

ALARIO, OR THE TYRANT'S WELLS.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

The Plot taken from the New York Dramatist.

DRAMATIC PERSONS, too numerous to mention.

ACT 1st.

SCENE—[The Shores of Sicily, the Mediterranean in the distance. TIME—Long, long ago.]

Alario—Once more upon those sunny shores I stand,
Fair Sicily, thou bright and glorious land.
Where shines the sea and where the song-bird sings,
Where winter's mild precede the budding Spring,
—Home of my Fathers!—I long to see!
Enraptured to behold the tints that paint
Thy well remembered shores. Here dwells my love,
My ducky Rito smiling in his bed,
My sweet Ianthe, peace! I fear heart be still,
Don't flitter, flutter like a steam saw mill.
She comes, she comes, I see her drawing near,
Once more fond heart be still, my love is here.
[Enter Ianthe, who as Alario is supposed to have been banished 12 years from Sicily, of course does not recognize him.]

Alario—Good morning, miss, see day my pretty maid,
Don't thou remember one who often played
With thee, at ball and hop scotch, long ago?
Who frequently at school would stily show
Thou how to do thy sums, and then I'd kiss
When going home for payment steal a kiss?
Ianthe—[With charming eagerness.]
I do! I do! Oh I knowest thou ought of him,
My dear Alario! Speak! I oh speak I declare
With anxious longings. Speak! I oh speak I declare
Where is my long lost dear Alario, where?
Alario—Sweet one behind him, yes, behold him here,
Come to my arms, my little ducky dear.

Ianthe—I come, I come.
They embrace, and the scene changes.

SCENE 2nd.—[Palace of Pyrrho King of Sicily.]

King Pyrrho—Well, good Donatus, what's the news to day?
Are traitors questioning my kingly sway?
Are gritty chiefs and rebels with their ire,
Kindling a hobbery of rebel fire?
Speak out, old codger, and where doubts are bred,
Fly! presto! quick, and tumble off an head.

Donatus—[Prime favourite of King Pyrrho.]
Most elementaire, the city's still as death,
Of aspect I see no such rebels' heads.
But, sire, one word, there's lots of room for fear,
That fierce young brat, that lion's whelp is here.

King Pyrrho—Who's here? speak out! or faith I'll quickly deck
My jewel chamber with your ugly neck.
Who's here? what brat? by Jupiter, be quick,
And save yourself from precious nasty trick.

Donatus—May, sire, I tremble, head I bend down your ear,
I woud do to let our rurs waistcoats hear
Alario's back, great Thingembobom's Son.

King Pyrrho—The gods be thanked, the young cub's arace is run;
Quick, had him out where'er the racial rove,
And bring him here, I'll tickle him by Jove.

SCENE 3rd.—[Interior of a Cottage—Enter Alario, Ianthe and Bastibus, her supposed Father.]

Ianthe—Oh Pa, I've brought a friend home here to dinner,
Bastibus—Welcome my hearty whay—as I'm a sinner,
This young Alario back, no yes! of course it is.
I'm up to snuff, his old Father's phiz it is
In pictured there. Welcome again my boy.

Alario—Dear Bastibus, with undissembled joy,
I greet you well, my sweet Ianthe's Pa!
Is dear to me as was my saluted Ma.

Ianthe—[aside]—How prettily he talks.

Alario—Yes, yes, my friend
Ianthe and her Pa have forest me wend
My tootlope hither, though porchance thro turks
A speck of danger from those ugly Turks
Who rule in Sicily; that bold usurper who
My dear Pa killed, might raise a precious stew.
If once be found no here, here Bastibus.

Bastibus—Nay, let him come, who cares an empty cuss
For him or his? His race is almost ran,
I'll fix his vloger for him, my son.

Ianthe—Oh Pa I pray don't be rash, 'twould make me cry
If you or dear Alario thro, should die.

Bastibus—Peace, pretty trembler, banish every fear—
[Loud knocks at the door.]

Ah, what! good Jupiter, what mischief's here,
[He goes to the door.]
Who's knocking up that most infernal roar,
Speak, sire, and keep that knocking easy now.

Captain of King Pyrrho's Guard, [from the outside.]
Just up the doors and then you'll see old here,
We have a warrant from your King, your boss.

Ianthe—Oh Pa, don't let them in.

Alario—'Tis no they seek,
On me, the tyrant woud his vengeance wreak,
Ianthe ducky parent don't look so glumish.

Fearnothing, sweet, my life is yet worth "nomo."
[The knocking is renewed.]

Ianthe—Oh dear! Oh dear! I heart is sad and sore,
Why don't they stop that knocking at the door?

Bastibus—A truce to trembling, we must let them in,
Though faith it seem to me a crying sin,
To open the door without a single blow,
Yet willy decrees it must be so.
But dear Alario you naught my ind,
We'll smoko the false old tyrant soon becad.
Go with them quietly, but mind you keep
Your wether eye from dropping off to sleep.
[He opens the door and the King's guard enter.]

Rustibus—What seek ye?
Captain of the Guard—One who arrived to day
Upon the shores of Sicily the gay.
His name, Alario.

Alario—Sir Captain, I am he.
Captain of the Guard—How are you, sir? I guess you'll come with me
Without a rumpus, Pyrrho seeks in sooth,
With you an interview my pretty youth.

Ianthe—Hold me, I faint.
Alario—Nay lovely, dvey, dear
They don't pray don't there's naught my life to fear,
Come let me clasp thee to my faithful heart,
One kiss, Ianthe, sweet, before we part.

[They embrace, Alario gently disengages himself from Ianthe, who falls fainting on a chair.]

Alario—Tis better so, now Captain, I'm your man.
Captain of the Guard—All right, my hearty.

Rustibus—[to Alario in a whisper.]
I've got a scrumptious plan
Will not all right, go noble youth in peace.
[They depart and Bastibus shakes his fist at the Captain of the Guard, as the Curtain falls.]

ACT 2nd.

SCENE 1st—[Room in the Palace—Pyrrho seated in state—Donatus standing near—Enter Captain of the Guard with Alario.]

King Pyrrho—[to Alario], What are your race and name?
Alario—Both noble, most, and year's are not this name,
King Pyrrho—Dog, darrest thou beard the lion in his den.
Alario—Aye, or the monkey aping airs of men.

King Pyrrho—Ah I sayst thou so? my pretty dainty youth,
We'll put your burning courage to the proof.
But know thou reptile with the noisy bark,
Thou bestest too well old Thingembobom's mark,
To scape my vengeance, no, I'll glout each sense,
With triumph o'er thy fall. Guards bear him hence,
To deepest dungeon make the prey secure.

Alario—Tyrant, I scorn and spit on thee, the more.
[Exit Guard and Alario.]

Pyrrho—My faith the cub has Thingembobom's pluck,
I thank the Gods for standing me in luck.
Quick, good Donatus, send three lusty men
To skewer this chicken in his onsome den.
Bide too my guards with swift and noiseless bound
Sieze all with whom the graceless cub was found.

Donatus—I go, dread sire, and ere one hour has run,
The work shall be both well and surely done.
[Exit Donatus, scene changes.]

SCENE 2nd.—[Alario in his dungeon.]

Alario—I've brought myself into a pretty fizzle,
And woud, there seems no chance to make a mizzle,
I'm brought to bay, and likely done for too,
Great Jupiter, my hopes are ceuted nil in you,
Look out my father's son and nurse my soul
To bear the worst this tyrant King can dole.
Guard sweet Ianthe, soothe the troubled maid
When she shall learn, I'm food for fishes made,
For fishes—phoo!—I'll kick up yet a strife,
For lover, dvey, Ianthe, and life.
But ah! I who comes?

[Enter three gigantic men with masks, each bearing a drawn sword.]

Alario—What would you fellows?
Three men in concert—Sir, prepare to die.

Alario—That's a pretty conceit, but perhaps you'll toll'me why.
1st Man—Question us not.
Three in concert—Prepare, prepare to die.

Alario—Nay gentlemen, forsooth, that's all my eye,
I must decidedly object to die.
Yes, bang no if I'm quite so jolly green,
Besides, looke here, your swords ar perhaps not keen,
Just let me try the edge, at I now the bit.

[Takes the sword from the hand of one of the unsuspecting executioners.]

D'ye think this a fit weapon to be kilt
With oh! D'ye think it sharp enough,
You out and out confounded stupid muff.
Take that, and that,

Drives the sword with lightning speed into the body of the foremost man, catches the second a regular sweeper round the neck, his hand tumbles on the floor, and so fierce is the blow, round the neck of the third, who is standing close to him, comes, is him cut through, and a second thrust completely finishes his business.

Alario—Ah, Vermin, dogs, I guess you're bit the dust,
And faith this gently sword shall knock no rust,
Till vengeance dirdue cooled my burning soul
On him the great planner of the widoel.
I'll riot in revenge, on merec dogs!
My glowing blade till Pyrrho feeds the dogs.

Quick, let me leave this black infernal hole,
And clasp one more Ianthe to my soul.
[He leaves the danger, ascends a multitude of stairs, and at length, after many windings, arrives in the outer court of the Palace, unchallenged, (for of course it is supposed to be night now) but is there stopped by a wall about fifty feet high. Here he stays to sollicitize and talk to the wall.]

Alario—Great Jupiter, his wall is mighty high,
An awful leap, but help me and I'll try,
Ianthe calls, life, vengeance, all demand
The active use of either leg or hand.
Dear me now, Jupiter, help gently toll.
Down to my feet a mighty leaping hole.

[He gets anxiously about him, instead of the pole he had hoped to find he perceives gradually glowing before his eyes a ladder of ropes, which fixes itself to the summit of the wall. Of course Alario loses no time in climbing the ladder, and as he does so, gently limes a paraded version of the burden of a song well known to those days.]

Now Alario clothes
By a ladder of ropes,
Let old Pyrrho be langed for him.

SCENE 3rd.—[A ruined Temple—Bastibus surrounded with a band of conspirators.]

Bastibus—Friends, Patriots, be every sense an ear,
Great Thingembobom's son is once more here.
This morn I chased him off our native shores;
Tomorrow ere we'll raise the wild alarms
Of savage war, we'll strike the tyrant dead,
And make a foot ball of his ugly head.
Strike for Alario, Thingembobom's son,
Till liberty for Sicily is nobly won.
Strike for Ianthe, Thingembobom's niece,
Till Sicily is filled with joy and peace.

Shakensup—[one of the leaders of the conspirators.]
Say, did I hear aright good Bastibus.
"Ianthe, Thingembobom's niece," may then the worse
Shall Pyrrho fare, give physale to the dogs;
We'll nick the rascal as they butcher dogs.
Say is it so? is it fact or fable?
A scion of the house of great Bohem?

Bastibus—Tis so, believe me, but my bully boys,
We've work to do, no dalliance with toys.
Girls on your swords, to-morrow lend the way,
By that rare pace not of olden day,
Straight from this temple to that darksome well,
Neath Pyrrho's Palace, then, like dogs of hell,
Your ladders plant quick, scale the damp cold wall,
And then for liberty and vengeance call.

Death to the tyrant and his every cause,
Know now Alario's in black Pyrrho's claws;
Do swift, be sure, be faithful and discreet,
And chop the tyrant into fine mince meat.

All—We will! we will!

Bastibus—Adieu dear friends, good bye,
Resolve to be victorious or die.
Exit all.
Curtain falls.

ACT 3rd.

SCENE 1st—Room in Pyrrho's Palace. Enter Donatus in haste.

Donatus—Great heavens, dread sire, the prisoner has fled,
Down in his den, my lady Ianthe is dead;
Dread, all stark dead, great Jove himself could never
Have killed the knaves more thoroughly or fair.

King Pyrrho—Escaped sayst thou, thro by great ocean's moss,
Quick, bring his head to me or loose your own.

Donatus—But sire!

King Pyrrho—Bat me no buts, but off I say,
Order my guards to search all night and day,
Until the whelp be found.

Exit Donatus.

SCENE 2nd—Cottage of Bastibus. Ianthe alone. Enter Bastibus.

Ianthe—Dear Pa, how long you've been, say, know you ought
Of dear Alario? Have you closely sought
His prison house?

Bastibus—Fear not, my pretty poppet,
That Tyrant Pyrrho soon will have to stop it if;
We'll cook his gones in double speedy time,
And brown his lathers up in style most prime.

Ianthe—Thanks gentle Pa, but oh good heavens what's that?
Sire, don't you looke that awful rat, fat fat?
[Loud knocks at the door and summons too pan in the King's name]

Bastibus—Fear not, Ianthe, though I let them in,
They'll leave full soon another time to slay,
Ere's should they cry to me, my boy, never fear,
Keep up your courage with a glass of beer,
And then I'll ope the door.

[Ianthe drinks and he opens the door, the guard sto in.]

Bastibus—What would you friends?
Capt. of the Guard—His Majesty an invitation sends,
Respeaking, sir, your presence at the court,
Yours and Ianthe's.

Bastibus—Nay, you do but sport.
Capt. of the Guard—I faith not so.

Bastibus—Then Captains lo obey
The Kingn better. Ianthe, dear, away,
Put on your shawl and bonnet, and make haste.
[They leave in the "stody of the Captain of the guard.]

SCENE 3rd.—[King's Palace—Pyrrho seated—Enter Donatus.]

Donatus—Two prisoners ar without, 'twas in their house
Alario, sire, was found, woudst have them come
In your dread presence.