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TIMOUR THE TARTAR!

OR, THE

IRON MASTER OF SAMARKAND-BY-OXUS.

An Extravaganza,

BY

JOHN OXFORD AND SHIRLEY BROOKS.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),
LONDON.

93699

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, under the Management of Messrs. F. ROBSON and
W. S. EMDEN, on Wednesday, 26th December, 1860.

TIMOUR THE TARTAR!

OR, THE IRON MASTER OF SAMARKAND-BY-OXUS. (Milton)

The New Scenery by Mr. W. TELBIN, assisted by Messrs. DAYES and YARNOLD. The Machinery by Mr. SUTHERLAND.

The Properties and Decorations by Mr. LIGHTFOOT. The Dresses by Mr. MAY and Mrs. RENSHAW.

The Dances, &c., by M. MILANO. The Music arranged by Mr. J. BARNARD. The Piece produced under the superintendence of Mr. W. S. EMDEN.

Characters.

OGLOU (who as Timour's father, must come before his son, though that amiable but timid parent never did so willingly) Mr. G. COOKE.

TIMOUR (which means iron (hence his savage irony), also, in domestic conversation called, for short, Kiam-ram Kothe-din Gurjan Saheb-kiran Jihangir, which means Sultan Timour the Fortunate (as he is in having such a drama written on him); the Axis of the Faith (which he supported with his axes, to say nothing of his swords); the Great Wolf (indeed he did take almost every place except Quebec); the Master of his Time (and also the Master of his Mint), and the Conqueror of the World (if intentions count for facts)—the Mongol Hero. He also had the alias of Timourlenk, or Tamerane, which means tame Timour, though he never halted when he could fight instead) Mr. F. ROBSON.

AGIB (a righteous heir, rather given, like the Prince mentioned by another T. Moore, to shoot raw pens at people, but otherwise not more disagreeable than the generality of boys) Miss HUGHES.

KERIM (no one will hear him) Mr. H. COOPER.

SANBALLAT (sans ballad, sans speech, sans everything) Mr. H. RIVERS.

BERMEDDIN (who possesses, like Bishop Berkeley, "every virtue under," &c.; but it will require many evenings' careful study of his character to discover this—Box-office open as below) ... Mr. HORACE WIGAN.

✓ X 6370991

OCTAR (there are also many sides to this character, indeed eight, for when he exists it will be remarked "That is Octar-gone")

WISKA / *Thieno's Sister* and which in the account given that same day

SHKINA (*a Circassian Canticle*)—*One of the most singular phenomena—a silent moment.* **LINDEN** (*Encyc. of Music*)—*is one of the most singular phenomena—an silent moment.* **MRS. W. D. LINDEN** *... hoover*

Genes of Parkinsonism and their finds of disease

Georgian Warriors—Misses BURROWS, BRAITHWAITE, BARNES, BENNETT, GREGORY, JOHNSON, LYOO, MILLS, NORMAN
her other habit of telling amazing bounces; but it is much more pleasant to say ... Miss OTTRELL.

DATE—A trifling lapse between the year 1861 and the year 1861 occasionally occurs.

SCENE I.—THE INTERIOR OF A FORTRESS.
Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

Mrs. Glasse's precept is observed, the heir of Mingrelia being already caught—Timour, defective in his own ear, puts a flea in everybody else's.

A FAIR EIGHT ARRANGED FOR A FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Timour, having paid his suit to the Princess of Georgia, she lends her's to Zorilda.

SCENE II.—THE CASTLE BATTLEMENTS.

SCENE III.—**T****E****R****G****R****O****R****T****R****U****S****S****o**

F**I****G****H****T** **F****O****R** **T****H****E** **C****A****M****P****ION****S****H****I****P****!**

Timour's expeditious method of settling the difficulties consequent upon a drawn game—Alarming discovery! Zorilda turns out to be no other than—Zorilda.

SCENE IV.—**T****E****C****A****S****T****L****E** **B****A****T****T****L****E****M****E****N****T****S** **A****G****A****I****N****.**

Timour is shown in many colours—Infested by the Green-eyed Monster, he falls into a brown study, and abandons himself to the blue devils; so that everything wears a yellow hue.

SCENE V.—**A** **S****P****L****E****N****D****V****I****D** **C****h****a****m****b****e****r** **i****n **t****h****e** **F****O****R****T****R****E****S****S****!****

Ingenious stratagems to seat Agib on his father's throne, and to prevent Timour from being seated on Agib—The old bird is caught with chaff, and the young bird escapes.

SCENE VI.—**A** **C****O****R****R****I****D****O****R** **i****n **T****H****E** **F****O****R****T****R****E****S****SS****.****

Timour, utterly routed, seems to be on the route for the other world—However, his punishment is commuted, for he is married to Zorilda by the Genius of Extravaganza, who likewise presents him with a

S**U****P****E****R****B** **T****A****B****L****E****A** **(****A** **L****A** **G****U****N****T****E****R****E****S****Q****U****E****)** **O****F** **A** **W****E****D****D****I****G****C****A****K****E**

MADE BY THE CONFECTIERS OF



In accordance with the prevailing taste at this Season of the Year.

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Interior of a Fortress, with a Bridge in the background. A Tower serving as a State Prison, L. U. E. Morning.*

OGLOU is lying on the carpet, c.—By his side is the “Spiritual Magazine,” which has fallen from his hand—AGIB appears at the grate of the gate.

Song—AGIB. Air, “Love lies dreaming.”

The light of day returning,
Brings naught but sorrow to my mind;
Again it finds me mourning
Within these walls confined.

AGIB. My ears did not deceive me. How he snores!
Nasal declaimers are the worst of bores.
Prisoners, the papers say, are lodged too well,
What awful tarradiddles papers tell.
I won’t endure it. Oglou!—No—Here goes.
Slap at that most uncompromising nose!

(shoots a volley of peas at OGLOU)

OGLOU. (starts) Hollo! What’s up? (rises) I am—and what are these?

Bullets or hailstones? Neither—they are peas?

AGIB. Exactly, sapient man. You ought to go
As judge at next year’s Agricultural Show.
Sir, they are peas—and here, sir, for some more
As a pis aller.

OGLOU. Surely from that door
By some mysterious agency are thrown,
Peas which it seems to me are early blown.

AGIB. Why right again.

OGLOU. That voice—I might have guessed.

Mingrelia's Royal Darling, and my pest. (*aside*)

AGIB. May I come down?

OGLOU. My prince, of course you can,

But leave behind the shooter, little man.

AGIB *disappears*—OGLOU *unlocks gate*.

The day has scarcely dawned, the coast is clear,

And all the porter's in a state of beer.

Enter AGIB, from tower, L. U. E.

AGIB. So there you are.

OGLOU. Yes, fair Mingrelia's flower,

Like a slow clock—somewhat behind the hour.

AGIB. Nay, well you mark the hour with eyes half closing,

The hour is six and you are half a dozing.

I called you loud enough.

OGLOU. You always do.

But sleep has made me quite forget my cue.

Forgive me.

AGIB. Snoring Oglou, be at ease,

Though cues you heeded not, you minded peas.

OGLOU. Besides, to tell the truth——

AGIB. What when you've been

Studying the "Spiritual Magazine."

OGLOU. In spite of that then—Well, my son, great Timour

AGIB. Prime word, no doubt, but miscreant were primer.

OGLOU. Nay, Prince, he is my son.

AGIB. Proceed, old quiz.

OGLOU. I really cannot help it, but he is.

Last night he gave a most tremengerous spread.

AGIB. There, don't be vulgar, feast's as quickly said.

OGLOU. Quite, prince, and at my Timour's feasts so fast,

The wine went round—as did my head at last;

'Tis his opinion not a Tartar man

While his Khan drinks should ever leave his can.

You know the famous gullet he has got.

AGIB. Habits like these will send the Khan to pot.

What handle had the Khan for this last shine?

OGLOU. Divinest princeling, can you not divine?

AGIB. Am I a spirrit rapper?—no such fun—

I'd have capsized his tables—every one.

OGLOU. Such sport might have relieved our dinners tedium,

But he goes the entire—and keeps no medium;

He finishes each job by amputation,

Like that fam'd surgeon, first in his vocation,

Or him who as Sam Weller used to hint,

Cut his boy's head off to correct the squint.

AGIB. But you're his father; he won't injure you.

OGLOU. My dear young friend, one can't say what he'll do.

AGIB. Is he so deaf to Nature's strongest call?

OGLOU. Nature! he scarce can hear a cannon bawl;

He's hard of hearing, as he's hard of heart,

And often at some harmless phrase he'll start.

But what of that, you're happy?

AGIB. Am I?—oh! (OGLOU approaches him)

Not your initial, but a sound of woe.

Who am I, Oglou?

OGLOU. You're the rightful heir

Of all Mingrelia's plains and mountains fair.

AGIB. Who keeps me here in prison like a martyr?

Who finished off papa?

OGLOU. Timour the Tartar.

AGIB. Where's my mamma, sir?

OGLOU. Echo makes reply,

That she is afar, sir.

AGIB. And how then can I

Be happy, Oglou, when, to add to all,

I've got no room for hoop, or bat and ball;

The only whoop I know of, is the owl's,

My only bat's those night-flying fowls.

I languish these four dismal walls between,

That would not hold my mother's crinoline.

Believe me it is more than I can bear,

All the day long to play at solitaire.

OGLOU. Sigh on, sweet scion, for existence tame

You well may find if that's your little game.

Try study, prince.

AGIB. (carelessly) Don't mind—(more earnestly) if first

agreed,

Princely vacations shall my terms succeed.

Like that which recently has touched, and tried
 The Anglo-Saxon heart with joy and pride.
 Not that poor I can reckon on appearing
 With his rare qualities and perfect rearing.
 The son of such a mother needn't fear :
His welcome's safe in either hemisphere.

OGLOU. But learning's necessary.

AGIB. Books, I find,

Serve but to bring captivity to mind.
 The dreary "Accidence" but seems to tell
 Of those sad accidents by which I fell.
 The verbs, than which no mental food is tougher,
 Seem passive all, recalling what I suffer.
 Over the pronouns, hopelessly I nod ;
 Seeing that *qui quœ*, always leads to *quod*.

OGLOU. Afflicting tale, with which we'll now have done.
 The sun is rising—go to bed, my son.

Some watchful guard may look on you, and I—

AGIB. (*weeps*) Bad grammar, Oglou.

OGLOU. Never mind—don't cry !

Song.—AGIB. Air, "Father's Love." (Lurline).

My weary couch I'll seek again,
 And there all day I'll keep ;
 Though Timour, like the wicked Thane,
 In me, hath murdered sleep.
 My sorrows never will repose ;
 To joy, I bid ta-ta ;
 And interrupt the briefest doze,
 By crying—"Where's Mamma?"

Although she has been often cross,

Although her slaps were hard ;

Such trifles, now I feel her loss,

I wholly disregard.

My tears fall fast, like those clear drops

That harden into spar ;

My anxious spirit never stops

From thinking—"Where's Mamma?"

AGIB. (*going, L.*) Stop! I forgot—This letter for my mother. (*gives Oglou letter*)

OGLOU. (R.) Ah! You're a—a—a—a—

AGIB. You're another! *Runs into tower, L. U. E.*

OGLOU. (*solus*) So—"For my mother!"—Thus it is addressed!

In what vile pot-hooks are fond thoughts expressed:
Nor must we think the heart a bit less true,
Because the hand spells mother with a U.

Enter BERMEDDIN, L. 3 E.

BERM. Great Timour comes! (*retires*)

OGLOU. "Tis better to retreat,
At any time his temper is not sweet.

Now strong potations may have head-ache brought;
And Timour with a head-ache—horrid thought!

Exit, R. 1 E.

Enter TIMOUR followed by BERMEDDIN and TARTARS, L. 3 E.

TIMOUR. My skull is fit to split! (*thoughtfully*) Perchance,
'twill dull

The pain to split some other party's skull.

No—that were trouble—Here! What, ho! Bermeddin!
Chop off the heads of Oglap and Noureddin!

BERM. Why, mighty Timour?

TIMOUR. Slave! dost ask me why?
Thou'l have to cut thine own off, by-and-bye.

BERMEDDIN gives orders to TARTARS, who precipitately exit, L. 2 E., and return.

Why—why? because I like it—that's the reason:
They had no head-aches, and 'tis foulest treason
To wear a painless head while Timour's aches.

BERM. (*coming down, L.*) 'Tis done!

TIMOUR. (R.) How!—trembling? Then you're
no great shakes.

BERM. My prince—

TIMOUR. Speak up!—come, never look dismayed!
Dare you to tell me that you are afraid?

Afraid of me—a prince so calm and meek,
That—(furious) Where's my axe, I ax?—why don't
you speak?

BERM. (*terrified, offers paper*) This comes from a Mingrelian deputation.

TIMOUR. (*as deaf*) Don't mumble so! Eh? "Wants a
situation?"

I grant his prayer: my hangman let him be,
And hang himself directly on that tree.

(*pointing off, BERMEDDIN remonstrates in gesture*)
He doesn't like that tree? How kings are vexed
With subjects' follies!—let him take the next.

BERM. A dep-u-ta-tion!

TIMOUR. Well, you needn't bawl.
Perhaps 'tis best to read it, after all.

(*he glances at paper—the TARTARS are all stealing off, when BERMEDDIN is stopped by TIMOUR*)

Look here!—a pretty article you've brought!
Read that! (*shews paper*)

BERM. I can't.

TIMOUR. By Jove, you shall be taught.
Bring in the knout, stout Oglap and Noureddin!

BERM. Their heads are off.

TIMOUR. (*sweetly*) True; so they are, Bermeddin.
But, oh, to think of these Mingrelian slaves—
Those red republicans—the saucy knaves!
"The trampled worm will turn," they tell me: stuff!
That shews I have not trampled hard enough.
They ask reform—that means a revolution;
And what's all this?—they want a constitution.
What's that? (*softly*) Explain the word—the mean-
ing shew.

BERM. Sire, I've no notion.

TIMOUR. Then you ought to know.
About young Agib's rights there's something here;
Rights always smack of treason.

BERM. That is clear.

TIMOUR. Therefore, Bermeddin, o'er the world proclaim,
Whoever dares to mention Agib's name,
Even in jest—whoever dares to frown,
Or cross my path sublime with look cast down,

At once shall be beheaded. Those who sigh
Shall bless their stars if they untortured die.

Thus, universal happiness I give,
By blotting out whoever dares to grieve.

BERM. Happy Mingrelia, conquered by a hero
As mild as Titus, (*aside*) and as meek as Nero.

TIMOUR. Where is this brace of fools who vaunt their passion
For this same woman, whom they call Circassian.
The word Circassia tickles empty fops,
And makes a figure in perfumers' shops.
One of my wives I married from that quarter.

BERM. She was Circassian Cream, you Cream of Tartar.
(*TIMOUR, in excessive rage, flashes out his sword
and rushes at BERMEDDIN, who falls on his knees
—as Macbeth with "Liar and Slave"*)

TIMOUR. Blockhead and ass! (*calms and smiles*) Away
my anger flies:
The joke was quite inevitable. Rise!
But if such jokes occur again—don't poke 'em—
The man who makes a pun shall pick—

BERM. What?

TIMOUR. Oakum!

*Hurls him away, as KERIM and SANBALLAT enter,
l. 2 E. (both silent), each holding a hand of SELIMA.*

Ha, you are here! this maiden it appears
By the nose leads, and sets you by the ears.
Nay—by my father's beard, a splendid creature,
With fascination in each fairy feature!
Come here, two loving fools—one woman's scoff—
And lend your ears, or else I'll cut them off.
About this maid youicker like game birds—
Though, as you never speak, you don't have words.
I've hit upon a plan the job to settle,
Instead of pluck, requiring precious metal:
The one who takes the girl, to stop all bother,
Shall just hand over five pounds to the other.
Now, don't stand staring like a pair of ninnies!
If pounds won't do, you can but make it guineas.

(*KERIM and SANBALLAT make signs that they prefer
the combat*)

Ah, you don't see it—you would rather fight,
And save your money?—well, perhaps you're right.
Meet hereabouts at—eh?—yes, half-past six;
The lists, and all that sort of thing, we'll fix.

(they express satisfaction)

The man whose blows are most severely felt,
Shall have the maiden and the champion's belt.

Song—TIMOUR. Air, "Sally, come up."

My dear young friends, of course you'll fight.
I'm pleased to find your views so right;
For if there is one lovely sight,

It's what *Bell's Life* calls "milling."

Our little hands, you know, were made
To punch each other's heads—a trade
That shames the spiteful coward's blade,
And spurns the thought of killing.
Then rally, come up—then rally, go down;
For choice of place I'll sky the brown—
Oh dear! that's but a vulgar noun!—

I mean, I'll toss the shilling.

When folks ask, "Where's the bravest brick
In all the world?" I answer, "Hic." (*slaps bosom*)
Whoever fails his foe to lick,

It's not Timour the Tartar.

But, to see a fight, I do declare,
I'd give my whole dominions fair,
Nay, that sweet party standing there,

For such a scene I'd barter.

Then rally, come up—then rally, go down;
To the winning man I'd stand a crown,
Call him a hero of renown—

The losing man, a martyr.

You put, young blackies, in my head,
A certain fight, of which I've read—
I wish that I'd been there instead,
For neither man was a mean 'un.

Yes—I have read, that far away
 Two heroes met, one morn in May,
 And one was called Sir Tom, they say,
 And one was called, Sir Heenan.
 They rallied, came up—they rallied, went down;
 While nobs looked on without a frown,
 Or e'en a hint from Colonel Row'n,
 Although he's not a green 'un.

TIMOUR. At half-past six—sharp—to a moment, mind.
(they are going off with SELIMA)
 Be good enough to leave that girl behind.

They bow and exeunt, l., SELIMA is led off, r., by TARTARS.
 Let her be guarded safe as nun in cloister!
 I once read of a lawyer and an oyster,
 And of two bumpkins—"of which observation
 The real bearing's in the application"—
 Downey!—

BERM. (*returns to l.*) Methinks that Octar long has tarried.
 TIMOUR. Proctor!

BERM. No, Octar! you are to be married.
 TIMOUR. True; I'd forgot that trifle. (*loftily*) Patriot kings
 Have but small time to spare on idle things:
 We marry, solely for our subjects' sake.
 What odds to us what wife, or whose we take?

(melancholy)

What did you say? (*kindly*)
 BERM. He brings your Georgian bride.

TIMOUR. Well, then a Proctor we shall want beside,
 To draw the licence. Don't be quite so fast.

BERM. To think that Timour's caught by love at last.

TIMOUR. By what?

BERM. By mighty love!

TIMOUR. By fiddlestick.

Art thou so precious green—so dull—so thick?

Love for the sake of love is out of fashion.

Georgia, not Georgia's Princess is *my* passion—
 This, which our neighbours call a "*bon partie*."

BERM. Mingrelia joined to Georgia. Yes, I see.
 You'll be content?

TIMOUR. Content, thou paltry wretch,
 Will Timour be content till he can stretch

His mighty hand, and, like the Atlantic wire,
Clutch two worlds, caitiff, in his grasp of fire!
Mark, minion, while in "Pinnock"—Nay, I'm greedier.
While in Charles Knight's "Imperial Encyclopædia,"
One place, but one is named that is not mine,
In peace I neither breakfast, lunch, or dine.

BERM. But how attain this wondrous domination?

TIMOUR. Partly by arms, part by negociation.

(*takes him confidentially*)

Great Jonathan shall all creation lick,
Then I'll lick Jonathan. You have it slick.

(*distant shouts heard, R. U. E.*)

BERM. She comes! She comes!

CROWD. She's here! Hip, hip, *hurrah!*

TIMOUR. (*furious*) Cut, all. (*gently*) No—ask 'em what
they're bawling for.

BERM. She comes.

TIMOUR. Who comes?

BERM. The Maid, whose happy lot
Makes her your bride.

TIMOUR. Of course. I had forgot,
If I go marrying much, I'll want, 'tis plain,
A Khan's Remembrancer from Chancery Lane.
How can I keep in mind this foolish marriage—
Hey day! the Lord Mayor's lent my wife his carriage.

*Enter ZORILDA under canopy in procession, over bridge, r.
and down to L. C.*

Exquisite loveliness! Can there dwell
On earth such lustre? Charming, pretty well,
I seem inflammable. My soul requires
Love; to be sure it's just the time for fires.
Upon that form let Timour's optics rest,
Till his heart turns to ashes in his breast;
Ashes from which a Phœnix straight will spring
Her own fair image on ambition's wing.
'Twill soar aloft, till in my madden'd brain,
The wondrous bird shall find a nest again.
Deign, lovely tyrant, o'er my sense to rule. (*kneels*)

ZORIL. (L.) Get up, young man, don't make yourself a fool.
Ours is no match for love, but what in France,
The world calls *marriage de convenance*.

TIMOUR. (r.) Exactly; not a syllable I heard,
But feel that honey dropp'd with ev'ry word.

ZORIL. You are Mingrelia's lord.

TIMOUR. Eh?

ZORIL. You are Mingrelia's lord.

TIMOUR. Yes, I am.

ZORIL. Are you quite certain that you are not a sham?

TIMOUR. Who calls me so doth foully lie;

I am no sham save Cham of Tartary.

ZORIL. I mean while Agib lives you're not secure.

TIMOUR. Then Agib dies ere cock-crow—be cock-sure.

ZORIL. You'll kill the boy—a very pretty plan—

'Twill stir up all Mingrelia to a man.

Folks who don't care a fig for Agib now,

Will jump at the occasion for a row.

TIMOUR. A row, my love, when we are wed you'll find

A glorious row to me is peace of mind.

But as for Agib, 'tis my thought precisely,

And so in yonder tower I've lodged him nicely.

ZORIL. (*aside*) 'Tis there then! oh, what thoughts his words arouse.

TIMOUR. Eh?

ZORIL. That a tower, 'tis scarce a station house—

Expect to keep him in that trumpery gaol,

With all Mingrelia offering swords for bail?

Stuff! I must watch this boy I see—not you.

He starts to-morrow.

TIMOUR. Princess, that won't do.

Nay, don't be angry that I speak in fun,

I only meant to say—it shan't be done.

ZORIL. Not done! There ends at once our scheme of marriage.

What! contradicted? Fellows, there! my carriage!

Tartar, ta, ta! (*going*)

TIMOUR. What! go? You'll ask my leave.

ZORIL. Oh no, I'll take my own.

TIMOUR. Now who'd believe

A living woman spoke to Timour thus

And lived? Proud girl!

ZORIL. Now, let us have no fuss.

TIMOUR. This fort is mine, those guards are mine, bethink you

ZORIL. One more such word and with this lance I pink you.

(*tableau*)

TIMOUR. She says she'll pink me, and by Jove I stand it,
 What's got my temper, she can so command it.
 That lovely head, it's mine, and I could strike it off,
 Off, and I don't. She scolds me, and I like it.
 Pink me—my rose, kill at a single blow,
 Or torture me to death, but do not go.

ZORIL. Then Agib starts to-morrow, mind, no less!

TIMOUR. Name thou the train, a special or express?

My power is thine, take all my pomp, my riches,
 Wear thou my crown, and also wear my—Witches
 These women are by nature I've no doubt :
 Timour and Barnwell both have found it out.
 Would like that George an uncle I could find ;
 I'd go and kill him just to soothe my mind.

(they give orders to ATTENDANTS)

Enter OGLOU, R. 1 E.

OGLOU. (curiously) A fighting Princess never in my life
 I saw—the thing most like it was my wife.

TIMOUR. (to BERMEDDIN) My father—I would introduce
 to you, sweet love.

ZORIL. He! I'm betrayed!

OGLOU. What—she? I'm astounded!
 You are Prince George—no, no! I'm so confounded—
 You're Georgia's Princess?

ZORIL. Sir, of course I am
 Daughter of Georgia's monarch.

OGLOU. (aside) That's a flam!
 From Georgia? Well, I never heard a finer.
 You might as well have said from Carolina.

TIMOUR. What need of so much whispering, dearest duck?

ZORIL. I'm telling him how once I had the luck
 To save his life.

TIMOUR. Whose life?—when—where?

OGLOU. That's true!

TIMOUR. When—where, I say?

ZORIL. Now, what is that to you?

TIMOUR. Another snub.

ZORIL. My nose? Retract the phrase.

TIMOUR. The loveliest nostril ever met my gaze. (raptured)

ZORIL. (*to Oglou*) Your debt of gratitude I'm sure you're
To pay. [bound

OGLOU. Yes; twenty shillings in the pound.

ZORIL. Then help me to work out my subtle plan.

Pray, how is darling Agib, dear old man?

OGLOU. The meekest, best of boys—kicks up no bother,
But talks so prettily about his mother.

(*TIMOUR puts his head between them*)

ZORIL. (*L.*) Poor Agib!

TIMOUR. (*C.*) Agib!

OGLOU. (*R.*) And what's better—

TIMOUR. Better!

OGLOU. This very morning he gave me a letter.

TIMOUR. Bah! So, good sire, the Prince a letter gave you?

What next! Come come! no boggling lie will save
you.

OGLOU. I promised to his mother I'd deliver it.

TIMOUR. Thinking of course that I should not diskiver it.

OGLOU. Don't frown. Suppose I promised. 'Tis not new
To break one's word.

TIMOUR. No; that I often do—

Oftener than not. Did you intend to post it?

OGLOU. No.

TIMOUR. Give it me.

OGLOU. (*passing it to Zorilda behind*) I've been and gone
and lost it.

TIMOUR. Lost it, thou dotard!—Could'st not safely lock it
In— Ha!—m'm—you slipped something in your
pocket.

ZORIL. Of course;—the handkerchief I use to rub
What you, base man, (*wheedling*) you dared to call
a snub.

TIMOUR. That's false! Should females ever be believed;
Yet, sweet it is to feel oneself deceived!

My heart she steals—my wit she has destroyed it;
I know I'm humbugged—and I can't avoid it.

Concerted Piece.—Air, "The Cure."

ZORIL. What charming fun! Great Timour's done!

I carry all before me;

And at the chap my fingers snap,

But force him to adore me.

Though like a fish upon a hook he writhes, I have
him sure,
He feels a pain within his heart, not Holloway
can cure.

TIMOUR. Would I could run!—I feel I'm done;
An urchin hovers o'er me,
Who says, "Old chap, not worth a rap,
Your spirit is before me."

That naughty boy is Cupid named—he is a marks-
man sure,
And oft will deal an ugly wound, not Holloway
can cure.

OGLOU. My dreadful son, is clearly done;
What fun I see before me,
Unless the chap, by some mishap,
Should find out all, and floor me.
That naughty, wicked boy of mine, though he is
slow, is sure;
A sore throat I may quickly catch, not Holloway
can cure.

Ensemble. What famous fun—Great Timour's done!
She carries all before her,
A little chap, not worth a rap,
Will force him to adore her.
That naughty boy, &c. (*closed in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Castle Battlements.*

Enter LISKA, L. 1 E.

LISKA. Well, I confess, in figure and in feature,
My brother's bride is a most splendid creature.
Your puling whimpering girls my temper vex;
But such as she are glories to our sex.
At mouse or spider she would never quake;
She's fully able her own part to take.
To her no saucy cab-driver would dare
To growl out, "What's this?" or, "It ain't the fare;"
She'd cut the would-be cheat uncommon short;
She'd take his number, and attend the Court;
And when he'd whine and abjectly implore,
Tell him, "He should have thought of that before."

My poor big brother, which we're so afraid of him,
 What fun to see the precious fool she's made of him.
 Well, after all, a woman's greatest merit
 ^{lost all}
 Is beauty—kindness—modesty!—no—spirit!
 Yet, how are all her energies confin'd,
 Her garb she widens, but must curb her mind.
 Yes, fate! most glorious hopes dost thou destroy,
 By making me a girl, and not a boy.
 High my ambition, as my brother's reaches;
 Towns had I ta'en, had I mounted breaches;
 I'd—

Enter OGLOU, R. 1 E.

OGLOU. Well done, young lady!

LISK. Ah! you made me jump,

Oh my poor heart—it's going thump-a-thump.

OGLOU. A heroine's courage fall so soon to zero?

LISK. No heroine—only sister to a hero.

OGLOU. Yes, that is Timour's trade—a very bad one;

My only son to turn out such a sad one,

I hoped to see him keep a chandler's shop,

As I did once.

LISK. Pray let that subject drop!

Nothing like leather, so the fable read,

Till pliant paper volunteered instead.

Now, leather's so like nothing in its gains;

The maxim sore in Bermondsey obtains—

That he who goes, though seemingly through clover,

Too oft to Overend, ends in going over.

OGLOU. If for a milk-walk he had shewn affection,

I never should have made the least objection.

But to turn tyrant—what a horrid case!

Thus his poor honest parents to disgrace.

They say the child is father to the man,

And 'twas at school his wild career began,

With bad companions—worse than them he grew,

And t'other day, Mingrelia's monarch slew.

His tender offspring in a tow'r confined,—

His weeping widow—

Enter ZORILDA, L. 1 E.

Hush! hush! never mind!

LISK. Oh, she ! that's the air that I admire !

ZORIL. Young woman, have the goodness to retire.

LISK. Young woman ! I am Timour's sister—

ZORIL. Oh !

I heard he had some low connections—go !

Exit Liska, in a rage, l.

Don't be offended, good old man ; the style
Of Georgia's Princess I must ape awhile.

OGLOU. Ah, there it is ; my senses you bewilder,
The Georgian I expect, but see, Zorilda,
Mingrelia's Dowager and Agib's mother !

ZORIL. The second title dearer than the other.
You'll stand by me ?

OGLOU. Oh, yes !—but how ?

ZORIL. List, list !

OGLOU. I am too old for soldiering.

ZORIL. Nay, you've missed
My meaning—which was “listen.” I was wrong
To quote. I'll tell my story in a song.

Song.—Zorilda. Air, “Cork Leg.”

The Princess of Georgia, by my advice,
Would not have great Timour at any price ;
So I put on her clothes and came here in a trice,
And I flatter myself I look very nice—
With a tooral, looral, &c.

OGLOU. But surely you had urgent motives, madam,
For coming here ?

ZORIL. Yes, yes ! of course I had 'em.

Song resumed.

My Agib's life I shall save no doubt,
And I chose to meet Timour here about,
Because the fortress is not very stout,
And if smartly attacked will not long hold out—
With a tooral, looral, &c.

ZORIL. Now, if you would but do a little treason,
You'd serve the cause of virtue.

OGLOU. That's a reason ;
But still—

ZORIL. Well ?

OGLOU. *I approve of your design—*

But think—if Agib's *your* son, Timour's mine.

ZORIL. That's inconvenient. Yes, 'twould greatly suit us,

Did you aspire to play the part of Brutus.

Come, sacrifice your son, and do what's right.

OGLOU. No—I don't seem to see it in that light.

ZORIL. Well then, I'll give my word that Timour's life

Shall be safe as houses. For a wife,

Whom Timour's sword made widow lone and sad,

I think my offer is by no means bad.

OGLOU. Madam, no gammon! Ugly and a brute

Was he whom Timour finished off.

ZORIL. *Sans doute.*

And it may be—the gods excuse the thought.

Perhaps I don't hate him for it as I ought.

His life's assured.

OGLOU. Then, madam, I'm your man—

If that's your policy, I'll aid your plan.

Song resumed by OGLOU.

If my naughty boy, from his neighbour's wall,
Like Humpty Dumpty, gets a great fall,
And doesn't get broken, my grief will be small,
He may come to the milk-walk after all.

With a tooral, looral, &c.

Exit OGLOU, L.

ZORIL. (*solas*) Aye, to the milk-walk—not the milky way,
Where countless stars their blended light display;
Not milk above, but humble "milk below"
Shall mark the passage of my fallen foe:
While rising high, as though to seek the moon,
Mounts the true heir like any air balloon.
Yes! Timour's sun shall set—while my brave son
Shall proudly sit—not set—upon his throne!

Song.—ZORILDA.—Air, "Traviata."

Soon the tyrant shall be humbled,
From his lofty summit be tumbled,
And the luck on which he stumbled,
Like an airy bubble burst.

Thus 'twill, and the tale romantic,
Of this upstart, wild and frantie,
All for nought his every antic;
Timour now has done his worst.

Exit ZORILDA, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Lists.* Places taken by TIMOUR, ZORILDA, LISKA, SELIMA (as Prize), BERMEDDIN, L. 3 E., &c. &c. &c., in dumb show, with a deal of pantomimic action; they sit, R.; after an Amazonian dance is performed, trumpets sound—the Lists are formed.

KERIM and SANBALLAT enter the Lists, from L., and fight with broadswords, Victoria fashion, without coming to any decisive result; TIMOUR grows impatient.

TIMOUR. I say, we can't keep sitting here all day,
To see these fellows bungle in that way.
How long d'ye mean to sham? Go in for slaughter,
Or neither youth shall have Circassia's daughter.

(*fight renewed*)
Bah! Bungle, did I say? You're far too clever,
And therefore may go fencing on for ever.
To lose my time thus idly, I am loth,
So here's the finish. Lads, have at ye both!

(*snatches two swords from the GUARDS—he springs into Lists and fights both together, amid applauding shouts—He disarms both KERIM and SANBALLAT at the same moment, and then rushes to SELIMA and clasps her in his arms, and next holds up both swords in one hand, as in a tableau*)

TIMOUR. She's mine! She's mine! Rend with your
shouts the air,

The brave deserve, and also win the fair.

Selima's name inscribe on all my banners.

ZORIL. My dear, but future spouse, are these your manners?

TIMOUR. Lor! are you riled?

ZORIL. And does it seem so strange,
A woman should feel hurt by such a change?

TIMOUR. Changed, my adored; you'll find no change in me.

I've a large heart, that's all—I'm quite at sea

(All) To understand you. Why these silly bothers?

I never loved but you—and her—and others.

Come, sweetest! (All) (obliged to) (all)

ZORIL. *pointing* Are you contemplating bigamy?

TIMOUR. Tartars, like Mormons, are allowed polygamy.

Come to these faithful arms. (*still holding SELIMA*)

OGLOU rushes in, L. 1 E.

OGLOU. Cease fondling, coaxing,

The murder's out—there's been a *nawful oaxing*.

That's the Princess of Georgia, to your thinking?

ZORIL. Silence!

OGLOU. I shan't!

TIMOUR. Papa, if you've been drinking

Retire to bed without another word.

OGLOU. Through fifty bales of cotton I'll be heard;

Besides the quantity which it appears

Stops—only when you like—your lordship's ears.

That woman is Zorilda.

TIMOUR. Eh!—Matilda!

Who's she?

OGLOU. No, no!—Zorilda!

ZORIL. Ah!

TIMOUR. Zorilda!

ZORIL. No, no!

OGLOU. Yes, yes!—the Princess of Mingrelia!

TIMOUR. Oh, my worst foe—does this fair form conceal ye!

I'll not believe it.

ZORIL. Don't.

OGLOU. They hocussed Octar,

Then killed him with a homeopathic doctor.

Enter OCTAR rushing in, R. 1 E.

OCTAR. No, I'm not dead!—I've 'scaped that *bella donna*,

That this one (*pointing to ZORILDA*) may have justice done upon her.

I live in spite of globules.

OGLOU. Octar!

OCTAR. Yes!

I'll tell at length the tale of my distress.

TIMOUR. And if you dare, my pistol shall produce

A globule that will cure it. What's the use—

Distress be smothered! Tell me, slave, who's that?

(*pointing to ZORILDA*)

OCTAR. Zorilda, to be sure!

TIMOUR. (as Othello) Oh, flat! flat! flat!

One trial more, to make the matter clear.

Guards, fetch that wretched boy. Bring Agib here!

Exeunt GUARDS, L.

ZORIL. (*aside*) Oh, that bags Agib! Sir, there's nothing
in it—

I'm not Zorilda.

TIMOUR. (*deadly calm*) Madam, stop one minute,

AGIB is brought in by GUARDS, L. 1 E.

Here, little darling—don't your feelings smother—
Ain't you uncommon pleased to see—

AGIB. (*rushing to ZORILDA*) My mother!

ZORIL. My child! my child! how lovely and how fair.
And how they have forgot to cut your hair.

TIMOUR. I'll save that sixpence. (*touches sword*) Oh, you
vile deceiver!

(*aside*) But what's the use—I know I shall forgive her.

Concerted Piece, "Mountain Sylph."

ZORIL. No don't, no don't detain him from his mother.

AGIB. You won't, you won't—all kindly feeling smother!

OGLOU. Here's a riot and a rumpus, I would do the thing
that's right,

When it is within my compass. Truly I am
puzzled quite.

ZORIL. { Here's a riot, here's a rumpus,—yet I'll dare
and the tyrant's might,

AGIB. { Fortune for a while may thump us, but at last
she'll make it right.

TIMOUR. Snare and plots may thou encompass, teasing
me by day and night;

But in spite of row and rumpus, Timour holds
his kingdom tight.

ENSEMBLE. There's a riot,—here's a rumpus—which is
wrong and which is right—

That is more than I can compass, for I'm sure
I'm puzzled quite!

(closed in)

(closed in)

(closed in)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Castle Battlements.*

Enter KERIM and SANBALLAT, l. 1 E. they express indignation at the wrong done them by Timour, and joining hands, vow eternal vengeance against him. At this moment, TIMOUR suddenly enters, l. 1 E., and they both bow with every sign of profound veneration, they then step aside to opposite sides of the stage, looking mysterious.

TIMOUR. Eh! What's all this? My eye most plainly traces Meaning, at last, in those unmeaning faces.

Speak! speak! No, I forget, that's not your line; Express your thoughts by your least puzzling sign.

(they both approach him rapidly, and begin talking on their fingers with the greatest rapidity)

A G Y W. (pushes them both aside) Enough! enough! I can't endure that stupid, soporific stuff.

What are you driving at? (SANBALLAT beckons him aside, l.) Well, fire away!

(SANBALLAT pulls out scroll inscribed, "Zorilda")

Zorilda! Eh! What? Oh, you mean to say

That she came hither in another's stead;

That news is old, my friend—Queen Anne is dead!

(SANBALLAT shakes his head)

What! Something else you mean? (SANBALLAT makes signs that she is in love) Confound the bother!

Ha! ha! I have it now—she loves another!

(SANBALLAT nods)

How queer I feel, from head to foot I shake.

Is this the green-eyed monster that doth make

The food it feeds on? (catches KERIM's eye, who beckons him) Well, my friend, proceed—

(goes up to him—KERIM, r. takes out scroll inscribed "Selima")

Eh! Selima another loves, indeed!

You think that you've annoyed me, but you've not.

Annoyed forsooth! Not a jot! not a jot!

(walks stealthily up to SANBALLAT)

But I suppose that other has a name?

(SANBALLAT points to KERIM)

What! That vile dummy yonder? Oh! Shame!

shame! (walks stealthily up to KERIM)

And Selima—on whom casts she her eye?

(KERIM points to SANBALLAT)

Well, we shall come to something, by-and-bye!

Was ever mortal heart so fiercely racked,

Was ever mortal brain so nearly cracked,

Who dotes yet doubts, suspects but fondly loves,

Is a poor wretch, as Shakespeare amply proves.

But, oh, that foolish nigger never knew

The agonies of him who dotes on two.

Draw near, a word or two before you go,—

If e'er the world of this affair should know,

Speak of me as I am—no, don't do that,

It is not flatt'ring to be deemed a flat.

Say I'm not easily jealous, but being wrought,

Am apt to do the thing I didn't ought,

Say too, that like Arabia's trees, my eyes

Drop tears. No, hang the wretched spoon who cries!

Add this besides, to make the tale complete,

Two blackguard boys once met me in the street,

And called me names—which I shan't repeat.

I uttered not a word; I made no fuss,

But struck out right and left, and smote them—thus!

(stabs KERIM and SANBALLAT with two daggers,
which he has gradually drawn—each advances
to carry off the other—TIMOUR pushes them both
off, KERIM, R., SANBALLAT, L.)

Thus ends this episode. Hence terrors vain—

The rascals fall.—Timour's himself again!

An ass is he who throws away his life,

In useless fidgetting about his wife;

Unknown was all such folly, I believe,

In good old days of Adam and Eve.

(furiously) The good old days—all bosh! Old days
be hung!

I'll sing that song as that song should be sung.

Song.—TIMOUR.—Air, "The good old days of Adam & Eve."

I sing, I sing a song much bolder,

Of days in which the world's grown older,

Nor Oxford don nor Cambridge sizar

Can prove to me that we've not grown wiser.

In Latin words and English fact, I

Am not a Laudator temporis acti;

Or to make the thing more plain and pleasant,
There never were times so good as the present.

Sing hey, sing ho, and by no means grieve,
For what's called the days of Adam and Eve.

Our father's toilettes knew no sponges,
Tubs, nor flesh brush, shower baths—plunges :
They neither knew nor cared a farden
For the glorious rub of the glove of Baden.
They just dabbed water their hands and face on,
In fact, they bathed in a wash-hand basin.
Now we've found out the value of water,
At least, we're told it once a quarter.

Sing hey, sing ho, &c.

They smeared their hair with a mixture doughey,
Or wore big wigs that were grand and showy.
A healthier fashion has come to save us
From other wigs than nature gave us.
(Except when a party is dressed out smarter
For playing a piece, like "Timour the Tartar"—
And then, of course, he superbly dresses,
And all admire his elegant tresses).

Sing hey, sing ho, &c.

Exit TIMOUR, L.

SCENE FIFTH.—*A splendid Chamber with large folding doors. An alcove, with curtains drawn up by golden cords, l. u. e.; a large window and balcony, to which the ascent is by a double flight of steps, with a gilt balustrade, r.; window open, r., and moon seen through it; numerous lamps are burning; vases with flowers; door, l. 2 e.*

ZORILDA, with her hair dishevelled, is reclining on a pile of cushions—LISKA near her as an attendant.

LISKA. (r. c.) Cheer up, sweet lady, never say despair,
And just allow me, do, to smooth your hair;
And why not change your dress? When one's in grief
The duties of one's toilette bring relief.
Grieve not so much, I say—now—draw it mild!

ZORILDA. (l. c.) Grief fills the room up of my absent child!
Dog's ears his book—commits some prank absurd;
Or hurts my feelings with some naughty word.

Puts on his pinafore and trousers brief,
Thus have I reason to be fond of grief.
Upon my head this thing I will not wear !

LISKA. Stop, madam, that cost money—pray take care.

ZORIL. My boy ! my boy ! my Agib—my fair son !

My breakfast, lunch, and dinner—all in one.

LISKA. Indeed, I pity you.

ZORIL. And then your father,
That great old do !

LISKA. Yes, it was shabby—rather.

Enter OGLOU at folding doors, l. 2 E.

ZORIL. He to betray me!—O, 'twas very base !

OGLOU. Ma'am !

ZORIL. Yes; I wonder you can shew your face.

OGLOU. If I had acted differently, I know,

By this time I had had no face to shew :

Timour in choler would as soon, I swear,

Cut down a *Pa* as he'd cut up a *Pére*.

LISKA. No, no!—fie, fie!—you ought to be ashamed !

OGLOU. Indeed I'm not, Miss Liska, to be blamed :

'Twas through expediency the truth I uttered.

ZORIL. Yes; knowing on which side your bread was
buttered.

Expediency!—that's the term to use
When some low shuffling trick we would excuse—
If honour's path should prove the longer way,
And into some dark passage we would stray
Which seems the shorter cut, we first declare
The step expedient, and then all seems fair.

OGLOU. A noble speech; but, madam, you forget,
Tartars have not invented Vestries yet?

LISKA. Nor Boards of Work, who nothing ever do,
But work the pocket—if report speaks true.

OGLOU. And therefore that indignant outburst is 'm—
What's classically called—Anachronism.

LISKA. It ill becomes you, pa, to stand and mock
A lady suffering under such a shock.

OGLOU. (*to LISKA*) You hold your tongue. (*to ZORILDA*)
When Octar had come back,

There was no use in swearing white was black !

I saw him ready with his news to burst,

So from the bag let out my cat the first.

LISKA. Papa's a deep 'un.

ZORIL. Yet, I do not see—

OGLOU. Look ! Timour still has confidence in me.

ZORIL. Then Timour and I differ.

OGLOU. As before,

I open and I shut yon prison door ;

What if I brought you, for five minutes' chat,

(he goes to door and brings in AGIB, muffled, L. 2 E.)

A visitor. (the cloak falls) Yes, what d'ye say to that ?

AGIB. Mamma !

ZORIL. My child ! Kind Oglou !

OGLOU. I deceive you.

LISKA. Papa !

OGLOU. My child !

LISKA. How touching ! I forgive you !

ZORIL. In your abode, dear sir, I plainly see,

My prince has found an Agapemone.

OGLOU. Listen to me. You must escape to-night ;

A band of Georgians will attend your flight.

We've squared all that, they're waiting down below.

You, Liska, you to yonder passage go ;

Don't let my son come on her unawares,

Remember, Timour's life you spare.

AGIB. She spares !

OGLOU. I'll see all right below, and you keep steady ;

And when the bell sounds midnight —then be ready.

Exeunt OGLOU, L. 2 E., and LISKA at back, R.

Duet.—ZORILDA and AGIB, "Lurline."

A mother and her darling boy,
Benignant stars together bring ;
No spoken words can tell their joy,
So here they stand and sweetly sing.

The Poet may compare our case
To that of linnets in a cage.

The simile is common-place,
And oft adorns the Album's page.

Our thoughts are old—our feelings those
That soar beyond the reach of time :
The same affection lives, and glows
In ev'ry age—in ev'ry clime.

Our thoughts are old, we must confess;
 Repeated oft in many a scene;
 But still they wear a modern dress,
 The newest music from Lurline.

ZORIL. You're looking ill.

AGIB. I've plenty of excuse,
 For that dull place would kill the very deuce.

ZORIL. You mind your book?

AGIB. Well, yes, mamma, sometimes;
 But I've learned all my hymns and nursery rhymes;
 And chewed my primer into balls, to shy
 Upon the sentinels as they walk by.

ZORIL. My playful pet!

Re-enter LISKA from back, r.

LISKA. Hush!—stop thy loving prattle!
 This is no time for idle tittle-tattle—
 Timour is coming.

ZORIL. All my hopes have shrunk!

LISKA. He's very touchy, and he's rather—

ZORIL. Sunk
 Into the earth I'd be!—each way is blocked!
 Stop, here's a cupboard!—hang the thing—it's locked!

(LISKA hides AGIB on the couch)
 LISKA. Beneath these cushions he will be secure:
 You, madam, feign to sleep to make all sure.

(ZORILDA reclines on couch)

Enter TIMOUR at folding doors, followed by BERMEDDIN,
L. 2 E.

TIMOUR. This door unlocked! Bless me!—how very
 heedless!

BERM. You gave no orders—

TIMOUR. Thinking they were needless.
 Summon the proper guard. *Exit BERMEDDIN, L. D.*
 Now, madam—ho!

LISKA. Hush, hush!—you'll wake her if you bellow so.

TIMOUR. (*viciously*) I mean to wake her!

ZORIL. (*rising*) Rash intruder, hence!

TIMOUR. Madam, your words betray a want of sense.

This place is mine. I can't be an intruder.

Can anything be plainer?

ZORIL. No, nor ruder,

Than thus to take advantage.

TIMOUR. Bear in mind

That Timour takes whatever he can find.

Madam, I'm come to shew myself a fool
For once, exceptions always prove the rule,

And if I should boil over, think upon
The policy that put the kettle on.

You've proved a vile impostor, come to cheat me,
You snub me, scold me, seem inclined to beat me.

Spite of this, I'm here, upon my life,

To beg (O fool!) you'll deign to be my wife!

ZORIL. You kill'd my husband, sir,

TIMOUR. That's very true,

But then the crime was caused by love for you.

ZORIL. Oh, monstrous flam! You had not seen me then.

TIMOUR. But I had heard of you from many men

Who had seen your photograph. Pray ask no more,
But just be satisfied that I adore.

Your husband was a brute.

ZORIL. (*aside*) Well, that's a fact.

TIMOUR. Fitted for six month's lodging by the Act.

Another swain will beat less, and will sigh more
At those dear feet.

ZORIL. Name him!

TIMOUR. His name is Timour.

Your eyes dart fury, while your cheek is red.

ZORIL. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead.

TIMOUR. I would they were, that I might die at once,

And not keep whimpering here—a dolt—a dunce.

You'd kill me; well—I'll take you at your word—
Be quick about it, madam—here's my sword.

ZORIL. I've a good mind.

TIMOUR. Your lord by me was slain.

ZORIL. That's not sufficient reason—try again.

TIMOUR. Agib, by me, in prison was confined;

Now stick, fair lady; but, please to bear in mind,

That if my guards come in and find me dead,

They'll take off your's—and likewise Agib's head.

ZORIL. Too soft persuader—'twill not do, I see.

TIMOUR. Take up the sword again, or take up me;

Refuse—and when the sky with morn is red,

Young Agib will be shortened by a head!

ZORIL. The axe ! Behead my child—my only joy ?

TIMOUR. A chop is wholesome for a growing boy.

ZORIL. Monster ! wouldst dare so foul a thing to do,

As kill my Agib ?

TIMOUR. Kill him !—I ? 'Tis you !

ZORIL. I kill him ?

TIMOUR. Yes, I tell you, aggravation ;

What needs this d—— I mean this iteration.

I'd be his step-father. If you're averse,

He'll just go one step farther, and fare worse.

Do you refuse ?

ZORIL. A short time for reflection.

TIMOUR. Humph ! thinking might increase your disaffection.

LISKA. The signal ! (clock strikes midnight)

ZORIL. Ah ! if Oglou —

OGLOU. (without) As a trivet,

I'm right ! (LISKA takes AGIB from couch to alcove, L.)

TIMOUR. The marriage chain I cannot rivet

Ere midnight hour, because that hour has struck ;

I'll wait an hour, and hope for better luck.

(approaches couch, and about to sit)
ZORIL. Not there !

TIMOUR. Why not ? Explain ! I'm quickly nettled.

ZORIL. Not there !

TIMOUR. Some rascal hidden ! (stabs couch) So ! that's settled !

ZORIL. Lost !—lost !

TIMOUR. You may be lost, but naught is found.

LISKA. (whispers) He is in the alcove.

ZORIL. Ha ! (a loud knocking heard)

TIMOUR. Sure I heard a sound—

Some spirit rapping.

ZORIL. Oglou, I'll be bound.

OGLOU. (without, L.) Come—come ! All's ready !

TIMOUR. Is it ? I'm delighted !

ZORIL. I faint !

LISKA. I die !

TIMOUR. You need not be affrighted,

I take it easy. (LISKA tries to approach door) No, no !

You stay here ;

Don't stop our friend.

Enter OGLOU, L. door, not seeing TIMOUR.

OGLOU. Come, my little dear.

TIMOUR. Father!

OGLOU. My son!

ZORIL. Oh, gemini!

LISKA. Oh my!

TIMOUR. Whom look you for?

OGLOU. You! You!

TIMOUR. Humph! That's a—Why?

OGLOU. Why, that of course you must perceive is clear.

TIMOUR. Gammon! you said just now, "Come, little dear."
Who was it that you thus accosted?

OGLOU. You!

TIMOUR. Some veneration to one's sire is due.

But when he says the thing that's not correct,

What kind of filial love does he expect.

So coolly too, *me*, "little dear" to call.

OGLOU. Why not? You are my dear son, and far from tall.

TIMOUR. Kind, good papa. (*aside*) Old humbug! not so flat
Am I, that I don't sniff some sort of rat.

OGLOU. (*aside*) I wonder where the boy is?

TIMOUR. Fair Princess,

About that couch (*to LISKA, who approaches OGLOU*)
No whispering! I'll confess,

I have my doubts.

ZORIL. All—all I will explain.

TIMOUR. I'm charmed! (*aside*) Now for a bouncing fib
again!

ZORIL. A small green parrot long my pet has been.

TIMOUR. The only thing about her that is green.

ZORIL. Upon yon couch 'twas perched. Now, had you sat
Down on it, heedlessly—

TIMOUR. Don't talk of that,

Madam, I trust that I have pluck enough—

A candle, with my fingers, I can snuff—

But sitting on a parrot—

ZORIL. While you raved

I saved my pet.

TIMOUR. (*rubbing his leg*) You know not what you saved!

ZORIL. The faithful bird to yonder alcove fled.

OGLOU. (*aside*) Aha! I see it all!

TIMOUR. Let's hope it's dead.

We'll drop the subject; of these vain alarms

I ease my heart, while gazing on your charms.

*Song—ZORILDA. Air, "Some one to love me." (Buckley.)
(during which the escape of AGIB is effected by
OGLOU and LISKA through window, R.)*

You bad man, I never can love you;
In vain you make all this ado,
For I feel that my station's above you—
Your morals are second-rate, too.
Indeed, sir, the man who would love me
Should be the contrary of you.
You smile, but you never will move me
To tell a—the thing that's not true:
You're not so bad-looking, I grant it,
Although you're not much of a beau;
Your heart, sir—indeed I don't want it—
Bad man, do not worry me so.

TIMOUR. Oh, joy!—oh, rapture!

ZORIL. Nay; I own the song
Was not so bad, but this is rather strong.
You'll make me vain.

AGIB. (without, R.) Oh, crikey! (chord)

OGLOU. (at window, R.) Oh, my eye!

ZORIL. What is't?

OGLOU. The cord has broken!

ZORIL. He will die!

TIMOUR. Eh? Loose again is some infernal screw;

Madam, upon my word this will not do.

ZORIL. Don't bother!

LISKA. Hush!

OGLOU. Just hold your tongue! Fear naught,
The loyal Georgians have the urchin caught,
And raise him in their arms! (shouts without, R.)

ALL THREE. Hooray! Hooray!

ZORIL. My boy is safe!

TIMOUR. Young Agib slipped away?

And Georgians at the gate—I feel distracted!

My honour'd father—nobly you have acted?

You, sister, too! You, madam! I'll be shot,

If I can pick the worst out of the lot.

Quick!—ho, my guards! (Enter GUARD, L.) Though
countless foes attack,

Ass as I am—I've harness on my back!

Alarums, &c., and all exeunt, R.

(*Scene Sixth.—A Dark Gallery in the Fortress.*)
Enter TIMOUR, R.—he falls.

TIMOUR. Perdition catch thine arm—the chance is thine—
 But, oh, the lustre of this precious shine.
 Thy wondrous glory doth afflict me more
 Than my deep wound—though, that I own's a bore.
 Now, let the world no longer be a stage,
 Hard driven by a madman's senseless rage;
 But let the schoolmaster with supple cane
 Come forward, and set all to rights again.
 And then—

Enter ZORILDA, OGLOU, LISKA, and AGIB, R. and L.

ZORIL. Good gracious!—Are you talking yet!

TIMOUR. The sun of Timour—

ZORIL. Is but slow to set.

I see that I must deal another blow!

OGLOU. (L. C.) Remember, please, your promise—No,
 ma'am—no!

LISKA. (L.) One is enough, you need not give another;
 Please, ma'am, do not hurt my little brother.

TIMOUR. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

ZORIL. Because you'd like to run away.

TIMOUR. Of course!

SELIMA enters, L., as *Genius of Burlesque*.

AGIB. (L.) But who comes here, array'd in garb grotesque?

ALL. Selima!

SELIM. No! the Genius of Burlesque!

Who by the exercise of powers magical,
 Would fain prevent the tale from being tragical.
 Nay, don't be startled; there is no great change meant,
 But listen to the terms of my arrangement.

Agib shall to his father's crown succeed.

AGIB. Of course!

ZORIL. Yes—yes!

LISKA. That's fair!

OGLOU. All right!

TIMOUR. Agreed!

SELIM. Timour shall live.

TIMOUR. Agreed! Agreed!

SELIM. Instead

Of being slain, Zorilda he shall wed!

ZORIL. Stop! stop! Two words to that!

SEЛИM. Two! Nonsense! Stuff!

When you are married you'll have words enough!

ZORIL. Well, then, you'll lead a life like any martyr.

TIMOUR. By wedding me, you'll find you've caught a Tartar!

In erudition some have gone so far,

When they say "Tartar" they omit the *R.*

Yes, worthy friends, those daring innovators,

Speaking of Tartars, rudely call them "*Tatars!*"

The Khan of Tartars thus becomes, poor man!

A vulgar and ignoble Tater-can,

And stands exposed to many a wicked joke,

Whick reckless punsters feel inclin'd to poke.

Then, when they see his anger mounting high,

"Taters all hot l!" irrev'rently will cry;

Or ev'ry grand idea basely spoiling,

Will mercilessly say, "The Tater's boiling."

When I become pugnacious, they will scoff,

Bidding the *Tater* take his jacket off.

To idle jests like these, pray give no quarter,

Though tart they be, let Timour still be *Tartar*.

His dreadful *wars* he promises shall cease,

If you will patronize his Christmas *Piece*.

LAST GRAND SCENE & FAIRY WEDDING CAKE.

Finale. — Air, "All among the Barley."

Thus ends our Christmas folly,

With hope that it will cheer,

Like mistletoe and holly,

This season of the year.

Reward us with your laughter,

The jest we will renew

To-morrow—the day after—

And very many too.

Though Timour is a Tartar,

Though Timour was a thief,

You'll please to give him quarter,

Likewise his Christmas beef.

Curtain.