

RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA; OR, THE HAPPY VALLEY.

An Extravaganza,

*Founded on Dr. Johnson's well-known Tale, but at times getting
very wide of its foundation.*

BY

WILLIAM BROUGH,

(*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society*),

AUTHOR OF

Perseus and Andromeda; Endymion, or the Naughty Boy who Cried for the Moon; Conrad and Medora; Lalla Rookh; Perdita, the Royal Milk-maid; The Sylphide; Prince Pretypet and the Butterfly; Prince Amabel, or the Fairy Roses; &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND LONDON.

913800

First performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, (under the Management of Mr. Buckstone,) on Friday, the 26th of December, 1862.



PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA; OR, THE HAPPY VALLEY!

The new and magnificent Scenery by Mr. O'CONNOR, Mr. MORRIS, and Assistants. The Costumes by Mr. BARNETT and Miss CHERRY, from designs by M. MORGAN, Esq. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. FOSTER. The Machinery by Mr. OLIVER WALES. The Dances invented and arranged by M. EMILE PETIT, of Her Majesty's Theatre. The Overture and Incidental Music composed and arranged by Mr. D. SPILLANE.

Characters in the Original Tale.

RUMFIZ THE GREAT (<i>Emperor of Abyssinia, an absolute Sovereign, cutting a powerful figure as a potent-eight</i>)	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.
RASSELAS (<i>Prince of Abyssinia, fourth son of the Emperor, a strange "Prince's Mixture," being at once the younger son, and the heavy sigher</i>)	Miss LOUISE KEELEY.
IMLAC (<i>The Poet Laureate, his "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,"—always his African cheri, he is, by helping him to es-cape, made-dearer</i>)	Mr. COMPTON.
NAUTINIM } <i>Ministers (prime or otherwise) of the Emperor, responsible advisers of the Crown</i> } THIXCULLI } <i>but being unable to answer anything, are clearly without response-ability</i>	Mr. COURTNEY.
MEERBLOC } STUPIDAS }	Mr. FIELD. Mr. MOYSE. Mr. WETTEN.
AULTAUC (<i>an Inventive Genius, with flighty notions about flying—who, endeavouring to soar in the air, falls with a bump that makes him sore on earth instead</i>)	Mr. CLARK.

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BENI-ZOUG-ZOUG (*Chief of a Tribe of Arab Banditti, who, constantly committing some assault, are never idle, but always be-doin' Arabs*) Mr. W. FARREN.
NEKAYAH (*a Sister of Rasselas, and as-sister in his escape; she wishing to know something of the world, as the best way to get at an ocean, goes to see*) Miss WINTER.
(Her first Appearance in London.)

PEKUAH (*Her lady's maid and confidante—a tiring woman to the Princess, but it is hoped the reverse of a tiring woman to the audience*) Miss E. ROMER.
Princes, Lords, Ladies, Guards, Arab Banditti, &c., &c.

Characters obligingly contributed by the Authoress of "Dinarbæ—A Sequel to Rasselas."

AMALPHIS (*an old Abyssinian Soldier, who having seen no end of service in wars, is now, for the first time, called on to serve in a piece*) Mr. BRAID.
DINARBÆ (*his Son, travelling to complete his studies, but abruptly compelled to study to complete his travæs*) Miss LUCY RUSHTON.
ZILLA (*Daughter of Amalphis—A little pet, that soon leads to a great passion*) Miss LINDLEY.

CHORUS.

DR. JOHNSON (*who will appear in Propria Persona, for the first time since his lamented decease*) Mr. TILBURY.
(Who is re-engaged at this Theatre)

THE HAPPY VAGABOND,

Programme of Scenery, &c.

In which Rasselas is not only found bored as well—The attempted flight—the winged man, and the (k)no-wing man combined in one—Imlac consulted as to the Prince's chance of escape, recommends an underground railway—in fact gives his vote for the burron. The Escape!!

A CLOUDED PROSPECT.

First appearance of the Original Author of Rasselas upon the Haymarket boards.

THE PYRAMIDS !

The Pic-nic on the desert sands, where Rasselas by no means exhibits the proverbial jollity of a sand-boy.—Pekuah glancing at the Pyramid has one terrified look in, and immediately afterwards has a terrible look out. Arrival of the Arab Banditti, who carry on the plot, and carry off Pekuah. Rasselas plays his heart and loses—Nekayah follows suit.

No end of trumps turn up, including the trump of war.

FORTRESS AND GARDENS OF THE ARAB CHIEF !

Where the Arab, as in knightly duty bound, provides for his captivating captive.

AN ARIABIAN KNIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT,

Consisting of a

DIVERTISSEMENT DES CLOCHETTES,

By Mademoiselle IDALIE, from Her Majesty's Theatre, and Les Clochettes, by Misses HARRISON, LOVELL, COATES, DAVIS, and the CORPS DE BALLET.

COUNCIL HALL IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE !

The heir to the throne, tired of being an "heir-y nothing," kicks up a *breeze*, which is a severe *blow* to his father, Rasselas, however, who then comes back in a *hurry-can* settle matters *gale-hy*.

OUTSIDE THE CITY GATES !

The Arab Chief joins the revolt in a revolting manner, but soon gets a *flooring* and his fate get's a *sealing*. Con-sternation ! Botheration !! Subjugation !! Exaltation !!! Resignation !!! Abdication !!! Coronation !!!!!!

THRONE ROOM IN THE PALACE !

Rasselas having secured his patrimony, naturally turns his mind to matrimony—General clearing up of every thing, with

A VISION OF HAPPINESS !

RASSELAS,

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA; OR, THE HAPPY VALLEY.



SCENE FIRST.—*The Happy Valley—Temple, l., rock over-looking lake, r.*

PRINCES, COURTIERS, LADIES, &c., grouped about—GIRLS dancing—Enter RUMFIZ, attended, r.—flourish of trumpets.

RUMFIZ. My children dwelling in this Happy Valley—
Gentlemen all, and ladies of the ballet—
Your father and your emperor greets you here,
As is his custom once in every year,
To share your gladness! So, to meet his views, you'll
P'raps be a little jollier than usual. (*all shout*)
Here, in this Happy Valley, you're aware
Our princes and princesses, free from care,
Spend their young days—which hence are called,
with truth,

Their *happy valleyable* days of youth.
Here, amid pleasures every sense entrancing,
You pass your lives in singing and in dancing;
Surely you're happy all, 'mid joys like these?
Of course! another shout then if you please. (*all shout*)
And you, my sons, are you all here?—let's see—
My eldest—right—sons number two and three;
But Rasselas, my fourth son—where's he roaming?
He who comes fourth, why, isn't he forthcoming?

Enter RASSELAS, r.

RASSEL. Who calls for Rasselias?

RUMFIZ. Hey-day, my lad!
What's happened?

RASSEL. Nothing—I wish something had,
Or might, could, would, or should—but, deuce a bit!
Nothing will happen—that's the worst of it!

RUMFIZ. What want you?

RASSEL. Nothing—if I wanted aught,
I should not thus with *ennui* be distraught.
'Tis lacking nothing that my brain half crazes!
RUMFIZ. One lack you seem to have—the lack-a-daisies!
What is't you'd have occur, I ask once more?
RASSEL. Anything that has not occurred before.
What would the mill-horse have who's daily bound
To plod the same eternal round and round?
What the poor sempstress, who, the live-long day,
Keeps on stitch, stitch, for only *so-so* pay?
What would he have, who, to the cab-fares strange,
Tenders a coin? Poor man! he'd like some change.
Some change—that's what I want.

RUMFIZ. I see you do—
You'd better set about it quickly, too;
Change your whole manner, bearing, speech and
temper, or
You'll find what 'tis to aggravate an emperor!
Come, friends, away; resume your mirth. Enough
Of this poor, spooney, sentimental muff!

Music—exeunt all but RASSELAS R.—GIRLS dancing, &c.
RASSEL. Why was I born a prince, since royal birth
Dooms me to be shut out from all the earth;
The use and custom of this realm ordain
I must dwell here till called upon to reign.
Vile use! vile custom! vain is my abuse;
I've often *cuss'd em*—without any use.

Song.—Air, “Love's Young Dream.”

Oh, the days are gone when pleasures bright
My heart e'er knew.
Now my look out, from morn till night,
Is blue, dark blue.
From sports and pastimes I receive
Of joy no gleam;
And as for girls, I don't believe
In love's young dream.

Air, “The Whole Hog or none.”

Oh, lawks, girls! for me no matrimony,
Vain your curls, your smiles and glances sunny.

I'm miserable, bored, used up, and misanthropical;
 A boy so far from buoyant can't be gallant to a gal.
 In my case, Sir Charles Coldstream e'en would find himself outdone.

Those who go in for gloom should go the whole hog or none.

Air, "Ah, Bello, a me Ritorna."—Norma.

A fellow gay we scorn, ah!
 Who feels no woe severe, oh!
 A right down gloomy hero
 Gets sympathy, we know.
 A fellow may be born, ah!
 To wealth and rank in vain, oh!
 If he to pleasure say, "No,"
 And will all mirth forego.
 So since the go 'tis,
 You'll please to notice
 How I go in for woe.

All save myself are happy here—how gay they are;
 Yet are they so, or do they only say they are?
 All who come here must here remain for good;
 Would they like me escape it if they could?
 As Lord Dundreary says, that is no doubt,
 One of those things no fellow can make out.

(*a bird sings above*)

Pretty Dick, are you happy? You must be,
 For you have wings and therefore liberty;
 Oh, had I wings, like you, to roam through air!

Enter AULTAUC, L.

AULT. (*pulling out tailor's measure*) Let me, sir, take your measure for a pair.

RASSEL. What mean you?

AULT. What I say, just give the word.

RASSEL. You can provide me wings—

AULT. Wings! Like a bird!

RASSEL. Think you men can fly, then?

AULT. Have you ne'er read it, or Heard that men have flown?

RASSEL. Often from a creditor:

But for my flight—excuse the observation,
It seems a flight of your imagination !
The thing's impossible !

AULT. Not so ; I vow
Nothing's impossible to science now ;

In fact, you may make any call on science.

RASSEL. I see. For a *make-any-call* appliancee.

AULT. I have inventions for all sorts of things,
From patent nut crackers to patent wings ;
'Tis my discovery that each paper quotes,
Asking its readers—"Do you bruise your oats?"
Sewing machines I've to be sold or hired,
And for my taps no vent-peg is required ;
I've bellows, by which anything is blown,
Including trumpets !

RASSEL. 'Specially your own :
But oh ! to sail on airy pinions ! tell me
You in that sail do not intend to sell me.

AULT. What, I, who o'er all matter hold dominion,
Be foiled by a mere matter of a *pinion* ?
This one poor feat is easy, I repeat !

RASSEL. In mercy, tell me, How is your poor feat ?
Is it accomplished yet, or like to be ?

AULT. Wait till I fetch my wings, and you shall see.

RASSEL. Your wings ! Then have you tried it ?

AULT. Tried ! My plans, sir,
Never need trying—they're all sure to answer.

Duet—Air, "Aunt Sally."

AULT. So mathematically,
My wings I trim and shape ;

RASSEL. Then from the Happy Valley
With them I may escape !

AULT. You'll find their action tally
With every promise made.

RASSEL. New hopes within me rally
At this unlooked for aid !

AULT.* Oh dear, oh !
Such a wonderful chap am I ;
So scientifically,
I do whate'er I try.

RASSEL.* Go, sir, go—

What a wonderful chance, if I
From out the Happy Valley
By this man's aid may fly. (*repeat together*
*from **) *Exit AULTAUC, R.*

RASSEL. Oh, joy! no more a prisoner here I'll stop.
With wings, I can yon mountain range o'ertop;
Whose overhanging summit many a time
I've wished were *summat* easier to climb.
He comes, great creature! and prepared for flight.

AULTAUC enters on platform, R., with wings on.

My friend, d'ye think success is certain?

AULT. Quite!
I turn this screw, adjust this pivot—so,

Get the wings filled with air, and off we go.
(*he springs from the rock and goes floundering into the lake*)

RASSEL. He's failed, the puppy! that such blindness
could be—

AULT. Help! I'll be drowned!

RASSEL. Yes, as blind puppies should be!
But there! (*pulls him out, R. C.*) And now away, or
dread my wrath,

Impostor! duffer! leave me—go to Bath!

AULT. I've been to one already. Pardon, pray!
There was a screw loose somewhere.

RASSEL. Hence! away!
Drives him off, L.

Fool that I was to look for aid from him,
He fly indeed! He couldn't even swim.
This so-called Happy Valley then, I fear
There's no escape from. Eh! whom have we here?

Enter IMLAC, with pickaxe and spade, L.

IMLAC. (*sings*) A pickaxe and a spade, a spade
My tunnel to complete,
To dig a way that must be made
From out this blessed retreat.

RASSEL. Imlac, the poet, say what mean those tools?
Here, where all labour is against the rules.

Speak, I command !

IMLAC. (*falling on his knees*) Discovered ! foiled at last,
After so many years in digging past.

RASSEL. In diggin' !

IMLAC. Yes, calm your in-diggin-ation ;
I'll give a diggin-ified explanation.

RASSEL. Proceed !

IMLAC. Great prince, forgive me, I implore ;
This Happy Valley life for years I bore ;
The more I bore it the more it bored me,
My wits seemed over-bored, and quite at sea ; —
Enraged I formed a plan you may think droll :
The whole bored me, so I would bore a hole
Through yonder mountain —

RASSEL. To escape ! oh, say ?

IMLAC. Yes, with this spade I meant to *cut a way* ;
To-day it had been finished had not you,
Discovered me !

RASSEL. Come to my arms, friend, do ! (*embracing him*)
I too have tried a way from here to find :
All plans save mining tried—but *never mined* !
Come, let us fly ! If this our flight secures,
Yours is the mine—henceforth what's mine is yours ;
I will assist you—give me hold—be quick !

IMLAC. (*offering digging tools*) Here, take your choice ;

RASSEL. Not I !

IMLAC. Then take your pick ; (*gives him pickaxe*)

RASSEL. To work—my strength now to the utmost taxing ;
Come, friend, we'll soon find our way out—by axing.

Exeunt, r. 2 E.

Enter NEKAYAH, followed by PEKUAH, L.

NEKA. Don't tell me, girl—I'll find the secret out ;

PEKU. Yes, if there is one, ma'am, you will no doubt.

NEKA. For months from out my window every day,
I've watched the poet Imlac come this way,
At evening's close ; in such a dirty mess,
His evening's close don't smack of evening dress !

PEKU. He ne'er was a *smart* writer, ma'am, you know ;

NEKA. And then he halts—

PEKU. In verse he oft does so ;

NEKA. Then takes from 'neath yon sheltering bushes' shade
Some digging tools;

PEKU. Nay, call a spade a spade!

NEKA. Explain his use for such things, if you can;
He's single, mind, he's not a husbandman!
Nor needs he gardener's tools.

PEKU. Nay; 'pon my life,
There's one he often needs—the pruning knife.

NEKA. To find out what it is he does, I'm burning,
See, as I live, he's from his work returning!
My brother with him, too! Let's step aside,—

PEKU. And what a state they're both in.

NEKA. Quick—let's hide! *They go off, l. 2 E.*
Enter IMLAC and RASSELAS, r. 2 E.

RASSEL. We've done the job!

IMLAC. Thanks to your youthful powers!
With my old arms, it would have taken hours.
How you did work! I ne'er saw digging finer.

RASSEL. I'm under age, so may well be a *miner*.

Come, from this hated spot at once let's fly.

NEKA. (*appearing*) So, that's it, eh?

RASSEL. My sister—you turned spy?

NEKA. Not so—I'd share your flight!

RASSEL. You would? you shall!

PEKU. (*appearing*) Take pity, too, on a poor servant gal.

IMLAC. Well, well—go pack your jewels—everything
That sold or pawned a five pound note will bring;
This night we'll quit this scene of past affliction.

RASSEL. And to the Valley give our valley-diction.

*Quartette—Air, "Through the world wilt thou fly, love,"
Bohemian Girl.*

RASSEL. Through the world will we try, now,
Through the world, to see

In what station, low or high, now,

Happiness may be.

NEKA. Through the world will we try, now,
Through the world, to see

In what station, low or high, now,

Happiness may be.

Come away, come away, come away!

PEKU. & IMLAC. To the world, we can fly, now,
 All the world to see ;
 For what happens nought care I, now,
 From this place once free.

Come away, come away, come away !

Exeunt, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*Clouds*—DR. JOHNSON enters, R.

DR. JOHNSON. Sirs, both of mean estate, and of good
 quality—

For e'en the great find pleasure in frivolity—
 I'm Dr. Johnson, who first wrote the book
 From which this play the present author took.
 A worthy man this author, by the bye,
 Though somewhat lacking in profundity ;
 And p'raps too fond of trying by jocosity
 To compensate for want of ponderosity.
 I've come as Chorus to explain what's passed
 Since Rasselas you here encountered last.
 Some years you must suppose elapsed since then—
 In which time Rasselas has mixed with men
 Of all conditions—seeking for the state
 Where happiness may most preponderate ;
 But rich or poor, wise, simple, great or mean,
 No state of life to please him has he seen ;
 While in the future he's the present losing
 By over scruples in choosing ;
 For he who waits for absolute felicity
 Shows less of prudenee than of sheer simplicity.

*Song—Air, "Through all the Employments of Life,"
*Beggar's Opera.**

Through all the conditions of life,
 Each man we find envies his brother ;
 Discontent on all hands is so rife
 That one lot seems as bad as the other.
 The poor think 'twere bliss to have wealth,
 The rich by wealth's cares feel oppressed ;
 My lord envies Giles his rude health,
 While Giles his sick lordship deems blessed.

The citizen longs for green fields,
 The rustic would dwell in the city;
 Small joy to the wit learning yields,
 The dolt would give worlds to be witty;
 The old man regrets his past youth,
 The youth man's estate longs to see;
 And no soul seems content-- it's the truth--
 Unless somebody else he could be.

The Prince, who's now in Cairo with his friends,
 This day to view the Pyramids intends;
 For he who finds in life no satisfaction
 Oft takes to sight-seeing for mere distraction:
 Sirs, I have done. Don't blame of words my paucity,
 Of all things, I abominate verbosity. *Exit, L.*

Clouds disperse, discovering SCENE THIRD.—A View of the Pyramids.

RASSELAS, IMLAC, NEKAYAH, and PEKUAH seated, c., on a large carpet, at a pic-nic—ATTENDANTS standing by.

IMLAC. (R.) Isn't this jolly?

RASSEL. (R. C.) No, sir, nothing's jolly;
 Leaving the Happy Valley was mere folly.

IMLAC. While you abode there you could not abide it;

RASSEL. What better, pray, have we yet seen outside it?

IMLAC. You've seen the world!

RASSEL. What is it, after all?

A ball of earth—not like my *fancy ball*;
 I thought, if free my choice of life to make,
 Some state I should find happy—a mistake!
 The poor man, with his little, likes it not,
 The rich man's not contented with his lot.

NEKA. (L. C.) To pastoral life 'mongst shepherds if we look,
 We can't find happiness by hook or crook.

RASSEL. The learned, whose deep lore we venerate,
 We find theirs is a deep-lore-able state.

PEKU. (L.) If to your search, *the great no profit grant*,
The kitchen range of my experience can't.

IMLAC. My children, these repinings pray give o'er,
The pyramid we've come here to explore.
So to our task—at once we will begin it.

RASSEL. Like all we've seen, you'll find there's nothing in it.

PEKU. Don't be too sure of that, sir, p'raps there may be.

NEKA. What means the girl?

PEKU. (*terrified*) Oh, ma'am ! since quite a baby,
I've heard black holes and catacombs like these
Are full of bogies. Don't go in, ma'am, please.

NEKA. Pekuh, these ridiculous emotions—

IMLAC. Pekuh has pekuah-liar notions.

RASSEL. I mean to enter all of them, so come !

PEKU. *To enter all*, nay, that's *too wentur-some*.

At the dark prospect, I'm to death half-frightened !

RASSEL. What are dark prospects to our views enlightened?
Bogies are fables merely.

PEKU. May be so !

They're fables with the worst of morals though.

NEKA. Brother, enough ! if the poor girl's afraid
Let her wait here—she is a waiting maid.

Look to my bag. (*giving her travelling bag*)

PEKU. Oh, ma'am !

IMLAC. Her words don't mind.
Come, we'll leave bag and baggage both behind.

Exeunt RASSELAS, NEKAYAH, and IMLAC to pyramid, R. 2 E.

PEKU. That horrible dark hole, it's black as ink ;
What they can want in there now, I can't think.
Missus's bag ! (*opening it*) What heavenly lace falls,
What ducks of diamonds, what loves of shawls,
A looking-glass ! Ne'er was temptation greater.
Young man, just hold this mirror up to natur'.
(*gives looking-glass to a GUARD, who advances to R. C.*)

Song—PEKUH—Air, "Tis to-morrow—Yes, to-morrow,"
(*Fra Diavolo.*) during which she tries on various articles.

These to borrow, just to borrow
Can be surely no great crime,
Although 'twill doubtless cause me sorrow
When to take them off 'tis time.

(*looking at herself in glass*)

For a servant, there's no denying;
 I've a figure that's not much amiss.
 When well dressed my missis defying
 To show such a figure as this.
 I'm sure, I'm sure
 That I don't look amiss.

How nice I look thus dressed! my form, how pretty,
 Clasped by this *band*, it is—

BENI-ZOUG-ZOUG and FOLLOWERS enter L., and seize her.

BENI. Right! by *banditti*!

(GUARDS fly in terror to the pyramid, R.)

PEKU. Help! murder! Fellows, have you lost you reason?

In winter time what means this *summary seizin'*?

Act like a hero—let me free, now, please, sir!

BENI. I'm not an (N)ero, though I am a *seizer*—

Likewise a-gripper.

PEKU. (*struggling to get free*) You're, I feel, the latter.

What would you with me?

BENI. A mere business matter—

You'll be my pris'ner till I get your ransom!

PEKU. What do you rate me at?

BENI. (*bowing to her*) At something handsome.

PEKU. You show your taste, good Arab, I allow;

But, as Pat says, *arrah, be aisy, now!*

I'm but a servant!

BENI. Fellows, do your duty. (*they seize PEKUAH*)

This is a splendid catch—in fact a *booty*!

They carry her off—she struggling, L.

Enter DINARBAS, walking with measured strides, followed
 by ZILIA and AMALPHIS, R. 1 E.

ZILIA. Brother, how fast you walk.

DINAR. (*counting his paces*) Nine—ten—eleven!

AMAL. Peace, child, don't interrupt him.

DINAR. (*still counting*) Twenty-seven!
 (*he stops, L., and looking up at the pyramid, R., makes calculations in his pocket book*)

Add the co-sine of angle for the rise of it;

Square the result, and that's about the size of it.

(*hands pocket book for AMALPHIS's inspection*)

AMAL. (c.) Wondrous!

DINAR. To measure yonder pyramid
I took the needful steps.

AMAL. I saw you did.

DINAR. Reckoned so many paces. A new school
Of measurement—by my own *two-foot-rule*.

ZILIA. (r.) Of your achievements you're too great a talker!
Measure by steps! It's a clear case of Walker!

AMAL. Child, of his science speak with more respect.
His steps I deem the *march of intellect*.

At cyphering he equals Cocker's fame.

DINAR. Nay, my arithmetic's a *Walking-game*!

ZILIA. And what's the use of all this calculation?

AMAL. Part of his military education!
He'd be an engineer.

DINAR. (*impatiently*) There—there, have done!

ZILIA. An engineer! he's not a civil one.

When we left home I looked for parties—balls,
Not planning roads and measuring stone walls.

I'd mingle with mankind, would share their pleasures.
Reversing the old cry, see "Men—not measures!"

AMAL. My son, resume your studies, for time presses!
Our native land is in the worst of messes!
The Arabs threaten war—the Egyptians too;
We must take measures to oppose them.

DINAR. True!
I'm fond of taking measures.

AMAL. Come then, do it
Exeunt, L. 1 E.

*Enter RASSELAS, driving ATTENDANTS before him, followed
by NEKAYAH weeping, and IMLAC, r. 2 E.*

RASSEL. What was the number of these Arab thieves?

ATTEND. Well, there was thousands of 'em we believes.

RASSEL. Thousands!

ATTEND. Well, hundreds, p'raps.

RASSEL. Or tens?

ATTEND. May be—

I'm very certain I saw two or three.

RASSEL. Knaves! from such numbers, two or three, to run!

IMLAC. The number they thought of was number one.

NEKA. True, they could mind their p's and q's; but ah,
Would they had minded mine—O, Pe-ku-ah!
She was so good.

IMLAC. Nay, weep not thus about her.

NEKA. So kind, so true! how can I live without her?
Pekuah gone! the thought's too much to bear.

Who'll hook and eye me, and who'll do my hair?

RASSEL. Weep not, I'll seek her all the country round,
Nor rest till I restore her safe and sound!

NEKA. Safe, sound, say you?

RASSEL. Sound as an uncut caper;
Safe as the Bank of England—keeps its paper!

IMLAC. There, dry your eyes, wipe off the marks of
tears;

The water-mark's no use now it appears!

NEKA. Fly, brother, haste! my mind is on the rack
To see her face! When shall I see her back?

RASSEL. This moment I in search of her will fly!

(he is going out, l. 1 e. when he is met by ZILIA)

ZILIA. Still at their measurements!

RASSEL. (starting) Oh, lor!

ZILIA. (starting) Oh, my!

RASSEL. I beg your pardon!

ZILIA. I beg yours!

RASSEL. What for?

ZILIA. I don't quite know—

RASSEL. Nor I!

ZILIA. Oh, my!

RASSEL. Oh, lor!

Did you speak?

ZILIA. No; did you?

IMLAC. (r.) I think one might
Pronounce this what folks call a case of "smite."

NEKA. (c.) Brother, is this your promise? Wherefore stay
you?

Go seek my dear Pekuah out, I pray you!

RASSEL. Bother your maid servant!

NEKA. Nay, cruel brother!

RASSEL. All right; I'll advertise and get another.

(crosses with ZILIA to r. c.)

NEKA. What other in my heart can take her place?

Enter DINARBAS, l. 1 e.

NEKA. (*starting*) Oh, dear!

IMLAC. It strikes me here's another case.

DINAR. So here's an end to all my ordnance survey;

That form turns my poor figures topsy-turvey.

NEKA. (*aside*) Pekuah was a treasure, but somehow
I think I could exist without her now.

DINAR. Fair maid—

Enter AMALPHIS, l. 1 e.

AMAL. How now! who are these strangers? Speak!

IMLAC. Merchants, sir. Come our fortune here to seek;
From Abyssinia—

AMAL. Their acquaintance drop!

DINAR. } (*imploringly*) Father!

ZILIA. }

AMAL. (*disdainfully*) They're tradesfolk!

RASSEL. (*aside to IMLAC*) I say, sink the shop!

IMLAC. Not for the world—you must for yet a while,
Your youthful rank conceal from this old file.

AMAL. You're Abyssinians?

IMLAC. Yes!

AMAL. Then you have heard
The rumours of invasion?

IMLAC. Not a word!

RASSEL. My country threatened! Let us fly to save her.

AMAL. Well said! though humble, you seem bold,
young shaver!

Our country's cause accepts your contribution,
Shopmen may raise a counter-revolution.

RASSEL. Shopmen!

IMLAC. (*aside to him*) Be careful!

AMAL. If you've no objection,
You may return home, under my protection!

RASSEL. By the way, tell me, what's caused the affray?

AMAL. As you request—I'll tell you, by the way.

*Concerted Music—Air, "Stolen kisses are the sweetest,"
Buckley's Serenaders.*

RASSEL. Let's be off then, lose no time,
'Tis plain we've none to spare now.

ZILIA. You go with us! Oh! how prime,
For nothing need I care now!

DINAR. (to NEKAYAH) Take my arm, dear maid, I pray.

NEKA. This is jolly, I must say.

ZILIA. Should papa object.

RASSEL. (to her) My sweetest!
Stolen bliss is the completest.

Chorus.

ALL. Come, for we've no time to waste,
Home together let us haste;
We can speak upon the way
All we have to say.

AMAL. (to DINARBAS) Boy, go take your sister's arm.

RASSEL. Nay, trust her pray to me, sir.

IMLAC. All right gov'nor, there's no harm——

DINAR. To this fair maid I'll see, sir.

AMAL. I'll have no love-making, mind!

RASSEL. (aside to ZILIA) Wait until a chance we find.

ZILIA. To obey him is discreetest.

RASSEL. Stolen kisses are the sweetest.

Chorus.

ALL. Come, for we've no time to waste! &c.

*They repeat chorus the second time pianissimo, and
exeunt, L.*

DR. JOHNSON enters, R.

Dr. JOHNSON. With this piece and its author I have done;
He is a man who'd perpetrate a pun,
And therefore, pick a pocket—so he steals
My story, turning it head over heels.
Who's Zilia? Who's Dinarbas? None of mine,
I will not listen to another line.
For he who countenances vitiation
Shares the demerit of its perpetration. *Exit, L.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Fortress and Gardens of the ARAB CHIEF.*

Enter PEKUAH in a passion, followed by BENI-ZOUG-ZOUG, from the castle, R.

BENI. Weep not, fair princess. Those bright eyes which beam

Like diamonds—now of pure water seem.

Come, let me dry them? (*approaching her*)

PEKU. You let me alone—

Never mind my eyes—just you mind your own.

What business have you to detain me here?

BENI. Simply the business of a buccaneer.

I levy tribute 'mongst these hills and dells,

I tax the rougher sex and toll the *belles*;

It's all I have to live upon, you see,

And business has been wretched latterly.

PEKU. Why did I meddle with my lady's dresses?

My ransom you have fixed at a princess's,

Of gold two hundred ounces—shameful!

BENI. Pooh! It's much too cheap for a dear girl like you!

Your friends will doubtless at the offer grab,

And send your ransom and your 'ansom cab—

To fetch you home.

PEKU. That paid, you'll let me go?

BENI. Oh, honour!

PEKU. Among thieves! Precisely so.

BENI. I, as an Arab, to my word will stick;

I swear by gum—aye, by gum Arabic.

Duet—Air, "La ci darem," Don Giovanni.

BENI. La ci darem la mano.

That's give your hand to me!

PEKU. I don't speak Italiano!

Plain English let it be.

BENI. Vieni mio bel diletto!

That I can't interpret, oh!

BENI. Io cangierò—and so on.

PEKU. Please now, like this, don't go on.

BENI. Vieni—come then!

La ci darem la mano.

PEKU. That you observed before.
 BENI. 'Tis give your hand to me!
 PEKU. This lingo is quite a bore.
 BENI. Vieni, &c.
 Andiam! andiam!
 PEKU. Andiam!
 BOTH. Andiam—andiam! that's easy.
 It means—let's go—so please ye,
 And so of this no more.

BENI. Come, though, your Arab knight your smiles to gain
 meant

With an Arabian knight's entertainment.
 So, dry your eyes, fair princess! Slaves, advance,
 And entertain her highness with a dance.

BALLET.

Divertissement des Clochettes, closed in by

SCENE FIFTH.—*Palace of the Emperor.*

Enter RUMFIZ and MINISTERS, R.

RUMFIZ. Hang out our banners—no, I don't mean that—
 Send out more horses—eh? what am I at?
 Sure, ne'er was emperor in such a stew!
 Will anybody tell me what to do?

NAUT. I can't imagine!

RUMFIZ. No—you never could!

THIX. I've no idea!

RUMFIZ. That's quite understood!

MEER. I'd counsel if I could—

RUMFIZ. But can't—so won't.

STUPID. I don't feel competent—

RUMFIZ. I'm sure you don't,

You are prime ministers to rule a nation;

But come, let us review the situation.

Our son and heir, who craves his father's post,

Kicks up this broil 'cause he can't rule the roast;

Forming alliances with tribes extensive,

Defensive, and especially offensive:

Arabs, Egyptians, we can 'mongst the mob tell,

Helping our native-born, tag-rag, and bobtail!

NAUT. How did the prince the Happy Valley 'scape ?

RUMFIZ. Rasselas, he first got us in this scrape ;

He dug the hole which served his brother's plan,
Leaving an opening for that nice young man :
Old Imlac helped him—would we had him here !

Enter IMLAC, R.

IMLAC. Talk of the—what's his name, sire—he'll appear.

RUMFIZ. (*collaring him*) Slave !

IMLAC. Nay, 'till I've my mission here made known.
Restrain your choler, and let mine alone.

Song.—Air, "A Master I have."

A master I have, and I am his man;

He's galloping here anon,

Before him I his *avant courier* ran,

'Tis Rasselas, sir—your son.

When he heard of your troubles, he thought 'twas his plan,
Not to wait for the waggon—he'll soon lead the van.

And he's daily, gaily,

Rapid po'-chay-ly,

Racin' it, pacin' it, straining each trace on it,

Galloping here anon.

RUMFIZ. My son who cut away, come back ? Explain !

IMLAC. Yes ; it's a case of cut and come again.

RUMFIZ. Small profits from his quick return he'll net ;

As a deserter his desert he'll get ;

He is a traitor, and as such, he shall die !

IMLAC. A traitor ! Yes, sire, so was Garibaldi.

He broke the law, no doubt, but 'tis contended,

Some laws want breaking, that they may be mended.

RUMFIZ. He got us in this pickle——

IMLAC. There's no doubt of it.

But punishing him will scarce get you of it.

RUMFIZ. I'spose it won't—my lords, speak ! what say you ?

NAUT. I know not what to say.

RUMFIZ. You never do !

Oh, for some counsel with some grain of sense !

Enter RASSELAS, R., he kneels.

RASSEL. Let me be counsel, sire, for the defence !

At once our troops to call out is my plan,

And as their leader, place me in the van.

RUMFIZ. You lead our armies ! False, rebellious son,
One van we'll place you in—the prison one.

RASSEL. A gaol ! that hated car ! Oh, sire, ill-fated,
You wouldn't see your son in-car-sir-hated.

RUMFIZ. I would ! To prison drag him—Imlac too.

RASSEL. And who's to save the nation if they do ?

I can my fault repair.

I aid might lend.

RUMFIZ. It is too late !

RASSEL. Never too late to mend.

RUMFIZ. You can the tide of this invasion stem ?

What think you, sirs ? (*to MINISTERS*) What use
though asking them !

NAUT. My liege, we think—

RUMFIZ. 'Tis false—I wish you would think !

NAUT. I mean, we might have thought so if we could
think.

RUMFIZ. Blockheads ! when troubles gather thick around—

IMLAC. Their heads the thickest troubles, I'll be bound.

RUMFIZ. Enough ! If you suppress these tribes revolting,
No locking up shall punish you for bolting.

That's the condition !

RASSEL. I'm no more demanding,

I fear no Locke upon that understanding.

RUMFIZ. Upon the understanding you succeed.

RASSEL. Just so—our land from rebels shall be freed ;

I'll floor each Arab that against us come is,

Th' Egyptians beat into Egyptian mummies.

Gov'nor, your hand ! This brooks of no delay,

My soul's in arms and eager for the fray !

Song and Chorus.—Air, "Billy Patterson."

RASSEL. I'll thrash them, I'll hash them, I'll smash and
I'll crash.

ALL. Oh!—how he patters on !

RASSEL. I'll polish off, demolish off the earth the foemen
rash.

ALL. So you tell me—so you tell me !

RASSEL. I'll attack 'em, and I'll whack 'em, and I'll hack 'em into bits.

ALL. Oh!—still he patters on!

RASSEL. I'll meet 'em and defeat 'em, and I'll beat 'em into fits.

ALL. So you tell me—so you tell me!

RASSEL. This wretched rabble rout
I'll send to right-about,
"Peccavi" they shall cry;
But by no means I'll say "die."
I'll bet ten dollars down,
And leave it in my will,
To any man whoever can
This child in battle kill.

CHORUS. He'll bet ten dollars down, &c.

ALL *dance off*, L.

SCENE SIXTH.—*Outside the Walls of the City.* Large gate of entrance, L. 2 E.

Enter BENI-ZOUG-ZOUG and FOLLOWERS, R.

BENI. My rogues and vagabonds, our task to day
Is one that promises abundant pay—
The quarrel we've embarked in's not our own,
'Tis nought to us who occupies the throne!
On no mad patriotic schemes we muse,
A *nomad* race, of course, we've *no mad* views—
No love of country us to strike engages—
Like other tradesfolk, we but strike for wages.
This prince, who'd to his father's throne aspire,
Fights for high ends the while we fight for *hire*!
Yes, friends, our views are mercenary, base,
So draw your swords—as fits a *sworded* race.

OFFICER. Where is the Prince for whom we've come to
fight?

And the Egyptians—where are they?

BENI. All's right!
While we the city walls on this side take,
They on the other side an entrance make.

OFFICER. Yet, we're the weakest party after all!

BENI. So, as the weakest, we go to the wall.

He'll look to the main body's due advance,

What we've to look to, friends, is the main chance.

Forward—we'll give no quarter—that but fair is,

When fellows fight for gold—there *mercy-ne'er-is*.

Duet.—Air, "It's no use knocking at the door."

BENI. Now, go at it with a will, and we'll quickly find a way,
How the city to invest—'tis an investment that will pay.
So bring out your bran new engines and your ingenuity,

(*a battering ram brought from R.*)

And your ram will part their ram-parts—all lost muttons
will they be.

IMLAC. (*looking over wall, l.*) Who's that knocking at the
door?

Who's that knocking at the door?

Say, what's your game?

BENI. We fight for tin—

IMLAC. Well, you ain't good looking, so you can't come in;
So it's no use knocking at the door any more,
It's no use knocking at the door.

BENI. Let fly! (*ARCHERS shoot arrows at IMLAC; he ducks his head down*) Hah! hah! you got it then
old chap—

IMLAC (*reappearing, with an arrow right through his head-dress, only the feather part showing in front*) Nay; that I deem a feather in my cap,
And plume myself upon it!

BENI. Do you?

IMLAC. Yes;

It was an (n)arrow escape, you must confess.

BENI. Come, once more 'gainst him bend your bow;

IMLAC (*ducking again*) The deuce!

BENI. But why should I say bo! to this old goose?

IMLAC. You'd cook that goose, though, had you but the
luck!

BENI. (*enraged*) Let fly!

(*ARCHERS shoot—IMLAC ducks again*)

IMLAC. The goose saved once more—by a duck!
(*disappears*)

BENI. Thus wasting time with him will never do ;
 Come, charge the gate, and charge it boldly, too !
 Fighting for gain, if we'd make profits large,
 Whate'er we do, we must not fear to charge !

Music—they attack the gate, L., which is suddenly thrown open, and RASSELAS and his FOLLOWERS enter.

RASSEL. Death to th' invaders !

BENI. Hah ! a sortie !

RASSEL. Strike !

Our sortie'll be a sort he'll not much like !

(they attack the ARABS, who fly in dismay, leaving
 RASSELAS and BENI-ZOOG-ZOOG. Combat—BENI-
 ZOOG-ZOOG falls)

BENI. Perdition catch thine arm !

RASSEL. Yes, yes, I know !

You needn't stop to make long speeches though,
 You are my pris'ner !

BENI. Not for that I'm grieved,
 But oh ! the money, I should have received
 Had the Fates smiled on me !—but they refuse,
 All's lost save honor,—for we'd none to lose !

RASSEL. Your fellows have thrown down their arms and fled !

BENI. Yes, dropped their arms, and tried their legs instead !

What shall I say, when with the blame I'm saddled ?

RASSEL. Say, in choice Yankee language, they skedaddled,
 Vamosed, stamped, or, still less unpleasin',
 Say they withdrew for a strategic reason.

Enter IMLAC, from gates, L.

IMLAC. Huzzah ! huzzah !

RASSEL. Your news ?

IMLAC. First rate, sir, glorious !
 At every point our troops have been victorious,
 Thanks to your brave example.

RASSEL. And my father ?
 Does he forgive me yet ?

*Enter RUMFIZ, followed by NEKAYAH, MINISTERS, and
 GUARDS, from gate, L.*

RUMFIZ. Forgive you, rather !
 My valiant boy ! (*embracing him*)

NEKA. My noble brother! (*embracing him*)
IMLAC. Good!

We've saved the city as I said we would.

RASSEL. Secure your pris'ner!

(GUARDS seize BENI-ZOOG-ZOOG)

IMLAC. Serve the rascal right!

Look at my cap, sir, here's a (h)arrowing sight.

(pulls arrow out)

BENI. There's no hope for me, I in a gaol must lodge.

No chance by the sham reformation dodge,

To stir my stumps out from the gaoler's wicket;

Tickets-of-leave seem by no means the ticket.

RUMFIZ. Now, to reward the valour you have shown,

My son, to you I here resign my throne.

Here, take the crown, be emperor in our stead.

RASSEL. The crown! what mean you?

RUMFIZ. It ill suits the head,

That hides itself in terror all day through

Beneath the bed-clothes.

IMLAC. Sire, accept it do!

NEKA. Do, brother, let the crown your glory's height cap.

RASSEL. (to EMPEROR) And you, sir?

RUMFIZ. Much prefer a cotton nightcap—

It's snugger, safer—

RASSEL. (kneeling) Well, sire, I obey.

RUMFIZ. (crowning him) Long live the Emp'rор Rasselas!

ALL. Hurray!

Chorus—Air, "Victoria, Victoria," Fra Diavolo.

RASSEL. } Victorious! 'tis glorious! how glorious! vic-

RUMFIZ. } torious! we shout!

IMLAC. } All our foes laid low—all our foes laid low.

NEKA. } Sent to right about—sent to right about!

They're polished off we know—they're polished off we know.

Victorious! 'tis glorious! victorious! victorious!

ARABS. Vainglorious! uproarious! laborious, censorious,
they shout!

All's up—it's no go. All's up—it's no go!

Done for out and out—done for out and out.

We're polished off I know—we're polished off I know.

Victorious! uproarious! censorious! vain glorious!

Exeunt by gate, L.

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Hall in the Palace.*

Enter NEKAYAH, R.

NEKA. Happy Nekayah! I've no more to fear
 Now Rasselas my brother's sovereign here.
 My marriage with Dinarbas he's agreed to;
 What the late Emperor would ne'er accede to
 His measures sanction. So my heart with pleasure
 Is full—heaped up, with this *Imperial measure*.

Enter IMLAC, L.

IMLAC. News, news!

NEKA. He's come!

IMLAC. Eh! who on earth is he?
 Great news! She's found!

NEKA. And who on earth is she?

IMLAC. Who?—to go frantic with delight prepare;
 Your friend—your confidante—Pekuah! There!

NEKA. Oh, is that all?

IMLAC. That all! No rapture shown!
 You said you'd in her being *wrapp'd your own*.

NEKA. Stuff;

IMLAC. It's a fact! *For loss of her* you'd die;
 As true as a *philosopher* am I.

NEKA. She was a worthy sort of girl 'tis true.

Enter PEKUAH, L.

PEKU. Thank you for nothing, ma'am—the same to you.

NEKA. Pekuah! 'Pon my word—agreeable this is.

PEKU. Well, ma'am, I own you were a first-rate missis.

But now I've hopes of bettering my condition.

NEKA. So wish to leave me—good, you've my permission.

As for your character—

PEKU. Not that I meant.

IMLAC. We found her in the conquered Arab's tent!

She is betrothed to him.

NEKA. Betrothed! say you?

PEKU. You're a *bit wrothed* it seems about it, too!

NEKA. With the invader 'gainst us, then is *she* come!

PEKU. The man inviegled against's my *vade mecum*;

My guide—my counsellor!

NEKA. Pekuah, oh!
To come an enemy's, not *comme-il-faut*!
The rebel tear from out your heart.

PEKU. Not I!

IMLAC. Yes do, the *tear-rebel* achievement try.

PEKU. No, once for all my fate with his I link!

NEKA. How I could e'er have liked her, I can't think;

A rude, ungrateful, upstart—

PEKU. Come—I say!

IMLAC. Your highness!

NEKA. Bother! Take that girl away!

Trio—Air, "My Minnikin Miss,"—Midas.

PEKU. You finikin miss with your fine lady airs,
Don't think for your up-ishness anyone cares.

NEKA. Dare you, low-born creature, thus talk now to me?

PEKU. My answer to that, ma'am, is "Fiddle-de-dee!"

NEKA. Dread my wrath!

PEKU. Go to Bath!

BOTH. I'm sorry again you have crossed my path.

(repeat) Dread my wrath, &c.

IMLAC. Now, ladies, don't quarrel and storm, I pray.

NEKA. As ladies, don't class us together, I say.

IMLAC. You're right—she's a servant—a princess are you.

PEKU. No servant—like her, I'm a swell now too.

NEKA. This you'll rue!

PEKU. Who are you?

BOTH. Once for all, Madam, your bounce won't do. }

IMLAC. Once for all, ladies, be calm now do.

(repeat) This you'll rue, &c.

Exeunt NEKAYAH and IMLAC, R., PEKUAH, L.

together

SCENE LAST.—*Throne Room in the Imperial Palace.*

Enter IMLAC, R.

IMLAC. Now for the prince—I mean the emperor's schemes,
He's sent for Zilia here—she little dreams
'Tis Rasselas would share with her a throne;
He'd have her love him for himself alone.

So here, her love to prove we've summoned her,
But soft—she comes!

Enter AMALPHIS, dragging ZILIA after him, L.

AMAL. This way !

ZILIA. Nay, I'll not stir

Another step ;

AMAL. You won't ! then I must carry you.

ZILIA. Spare me !

AMAL. What, when an emp'rор wants to marry you !

ZILIA. I'll not obey him—let him do his worst ;

And you, my father, I'll see farther first !

IMLAC. Good day to you, sir ! Same to you, my dear !

AMAL. This shopkeeper at court — what brings you here ?

IMLAC. You're glad to see me !

AMAL. Nothing of the sort ;

IMLAC. I thought folks liked to have a friend at court.

AMAL. A friend, indeed ! Your friendship we're above ;

ZILIA. Sir, tell me where is Rasselas, my love.

Enter RASSELAS, R.

RASSEL. Behold him here !

ZILIA. (*running to him*) Oh, save me !

RASSEL. Yes, with pleasure ;

Who wouldn't save or *husband* such a treasure.

I'm fond of saving.

ZILIA. Nay, while thus embraced,
I feel you're partial to *a little waist* !

AMAL. Unhand her, fellow !

RASSEL. What ! unhand ? I say,
What makes you talk in that unhand-some way ?

AMAL. Young man, the Emp'rор travelling in disguise,
Has on this maid cast his imperial eyes.

He'd marry her !

RASSEL. And she consents !

ZILIA. I don't.

I'll see the Emp'rор hanged first, then I won't !
My troth to you I've plighted.

AMAL. I deny 't.

Plighted to him, we're in a pretty plight !

RASSEL. You are a soldier, sir, and must allow
The deeds I've done in battle—

AMAL. Hold your row.

You saved the state—that may or not be true,
Fought well, perhaps—common fellows often do;
But to this maiden's love to dare aspire,
In your low station—I can't curb my *ire*.
Out of my sight!

ZILIA. Two loving hearts you'd sever.

AMAL. Peace, Zilia! You're *zillier* than ever.

RASSEL. You prize my love beyond a throne!

AMAL. Not she!

ZILIA. I do a thousand times!

RASSEL. Oh, extacy!

Oh, bliss! Oh, joy!

AMAL. Oh, bother! leave my sight!

IMLAC. Keep up your pecker, gov'ner, its all right.

RASSEL. Come, Imlac! For a while farewell, sweet pet.

Exit, R.

ZILIA. Stay!

IMLAC. All's serene! You'll be an empress yet.

Exit, R.

ZILIA. Be empress—never!

Enter DINARBAS, L.

Hah, my brother! you
Will take my part.

DINAR. I've something else to do;
The fair Nekayah, I am seeking.

AMAL. How?

You don't dream of that low young person now.
Our family now to the throne made nighest,
Should hold its head up higher than the highest.

DINAR. Hold my head higher! would these arms instead.

Held my *Nek-ayah*, I'd not mind my head.

None but Nekayah e'er my bride I'll make!

Neck-aye or nothing 'tis, and no mistake.

ZILIA. None but my Rasselias my love shall claim!

AMAL. They're mad—both mad! and they'll make me
the same.

Enter IMLAC, R.

IMLAC. Room for the Emperor !

AMAL. Eh ! come along !

DINAR. He comes this way.

IMLAC. And don't he come it strong !

ZILIA. At once let's throw ourselves before his feet

And leave to marry these we love entreat.

AMAL. No, no ! you'd ruin all !

ZILIA. Come, brother.

AMAL. Stay !

She's mad ! Oh, ease her—back her—stop her, pray !

Music. Enter RASSELAS in imperial state, followed by RUMFIZ, NEKAYAH, MINISTERS, GUARDS, PRISONERS, &c., R.

ALL. Long live the Emp'ror Rasselas !

AMAL. Eh ! what !

ZILIA. Speak, father, speak ! Is this a dream or not ?

RASSEL. A dream ! Nay, sweetest, what you see is real ;
I'm your true lover, not a *beau ideal* !

IMLAC. We'd have him be real, for—at any rate—

He comes before us in *him-be-real* state.

RASSEL. Come, dear one, to my arms ! Yes, you in me
Both Emp'ror and your own fond lover see.

(they embrace)

ZILIA. Oh, joy !

AMAL. (joining their hands) She's yours, sire ! Not for
worlds would I

To thwart the darling child's affections try.

I never did—

IMLAC. That's what I call a twister !

RASSEL. Enough ! Dinarbas—do you love my sister ?

DINAR. Do flies love treacle ? Do ducks love to swim ?

RASSEL. Good ! Now, Nekayah, speak—do you love
him ?

NEKA. Do bees love honey ? Do the cows love clover ?

RASSEL. That'll do ; take her, sir ; so that job's over !

AMAL. Bless you, my children, as I said before,
I never thwarted !

ZILIA. Pa ! don't be a bore.

RUMFIZ. Accept my blessing too !

RASSEL. Oh ! never mind.

RUMFIZ. Slighted ! well, well, I'm to my fate resigned.

RASSEL. Of course, you are ; you proved by abdication,
How good a hand you are at resignation.

RUMFIZ. No more considered here, a cruel rub !

My nose put out of joint, I get a snub.

So, from this court, once mine, I'll go my ways,
And in the Happy Valley end my days.

RASSEL. There, too, see my rebellious brother locked up,
(to IMLAC)

And see the hole we dug there is well blocked up !
The other captives, all set free.

Enter PEKUH with BENI-ZOUG-ZOUG, R.

PEKU. Not so,

I've got one captive that I can't let go.

BENI. Sire, if you'll grant me this sweet maid's affec-
tion.

PEKU. I promise he'll be kept in due subjection !

Kneel, sir, and swear allegiance !

BENI. *(kneeling)* Sir, I am,
Yours truly !

PEKU. See, sire, gentle as a lamb !

He has no heart to injure you.

BENI. That's true,

I've no heart—I've lost it all to you.

My old garotting habits from me thrusting,

I've knuckled down, and giv'n up knuckle-dusting.

In my career of violence I'm halting;

No more poor folks a peppering and assaulting.

RASSEL. Your prayer is granted—take him !

PEKU. Thanks, sire !

RASSEL. So !

What more is wanting ? Vanquished every foe ;

The maid he loves by each one made his own ;

I too succeeding to the vacant throne ;

Need we aught else ?—yes, more than all we need :

So making my succession sure, indeed—

Will you, kind friends, bid Rasselas succeed ?

Finale.—Air, “Oh, Blissful Hour.” Heidelberg Quadrilles.

RASSEL. The happiness so long I've sought

'Tis yours to say if here I find.

ZILIA. To all our hopes fulfilment brought,
If we have won your plaudits kind.

DINAR. Our fate attending now we stand ;
Oh, calm our own, our author's fear.

NEKA. Then, friends, bestow with liberal hand
Your Christmas cheer

BENI. I've been a bad 'un, I don't deny ;
But I'll amend now—at least I'll try.

PEKU. His reformation, friends, leave to me—
Drop in some other night,
You'll see how good he'll be.

ALL. (*da capo*) The happiness our prince has sought
'Tis yours to say if he shall find, &c.

The back of the scene opens and exhibits an allegorical tableau representing

A VISION OF HAPPINESS.

Curtain.