

THE
CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

A COMICK OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

THE
CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

A COMICK OPERA

IN TWO ACTS.

FIRST REPRESENTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL HAY-
MARKET, ON SATURDAY JULY 13TH, 1799.

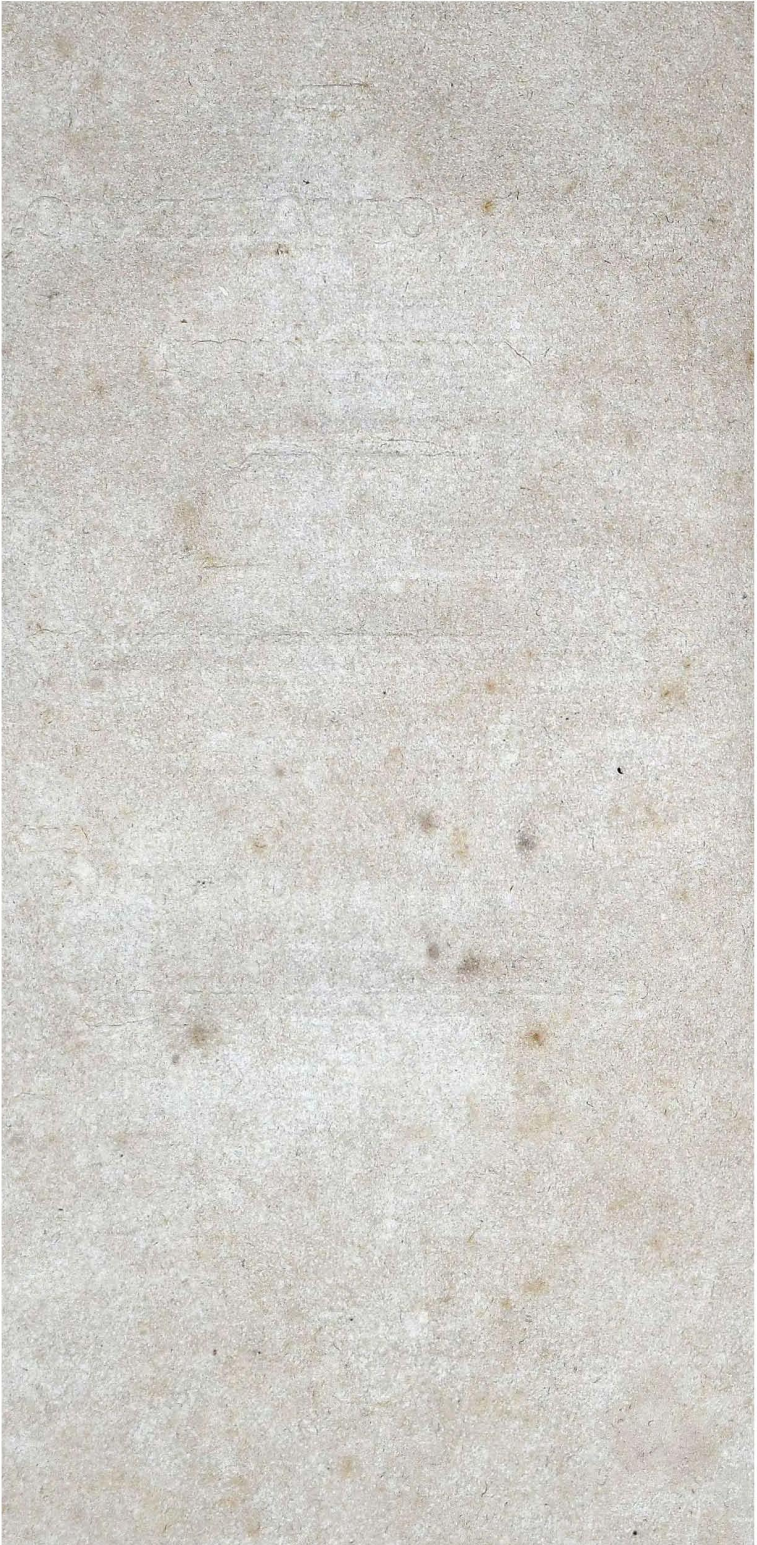
ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH, AND
ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE,

By HENRY HEARTWELL, Esq.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY T. WOODFALL,
FOR MESS. CADELL AND DAVIES, IN THE STRAND.

1799.



IT seems scarcely necessary to repeat what has been already notified in every Newspaper, that THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO is founded on the French Opera in one Act

“ Le Prisonnier, ou la Resemblance.”

LE TEXIER'S Readings first made it known in London; it was admired and translated, but the translation was too simple for an English Stage, and to produce effect, numerous changes appeared indispensable. The Reader will best judge whether those changes have improved.

To Mr. COLMAN, for the most encouraging conduct, for many happy alterations, for the most liberal aid of Scenery and Dress it is indebted; and to all the Performers,

Performers, the Author considers himself highly obliged, and requests they will accept his warmest thanks.

To Mr. FAWCETT.

AS an Acknowledgement of his excellent Performance, and of the great benefit derived from his assistance while it was preparing for the English Stage, THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO is inscribed.

He is requested to receive it as a proof of the consideration and regard, his talents as a Comedian, and his Character as a Man, must at all times command.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

Blinval (the Prisoner) - Mr. FAWCETT.
Governor of Sorrento - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Count Murville - - - Mr. DAVIES.
Germain (his Servant) - Mr. SUETT,
Footman - - - - Mr. ABBOT.
Corporal - - - - Mr. CHIPPENDALE,
Serjeant, Soldiers, &c.

The Widow Belmont - - Miss DE CAMP.
Rosina (her Daughter) - Miss GRIFFITHS.

SCENE. *Sorrento, near Naples.*

*The Musick of this Opera is Published by GOULDING
and Co. No. 45. Pall Mall.*

THE
CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

On the right hand one of the Towers of the Castle of Sorrento. A wet ditch and parapet wall dividing it from a large house placed on the left, with a lattic'd window over the door opening to a balcony. In the Tower, a grated window about the height of the balcony. A picturesque view of the country in the distance, mountainous and with vineyards. It is evening preceeding sun-set—all is silent for a few moments, the Lattice opens and Rosina appears.

SONG—ROSINA.

EVENING's shadows now appear,
All is hush'd and calm around,—
Hark; his well known voice I hear;
Let me fly to catch the sound.
No,—'tis past, and silence reigns,
Pensive, still, I mourn his fate,
In his Tower he still remains,
Here, alas! in vain I wait.

Evening shadows now appear,
All is hush'd, and calm around,—
Hark! again his voice I hear,
Yes, I've caught the well-known sound!

B

BLINVAL.

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

BLINVAL in a Red Hussar Jacket, his hair dishevell'd, and his whole appearance neglected, seen at the grated window of the Prison.

DUETT—BLINVAL and ROSINA.

BLINVAL.

Hark ! again that heavenly voice.

ROSINA.

Yes, 'tis he ! why throbs my heart ?
By turns I sigh, by turns rejoice,
I'm fix'd, tho' reason says depart.

BLINVAL.

Oh ! what joy, what blifs I feel.

ROSINA.

Ah ! could my prayers your anguish heal.

BLINVAL.

Sweet heavenly Maid, my griefs are past,
My Prison now a Palace seems,
Speak, will the pleasing vision last,
Or are my raptures fleeting dreams ?

ROSINA.

Ah ! could Rosina's prayers avail,
How soon those heavy bars shou'd fall,
Ah ! cou'd Rosina's tears prevail,
How swift you'd pass the hated wall.

BLINVAL.

Ye Gods, I'm blest, what rapture's mine,
Forgive that late I dar'd repine.

ROSINA:

Compassion's tear.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

The joys I feel.

ROSINA.

Bedews my cheek

BLINVAL.

No words reveal.

ROSINA.

Alas! poor youth.

BLINVAL.

How blest my lot.

ROSINA.

How hard your fate.

BLINVAL.

My grief's forgot.
I'm blest beyond what mortals know,
Tho' fate has mark'd the world my foe;
That cheering glance, that heavenly smile,
Would ev'ry human care beguile.

ROSINA.

Alas! how hard the Prisoner's lot
Forfaken,—by the world forgot.

BLINVAL.

What joys I feel!

ROSINA.

How hard his lot.

BLINVAL.

I'm blest indeed.

ROSINA.

By all forgot.

B 2

BLINVAL.

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

BLINVAL.

My griefs are past.

ROSINA.

Compassion's tear.

BLINVAL.

Transporting sounds!

ROSINA.

Your woes shall cheer.

TOGETHER.

ROSINA.

Ah! wou'd my fervent Prayers ascend,
Your painful sufferings soon shou'd end.

BLINVAL.

The Prayers of Virtue swift ascend,
I feel my sufferings soon must end.*BLINVAL quits the Prison Window.**ROSINA leans over the Balcony and listens—all is
again still.*

ROSINA—(alone.)

Heigho!—he sings no more.—No! he is
gone, and I am still left in incertitude.—It's
very wicked of the Governor to keep so sweet a
man coop'd up in that huge ugly Tower.*Enter GERMAIN with a portmanteau and hat-box,
he lays them down at the street door and knocks,
calling at the same time.*

GERMAIN.

Hilloa! hoe! hoe!—Within there, hoe!

ROSINA

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ROSINA—(*from the Balcony.*)

What can that be?

GERMAIN.

Are you all dead!—Rub down my hack,—and let me have a spanking supper, for I'm confoundedly sharp set.

ROSINA.

Pray where do you suppose yourself, that you're so much at home?—This is no Inn.

GERMAIN.

(*Looking up and taking off his hat*)—(*aside*)
Bumpers and Burgundy! there's a rogue's eye.
(*to her*) Inn—Oh no, Lord love your pretty face, the Widow Belmont wou'd be quite shock'd if I went to an Inn.

ROSINA.

Indeed!—And *who* are you?

GERMAIN.

One of King Cupid's Corp diplomatique; Ambassador of Love—Courier of Hymen—The faithful follower, tho' I precede my Master, of Count Murville, Captain in the Death's Head Hussars, *et cetera*.—Germain at your service.—(*bowing.*)

ROSINA.

Oh! from our Cousin Murville. Well, I'll inform Mama—(*aside*) Provoking Puppy—at this moment—he has chosen this time.

(*Closes the Lattice and goes in.*)

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.

She might as well have asked me to walk in.—*(Puts on his hat.)*—Mighty pleasant no doubt, this *al fresco* to those who relish it. But for a Gentleman, who does Count Murville, Captain in the Death's Head Hussars, *et cetera*, the honour to adjust his Mustachio's, and to adorn his head.—Why, it's damn'd scurvy treatment.—Hip! halloe! House! within there.—*(Knocks at the door)*

FOOTMAN *(opening the door and entering.)*

Halloe! who thunders so loudly?

GERMAIN.

Why, me to be sure.

FOOTMAN.

You! and who the devil are you?

GERMAIN.

Is that your respect to a Valet de Chambre?
Here, take my baggage, and know your distance.
Snatches up the portmanteau and hat-box, places them on the Footman's shoulders, pushes him in and follows.

SCENE II.

A Drawing-room at the Widow BELMONT's, elegantly furnished, with a communicating Bed-room. Door opening upon the Stage.

Enter the FOOTMAN and GERMAIN.

FOOTMAN.

My Mistress is at the Governor's, and you
must

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO. 7

must wait.—She will speak with you here.—
(*Going*)

GERMAIN.

But Sir,—Respected Sir, (*bowing*) if you are pleas'd to take your own sweet company away; can't you send me an omelite and a fallad, with a few of your half-emptied flasks, you *understand*, and I don't think without offence, I shou'd lament your absence.

FOOTMAN.

Oh Sir, your most obedient.—But I'm never Purveyor except where I'm a guest—You understand. (*Exit.*)

GERMAIN

Well, now, as I'm a Christian Sinner, that fellow deserves the gallies. I wish my master wou'd appear—Somehow, I'm never respected but for his sake.—What can detain him at Naples? Oh! I have it—The imprisonment of his young friend Blinval, that fire-eating, mad Rattlecap, who had near sabred his own Colonel. What a cursed scrape—"Death by the Articles of War."—But he performed such prodigies in the last battle, and saved Count Murville's life, so he'll move Heav'n, Earth, and the Minister for his release; Oh! now I recollect he is in this district, close prisoner in the old Castle of Sorrento; if I cou'd speak to him.—No, no, poor devil, he is trapp'd like a rat and can only be peep'd'at thro' his gratings.

Enter

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

Enter BLINVAL thro' the door in the red Hussars jacket, without a sword.

BLINVAL.

(Looking about but not perceiving GERMAIN)—
This apartment excels the last—am I awake! or
is it all a dream.

GERMAIN—(not seeing him.)

He is as wild as a young Tartar, as obstinate as
a young Devil, but as sound hearted as a young
Englishman. O! a fine fellow that Blinval.

BLINVAL—(turning quick round.)

Blinval! who calls me?

GERMAIN—(starting and drawing back)

Eh! what!—No, sure,—Yes but it is; it is
our mad Lieutenant.—(Runs and leaps on his neck.)

BLINVAL.

Germain! not hang'd yet, but don't strangle
me man.—I'm here you see in spite of our old
fussy Colonel; safe, sound, and hearty boy.

GERMAIN.

But by what miracle. I thought you snug in
one of the four towers of that damn'd Castle.

BLINVAL.

So thinks the Governor, Heaven help him, at
this hour. But tell me, whose is this house?

GERMAIN.

The Widow Belmont's.

BLINVAL.

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

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BLINVAL.

Has she a daughter ?

GERMAIN.

Rosina ; a great beauty ; fresh, blooming, and sixteen.

BLINVAL.

Huzza ! Then I shall bless the day I heard the rusty hinges of Sorrento creak.

GERMAIN.

And were I in your place, I shou'd curse it most furiously. But what with hunger, thirst, and curiosity, I'm in a desperate case ; pity me, Sir, I have a craving appetite for your adventures.

BLINVAL.

Shut up in the South Tower, I one day saw the daughter of this house at a lattic'd balcony—Woodbines and jessamines were round the wall, but they were'nt half so fresh as the sweet little creature who eclips'd them.

GERMAIN.

O Lord ! O Lord !—I'm likely to be famish'd still, if we're to creep thro' the woodbines.

BLINVAL.

To the point then ; she kept her eyes long fix'd on me. I tried to move her by croaking in my damn'd hoarse voice, some melancholy ditties about captivity and so on. Every day fresh attentions, fresh songs. This very evening my
C jailor

jailor called me from a charming interview. I thrust him out, and in a moment of passion dash'd an old wardrobe in a dark corner of my room to atoms. A folded paper caught my eye, I seiz'd it eagerly; it was directed—

GERMAIN.

How?

BLINVAL.

“ To the unfortunate, who succeeds me.”

GERMAIN.

And the contents?

BLINVAL.

A Legacy from my poor devil of a predecessor; he had been shup up in the same part of the Tower ten years. But love had softened the hardships of his captivity. In short, the paper mark'd a secret avenue leading to the next house. I descended, crept through a subterraneous passage, clim'd a cork-screw stair-case,—reached a small door, and upon pressing back a spring, jump'd into that bed-room.

GERMAIN.

And the entrance.

BLINVAL.

Is conceal'd by that looking-glass. But tell me now, what brings your rogues face to Sorrento?

GERMAIN.

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO. II

GERMAIN.

Marriage. Your friend Murville, is cousin to the Widow. They have been long involv'd in a law-suit, and were compell'd to correspond. The first letters were cold, the second more civil, the third touch'd on arrangements, and in the last they settled it, to wind up all in the old fashioned way, *by a Marriage.*

BLINVAL.

Excellent—When will they solemnize?

GERMAIN.

The day's not fix'd, for they have never met.

BLINVAL.

Not seen each other! Then I'm establish'd in the house.

GERMAIN.

Eh! how do you make that out?

BLINVAL.

Dolt. Dunderhead—I shall pass for Murville—the Widow Belmont, will receive, carets, feed, lodge, and——

GERMAIN.

Marry you!

BLINVAL.

No, no; but I'll obtain an interview with my Rosina; speak to her frequently, and breathe my vows of Love and Constancy in a purer air.

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.

In the mean time, they'll visit the South Tower, find the bird flown, and send him back to whistle his soft notes in a foul air and a close cage.

BLINVAL.

They visit me but *twice* a day; and till to-morrow's noon I'm safe.

GERMAIN.

Granted;—but will that *neglegée* suit the Lover?

BLINVAL.

Oh! let me see.—(*pausing*)—I have been stop'd by a Banditti.

GERMAIN.

Ha! ha! ha! You're never at a loss, always a tale at your tongue's *end*. But my scruples—

BLINVAL.

Have like all other things their price.—(*shaking the purse.*) Fifty Louis for their repose.

GERMAIN.

They're hush'd. (*taking the purse.*)

BLINVAL.

But, if I appear in this identical dress, I shall be known instantly by Rosina, and it wou'dn't be prudent to discover myself even to her, too soon.

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.

What say you to my Master's riding Coat and Military Hat ?

BLINVAL.

The very thing, run and fetch them, quick, quick.

GERMAIN runs out and returns with them immediately.

GERMAIN.

*(Helping BLINVAL on with the Hat and Coat.)—*So. And here comes the Widow too, most opportune.

BLINVAL.

Attention then, and to our posts. Remember I have been robb'd.

Enter Mrs. BELMONT, preceded by the Footman, who retires.

Mrs. BELMONT *(to Germain)*

Is it you Sir, who wish to speak with me?

GERMAIN.

Yes, Madam, it was I gallop'd on joyfully to announce Count Murville—But, Oh! Heavens!

Mrs. BELMONT

You alarm me! What has befallen him?

GERMAIN.

O bitter news!—Speak, Sir, yourself, for I want words.—*(Aside)*—and impudence.

Mrs. BELMONT.

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

Mrs. BELMONT.

What is it you Cousin ?

BLINVAL.

As you perceive, and in no better plight.—
(*looking at his dress.*)

Mrs. BELMONT.

What has happen'd ?

BLINVAL.

Friendship, Love, and anxiety all urged me
to haste here—unfortunately *a Banditti.*

Mrs. BELMONT.

Robbers !

BLINVAL.

Stop'd me some leagues from this.

GERMAIN.

Five minutes later and I had shar'd his fate.
O terrible !

Mrs. BELMONT.

Robbers !

TRIO—BLINVAL, GERMAIN, and Mrs. BELMONT.

BLINVAL.

Affection induc'd me all dangers to brave,
I mounted my horse in the dead of the night.

GERMAIN.

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GERMAIN.

This Love had nigh shewn him the way to his grave,
When you hear his escape, you'll be seiz'd with affright.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Such a hazard was wrong ;

GERMAIN.

But his reasons were strong ;

BLINVAL.

From the Forest they rush'd full a score at least.

GERMAIN.—(*Aside.*)

How he brags, how he lies,

BLINVAL.

Taken thus by surprize ;

Mrs. BELMONT.

Alas! all my fears, my alarms are increas'd.

BLINVAL.

With my back to a tree,
At one thrust dispatch'd three!—

Seventeen with drawn swords remain'd circling *me* round,]

GERMAIN.

Seventeen with drawn swords remained circling *him* round.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Alas! cou'd no aid, cou'd no succour be found?
Such a risk, such a fate!

GERMAIN.

Faith his perils were great.

BLINVAL.

The blood of six others soon redder'd my sword.

GERMAIN.

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

GERMAIN.—(*Aside.*)

What a bounce, what a lie!

BLINVAL.

Not a creature came by.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Alas! sure such numbers at last overpower'd—

BLINVAL.

With ten wounds gaping wide,
And six thrusts in the side,

I fought till my blood in a torrent was pour'd.

ALL THREE.

GER. He fought till his blood in a torrent was pour'd!

BLIN. Then faintly I sunk by such odds overpower'd;

Mrs. BEL. Alas! what a state by such odds overpower'd.

BLINVAL.

Stretch'd on the ground for dead, the cowards
rifled me, but fled on the approach of Travellers,
who coming up gave me every assistance in their
power.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Good Heavens! I fear you must have suffered
much from the wounds you received.—Have you
kept your chamber long?

BLINVAL.

Hum! I have been a good while *confined*—
Haven't I Germain?

GERMAIN.

That you have—I can prove it.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

But excepting a weakness—no inconvenience follows.

Mrs. BELMONT.

(*Aside.*) He is younger than I conceiv'd, well made, and elegant— (*to him*) My last letter must have convinc'd you I was desirous to have all points explain'd.

BLINVAL.

O, We'll explain ourselves off hand—Germaine endeavour to get me some decent clothes, I am ashamed to see myself; I have the appearance—

GERMAIN.

Of a Mountebank, precisely. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. BELMONT.

Now we're alone, we can discourse on business.

BLINVAL.

Certainly—But at this moment—I'm so confus'd—the blows those rascals dealt, have made me so light-headed, so absent.—

Mrs. BELMONT.

Only one thing—it will be right to send a settlement to an Attorney's.

BLINVAL.

Why yes, it will be certainly quite right and necessary.

D

Mrs. BEL-

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Mrs. BELMONT.

You consent then to keep the Farm?

BLINVAL.

The Farm!—O decided.—Yes, yes, we'll keep the Farm.

Mrs. BELMONT.

But we must recollect my daughter—She has just claims.

BLINVAL. (*quickly.*)

The greatest possible.—She is so beautiful—such a soft tender air, so interesting, so charming.

Mrs. BELMONT. (*surprized.*)

Really! How can you tell all this? Have you seen her?

BLINVAL.

Seen her? Yes, I—Oh no!—But I speak from report which is loud in her praise, so oblige me, and drop the suit.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Why you forget—you drop the suit.

BLINVAL.

Do I?—true, true! but my head's so confus'd, I can think only of our approaching happiness.—
(*taking her hand.*)

Mrs. BELMONT.

But I expected I confess a Man of middle age, and you appear quite young.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL

True. I have ever been thought young, and surely Cozen, that's no misfortune.

Mrs. BELMONT.

No.—But as reason and friendship forms the basis of our Union, tho' tempted to regard it as a *defect*, I am willing to hope we shall be both happy. I shall now leave you to give directions for your comfort and accommodation.

Enter GERMAIN.

Germain, that Room (*pointing to the Room-door*) will be your Master's.

BLINVAL. (*Aside.*)

By all that's fortunate, the secret door.

Mrs. BELMONT.

I'll prepare my daughter to receive you immediately. But recollect a Father-in-Law, shou'd be grave and sedate. Adieu. (*Exit.*)

BLINVAL.

Alons Germain—The day's our own. Victory my Boy—I m grown so grave and steady, they'll not suspect I cou'd invent this trick.

GERMAIN.

Steady with a vengeance—Ah! if you're other than Blinval—I shall look out for the World's end.

D 2

BLINVAL

BLINVAL.

But I'm determin'd to reform.

GERMAIN.

Which way ?

BLINVAL.

By marrying.

GERMAIN.

Why faith if any thing can tame a man, I believe that may.

BLINVAL.

My stars all shine propitious, and every time my presence is requir'd, I'll lock my door, glide to my prison, and whip back, no one the wifer.

GERMAIN.

But my Master in the mean time appears—Off goes my Livery, and I'm coop'd up in your agreeable South Tower for having touch'd upon the secret spring.

BLINVAL.

I shall rejoice in such good company—but see—the Sun peeps forth, fogs, mists, and vapours fly ; here comes Rosina.

GERMAIN.

Then you'll despende with me, so I'll escape to the more foggy regions, where favory fumes exhale from the Stew pans, and the jolly Butler distributes his rich gifts from the Widow's cellar.

(Exit.

Enter

Enter ROSINA.

ROSINA.—(*Aside.*)

This then is my Step Father, and I must be respectful and so forth—so says Mama!—Heigho!

BLINVAL.—(*Aside.*)

She'll be astonish'd when she perceives the Prisoner. (*going towards her.*)

ROSINA.—(*Starting back.*)

O Heavens!—Can I believe my eyes—his very features!

BLINVAL.

What startles you my little Cousin—have I already the misfortune to displease?

ROSINA.

No, Sir, no certainly not that; but I was struck with the *resemblance* to a Friend; yes, Sir, an absent friend, too little known, and alas! too unfortunate; Pardon me, Sir, but my tongue falters, my heart throbs, and my face burns. I must beg to retire. (*going.*)

BLINVAL.

Don't leave me, Coz. (*taking her hand*) (*She withdraws it bashfully,*) why withdraw your hand.—You wou'd not be so coy to my *resemblance*.

ROSINA,

Oh! yes I shou'd, because I ought to be so.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

But I shall be your Father-in-Law soon.

ROSINA.

True—but you are so like *this Friend*, I shou'd think still of him.

BLINVAL.

You tremble. (*Aside*). Happy Blinval!

ROSINA.

Yes—and my heart beats quick, just as it does when I see him.

BLINVAL.

And mine, just as it does when I see you—I mean *your Mother*. She is like you.

ROSINA.

My Mother! Ah! you are as young as your likeness.

BLINVAL.

Looks are deceitful. But, Rosina, you must love me, if not for my own sake, for the sake of *my likeness*.

ROSINA.

Ah! but *I don't love him*, he is unfortunate, and I feel interested in his fate—that's all.

BLINVAL.

You pity him! (*aside*) Dam'me, I'll avow myself *at once*, and—Dearest Rosina, I—I— (*takes her hand,*) (*at this moment a footstep is heard*)—
(*Aside.*)

(*Aside.*)—Oh! here's this teasing amorous Widow.—She haunts me.—(*Walks up and down.*)

Enter Mrs. BELMONT with an unfolded note.

Mrs. BELMONT.

We shall have an addition to our party. Cousin, you'll not object to an old friend of mine whom I prepare you to esteem.

BLINVAL.

A friend of your's—I shall be happy to see him.
(*Aside.*) I wish him at the Devil with all my heart.

Mrs. BELMONT.

An honest, plain, rough Irishman. The Laws of his Country forbade him as a Catholic, serving in the Armies of his own Monarch, whom he adores as the Father of a great, free, and happy people.

BLINVAL.

We have many brave Irish with our troops, all much esteem'd; but who's your friend?

Mrs. BELMONT.

A Singular Character—Eccentric, and at times warm to a degree.—His employment gives him an appearance of harsh authority, while in reality, he is mild and humane—After this sketch you will allow for a rough Diamond. He wishes to be introduc'd to a Soldier of your merit, and being within five minutes walk, comes without form—the Governor of the Castle.

BLINVAL.

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

BLINVAL. (*starting.*)

Eh!—Who? the Governor! (*walks about agitated.*)—(*Aside*)—All my unlucky Planets must have join'd.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Run, haste, Rosina, give directions that the supper suit our guests.

ROSINA. (*with her eyes fix'd on BLINVAL does not attend.*)

Mrs. BELMONT.

Why, an't you gone?

ROSINA. (*Aside as she retires.*)

O the resemblance is astonishing. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. BELMONT.

How kind of our good friend, the very first hour you arrive.

BLINVAL. (*still walking about.*)

Oh kind! Yes, yes,—damn'd kind—kind to a degree—but I'm so dreadfully fatigued after fighting with the Robbers, that I feel oppress'd with sleep.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Well,—we'll sup early then.

BLINVAL.

But can't we sup alone, on the footing we stand, a third is the Devil.

Mrs. BEL-

Mrs. BELMONT. (*smiling.*)

We shall have opportunities enough of being Tete-a-Teté.

BLINVAL.

We have so much to say, the Farm, the Settlements, the Attorney, the Suit.—

Mrs. BELMONT.

But your head's so confus'd—however there is no help, for he's already on the stairs.

GOVERNOR. (*without.*)

Aifey friend—Aifey, S'blood you'll have arm and all—there, hang up my Roquelaure and let the Serjeant wait.

BLINVAL. (*aside.*)

Now impudence stand my ally. There's no alternative.

Turns on one side, draws up the Collar of his Coat round his face, pulls his Hat over his Eyes, and stands with his arms folded.

Enter the GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR—(*as he enters.*)

If they ask for me *here*, tell 'em remember, I'm just gone there, Honey. Well, here and I'm come, quicker than my billet which got here first.—Faith and the Captain will rejoice to be made known to an old Veteran, who has had some hard knocks to secure him a snug retreat and a good flash of Lachryma christi to fight his

E

battles

battles over.—Be introducing us Widow—I must tell him about my last Campaign.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Cousin. Our friend the Governor, Cousin—
Count Murville! the Governor of the Castle.

BLINVAL. (*still with his back to them.*)

Three thousand, and the Enemy thought five with the advantage of a wood, but his right flank left in the air!

GOVERNOR.

Eh!—what—By Saint Patrick the most extraordinary fellow, how long will he keep in the air.—Halloe! Count Murville, here's ould O Rourke, O Donnel, Governor of Sorrento, and whew! (*whistling*) S'blood! he's as deaf as my Invalid Serjeant of Artillery.—Och! and you'll have a nice husband.

BLINVAL. (*aside.*)

Psha! 'tis absurd, and I'll e'en brave the storm.

Mrs. BELMONT. (*pulling his sleeve.*)

Cousin! Cousin—our friend the Governor—how provoking.

BLINVAL. (*starting.*)

Eh!—who?—O—I beg pardon—I was abforb'd in a dull calculation.

GOVERNOR. (*advancing to him.*)

No excuses Jewel to ould O Donnel. (*starting back*)

back on coming full in his front.) Och!—what—
Devil burn me—*(rubbing his eyes)* Yet—how
cou'd he get from the South Tower, the strong-
est part of the whole Castle sure! Oh! it's im-
possible, hav'n't I had the keys, all under locks
in my own room?

BLINVAL.

*All this time looks the Governor full in the face,
and turns occasionally with affected surprize to Mrs.
Belmont.)*—I'm fortunate in attracting your no-
tice, pry'thee widow what can this mean?

GOVERNOR.

That Count Murville! hub-a-boo! Bothera-
tion! Faith it's a young wild Devil of the
Death's Heads, I have now snug enough there,
between four walls, not a stone's throw from
us. *(strutting up to him)* Sir—let me tell you, Sir,
that while O Rourke, O Donnel governs the
Castle, he will govern and keep his Prisoner's
safe, tho' they do break out.

BLINVAL. *(laughing.)*

Ha! ha! ha! Widow, is your friend often
thus? What upon earth have I to say to your
Prif'ner? Here I'm Count Murville.

GOVERNOR.

No, Sir, S'blood here you are—zounds, here
you are not Count Murville! Widow, he's as
like one of my Prif'ners as two drops of whisky.

Mrs. BELMONT.

And this pris'ner—

E 2

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

Is a wild rogue, that found the world not wide enough for his mad pranks; and has the happiness of exercising them at his Liberty, in a nice room, five yards by ten, in the South Tower.

BLINVAL.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! and you supposed he'd leap'd your barrier, swam the wet ditch, and given your whisker'd sentries sleeping draughts.

GOVERNOR.

Och! he's as safe as bolts, walls, bars and chains can keep him. Sure I know that, tho' he stands here just now.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Ah! Poor young man; you treat him too harshly.

GOVERNOR.

Faith my orders are positive. But I soften as much as possible. Humanity has a command over me, strict as the King's, and I obey both Master's with pleasure. But this Blinval.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL! We serv'd in the same Corps—and were never asunder, he is as like me as if we'd been twins.

GOVERNOR.

Twins! Zounds—he's yourself—well—well—as it's explain'd you can't be he, and you're well off—he's in a pretty mess.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

I'm as much griev'd and suffer as much as if I was in his place, we were such friends.

GOVERNOR.

Were you so—Faith I've a mind; but you must take your oath—No, no, I won't be satisfied with that—you must give me your honour.

BLINVAL.

What do you mean?

GOVERNOR. (*apart to Mrs. BELMONT.*)

I can't be satisfied till I see them both in one spot, standing there cheek by jowl, like two double cherries, he shall sup here.

BLINVAL.

Who?

GOVERNOR.

Blinval.

BLINVAL.

S—up—h—ere!—Bl—in—val!

Mrs. BELMONT.

It will be very kind.

BLINVAL.

You must not think of it. If it were known—his confinement's so strict—

GOVERNOR.

Faith and I run some risk—but to oblige a friend.—Och! be *aisey*, he shall sup here.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

There will be bloodshed then—we have quarrell'd most furiously.

GOVERNOR.

Quarrell'd—a ha! that's the best news I have heard. It's the sure road to be as thick as mustard. You shall be friends.

BLINVAL.

I can never see him.

GOVERNOR.

You shall be friends.

BLINVAL.

We two can't meet.

GOVERNOR.

Och, be aisey—I am the best hand in Italy at an accommodation.—Didn't I make up the quarrel at Balmuddery—when honest Pat Holloway had put Captain Noraghan's nose clean out of joint.

BLINVAL.

And how had he done that?

GOVERNOR.

Faith he had squeez'd it tight, between his finger and thumb a little.

SONG.

SONG.—GOVERNOR.

Arah what a big nose had the bold Captain Noraghton,
 Pat Holloway he pull'd it—till he made him to roar again;
 Whack fal de diddle—shoot him through the middle,
 Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,
 Whack fal de diddle—Captain thro' the middle,
 Och shoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they chose me their seconds, and I gave my word to
 both,
 For second man to two men, is one man that's third to both.
 Whack fal de diddle, &c.

We met by a duck-pond,—cries bold Captain Noraghton
 Pat Holloway I'll shoot you, you never shall snore again.
 Whack fal de diddle, &c.

The Captain miss'd Pat—for it was not a lucky shot,
 Pat Holloway fired next,—and a very fine duck he shot.
 Whack fal de diddle, &c.

Then I stepp'd in between'm—'twas full time to take it up,
 For a duel now is one shot a piece, and then make it up.
 Whack fal de diddle—shoot him thro' the middle,
 Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,
 Whack fal de raddle—shake each other's daddle,
 And fast friends they walk'd away.

[*Exit* GOVERNOR.]

BLINVAL. (*aside.*)

I've no alternative, back to my prison.

Mrs. BELMONT.

How happy this will make poor Blinval. Come,
 you must oblige me and be reconciled; it is my
 first request, and I insist on your compliance.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

Inlist Ma'am—my injur'd honour brooks no inference.—Seek not to thwart me, some dreadful consequences might ensue, some consequences you cannot foresee—Inlist Madam! I wish you a good night.

(Rushes into the Bed-chamber and locks the door.)

Mrs. BELMONT

What madness, and rudeness. I thought in Murville to have found mildness and sensibility—O Man, Man, tax us not with deceit, when in your own proud sex, there's such a proof of the wide difference between professions and actions.

Enter ROSINA.

ROSINA.

Alone Madam! where is your Company?

Mrs. BELMONT.

O Count Murville, has retir'd to his apartment for the night.

ROSINA.

He is unwell then—poor young man.

Mrs. BELMONT.

No, no, he is quite well—but he chose to retire.

ROSINA.

Sure that's a little ungallant.—Then our nice supper's of no use.

Mrs. BEL-

Mrs. BELMONT.

His place will be supplied.—The Governor conceives there's a resemblance between Murville, and one of his Pris'ners, and is gone for the Captive.

ROSINA—(*quick.*)

What the gay Pris'ner in the Tower—Oh! there's a great resemblance, so striking—there's no mistaking it.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Indeed!—Pray Rosina how came you to remark it?

ROSINA. (*embarras'd.*)

I heard it.—Ah dear Madam, I'll tell you all—Every evening I've seen the Pris'ner from the stair-case balcony. I have sat there whole hours to hear him sing. He bewails his captivity. Complains that all the world forsakes him, *except me*, cou'd I hear this an not be sorry for his fate?

Mrs. BELMONT.

Rosina, your simplicity affects me; to pity him, in his distress is amiable; but to love him wou'd be imprudent. Be cautious then, Rosina; nor sully with a fault one of the hearts best virtues,—Compassion for the unfortunate.

SONG.—Mrs. BELMONT.

From Pity's power thou need'st not fly;
The tear she sheds adorns the eye:
And when down Beauty's cheek it flows,
More bright it's radiant crimson glows.

F

But

But there's a sigh, and there's a tear,
That bids youth's roses disappear ;
Beware lest thine their influence prove,
Beware lest pity turn to love.

That tear is love's, and love's that sigh !
They fade the cheek, they dim the eye.—
Ah! let not then thy artless bloom
In sigh, and tears so dire consume—

Then—if thy heart tumultuous beat
Whene'er thine eyes yon Captive's meet,
Away! nor more such danger prove,
For soon thy pity would be love.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Prison.

Inside of BLINVAL'S Room.

A large stone seen roll'd from one corner of a trap door and open opposite to it ; the ordinary Prison door clos'd and secur'd by iron plates, large nails, &c. The Table and Chairs in confusion, a bureau overturn'd and broken. A camp bed part of the furniture.

BLINVAL *is in his original Hussar Jacket, seen entering by the trap door. He hurries in, rolls the stone back, and puts the table and chairs in their places.*

BLINVAL.

There then, I'm safe.—Now Mr. Governor,
one instant to derange this mad head, and I'm at
your

your service. (*Pull his hair out of form, and gives as much disorder as he can to his appearance. A clanking heard as of a chain unloosening on the outside.*)

Hark! O my old Buck! I must have had a few dips in the Shannon too, not to outwit your Excellence. (*Walks about in a melancholy manner with his arms cross'd.*)

The Governor, after various bars have been heard removing peeps in.

GOVERNOR. (*with the door in his hand.*)

Och! an you're there—Well then I'm an ould Blockhead, and that's all. You may go back. (*to the guard outside.*) Ah! what my little kill Colonel. Well, but what makes you so dismal? don't be faint hearted boy—joy sometimes penetrates even the walls of a *Prison*.

BLINVAL.

Joy! you are too generous—too much a man of honour to add the pangs of raillery to my distress—Am I releas'd?

GOVERNOR.

Faith and who told it you? Fair and softly—only six months, and tir'd so soon. That's no great compliment I must confess.

BLINVAL.

Psha!—why then am I thus teaz'd. (*Dashes down one of the chairs in a passion.*)

GOVERNOR.

And is there any other part of the King's furniture

niture you wou'd like to destroy? Pray make as free as with your own.

BLINVAL.

I beg pardon, you have been kind to me Governor—you've been very kind.

GOVERNOR.

O my dear boy, not a word more, I wou'd attend you to the scaffold with the greatest pleasure imaginable—only don't break the furniture, that's all—but I've some pleasure in reserve. There's an old friend hard by, tho' you've quarrell'd, and you shall sup with him to night, I'm determin'd you shall be reconcil'd, and tho' Murville.

BLINVAL (*with affected surprize.*)

Murville! I esteem him more than I can express, but I cannot forget having cheated him out of a fine girl. It was my fault—we are so alike, I easily pass'd in his place.

GOVERNOR.

Like!—S'Life but you had the same father—how it happen'd that's not my business, but you're Brother's, or I'm not Governor. Come, shall we march.

BLINVAL.

Willingly, and if you bring us together, you will have work'd a miracle.

GOVERNOR.

Hub-a-boo! Hone! leave all to me. Faith I'll not rest till you are face to face.

BLINVAL.

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BLINVAL.

Then your rest's gone in this world take my word.

GOVERNOR.

Allons donc. Nous Verrons. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Mrs. BELMONT'S. Same Apartment.

Enter Mrs. BELMONT, ROSINA, and GERMAIN following.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Acquaint your Master Count Murville, and from me, that the sooner he attends to his affairs elsewhere the better. It must be equally unpleasant to us both while he remains.

GERMAIN.

Dear, dear, was ever such an unlucky son of Adam? Most honour'd Madam—my Master wou'd break my head if I was so impertinent—and you yourself—lovers quarrels are you know Ma'am (*goes to the bed-room and tries the door*)—Lord it's no use—I cou'd as soon get at, even the Prisoner in the South Tower.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Well, when the Governor comes we shall see.

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN. (*alarm'd.*)

The—The—The what Ma'am? Didn't you say
the Governor?

Mrs. BELMONT.

Certainly—What can that be to you?

GERMAIN.

O nothing Ma'am—Nothing *to me.* (*aside*)
here's a curf'd scrape. But I have such a kind of
a fort of a dread of a Prison ever since an old hag
of a Gypsey told me I shou'd live to be hang'd.
(*aside.*) And, if I cou'd make him hear—and
Madam, the very name (*loud*) of a Governor,
makes my teeth chatter Ma'am.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Well, well, you may retire, desire my people
to take care of you, and when your Master chuses
to appear you shall be call'd.

GERMAIN.

Truly most benevolent Lady—I most punctu-
ally obey your orders. What hoe! Gaspard,
Diego, Janfron! here you must take care of me
(*Gets near the bed-room door and calls out loud*) the
Governor's coming. Some more Champaign.

Going meets BLINVAL and GOVERNOR entering.
BLINVAL *in his Hussar Jacket.* GERMAIN
starts back. BLINVAL *catches his arm and*
threatens him. He starts behind evidently
alarmed.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL (*As he enters.*)

Ah! my head's giddy with confinement! I feel oppress'd with the pure air.

ROSINA.

It is the Prisoner.

Mrs. BETMONT.

The resemblance is striking.

GERMAINE. (*Aside.*)

The resemblance! then all is safe. (*Advancing to Blinval.*) Ah—Sir—I am glad to see you.

GOVERNOR. (*putting him back.*)

And who the devil told you to be glad, Arrah stand back, or I'll—stand back I say,—Ladies I bring you a Recluse, who for some time has virtuously renounced the fickle vanities and false allurements of this life, and like most Penitents, per force.

BLINVAL. (*in a soft tone of voice.*)

Past troubles are but as dreams, and this blest moment (*looking at Rosina,*) cheaply purchas'd by ages of captivity.

GOVERNOR.

But where's Murville? Sure he's obstinate still.

BLINVAL.

I was in hopes a difference in our youth—

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

S'Life and my Government; scarce an hour passes without such disputes at a mess dinner, faith and they're commoner than toasts, aye, and pass off as quick.

MRS. BELMONT.

He refuses all overtures. (*Governor and Mrs. Belmont retire up and talk apart.*)

BLINVAL.

I lament it—but my misfortunes, and my acknowledgments must in the end prevail.

ROSINA. (*Aside.*)

Charming young Man! what a good heart. (*to him first in a faltering voice and then more firm.*) I really tremble when I reflect, Sir, how you have suffer'd in that ugly Tower.

BLINVAL.

My captivity wou'd have been insupportable, but I was foth'd by such and agreeable object.

ROSINA. (*Aside.*)

Heigho! I hope that agreeable object presented itself from my balcony.

The GOVERNOR and MRS. BELMONT advance.)

GOVERNOR.

Shut up!—but it shan't be—I am determin'd to see whether they are the same person, as they stand separately face to face.

MRS. BEL-

Mrs. BELMONT. (*smiling.*)

Your Prisoner appears younger.

ROSINA.

He has a softer voice.

GOVERNOR.

Faith and I see no difference; but I'll not stir till he comes out, and if he won't Capitulate, by your leave Widow, we must proceed to *Storm*.

QUARTETTO.

The GOVERNOR, MRS. BELMONT, BLINVAL, and
ROSINA.

GOVERNOR.

Knock!—Knock!—Knock!—
Knock at his door.—Knock, Thunder away!
[They all knock loud at the door.]
The Governor commands, his voice obey.

BLINVAL.

I doubt him much, but soon you'll see
He'll ne'er come face to face with me:
Yet on the watch he's forc'd to keep,
While Blinval wakes,—he'll never sleep!

GOVERNOR. (*Knocking.*)

A headstrong Devil, won't he stir,
High time I swear this strife to close;
Peep from your Covert, surely,
The Governor must interpose.

(*Knocking.*)

G.

ROSINA

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ROSINA and Mrs. BELMONT.

Our joint endeavours must prevail,
When *we* request he can't refuse;
Their enmity's of no avail,
They must be friends, they can't but chuse.

BLINVAL.

Be silent friends, his voice I hear.

ALL.

He answers—listen—listen—so.
Be silent,—draw, with caution, near,
Be silent.—

BLINVAL.

Hark!—He answers, No!

ROSINA.

He doesn't stir,—I'm sure 'tis so.

BLINVAL.

Be satisfied,—He answers,—No.

ROSINA. (*to Belmont.*)

Did you hear him?

Mrs. BELMONT.

No.

Mrs. BELMONT. (*to Governor.*)

Did you hear him?

GOVERNOR.

No.

GOVERNOR. (*to Blinval.*)

Did you hear him?

BLINVAL.

No.

ROSINA.

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ROSINA.

He did'nt stir—I'm sure 'tis so.

BLINVAL.

Be satisfied,—he answers,—No.

ALL. (*but* BLINVAL.)

He did'nt stir—I'm sure 'tis so;

BLINVAL.

Be satisfied,—he answers,—No.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same apartment at the Widow BELMONT'S.

The Drawing-room and communicating door.

A table spread with wines and a desert.

*The GOVERNOR, Mrs. BELMONT, ROSINA, and
BLINVAL, in his own character, seated at supper.*

GOVERNOR.

FAITH, and upon my honour, but it's the most extraordinary thing I ever saw, either in England, Ireland, or all Italy.—Such an obstinate mule!—Oh! if I had him for a few weeks in the Castle.

BLINVAL.

Things more unlikely have happened.

GOVERNOR.

Well, let me catch him there; and he shall be in charity with all mankind before I let him loose. There's nothing on the whole earth so bad as obstinacy. I'm resolved never to quit this spot till
he

he comes from that room.—If I give up this point, it will be for the first time since I was christened by my sir-name, O'Flagharty.

BLINVAL.

He will no more come from that room than I shall—who sit here.

GOVERNOR.

Then by your leave, widow, here I'm posted. He shall come out by the God of War!

(Enter the Corporal of the Guard.)

Now what the devil brings your impudence into this house?

CORPORAL.

Governor, a stranger's arrived, and brings orders about the prisoner Blinval.

GOVERNOR.

Ah! this looks serious (*they all rise*); faith, my young gentleman, I am concern'd, but you must make your mind up to the worst; and for the present, back to the fourth tower.

ROSINA.

I'm distress'd at this cross accident.

BLINVAL.

Indeed! Then I'm happy—Blinval is not indifferent—(*aside*).

GOVERNOR.

Come, come, this is all very pleasant, but
we've

we've no time to lose; you must give up the ladies for the corporal.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Through the indulgence of the Governor we shall soon meet.

GOVERNOR.

Oh! I'll be as indulgent as you please. Corporal, conduct the prisoner to the guard-room, and bid your Officer lodge him safe in the South Tower, and post a sentry at his door. I'll follow presently.— (*Exeunt BLINVAL and CORPORAL.*)

GOVERNOR.

It's a bad business I'm afraid; drawn on his Colonel! Breach of subordination. Chargé upon charge!—These young fellows are so hot-brain'd they think a dash of bravery comprises all military duties;—it's the least part:—who obeys best, best commands too;—that is the soldier's creed. But this, Murville, I'm resolved to keep up the blockade—here I'm posted.

ROSINA.

(*Sighing deeply*) Heigho!

GOVERNOR.

'Sblood, my fair violet, what makes you say "Heigho!" O, if I cou'd but knock off thirty of these hard years,—faith I'd soon change your note.

Mrs. BELMONT.—(*Smiling*)

You'd have no chance.

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

No chance!—'Slife, but an honest Irish heart is worth the conquest.

(Rosina shakes her head and sighs.)

Again! widow, the little blind urchin has been at work. Come, child, confess what happy name would have been wasted on that deep-drawn sigh—make me your confident, and you'll find me a good ally.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Rosina Child, the Governor is an old friend—Your confidence will be well placed.

During the end of this Dialogue the bed-room door opens, and Blinval with the great coat on, as Murville, peeps through. Stealing in quietly and unperceived by any of the party.

GOVERNOR.

And has this lover of your's, my little dear no name?

BLINVAL.

Oh! yes, yes, yes—He has a name, and I know it.

(They all turn round towards Blinval.)

GOVERNOR.

Och! Are you there at last Mr. Murville? Come if you please, you shall just step with me to the Castle where you shall shake hands with my Prisoner, and let me see you both in the same person, and together, and then I will believe you are not him.

BLIN-

BLINVAL *creeps back to the Bed-Chamber, and nearly gains the door when the GOVERNOR perceiving his intention, catches his arm, and brings him back.*

GOVERNOR.

No, Honey, no ; not quite so young.—You must come fairly, or I shall call the Guard.

BLINVAL.

(Struggling) Sir, do you know, I am

GOVERNOR.

(Holding him) Och now be easy friend, it is to know whether you are my Prisouer or yourself, and to make you both come together, while you are separate, that I oblige you with my company to the South Tower—So now be easy, or I must call the Guard—Come, come, Och ! to be sure now, and you're not friends.

BLINVAL.

Well, Sir. *(Aside)* Zounds, what shall I hit on now—Well, Sir, I'll attend you, I'll follow—follow you presently.

GOVERNOR.

Follow ! Faith in my Country, friends always link themselves so doatingly ; so, if you please I must desire your arm.

(Keeps hold of Blinval and drags him off.)

Mrs. BELMONT and ROSINA *having been previously talking apart come forward.*

Mrs. BELMONT.

Rosina, I must now have some serious talk
with

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with you—follow me to my dressing room, and look for the indulgence of a fond Mother, if I experience the candour and truth of a dutiful child.
(*Exit.*)

ROSINA.

Ah! my heart beats so quick! If I cou'd steal for an instant to my Balcony and catch one good fair view; but my Mama, needn't mind, poor Blinval—He will be soon removed—These dispatches make me tremble—Oh! if I could but steal him fairly from that ugly tower, they shou'd never see him again.

SONG—ROSINA.

Together then we'd fondly stray,
O'er meadows green, thro' woodlands deep
Rejoicing view the lambkins play
And in the gurgling streamlet peep.
No cankering cares our sleep molest,
No frowning Jailor part:
Above the world, supremely blest,
His throne Rosina's heart.

From haunts of surly man we'd fly,
My pris'ner safe I'd guard;
Secure from envy's prying eye,
And love our bright reward.
For him I'd cull Pomona's store,
Nor from his side depart,
Thus blest, could Blinval ask for more?
His throne, Rosina's heart.

Exit.

SCENE II.

BLINVAL'S Apartment in the Prison. The Stone removed just so as to admit the possibility of his passing. A Lamp burning on the Table. The Camp Bed near the Secret Avenue. Curtains drawn close and opposite to the common entrance.

GOVERNOR (*without.*)

GOVERNOR.

Well, well, I shall be satisfied in a moment. Sentry,—your prisoner's safe?

SENTRY (*Without.*)

All's well.

GOVERNOR.

Safe you say,—all's well.—Corporal, post your guard on the stairs, and let nobody pass.

*The keys heard turning. Bars removing.
Chains falling, &c.*

Enter the GOVERNOR holding BLINVAL, who is wrapped in his Surtout.

GOVERNOR.

Come, come, faith, and you've been more tractable than I had hop'd;—but what makes you tremble?

(BLINVAL appears smothering a laugh.)

Oh! he's a mighty pretty well behaved, civil
spoken

spoken fellow, and will make you any apology you please, (*looking round.*)—Holloa!—why 'sblood and ouns, where has he hid himself—Zounds! is it possible—Oh, no, no, no, he must be gone to bed.—Stand here a moment, Count, while I wake him.

Goes towards the bed—BLINVAL watches his opportunity, and at the instant the Governor has reached the bed, whips off the great coat, throws it into the opening behind the stone, which he moves back to its right place, concealing the trap door, and slips behind the bed, and into it.

Aye, aye, poor devil! he has just laid down to take a comfortable bit of a nap.—Blinval!—Blinval!—Faith he sleeps like a top!—Who'd think a man cou'd sleep so sound in misfortunes! Blinval! (*throwing open the curtains.*)

BLINVAL. (*putting his head from the bed*)
What do you want?

GOVERNOR.

Och! and you're there; well, and why did not you *spake* out, when you first saw my voice in your sleep?

BLINVAL (*coming forward.*)

What can this mean? Governor, let me tell you, your behaviour, to a man in distress, is inexcusable. Why am I thus tormented Sir? Leave me this instant, I insist.

GOVER-

GOVERNOR.

Leave you!—faith and be easy boy. Hav'n't I brought Murville! You shall be friends—
(turning round to the spot he had left Blinval.)

Why, zounds! how, that other fellow is off;—there, I see him, holloa! Sentry! Serjeant! Corporal, bring him back here. *(Enter CORPORAL.)*

Why did you let that fellow pass, and not shoot him for forcing you?—You a foldier—I'll have you all at the halberts, or I am not Governor, by St. Patrick.

CORPORAL.

Governor, no one pass'd us.

GOVERNOR *(raising his cane.)*

Ah! and get out with your damnable lies—Didn't I see him here, thro' my own eyes?—And didn't I see the tail of his brown coat, as he skip'd thro' the door? Make yourself scarce, or I shall break my cane over your damn'd thick head. *(Advances on the Corporal who runs off.)* Well, well, you shall meet yet—I'll not be treated so by any Count in the kingdom!—I'll after him this instant—Aye, and he shall give me the satisfaction of a Gentleman, when he has made friends with you, which shall be here, here, and before you're shot. *(Exit.)*

BLINVAL.

Governor!—Governor!—*(following him)*
 Huzza! I'm safe again. Love is like hunger, and will break through stone walls.

(Watches the Governor fairly out.—When the prison

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prison door closes, listens a moment, then runs to the moveable stone,—pulls it away, and exit thro' the trap door.

SCENE III.

A Grove leading to the Castle.

(Enter GERMAIN, stealing along in silence and alarm'd.)

GERMAIN.—*(Alone.)*

O dear, O dear! All must out now, and the reward of my labour will be bestowed with interest. Germain, thou art a fool, and a Court-martial wou'd decide it,—and I'll prove it, Gentlemen, the Prisoner was a free-man, and for fifty Louis he abetted, assisted, connived at, and advised Lieutenant Blinval, of the Death's head Hussars, then and there, Prisoner in the Castle—*(starting and looking round,)*—to represent the Count Murville—O lord! O lord!—Talk of the devil and he's at your elbow.

(steals off more aside.)

SCENE LAST.

The outside of the Castle.

An antique building with four Towers, enclosed by a wet ditch.—A Draw-bridge up.—Cannon mounted. &c.—A view across the Bay of Naples of Mount Vesuvius in the distance.—The Scene is by moonlight, and the reflection thrown

on the water.—A Centinel placed on the Ramparts.

Enter Count MURVILLE in the same Uniform as BLINVAL's, the Dress Jacket of an Hussar Officer, trim'd with fur, lac'd, and the Cloak on the shoulder.—His Hussar hat and sword, the Death's head and bone in front of the hat.—He views the Castle with attention and advances.

MURVILLE.

Here then, I am at last, and with the pardon I had despair'd obtaining.—His warm temper hurried Blinval into an act, which though excusable in a young man, is death to a soldier.—I can in my turn now give life. Yes, to the generous feelings of a monarch, I am indebted for success, when interest and Court favour failed—Blinval! how rich the gift.—First I'll embrace my friend; see him at liberty, then fly to my Cousins, and seek that settled happiness her character bids me expect.

(Enter GERMAIN.)

GERMAIN.—*(Aside, stealing forward.)*

Not quite so fast, or I'm ruin'd.—*(to Murville)* Sir, you're welcome; I have obey'd all your orders;—nay, Sir, exceeded them, in my impatience to oblige *(Aside)* myself,—no lie there.

MURVILLE.

Germain, I have no doubt of your fidelity, I am expected then?

GERMAIN.

No, Sir; not yet, and if you cou'd delay your
visit

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visit a short time, all things would be better arranged; at present, Sir, the apartment, which has been occupied, is not ready—and—and in short, Sir, you are not expected yet.

MURVILLE.

This appears strange.—However, I have more serious business at present.—Attend me here, I shall dispatch you with a message in a few moments.

GERMAIN.—(*Aside.*)

Serious business! dear, dear, that's so lucky! If I can keep him at an Inn all night, there will be time for invention.

MURVILLE.—(*Pulling out his watch.*)

This loit'ring Governor! cou'd I impart to him my feeling and anxiety, he wou'd be swift indeed; but the scenes he's accustomed to, deaden his sensibility.

(*The Drawbridge is lowered.*)

Hark! the bridge lowers—then there are some hopes.

GERMAIN.—(*Aside.*)

Hopes!—O that I cou'd but creep into a snail's house to escape; he'll have discovered all and I shall live to see the Gipsy's prophecy fulfilled—I shall be hanged!

Enter the Governor from the Castle, followed by the Lieutenant and an Officer;—when they are on the Bridge the Governor directs the Officer to return to the Castle; the Bridge is again raised, and the Governor and Lieutenant come forward to Murville,

MUR-

MURVILLE.

I presume, Sir, the Governor ?

GOVERNOR.

Faith, Sir ; you have guess'd right. I am O'Rouke, O'Flaherty, of the Kingdom—and as you say, Governor of the Castle—You have dispatches from Naples.

MURVILLE.

For the release of one of your State Prisoners. I have the packet in my hand.

GOVERNOR.

Welcome, Sir, to Sorrento—I am feldom so pleased as when I wish my old acquaintances a good journey ; tho' they're never grateful enough to wish to pay me a second visit.

MURVILLE.

I'm impatient to afford you that enjoyment. Here are my orders. Inspect them—Here's the King's seal—they are correct. (*delivering dispatches*)

GOVERNOR. (*Reading.*)

“Blinval!”——Och ! I am rejoiced—But we lose time—Lower the bridge. Come, Sir, man's liberty must not be trifled with.

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GERMAIN.

(Who has been sculking about with signs of fear)

(Aside) Oh then, all's safe—*(runs up to the bridge)* Holloa, within; are you all deaf?—
Lower the bridge.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

GOVERNOR, MURVILLE, and GERMAIN.

Lower the bridge, what ho! attend.

Lower the bridge—

OFFICER. *(within.)*

Who's there?

GOVERNOR and GERMAIN.

A friend.

The Bridge is lowered again.

GOVERNOR.

The strictest discipline you see,
Within Sorrento's Castle reigns;
My Rule is—"Regularity,"
And I'm rewarded for my pains.

When the Bridge is down, a Guard comes from the Castle, leaves a Centinel at the other side of the Bridge, and returns again into the Castle.

OFFICER. *(Advancing on the Ramparts.)*

Advance! the counterfig!

GOVERNOR. *(Making signs to MURVILLE and GERMAIN to remain still, and drawing near the OFFICER.)*

Rochelle!

OFFICER.

Correct:—Pass friends, and all is well.

I

GOVER-

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GOVERNOR. (*Giving the keys to the LIEUTENANT.*)

Lieutenant hasten, Blinval's free.

MURVILLE and GOVERNOR.

Fly, soothe his anxious mind to peace.

GOVERNOR.

Roar Like a lion——Liberty!

MURVILLE and GOVERNOR.

Fly quick and hasten his release.

MURVILLE.

Tell him a friend whose life he fav'd,
Has joyous tidings to impart.

GOVERNOR.

Tell him, he's been so well behaved,
He's my permission to depart.

[*Exit LIEUTENANT over the Bridge into
the Castle, ordering the OFFICER from
the Ramparts to follow him.*]

GOVERNOR, MURVILLE, and GERMAIN.

GOVERNOR.

Och! honey sweet, what joys we feel.

MURVILLE.

Transporting moment, yes I feel.

GERMAIN.

I'm glad he's free, but still I feel.

GOVERNOR.

When gratitude the bosom warms.

MURVILLE.

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MURVILLE.

A generous act the bosom warms.

GERMAIN.

Some symptoms strong of fierce alarms.

GOVERNOR.

It's glowing ardour you reveal.

MURVILLE,

Ah! cou'd my tongue my joys reveal,

GERMAIN.

Ah! cou'd my tongue my fears reveal.

GOVERNOR.

Humanity how bright thy charms.

MURVILLE *and* GERMAIN.

'Twou'd soon destroy those fancied charms.

Enter OFFICER from the Castle.

OFFICER.

Escap'd—escap'd—the Pris'ner's fled.

(Exit Germain hastily.)

The Southern Tower we've search'd in vain.

GOVERNOR.

Oh Heaven's! Am I alive or dead?

MURVILLE.

Some mystery!

GOVERNOR.

———Some trick, it's plain.

To arms! to arms! Post Sentries round.

(A:

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(An alarm, flourish of Drums, &c.)

OFFICER.

Each avenue, each op'ning guard.

GOVERNOR.

Alive or dead, I'll have him found.

His slippery tricks I'll soon reward.

Enter Soldiers from the Castle.

To arms, to arms, the Pris'ner's fled ;

He must be found, alive or dead.

*All the Soldier's go off severally.—One Party returns
bringing in Germain.*

CHORUS-

As now we search the Castle round,
This fellow lurking near we found :—
His guilty looks declares that he
Has help'd to set our Pris'ner free.

GERMAIN.

I nothing know ; in truth 'tis so !

If he got free

What's that to me ?

I'm innocent so let me go,

SOLDIERS.

March !---The Dungeon straight prepare :

He, for life, shall languish there ;

Treachery was his intent :

Now he meets his punishment.

CHORUS.

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CHORUS.

March! the dungeon straight prepare;—
He, for life, shall languish there,
Treachery was his intent;—
Now he meets his punishment.

GERMAIN.

Oh! dear, good Mr. Governor! don't cram
me into that abominable black Castle, and I'll
confess all.

GOVERNOR.

Confess—Oho!—then you begin to squeak, do
you?—

MURVILLE.

Scoundrel! and have you been accessory to
his escape?—

GERMAIN.

Why, lord, Sir, he had escaped before I had
any hand in the business.

MURVILLE.

Explain.

GERMAIN.

Why you must know, then, that there's a
secret communication between his prison and
the widow Belmont's.---He has been burrowing
under ground, and playing at bo-peep, between
the two buildings, like a rabbit in a warren.

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

Has he so?—Faith, then I'll have my ferrets after him and they'll soon bring him out. Corporal, take a guard—Go to the Widow Belmont's and recover the prisoner.

[Exit Corporal with Guards.]

So then this singular gentleman has been cutting himself in half, and has been a double man after all. Then it was him I saw at the Widow's, and not Count Murville.

MURVILLE.

You certainly never saw Count Murville there—-for I am he—-and never yet entered her doors—-But his reason for personating me I am at a loss to guess.

GERMAIN.

Love was his reason, Sir. Love, you know sir, will change a man into any thing, and if Miss Rosina is 'n't as much inclin'd to the Prisoner as the Prisoner is to her, I know nothing of the *tender passion.*

GOVERNOR.

Och! then the little blind boy, Master Cupid has been at work, with them.

Enter the WIDOW BELMONT and ROSINA.

MRS. BELMONT.

Governor, what is all this? The confusion in my house—Your Guard—the

GOVERNOR.

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GOVERNOR.

Be aisy, Widow, be aisy! Here comes one that will clear up all.

Enter BLINVAL guarded.

So Mr. Proteus! Faith and you're trapp'd—What then you put the Governor, and all his chains, bolts, bars, and Sentries at defiance—hey! —Here you have this Pickle, your Cousin, but give me leave, I must make known the real Murville. (*Presents him to Mrs. Belmont*) And that Whipstart, is my recluse of the South Tower—pretty sweet innocent—See how demure he seems!

ROSINA. (*advancing.*)

Blinval! Oh!—I'm so glad!—

MURVILLE.

My dear Blinval! give me your hand, and let me give you joy of the pardon which I have obtained for you, and just delivered to the Governor.

BLINVAL.

My pardon!—Huzza! my dear Friend!—I will then confess, that—

MURVILLE.

You may spare yourself that trouble, for German has told us all—Cousin, my friend Blinval has had the ingenuity to find a secret communication from his Prison to that apartment, and believe your fair daughter made him explore it.—The State is benefited by the discovery, but she deserves to be made Prisoner for life.—Will you consent?—Rosina, has forged them, and he's, I dare be sworn, ready to hug his chains.

Mrs. BELMONT.

I have had proofs of my daughter's attachment and if she'll venture on such a prison-breaker— She's her own mistress (*Blinval goes up to Rosina, who retires bashfully to Mrs. Belmont.*)—Nay my Child, you've my consent, lock up his heart, and, like the Governor—temper your sway with gentleness.

FINALE.

BLINVAL.

From Sorrento's prison free,
Pris'ner here for Life, I'll be!
Let not foes our bliss annoy,
Smile good friends and wish us joy.

CHORUS.

Let not foes our bliss annoy, &c.

ROSINA.

Cupid's captives void of pain
Willing wear the marriage chain,—
Hymn's fetters pleasing prove,
When the links are forg'd by love.

CHORUS.

Let not foes, &c.

GOVERNOR.

Here has been a fine to-do!
One, has all this while been two!
When the Parson's work is done,
Two will certainly be one.

CHORUS.

When the Parson's work is done,
Two will certainly be one.

From Sorrento's Prison free,
Pris'ner here for life, he'll be:
Let not foes our bliss annoy,
Smile good friends, and wish us joy.

THE END.