

EL HYDER;

THE

CHIEF OF THE GHAUT MOUNTAINS.

A GRAND EASTERN MELO-DRAMATIC SPECTACLE.

IN TWO  *ACTS.*

BY

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A fertile Valley near the City of Delhi, occupied as an extensive military post, the horse-platforms forming, in regular gradation, a passage over an immense mountain, over which fortifications appear thrown. Music, At the rising of the curtain, a body of Mahratta Troops appear in recumbent postures, their horses tied to trees and tents, while numerous pieces of cannon arranged at the different entrances, mark the scene to be the seat of war; the sun is seen to rise gradually over the distant mountains.*

Quartette and Chorus.

Awake ! arise ! for opening day
Already brightens yonder hills,
While gloomy thoughts dissolve away,
And rapture every bosom fills!
Then, comrades, rise, with speed let's hie,
Revenge to seek, or nobly die !
Revenge! revenge! revenge !

*(EL HYDER appears on an eminence followed by four of the troop ;
as he reaches the stage, a general shout)*

KOZ. (R.) Welcome, noble chief! Thy presence gives fresh courage to our almost drooping spirits. Say, when shall we forth again and meet our bold oppressors? Lead us to the embattled plain, and there, by conquest, revive our faded laurels.

MOL. (L.) Aye, to the fight, great chief! defeat sits heavy at our hearts. To the fight! and with blood-stained swords, warm from our enemies breasts, wipe away our late disgrace!

EL. H. (C.) Disgrace! What tongue gives utterance to so foul a word? Disgrace!—were not their numbers treble ours? Did we not dispute each inch of ground ? Nor, e'er gave way till their overwhelming myriads swept us from the field: and then, no trophy did we leave—no! naught but tattered standards—gasping, mangled heroes, who, with their last breath did cry, " Allah protect the right -our cause is just— we die content!" Disgrace, indeed! *(crosses L.)*

MOL. (C.) Your pardon, chief! I blush to think I gave loose to such expressions. But, defeat is a theme Moloc is not used to. Let Hyder but grant me pardon, and dearly shall that foe suffer who gave me cause for thus offending.

EL H. Enough ! Moloc, your hand. Men with souls like thine are truly worthy Hyder's friendship.

KOZ. Now, then, chieftain, to business—the fight of yesterday—,

EL H. Was, to the tyrant Hamet, a dear-bought victory.

KOZ. His losses double ours.

EL H. True ! but they weigh but as a feather in the scale when compared to ours.

MOL. Hyder ! well you know *our* lives are devoted to the cause we raise our swords for. A hero's death draws forth a soldier's tears: but never must they fall to damp the soldier's spirit.

KOZ. No! rather let them urge us to revenge. But say, good Hyder, how do our young Prince and his royal mother bear the shock?—No answer! that averted head—speak, chieftain, and ease our fears—has any ill befallen our royal infant ?

EL H. He lives and is well.

MOL. Why those mysterious answers? Still silent! Does Hyder's band lack Hyder's confidence ?

EL H. No, no! Hyder's heart is too well known. The—the—the Princess and her son are prisoners.

OMWES. Prisoners!

EL H. Aye, prisoners to Hamet!—prisoners to that tyrant, who, by shedding the blood of sweet innocence, seeks to gain a throne, which, when he sits there, will become a throne of infamy—the seat of base pollution.

MOL. Our Princess a prisoner !

KOZ. El Hyder their guardian, too !

EL H. Yes, Moloc, even so. But why these downcast eyes? Am I to read mistrust ? El Hyder doubted ! Did he not perform his duty?—Did he not protect his charge as long as man was man? Behold! are these not witnesses ? Will not these wounds, still reeking with my blood convey conviction to your minds ? Mark! here stood the tent that held my sacred charge,—far beyond our flank, stretched the enemy's horse—our wing was broken, overwhelmed, discomfited—the Princess viewed it, and cried for Hyder—Hyder flew to them—we were surrounded—foe on *foe* ! I still maintained my ground, but they seized the Princess and herion—I heard their cries—saw them borne away—when I, with a Boas' rage, rushed to the rescue—a conquering arm struck me down—and Hyder saw no more !

MOL. Oh, Hyder, do not think we doubt you! Quick, comrades, from Ma mind dispel *web* thoughts—our country's love, our country's hope is—

OMNES. Hyder!

EL H. Oh grateful sounds! Comrades, your pardon—forgive but my hasty speech, and Hyder again is happy.

KOZ. And so would all around be, but that we fear Hamet's dreadful nature will lead him to a commission of crime—our Princess's life is endangered, unless a speedy rescue can secure her.

EL H. Fear not, both their lives are safe—that I am surety for.

MOL. What mean you, chieftain ?

EL H. That I, your leader, am also Hamet's prisoner.

MOL. Confusion—explain!

EL H. Peruse this scroll—it's contents speak volumes.

MOL. (*reads*) " To the Chieftain, El Hyder: The chance of war has placed within my power the Princess Zada and her son—though my *interest* requires their *death*, (but Hyder's submission most), their lives are saved on Hyder's yielding himself a prisoner—but instant death attend on Hyder's refusal. Signed, *Hamet*." Hyder then consented.

EL H. And saved their lives—one hour alone is mine—I must then to the city, and, for the first time, yield myself a captive. Comrades, the brand of fierce destructive war must be extinguished! Each then to his home—partake of peaceful happiness, and when again my flag you see, I'll lead to death or victory.

(*repeat last part of chorus. EL HYDER ascends the mountains; turns ; general shout; closed in by*)

SCENE II.— *Outside of a picturesque Cottage of Hindoo architecture*

R. c, in flat; built under the shade of a banyan tree—view of the City of Delhi through the trees.

Enter ABENSELLAH, pushing NINA before him, from cottage.

ABEN. There, madam, there lies your road. What, you would rebel—you would be free—dispute my authority, and bestow your hand upon a fellow, with no other recommendation than a handsome face and well turned limbs—a soldier, too, one of your here to-day and gone to-morrow men. No, no, madam, when you marry, the husband shall be of my choosing.

NINA. Then pray be quick, my dear guardy, for I'm determined to have a husband, and that very shortly too: but mind, he must be a man I can love.

ABEN. Love !—fiddle de dee; you can love any man, if you like,

NINA, Certainly ! but then, I may, by chance, like to love some man better than all the sex together: for instance, now, guardy, young-----

ABEN. Ichander, I suppose, that fighting dog—that fellow who has joined the standard of the chieftain El Hyder, with the hope of upsetting a government—of overturning a throne.

NINA. Now filled by a tyrant.

ABEN. True, true—but what signifies that to me ? has he not continued me in my office? am I not still master of the slaves, and governor of his harem ? a place of the utmost confidence and trust.

NINA. True ! but if the Rajah knew of your wicked tricks in the harem, he would not trust you there any longer. Oh, guardy, guardy, for a man of your age—for shame, you know you are a bad man.

ABEN. What does the girl mean ?

NINA. Why, if you persist in locking me up in this sequestered

spot, the first time I get my liberty, the Rajah shall know of your goings on with his favourite slave, Selima. You know she threatened to complain herself; so, beware, for if I once vow vengeance—

ABEN. You may put your threat in execution as soon as you can: but that I shall take care to prevent. So, come along, madam, and here shall you remain, till I can find a man fool enough to man you, and by getting himself into trouble, get me out of it. What ho ! (*knocking*) Orissa ! Oh, you are come at last!

Enter ORISSA, from the cottage.

ORIS. What, my dear master here! It is, as I'm alive ! Down to the ground to give you welcome. Ah, sir, I'm so glad you've come—such news to tell you—such goings on in your absence—such, in fact, I've quite a long history to tell you.

ABEN. Then I can't hear it, for I've only a short time to stop so, to business—in, in, madam, I say ! (*pushes NINA in*) And now Orissa, I charge you to keep her closely confined, and as you hope for my favour and protection, be sure you let no man whatever enter the cottage.

ORIS. Bless you ! there are two there already ! and such fellows there's no possibility of getting rid of them. In short, that's what I wished to inform you of. (*NINA screams within*) There ! they are at it already ! Oh, these English sailors are very devils on shore.

ABEN. Sailors, said you ? and my Nina in the cottage ! But I'll soon put them to the rout. Come out, I say, you rascals, come out!

HARRY CLIFTON *opens cottage window*, R. F.

CLIF. Yeo, ho, there, my hearty! What breeze is blowing now?

ABEN. You dog, tell me instantly, who the devil are you ?

CLIF. An English sailor.

MAT MIZEN. (*putting his head out of the window*) A pair of us my buck! what do you say to that, old three score ?

ABEN. What business have you in my house ?—how dare you enter my doors ?

ORIS. Doors! bless you, they got in at the window !

CLIF. Ha! ha! ha! to be sure, mother, any way into port, so that we have but a clear course.

ABEN. You rascals, will you quit my house ?

CLIF. NO, not while you blow a foul wind in my teeth; besides, we've not overhauled you yet—so bring to ! or slap—I'll send a shot into you. (*presents a pistol*)

ABEN. (*on his knees*) On, mercy! mercy! Don't fire, and the house is all your own !

MAT. What! surrender without firing a gun ! Dam'me, shoot him, your honour, he's a coward, and not fit to live.

CLIF. Mat, do you go and overhaul the old hulk, while I take charge of the little frigate.

ORIS. Old hulk ! mercy on me ! I hope they won't overhaul me!

(they quit the window and MIZEN enters from the cottage door)

ORIS. Good Mr, Sailor, don't hurt my poor dear master, I beg.

MAT. I tell you what, old one, take my advice, stand neutral, and sail under your own flag, or, perchance, your joining company with yonder ill-looking vessel, may get your cargo of life condemned, and shipped into the other world, *(to ABEN.)* Now you old piratical rigged rascal, how dare you tell two gentlemen, like me and my master, to get out of your house, when, at the same time, you know it's big enough to hold a ship's company? Speak, or damme I'll say prayers for you, and kill you like a gentleman.

ABEN. No ! no! pray don't—I'd rather live as I am.

MAT. Do you surrender ?

ABEN. Yes, yes, myself, house, and all that's in it.

MAT. Ha! ha! ha! why, then, what a precious soft Tommy chap you must be. Ha! ha! ha! who the devil would have thought you could have been so easily gulled! What! did you think I was in earnest, and going to smash your head-rail ? Bless you, it was only in joke. We Englishmen know too well the blessings of liberty—their houses are their castles, and never will they infringe on the rights of others, which they would die to maintain themselves. Give us your hand, my hearty, and when next you meet an English sailor, remember, he is never to be dreaded but in battle.

ABEN. What! are we then friends?

MAT. Friends—why, didn't I tip you my grapple? *(shaking hands)*

Enter CLIFTON with NINA from cottage..

MAT. Oh, here's his honour, and tacked to the wench, too! egad, he's at home to a T. I say, your honour, I've hauled down my false colours, though, by the vessel you have in tow there, I should guess you were privateering still.

ABEN. Aye, aye, but in this case he must cruise elsewhere, if he wishes to get a prize.

CLIF. I know it, my old boy ; but, in this case *(imitating him)* I'm only acting as commodore, and going to convoy this little love-trader into the harbour of matrimony.

ABEN. No, but you don't, though *(goes over to NINA)*

MAT. *(swinging him from her)* Avast! who made you commodore?

ABEN. What! take her from me without my consent ?

CLIF. Yes consent! nonsense. I've got her's, got my own, and as for your's and Mat's-----

MAT. His honour doesn't care a damn, so it's of no use, he will steer his own course; so the best thing you can do, old gentleman, to bundle aboard as ballast or live lumber, and take the voyage with them.

ABEN. What! resign my charge, and to strangers, too ?

CLIF. Strangers. Why as to that, my hearty, you have only I yourself to blame; for our parts we have done all we possibly I could to make ourselves at home—haven't we, mother ?

ORIS. Yes, and free of the cellar, too: there's scarce a bottle or cask; but what has been tapt, tried, and nearly emptied.

CLIF. Psha! a mere trifle to what we lads drink on board. But come, to the point: here we are two cruizers wrecked on your coast—we hate an idle life, so, ship being gone, turned to shore duty, This lass likes a soldier, and would become his wife. Soldiers and sailors are brothers, therefore she's my sister, and, for want of a parent, old Mat Mizen shall be the father: he and I give consent, and now forbid the bans who dare.

MAT. Aye, that settles the job. What my commander says must be right, so lay hold of your dad's arm, my dear, and woe betide him that would part us, for as sure as my name's Mat, crack goes his pate, like a ship's biscuit.

NINA. Good bye, Guardy.

ABEN. Oh, you vixen.

CLIF. Good bye, old one. The anchor's weighed. Crowd all sail—off we go.

Exeunt L.

ABEN. What, gone! Nina! Nina! It's of no use, away they go. But I'll be revenged. Nina, my love—oh, don't fire!

Exit, R.

SCENE III.—*A grand Triumphal Arch, forming a grand Entrance to the City; military music is heard at a distance; the ringing of bells, discharge of cannon, and shouts denote a day of rejoicing, A splendid Procession enters the Great Arch;—Banners, six Bengal Seapoys; banner—six Warriors of Behaleea; banner—six Warriors of the Hircarra Tribe; banner—six Soldiers of the Brighasis Tribe; three Choobdars—Artillery—Seapoys—Prisoners—Seapoys—Artillery—Officers of State—(Officers of the Household Military Band—Princess ZADA and Prince CHEREDDIN—Ladies of the Harem veiled, escorted by Black Slaves—The Rajah HAMET a splendidly caparisoned Elephant, surrounded by his Officers and Household Troops, as he alights and takes his seat upon a temporary throne, shouts, and discharges of artillery.*

HAM. (R. C.) Princess, advance and hear me!—much do I regret that imperious necessity draws thee to this spot. My prisoner, gladly would I have thee share a throne, which the double right of conquest and the people's choice, give me sole possession of. Twice did my victorious legions crush the hopes of your rebellious followers—twice were they in my power—but still I pardoned. Again has their wild enthusiasm led them to the field—and again do return with three-fold triumph. But, mark me, no longer by the foolish shew of mercy will I risk my kingdom's safety by these continued wars. No: the prince is now my prisoner, and must so remain—while you, as my consort, shall share my throne and sit as sovereign, or, as a captive, remain my bonded slave. So, your answer.

ZADA. (L. C.) In my looks let Hamet read it. 'Tis clearly traced. See contempt and scorn of thee and of thy power! Peruse it well, the re-

Thou mighty tyrant, for the soul of Zada disdains to parley with thee farmer.

HAM. Beware, Princess ! my angry temper will not brook these taunts. Reflect *on* your present situation.

ZADA. I do; and proud am I to declare—thy fate is centred in the will of Zada. Yes, Hamet, the *eye* of truth pierces thy designs and brings to view thy tottering state. Already is thy throne shaken to its foundation—another blow, it falls to crush you. For awhile then live, but live in fear; for sooner would I Dear these chains for ever, than pass one hour in bonds of union with a base usurper.

HAM. Enough, madam! the soul of Hamet scorns to sue. My love rejected, you become my slave. But ere you leave me, learn my power—learn how much I have to dread your threats of vengeance ! What ho ! bring forth our prisoner.

Music,—The Officers bow, retire up the Stage, and lead in HYDER, who advances boldly from Centre Arch

ZADA. Hyder a prisoner!

HAM. (R.) Aye, Hamet's prisoner! now, Princess, threaten if thou darest.

ZADA. (L. C.) Hyder a captive !—then indeed all hope is fled. Yes, Hamet, Zada is now subdued—but Hyder free, and Zada would have defied thee. Oh! my boy! would to heaven you had ne'er been born to royalty!

CHER, (L.) Do not be sad, dear mother, our fortunes yet may change—we have still a protector in dear Hyder.

EL H. My honoured Prince, your servant still—your protector ever.

HAM. Protector! Hyder forgets he lacks the power, being now a prisoner.

EL H. Hold! ere I confess myself a captive, I would know the conditions.

HAM. Conditions! were they not sent to thee plainly written down?

EL H. True; but still *no* witness by, to answer for the performance; therefore, before this host of warriors, I command the conditions straight be named.

HAM. Command! Command, from thee, a vanquished foe! Ho, ho! Well, e'en be it so—for once, I'll yield me to thy will—the Princess' life is spared on condition of Hyder's submission.

EL H. Well, to that I did agree—my presence here bespeaks submission. But, say, shall the boy live; or will captivity but delay the hour destined for his fate ?

HAM. How ! think'st thou I would become?—

EL H. What ? Nay, pause not—give reins to the fell word. Or does your tongue refuse to utter that your heart would dictate ?

HAM. Chieftain, forbear ! I will not brook such language—desist, or thou shalt have cause to fear me.

EL H. Fear thee! I, who have known what 'tis to struggle with the forest tiger—fear thee, indeed!

ZADA. For heaven's sake, Hyder, calm thy speech! consider we are in his power.

EL H. Not so, lady—so hear me all around. I demand liberty for the Princess and her son within the city walls, and none to attend them but myself. Agree to this, and straight my word shall lay at Hamet's feet—refuse me and—

HAM. It shall not be. I am monarch here, and will not suffer bold dictation.

EL H. Not agree! Then I withdraw my promise; so farewell—when next we meet, it shall be to hurl destruction on thy head.

HAM. Hold! let him not pass.

EL H. What voice was that? or where exists the single arm that would dare cross my path? Would you, or you—or would your monarch, there?

HAM. Hyder, thou shalt live to dread me—tremble, for you are in my power.

EL H. What! am I then menaced?

(Music—HYDER draws and rushes at HAMET. GUARDS rush forward with their spears pointed at HYDER—who pauses)

EL H. Oh! your guards! then you are safe.

HAM. NO, Hyder, thou mistakest the soul of Hamet, he scorns all thought of fear. Behold my trusty sword, still reeking with thy band's rebellious blood—in angry vengeance hath it left its sheath, and while this arm hath power to wield it, thus singly will I stand, and as a prince and man, with it defend my throne, my honour, and my life.

EL H. Hamet, I thank thee—and thus-----

(Music—ZADA runs in between them)

ZADA. Hold, Hyder! Indulge not yon tyrant in his thirst of blood. Here, surrounded by his murderous crew, quickly would you fall a victim to his fell intent. Mark his scowling brow—see death written in his fearful eye.—Then be advised, good Hyder—nor seek to stain your sword in the recreant blood of a base-born rebel.

HAM. Perdition! to be thus reviled by a woman—but deady shalt thou rue this bold presumption. Guards, attend my final orders—let the Princess Zada and her son be confined within the northern chamber of my harem. Be it your care, Nilauf, to see all secure; and that trusty guards be stationed—meanwhile, let you rash braggart pace freely through our city, and like the mistress of the island King, starve and rot upon a dunghill—let this be proclaimed as law—and death to him who breaks it. Nor shall here my vengeance cease—if but one voice is heard to breathe the name of Hyder—one cry against our royal person—you, my trusty agents, will not wait for orders, but off with the young Prince's head. Now, Hyder, I am revenged.

EL H. Hamet, hear me.

HAM. Slave! be dumb!—to the citadel, march.

Grand Procession and exit, E.I.R

SCENE IV.—*Garden Walls and Entrance to the Harem.*

Enter MOLOC, KOZZAN, ICHANDER, L, *wrapt in their cloaks.*

MOL. Hold, friends: let us not advance too *far*—consider where we are, and let caution mark our steps.

KOZ. What part of the city are we now in ?

ICH. Behold the walls of the Harem.

MOL. Then we are near the Rajah's palace.

ICH. Even so—and here, my friends, for awhile I must leave you.

MOL. What, you would be woman-hunting? Well, I cannot blame you—the pretty Nina is a prize worth any man's obtaining—but remember, comrade, you are a soldier, and have a duty to perform.

ICH. True, Moloc, and when I forget my duty, no longer do I deserve a soldier's name. Farewell, I will but see my love, then fly to join you. *(Exeunt MOLOC and KOZZAN, R.)*

(looking off.) Surely I should know that form, and yet it cannot be—yes ! 'tis Nina, and with strangers too. *(Music—He retires.)*

Enter CLIFTON, with NINA and MAT MIZEN, L.

CLIF. There, my girl, at length you are out of the enemy's reach; and now if we can serve you further, say but the word, and Harry Clifton, of the Tiger, will fight or die for you—no, not die for you—anything but that—'pon my soul I can't die for you—can I Mat ?

MAT. Die! bless your heart you've scarce began to live—the thing's quite impossible.

NINA. My generous benefactor, to you alone am I indebted for my present happiness. How can I repay your kindness ?

MAT. Ecod, he'll soon let her know.

CLIFF. Why look you, my lass, 'tis a rule with us lads of the ocean, when we rescue a vessel from the hands of an enemy, always to take salvage: now you having a good cargo of beauty aboard, can expect no mercy—so thus I seize my share, *(kisses her)*

MAT. (R. C.) I say, your honor, I'm one of the crew, and should have a share also.

ICH. (C, comes forward, and throws him from her) Villian, desist!

CLIF. (L.) Who the devil are you ? (ICHANDER draws) Oh ! that's your fun, is it? Come on.

NINA. Forbear; 'tis my Ichander.

ICH. Oh, Nina! this from you—

CLIF. I say, Mat, we are bump ashore here—what's to be done ?

MAT. Why, leave it to her, your honour—a woman is never at a loss for a good excuse.

NINA. Dear Ichander, put up your sword, I entreat; indeed they are friends.

ICH. What, Nina! did I not see you insulted, *(they go up con-Htsing)*

CLIF. Insulted!

MAT. Well, of all the years I've been at sea, I never heard a salute called an insult before.

CLIF. What's to be done, Mat; am I to quarrel with him, or be friends?

MAT. Why, your honour, just as you please; but I don't think it matters which you do: he's certainly much better mann'd than you; but as you have not had much practice lately, suppose you bring him to action, if it's only by way of amusement.

CLIF. Well, here goes; though he is a first-rate.

MAT. And if you can't manage him, darn'me, I'll have a rattle at him.

CLIF. Come on, sir.

ICH. Sir, I find I have been to blame; so I ask your pardon, and believe me I feel regret at having given offence to one, who so generously has proved himself my friend.

CLIF. Sir, I am satisfied: give me your hand. You are a fine fellow, and a man of spirit; and I'd sooner make friends than fight with you.

MAT. Why, your honour, I think it's quite as well as it is—you'd have stood no chance at close quarters; he'd have scuttled your nob, as sure as my name's Mat Mizen.

Erder ABENSELLAH, hastily, L.

ABEN. SO, I've caught you at last. Oh, you vile hussey, to lead your poor guardy such a dance—and that dog, Ichander, with you too; I shall go mad with vexation.

CLIP. Aye, do my old boy, (*to ABENSELLAH,*) and I'll be your keeper. But come, as all parties are here, either give your consent instantly to the union, or Mat and I will take you in tow—off with you to the coast, clap you on board ship—where you shall have short commons, a long voyage, and a round dozen every morning—So consent, I say.

ABEN. I do, I do. Anything to get out of your clutches.

CLIP. Well, come that's well said—give us your hand then. I like a man that does a thing with a perfect good will, (*back to MAT.*)

NINA. Thanks, thanks, my dear guardy.

ABEN. Oh ! curse your thanks.

ICH. We are your debtors ever; come, Nina, let us to the mosque, and make our bliss complete. *Exeunt R.*

MAT. Aye, aye, go and be spliced; and Heaven send you may steer through life free of the shoals of adversity.

ABEN. May they live like cat and dog, and worry one another as they have worried me.

Enter NILAUF, L.

NILAUF. The Rajah, Hamet, commands that you will immediately prepare apartments for the Princess Zada and her son, in the

northern wing of the harem; and further, that the instructions contained herein be faithfully obeyed.

ABEN. On that the Rajah may rely.

NILAUFL. The Princess will be here immediately.

Exit, R

ABEN. Then I must bustle immediately.

CLIF. Ecod, I should like to see this Princess; Mat, shouldn't you ?

MAT. Me, your honour ? I'd sooner see Peggy Morris than all the princesses *in* the universe.

CLIF. I will—I'm determined. I say, old one, I'll go with you.

ABEN. What, into the harem ? is the man mad ? Know you not it is a spot sacred to the Rajah ?

CLIF. Then what the devil business have you there ?

ABEN. Oh! I am old—there's nothing to fear from me : besides I keep the women in order.

CLIF. Women! what, do none but women live inside these walls

ABEN. None: the choicest beauties of the East—the-----

CLIF. That's quite enough. I'll be among them in a twinkling : come along Mat.

ABEN. What the devil's the fellow at ?

MAT. After the girls, my boy.

ABEN. He shan't pass here.

CLIF. Will you open the door ?

ABEN. No.

CLIF. Very well, then; Mat, give us your arm. Yeo heave ho !

Music.—They lay hold of each other, and push ABENSELLAH from the door—then, waving their hats, huzza,

SCENE VI.—*State apartment of the palace.—Music.*

Enter HAMET, L, 3 E., attended by two LADIES with guitars, and four OFFICERS. Sofa and footstools on.

HAM. Thanks, thanks—sounds like these are welcome to the warrior's ears; each dulcet note, touched in plaintive harmony, soothes his savage nature, and turns his thoughts of sanguinary war to happy, happy peace.

LADY. Will it please you, mighty prince, to hear us further ?

HAM. No, no; not now—another time. Let all retire.

Music.—All retire, L. 2 E. HAMET is wrapped in thought.

NILAUFL enters, L.U.E.—HAMET starts.

HAM. (R.C.) Who's there? Nilauf, is it you? you should have knocked.

NILAUFL. Your pardon, prince: I did not think I should have alarmed you thus.

HAM. Alarmed me! you mistake. Why should I be alarmed—Well, your business ?

NILAUFL. The man your highness sent me for, is waiting below—shall I admit him ?

HAM. No, no ! I have changed my mind. Back with him to

prison, good Nilauf. I do not wish his services—away, my friend away!

Exit NILAUF, L.U.E.

—No, it shall not be ; necessity alone shall urge me to the deed.

BEN T. (*without, L.U.E.*) But I will see the prince; so let me pass, I say.

HAM. What sounds are those I hear ?

BEN T. I will see him.

Music—BEN TARAB *rushes in—he starts suddenly, at seeing the RAJAH.*

BEN T. (C.) Your pardon, Rajah; but knowing that you sent for me, I wished to hear what you had to say. But, somehow or other your fine jacks in office got it in their heads that you didn't want me! and so refused to let me pass ; but it wouldn't do—bless you, I could have beaten fifty such.

HAM. Heavens! what a wretch is here!—his very countenance marks his trade.

BEN T. I say, Prince, you and I, you know, won't stand upon ceremony; so to the point—I am a criminal, condemned to die; you want a job done, and I want to live—therefore, sign me a free pardon, and I'm your man ; even as far as murder.

HAM. Hush !

BEN T. What's the matter ?

HAM. Should my officers overhear us.

BEN T. Cut their throats—that will silence them, I warrant you.

HAM. And could'st thou traffic thus in blood, and feel no compunction?

BEN T. Compunction ! that's a word I don't understand. If it mean pity—my answer is, no!—a man must feel according to his business.

HAM. Villain !

BEN T. Villain!—well I know that, by your sending for me : an honest man would be of no use to you.

HAM. Slave ! darest thou talk thus to me ?

BEN T. Aye, there it is now; you see, two of a trade can never agree. Well, I've done, and as I'm not in a hurry to go back to my dungeon, with your permission, I'll take a seat, and wait till you have made up your mind, (*sits on the couch, R.*)

HAM. Heavens! Is it possible that human nature can be thus depraved? Yes, 'tis even so : here, here exists a heart as prone to guilt as yon fell assassin's. But yet I lack the courage to perpetrate the deed. But still it must be done—my throne—my life—both are endangered while young Chereddin lives. Then let him perish! by his blood my peace shall be maintained. Come hither, fellow; you know my wishes well—the young prince-----

BEN T. (C.) Must die! your word is law.

HAM. (L. C.) To-night let the deed be done.

BEN T. This instant! but how shall I pass the guard ?

HAM. How! here, take this ring; hide thy figure 'neath some cloak; present it, and you will pass without enquiry.

BEN T. Farewell, then; but remember you are to spare my neck, and pardon all my little errors.

HAM. You have my word.

BEN T. Well, who'd have thought a trifling job like this would have saved my head from the executioner.

Music—*Exit, L.U.E.*

SCENE VII.—*Exterior of the northern wing of the Harem, the Gardens in the distance—A terrace runs across the stage, having communication with the Harem, by means of a flight of steps in the centre. Music—HYDER is seen traversing the Terrace—He descends with caution, examines the door, L. 3 E., but finds it fast.*

EL. H. Each avenue is fast, while the heavy pacing of the watchful sentinel denotes the spot that forms my princess's prison. Tis all in vain, I fear, to attempt a rescue now. Their trusty vigilance seems on the alert: till they slumber, I dare not hope success. Hark ! methought I hoard footsteps—yes, and by the moon's bright rays I discover—yes, 'tis the RAJAH, and in deep converse with—but they are here, (*retires*)

MUSIC—HAMET *enters, conducting BEN TARAB, from R.U.E.—He points to the, door, and tells him he is to enter there ; then pointing to his ring, goes off, R.U.E.—BEN TARAB then goes to the door and knocks—it is opened by HASSAN.*

HAS. Who's there ?

BEN T. A friend.

HAS. Your business ?

BEN T. It lies within yon tower; but advance and look at this, then ask no questions, (*shews the ring*) Is all right?

HAS. It is: pass on,

BEN T. Hold ! (*they advance*) A word or two first.

EL H. (*at back, R.*) Fortune favours my designs—the door is left open—I'll enter and seize the golden opportunity.

Exit into the Harem, L.U.E.

BEN T. You are an agent of the Rajah Hamet ?

HAS. I am.

BEN T. And can be faithful ?

HAS. My services are too well known to be doubted.

BEN T. Enough—then take this gold—and should a sudden noise alarm you, heed it not. You understand me?

HAS. I do.

BEN T. Lead on, then.

Music—HASSAN *conducts him in, L.U.E.*

SCENE VIII.—*Splendid Apartment in the Harem—In the centre a large beautifully decorated Curtain, which, parting in the middle, forms an entrance into another Chamber—Two smaller curtains enclose two side openings—Table with branch and guitar on—After a few bars of symphony, CLIFTON puts forth his head from behind the small curtain, R.*

CLIF. Mat! Mat Mizen

MAT. (*peeping from, the opposite curtain, L.*) Your honour.

CLIF. I'm tired of skulking here, Mat, so I'll wait no longer, but venture forth, spite of all danger.

MAT. Well then, Mat Mizen must follow you, even to the port of death. But I say, master Harry, I fear you'll find this cruise no go.

CLIF. We've got into a scrape, I believe.

MAT. Got into it! Psha! that's nothing—the only thing is how to get out of it.

CLIF. How? fight through it.

MAT. Fight! ah, there it is—anything in the shape of a row, and you're always at home. Well, only issue orders, and here's (*drawing*) a compass that always points to one port, liberty; and dam'me if we an't the only nation that knows how to steer by it.

Music.

CLIF. Hark, some one approaches. I hear soft sounds of music.

MAT. Soft, did you say? then the women are coming. So, quick, your honour, to your hiding place.

Music—*They hide behind the curtains—The large curtain in the centre is drawn up, discovering a group of SLAVES, who advance; after them appear ZADA and CHEHEDDIN—The SLAVES place a couch for her, during which CLIFTON and MAT peep—ZADA now makes signs for the SLAVES to retire, they obey. Bring left alone, ZADA falls into deep melancholy, which, CHEREDDIN observing, strives to comfort her; but she heeds him, not. At length he seizes a lute, left on the couch, and begins to play with it, it revives her; which he observing, begins to dance—he has scarce proceeded a few steps, when he catches a full view of MIZEN—at this he drops the guitar, depicts terror—ZADA starts, runs to him—CHEREDDIN seizes her by the arm, and draw her aside, at the same time MAT withdraws behind the curtain*

ZADA. Chereddin, what mean you? This sudden alarm!

CHER. Hush! (*whispers*)

Music.—*He fearfully turns his head to see if all is safe, then draws his mother as if to whisper, when HYDER enter from back*

ZADA; A man, said you?

CHER. Yes, mother, from yonder curtain I saw-----

ZADA. Heaven! 'tis Hyder! My benefactor, how got you admission? Why expose your life to certain destruction? Know you not that it is death to be found within these walls?

CLIF. (*at back*) Death!

MAT. (*at back*) The devil it is

ZADA. Hark!—heard you not voices?

EL H. Yes, lady, therefore, be prepared, for I fear danger is abroad.

ZADA. Danger! What mean you?

EL H. Hush! Calm your fears. Conceal yourselves but for a short time. Soon 'twill pass, then all shall be explained. Silence, they are here.

Music.—*He motions them to conceal themselves; they fix upon the curtains, ZADA on one side, HYDER and CHEREDDIN on the other. As they turn in, CLIFTON and MAT turn out, and hide behind the couches, R. and L. A dead pause. They each point to the curtain, explaining, in pantomime, the reason of their leaving their hiding place. At this moment BEN TARAB appears—they catch a glance of him, and hide as he and HASSAN enter.*

HAS. This and the adjoining are the apartments allotted for the Princess.

BEN T. Then leave me—hold! you've got the ring—but no matter, you'll remember my figure again—this cloak.

HAS. Fear not, you'll pass freely.

BEN T. Thank you, thank you.

Exit HASSAN,

—Now to business. Hang these disguises, I say, there's no doing one's work comfortably in them. So, off, I say, and lie you there till I have finished. (Music—*places cloak on sofa, R.—HYDER and all of them observe this*)

BEN T. All is dark. Yon lighted branch may assist me.

Music—*He removes the branch of lights, and exits cautiously,*R. 1E.

MAT. (*the stage becomes dark—peeping from the sofa, L.*)
A cut-throat, as sure as my name is Mat.

CLIF. Hush! (*from behind the sofa, R., and feeling for the cloak*)

EL H. (*from behind the curtain, L.*) A'!ls silent. Could I but obtain the cloak, it would ensure escape. Princess! (*she appears R.*)

CLIF. (*in front, R.C.*) Mat!

MAT. (*in front, L.C.*) Here, fast at my moorings.

CLIF. Follow me—and on your life, I charge you, speak not.

Music.—*HYDER has found the cloak by this time, and concealing himself, ZADA, and CHEREDDIN under it, approaches c. opening—HASSAN appeal's.*

HAS. Who's there?

EL H. Have you forgot the cloak?

HAS. Pass on.

Music continues—HYDER, PRINCESS, and CHEREDDIN

Enter BEN TARAB, R. 1 E., with lights.

BEN T. Damnation! they have escaped.

Music continues—*Enter NILAUF—Picture—CLIFTON and NILAUF—MAT and BEN TARAB form a combat of four—NILAUF and BEN TARAB are beaten off—MAT now enters.*

MAT. Victory! What, ho, your honour, Harry Clifton!

CLIF. Here, here, Mat. (*Enters*) All's well. I've done for one.

MAT. And dam'me, I'd have done for another, only the coward ran away. But come, your honour, let's escape while we can.

Exeunt, c.

SCENE IX.—*A stupendous Cataract—small bridges which appear thrown across from rock to rock, and form a regular communication with the stage—A set tree.*

Music.—HAFEZ *is discovered cutting wood, L.U.E.—At length he throws down his axe.*

HAF. Come, I think that a pretty decent load for a man before breakfast. I wonder now whether this new trade of mine will answer? rather an odd change, I must confess—a soldier to a woodman; a cutter of throats to a cutter of sticks; my sword to an axe; my war horse to a poor jackass, and all my former wishes for honours and wreaths and laurels, converted into a desire for a pair of panniers well crammed with faggots of cypress—but where's my companion in labour? Osymn! Osymn! Oh! there you are at your breakfast! Ecod! he knows how to take care of himself. I did not know that I invited you to breakfast, *(a gun fires)* What the devil's that? a gun! *{gun fires again}* Again! Mercy on me, what can it be? *(ZADA screams, he looks off)* A female and a child! and flying too, from the pursuit of an ugly looking villain as ever eyes beheld. Let me conceal myself awhile, and if I can, be of service to her. Hafez shall prove, that, though no great hero, he can act the man when helpless woman claims his aid. But, where can I hide? Ecod! here's a place. A very snug one too. But first, let me take this, as I'm inclined to think it may prove useful.

Music.—HAFEZ *snatches up a bludgeon and enters the opening. ZADA and CHEREDDIN now enter. BEN TARAB rushes in, seizes the PRINCESS, struggles with her, turns her round and gets possession of the PRINCE, draws a pistol, and is about to shoot the PRINCE, ZADA seizes him by the wrist, draws dagger from his girdle, and plunges it into his shoulder—the pain forces him to relinquish the PRINCE, and let fall the pistol, R.C. ZADA exclaim^ "Fly, fly, Chereddin!" He does so, and begins to ascend the rock. By this time TARAB has drawn the dagger from his wound, and draws his sword. ZADA retreats, he pursues, she screams—HAFEZ rushes out, and with his bludgeon knocks TARAB'S sword out of his hand, as ZADA faints into HAFEZ'S left arm. By this time CHEREDDIN has gained the bridge. TARAB makes an attempt to get his sword, but HAFEZ, with his bludgeon, stands on guard and makes a blow at him—he catches it, struggles with him, and throws him to the ground, and then taking advantage of this, ascends the rock, reaches the bridge, and seizes the child. ZADA screams and falls upon her knees. TARAB stands exulting, and is about to dash the child into the torrent, when ZADA sees the pistol BEN TARAB has dropped, and fires—he staggers and relinquishes his hold of the child—then falls into the water.*

CHEREDDIN *descends from the Bridge*. BEN TARAB *is seen striving to climb the rock, but falls in the attempt, and is hurried over the cataracts*. CHEREDDIN and ZADA *kneel and embrace*. HAFEZ *looks on exultingly*.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Barrier and guard-house gate, c. Guard-house windows grated, L.*

MUSIC.—HAFNEZ *is discovered as a sentinel, pacing up and down—sees some one coming*,

HAFN. Who goes there ?

HAF. (*entering with his donkey from R. The PRINCE is concealed in a pannier, which is covered with hay*) I and my donkey—don't you remember us ?

HAFN. Oh! aye, well! you passed the barrier this morning, to ' cut wood.

HAF. Yes. And now I would pass to sell it.

HAFN. You've done some work, I think,

HAF. Much sooner than I expected.

HAFN. You worked hard, then?

HAF. Very, it *was* a hard job; but we finished him at last.

HAFN. We! You went alone—what do you mean by we ?

HAF. We! Why we—me and my donkey, to be sure. And a good helpmate he is too—I cut, he carries—and a deuced deal more than you think of.

HAFN. Indeed! why the whole contents of your panniers don't seem worth having.

HAF. I am glad of it—then there's the greater chance of my keeping it.

HAFN. What have you got under that hay, there ?

HAF. Wood, (*aside*) A pretty compliment to the Prince.

HAFN. What do you cover it for?

HAF. TO prevent people taking what's under it.

HAFN. Oh, never fear—it's perfectly safe.

HAF. Pm glad to hear you say so. But come, good Mr. Sentinel, don't keep me any longer here—for I assure you I am in a hurry to be gone.

HAFN. Well, I'll just step into the guard-house for the keys, and then you may away.

Music.—*He goes into the house, h. During this, ZADA shews hastily. At this moment the PRINCE'S turban falls to the ground, HAFNEZ as he returns sees the turban, and seizes it.*

HAFN. HOW now! what's this ?—by heavens, 'tis a prince's diadem!

HAF. Confusion!

HAFN. Some mystery's here—know you aught of this ?

HAF. Me—I-----

HAFN. This hesitation—these panniers—they may contain—.

HAF. (*stops him*) Hush, hush !

HAFN. What mean you ?

HAF. Be quiet, and I'll tell you.

HAFN. Some one breathes within. So explain this instant, or—

HAF. I will, I will—give me your hand. You are a dev'lish clever fellow—and not only deserve to know the secret, but to share the reward.

HAFN. Reward!

HAF. Aye. Come this way and I will tell you all. (*draws him down*) (*aside*) If this but succeeds in giving them time to cross the barrier, I care not.

HAFN. Now then, out with your story.

HAF. Yes—(*aside*) and a precious long one it shall be, too.

HAFN. (*applies his ear to the pannier*) Now, who is it breathing within that pannier ?

HAF. The owner of that turban.

HAFN. The prince?

HAF. The same.

HAFN. Ah! your aiding his escape, makes you my prisoner.

HAF. Your pardon, the prince is your prisoner, if you please. I was just going to deliver him into your custody.

HAFN. Then why wish to pass the barrier ?

HAF. Listen! come closer, will you ? El Hyder and the Princess are both close at hand. They met me in the forest this morning, and offered me two thousand gold rupees if I would contrive to get them past this barrier. This I consented to, told them I was your brother, could get the keys when I liked, and immediately claimed the rupees.

HAFN. Well, and where are they ?

HAF. Safe in El Hyder's purse. Think you such a man as Hyder was to be tricked ? No, no—this was the bargain : the instant the barrier was opened, I was to receive the money. And then what did I intend to do, but this: having got the reward, I should have alarmed the guard, taken him prisoner, and claimed the other five thousand offered by the Rajah for his apprehension. But as you have in part discovered my plot, help me to complete it, and you shall have half with me.

HAFN. 'Twill be a fortune for us !

HAF. 'Twill indeed. And now, my good fellow, all you hare to

do, is to give me the key and go into the guard-house, and wait till I call " Guards."

HAFN. Stay, I think this will be a better plan: as this El Hyder is a cunning and daring man, perhaps as soon as he sees the barrier open, he will force his way, and do you out of the rupees—so to prevent this, you shall have a key off this bunch, (*gives one*) I'll retire into the guard-house, and as soon as you have got the money, give a loud cough, and then we'll rush out and seize him.

HAF. (*aside*) All's lost.

HAFN. How now! why so sorrowful ?

HAF. Eh ?—why, because I fear I shall not succeed,

HAFN. Not succeed ! Mark me—show him the key, he'll not know it from the right one—say you will alarm the guard, and warrant it will be forthcoming. But to cut the matter short, that's my plan, and none other shall be tried. So make haste and settle it. And mind, be sure to cough loud enough.

Exit into the guard house, R.

ZADA. (*comes forward*) Heaven ! is then our escape prevented ?

HAF. Yes, lady, and inevitable destruction attends your waiting here; so, quick, secure your child and fly !

ZADA takes CHEREDDIN out of the pannier, and is about to cross the stage.

HAF. (*seeing keys in the guard house*) Ah! what do I see? Yes—no—it is—tol de rol—it's all safe, and thus—(*going to take them, HAFNEZ opens the window*)

HAFN. Have you got the money ?

HAF. No, no, not yet—when I cough.

HAFN. Mind what I told you, for everything depends on the key. (*shuts the window*)

HAF. I know it, and thus I make sure, (*locks him in and dances*) Tol de rol. We are safe.

ZADA. But the barrier, how is that to be passed ?

HAF. Oh, I'll soon let you know. Turn about, my dear fellow, and kick away like a new one. (*donkey kicks gate open*) One more like that—it's done. Ahem, ahem ! away with you ! ahem! Huzza, huzza!

Music.—They escape—SOLDIERS are heard knocking to get out—while others are seen at the different gratings in a rage.

SCENE II.—*An extensive jungle—the rushes full high enough for men and horses to hide behind—the whole forming a complete ambush—A large palm tree at the foot of a small raking piece.*

Music.—MOLOC, KOZZAN, ICHANDER, BENXAIDE, and NINA discovered seated beneath the branches of a spreading palm, regaling—HAFEZ is heard without.

HAF. Halloo, halloo, there !—friends, brothers, comrades Huzza, huzza!

Enter HAFEZ, L.U.E.

KOZ. Hafez, here?

HAF. Oh, my dear fellow, I'm so glad to see you—all's right—all's safe. Our chief is safe—the Princess is safe—the Prince is safe—and I am safe—and-----

KOZ. The Prince?

HAF. Has just jumped out of a pair of panniers. But see, here they are—down upon your marrow-bones ; kneel and hail our future sovereign.

*Music.—Enter ZADA, CHEREDDIN, and HYDER, from L.U.E.
The TROOPS shout and kneel.*

ZADA. Rise, my faithful subjects, and receive through me your Prince's grateful thanks—once freed from the tyrant Hamet's grasp, again will we raise our standard, again tread the embattled plain—and by deeds of noble daring strive to regain a throne, of late become the seat of fell oppression. Here, then, let me commit this treasure to your care—my darling boy—your Prince. In your keeping he will be safe—for where can a monarch better find security than in his people's love ?

EL H. And with our lives we will guard the sacred trust!

ZADA. Of that I am convinced. And should I regain my kingdom by my subjects' aid, my first and only thought shall be their happiness,

(Drum)

EL H. Hark ! that distant drum, and see where, through yonder maze, a vaunting banner rears its head—'tis the brilliant crescent—and at its head (grant it, ye powers !) the tyrant Hamet comes. Comrades, to your ambush, and advance not till you hear my signal-away !

Music—They gradually hide behind the rushes—HYDER slowly disappears, as HAMET and his followers enter, L.

HAM. No clue—no prospect of overtaking the fugitives—myself, too, exhausted and borne down. I can go no further—here, then, let me rest, and in the jungle's maze strive to seek repose.

OMAR. Mighty prince, remain not here, I beseech you—consider the spot.

HAM. Oh, it matters not, good Omar, where I rest—this flinty rock gives as much ease to my weary limbs, as the couch of down. But the mind, good Omar, the mind : what can relieve that when 'tis oppressed with guilty fear ?

OMAR. Talk not thus, great prince—the soul of Hamet should scorn to fear.

HAM. Have I not cause? this Chereddin-----

OMAR. A child, without friends or protector—can he unnerve you thus?

HAM. But Hyder—is he not free, too ?

OMAR. What of him? he is but a man. Oh, fie, my lord, you act unwisely. What can you expect of your soldiers, if their leader thus despairs ?

HAM. True, true—I am to blame. Return then, good Omar, to the palace—send forth fresh troops to aid me in my search: for, by Allah, he shall not escape me.

OMAR. And you, my prince-----

HAM. Will here remain, and wait their coming. Nay, entreat not; I am resolved—away!

Music.—OMAR *entreats*—HAMET *angrily bids him hence—he retires, and bows respectfully, followed by the SOLDIERS, L.*—*At this instant, HYDER makes signal to MOLOC and KOZZAN to folloxo and secure them—they depart, followed in silence by a body of TROOPS—HAMET, worn out, now sinks upon the bank, at which period HYDER advances, muffled in his cloak.*

EL H. (C.) Hamet, arise!

HAM. (R.C.) How now—who dares thus disturb me ?

EL H. One who here commands, and will not be commanded. So rise, I say.

HAM. Presumptuous slave!—know you whom you address ?

EL H. Aye, well—but here I heed not state nor person. Yon sparkling diadem would proclaim the monarch; but thy trembling frame denotes thee less than man.

HAM. And who art thou—and why am I thus assailed ?

EL H. Ask your own heart; and should it fail disclosing to you who, and whom you have deeply injured, let this speak more than heart or tongue. Behold!

Music—*Throws off his cloak.*

HAM. Hyder!

EL H. Aye; thy mortal enemy—he, who thou did'st threaten -with lingering death—he, who, in despite of danger, did rescue young Chereddin from thy murderous grasp—he, who lives—still hopes to live—to check thee in thy career of guilt. Hamet, the triumph now is mine—you are in my power.

HAM. Thy power! what ho, Omar !

EL H. Forbear! Hamet, your life hangs but on a thread—one word of mine, and you die !

HAM. Then, thus I free myself.

Music.—*He draws a dagger and rushes on HYDER, who wrests it from him.*

EL H. Weak man, again I spare you; but to make my triumph greater—friends appear!

His TROOPS appear in all directions.

HAM. Surrounded!

EL H. Aye; so yield yourself our prisoner.

HAM. Never! 'tis true, till now the breast of Hamet harboured fear; but thus surrounded, I hurl defiance at ye. Come on, then ; for thus I court a soldier's death.

He draws his scimitar, and stands on guard, but is disarmed and seized.

EL H. Hold! harm him not: his captivity will assist our cause

Summon our troops to the plain—this instant will we advance against the city—his life shall depend on its submission. Where is the Prince?

ZADA. Here, noble chieftain.

HAM. Confusion ! the Prince here,

ZADA. Yes, Hamet; and in his turn to triumph. Oh, mighty chieftain, lose not the present opportunity; but on to the attack, and let yon tyrant see his vanquished troops fly before our conquering arms,

HAM. You talk well, lady: but take heed that you be not disappointed. Reckon not on *my* captivity; 'twill avail you nought. For sooner would I see my city enveloped in flames, myself its burning prey, than breathe one word of base submission. On, therefore, to your ruin, and with my death let me in joy exclaim, "my fall's revenged!"

EL H. Your vaunted courage shall be tried. March !

ZADA. Hold, Hyder ! let me partake this daring enterprise—foremost in the ranks, our royal self will boldly on, and thus inspire our troops with three-fold ardour. Come, Hyder, to the city. On this day's contest depends our Prince's crown.

EL H. Well, be it so, lady. Comrades advance, and let the word be, "Our Prince's right, Death or Victory!"

Two OFFICERS take charge of HAMET—A procession formed—shouts—and closed in by.

SCENE II.—*Fortress and Lighthouse.*

Enter NINA and ICHANDER, from R.

ICH. Come, Nina, dry those tears beseech you—to leave you thus unhappy, doth but unnerve that arm, which should be raised in firmest vengeance.

NINA. And must I leave you ?

ICH. Yes, dear girl, my duty calls.

NINA. Farewell, and Allah grant you victory and safety.

Embrace. Exit, R.

TROOPS enter and form from L.

MOL. Halt, front. Now, Ichander, say, where *is* the chieftain, Hyder ?

ICH. Already advanced within the inner lines.

MOL. And the tyrant, Hamet ?

ICH. Still remains firm to his resolve,

MOL. Then we shall have hot work of it.

OFFICER. (*without*) To arms, to arms !

DRUM.—*Enter OFFICER.*

MOL. What means this alarm ?

OFFICER. The garrison have made a sally—in spite of Hyder's daring courage, have rescued the Rajah.

MOL. Indeed ! then on comrades to the assault. March.

Enter MAT MIZEN, HARRY CLIFTON, and SAILORS, R.

MAT. March. Stand, I say.

ICH. Our friends, the British Sailors. Whither bound lads?

CLIF. To England, my boy, if we can get a craft to take us there.

MAT. Well said, your honor; the sooner we set sail the better. For I am tired of stopping in these cursed mountains.

ICH. At present, my friends, I cannot assist you; for urgent duty demands the use of my sword.

CLIF. What, lighting going forward ?

MOL. Aye, and smart work too.

CLIF. Then press me into the service.

MOL. What, strangers; and afford assistance?

CLIF. Aye, to be sure—we British lads espouse the cause of all who are oppress'd : each true born Briton echoes forth the cry of freedom, and while a sword, a man, or guinea lasts, surrounding nations shall all allow, that Eng'and is the first to combat in the cause of liberty.

ICH. On to the fight!

CLIF. To glory!

MAT. To—anywhere, so that we have a fight.

Exeunt.

SCENE III., AND LAST.— *City Walls, with Gate, and Portcullis c.—Walls manned with HAMET'S TROOPS—EL HYDER and PATRIOTS enter with scaling ladders, they mount, but are beaten back—the Portcullis is raised—A charge of Horse and Foot, EL HYDER and party are forced to retreat—HAMET'S party re-enter the City—the Portcullis falls—HYDER, the PRINCESS armed, and SOLDIERS return to the assault—"Hurrahs" are heard, and CLIFTON, MAT, with SAILORS, dragging in two pieces of artillery, enter—they blaze away—the Portcullis is beaten down—HYDER'S cavalry gallop on, and enter the breach—the SAILORS and others follow—lastly, HAFEZ mounted on his Donkey, comes on, and enters the City shouting—general conflict ensues—Horse and Foot—ZADA and NILAUF—EL HYDER and HAMET—CLIFTON and SAILORS clear the ramparts—the Usurpers party are defeated—CHERREDDIN is brought on upon a shield raised on the shoulders of four men—MAT waves the British Flag upon the ramparts—red fire shouts and.....*

Curtain.