

[Tekeli;]

Hook, Theodore Edward, 1788-1841.
New York, C. Wiley; 1825.

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Recd. from the 10th Jan. 1811

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TEKELL.

This piece made its first appearance at Drury-Lane, on the 24th of November, 1806, and is said to be a translation by Mr. Hook, Jun. and by him adapted to the English stage. The interest is supported with much ingenuity through the whole performance, and the music on which the success of this species of drama so much depends, well suited to the action. It abounds in loyal and noble sentiments, calculated for the meridian in which it was produced. It was received with the most unbounded applause, and announced for a second representation amidst repeated bravoes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.


HUNGARIANS.

Count Tekeli
Wolf, his Friend
Conrad, the Miller
Isidore
Frank
Officers
Counsellors
Citizens

Alexima, the heroine of *Montgatz*
Christine
Attendants

AUSTRIANS.

Count Caraffa, the General
Edmund, his Lieutenant
Bras de fer, } Soldiers
Maurice, }
Dragoons
Dancers

 *The passages marked with inserted commas are omitted in the representation.*

H. B. Hawley

TEKELI;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF MONTGATZ.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A FOREST—NIGHT—ON THE RIGHT A LARGE TREE, AND
OTHER NEAR THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE, AND ON THE
LEFT A THICK CLUSTER OF SMALL TREES—DURING THE
LAST PART OF THE OVERTURE AND RISING OF THE CUR-
TAIN, A STORM.

*Tekeli is discovered lying on the branch of the large
tree, and Wolf is asleep at the foot of the other.*

Tekeli. Wolf! Wolf! he hears me not. Fatigue
and want have overpowered him, and even these ter-
rific peals of thunder cannot arouse him from his sleep
—(music—*he descends from the tree—storm ceases.*)
At whatever hazard it be undertaken we must leave
this wood—in which, without the common sus-
tenance the human frame has need of, for two long days
we've wandered in distress. I can but die, and if

existence be the sacrifice, how can I better yield it than in an effort to revenge my country's wrongs upon my country's foes—(touching *Wolf* gently) *Wolf*, my friend.

Wolf. (waking) My prince—

Tekeli. Hush, hush—

Wolf. Yes—it is the noble count Tekeli.

Tekeli. Hush, hush—

Wolf. (rising) Pardon me, much-loved sir, that name is fixed so deeply in my heart, it is the first I utter when I wake; it is a charm against misfortune, and I am unwilling to abandon it.

Tekeli. Oh! *Wolf*, what tortures rack my breast for Alexina's safety—for the safety of that wife, who during twelve successive months, has, in the fortress of Montgata, withstood the vigorous and repeated efforts of the imperialists. No earthly power shall keep me longer from her, this day shall terminate my doubts—I'll save her or perish.

Wolf. You may command me, sir, but be cautious—prudence must take the reins from love, and guide you in your course.

Tekeli. Prudence!—oh, *Wolf*, can I in imagination see my Alexina felled to the ground by some unfeeling arm?—'Tis past endurance! the utmost boundary of this wide-stretched forest is the Torna's bank, thither I'll fly, and having reached the coveted stream, plunge in its silvery tide, and—

Wolf. --And die before Montgata--no, sir--each pass and passage of the river is too strictly guarded to admit a possibility of such an undertaking--escape by force you never will accomplish: confide yourself to me and listen to the dictates of a calmer zeal--restore to Hungary its greatest hero, a protecting husband to your Alexina, and a father to your people.

Tekeli. It shall be so--my fellow citizens have trusted to my care their rights and liberties, and I will

Maurice. Then it was in the back, I'll be sworn.

Braz de fer. No—'twas in the back, by mine honour.

Maurice. If you were wounded so terribly, I wonder how you contrived to escape at the last sortie from Montgatz—

Braz de fer. Escape—why, though in a trivial business like this, I am slow; yet, in any thing that concerns my country, such as a retreat—la, I'm always the first to run.

Maurice. Oh, you are a fine soldier, no doubt—all I wonder at is, that the general should employ you as his servant; cowardice is—

Braz de fer. I'm no coward—on my honour, none—not a whit on't—only, I have the greatest antipathy to danger in the world—and though I've the best inclinations of any soldier breathing, my limbs never will exceed the mandates of my heart—I'm for all the world like a boat, when courage pulls one way, I'm sure to go smack the other:—but, where is your detachment?

Maurice. I know not—I lost them in the forest, as I did my way; and if I had not fallen in with you—

Braz de fer. You would have fallen out with yourself for having quitted them; however, the count, tho' a great soldier, must eat, and he will drink; as that is the case, I am sent forward with these provisions to the new post established in the forest, and as I have found you—and the hamper is heavy, we'll divide the eatables, and each carry a share.

Maurice. Agreed—agreed—I make but one bargain, that is—the half I carry be inside my stomach;—carry provisions—all nonsense—so, no—master *Braz de fer*, we will, like true soldiers, stay here and retreat.

Braz de fer. That isn't a bad thought, by mine honour isn't it; under this very tree we'll spread our cloth and as the day draws, we shall enjoy the prospect around us; come, lend a hand!—

[*Music*—they unpack cloth, knives, plates, &c. and sit down at the foot of the tree, where Tekeli is—Wolf still behind the trunk.

Bras de fer. In the first place, there are some biscuits—there (he puts them by his side, *Wolf* takes them up, and gives *Tekeli*)—a bottle of tokay—with the cork out—

Maurice. Put that away, and give us some brandy—
[*Wolf* gives *Tekeli* the tokay, he drinks.

Maurice.—May our enemies have such wine as that to drink—

Bras de fer. Come, a bumper; I'll give you a toast, here's honour and honesty:

Maurice. Honour and honesty—well here's to our absent friends—I say, talking of battles, *bras de fer*, did you ever see *Tekeli*?

Bras de fer. No—I believe I might have once seen him, but I was moving too quickly to discern any object distinctly, and I didn't stop to look behind me; but, if you mean, am I acquainted with him—personally? no—I never have conversed with him—

Maurice. Conversed—oh, you conceited rogue, converse with *Tekeli*: why, do you consider that he is much above us; and, no doubt, looks down upon such fellows as we—come, come, eat away, *Bras de fer*, no need of sparing, for we are to attack *Montgatz* to night.

Tekeli. Ha!

Maurice. Not so much eating then, all hard work—I long for the time—we will deal desperation among the *Hungary* rascals—

Bras de fer. Come, come, civility if you please: recollect you were a *Hungary* rascal yourself, before you began to eat: beside, I like talking of fighting, as—

Maurice. As little as you like fighting itself, I believe you—the count *Caraffa* did intend to lay before *Montgatz* till famine forced the countess *Alexina* to surrender; but he has heard that *Tekeli* is actually

in this forest, together with his friend Wolf, disguised as a peasant—

Bras de fer. Wolf—disguised—a wolf in sheep's clothing, I'm afraid—

Maurice. He is determined, however, to take him to-night before we attack; and, therefore, he has doubled all the watches, ordered fires along the Terra, and offers a reward of one hundred ducats for him.

Bras de fer. I say, if we could catch him any where a-sleep, and tie his hands, and legs, and then—

Maurice. O fie! you are a valliant soldier!—wounded in battle—no, no—if I were to meet him, I should hold it an honour to fight with a man so famous for his conquests and misfortunes.

Bras de fer. (*drawing his sword*) So should I—oh the rascal, I'd poltreuse his soul to atoms—and hurl him down the pit of perdition—why, at Vienna, what did he do—nothing—if he were to rush out of that thicket, I'd exterminate him thus—

(*Tekeli and Wolf rush forward—music—Bras de fer tumbles down on his knees, Wolf seizes him—Maurice and Tekeli fight, Tekeli, after a struggle disarms him, and thrusts him down.*)

Maurice. I am conquered—strike!

Bras de fer. I am conquered—pray don't strike.

Maurice. Speak—ere the blow is given, who are you?

Tekeli.—I am Tekeli—your life, brave man, is your's,—the sweetest laurel on the victor's brow is that which mercy twines—one favour in return I ask.

Maurice. Demand it, sir.

Tekeli. That you to do me mention our meeting till this hour to-morrow—

Maurice. I swear it—

Bras de fer. Oh, dear sir, do—you—wish me, sir—to sweat, sir?

Wolf. No, fellow, I don't ask an oath of you, but

[*Tekeli sits at the foot of the tree, the chorus recommences, and, to a rustic march—enter the peasants with scythes at their head.*]

CHORUS.

● Sound the sweet melodious flute,
Strew each blossoming flower,
Strike the tabour, pipe, and lute,
Hail the nuptial hour.

Wolf. (*aside*) Conceal your art. — Ha, ha, my brave fellows—where are you going to day—so smart and so early too?

Isidore. Oh, sir, not far—not far—only to the mill of Keben.

Wolf. (*aside to Tekeli*) The mill of Keben, three short miles from Montgatz, and a bridge over the Torza—some merriment going forward I suppose!

Isidore. A wedding, an' save you—and my own too.

Wolf. Marry and go to a mill, that's by way of getting used to the clock I suppose—well, I wish you joy, sir—(*aside to Tekeli*) In this time of jollity we can escape completely unobserved.

Isidore. Well, come on my lads, we're late, come on.

Wolf. One word, sir—you must know that I look upon myself as judge of countenances; and by yours I am apt to suppose that you are a—a—devilish good fellow.

Isidore. You're pass skillful at your trade, for that's what every body says.

Wolf. You wouldn't, I'm sure, by that eye of yours—refuse a bit of service where you could grant it.

Isidore. Not I—and much less on my wedding-day, seeing, as if I was to do an unkind action, it would bring unhappiness upon me all my life.

Wolf. My friend and myself travelling on the

CHORUS.

Sound the sweet melodious flute,
 Strew each blooming flower,
 Strike the tabor, pipe, and lute,
 Hail the nuptial hour.



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An interior view of the mill of Katen—in the front a barn filled with the implements of husbandry, beyond is a court-yard bounded by a brick wall two feet high, behind which runs the river Terna, on the left in the third wing a water mill, beyond the mill a low wooden bridge runs from the second wing on the right of the last wing on the left, before the termination of the bridge, on the right a wind mill with a store-house beneath, in the back at the supposed distance of three miles is the fortress of Montgatz on a rock, the mills are both discovered in motion and continue during the scene—in the front two or three barrels.

Enter cautiously from one door, Christine, she crosses to one on the opposite side and listens.

Christine. So, my father is busy—and Isidore not returned—he promised to be here at eight and it is now nine. If he was not to come now how the girls would laugh at me. I wish he was here, for without him every thing appears dull.

AIR.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon fountain,
 And sweet are the cowslips that spangle the grove,
 And sweet is the breeze that blows over the mountains,
 Yet none are so sweet as the lad that I love,
 Then I'll weave him a garland,
 A fresh flowing garland
 With lilies and roses
 And sweet blooming posies,
 A garland I'll give to the lad that I love.

It was down in the vale where the sweet Torra
 glistens,
 Its murmuring stream ripples through the dark
 grove.
 I own'd what I felt, and all passion confiding,
 To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.
 Then, &c. &c.

Chris. Well, Ma Isidoro, this is very pretty treatment on a wedding-day. (*music—she looks out*) Here he comes, and all my anger has subsided. I'll run into my room, and wait till he comes for me.

[*Music—Tekela is brought on by peasants as before, Wolf and Isidoro, Lada and Isidro.*]

Isid. Now silence—silence—I'll go and apprise my father-in-law.

Enter Conrad from the door of the mill.

Con. Is it you, Isidoro?—your hand.

Isid. There, father—we have made you wait—but it wasn't our fault, like. We met with a poor unfortunate devil in the forest, who was so lame, that his comrade and he passed all the night under a tree, and he

Frank. I ask your pardon, sir—but how are we—who never saw Tekeli, to know his person?

Edm. (*reads the description*) "The count Tekeli in height five feet eight inches; dark hair and eyes of a commanding aspect, supposed to be in a peasant's dress."

Frank. (*aside*) One hundred ducats are one hundred ducats, and if this be he, I'll have them.—Sir—I know—

Con. (*pushing him away*) You know nothing, you'll search the mill, sir!

Edm. With your permission.

Con. Christine, conduct these gentlemen.

Christ. This way, an' it pleases you, sweet sir.

Isid. (*aside*) Sweet sir—umph—be a soldier—she my wife—damme but I'll go too.

[*The soldiers and Edmund, with Isidore and Christine, go into the mill—all the other peasants go out at the back, except Frank, who lurks behind—Wolf walks out of hearing, but not out of sight.*]

Frank. Conrad—master Conrad—I say—I can instruct you how to gain 50 ducats.

Con. How? (*aside*) he has recognised him.

Frank. By giving up the man they are in search of.

Con. Who?

Frank. The count Tekeli.

Con. Ridiculous.

Frank. He is here.

Conrad. Pooh.

Frank. Upon my honour.

Conrad. Nonsense.

Frank. It is astonishing you did not mark him.

Conrad. I had other things to think of.

Frank. He is the comrade of that man, (*pointing to Wolf*); and he that your son-in-law found in the forest this morning. I examined him well at table, and he is word for word as the captain described him; besides, he has disappeared since the soldiers have been here.

1st *Drug*. Come, then, as they wish it so.

2d *Drug*. Well, you'll get nothing by that.

1st *Drug*. That's as time will show—will you capitulate, condescend to be the judge?

Con. You ought, sir, to decide.

Edu. 'Tis well—I'm ready. [*Exeunt*.]

Isid. I should like to know who'll win.

Chris. O lord, it will frighten me—

Isid. Pooh—come along you fool. [*Exeunt*.]

Con. What's to be done?

Wolf. Heaven knows—he cannot long survive the heat—the want of air—

Con. The sentinel too overlooks us—to-night I send some grain to my storehouse across the bridge; if in one of the sacks be—but he would not submit.

Wolf. To any thing for Alexina's sake.

Con. He must be saved!—Christine!—

Enter Christine and Isidore.

Chris. Here am I.

Isid. Here am I—what do you want father?

Con. Not you.

Isid. I know that, but I don't choose to leave my wife among all these soldiers.

Con. Wait here, child—while this friend of mine and I have some conversation in your room; and if any one comes near, cough so that I may hear you.

Wolf (to Tekeli in the cask) Trust yourself to our guidance—sit not—

[*music—they raise the cask and carry it off.*]

Isid. Christine—what is all that about?

Chris. I know not—what is it to us?

[*Bras de fer appears at the wall listening.*]

Bras. There she is—somebody with her—so as I can't talk, I'll e'en listen.

Isid. What is gone with the man we found in the street?

Chris. Oh—now your curiosity is all afloat.

Isid. But then our being so cough if any one comes

Bras. He has not looked about properly, I'll go and search myself. *[exit Bras de fer.]*

Com. We were arranging how best we were able to accommodate you during your stay here.

Edm. I see, sir, I have been deceived—it was a servant of mine who came to inform me of this important discovery—he has often played me such tricks before, and I'll punish him for it, by keeping him a prisoner while we stay here. *[gives orders to the soldiers, who stop Bras de fer as he advances.]*

Man. Confine him—

Bras. Not me—it's a mistake, it is not me.—

Edm. It is my order, sir.

Com. Not in that room, sir—'tis my daughter's.

Bras. Faith, it's the only prison where I would remain voluntarily—

Com. You had better take him to the top of the mill.

Edm. Ay, he will there have a fine view of the fort.

Bras. Oh, captain, pray forgive me.

Edm. Away with him. *[they carry him off, and presently he looks out of the top window.]*

Bras. Halloo, captain, this is an exalted station indeed—military promotion with a witness; however, unlike most prisoners, I have a good prospect before me—

Edm. Hold your tongue, fellow, or I'll have you bastinadoed.

Com. Now, sir, with your permission, we will clear away these sacks, and send them to the storehouse.

Edm. 'Tis well—

Com. Halloo—Joseph—Pierre—Albert, here.

Edm. Pierce each sack with a bayonet as it passes!

[Music—enter miller's men and Wolf—they mow the sacks, and at every sack that goes over the bridge, the sentinel sticks his bayonet into it—Edmund goes and mows over the wall.]

Man. *(aside)* Where is the prince?

Wolf. Here.

Men. (aside) You dare not pass; I'll serve you now—you shall behold a conquered enemy's warm gratitude.—Captain Edmond, I am a suppliant in the name of sickness. Vorbeck—the sentinel on the bridge—was wounded in the last attack; he complained of weariness but now—he has been on duty while we were feasting—let him have wine, and while he drinks I'll take his post.

Edm. I can have no objection—your humanity is laudable; to save the lives of valiant men is a desirable object.

Men. To save a brave man's life was my wish, sir.
[*He takes his place, Farbeck comes down, and Christian gives him wine.*]

Cos. Come, stir, stir—on with you—that fellow, captain, is the laziest of my men; I verily believe he wishes the sack to hop over the bridge of itself.

[*Musick—Wolf carries off the sack of Tekeli—Maurice signs to pierce it with his bayonet—Wolf craves—Farbeck has finished his wine, and returns.*]

Cos. Now business is done, let us enjoy a little mirth. [drums and trumpets.]

Edm. Ha!—the general count Castella visiting the posts.

[*March—the detachment in the mill, with Maurice commanding, march on, and range themselves—the march is observed at a distance coming, till they increase in size, and cross the bridge—the mill detachment present arms—enter soldiers,—standards of Austria, the general's aide-du-camp, the count Caraffa, soldiers—the mill detachment fall in the rear, and range themselves.*]

Caraffa. Edmond, have you made strict search here?—

Edm. I have, my lord, but unsuccessfully—

Car. Tekeli's here—

Cos. That on my oath I do deny, my lord.

Car. Denial's vain—a peasant coming here has laid the information—is he, or has he been here?—speak—

Con. I cannot answer that, my lord.

Car. What hinders it?

Con. Honour, sir.

Car. In such a circumstance honour is but a word.

Con. You think so—honour to me is every thing—the emperor shall not deprive me of it—

Car. You brave his orders, then—fear less—

Con. I fear—no, sir—you are too just—you'll not abuse the power you enjoy—(a volley of musketry)—what's that—

Bras. (from the top of the wall) Oh! my lord, pardon me—I see, a man has escaped from a rick—and he, together with the man who carried him, are fired at—now they run—now they are close on them—they reach the river—fired it—now they have crossed—

Con. (falls on his knees)—Then heaven be praised, I've done my duty—Tekeli lives, and I am happy.

Car. Ha!—this is too daring—Edmond, you have turned traitor, and abused your trust.

Con. Tarry a moment, my lord—he is not guilty—I alone am culpable—Tekeli threw himself before me in disguise—at length he owned himself—told me that I alone could then decide his fate—I love, adore my king, and would have died to have secured Tekeli—but when I saw the glorious hero at my feet, a suppliant to my bounty—it would have been an act of infamy in me to suffer him to be betrayed—yet will I not deprive the state of any jot of its revenge, and here I stand prepared to die—for him who is my greatest enemy—

Car. On this the king alone determines—come on.

Chris. What, my dear father, leave us—

Con. Yes, daughter, yes—be not alarmed. The laws we boast of will afford the means their protection; and while the power of pardon rests in so good a monarch's breast as our's, the innocent will never

suffer for the guilty. *(They all fall into the prostration.)*
Edm. Lead on—it is not yet too late to take Tekeli.
(march—they cross the bridge—the music ends.)



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—THE HALL OF THE CASTLE OF MONTGATZ—IN THE BACK A LARGE PAINTED WINDOW, REACHING FROM THE TOP TO THE BOTTOM—A TABLE COVERED WITH A CARPET, ON WHICH LIES A HASTLE AND A HELMET—THE CURTAIN RISES TO SOLENN MUSIC—ALEXINA DISCOVERED AT THE HARP—SUNGING.

AIR.

Praise be to those who nobly bleed,
 In freedom and their country's cause,
 Protecting in the hour of need,
 Their charter, liberty, and laws.

Loud swell the dirge—the anthem swell,
 Fresh vivid wreaths fair maids entwining,
 That may to future ages tell,
 Their lives heroic, and their fate divine.

Alex. Heroic men!—to thee this tribute sure is due;
 the war of sorrow shall for ever keep thy laurels green
 —ye noble warriors, so whose valour I had fixed my
 firm reliance—with more than all the brave Bellecki
 —I would have parted with his hand, ere I would wil-
 lingly have seen thee fall. But they are gone—per

night's attack has cost me dear, and I am left the isolated leader of discouraged officers and weakened soldiers. Oh, my Tekeli when I beheld this letter which I've bathed with tears for five long months, in which you promised to be here with forces from the Turkish court, are the then present week expired—!—(sings)—*hab!*—what's that—(sings)—*hope and fear* rule in my heart by turns—*who's there?*

Enter 1st officer.

1st off. Madam, it is impossible to restrain the fury of the people, forgetting in the hour of peril all the oaths they've taken—all the duty that they owe to you—they surround the castle, and demand an audience of your highness—let me conjure you to take some measures to appease them—surrender is inevitable—

Alex. Surrender? sir—

1st off. Consider your life, madam.

Alex. Consider my honour—I am your leader—and I trust in heaven rightly to direct my steps—take from my private stores the whole of those provisions there reserved for me—distribute them to such as need—then call the council hither, and their wise decrees shall quickly be made known—*Sy.*—(sings *1st officer*)—Dearest Tekeli, if 'tis the will of fate that we should meet no more—if 'tis decreed that thy high-beating heart be pierced by some assassin's knife; and if thy glorious soul has winged its flight to those ethereal realms where all our sorrows end—if thy celestial spirit hovers over me, or flits among this ancient castle's misty darkness, at once the pride and sepulchre of all our ancestors, inspire me with that heroic fortitude that has for twelve successive years made thee the terror of thy foes, the glory of thy country, and the idol of thy wife.

[*Solemn music—enter soldiers, pages bearing rolls of parchment, two ensigns, &c. the standard of Tekeli, page, helmet, and plume on a cushion, the great standard of Hungary, the council, two and two, soldiers—flowers and grass open (in circles, the curtain)*

fore sends me to propose a general pardon for yourself and garrison.

Alex. Hold, sir—did we accept a pardon, we should own that we were wrong. No, sir, the wrong is not with us—the emperor, your master, would deprive us of the privileges we have long enjoyed—he still contends we shall not choose our king—he will depute a viceroy—he, too, refuses us the exercise of our religion, and by the murder of our noblest lords, answers the treaties they were sent to make—these are the acts for which he offers us a pardon. No, sir, the land we live in can recur to all its ancient rights without the imputation of rebellion—to regain those rights is now our object; and, till we do, the sword once drawn for liberty, will not be sheathed—we fight for freedom, sir—we gain it, or we die.

Edm. 'Tis well—yet let not all these vain built hopes of conquest lize you on; do you suppose an army all victorious, high in the flush of health, and warm with triumph, can be repulsed by ranks of weak enfeebled soldiers?—

Alex. Enfeebled—*(she strikes her sword against her shield, and immense windows flying open, discover the whole range of battlements covered with men)*—look there—sir—tell the count Caraffa, if he is determined to possess Montgatz, they will exact a noble price for it.

Edm. Your provisions cannot last.

Alex. We will not starve while there are any in your camp.

Edm. Your ammunition—stores—will soon be all expended—your ramparts will be soon a heap of ruins—your men will fall—and—

Alex. There will remain enough to close the gates while Alexina lives.

Edm. Boast on great lady—yours is the vain and empty hope of something yet to come; we speak upon

the certainty of what we have.—Tekeli—yours, the brave, the great Tekeli, is our prisoner.

Council. (all rise) Tekeli!!!

Alex. (rushing in among them) Hold—Hungarians, ye are deceived—this is a deception of the foe—an airy fabrication to alarm the feelings of an anxious wife—no, sir, was our Tekeli in your power—you would not ask a treaty but demand one—you know that he is near us, and you fear least he should gain admittance.

Soldiers. Huzza, Huzza!—live, live—Tekeli!

(crouching, drums, trumpets.)

Alex. You hear—you hear—

Edm. Confusion!

(Enter, amid the shouts, Tekeli and Wolf, who, as they enter, throw off their peasant's dresses, and discover superb military habits—Alexina and Tekeli embrace, and form a group.)

Alex. Unhoped for happiness—

Tekeli. My Alexina—

Alex. Did I not say so—my heart did not deceive me—(she embraces him—then turns to Edmund)—now tell Caraffa that Montgate becomes impregnable.

Edm. This transport is excusable—I have now to say the count Caraffa has commanded me to make it known he gives no quarters to Hungarians.

Tekeli. Those are his orders are they?—soldiers hear Tekeli's—when we attack let mercy check your zeal, and yield that aid we have hitherto been wont to use;—out of the field all murder is a crime—war is a curse to nations; and 'tis a heavenly task to soften down its horrors, and prevent the shedding more of human blood than mere necessity requires.

Edm. Believe me, sir, I merely spoke the message; it grieved me I should be the bearer of it—farewell.

(the handkerchief put on—exit Edmund.)

Tekeli. (taking Alexina's hand) This night indeed, immediately, we are to be attacked—all is now ready

for the engagement—they say that it shall be the last—
 Hungarians prove it so: and if the presence of your
 general—the man who loves you with his heart and
 soul, can add new vigour to that courage known and
 tried, that holds your hearts in keeping—follow my
 steps—I'll be wherever danger calls. Being forth our
 standards. [standards brought.]

FOR GOD AND FOR OUR COUNTRY.

This is our motto, young Hungarians—now remember
 'tis your duty rather to die than yield these precious
 ensigns; these all glorious marks of honour that so oft
 have flown in conquest—lead on.

[March—*escort—soldiers—band of music—standards*
—council—Tekeli and Alvinci.

SCENE II.—A HALL.

March—enter the procession as it went off in the last
scene.

Tekeli. My noble friends, the hour is come that
 must decide your country's fate—consider this and
 firmly strike the blow that stamps your liberty or
 subjugation—this emperor would rob us of our free-
 dom, and invade our rights; ambition leads him on
 yet not that emulative zeal that raises men to deity
 but that distracting self-created power that seeks a
 level all besides itself—these are his hopes, his wishes
 these—'tis ours to prove them vain—let them advance
 —for thus united in ourselves, our heart-blood high
 with loyalty and honour, we fight like lions for our
 hallowed land—no force can equal this—composed of
 all our chiefest citizens who boldly now step forth in
 danger's front to serve their country and their king—
 heroic volunteers in freedom's cause—lead on, and
 charge upon their firm fixed ranks.

[*March of trumpets—council*

SCENE III.—THE WHOLE EXTENT OF THE BATTERMENTS,
THE TOWERS, AND WALLS OF MONTGATZ,—ON AN ELE-
VATED SITUATION HANGS THE LARGE HUNGARIAN STAND-
ARD—ON THE DISTANT HILLS CARAFFA'S CAMP—THE
AUSTRIAN COLOURS FLYING—A GATE AND PORTCULIS—
MARCH.—

*Enter troops in all directions, Tekeli, Alexion, Wolf,
&c. &c.—they range the armed inhabitants—shout—
their battles on ramparts—retreat sounded—silence
—flag raised in front.*

Enter Bras de fer.

Bras. Oh dear—oh la—(cannon)—oh!—what
would my master make me come here for—why should
I die because the Hungarians name their king or the
emperor—it's all one to me—I've no pretensions to
be crown'd—I'll go and hide myself—I will, by the
valour of a soldier—if I could find any old tree or
tower where I could be snug till it was all over, I
should be mighty glad, for then if we should conquer,
I should have my share of the booty; and if they, I
should be a prisoner of war ready made to their hands,
without bruise or blemish—(cannon)—oh dear!

[*runs off.*]

*He commences—an ensign and Austrian soldier
fight—the ensign tears the colours from the staff,
and ties them round his body, fighting on—Tekeli
enters, draws a pistol, shoots the soldier, embraces
the ensign.*

Enter Caraffa.

Car. This time you do not pass. [they fight.]

*[mine is sprung behind—part of the castle appears
in flames—the retreat is sounded—Tekeli gives orders
Caraffa—he falls.]*

Soldiers. (about) They fly, they fly—live, live, Tekeli! !

Music—all the characters rush in—Alexina with the Austrian standard, which she throws at Tekeli's feet—he catches her in his arms—the stage fills on all sides—Conrad, Christine, Isidore, and all the peasants join the group—the Austrian soldiers kneel—chant—flourish—form a picturesque group.

END OF TEKELI; OR, THE HERO OF MONTGATZ,



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