

Final *C. Ristori.*

LA COLLERICA:

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

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AND REPRESENTED BY

MADAME RISTORI,

AND

AN ITALIAN DRAMATIC COMPANY.

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PRICE, HALF-A-CROWN.

ROSA. What! going out so early?

EMI. Yes! I have some visits to make with your brother.

ROSA. But what sort of visits are these! You are both dressed out in your uniforms, as if you were going to be reviewed!

EMI. We are going to pay our devoirs to the principal people in the neighbourhood. I wish to invite them to dine with us.

ROSA. And how am I to get through my toilette? The awkwardness of my situation is so great that—

EMI. Calm yourself, my dear Rosa. I hope speedily to procure a substitute.

ROSA. Indeed! how? Tell me—console me!

EMI. We have here, in our house, my mother's old *femme-de-chambre*, who in her time was considered admirable! I have already informed her that you are likely to need her services. I will now send her to you, so adieu, and resume your usual good humour.

ROSA. Oh! certainly. You'll soon come back again, eh?

EMI. In half an hour.

ROSA. Remember, how dull I am when you're away.

EMI. How charming she is! If I only succeed in my project, I shall be the happiest man alive. [*Exit.*]

VOL. Good bye, sister. [*Going*] Now, Heaven render her merciful to that poor old chamber-aid.

SCENE V.

ROSA [*alone.*]

ROSA. Let me think a moment as to what I shall wear this morning! I wish to please my dear, dear husband. What *will* he say when I present him with my portrait? He'll overwhelm me with caresses, that's certain!

SCENE VI.

GERMANO, and the before-named.

GER. Madam, my wife will be here forthwith, to re-

i vostri comandi. Ella mette in ordine il vostro magnifico guardaroba; fra due minuti...

ROSA. Ottimamente, mio buon vecchietto.

GER. Come vi piace il nostro paese?

ROSA. Bellissimo! [*distraendosi allo specchio accomodandosi i capelli.*]

GER. Non può reggere al confronto di Parigi, ma....

ROSA. [*sempre allo specchio*] Eh, lo credo ancor' iovoi dunque siete stato a Parigi?

GER. Illustrissima, sì signora. Talquale mi vedete ho intrapreso quel viaggio, saranno ormai quaranta anni, col molto illustre Signor Conte. Eravamo nello stagione d'inverno, e mi rammento ancora che il freddo ci inquietava oltre ogni credere.

ROSA. Oh, ecco la mia Chitarra. Ecome è qui?

GER. Ho creduto bene..

ROSA. Quanto è scordata. [*Pizzicandola*] Voglio tentare di accordarla.

GER. Vi diceva dunque, che nel viaggio di Parigi il freddo del cinque gennajo..

ROSA. [*Fa un moto d'impazienza alla rottura di una corda*] Oh!

GER. Appena arrivati.. nel domani poi una singolare avventura..

ROSA. [*si rompe un'altra corda, e batte i piedi*] Oh Diavolo! Diavolo!

GER. Per Bacco! voglio raccontarvi come è andata la faccenda. Io mi trovava nel borgo di S. Onorato parlando tranquillamente con un mio amico, quando tutto ad un tratto sento uno strepito... [*si rompe la terza corda.*]

ROSA. Siano maledette le corde, lo chitarra, e il Diavolo che se la porti! [*Getta per terra la chitarra.*]

GER. Misericordia! Oh vedete un poco! Mi pareva sentire quello strepito che..

ROSA. Ebbene? che cosa fate voi quì, Signor **Mar-**motta? [*con dispetto.*]

ceive your commands. She is setting to rights your magnificent wardrobe: in two minutes she'll be with you.

ROSA. Very good, my worthy old friend.

GER. How do you like our part of the country?

ROSE. It's beautiful in the extreme. [*Turns carelessly towards looking-glass, and begins to arrange her hair*].

GER. It certainly cannot be compared with Paris: but still——

ROSA. [*still before looking-glass*] I am of your opinion. You would appear to have been in Paris?

GER. Yes! illustrissima! Humble as I now appear, I undertook that journey some forty years back, with the very illustrious Signor Conte. It was then the middle of winter, and I distinctly remember how dreadfully we suffered from the cold!

ROSA. Why, here's my guitar—how came it here?

GER. I imagine that——

ROSA. How fearfully out of tune it is. [*Striking the strings.*] I'll try to tune it!

GER. I was saying that, during the journey to Paris, the cold on the fifth January——

[*One of the harp-strings breaks, at which Rosa allows an impatient gesture to escape her*].

GER. No sooner had we arrived—indeed, on the very day after our arrival—a strange occurrence——

ROSA. [*Breaking another string, and stamping with her feet*]. The devil!

GER. By Bacchus! [*continuing.*] I want to tell you how it happened. You see, I was in the Faubourg St. Honore, quietly talking to a friend of mine, when all of a sudden I hear a noise!

[*A third string breaks.*]

ROSA. The deuce take the strings, and the guitar into the bargain.

[*Throws guitar on the ground.*]

GER. Mercy on us! Well, as I was saying, I fancied I heard a noise of——

ROSA. [*angrily*] Well! what are you doing here, Mr. Dormouse?

GER. Dite a' me?

ROSA. A voi, sì... andate via di quà.

GER. (*Marmotta!* a me *Marmotta!*) Ma se volete...

ROSA. Partite. Chi viene?

GER. Mia moglie.

ROSA. Oh cielo! Con qual lentezza ella camina!

SCENA VII.

TERESA e detti.

TER. [*Porta un' elegante cestella la quale contiene una vesta, una Cuffia, ed altro*] Eccomi ai vostri comandi.

ROSA. [*contraffacendolo*] Vi sono obbligata. (Io prevedo che la flemma di questa gente mi farà crepare dalla bile.)

GER. [*piano a TERESA*] Ah, Teresa, io credo che tu abbia ragione. La padroncina è molto impaziente ed impetuosa.

ROSA. [*a GERMANO*] Ancora siete qui? Andate che non ho bisogno di voi; avete inteso?

GER. Sì, signora. [*piano a TERESA.*] Mi ha detto *marmotta*, dunque prendi le tue misure con prudenza. [*partando*] Chi mai poteva immaginarsi che io sarei divenuto una *Marmotta*!

SCENA VIII.

ROSA e TERESA.

TER. [*Ha posata la cestella sopra una sedia*] Attendo, o signora, gli ordini vostri. Spero che non avrete a lagnarvi della mia poca sollecitudine.

ROSA. Prendete la. [*Guardandola bene da capo apiedi*] (Oh! che bella anticaglia!) Prendete la chiave dello mia taoletta, aprite il cassetto di mezzo, e.... [*osservandola attentamente*] (Bellissima figura da ventaglio!) e datemi un pettine. Vi sentite in caso di acconciarmi i capelli?

TER. Perdonate, o signora, ma questo è un' oltraggio

GER. Are you speaking to me?

ROSA. Yes! to *you*. Hence! Away with you.

GER. [*aside*] Dormouse! and to *me*; but so please you——

ROSA. Away, I say! Who comes here?

GER. My wife.

ROSA. Heavens! how slowly she walks.

SCENE VII.

TERESA, and the before-named.

TER. [*bearing in her hand an elegant basket, containing a dress, a cap, &c.*] Here I am, Madam, at your commands.

ROSA. [*imitating her*] I am extremely obliged. [*aside*] I see very clearly that the coolness of this worthy pair will drive me mad with rage!

GER. [*Aside to TERESA*] Ah, Teresa! I'm beginning to think you were right.—Our mistress is very hasty and impetuous!

ROSA. [*to GERMANO*] What! here still! Go away! I have no need of you! Do you hear?

GER. Yes, Madam! [*aside to TERESA*.] She called *me* a dormouse; therefore, I'd advise you to be very cautious in your proceedings. [*Going*] Who could ever have imagined that I had become a *dormouse*!

SCENE VIII.

ROSA and TERESA.

TER. [*after placing basket on a chair*] Madam, I await your order. I trust you will have no cause to complain of my want of attention.

ROSA. Take the key. [*Scrutinising her from head to foot*] (*Aside.*) What a splendid specimen of antiquity. [*aloud*] Take the key of my dressing-case, open the middle casket—[*examining her attentively.*]—(*aside*) What a magnificent figure-head for a fan! [*aloud*]—and get me a comb! Do you consider yourself competent to dress my hair?

TER. Pardon me, Madam, but this is a downright in-