

PS 1545

.D59

COPY 2

GOLDSMITH OF PADUA

DOWDHO, THOMAS S.

11

2

OF PADUA

THOMAS S.

S 1545

D59

copy 2



GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

By THOMAS S. DONOHO,
OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILLIAM H. MOORE, PRINTER.

1858.



GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

~~~~~  
By THOMAS S. DONOHO.  
~~~~~

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILLIAM H. MOORE, PRINTER.

1858.

Copy 2

PS1545

J59

copy 2

TO

C. W. TAYLEURE, Esq.,

DIRECTOR OF THE WASHINGTON THEATER, UNDER
WHOSE AUSPICES IT WAS FIRST ACTED,

“THE GOLDSMITH OF PADUA”

IS DEDICATED,

WITH ADMIRATION FOR HIS TALENTS AS A DRAMATIC AUTHOR, AND
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER AS A MAN.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

[AS ORIGINALLY PRODUCED AT THE WASHINGTON THEATRE, NOVEMBER 9, 1858.]

Vincenti..... Mr. H. F. DALY
Guisseppe..... Mr. FORRESTER
Grumio..... Mr. J. M. DAWSON
Count Ferando..... Mr. J. HARRISON
The Judge..... Mr. M. LANAGAN
Tranio..... Mr. J. M. BARRON
Jeronimo..... Mr. T. S. HOLLAND
Beppo..... Mr. J. WHITING
Cosmo..... Mr. LEWIS
Jacobo..... Mr. WARD
Bianca..... Miss J. PARKER
Nina..... Mrs. C. W. TAYLEURE
Florino, a Page..... Mrs. PROCTOR

Lords and Ladies, Officer of the Court of Justice, Citizens, &c.

Time: End of the Fifteenth Century.

Scene: Padua.

974 P 16 Nov 34



GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street. Enter Jacobo.*

Jac. There be some men who talk of hearts! In sooth,
I understand them not: but this I know—
Such men are always poor! I'd rather own
A thousand ducats than a thousand hearts,
With all their lofty words of truth and honor!
Their lofty words no eloquence possess
Like *these*—which move all hearts, and heads, and hands!
[*Showing a purse of gold.*]

Seignior Vincenti .
Is *thus* the greatest orator of Padua!
But who comes yonder? Gazing up and down,
Like some poor fellow from the untaught fields,
First visiting the city! How he stares!

Enter Tranio.

Tra. Wonderful! splendid!

Jac. Ha! I know the lad:
Wild as the woods he left!

Tra. A glorious palace!

Jac. Tranio!

Tra. Who calls?

Jac. Do you not see?

Tra. Why—yes—Jacobo? Is it so, indeed!
I thought you many a league away!

Jac. No doubt:

And just as well I might have been, good Tranio,
For all the use your eyes were!

Tra. Pardon me.

I only came to Padua to-day;
And yonder palace did, in truth, surprise me.
Who dwells there?

Jac. Seignior Vincenti.

Tra. What a noble Prince!

Jac. Only a Goldsmith.

Tra. Ha!

Jac. A wealthy one,
Surpassing princes; and, if they be German—

Tra. (*Imitating him.*) "If they be German"—

Jac. Quite rich enough to make a score of them!
Daily come travellers, with coin to change,
Piling his coffers till they overflow!
Few die, relationless, but he's executor.
Many pay tribute to his wealth and fame,
By leaving him their heir. The city gives him
All public contracts. He is almost sunk
Beneath the weight of trusts and offices,
Not merely offered, but imposed upon him!

Tra. Now, by Saint Paul! the happiest man alive!
Can such things be!

Jac. All true. My lord, Guiseppe,
A merchant here, hath many dealings with him.
Guiseppe's clerk should, therefore, know the Goldsmith.

Tra. A clerk!
How is it, if I ask your aid, Jacobo?
My lot is such I'd willingly exchange it,
And hardly fear a worse one.

Jac. I know a place that will precisely suit:
And I've no wit or you've the place to-day.

Tra. Thanks, thanks, my friend!

Jac. We'll talk more privately of these affairs.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Garden of Vincenti's Palace. Enter Ferando and Bianca, followed by Nina, who is gathering flowers.*

Fer. (*Aside.*) I would speak, and I cannot. Strange, that Love,
In his first coming but a feeble boy,
Yet when he lays his finger on the heart—
O such a weight is there, it scarce can move,
And the late voluble, imperious lips,
Like timid slaves, do closely cling together,
Silent and motionless.

Bian. (*Smiling.*) A pleasant evening.

Fer. Yes—terrible, Bianca:—that is—pleasant.

Bian. Why, what's the matter?

Fer. Nothing. Did I speak?

Bian. Surely; and still said—nothing. 'Tis the fashion;
But as so much of it is offered me,
I weary of it: Yesterday, to-day,
To-morrow, and for many a day to come,
Has been, and is, and will be, nothing—nothing.
Nothing has many ways of saying nothing:
Last night, he told me, at Guiseppe's villa,
That Homer, could he visit earth once more,

Indeed would paint a Venus! 'That was nothing.
 And at another time he said my robe
 Was like a silvery cloud, and I the moon,
 That gave it radiance! 'That again was nothing.
 And nothing talks of blushes, lips and eyes,
 And sometimes writes me sonnets, sings me songs,
 Taking much trouble—also taking cold—
 To tell the deaf night 'neath my balcony,
 That nothing has a heart!

Fer. So fair and cruel!

Bian. Well done, Sir Count! A good exordium:
 On with the speech! 'Tis the true tone of nothing!

Fer. Thou art too light, Bianca. 'Neath the leaf,
 The frail and fluttering leaf, the rich fruit lies:
 The royal heart beneath a poor disguise.

Bian. Nay, if thou bringest rhyme, I fly at once.
 'Tis the bad spirit hath tormented me;
 I cannot bear his buzzing. (*Going.*)

Fer. Stay and listen.

Bian. To loves and doves, and hearts and darts?

Fer. (*Impressively.*) Bianca!
 Listen to truth, of which these rhymes are symbols,
 Often ill-used, by vanity and folly,
 But, dear Bianca—

Bian. (*Aside.*) "Dear Bianca!"

Nina. (*Listening, aside.*) "Dear?"

Fer. I have to-day few words of any kind,
 And even many, of the best, were useless:
 I can but say: I love thee!

Nina. "Love!" I knew it!
 O Grumio! Grumio! only say "I love thee!"

Fer. Dearest girl!
 I am not one to swear by all the saints,
 And Cupid chief, how wondrously I love thee;
 To sigh, to weep, to fall upon my knees,
 As to a goddess; no! I am a man,
 Feeling man's native dignity—and thou
 Art but a woman—a true, noble woman—
 Worthy a man's best love. Nature and fortune,
 Both have done much for thee. Thy beauty, sweet,
 Would win the worldling: though I prize it, too,
 'Tis as a picture of the angel soul;
 And, for the splendor of thy life's estate,
 The golden frame that bounds the charming picture,
 I own it is not valueless, but still
 Only thyself I love; and here, in proof,
 All that is good, faithful, and fond in me.

I dedicate to thy superior merit,
Now and forever!

Bian. Dost thou love me, then?

Fer. Dost doubt me?

Bian. Doubt? I only doubt myself,
As worthy of such love:—for such I prize,
Beyond all beauty, all the world can give,
As Heaven's divinest boon!

Fer. To Heaven the praise!
So shall our lives go smiling through the vale,
Cheering its shadows with a sacred light,
And hand in hand climb the Eternal Height!
(Music within.)

What means this music?

Bian. 'Tis a preparation—
A certain festival—an anniversary—

Fer. Thine own—thy birth-night.

Bian. Marvelous memory!

Fer. No marvel, love, that Memory should pale
Before the light of Hope!—

I will attend thee,
But here (*his heart*) is such a festival, Bianca,
With angel guests, with whisperings, with music,
All so ecstatic, that I fear me still
I shall forget myself, and wandering go,
Like a poor ghost, through good Vincenti's halls.

Bian. Poor ghost: *I* shall be there!

Fer. And *here!* (*his heart.*)

Two festivals at once:—

But this the better and the dearer one!

Then, for awhile, farewell! Our contract, sweet,

(Enter Jeronimo, back.)

Is yet deficient—

Bian. Wanting what?

Fer. (*Kisses her.*) 'Tis perfect!

Jer. A kiss! (*Aside.*) *(Exit Ferando.)*

Bian. Delightful, too: Love flies, nor looks before;

I see my Father: Yes, there's something more!

(Going. Jeronimo advances.)

Another troublesome nothing! (*Aside.*)

Jer. Lady fair,

Pardon whatever in my speech seems rude,

And in thy mirror see my argument,

As in my heart—thy loveliness. O hear me, *(Kneels.)*

Though I am low, and dignity is thine,

May love not raise me? (*Aside*)—to a golden power!—

Answer, and bless me with thy answer, lady,

And thy devoted slave I am forever!

Bian. Rise. I do not seek a slave! A man
Should be a free man! (*Aside.*) What a love is this!
Itself disgraced, and would disgrace a woman!

Jer. I cannot rise, till in a gentler tone
'Thou bid'st me.

Bian. Then forever rest thee there!
Thy body's attitude becomes thy mind,
Stooping to degradation! Go, sir, go!

Jer. (*Rising, and grasping her arm.*) Not till I have my answer!
(*Bianca screams. Jeronimo releases her, and is retreating, when he
meets Nina.*)

Nina. Why, what's the matter? Is my lady harmed?

Jer. Not in the least. It was a snake in the grass.

Bian. (*Aside.*) 'Twas truly so. Nina, my dear, 'tis well.
Are all things ready for the festival?
See! Yonder comes the moon.

Nina. To light the guests.
All things are ready.

Bian. So: I must receive them. [*Exeunt.*]

Jer. Scorned—insulted! No hope there!
But gold and beauty still are worth the wooing.
She knows me not, but, by the Saints, she shall!
Wake, plotting devils of the heart and brain;
Quick to the task! Short time, and much to gain!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Night. A grand apartment in the Palace of Vincenti.
Vincenti seated at a table, on which his head rests: he sleeps.
Gay music heard at a distance. Presently, he starts, raises his
hands on high, then, gradually, lowers them.*

Vin. 'Twas but a dream! Methought the olden fable
Of Jupiter was acted o'er again:
The heavens did open, and a shower of gold
Descended on me! 'Twas a silly dream—
Yet wondrous sweet! My daughter's festival,
Her eighteenth birth-day. Rank, and wealth, and beauty,
The proudest, fairest of all Italy,
Come thronging now, with only one ambition:
To please the Goldsmith! Ha! ha! ha! Vincenti,
'Tis thus thine industry, thy skill in trade,
Thy careful application, are rewarded!
Others must thank their ancestors, but thou—
Only thyself! It is alone thy merit!

(*Walks the apartment proudly.*)

Enter Jeronimo.

Vin. What would Jeronimo?

Jer. I scarcely know—
I cannot speak my thought—but strangely now,
Amid the splendor of thy entertainment,
I think—thy bounty, raising me from earth,
Hath filled my heart with gratitude, encouraged
My spirit even to imitate thine own,
Humbly and distantly, for who may stand,
Seignior, on such an eminence as thou!

Vin. If thus I stand, 'twas toil that gained the place,
The toil, Jeronimo, of many years.
And who shall say I have not well deserved!

Jer. All this, and more! Thy present honored guests
Declare as much, and prophesy the future.
O pride! how weak and easily-pleased is pride!

(Aside.)

Vin. Prosperity, which makes so many blind,
Gives me new power of sight. I look afar,
Mine eyes surveying many a foreign shore,
Tracing most secret causes, thence deducing
Wealth and renown for Padua. Then I see
Also the merit of my faithful clerk:
Much hast thou done, Jeronimo!

Jer. And thou,
Thou hast done all for me.

Vin. But little yet:
More shall I do anon.

Jer. My humble thanks!

Vin. What can I, even now?

Jer. All men have dreams,
And many dream such grand and happy things
As Earth, perchance, may never realize.
For me: Angelic visions visit me,
Not only in the night, but all day long;
Making the world so sweet and beautiful—
All flowers—all music—all—an idle dream!
For then I wake, to scorn my silly self,
'That thus am fancy's fool!

Vin. Thou art in love!

Jer. And hopeless!

Vin. Then it is the *star* of Venus.
And not *herself* thou lovest!

Jer. 'Tis a maid.

Vin. Of human form and blood?

Jer. Human and heavenly!

Vin. And canst not win her? Why, thou art a man:
Well-featured, with a quick, expressive eye;

Gay-robed; and young: and with a low-toned voice,
 'To steal into the heart! And canst not win her?
 What, then, is wanting? Gold? I'll give it thee!
 She shall be thine!

Jer. Thou hast, indeed, the power.

Vin. Good! Have I so? I'll see what mortal maid,
 Or mortal man, will dare gainsay Vincenti!
 Methinks I *have* observed thy moody looks,
 Yes, for a month past. Ha! that love! love! love!

Jer. A dainty damsel, and a rich old father! (*Aside.*)

Vin. But tell me now her name?

Jer. Thy kindness, Seignior,
 Imboldens me to speak: It is Bianca.

Vin. The name my daughter bears.

Jer. It is—thy daughter.

Vin. My daughter! Hast thou spoken this to her?

Jer. I have.

Vin. Her answer?

Jer. Not a loving one;

But still—

Vin. No more! Thou mean and cringing dog!
 I found thee, beggared, in the filthy street,
 I fed and clothed thee, when thy drunken father
 Went reeling 'mid the pointing, laughing crowd;
 When she who gave thee birth forsook her cub,
 And sold her fame to midnight revellers!
 I took thee home, and sought to raise thy life
 Above its destiny: All this for pity!

What insolent presumption! Hence! Begone!

Jer. I go. But lofty heads perchance may fall!

[*Aside. Exit.*]

(*Vincenti, after walking the apartment, angrily, sits down, and becomes more calm.*)

Enter Ferando and Bianca.

Bian. Father, we miss thy kindly smile, to cheer us
 Amid the dance. Art weary of our mirth?

Vin. No, my dear child. The crowd, the sultry eve,
 Awhile oppressed me, so I sought the breeze
 That plays around our balcony; and then
 Came here to rest, where slumber stole upon me.
 But I'll return.

Fer. The smiling presence of a generous host
 Makes doubly glad the bosoms of his guests.
 In truth, good Seignior, pleasure fast was ebbing.
 As, one by one, the noble company
 Spoke of Vincenti absent, asking each:
 "Why lingers he?"

Vin. I thank them all ; and now—

Fer. Pardon a moment, Seignior. May I hope
An opportunity to speak with thee
Of that which moves me deeply—

Vin. Certainly :

I'll hear thee now, with pleasure.

Bian. I'll retire.

Fer. No. Pray remain, Bianca.
Seignior Vincenti, I would speak of *her*.
With all sincerity, I love thy daughter,
Have told her of my love, and she—

Vin. Bianca?

Bian. Forgive me, Father, if—

Vin. Thy heart was stolen,
And I not warned to watch it? Ha! I see!

(*To Ferando.*)

I do approve thee, having known thy truth,
Having observed Bianca's preference.
One reservation must I make withal:
That yet ye tarry but a few weeks more,
A month or so, then have ye full consent.

Fer. Seignior, my heart's best gratitude and duty!

Bian. Father, thou knowest mine were always given:
They shall continue. Life hath been to me
A glittering dream! (*Aside.*) I wake in Paradise!

Vin. Thy happiness is still mine own, my child.
And now the reason that I ask delay;
My brother comes anon to Padua:
I wish him present.

Fer. Willingly we wait.

Vin. Doubtful, for Love but illy brooks the curb! (*Aside.*)
Ye cunning little imps! And thought ye, then,
I could not see? That all this mighty work
Went on in darkness? No, no, no; Vincenti
Hath eyes—believe it! Even hath a heart
Not yet too cold for love! Nay, do not smile!
I go no more a-wooing! Padua
Shall be my only mistress! I will crown her
Empress of Italy! I'm busy! busy!—
And love, they say, thrives best in idleness!—
Let us go in:—but see, our friends are here!

Enter the Company.

And sunshine with them! Music once again! (*Music.*)
A moving melody: What think ye, friends?
These snows are light: even I can tread a measure.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A street. Enter Jacobo and Tranio.*

Tra. Friendship is true: perhaps there's truth in love!
I've only spent three days in Padua,
Yet am I well provided for already!
A place that suits my talent, fills my wish!

Jac. My rich reward is—Tranio is content!

Tra. You shall have other. Friendship is so rare
In this cold world of ours;
It should not go without its proper meed,
The ardent words of gratitude, that all
May see its beauty, learn to imitate!

Jac. No more of this, my friend:
I only did what you would do for me.

Tra. I would so, truly. See, we come again
Before Vincenti's dwelling. I have thought,
Over and over, what a happy man!

Jac. He is not happy now!

Tra. And why?

Jac. A change
Has fallen on him: why, in sooth, I know not:
But this I know: When yesterday I called,
On business from Guisseppe, round the door
Were five or six who waited.
They spoke severely of Vincenti, one
With threats of law:
Another, that he would recall his trust
Immediately, and claim a full account.
As yet, my lord Guisseppe doubts him not.
To me the whole affair is mystery.
But yonder comes he now. Is that man happy!
(*They retire back the stage.*)

Enter Vincenti, slowly and musingly.

Vin. Am I not rich as ever? Who can say
I have defrauded him? Not one! Do any
Demand their payment twice of me? Not one!
What, then, can be the cause? I walk the street.
And those who nearly kissed the ground before,
Now stare me in the face, and proudly pass!
The noble guests whom late I entertained,
Strangely forget me now! Have I the plague!

Is all my house infected, that they shun me?
 The office of the Treasury of Padua,
 For which I stood the first in nomination,
 Is given to a man less rich by thousands!
 What is the cause? Shall I be ruined thus,
 Nor know the reason? (*Reflects.*)

Jac. Do you envy him?

Tra. I pity!

Enter Guiseppe.

Guis. Seignior, I grieve to see thee looking sad:
 Art thou not well?

Vin. Yes, well: If health be all!

Guis. Be of good cheer! These idle clouds will pass.
 And now, if not upon thy private thoughts
 Too much intruding, wil't thou grant me leave
 To ask a favor of thee?

Vin. Speak. I listen.

Favor of him whom all the world doth shun. (*Aside.*)

Guis. (*Aside.*) I'll prove this wide report, if true or false.
 Can it be possible Vincenti should
 Forget himself?

Seignior Vincenti, for a certain purpose,
 I'd place a hundred ducats in thy charge.
 I've entered lately in a speculation
 Of great extent, and how it may result
 Can no one tell. In case of failure, then,
 I would retain this sum. Wil't keep it for me?

(*Presenting a bag of gold.*)

Vin. Right willingly!

Guis. And now I take my leave.

My time hath many claimants. When again
 We meet, good Seignior, may I find thee cheerful!
 Of this I'm certain: I shall find him honest.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Vin. Well, all is not so dark as I supposed:
 Here's one friend left! Philosophers declare
 That he's a happy man who's sure of one!

[*Exit.*]

(*Jacobo and Tranio advance.*)

Tra. And this is all you know?

Jac. But this alone.

Tra. 'Tis very strange!

Jac. Yet hither comes a man
 Will tell us more, if more there be, or not.
 A busy, prying one is Grumio;
 Endowed with lynx-like properties, to find

The smallest secret, or, grimalkin-like,
See clearest in the dark.

Enter Grumio, hurriedly, bearing a burden.

Gru. O, gentlemen! the most wonderful—Your servant, sir.
(*To Tranio. They bow.*) The most wonderful things are about town—

Jac. What—what? A crowd of Grumios?

Gru. Dromedaries! (*In a vexed tone.*)

Jac. They bear a burden, too, upon the back,
But, as they bear it *willingly*—good lack!
It were not well to call them Grumios.

Gru. Have out your wit: 'Tis seldom out, Heaven knows!

Jac. And that's because 'tis delicate!

Gru. No doubt!

I fear, too much so: Pray don't let it out!

Jac. True, it were quite as well to keep it home:

'Twould not find yours, even if it went to Rome.

Gru. Mine stays in Padua—good reason, that!
For where the cream is, there will be the cat!

Tra. Have done! have done!

Jac. Well, Grumio, what's the news?

Gru. Most wonderful! First a whisper came up, just like a breeze, then it went on, and on, till it grew a storm, and everybody was howling: "Vincenti! the rich Goldsmith!"

Jac. What of him?

Gru. Are you deaf?

Jac. No, but in Grumio's company there's danger!

Gru. Then you have not heard it! How the old Goldsmith is said to be a coiner of base money! And truly so, say I. For isn't he our best workman in gold and silver? And surely he wouldn't let his talent rust? No, but use it to some purpose.

Jac. Speak not too fast! I've always held Vincenti
Honest as any man in Padua.

Gru. And I the same, i'faith, till now. But do you see this ducat?
(*Showing a ducat.*)

Jac. Yes, and it is a good one.

Gru. Only copper and silver! O the scoundrel! O the cheat!
And many are about, just like it: all from Vincenti! O the villain!
That's the way men live in tall palaces, and dress finely, i'faith, and brave it through the land! But "pride goeth before destruction!"
Down with the cheat! A copper ducat!

Jac. Still, this is not enough to prove him guilty:
He gave the coin—but did he know 'twas base!

Gru. A *Goldsmith*, too! I'll not believe such nonsense! A villain, again say I! and let him suffer for it! But here am I,

chatting, and our Captain will away in his ship! Hold your breath awhile longer, good wind! *Addio!*

(*Exit, in haste.*)

Jac. A busy rogue, yet lazy one, withal.
And, now I think of it, I'm something like him;
For much have I to do, and still neglect it.

Tra. How many love to see a lofty name
Brought down, dishonored, to their own vile level!
To tear, with harpy claws, a character
Which late they praised—

Jac. No sermons:
You are not paid for those! I must away.

Tra. And truly so must I; in this direction.

[*Exeunt, differently.*]

SCENE II.—*The garden. Bianca and Vincenti discovered in the distance, seated.*

Bian. Father, thy brow is burning. Walk with me,
(*They advance.*)

And the cool evening breeze will bring thee peace!
See how the sun, beyond the purple hills,
Goes down in glory! See his parting smile
On the tall trees, which fondly wave farewell!
And, on the church-tower, rising from the vale,
The only bright thing now amid the shadows,
How blessed is that ray! The true, good man
Thus stands sublime in brilliancy, and points
Calmly to Heaven, when Earth around grows dark!

Vin. Beautiful Nature! Comforter and friend,
When men deceive and fail us!

Bian. Mark, again,
Dear Father, how the ivy climbs the tower,
Embracing it so lovingly, and struggling
Upward, still upward, with a proud affection,
Till both together share the sacred light,
And smile upon the gloom below!

Vin. I see!
My own Bianca, thus art thou! My ivy,
And must the storm soon tear thee from thy trust,
Strewn wild and withering, and I, alone,
Hopeless, to battle with a world of wrath!
What have I done? Why falls the cloud on me?

Bian. Whatever strange mistake hath gone abroad,
Whatever ill may happen thee—I stand
Thy daughter still! ready, yea proud, to bear
The burden with thee! Thou hast thought me weak—
Behold how strong a thing a daughter's love!

I will do all: and from the peaceful sky
My Mother's spirit shall look down, and aid me!

Vin. (*Embracing her.*) My dear, dear child! But do not
weep! I feel
Courage and hope! O sorrow! blessed sorrow!
For teaching me such happiness of love!

Enter Guiseppe.

[*Bianca retires to the seat.*]

Guis. My friend, how fortunate to find thee home!
The ducats which I gave thee recently,
A sudden want requires of me again.
I would not trouble thee so soon, but I—

Vin. A grave apology for such a trifle!
The money is thine own. My private drawer
Contains it, as I placed it there, unopened.
Seignior, thou'lt always find me at thy service.

Guis. It ever has been so. My thanks, Vincenti,
And equal offer.

Vin. Let us, then, go in.
I'll render thee thy ducats. Come, Bianca;
The evening grows too late: the dew is falling.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Nina. (*Back.*)

Nina. There's my master: he will sit, all alone, for hours, in
one of the great chairs, with his hand *so*: (*placing hers in a pen-
sive manner*;) frowning; sometimes with closed eyes. Then will
he start up, and stare, as if he saw a ghost: and next, off he strides,
from one end of the room to the other, faster than my messenger,
Grumio, ever went! There's my lady: she goes about crying, and
takes up this, and that, and puts it down again, and acts like a mad
girl!—except when she meets her father. Mercy upon my life!
what does it all mean! And they such merry folks awhile ago!
(*Enter Grumio, stealing up behind her.*) If it wasn't for—

Gru. Me? What then?

Nina. Master Impertinence!

Gru. Who *would n't* be, seeing such pretty fruit in a garden?

(*Touching her cheek, playfully.*)

Nina. Forbidden fruit!

Gru. All the sweeter for that! The kind I like best! Now,
now, Nina; you don't mean it, though? *Say* you don't?

Nina. (*Turning away.*) Not I!

Gru. Well, I thought so! You've told me many a time you
loved me? Ha?

Nina. My note-book's lost: I can't remember it.

Gru. I'll be your note-book. Let me see: what was the last entry? Sunday, as you were coming from Mass. Then up walked I, in my new doublet, and said: "A sweet morning, sweet one!"

Nina. And I said: "Yes, Master Grumio." A great record that, for your note-book! How it will astonish the world, some day!

Gru. Don't stop so short! Was there nothing else? Shall I read on?

Nina. As you please.

Gru. So be it! O, I think of something now!

Nina. Indeed!

Gru. Has Vincenti paid you, this quarter?

Nina. What impudence! Who made *you* lord of the Treasury?

Gru. I ask for a reason; a good reason, dear. We are all the same as one, you know. Any ducats?

Nina. (*Aside.*) What can the man want? Some wild frolic, perhaps? He spends too much that way. Well; I answer, for a good reason, too: that I'll not answer! But, hark ye, Grumio! there's wine—

Gru. Dearest!

Nina. (*Aside.*) I knew it! And if you'll come in with me: softly, now; softly; I'll—

Gru. What an obedient husband I'll be! Never the like on't! Dearest! (*Looking fondly at her, smacking his lips.*)

Nina. Come.

Gru. (*Starting, then stops, takes her hand, and looks mysteriously.*) Noticed any thing strange?

Nina. Where?

Gru. In the palace.

Nina. Why?

Gru. Dear little dove! I'll tell you such a story; such a story!

Nina. Nothing strange in *that*, for *you*!

Gru. But it's all true.

Nina. Then it *will* be wonderful!

Gru. Now, now! I'faith, Nina, I leaped not over the wall for nonsense, to-day. The strangest news! Ho! (*Striking his leg.*)

Nina. Are you mad?

Gru. Almost! (*Striking his leg again.*) Those confounded mosquitoes! I hid among the rose-bushes, while the old fellows were talking, and the cursed sharp-bills stung me well for disturbing their slumbers! If that's *sub rosa*, I'll no more on't.

Nina. Ha! ha! ha! Billing and cooing always go together!

Gru. Don't laugh! There's another! (*Striking his hand.*)

Nina. A glass of wine will do you good.

Gru. So it will, dearest! (*Smacking his lips.*)

Nina. Softly, then.

Gru. As a mouse!

(*They steal off.*)

SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice. Officers and citizens waiting.*
Enter the Judge.

Judge. (Aside.) We must devise a plan to satisfy
 The people's clamor; else is Padua
 Scarcely a moment safe. What plan? what plan?
 A serious thought. Already have I done
 Whate'er the law allows: summoned Vincenti,
 Administered the solemn oath of wager,
 Whereby the party charged may clear his name
 By declaration of his innocence—
 'The which he did: and, thus compelled, I gave
 A favorable judgment. Still the crowd
 Exclaims, 'tis perjury!

*(After a pause, the Judge beckons an Officer, whispers to him, and
 Exit Officer. The Judge ascends to his seat, and opens a book.
 Beppo and Cosmo converse apart.)*

Bep. What does he mean?

Cos. Ask the law-books yonder! They can tell as well as I:
 though, in good sooth, even if they would, 'twere hard matter to
 understand their learned language.

Bep. A puzzle for old Nestor himself! But there's some cun-
 ning device afoot, depend on't! A bright man is our Judge!

Cos. Ay, bright as gold!

Bep. I've found it: the Goldsmith! May it not be of *him*?

Cos. Like everything now-a-days. When was there ever heard
 so much of one man in Padua before?

Bep. When Antonio ran away with the Duke's daughter!

Cos. Less: less! But what think *you* of the Goldsmith?

Bep. That a man who cannot plead poverty as temptation, should
 doubly suffer the law.

Cos. Right! Give us justice! He has raised his head above
 all of us! He has lived in luxury and splendor, year after year,
 on the fruit of his crimes!

Bep. Remember, too, he even sat on the bench of Magistrates!

Cos. I do remember. Now, if law be not made to fence the
 rich: if its object be the bulwark of all: let him be brought to
 trial; let him receive the punishment!

Enter Guiseppe.

Guis. Most noble Judge, I claim the law's protection!
 It is well known the popular voice is up
 Against Vincenti; equally well known
 That I have held long intercourse with him,
 In various matters. He accused of fraud,
 The rumor spares not me. It is incumbent
 Upon my reputation, this be cleared;
 Moreover, that the proper criminal

Stand forth, in sight of all.

'The honest praise of men I dearly prize,
And will not sacrifice mine honor lightly!

Judge. Justice and reason speak in thy demand.
Yet will the law require a definite charge,
Sustained by evidence incontrovertible:
Hast thou such evidence?

Guis. I come prepared.
It grieves my very soul, to blot with crime
A name revered and blest in Padua,
A name that shone so fair through Italy,
A name which I have spoken, day by day,
For many years, with friendship! Yet my own,
And all within our city, now demand it.
Thus urged, I come to thee, most noble Judge,
With a plain story. Lately I deposited
A hundred ducats in Vincenti's hands,
My secret object but to prove his truth,
Not doubting then: and presently required
My ducats back, under pretence of need.
I tried them. To my great surprise and grief,
Thirty were base! Again I saw Vincenti,
Who still, in answer to my words, denied
Knowledge of aught, excepting that he placed them
Within a private drawer, where, all untouched,
They waited my return. Some angry words
Arose between us: and I left him so.

Judge. It is enough, I grieve to say it is,
To found the charge; unless—good Seignior, pardon—
It should be said, as thou hast intimated,
Thou art thyself accomplice.

Guis. What, sir? I!
Is not *my* character—

Judge. Was not Vincenti's?—

(*Enter Officer, disguised as a foreign merchant.*)

Officer. (*To Judge.*) My lord, I have obeyed your order. The amount deposited with the Goldsmith, under this disguise, has been restored. I gave him good and marked money: but receive back the greatest part in false coin.

Judge. Arrest him instantly! Yet stay: come hither.

(*The Judge whispers the Officer. Exit Officer.*)

Bep. Did I not say truly: "A bright man is our Judge!" No chance have villains in Padua now!

Cos. Well, they possessed the city long enough. The death of one will be a terror to all.

Bep. Is the penalty death?

Cos. Death at the block.

Bep. But Vincenti will not suffer. He may even be innocent at last. In any case, great service has he rendered our city, and therefore may be pardoned.

Cos. Not for innocence, he has none: not for past liberality, that's forgotten: yet is there one hope.

Bep. What is't?

Cos. Gold!

Bep. You suspect our Judge?

Cos. Hush!

Re-enter Officer, with Vincenti.

Judge. Seignior, thou stand'st accused of coining,
Or uttering, false coins of Italy.
It is a fearful charge: and full of sorrow,
That one, of age, and wealth, and reputation,
Like thine, must answer it.

Vin. The accuser lies!
I do deny the charge! My life denies it!
Have I not dwelt among ye from my youth?
Received the highest honors of your City?
Nay, more: the confidence of Italy?
Nor Italy alone, but foreign lands?
And who is he, when fortune crowns my age,
What envious, fiendish heart, would torture me,
When I would rest, after my many cares,
Or only strive again for Padua!
I dare ye to the proof! What evidence?

Judge. The first—

(Pointing to Guiseppe.)

Vin. My friend, Guiseppe!

Guis. Even I.

To test thine honesty, a hundred ducats
Did I deposit with thee, then reclaimed them;
And thirty of the hundred found I base.

Vin. And thou, Guiseppe!

Guis. I only state the fact: I found them so.

Judge. *(To Vincenti.)* And then: an officer, here present, sought thee,

In foreign merchant dress, and gave thee gold,
Claiming it back again in like disguise.

How was it, when restored? *(To Officer.)*

Off. 'Twas chiefly false.

Vin. Ay, altogether false! I swear by Heaven,
I looked not on the gold, but kept it locked,
With care beyond my own!

Judge. A moment more.
What further evidence?

Off. We searched his palace.
In secret drawers were instruments of coining,
With all materials ; large amounts of coin,
Base coin, were found throughout. And these await
The order of the Court.

Judge. Vincenti ?

Vin. I stand within the gathering shade of hell :
Yet am I innocent !

Judge. What proof appears ?

Vin. None : I have none that may acquit me here :
But *here*, there is no criminal ! (*Touching his heart.*)

Judge. May He,
The Sovereign Judge, thus also render judgment !
For my poor part, I must pronounce thy guilt. (*Rising.*)
On Tuesday, in the Public Square, at noon,
Thou diest !

Enter Bianca, wildly.

Bian. Father ! Father !

(*She sinks at his feet, embracing him, and weeping.*)

The Curtain slowly falls.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Night. A forest. Ferando, alone.*

Fer. Day has no joy for me, and night no rest ;
 And day and night shall bear an equal care,
 Till from the chaos of this mystery
 I bring the light. 'Tis now the darkest hour :
 The shrouded form of Doom comes nearer still,
 And, like a figure in the hovering fog,
 With each advancing step is more gigantic !
 I must believe Vincenti innocent :
 Aid me, O Heaven ! to prove it ! If I fail—
 What image rises to my tortured sight ?
 The silvery hair of age is dark with blood—
 A maiden wanders in a whirling storm,
 Beating the ruthless winds with maniac arms !
 Her shrieks—Have mercy, God !

Enter Florio.

Flo. All through the woods I ran to meet you, sir.
 And I had falls, too. What a lonesome place !
 I ran to meet you, sir.

Fer. (*With indifference.*) Well—you are here.

Flo. Thank my young legs for that ! And if they're wounded,
 'Tis in the service of a dear, good master !

Fer. Who will remember it. But news—what news ?
 Hast thou done all I told thee ?

Flo. To the letter.
 And such a weight of wonder bring I back,
 The marvel is, how I could ever bring it ;
 Though twice or thrice I fell, too.

Fer. Quickly, boy !

Flo. Good news ! (*Clapping his hands.*)

Fer. Ah, that is light !

Flo. And that's the reason
 I rose from every fall, and flew along.
 Well, sir, I found the man you sent me to.
 A villain, sir—if I'm a boy—a villain,
 With looks that show the sin his heart would hide,
 And his arm only do in secret, sir—

Fer. Dwell not upon his looks !

Flo. They dwell on me—

'They haunt me, sir! I feel I'm not so good
Since *he* looked on me!

Fer. (*Encouragingly.*) Yes, my noble Page.
Proceed.

Flo. I tried my simple way. Ah ha! you know it—
And he was caught—but then I pitied him,
And blamed myself, that, in an angel's guise,
Had found the devil out. His heart grew soft,
And as his head was not unlike his heart,
My doleful story moved him presently.
In brief, my lord, your supposition's true.

Fer. True! I am glad to hear it.

Flo. Hear it, then.
'This *honest* friend of mine, who, like a mushroom,
Grew in a single night—this sap-head villain—
Is of a goodly company of coiners,
That chose a cavern here within the wood,
And set a mint up, but forgot the license.
'The Chief of this most honorable body
Is a rare hero—though my new-found friend
Esteems him over-rated. From the picture,
It seems to me I've met His Mightiness,
Even in Padua; and, to assure me—
I now propose to visit him straightway,
And introduce my master, which to do
I have secured all means.

Fer. My gallant boy!

Flo. My duty, sir, is but begun: your praise
Must not o'erpass it.

Fer. Let us on, at once.
I see the gleam of Hope!

Flo. I think it shines
From out the crevice of a cavern, sir:
Within, the torch burns full! The way is short,
But longer than my story.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Interior of a Cave. Jeronimo discovered, counting
coins. Men sleeping on the ground.*

Jer. The bells have struck the first hour of the day:
O when they strike the central! Then farewell
Vincenti's glory: welcome my revenge!
Disguised, I've mingled with the citizens,
From day to day, and still the more enjoyed
The working of my plot! 'Tis brave! 'tis brave!
Sleep on, ye drunken fools! Your master wakes!
The angel of his wrath converses with him

In words of fire, not for dull souls like yours !
 Love's heaven is now transformed to Hatred's hell,
 Peopled with myriad mad and laughing fiends !
 Ha ! ha ! 'tis happiness !

Enter, unobserved, Florio and Ferando.

Flo. You know him, sir ?

Fer. Through all disguise—Jeronimo !

Jer. And I have done it !

The keys—I have them here : Good keys, my thanks !

This was the pass-word to Vincenti's office,

This to his private drawer—and *this*—and *this*—

True gold I got from thence, and false coin left

To fill the place on't : excellent exchange !

Fer. Villain ! (*Draws his sword, advancing.*)

Flo. Peace, my lord ! not yet ! (*Restraining him.*)

(*Jeronimo starts, alarmed at the sound, examines the Cave, and returns to his position.*)

Jer. Some caitiff there,

Muttering of his debauch. I grow a coward.

Faint heart, be bold, be bold until the noon,

And then forever ! Ha ! to think I did it !

I brought that grand old head, dishonored, down !

I taught humility to proud Bianca !

Yes, 'twas a wise thing, 'twas a very wise one,

To hide my money-making instruments

In old Vincenti's palace ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Fer. By Heaven, I cannot bear it ! (*Draws.*)

Flo. Peace, my lord !

Jer. And so, a little while, and it is done :

I'll to the Public Square ! to see him die !

[*Exit.*]

Flo. Let us depart, my lord. 'Twere rashness now.

His fellows are around him ; we are two,

Or I am nothing.

Fer. Thus far fortunate,

The rest may follow to the happy end.

Come then, no more my servant—come, my friend !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Banquet Hall of Vincenti's Palace. Furniture disarranged. Enter Jacobo, Tranio, and Grumio.*

Jac. The banquet hall !

Tra. A sad, deserted one,

An image of its master !

Gru. Yes, of him

Who shall have none to-day !

Or, like a broken plaster image—headless !

(*Sings :*) “ Go on, my good master,
But faster, and faster,
The headsman, he follows, follows !
There’ll be a great knock,
When block goes to block,
And the headsman ——”

Out on’t ! I have forgot that rare old song !

(*Sings :*) “ And the headsman ——”

Don’t *you* remember it ? What’s next “ the headsman ? ”

Jac. Is n’t it—Grumio ?

Gru. Neither rhyme nor reason !
But let it pass. It wants but few hours now,
And up goes Master Executioner,
And down the Goldsmith !

Tra. (*To Jacobo.*) How I pity him !
He has a daughter, too.

Jac. A lovely girl !
It was my fortune to be present here,
The evening of her birth-day festival.
How bright she shone amid the noble throng,
Courtied by all ! And then how proud Vincenti,
As her sweet voice arose ! And prouder still,
And happier was Ferando, looking love,
Which she reflected back with smiles and blushes !
By Jupiter ! I scarcely knew myself !
Scarcely remembered me a simple Clerk,
Only admitted by Guisseppe’s favor ;
So beautiful and grand was all around !

Tra. Alas, the change ! ’tis pitiful ! O pitiful !

Gru. I’d like to know how many sighs you’d give,
If ’twere a poor man ! I have none for *him*,
A coiner, a mean, contemptible—
I’ll laugh to see his head roll !—

Tra. Whatever crime a man may suffer for,
He claims our serious pity. I deny
The right of law in penalty of death,
And most of all for crime not causing death,
As this is.

Gru. Have a care ! Your wits are failing !

Tra. I only speak my thought.

Jac. What then ?

Shall villains go at large, and do their will ?

Gru. Answer us that !

Tra. Are there no prisons left ?
What mischief can they work behind the bars ?
What good may not ensue from thought and teaching,
If really guilty ? Then, if innocence,

One day, perchance, be proved—we can restore
Their name and freedom. Can ye so with him
Whose head is taken?

Jac. Why, a country life
Has set you dreaming: yet there's truth in dreams;
Sometimes there's truth in dreams! (*Musingly.*)

Gru. But none in this.
'The law is so, and wise men made it so;
And so it has been, many good old years;
And so it's no affair of mine; and so
I'll none on't!

Tra. Bravely argued!

Gru. Glad you like it!
But all your words of new-discovered right,
Don't touch the Goldsmith.

Tra. Do they not? Suppose
The sentence be unjust—

Gru. I can't suppose it!

Tra. Then it is dark. The universal praise
His previous life received; and, more than all,
His kindness and his liberality
Forbid belief of wrong. There's some mistake!

Jac. Too late to think of it. His time is near.

Gru. So near, that if we'd witness the beheading,
'Twere best we swiftly pass along the rooms,
Learn all we can—what splendor once he lived in—
And thank our friends, the officers: then go.

Tra. For my part, I regret I ever came:
I will not see his death.

Jac. Nor I.

Gru. The law
Shall have the dignity of my appearance,
Like a true subject. Shall we on, good Masters?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Cell of the Prison. Vincenti in chains. Bianca, weeping.*

Vin. Be comforted, poor child! 'Tis nothing—nothing!
I go awhile before—

Only a little while. And *there*—I see
Thy sainted mother looking down to cheer
My parting hour, with promises of joy!

Bian. So soon! so soon!

Vin. (*Pointing upward.*) The Father of the Orphan! If the
world

Look coldly on thee, still confide in HIM,
Remembering ever—I am innocent!

Bian. Innocent—and—to die! O cruel Earth!

O pitiless Heaven! for ye behold the wrong,
And will not save!

Vin. Be calm. Accuse them not.
Heaven gave prosperity, I proved ungrateful;
Or thanked, in vanity, myself alone.
'Then came adversity, to humble me,
And point the proper path. 'Tis well: 'tis well!

Bian. O, my dear Father, kind wast thou to all!
And kind—*so* kind to me!

Vin. I feel, alas!
Much have I left undone: yet humbly trust
Pardon awaits me; not from man: Were God
Merciless as His creatures, Heaven, indeed,
Were dark as Earth, and hopeless! Still, my heart,
Illumed with sacred light, forgiveth all.
And though the law may confiscate my wealth,
True friends will rise to thee, when I am gone,
Like fountains in the desert, moved by God!
Ferando—

Bian. Father!

(With agony, throwing herself on his breast.)

Vin. What is this, poor girl!
Alas, I know it! Love's enchanted palace
Was built upon the sands: the storm hath crushed it!
Yet, from the ruin, build another up,
And found it on the Rock, and dedicate
Its glorious beauty to the HOLY SPIRIT!
All shall be well!

Bian. I feel it would be so;
At least a single ray of blessed light
Would pierce the darkness;
If this weak, timid heart resembled thine!
O THOU!
Who lookest on my Father's dying hour;
Making it valiant, in the face of terror!
Making it cheerful, in the night of sorrow!
Making it trustful, when the angel Hope
Waves her soft wings for flight!
Give strength and courage to an orphan's heart,
To bear whatever ill may now invade;
To smile, and still live on!

(A distant sound of bells.)

Vin. The hour approaches.
Leave me awhile, Bianca.

Bian. I cannot, cannot leave thee, Father!

(Clinging to him.)

Vin. Nay, nay : be resolute ! We meet again.

(*He conducts her to the door, knocks upon it thrice : a bar is removed : and Exit Bianca. The bar replaced. Vincenti, after walking the Cell to and fro, sits down, and hides his face. The music of the "Miserere" faintly and fitfully heard from the Cathedral. He starts, and listens.*)

Vin. Forever, ever sweet !
 'Twas thus I heard the solemn, sacred tones
 In my gay boyhood ; and my wild heart grew
 So calm and hushed : as if an angel choir
 Joined their grand voices in the dim Cathedral !
 Yes : "Miserere !" Pity me, O God !
 For then came manhood on, and I forgot THEE,
 And from THY Holy Temple turned away,
 To worship at the shrine of tempting Gold !
 Again, the sweet, sad tones I loved so fondly !
 They fall upon my soul with soothing power !
 They steal upon it like the dawning day !
 Yes : "Miserere !" Pity me, O GOD !
 Methinks it were no pain to die this moment,
 The last of earthly sounds—so sweet!—so sweet!—

(*Music gradually ceases.*)

SCENE V.—*A street. Enter Nina, weeping.*

Nina. My poor, poor Master ! And my Mistress ! it will break her heart !

Enter Grumio, (singing :)

Gru. "But faster, and faster,
 The headsman, he follows, follows !"
 What's all this about, Nina ?

Nina. You know ! you know !

Gru. The cheating Goldsmith ?

Nina. Poor, poor man !

Gru. A rich one too long !

Nina. And so kind to me !

Gru. Well, there *is* some truth in that ! For I've had your ducats tried, my dear, and they're all gold. Pity he didn't pay other folks in the same metal ! You shall have your ducats to-morrow, dear.

Nina. Don't speak of them, now !

Gru. Why not ?

Nina. I can think of nothing now, but—dreadful ! dreadful ! And both so kind ! "Do not forget me, Nina !" she said : and her eyes were full of tears. "Take this, my last gift ; and keep it, Nina ; keep it for my sake !"

(*Taking a miniature from her bosom, and kissing it repeatedly.*)

Gru. What is't ?

Nina. Her own loved face! And so like her! Just as she looked, that happy, happy evening! I *will* keep it. Yes! till death!

(*Kissing, and about to replace it.*)

Gru. Let me see.

Nina. (*Giving the miniature.*) Dear lady Bianca!

Gru. Set with diamonds! *Nina*, our fortune's made! We'll marry at once! We'll leave Padua! We'll commence a snug inn, among the mountains: where the brave Banditti will visit us, sometimes! fine fellows! noble fellows! The ducats! the diamonds! That's the life for me! We'll marry to day! We'll — We'll — Ducats! diamonds!

Nina. (*Snatching away the miniature.*) Go!

[*Exit, in anger.*]

Gru. Go! Gone! A good riddance, say I! A fine reward for my love—for the mosquitoes—for—for —. Go! Well, let her go! She went without her ducats! Ha! ha! It must be near noon, by the sun.

(*Sings* :) “Go on my good master,

But faster, and faster,

The headsman, he follows, follows!”—

And then comes the crowd! And a grand show will it be; with waving banners, and shining steel; and men, and boys, and women, running here, running there; and faces in windows, and bending from balconies, and roofs, and towers! A grand show will it be! Strange we don't have more of them? A city nearly full of villains, and hardly once a month do they furnish entertainment for *honest* people! But a great day shall we have now! Never was one like it! The streets are —

(*Bell tolls.*)

Hallo! there goes the bell! His big voice sounds oddly. He is hoarse with calling to so many! I never was too late where heads roll! Ha! ha!

(*Sings* :) “There'll be a great knock,

When block goes to block!”

[*Exit, singing.*]

(*Several persons cross hurriedly.*)

SCENE VI.—*The Public Square. In the centre, the Scaffold and Block. Standing near, the Officer. Headsman resting on his axe. Bell tolling. Slow music from the distance; gradually approaching. It ceases. Enter Vincenti, guarded. Enter Grumio, and Crowd. Enter Jeronimo, disguised, and Florio. Bell ceases.*

Gru. Just in time, i'faith! “'Twere pity to lose any of it,” said the cat, when the milk-maid's pitcher tumbled. Here stand I!

(*Placing himself in position.*)

(*Vincenti ascends the Scaffold. His chain is removed.*)

Off. Prepare!

Vin. I am prepared! Nothing remains,
Save to repeat my former declaration.
Before the World, before that Awful Power,
I stand assured: for I am innocent!
And now, O GOD! I do confide to THEE
My Spirit!

(*Throws open his collar. The headsman slightly moves the axe.*)

Enter Bianca.

(*She rushes toward the Scaffold, but is held back, struggling. Vincenti leaps down from the Scaffold. Bianca breaks away, and they meet in each others arms. They are torn apart. Bianca, being forced in the opposite direction; Vincenti re-conducted to the Scaffold, and in the act of ascending—*)

Enter Ferando, disguised.

Fer. Hold!

(*Presents a paper to the Officer, who makes a sign to the headsman, arresting the execution: then reads the paper.*)

Gru. What's this! The Judge gets the money, and we miss the show! Rich men can do what they please in Padua! Fie on't!

(*The characters stand, grouped: all looking to the Officer, with intense interest.*)

Off. An order from the Court. Vincenti's free!

Fer. The criminal is here!

(*Grasping the arm of Jeronimo, and throwing off the disguise, and also discovering himself. Jeronimo draws his dagger, but is disarmed. Vincenti gazes around, with bewildered joy. Bianca looks gladly toward Vincenti. They meet, embracing.*)

Bian. My dear, dear Father!

Vin. Child! my child! my angel!

(*Vincenti and Bianca advance to Ferando, who has left Jeronimo in charge of Officers.*)

Vin. Thanks, thanks, my friend! I walk in mystery,
As one in sleep.

Fer. 'Twill be a pleasant waking,
But, for awhile, sleep on. You move and live.

Enter Judge, and other characters of the Drama.

(*They salute Vincenti and Bianca. Ferando converses apart with Bianca.*)

Judge. (*To Vincenti.*) May'st thou live happily! I ask forgiveness

For all the dreadful wrong that hung above thee!

(*Taking his hand.*)

Whatever reparation, friends, is ours,
Most gladly I bestow. Vincenti's honor
And fortune are restored!

Receive him back again to your affection!

The Crowd, shouting. Viva Vincenti! To the Prison! the Prison!
Viva Vincenti! Let us have music!

Gru. The performance is postponed, owing to the indisposition of the principal actor. We shall have a comedy now, with music and a marriage; but the tragedy will soon be represented: when Jeronimo will take the part of the Goldsmith—supported by his entire company.

(*Sings:*) “Go on my good master,

But faster, and faster,

The headsman, he follows, follows!”

Fer. (*To Vincenti.*) Seignior and Friend! we have thee once again!

Vin. I cannot speak my gratitude! The life
Which thou hast saved will prove it!

Bian. I ——— for once,
A woman's tongue forgets its eloquence!

I thank thee with my heart!

Vin. 'Twas his before!

Say, with thy *hand*: for thus 'twill be to-morrow!

How bright the rainbow, Hope, shines out through Sorrow!

(*Distant rejoicing music.*)

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 597 053 A