacity to sing at such a time ?

VITEL. I'm sure I was singing very small, (*storm*) There it goes again. How's Idalia ?



MAD. P. Much as she was, poor soul! Cerise is watching, (*storm*) What a night! The Count and that mad child Vane, are they really gone ?

VITEL. Off, like a pair of Roman candles.

MAD. P. Vitello, what does all this mystery mean ?

VITEL. I can't tell.

MAD. P. What are they about?

VITEL. I don't know.

MAD. P. Then you ought to know. What's the good of your being mixed up with these liberty people—these libertines, without knowing their secrets? Be crafty if you can't be courageous. Vitello, worm it out.

VITEL. Yes; but what is there to worm out ?

MAD. P. That's just what we want to know.

VITEL. Ah, now if you were in Venice-----

MAD. P. I don't want to be in Venice. I wish I was back in Paris, and the next time you catch me running away from the only place fit for civilized beings, guillotine me!

VITEL. Ah, *madame*; but in the cause of liberty-----

MAD. P. Liberty! Pray what is your idea of liberty ? All night in a shrieking howling train—all day in a dreadful diligence. No time to eat—no room to sleep—your toes numbed—your tongue parched—your head splitting—your bones aching ; and to complete the romantic reality, your neck broken at the foot of a perpendicular precipice ! If that's your idea of liberty, Vitello, give me slavery !

*Re-enter* BATZ, L.

BATZ. Will the *signora* take some refreshment ?

VITEL. What have you got ?

BATZ. Cheese—chamois-----

MAD. P. I prefer champagne.

BATZ. A bowl of goat's milk.

MAD. P. Ugh; I'll take nothing.

VITEL. I'll take myself to bed.

BATZ. Madame's room is this way. (*points, R.*)

MAD. P. Well, where's a candle; I can't go to bed in the dark. *Exit* BATZ.

VITEL. I daren't go to bed in the dark.

MAD. P. I shan't sleep a wink !

VITEL. I shall lay awake all night.

MAD. P. I wonder if to-morrow—

VITEL. Make your mind easy, *madame*, to-morrow we shall be at the monastery.

MAD. P. The monastery !

VITEL. Yes ; the monks will take care of you.

MAD, P. The monks—monastery—I—I'd rather go to a nunnery.

BATZ *returns with a lantern and candle in a cleft stick, which he gives to* MADEMOISELLE PARAVENT *and* VITELLO.

VITEL. *Bon soir, madame.*

MAD. P. Vitello.

VITEL. Yes, *madame.*

MAD. P. You—you're quite sure the monks won't. Oh, I'd much rather go to a nunnery! *Exit, R.*

VITEL. Now that's what I call a woman of taste. *Corpo di Bacco*, I'm quite of her opinion—I—I'd much rather go to a nunnery. *Exit, L.*

BATZ. (*storm*) Worse than ever; how black it looks! (*storm, whips heard*) Ah, more fools—tempting the storm! The idiots!—they don't know when they're well off! Ah, that's the postilion's doing—young Beppo, who swore that my wine was as sour as my face! I'll pay him out some day.

*Enter CERISE, R..*

Ah, *ma'amselle*, how is Miladi ?

CERISE. Better—much better.

BATZ. What, can she speak ?

CERISE. Speak? She's almost herself again; here she comes.

*Enter IDALIA, R.*

IDA. Where are the gentlemen ?

BATZ. (*hesitating*) The—the gentlemen ?

IDA. Yes; where are they ?

BATZ. Gone, a quarter of an hour ago.

IDA. Gone !—but the carriage ?

BATZ. With them; they're gone in it up the Pass.

IDA. And left me here! Oh, great heaven! Another carriage—quick!

BATZ. I have none, my lady.

IDA. Nor horses?

BATZ. Not a hoof.

IDA. What's to be done ? He'll kill him ! Cerise, my cloak. Stay where you are; I'll face the Pass alone !

*Exeunt, L.—storm distant.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Gorge of Gondo, on the Simplon (Moonlight).*

*Entrance to gallery, through the rocks at back—Music to open.*

*Enter VANE, back.*

VANE. The storm over at last. I wish I had never joined Falcon in this work; he thinks no more of shedding blood than water. It's only for her sake—for Idalia—that I've

linked myself with such as he—even now, I've half a mind to push on, and leave the rest to— (*as FALCON enters at back*) Well, the postilion—Filippo—what of him, is he-----

FALC. Safe—he might have been in the way, and so I—  
(*points to torrent*)

VANE. You don't mean you-----

FALC. Pshaw! Are you turned chicken-hearted—I gave you credit—

VANE. For murder; then you gave me credit for more than I deserved.

FALC. You'd desert us—you, who are bound to aid the cause, desert us in the moment of success. That packet from the Baron may be the key to the movements at Milan, and must be obtained at any price.

VANE. Even the price of blood!

FALC. Blood—there is none spilt yet.

VANE. Hugh Stoneleigh is not the man to yield nor break his trust; I've known him from school days, and bear him no goodwill perhaps; but yet, his life—(*carriage bells heard in the distance*)

FALC. Hush! D'ye hear? He's not far off! In the shade of the torrent I placed a pine trunk across the road; they must be near it now. (*crash heard*) It has done the work, they're down. (*FALCON and VANE watching at entrance*)

VANE. But he gets up.

FALC. Unhurt; his man can't move.

VANE. And the postilion's left with the horses. He's coming down the Pass.

FALC. On with your mask—the moon's well up—he mustn't see our faces—behind this rock, quick, or he'll be upon us—not a word!

(*FALCON disappears, R. 2 E., VANE at back, L., as STONELEIGH enters from R., at back*)

STONE. Three miles yet to the frontier, and the road none of the best; this is unfortunate. I promised Lintz the packet should be delivered at Milan to-morrow. Well, if there are no horses at the next inn, I must push on to Domo d'Ossala, on foot.

FALC. Stop!

STONE. What!

FALC. Your papers for the General, at Milan?

STONE. I shall deliver them myself.

FALC. (*to VANE*) Quick, seize the bag!

(*FALCON and VANE rush on STONELEIGH, who throws them off, and is retreating, when FALCON fires pistol at, and wounds him; STONELEIGH flings the bag of papers into the torrent, and falls on bridge*)

FALC. The papers are in the torrent, he has balked us !

VANE. (*kneeling by STONELEIGH*) He'll balk us no more ! See his blood-----

FALC. Is on his head! Hist! footsteps in the gallery!—quick, the living before the dead !

FALCON and VANE *exeunt rapidly*, L.

*Enter IDALIA, at back.—Music.*

IDA. What was that, that echoed through the gorge ? (*Sees STONELEIGH*) Ah! too late !—too late! Dead!—dead!-- (*kneels down by, and seizes STONELEIGH'S head—as FATHER AMBROSE and BROTHER FRANCIS enter at back*) Quick! quick!—water—father—water, (*the MONK drops his hat in the torrent, and holds it to her—she sprinkles STONELEIGH'S face*) Dead! No! (*places her hand on his heart*) No, it beats! it beats! Oh, speak to me! speak to me !

STONE. (*reviving with an effort*) Idalia! *Tableau.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

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## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of the Villa Beata, on the Logo di Garda. View of the Lake at back, looking north; terrace at back; steps to R. U. E. and L. u. E.; decorations in the Italian style; the apartment tastefully furnished; couch and chair, c.; doors, R. and L.*

*Enter VANE, door L.*

VANE. Falcon not returned—that's fortunate—I can breathe more freely in his absence, and I would have listeners when I whisper in her ear.

*Enter CERISE, L. C, with courier bag, which she places on c. table.*

Where's your mistress ?

CERISE. *Madame* is in the grounds—she went out early.

VANE. *Parbleu!* this is not the time for wandering, when the enemy's at hand, and a company of Croat Savages-----

CERISE. Savages!

VANE. I said " savages."

CERISE. Oh, what will become of me !

VANE. That will entirely depend on your discretionary powers, Cerise. When the Countess returns, say I wish to see her.

CERISE. Yes, sir. (*going*)

VANE. Stay—that's a very pretty dress, Cerise, and you look very pretty in it—in fact, a great deal too pretty.

CERISE. Oh, sir, you're pleased to be complimentary.

VANE. I never am complimentary unless it pleases me. Listen, the Countess is not safe here for a single day, consequently you are not safe; now, take my advice and run away.

CERISE. Run away—Where ?

VANE. Oh ! anywhere ; everywhere, before somebody runs away with you—for rely on it, these Croat cannibals *will* run away with you, if they get the chance ! Brescia's but twelve miles off, can't you get one of your sweethearts to see you safe.

CERISE. Sweethearts ! Lor, sir, I haven't got any.

VANE. No ; and you expect me to believe that ?

CERISE. Not in this barbarous country—though to be sure, in Paris, there is a dear *Monsieur Robert* who is studying law.

VANE. And love ?

CERISE. In the Quartier Latin. He promised-----

VANE. What he'll never perform, I'll be bound! (*aside*) Well, take my advice, Cerise, and get back to him as fast as you can; or, he'll forget his promise.

CERISE. "Oh, *Robert! toi que j'aime!*" Forget me, impossible !

*Exit, R.*

VANE. Till that night—that night at the opera, when Stoneleigh came between me and my hopes, the cards promised well. Now, all is changed! To be sure, Falcon's bullet has done its work for the present, still, the fellow lives, and what is more, lives in her memory! She thinks to trifle with me, as she has trifled with a score of others! No, no, Idalia, if entreaty fail, we'll see what threat will do! You've yet to learn the temper of Victor Vane. If you brook his love-, *bellissima*, you must brave his hate !

(*sits L. as IDALIA enters from terrace; she comes down, and taps him on shoulder*)

IDA. Are you dreaming, Mr. Vane ?

VANE. Idalia! Dreaming? Yes, of you.

IDA. No compliments, I beg, at such a serious season. How is it you are not with the allies ? What brings you here ?

VANE. The errand of a friend, Idalia.

IDA. Am I in such danger, then, as to need your friendship ?

VANE. Don't play with me, Idalia. Though routed at Magenta, the Austrians, as you know, still hold their ground on the Mincio. Falcon's services as a—a-----

IDA. Spy—out with it!

VANE. I should have said "reconnoiterer"—well, as a "spy"—if you prefer the term—have not escaped the enemy's notice—his visits here are known, your interest in the cause of Italy notorious ; and last, the Baron, our old Paris friend, with a company of Croats, is in the neighbourhood.

IDA. This is no news. What of it ?

VANE. You're looked on with suspicion.

IDA. I've been an object of suspicion all my life. On what ground especially ?

VANE. I'll tell you. A few weeks past a packet of importance, so the story goes, was entrusted by the Baron, to an English----

IDA. No more of this, sir ! Don't try to make me your dupe. You thought I didn't know your scheme. I knew it from the first, and should have thwarted you and—and *him* ! had not the accident on the Pass delayed me. You knew the plan, were party to it.

VANE. On my honour!

IDA. *Your* honour ! Have we any of that commodity amongst us to swear by ?

VANE. Idalia, as a man, a gentleman; I declare to you, I knew nothing-----

IDA. Of the murder, for murder was the intention—until it was too late ! If so, your forgetfulness is fortunate.

VANE. I hate force, it's the weapon of the savage! I know well what the Count is ! And, do you, Idalia, think I am so blind as not to see that you are galled by a life unworthy of you.

IDA. I don't require your sympathy. Let us dismiss the subject.

VANE. Forgive me, if I speak my mind. You find me changed from what you first remember me ! I *am* changed, indeed, Idalia. Since I saw you, I've wondered if I lived, or dreamed!

IDA. You *have* dreamed; wake, and forget the dream. Why are you loitering here ? You, who profess to aid our cause. Why are you here ?

VANE. To prove what is as clear to you, Idalia, as the blue water of the Lago yonder, *that I love you* !

IDA. Is that all? Your story has one merit, brevity; but one drawback, falsehood. It's not true.

VANE. You doubt me ?

IDA. More, I don't believe you. You should know me better than to talk in this foolish strain. We will end it, if you please, (*going*)

VANE. Stay, Idalia, take heed before you refuse my love, for love it is, heaven help me.

IDA. You threaten ?

VANE. Accept it, and I'm your slave—reject me—I'm your foe for ever.

IDA. So you throw off the mask! That's well. I *do* believe you *now*. (FALCON appears at the back in the disguise of a melon seller) Victor Vane, I make my choice, and take your honest hate before your faithless love ! (*crosses up*)

FALC. (*aside*) She has chosen rightly, (*coming down*) Ah, *cara mia*, you scarcely recognise me in this disguise; but for it, I shouldn't have passed the outposts.

VANE. Could he have overheard? (*aside*)

FALC. (to VANE) What's the matter? You mustn't ruffle Miladi's temper. (*IDALIA is going off at back*) Don't go, Idalia, I've something to say to you at your leisure. (*IDALIA seats herself on terrace*) (to VANE) A word with you. (*taking him aside, L.*) *He—he* lives.

VANE. He?

FALC. Stoneleigh. I saw him last night in the crowd at Brescia. Idiot that I was to trust to lead, when steel—

VANE. Is sure and silent. You're right. Still, there's a prejudice against it in—in *our* country. Only winged, after all! Well, what matters. He has no suspicion of his assassin—pardon me—antagonist.

FALC. Speak in the plural. How should he learn our names?

VANE. Unless he was informed.

FALC. By whom?

VANE. (*indicating IDALIA at back*) She knows all. They met once; were they to meet again?

FALC. Well?

VANE. Women are weak, and----

FALC. If I thought that, I'd lay her dead—dead at my feet! The next time the fellow crosses my path—

VANE. The tables might be turned. Leave him alone. You've something to say to Idalia. (*going up*) *Addio*, for the present.

FALC. Where are you going?

VANE. To stroll along the shore, and pick up news—news of the enemy. That's not a bad disguise, Falcon; but, take care, the white coats are close at hand, and the Croat folk are not much given to discriminate, (*to IDALIA, as he passes her*) Have you thought twice, Contessa? (*she turns from him*) You do not answer, (*she moves from him*) Good. You choose my hate. You shall repent your choice. *Exit, L. c.*

IDA. (*advancing*) You wish to speak to me?

FALC. Idalia, what has happened? (*takes her hand*) That boy—has he been plaguing you with his nonsense? You are tired!

IDA. Yes; I *am* tired—tired of this life. This deceit. This dishonour!

FALC. Dishonour! What do you mean? What has changed you so? There *was* a time when you saw nothing but triumph in your career. Why should we be such strangers now? You loved me once, Idalia.

IDA. Yes; I loved you once. Do not let us talk of the past. You are come—

FALC. On the old errand—money. I want money, (*sits, R.*)

IDA. As I thought.

FALC. Who does not? Is there anything money cannot buy—from a child's coral to a woman's love? Yes; I want money, and must have it.

IDA. Must! You would ruin my fortune now.

FALC. No—no—what, kill the goose with the golden eggs! Not I, *bellissima*; and even if I did ruin your fortune?

IDA. Well, what then?

FALC. Why, you'd find friends in plenty to restore it.

IDA. Another word like that, and you never see me more; if to be free from you, I close a convent gate upon my life-----  
(*crosses to R.*)

FALC. A convent! (*with mockery—rises, and crosses to L.*)  
Would they receive you?

IDA. What! Do you think your taunts have power to wound me? If you are forgetful of the past, I am not. You've tried my patience long; you've tried it once too often. You've trusted to the tie that is between us. It is broken now, and for ever! Be my destroyer if you choose; but never think again to make me your dupe, or your accomplice.

FALC. Will you hear reason?

IDA. I'll hear no more.

FALC. Come, come, it won't do for us to quarrel. You know the terms on which alone you can make such an answer final.

IDA. I do. Your persecution! I'm indifferent to it.

FALC. No, not that—*the breaking of your oath*. I see you understand me. A woman's word, when it is sworn—even the word of such a woman as yourself, who have no woman's weakness—is only given to be broken, is it not? Will you break your oath?

IDA. No.

FALC. That is well, and wise. Will you give me what I want—money?

IDA. No.

FALC. Why not?

IDA. Because each sum I gave you would seem to be wrested from me through fear of you. As far as you hold me by my oath, so far I'll hold myself bound; no further. For the rest—I have said—all's cancelled now, and ever!

FALC. And you think I'll forget the past?

IDA. No; it's not so easy to forget; but, trade upon it longer, I say, you shall not. If you want money, you know the price.

FALC. The price?

IDA. Yes; our release.

FALC. Release! The only purchase of that must be death! You're in a wayward mood just now. I must watch the



Austrian movements, and report to-night at Bresica; but I shall see you first, and you'll—you'll have the money ready, *cara mia*—you'll have the money. *Exit, L.*

IDA. (*on couch, C.*) Money ! He always wants money, and yet, when he has it, he throws it to the winds. Well, he may have it. I do not grudge him that. I'd give him all—to the last farthing—if he would leave me free. If he would sever the link that binds us. If he would go, and let me see his face no more, (*pause—music—rises*) Liberty ! Liberty! It is not alone a nation's cry—it is the echo of my own heart! They call me Queen of Liberty; and yet my bondage is greater than I can bear! (*sinks back on couch*)

*Enter CERISE, R. 2 F.. She goes immediately, in alarm, to IDALIA. STONELEIGH enters, at back, same time.*

CERISE. What is the matter, madame? Who is this stranger?

IDA. (*reviving—recognising STONELEIGH*) You—you here ! Cerise, quick, watch the Count, (*aside*) Bring me word of his return. *Exit CERISE, rapidly, L.*

STONE. (L. C.) I never thought that we should meet again ; and now, I have no words to prove my debt to you. Idalia, you saved my life.

IDA. Say no more. I never thought you would have any remembrance of such as I am.

STONE. To have lost remembrance, I must have lost the life you saved.

IDA. You owe me nothing. A draught of water to a stranger's lips; it is not worth a thought.

STONE. The debt was with my life; and with my life I'd pay it at your bidding.

IDA. There is no question of debt now. We meet as strangers ; let us part as friends.

STONE. Part!

IDA. Yes—it is best—far best.

STONE. For which of us ?

IDA. For you. Forget me.

STONE. I will not. Say, do you—for yourself—from your heart—command me to leave you ?

IDA. For myself, no; still for yourself.

STONE. For myself, no. I refuse obedience, now, and for ever!

*Re-enter CERISE, L.*

CERISE. (*aside to IDALIA*) The Count has left the grounds, madame.

IDA. Good. Watch still.

*Exit CERISE, L.*

IDA. (*aside*) Oh, if I could save him from his love ! (to

C

STONELEIGH, *with change of tone*) Tell me, since that night—that night upon the Pass—have you found any trace of the assassin?

STONE. None.

IDA. You did not see his features?

STONE. No.

IDA. Have no recollection of him?

STONE. None.

IDA. *(aside)* Thank heaven!

STONE. But of his voice.

IDA. Ha! you remember that?

STONE. I should know the echo of that voice among a thousand.

IDA. And you have taken no steps to search him out?

STONE. None. I have forgotten his. I only know that he has brought me here—here, to your feet.

IDA. Yours is a generous code.

STONE. Do not give me credit that is not my due. I should have sought you without his guidance.

IDA. *(aside)* I cannot make him suffer with the rest, *(aloud)* Tell me, when I left you to the care of the monks—

STONE. After that vision of your face, I remembered nothing. When I awoke, I found myself at the monastery, and there, for many weary days, I laid, as I thought, on the bed of death; but the old strength returned to me at last. The monks could give me no report of you; and 'twas but last night, by chance, I learnt tidings of you from the lady who was with you in the cafe at Paris, when—when we first met—a Frenchwoman.

IDA. Madame Paravent.

STONE. I recognised her in the street at Brescia, and from her learnt all. Your home, your country, and your love of liberty.

IDA. Liberty! She told you rightly. Would you not think any sin justified to obtain that love?

STONE. Justified?

IDA. Yes. Do you not know that there have been deeds, ere now, glorious as the morning sun, born of that self-same love?

STONE. Do not ask me. You would make me a sophist in your cause. Evil is never justified by good; and yet, to serve—to succour you—I fear that I should scorn no sin.

IDA. Sin! and sin for me!

STONE. Do with me what you will. I will believe what you believe. You are my creed, *(kneels at her feet)*

IDA. Too many have made me their creed. I'd have you take some surer light to guide you.

STONE. I have but one—Love!

IDA. Love! I—I have none to give. I've played with it, bribed with it, bought with it, ruled by it. I cannot do that with you. I must bring you suffering. I will not bring you death. Take your love back.

STONE. Never! You don't know what my love is.

IDA. I do; and because I do know it—its purity—its strength—I'll not dupe it or you. Why should I cheat you with my smile? It is best that you should know the truth at once.

STONE. The truth! Are you, then, a lie to me?

IDA. Yes; ask them who saw you with me. They'll tell you I am without mercy, without pity. They'll tell you I've lost many lives—saved none. They'll tell you it would have been far better for you to have fallen on the Pass, than lived to feel my influence, *(rises)* Tell yourself this, and score the truth upon your heart, that I have never been—can never be—such as your fancy fashions me.

STONE. *(rising)* No matter what you are, no matter what you bring me. I love you, great heaven, as no man, such as I, has loved before. Idalia, you will not send me from you?

IDA. I may forbid. I can't prevent your coming, if you will. Leave me now.

STONE. I may return to-morrow, or to-night?

IDA. No, not to-night. There's danger, double danger, to you here. The life you say I gave you back, I would not have you risk for me.

STONE. My life is dearer to me from this hour.

*(he goes up, when FALCON enters by L. D., still in disguise;*

*IDALIA starts, but recovers her self-possession, and by a look checks FALCON)*

IDA. *(aside to FALCON, rapidly)* Do not speak, for your life. *(to STONELEIGH)* A pensioner of our family, dependent on my charity. *(motions FALCON to withdraw)*

FALC. (L. D., *aside*) Vane's right, she loves him.

IDA. Adieu! adieu! *(to STONELEIGH)*

STONE. Till to-morrow.

*Exit, R. c, FALCON it about to follow STONELEIGH, but IDALIA stops him)*

IDA. No, not again!

FALC. *(seizing her wrist violently)* What does this mean, *mia cara*? I suspected it in Paris that night after the ball. You love him? Answer me.

IDA. What right have you to question me?

FALC. Answer—Do you love him? Yes, or No.

IDA. Yes.

FALC. Love him well enough to—

IDA. Risk death for him?—Yes.

FALC. You do—then hear me in my turn—Your wedding

night shall be his last! Wed him, Idalia,—and kill him, if you like.

IDA. Assassin!

FALC. Your curse can't curb my will.

IDA. You've been often bought *for* money—what price will buy you *from* it ?

FALC. None!

IDA. You want money—would sell your soul for it—you shall have it now.

FALC. Now, no—no, miladi, gold will not strike the balance between us now. There's but one way to save him.

IDA. One way ?

FALC. Forsake him.

IDA. Do you forget, that one word from my lips, and I can send you to-----

FALC. The galleys. I know it. You can tell him of my crime, and of my tie to you, but you will not.

IDA. I cannot. Heaven knows your life is sacred to me, I cannot take that.

FALC. True, the wish is with you, but the power is wanting. Wed him! perhaps it's sweeter vengeance you should wed him! It will be a surer sharper stab to him than that of steel, the knowledge of that *one* truth, learnt too late, when—when you are his ! Wed him, Idalia.

IDA. I'd die first! My hand shall not touch his again, your guilt is on me!—You I cannot betray, and him I will not!

FALC. Good. You'll come with me, then.

IDA. With you?

FALC. Yes; it's your sole chance of safety, for the villa, as I've learnt, may be surrounded by the Austrians, before nightfall.

IDA. Where would you lead me ?

FALC. There's a cavern known to few except myself, and the boy, Berto, who awaits me there. You'll come, Idalia?

IDA. Where you will, so that his life escapes you!

(*Music—FALCON, C, beckoning IDALIA—Scene closed in*)

SCENE SECOND. *The Gardens of the Villa.*

*Enter VANE, L.*

VANE. Falcon was not deceived—and now, I have the proof of my own eyes. I've seen him in the garden, and something tells me they have met! She'll not believe me! She'll not have my love! still I may wrest his love from her. There is one chance, he does not know her history, one page from that interesting work may be the means of enlightening him! (*crossing to R.*)

*Enter STONELEIGH, R.*

STONE. (*aside*) He here !

VANE. Stoneleigh! What a surprise—an agreeable one.—  
Strange, that of all places, we should meet here.

STONE. Is it strange ?

VANE. Perhaps not, the moth will flutter to the flame, and  
when that flame burns, as Idalia, there's no resistance.  
(*changes his tone*) That was a bad business on the Simplon.  
You're looking well though, notwithstanding.

STONE. I take too much killing.

VANE. Killing! Dear, dear, as bad as that! I read the story  
in the papers; motive political, I suppose ?

STONE. Possibly, though I didn't know I was of sufficient  
importance to merit the distinction of assassination.

VANE. By-the-bye, my dear fellow, here, in her house,  
you're not in the safest of places.

STONE. I am here to pay the debt I owe to the woman who  
saved my life.

VANE. Saved your life ? Well, it's time she should save a life,  
by way of change, she has destroyed so many.

STONE. What do you mean? Speak plainly, if you can,  
what do you know of Idalia?

VANE. More than you might care to listen to. If you  
remember when we last met, in Paris, I warned you against  
her; I repeat that warning now.

STONE. If she is so dangerous, how is it that I find you  
here ? Is it honourable to traduce the woman at whose table  
you sit, and under whose roof you find a welcome ?

VANE. (*aside*) Welcome! Would it were so. (*aloud*) I  
choose my company as I please ; I'm merely speaking to you  
as a friend.

STONE. Be just to her, then, and I can treat you as a friend.

VANE. It's not my fault if you persist in the belief of the  
fair sorceress.

STONE. Sorceress! By what right do you speak in such a  
tone of her ?

VANE. By what right do you consider yourself her  
champion ?

STONE. By the same right by which a man may defend  
the honour of his wife.

VANE. Pheugh! (*aside*) this is serious, indeed! Marriage  
may be——

STONE. What ? Finish the sentence.

VANE. Marriage may be a word upon Idalia's lips, but will  
never be a chain upon her liberties. There's the sentence.

STONE. You dare to-----

VANE. No threats, Mr. Stoneleigh, if you please; I don't speak from force; she has bought you with honied words. Do you know how many she has bought before you, and----- destroyed ?

STONE. I know that no man shall insult her!

VANE. One thing you do not know—you do not know whose was the hand raised against you on the Pass—ask her—ask the woman you would make your wife.

STONE. What, you would accuse her-----

VANE. Of nothing—I merely state a fact! The hand that sought your life on the Simplon, no one can tell you better than Idalia.

STONE. You lie!

VANE. (*makes a half spring towards STONELEIGH, on the word, but by a violent effort restrains himself; then thrusting his hand into his vest, lapses into his usual quiet manner*) Your mad passion for her, must excuse your violence. You love this woman, but you are not in her confidence, and what is more, you never will be.

STONE. Never will be.

VANE. There's one man—one only, Idalia ever loved. She's tired of him now, and has learned to hate him, as women only can hate. Seek the truth from her own lips. Ask her two questions—first, who is the man who left you for dead upon the Pass ? next, what is the the that binds her to the companion of her life—Conrad Falcon ?

STONE. Falcon ! Who, and what is he ?

VANE. Ask her.

STONE. I *will* ask her, not to prove her purity, but your shame ! (*goes, L.*) But mark me, Victor Vane, if you have belied her, our reckoning shall come.

*Exit, L.*

VANE. Let it come when, and where you please, Hugh Stoneleigh! He'll give me some trouble yet. Revenge on her ? Could I have sweeter, surer, revenge than the thought that they were wedded, that he held but the image of her love, but her trust, never! Ha! (*looking off, R.*) Lintz !

*Enter BARON LINTZ, reading a letter, quickly.*

LINTZ. Well met, Mr. Vane, a word of caution—you're on dangerous ground.

VANE. My pass gives me full liberty, Baron, to stroll where I please.

LINTZ. True, but this (*shewing letter*) empowers me to attach all persons found in, and around the villa. The orders for Idalia's arrest reached me this morning from Verona. I've no choice but to put them in execution.

VANE. And the nature of the charge against her?

LINTZ. Harbours suspicious characters generally, and in particular, that dangerous spy, long under the ban of proscription, Conrad Falcon.

VANE. He is here, then ?

LINTZ. In the neighbourhood. By him, or, through his means, information of our movements have been supplied to the enemy.

VANE. (*aside*) It will go hard with the Count, if he fall into their hands! Falcon, I owe no grudge to, but him—her love ? if by a side word I could cast suspicion on him! (*to LINTZ*) Your order, you say, embraces all ?

LINTZ. Gentle and simple. I've no discretion in the matter.

VANE. And would apply to any one of any nation, even to one of my own countrymen ?

LINTZ. Undoubtedly, if found in her company.

VANE. I'm sorry for it, an unpleasant task awaits you, Baron.

LINTZ. It's a disagreeable duty.

VANE. And in the case of a personal friend, doubly so.

LINTZ. Oh, the fair Idalia captivates us all. Still I never professed friendship for her. Idalia is a woman I could never call a friend.

VANE. I don't allude to the Countess, I was thinking of one who is—or rather was, your friend, Mr. Stoneleigh.

LINTZ. Hugh Stoneleigh was, and is my friend. Not a braver—better fellow breathes, he was attacked and dangerously wounded, on my account, on the Simpson Pass. Haven't you heard the story ?

VANE. Yes, of the loss of some papers, of which Stoneleigh was the bearer, and of Idalia having saved his life, however, with a natural preference for fact to fable, I rather doubt the tale.

LINTZ. And why ?

VANE. Simply because the gentleman in question, who was so dangerously wounded, I saw, not ten minutes ago, in robust health; and more, because to the best of my belief, he's in the company at this very moment of the lady whom you have orders to arrest—the very same lady who was known to have been with him on the Pass—our fair conspirator, Idalia.

LINTZ. You imply, then, the loss of these papers may be real or imaginary ?

VANE. I leave you, Baron, to draw your own conclusions. (*crosses, L.—aside*) Nothing could have been more fortunate, my revenge now reaches both. He'll have no pity, and spare neither her nor him. (*aloud*) Adieu, Baron, thanks for your caution.

*Exit, L.*

LINTZ. Hugh Stoneleigh, a man whose word was never questioned, whose honour has never been assailed before, fallen before the power of her witchery ! For her, forgotten all! his

faith, his truth, his trust! Hugh Stoneleigh false. I could not have believed it. *Exit, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of Grotto, on the Shore of the Lake; the entrance is from the extreme back, L. C., by an irregular path, leading to c. A secret ascent and path, leads to an upper exit from the Grotto, on R.*

BERTO *is discovered replenishing a fire, on L., with broken pieces of branches. Music.*

BERTO. (*going to the lower entrance*) No, not a sound; (*returns*) What can have happened to the Signor, he's a long time away, can any of the Croat dogs have— (*listens*) All, a footfall! I know his step, he's not alone.

FALC. (*without, L. c.*) Berto !

BERTO. *Si, Signor.*

FALC. (*entering, leading IDALIA*) Here, spread this cloak for the Signora. (*gives it*)

IDA. Do not mind me, poor lad, you're tired, and want rest. Go, and sleep. I'll watch the fire.

*Exit BERTO at back, L. C.*

FALC. (*offering cup of wine to IDALIA*) Here.

IDA. I want nothing, nothing but to be in peace, (*lies down near fire*)

FALC. I'll leave you. You'll not quit this spot ?

IDA. No.

FALC. I can trust you. (*going, wraps cloak around him*) It's getting dark; now to see what mischief Lintz's men are doing yonder, (*to IDALIA*) I have your word.

IDA. You have my oath. (*Exit FALCON, R. C.*) It's done! The only love I ever prized I've had the strength to lose. How many would have had the courage to have saved him at such cost— saved him from his worst enemy—the curse, the bitter curse of my love ! What could it avail him to know me more except to suffer longer! (*a pause, she starts and listens*) That is not Falcon's step, (*rises*) Can they have discovered— Ha! (*suppressing a cry as STONELEIGH enters from the back, L. C.*) Back!—back, for your life !

STONE. (*advancing*) I heard of your flight, and as I passed along the shore, this (*showing a handkerchief*) revealed your hiding place.

IDA. Leave me. This place is death!

STONE. Your place is mine.

IDA. As you have loved me, loathe me. Go. (*aside*) If he doubt me he may yet be saved.

STONE. I'll not leave you. (*bending over her*) And he dared call you traitress!



IDA. Who called me traitress ?

STONE. A traitor. Your guest and friend, Victor Vane. He bade me ask you.

IDA. What?

STONE. Two questions. Who sought my life on the Pass ?

IDA. Ha!

STONE. And what tie one Conrad Falcon, bears to you?

IDA. He bade you ask me that ?

STONE. Yes ; for pity's sake, answer me. This man and the assassin, are they one ?

IDA. And if they are?

STONE. Great heaven, would you screen him in his crime ? Is it true that you once loved this man ?

IDA. It is, it is. (*kneels*) Oh, spare me more !

STONE. You kneel, and tell me this. Say it is false, Idalia, or I may end your life and mine.

IDA. I would not stay your hand. I should be yours, in death!

STONE. Mine! Then you love me, though you are—guilty.

IDA. One may have guilt, and still have love.

STONE. Love that is faithless, never! From this hour, the woman I have loved is dead.

IDA. She is. She never lived but in your dream. Do not linger by her grave!

(*Music changes, indicating movement of soldiery*)

STONE. Ha ! What sound is that ?

IDA. Berto—quick ! (*calls*)

BERTO. (*at back, L. c.*) The Croat soldiers, signora, we are lost ! The Englishman is with them.

IDA. Betrayed by him, by Victor Vane.

BERTO. There's one chance, yet, signora. This path leads to the cliff above, (*pointing R.*)

STONE. They're close upon us; quick! (*takes out pistol—giving his hand to IDALIA*)

IDA. Promise me—rather than fall into their hands, to keep the last shot for me ?

STONE. The last but one. The last shall bring me to you.

*Exit, up the R. path, with IDALIA and BERTO, as LINTZ, VANE, and a party of Croats enter at back, L. c, with torches.*

LINTZ. What noise? Ha! Escaped! Quick! By the path above. We may reach them yet.

*The Croats ascend the path, R., detached portions of rock falling here and there, obstructing their way, as the act drop rapidly falls.*

## ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Piazza del Duomo, Brescia—on the evening before the Battle of Solferino. The Duomo, lighted at the back; Cafe del Duomo, R.; smaller Cafe on L.; Upper Entrances, R. and L. open; French and Sardinian Soldiers, Garibaldians, Ladies, Priests, &c, &c., sit at tables, R. and L.; Band playing, table, R. unoccupied.*

CAPTAIN DELAFOSSE, *seated L.*; MADEMOISELLE PETICHAT *as a Vivandiere of the Voltigeurs, discovered among several Zouaves, c.*; VIOLETTA, *&c, &c*

MADLLE. P. Is it true our regiment has orders to march to-night, *Monsieur le Capitaine.*

DELA. After mass for Solferino (*pours out glass of wine, and hands it to PETICHAT*) Your health, *Ma'amselle Victorine.*

MADLLE. P. Yours, *Monsieur le Capitaine.* (*drinks*) May I drink the same toast to-morrow!

DELA. After the battle. (*PETICHAT goes up*)

(*VIOLETTA, who has been offering her flowers for sale, from the commencement of Scene advances to CAPTAIN DELAFOSSE, and places nosegay in his coat*)

VIOL. There, Capitano.

DELA. Thanks, pretty one (*offers money*)

VIOL. No, no money, Capitano.

DELA. Well, then, one----- (*offers to kiss her*)

VIOL. No, thank you. (*retreats*)

DELA. What nothing?

VIOL. Not to-night, Capitano—perhaps, to-morrow.

DELA. After the battle.

VIOL. Yes, after the battle, (*music ceases*)

(*VITELLO, dressed in the uniform of the French Commissariat, enters from Cafe, L, as MADAME PARAVENT, enters from R. U. E.*)

MAD. P. (*recognising him*) It is, it must be Vitello—Vitello.

VITEL. (*turning*) Madame Paravent! my guardian angel. who came between me and the carriage step, and broke my fall! Where have you been?

MAD. P. Where are you going to?

VITEL. To glory!

MAD. P. Quick, then! There's a table and two chairs vacant (*pointing, R.*) pounce upon them!

VITEL. I will, like a panther, (*crosses to them*) I pounce upon everything now!

MAD. P. But Vitello, what's this? (*noticing his uniform*)

VITEL. Double-milled, superfine, regimental cloth!

MAD. P. But what does it mean?  
 VITEL. Mean? Mischief!  
 MAD. P. What, you've actually enlisted ?  
 VITEL. In the glorious cause of liberty! I have.  
 MAD. P. But that's the French colour—you—an Italian, in our service ?  
 VITEL. Out of compliment to you, madame. (*bows*) Won't you take something ?  
 MAD. P. Well, I don't object to an ice.  
 VITEL. (*calls fiercely*) Bottega. (*waiter brings forward table, &c., R.*)  
 MAD. P. Gracious, Vitello!  
 VITEL. Merely a word of caution, madame. Cream or water ?  
 MAD. P. Both.  
 VITEL. (*fiercely*) Both. (*Exit WAITER, L.*) VITELLO *intimates to MADAME PARAVENT to be seated—(both sit)* Bottega. (*calls fiercely again*) Don't be frightened ; only a word of command, my dear madame. (*to waiter, who has returned*) A gloria.  
*Exit WAITER, L.*  
 MAD. P. Well, I declare, I should scarcely have known you again, Vitello; a few weeks ago, and you could not say "boh" to a goose.  
 VITEL. And now I can cook anybody's goose.

WAITER *returns with ices, coffee, brandy, &c, on tray, which he places on the table, R.*

VITEL. (*fiercely*) How much ?  
 BOTT. Two francs, signor.  
 VITEL. (*to MADAME PARAVENT*) Give him one.  
 MAD. P. (*takes out money reluctantly*) Really, (*aside*) What a fire-eater, I daren't refuse, (*pays WAITER*) He's as ferocious as a field-marshal.  
 VITEL. (*fiercely*) Bottega, a light, (*pours out coffee, then brandy into a spoon, as WAITER strikes a match*)  
 MAD. P. (*noticing VITELLO lighting brandy, and putting it in coffee*) I declare he is a regular fire-eater, (*to him*) Vitello, don't you think that will fly to your head, eh ?  
 VITEL. Nothing flies to me; everything flies from me, except you, madame—except you.  
 MAD. P. (*aside*) My poor little Vitello, a military hero. I never thought it was in him. (*aloud*) Tell me, you have not been very, very, well, have you, Vitello?  
 VITEL. Well, I temper my ferocity occasionally.  
 MAD. P. What atrocities have you perpetrated to-day, for instance?

VITEL. In the glorious cause of liberty ! Let me reflect.

MAD. P. Now for a catalogue of his crimes.

VITEL. What deeds of valour have I performed to-day ?  
Well, it's not for me to blow my own trumpet; yet, if you insist on the record. Attention.

MAD. P. (*starts—upsets the ices*) Ah!

VITEL. Merely a word of caution. I should say. Sit at ease. At the break of dawn I reconnoitered a radish bed; next, I devastated a dairy. At noon, single-handed, I formed myself into a hollow square, and mowed down a melon frame. Later in the day, I cut down a cohort of cucumbers; put to flight, that is, put in my pocket, several pounds of potatoes. Late at eve, I stole a march upon some unsuspecting cattle, and made away with the milk, and at dusk returned into camp laden with the spoil, and cheered by the voices of a voracious multitude. Now, madame, have I deserved well of my country, or rather of your country, or have I not ?

MAD. P. (*rising*) So you're not a soldier; not even a common soldier, after all.

VITEL. (*rises*) Common ! I'm a very uncommon soldier.

MAD. P. But you're not regularly in the army ?

VITEL. I should think not. I'm very irregularly in the army. I'm in the commissariat. In Volpone Vitello, you behold a distinguished representative of the victualling department of the allied forces.

MAD. P. Is that all? Well, I never thought my poor little Vitello could do much harm.

VITEL. Harm! Do you call satisfying so many thousands of insatiate appetites doing harm? Come, madame, give us an account of yourself, if you please. What have you been doing ?

MAD. P. What have I been doing? I have been doing good. My report, Vitello, is no laughing matter. Listen! There's not a city throughout Lombardy that deserves better of the living and the dead, than this in which we meet—Brescia. Gentle and simple, rich and poor, peeress and peasant, vie in surpassing one another in acts of tenderness and pity. By the bedside of the wounded and the dying, each woman works in hope of no reward from man ; her name is but recorded to be lost in the turmoil of this sad eventful time. Each works for a higher purpose, that of soothing the agony of those who have shed their best blood in their country's cause. With such, Vitello, I have worked through many weary nights and days, and with such I still will work, as long as heaven gives me strength, in distributing woman's noblest, richest gift—the gift of charity.

VITEL. Ah! madame, you bring the tears to my eyes.

Well, I can't afford to let you remain a sister of charity all your life. When I get back to Venice----

MAD. P. When you do—what then ?

VITEL. You shall be a sister no longer—but a mother—mother of a happy family, in the Palazzo di Vitello.

MAD. P. How dare you, Vitello. How dare you!

VITEL. After the battle, if all turns out well, turn it over in your mind—and mind you don't turn me over.

*Enter MADEMOISELLE PETITCHAT with a paper, which she delivers to CAPTAIN DELAFOSSE, PICCOLO as same, from R. 3 E.*

VITEL. (*catching sight of PETITCHAT*) Ah!

MAD. P. What's the matter ?

VITEL. That face!

MAD. P. What face?

VITEL. And that shape ? Where have I seen that seraphic shape ?

MAD. P. Vitello !

VITEL. Aha, the same I saw in the cafe at Paris. It's No. 35, Rue de----

MAD. P. Your washerwoman ?

VITEL. (*goes to PETITCHAT*) La petit Petitchat, of the Porte St. Martin, if I'm not mistaken ?

PET. No, Monsieur Victorine, ne'e Petitchat, Ma'amselle Victorine, Vivandiere of the Zouaves.

VITEL. What, then, you've changed ?

PET. My name.

MAD. P. And your occupation ?

PET. Precisely, madame. I got tired of making so many noble hearts bleed for me—especially military hearts—that I thought it was time-----

MAD. P. To heal their wounds in return—a very good resolve, (*aside*) The young woman is not so bad as I took her to be, (*at this moment PICCOLO comes forward, R., and begins to play his hurdy-gurdy*) Ah! don't—don't—don't let him go on, Vitello, if you love me !

VITEL. Off with you! Off!

PICC. (*bowing, in whining voice*) Poor Piccolo, who came from-----

VITEL. Oh, yes; we know where you come from—Saffron Hill.

MAD. P. Saffron ? of course; that accounts for his complexion

VIC. Give him half a franc.

MAD. P. (*giving it in disgust*) Nice notions of music you have in your country. PICCOLO *goes off, R.*

VITEL. If you want melody, you should go to Venice-----

MAD. P. For a Venetian air. You sing, Vitello?

VITEL. Don't you remember on the Pass how I sang ?

MAD. P. Very small, very *piano*.

VITEL. But to oblige you, my dear madame, I'll sing as *forte*, as you please (*improvises a mock Italian air*)

DEL. (*clapping him on the back*) Bravo, my little baritone.

VITEL. Don't do that again; you'll knock all the breath out of me.

DEL. Well, give us a song.

OMNES. Aye! a song! a song!

MAD. P. Silence for Volpone Vitello.

*Song, VITELLO.*

[ *The popular air of " Nenella," with the Italian words, is best suited for the occasion.* ]

*At the end of the song BERTO enters, R. u. E., and going anxiously among the crowd, appears to be seeking some one.*

MAD. P. (*recognises him*) Berto, the Count's boy. Where is your mistress. What news of her ?

BERTO. The worst, madame. The villa was surprised yesterday by the Austrian soldiers, and she-----

VITEL. Was taken ?

BERTO. No, signora. She escaped with an English gentleman. Mr.—Mr.-----

MAD. P. Vane?

BERTO. No, signora; he would have betrayed her to the enemy.

MAD. P. The traitor !—turncoat !—No more than I suspected. I never liked that man. He could never look one in the face.

VITEL. He could look over my hand at dominoes.

MAD. P. But this man—the Englishman—who saved her?

BERTO. Ah, he is a noble signor ; he would dare all for her.

VITEL. His name ?

BERTO. Signor Stoneleigh.

MAD. P. Stoneleigh ! I remember. My friend at the Bal d'Opera, who saved me from-----

VITEL. Don't mention them.

MAD. P. I won't. But Idalia, poor child's in danger, and the Count Falcon, what of him ?

BERTO. He's on their track, in disguise, watching to release her. Miladi sent me here to gain help.

MAD. P. Help! We must help. What's to be done, Vitello?

VITEL. As a military man. my opinion is (*reflecting*)—no—it's not in my department.

MAD. P. Your department. What's that ?

VITEL. The victualling.

*(the organ is heard in the Duomo, at back. All turn reverently in that direction)*

DEL. *(as the last notes die away)* They are coming from mass. Fall in. *(bugle march heard, as the ZOUAVES form in line at back)*

MAD. P. I'll march, if I die for it. If I faint, Vitello, you'll carry me.

BERTO. Trust yourself to me, madame.

VITEL. Now, then, madame, your best leg foremost.

MAD. P. How dare you.

DEL. *(to ZOUAVES.)* Attention. Shoulder arms. Right face. March.

*SOLDIERS move off, CROWD following, cheering, and waving their hands, as scene closes in.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The San Martina Road.*

*Enter STONELEIGH and IDALIA, L., ID ALIA very feeble, scarcely able to walk.*

STONE. Come, courage; a little longer, Idalia. If we gain the Italian outposts, we are safe. Come.

IDA. I—I—cannot. I can go no further.

STONE. The village is not far distant.

IDA. Go ! Leave me here!

STONE. Leave you here, beneath the burning sun ?

IDA. Better that I should die, than bring you death. Save yourself.

STONE. If we die, we die together ! You are weak ! If I could get assistance.

IDA. There is a cottage near. A draught of water might give me strength. Go! *(sinking)* Go!

STONE. I dare not leave you here alone. Why did you send the boy Berto from you ?

IDA. Poor child! he is too young to suffer for me! Do not fear for me. Lay me down there, beneath those branches! *(STONELEIGH leads her across to R.)* Now, go. Bring help, if you can!

STONE. I will, Idalia. If there be help on earth. *Exit, R.*

IDA. *(after a pause)* I can hear his steps no longer. Even now, had I the strength, I would leave him. And he, though his faith in me is broken, braves all for me. Oh, if only for his sake, he would pass out from my life for ever, *(music soft)* Worn—worn out at last! Ah, what is this that comes over my eyes ? I—I—cannot see—there's a cold shadow ! Is it—is it—death ! *(faints)*

*Enter VANE, L., hurriedly.*

VANE. They're making for the outposts at San Martino, so the fellow told me. *(stops suddenly, on seeing IDALIA)* Dead ! *(stoops down; touches her)* No—no—she has but fainted. Would she were dead ! To know her dead, so that no other could ever look upon her, only to know that I *(looks off)* No one near ! Has he left her here to die ? She is mine—mine, now. One glance at her face ! One touch of her lips ! *(kisses her. IDALIA wakes slowly at the touch)*

IDA. *(throws her arm round his neck, supposing him to be STONELEIGH.)* My love ! My love ! *(recognises VANE.)* Ha ! You ! *(struggles with VANE.)* Let me free ! Let me free !

VANE. *(holding her in his arms)* No ; you are mine, now, Idalia ! Mine ! shall be mine !

IDAL. *(shrieking)* Help ! Help ! *(still struggling)*

STONELEIGH *enters, R., seizes VANE, at the same instant LINTZ, SCHWEITZER, and a party of CROATS enter L., and part STONELEIGH and VANE.*

VANE. *(passing to L.)* The dog had me by the throat, *(to LINTZ)* There are your prisoners.

IDA. *(to LINTZ)* Oh, spare him ! You will spare him. He is of England ! not of Italy.

LINTZ. Sufficient, madame ! He is in your company, has favoured your escape.

IDA. Oh, in pity, leave him free.

LINTZ. Impossible.

STONE. You know me. Herr Baron ?

LINTZ. No ! I knew you once, but the man whose faith is forfeited I know no more. You remember the trust put in you. The packet placed in your hands, that failed—

STONE. To be delivered, failed from treachery ! I was attacked !

LINTZ. A likely story,

IDA. It's the truth.

LINTZ. You say so, to screen him—how do you know ?

IDA. Because I know his mur— *(checks herself)* Oh ! great heaven ! I—I cannot break my oath, I cannot save him.

LINTZ. *(to SCHWEITZER)* Schweitzer, these persons are in your charge. Guard them strictly, and take them to the spot where our reserve is posted—to the " Spy of Italy." The Tower of Solferino. Wait my orders there, *(to STONELEIGH and IDALIA, who are about to speak)* I can hear no more.

*Exit STONELEIGH and IDALIA, guarded by SOLDIERS, R.*

LINTZ. We came up just in time, sir. Take my advice,



should you meet again, give Mr. Stoneleigh a wide berth. You're no match for him.

VANE. Now you have the fellow, keep him safe. Don't let him slip out of your fingers.

LINTZ. We have our hands full now; the French are advancing ; we must not idle here.

VANE. I am with you, Baron.

LINTZ. With us. Time was, Mr. Vane, when you leant towards Italy, and your sympathy—

VANE. Sympathy. I don't know the word, (*guns heard—distant*) They're on the move. Lead on, Baron.

*Exit with LINTZ, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Field of Solferino ; at back. The " Spia d'Italia," or Tower of Solferino, by R. 2 E. ; A battery on L. ; cannon placed R. of L.*

SCHWEITZER and AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS *at back, watching the progress of the battle. IDALIA near the Tower, R. ; STONELEIGH at some distance from her, L. C. ; a SENTINEL pacing to and fro, R.*

SCHW. *Mein Gott! (as the rattle of musketry is heard)* They're at work, (*looks through field glass*) I can't see them for the smoke. Ah ! Our fellows are driven back to Monte Sacro ! but we hold the cemetery well, (*cannon heard*)

*Enter LINTZ and VANE, R.*

LINTZ. The orders are to bring up the reserve. The Zouaves are passing up the hill; not a turn in the ground, not an inch in the valley that our fellows do not dispute gallantly. We've no men to spare to watch them, (*to IDALIA and STONELEIGH*) Can we trust your parole ?

VANE. Trust him?

LINTZ. We can leave but a single sentinel. Schwartz! (*sentry advances*) This lady and gentleman are in your care. Should they attempt to—you understand ?—


SCHWZ. I understand, Herr Baron.

LINTZ. Forward!

SOLDIERS *Exit, with LINTZ, SCHWEITZER, &C, L. 3 E.*

VANE. (*as he passes IDALIA*) Now, do you repent your choice? *Exit, L. 3 E.*

STONE. (*after a pause*) You are thinking, Idalia.

IDA. Of my country—of the struggle yonder. Of the s that have fallen—are falling now—like leaves upon the sw—  
to wither and to die !

STONE. Have you no other thoughts of-----

IDA. Of love—for you—(*he recedes a little*) of pity for him !

STONE. Pity for him! My assassin ! You love me; and yet you pity him?

IDA. I love you, as I never thought to love any of the living or the dead! I pity him, as my first friend, my last enemy! Do you doubt me still? I have brought you but evil; but, though you perish by me, I—I am innocent.

STONE. Innocent! What, then, are you to him ?

IDA. You will know later.

STONE. I will know now, or-----

SCHWARZ. Who goes there? No answer, (*levels*) The countersign ; or, I fire.

FALC. Fire! (*two shots are fired, almost simultaneously, SCHWARZ falls dead, as FALCON rushes in, L. 3 E., wounded*)

FALC. Idalia !(*falls*)

STONE. That voice! 'Tis he! The assassin!—(*is rushing on FALCON*)

IDA. (*interposing*) Stay your hand !

STONE. You'd have me spare-----

IDA. My father?

STONE. Your father!

IDA. (to FALCON) And you—you came to save us ?

FALC. To—save *you*—Idalia. (*in pain*) The Croat's bullet has done its work! The dog got, though, as good as he gave, (*distant shouts*) The French are coming up the hill bravely, (*distant cannon*) Shot and shell cannot stop them! Oh, if I could but live to see that traitor, Vane.

IDA. Is he dead ?

FALC. No. The boy, Berto, brave fellow, pointed him out to the Chasseurs, and they have him safe. Oh, it's hard to die before I can revenge.

IDA. Hush! Do not speak of vengeance now!

FALC. You have your vengeance, and I am baulked of mine, (*tries to disengage himself from STONELEIGH, who is supporting him*) Don't—don't—touch me. I'd rather die a minute sooner than gain that minute by your help. It is coming—coming—fast!

IDA. Before him ; before it is too late, bear witness what you are to me.

FALC. Raise me ! Idalia, for *you* I will bear witness. By her mother's memory, Idalia is my daughter. The estate she holds was denied me by my elder brother, and, at his death, was left to her. For this, though she is my flesh and blood, I have hated her, yet for this I've loved her.

STONE. Loved her?

FALC. Aye; loved the power her wealth has given me for my country's cause. Loved the power I held over her by her oath, to divulge to none the tie that bound us.

IDA. That oath I've never broken.

FALC. Never ! Never!

STONE. And, by that oath, have suffered—

IDA. The taint of shame and infamy!

STONE. (to FALCON) And you knew it; and let that shame lie on her ?

FALC. Yes; I've been to her a coward and a traitor. The darkness of her path, the evil shadow of her life! False — false to her—while she was true to me!

*(guns heard from the battery—advance of the French ZOUAVES, driving before them the CROATS under LINTZ, L. 3. E. —the hill is taken in the melee, during which enter CAPTAIN DELAFOSSE with the French colours. BERTO, VANE(a prisoner) OFFICERS, VIVANDIERES, &c, &c, amidst shouts of " Vive la France ! Vive l'Empereur!" dec, FALCON, by an effort, regains his feet, and waving his arm feebly, exclaims, " Vive l'Italie !" then sinks down, overcome by the effort. BERTO raises him)*

CAPT. D. The day is ours.

IDA. The day—yes—the day is ours. But the night (*pointing to FALCON*) is his.

FALC.*(recognising VANE)* Ah ! The traitor ! His sentence—let me see it—Death!

IDA. Death! Death is not ours to deal! (*bending over him*) By the love you bore my mother, let there be peace between us now.

FALC. Can you forgive—forgive all ?

IDA. All.

FALC. Your hand, (*to STONELEIGH*) The chain is broken. You are free! (*dies*)

STONE. Not free—not free. There is yet a chain that binds you.

IDA. Let it bind me. No woman has suffered—no woman ever will suffer for you—as IDALIA ! (*Tableau*)

SOLDIERS. CAPTAIN DELAFOSSE.

VANE. LINTZ. IDALIA. STONELEIGH. FALCON. BERTO.  
R. L.

**Curtain.**

**Costumes.**

FALCON.—*1st Dress* : Evening suit, overcoat, heavy travelling cloak and cap for *2nd Scene, Act I.* *2nd Dress*: Shirt, black breeches, leather gaiters, cloak, red cap and tassel.

STONELEIGH.—*1st Dress*: Evening suit, overcoat. *2nd Dress*: Dark travelling suit, wide-awake hat.

VANE.—*1st Dress*: Evening suit, opera hat, cloak for *2nd Scene, Act I.* *2nd Dress*: Dark blue serge suit, high boots, and forage cap.

VITELLO.—*1st Dress*: Evening suit, white waistcoat, travelling cap and cloak for *2nd Scene, Act I.* *2nd Dress*: Uniform of French commissariat, dark blue tunic, full grey trousers, red sash, silver buttons, and epaulettes and kepi.

BABON LINTZ.—*1st Dress*: Evening suit. *2nd Dress*: Austrian uniform, white tunic, blue collar and facings, blue grey trousers, shako, slung sword in steel scabbard.

BATZ.—Shirt, cotton velvet breeches, stockings, slippers, and green baize apron.

FILLIPPO.—Postilion's jacket, yellow cord and trimmings, glazed hat, and high boots.

JOSEPH.—Short black jean jacket, long white apron, shoes.

CAPTAIN DELAFOSSE.—Dark blue tunic, full red trousers, kepi, infantry sword.

BERTO.—Red flannel shirt, dark breeches, blue stockings, cap and tassel.

SCHWEITZER. —White tunic, blue collar and facings, tight blue grey trousers, slung sword in steel scabbard.

IDALIA.—*1st Dress*: White silk evening, green satin and blond lace trimmings, black silk domino trimmed with silver ivy, to take off. *2nd Dress*: Barege travelling and cloak. *3rd Dress*: White silk morning, black velvet trimmings, bodice cut square. *4th Dress*: Plain white muslin morning, scarlet cloak.

MADAME PARAVENT.—*1st Dress*: Evening, fancy domino, to take off. *2nd Dress*: Travelling and bonnet.

CERISE.—Dove coloured merino dress, black silk apron, white cap, cherry ribbons.

MADLLE. PETITCHAT.—*1st Dress*: Debardeur's and mask, *2nd Dress*: Vivandiere's.

VIOLETTA.—(Flower girl), Fancy dress of period.