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THE SLAVE;

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF SPEED THE PLOUGH, CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE,
&c. &c.

The Musick by Mr. Bishop.



LONDON:

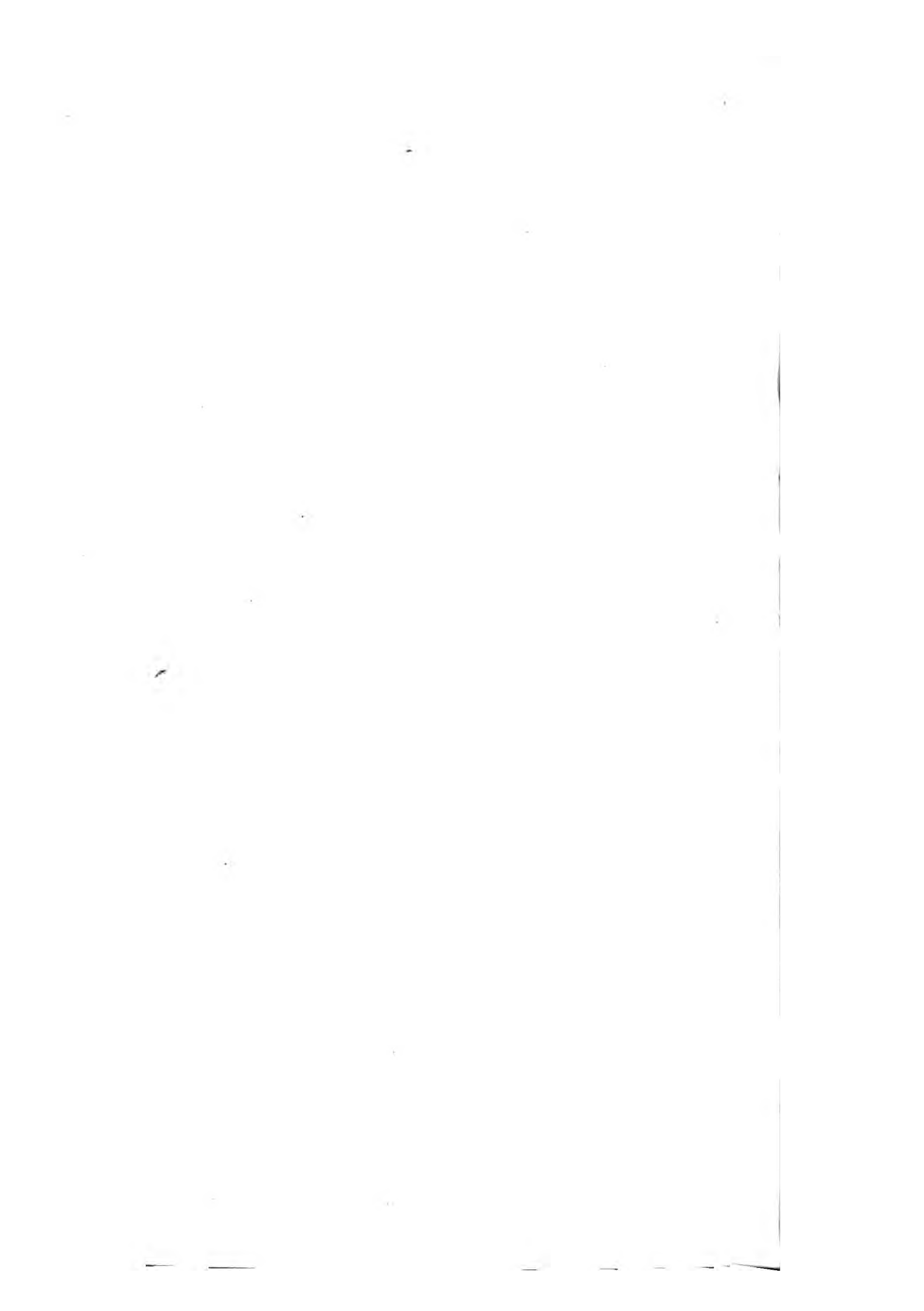
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1816.

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TO

MR. FAWCETT,

THIS DRAMA,

**WHICH WAS SUCCESSFULLY PRODUCED UNDER HIS
SKILFUL AND ZEALOUS DIRECTION,**

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS VERY SINCERE

AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>The Governor of Surinam,</i>	Mr. Terry.
<i>Clifton (a Captain in the English Army),</i>	} Mr. Duruset.
<i>Malcolm (a Scotch Naval Officer),</i>	Mr. Sinclair.
<i>Col. Lindenburg (in the Dutch Service),</i>	} Mr. Abbott.
<i>Matthew Sharpset (a resident in Surinam),</i>	} Mr. Jones.
<i>Fogrum (a Londoner on his travels),</i>	Mr. Liston.
<i>Sam Sharpset (a Yorkshireman, his Mentor),</i>	} Mr. Emery.
<i>Somerdyke (Agent to Lindenburg),</i>	Mr. Taylor.
<i>First Planter,</i>	Mr. Treby.
<i>Second Planter,</i>	Mr. King.
<i>Gambia (an African Slave),</i>	Mr. Macready:
<i>Officer,</i>	Mr. Comer.
<i>Provost,</i>	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Jailer,</i>	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Clifton's Child,</i>	Miss Parsloe.
<i>Mrs. Lindenburg,</i>	Mrs. Egerton.
<i>Stella Clifton,</i>	Miss Matthews.
<i>Miss Von Frump (a rich Lady of Surinam),</i>	} Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Zelinda (a Quadroon Slave, beloved by Clifton),</i>	} Miss Stephens.
<i>Indian Girls,</i> Miss Carew, Mrs. Sterling, Miss M'Alpine.	

SCENE—*Surinam.*

THE SLAVE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Sea-port in Surinam.—One side of the Stage occupied by Habitations of Wood, with striped Verandas.—Muslin Shades in lieu of Glass.—Orange Trees in fruit before the Doors.—On the other side a Fortification, Flag-staff, &c. backed by the view of a Bay.—Music.

Officer, SOMERDYKE, Slaves, and Boy, discovered.—SOMERDYKE looking through a Telescope.

GLEE.

Planters, Negro Girl, and Planters' Boy.

Planters' Boy. Blow, gentle gales, and on your wing
Our long-expected succours bring.
2d Planter. Look, look again!
1st Planter. 'Tis all in vain!
Boy. Lo! behold a pennant waving!
Planters & Girl. 'Tis the sea-birds' pinions laving!
All. Hark! a signal fills the air!
Planters. 'Tis the beething rocks resounding;
'Tis the hollow wave rebounding,
All. Wild as our hopes;—deep as our de-
spair!

(Guns discharged, shouts heard at a distance).

Som. See! a fleet!

Offic. 'Tis the expected succour from England. Hoist the colours!

(*Inhabitants rush in*).

Som. My friends, the Colony is safe!—Surinam is preserved—here are our deliverers!

Enter Planter.

Offic. March out the garrison.

(*The Citadel Gates are thrown open, and Soldiers march out*).

(*Governor and Train enter—Soldiers present arms*).

Plant. Make room, the Governor is landing.

I Off. Hail to the noble Governor of Surinam!

I Plant. All happiness to your Excellency! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

(*Inhabitants join in cheering the Governor*).

Gov. There, that will do very well: really, your flattering welcome is so beyond my humble merits, that I am at a loss to account for this very warm reception, (*Fanning himself with his hat*) and this overpowering affection, (*Pushing them aside, as they press on him*).

Plant. Are you not come to save our lives?

Gov. Oh, that's it.

Som. Is not the negro rebellion at its height? And, but for your presence, wouldn't every Dutchman be massacred?

Gov. Aye, that accounts for your regard for me very satisfactorily. Well, now, as we perfectly understand each other, we'll proceed to business. It seems then, that the negro rebellion is in full vigour and triumph.

Som. O, dreadful! I dare say there are now a hundred in ambush in my plantation; so, pray, go there directly.

Gov. Thank you, kind, Sir, a thousand times. What use have the revolted negroes made of their acquired liberty?

Som. To burn, insult, and massacre even their own countrymen.

Gov. Indeed! then have at them; for on none can the chastisement of severity be more justly visited, than on those who pervert the noblest prerogative of man, into man's bitterest curse. (*Pointing to Slaves, who are ranged in the back scene*). Those, I suppose, are my slaves? (*Officer bows assent*). Are they all faithful?

Off. All! (*Slaves bow, and then call out, "Gambia! Gambia!"*)

Gov. Gambia! what does that mean?

Off. 'Tis the name of a favourite slave—they wish him to address you.

Gov. Gambia, stand forth!

Gam. (*Advancing*). These slaves offer to their master the homage of their obedience, the humble pledge of their fidelity. For their faults, they solicit your mercy—for their helplessness, they entreat your pity—for their wrongs, they implore your protection—So, may you live in freedom, die in the arms of your children, and your spirit be wafted to the promised land of your fathers.

Gov. Well, this speech has, at any rate, one strong recommendation belonging to it—'tis a short one—But, come hither, Gambia, you say, *they* entreat, *they* implore—have *you* nothing to offer?

Gam. No.

Gov. No petition to present?

Gam. None.

Gov. No misery to endure?

Gam. Misery! Sir, I am a slave:—In that, all human wretchedness is comprehended.

Gov. Have you been long a slave?

Gam. Oh, for ages.

Off. Not a twelvemonth, your Excellency.

Gov. I understand him—I declare I fancy him—I dare say he's a good sort of rascal, for I don't see the mark of the whip.

Gam. Whip! Patience, kind Heaven! Sir, I am of giant strength—the negro's toils, performed with groans, and paid with stripes, are to me boyish pastime: Nature has kindly fitted me to my fate.

Gov. I think not; you have not merited your wretched lot.

Gam. Indeed, Sir, I have.

Gov. Your story—

Gam. Is soon told. In Africa I was a slave.

Gov. A slave?

Gam. The vilest—the slave of fierce ambition; revell'd in luxuries purchased by blood; stimulated by Europe's baubles, hunted my fellow-men—But the hunter was taken in the toils; just, full retribution, even to the uttermost pang, is now my doom; that freedom I denied to others, is now far from my hopes as hell from heaven; that country, stained with my crimes, sends its burning breeze across the main, to fire my brain to madness. That innocent man I sold to slavery—he has pardon'd me. Can I forgive myself?

Off. He does all he can, poor fellow, to atone—performs the labour of both.

Gov. Indeed! Why did you not join your rebellious countrymen here?

Gam. Because there is a state worse than slavery—liberty engendered by treachery, nursed by rapine, and invigorated by cruelty.

Gov. I shall think of him. My portfolio. (*Portfolio is brought by Secretary, which he opens*). See these instructions forwarded to the proper officers. (*Officer distributes them among the Slaves*). This letter to the Provost—these to the estate of Mrs. Lindenburg.

Gam. Be those my care.

[*Exit in great haste.*]

Gov. His alacrity pleases me.

Off. 'Tis love gives him speed; for at Mrs. Lindenburg's lives a female Quadroon slave, named Zelinda.

Gov. What, Captain Clifton's mistress?

Off. The same.

Gov. Why, those letters announce Clifton's return.

Off. Poor Gambia! did he know their contents, they'd be the heaviest burden he ever groaned under. His business in Europe was to purchase her freedom.

Gov. True; but in an evil hour Clifton fell among sharpers and gamblers—the hard-earned gains of a soldier became the prey of cowardly plunderers, and he returns to Surinam poorer than he left it. Who have we here?

Som. The Dutch Ladies of the Colony come to welcome your Excellency.

Enter Miss VON FRUMP, and Ladies, attended by Slaves, bearing Umbrellas and Fans.

Miss V. F. In the name of the fair inhabitants, I, their representative, congratulate your

Excellency on your return to Surinam. Have you forgot me, Governor?

Gov. Forgot you!—time, Madam, has as vainly been employed in erasing you from my memory, as I see his efforts have been unavailing in lessening the charms of the late Miss Von Frump—but what your name now is—?

Miss V. F. Oh, Miss Von Frump still.

Gov. Forbid it, gallantry—forbid it, taste!

Miss V. F. Ah, General, I have abandon'd the hope—pshaw! I mean the wish, of altering my virgin state—so much so, that I have sent for my nephew from England, to adopt him as my heir. My family, Sir, the Dutch Frumps, form'd an alliance with the English Fogrums.

Gov. Indeed! then Madam, I had the honour of being shipmate with the representative of the Frumps and the Fogrums.

Miss V. F. And is he a charming youth?

Gov. You shall judge for yourself, for he is now landing; and that you may judge the better, suppose for a few moments you conceal your name from him.

Miss V. F. Admirable thought! he will then speak of me with unembarrass'd gratitude and affection.

Gov. Probably.

[FOGRUM *without.*]

Fog. There, I'll give you no more; so, go along, ye horrid men of tar.

Sailors. (*Without.*) Ha! ha!

Enter FOGRUM, and two *Sailors.*

Fog. (*To Sailors.*) I tell you, it won't do; I that know every fare from the bridges down

to Limehouse-hole—What, you won't go? Holloa, York, you're wanted.

Enter SAM SHARPSET—he sends off Sailors.

Miss V. F. Who is that?

Gov. His name is Sharpset: he's his Yorkshire mentor. Hearing of tricks upon travellers, he hired this Yorkshireman, and united, they consider themselves a match for the keenest.

FOGRUM and SHARPSET advance.

Fog. Ha! ha! ha! try to take us in! No, no, that won't do, I say, Garlic Hill and Black Hamilton an't easy beat.

Miss V. F. I vow, he seems agreeable at a distance.

Gov. Yes, at a distance he is very agreeable.

Fog. Well, here we are at last, on sound terrestrial *terrumfirmum* ground. Do you know, that tho' as yet I've seen nothing but water and sky, I somehow feel amazingly improved by my travels (*looking about, and stretching his limbs*). Oh, there's old Governor—how tired I was of seeing his ill-looking countenance!

Gov. (*Overhearing*). What's that?

Fog. Upon my honour, I did not mean you should hear me—I only—that is—I meant—no, I did not—yes, I—York, you're wanted (*handing Sam Sharpset to Governor*).

Sam S. Yes, your Excellency, he only meant—he was tired of seeing—

Gov. My ill-looking countenance!

Sam S. No, your countenance looking ill—that was it.

Fog. Lud a mercy! I'm afraid I've said something pointed.

Sam S. Don't you be frighten'd about that.

Fog. I should be shocked, Governor, if I was too hard for you.

Gov. So should I, believe me—Now attend me to the citadel. Madam, good morning.

[*Exit, attended.*]

Fog. Why, York, only think—I declare they have got ladies here!

Sam S. Ladies! to be sure they have, or how—In short, 'tis quite natural there should be ladies, you know—I say, ask one of them about your old aunt, that's going to die, and leave you all her money.

Fog. I will—(*He addresses Miss Von Frump*)—Ma'am, permit a youth, well known in the region of the Tower Hamlets, *sitiated* in Europe, to enquire if in any of your West Inge streets, you happen to know a superannuated Dutch Frow, named Von Frump?

Miss V. F. If 'tis *Miss Von Frump* you mean—

Fog. Yes, that's her; she never had the luck to get married—nobody never would have her. You must know, Ma'am, I am imported here on rather a sepulchral concern—the old girl finding herself kicking, sent for me to be her heir.

(*She turns away disgusted*).

—Ah! you turn away—I see how it is, but I'm prepared for the worst—I've brought a black coat with me—Oh! (*weeps*).

Miss V. F. Dry your tears, young man, for

Miss Von Frump is not only alive, but never enjoyed higher health than at this moment.

Fog. Ah, that won't do—He! he! he!—You want to make me cry in earnest.

Miss V. F. In earnest!

Fog. He! he! you only say that to frighten me—yes, you do—high health truly—why, her hearing's quite gone.

Miss V. F. Indeed!

Fog. And as for her lungs, poor miserable soul, she can't use them.

Miss V. F. Can't she? That shall be tried, however. Ah hem! know, thou degenerate Fogrum, that Miss Von Frump stands before you!

(SAM SHARPSET *whistles*).

—Who, in a fit of absurd caprice, could not be satisfied till she had seen you—I have seen you, and am quite satisfied.

Fog. Now, here's a pretty swindle! (to Sam Sharpset).

Sam S. Be quiet.

Fog. Why, 'tis false pretences.

Miss V. F. Wretch! hear my last words.

Fog. (With alacrity). Your last words! with the greatest pleasure.

Miss V. F. Finally to extinguish your hopes, know, I will this day send my promise of espousal to the elegant Mr. Sharpset.

Fog. York, that's your name—There's a Sharpset here already.

Sam S. I shou'dn't wonder; the Sharpsets are a very increasing family.

Miss V. F. Yes, I will marry, tho' 'tis to one of my own black slaves.

Fog. Now don't; why, to spite me, punish an innocent man? My dear old aunt, I can't

bear it—I—that is, you—no—York, you're wanted.

Sam S. That you should be connubially inclined, Madam, is quite natural; the wonderment is, the ceremony is yet to be perform'd.

Miss V. F. Hem! (*smiles*).

Sam S. But why talk of black slaves, when those of a prettier complexion would be proud to be slaves to so bonny a lady. Ha! (*sighs*)—that will do it! (*aside*).

Miss V. F. His friend makes atonement.

Sam S. I've settled it (*to Fogrum*). It's all right enough now.

Miss V. F. But how, Sir, can you excuse that unfeeling Fogrum?

Sam S. Why, Ma'am, you must know that he's fallen so desperately in love with Captain Clifton's sister, Miss Stella, that I verily think it has damaged his lunatics—Love, you know, Ma'am, makes strange combustion we us, susceptible swains—heigho!

Miss V. F. Well, if love be his malady, I may perhaps not utterly discard him!—Slaves! (*they advance*).

Fog. Oh lud!

Sam S. Don't you be frighten'd.

Miss V. F. Conduct these gentlemen where they may obtain refreshment.

(*Slaves hold Umbrellas over their heads, and a Female precedes each, fanning them*).

Sam S. I say, 'Squire Fogrum. (*Chucking Slave under the chin*).

Fog. What?

Sam S. Nothing.

Fog. York!

Sam S. Eh!

Fog. You're not wanted.

[*Exeunt under the Canopies.*

Miss V. F. Here comes a liberal importation of officers, and who knows but after a voyage, uncheered by the rays of beauty, that I may dazzle, and they may adore.—A lady with them! pshaw! they are a drug in the market already.

Enter Captains CLIFTON and MALCOLM, with STELLA. Other Officers enter and pass off, bowing to STELLA.

Clift. Welcome, my dear Stella, after shipwreck and sorrow, welcome to Surinam. Ah, Miss Von Frump, give me leave to introduce—

Miss V. F. Your wife, I suppose.

Clift. My sister, Madam.

Miss V. F. (Aside). Then there's hopes.

Clift. You know I left my heart at Surinam.

Miss V. F. (Simpering). I know! How should I know, Captain?

Clift. Tell me of my Zelinda—where?

Miss V. F. (Snappishly). I know nothing of other folks' slaves—plague enough with my own. Ah, Miss, you have come into a sad country for changing your condition into that connubial state religion enjoins.

Malc. Faith, Madam, we Britons o' the North are famed all the world over for foreknowledge and second-sight; so, to prevent so severe an affliction to so bonny a lassie, I've struck the flag of Independence, swore allegiance to Love, and hope to pilot her into the haven of Matrimony.

Miss V. F. What, he engaged too!—the devil's in the men, I think! [Exit.

Clift. Stella, adieu! I fly to Mrs. Lindenburg, to prepare her to receive the embraces of my dearest sister.

Stella. Very prettily said; but which I interpret—I fly to Mrs. Lindenburg, to prepare Zelinda to receive the embraces of her dearest Clifton.

Clift. Well, be it so. Can I forget that Zelinda preserved my life, nay more, blest, endeared, gave value to the life she saved? Never. Farewell! I'll soon return. Excuse—

Malc. Away with you—To leave a lad and lassie together, requires a far shorter apology than ye seem inclined to honour us with.

Clift. Well, defend your prize, for here comes an enemy to attack it. So stand to your guns, brave Captain— [Exit.

Enter FOGNUM and SAM SHARPSET.

Fog. Bless my soul! 'tis shocking sultry—I declare I'm all in a melt.

Sam S. (*Slapping his cheek*). Damn the musquitoes!

Fog. Celestial heaven! do my ocular eyes deceive me? No, 'tis my sweetheart, Miss Stella—La! I'm so glad. And so, you've been at the bottom of the sea, Miss—Any thing to be seen there? And pray, Miss, how did you get up again?

Stella. By the intrepid exertions of this gentleman (*taking Malcolm's hand*).

Fog. (*Getting between them*). Well, you need not trouble yourself to thank him, because I'll do something very genteel for him.

(*Malcolm takes Fognum by the shoulder, and turns him from Stella*).

—Now that's much more familiar than agreeable.

Malc. }
Stella. } Ha! ha! ha!

Fog. Oh, I don't mind folks laughing at me. I've made my mind up about that, or I should have a pretty time of it. But, Sir, I demand—that is, I request—that is, I beg—that is—York, you're wanted—I say, here's a fellow pretends—

Sam S. Never mind, be quiet—I'll soon settle him.

Fog. Yes, we'll do for him; but don't let us be too hard upon the poor wretch.

Sam S. Hem! I say, Captain, a word or two, if you please.

Mal. Well, Sir, what are your commands?

Sam S. Wheugh! (*Whistles*).

Fog. What's the matter?

Sam S. A Scotchman!

Mal. Yes, Sir; and what then?

Sam S. Only, Sir, I give in—I know my place—I yield—It's all settled.

Fog. Settled! why an't you a match—?

Sam S. A Yorkshireman a match for a Scotchman! Lord help you!

Fog. Why, I thought you were far north—

Sam S. Yes, just far enough to know who's farther. Why, bless you, when they come into Yorkshire, we say—"How do ye do, gentlemen? Pray walk on—Don't stop for the want of a little money—that's the road to the South—good journey, gentlemen."—Lord bless you, we know well enough what we are about, mun.

Fog. Come here—If I was you, I tell you what I'd do—I'd say something damn'd clever to him.

Sam S. Would you? Well, I'll try; but its no use.

Mal. What gars ye glower se, mon?

Sam S. Oh, I'm not at all surpris'd at seeing you here; for, go where you will, you are sure to find a Scotchman.

Mal. Then, gang where you wull, you are sure to meet with exemplary industry, uncorruptible integrity, and unquestion'd courage.

Sam S. There, I told you it was no use—so come along.

Fog. He little suspects how I'll give it him, some day. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. And will the blithsome day ever come, when I shall welcome the girl of my heart to my native Highland home?

SONG—*Malcolm.*

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
 And cold thy wint'ry looks,
 Thy mountains crown'd wi' driven snow,
 And ice-bound are thy brooks;
 But colder far's the Briton's heart,
 However far he roam,
 To whom these words no jøy impart—
 " My native Highland home!"
 Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear,
 We ne'er again will roam,
 And with thy smile so bonny, cheer
 My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather-bell
 Shall tempt thy feet to rove;
 The cushat dove within the dell,
 Invite to peace and love:
 For blithsome is the breath of day,
 And sweet's the bonny broom,
 And pure the dimpling rills that play
 Around my Highland home.
 Then gang wi' me, &c.

SCENE II.

Portrait of a Mangrove Tree.

Enter ZELINDA, who leans despondingly against the Tree.

Enter Mrs. LINDENBURG, with ZELINDA'S Child.

Mrs. L. My little adopted, where did you leave your mother? where is Zelinda?

Child. There, under the mangrove tree—
Mother!

(Runs to Zelinda, who advances).

Mrs. L. My poor Zelinda! what, still drooping, still in tears?

Zel. Good Lady, dearest Mistress, do not think your poor slave ungrateful—indeed I feel all your goodness till my poor heart aches with its burthen. Ah Lady! none but the despised can feel how sweet it is not to be despised.

Mrs. L. Nay, I only fulfil a pleasing duty, made more grateful by a promise I made to Clifton, that in his absence—

Zel. Oh! think you, Madam, he will return? You avert your eye—Alas! I know that love for poor Zelinda may fly from his bosom, but I know that honour cannot—He will not forget he is a father.

(Turning to the Child, and enfolding it, continuing to look at it with affection).

Enter Servant, who delivers Letters.

Mrs. L. Letters from Europe—from my dear son, Lindenburg—then he will soon be here—Ah! (*Aside*) One in Clifton's character. Till I know its contents, she shall be ignorant of its arrival—Follow me, and rejoice, for my first request to Lindenburg, will be the freedom of Zelinda, and my little adopted Englishman.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Lindenburg, and Child.*

Gam. (*Without*) Zelinda!

Zel. Who calls?

Gam. Zelinda!

Zel. Gambia here!

Enter GAMBIA.

Gam. Even that wretch—Do not avoid me.

Zel. Gambia, forget, and leave me.

Gam. Leave you! Bid the parched traveller in the desert avoid the fountains—thou art the only sweet that's mingled in my cup of bitterness—When the task of toil is done, and I ask the moon with its cold dews to bathe my throbbing brow, and the night winds to allay the fever that consumes me, 'tis thy image that shields me from despair, thou art my sun, I live but in thy light—thy words, my food; my drink, thy balmy breath.

Zel. Gambia, I must not, will not hear you.

Gamb. Ah! still vainly hoping for the ingrate who has abandoned thee; think'st thou he will return? or, grant he comes, will it not be to spurn thy proffer'd love? What, constancy or gratitude to a slave! The white cheek

of Europe would be crimsoned at the monstrous indignity—

Zel. Gambia, you tear my heart, and basely wrong the father of my child.

Gam. Thy child! ungrateful woman, must I remind thee, when roused by thy shrieks, I found the huge Aboma serpent had twined its hideous folds around thy sleeping infant—when all else fled the scaly monster, I alone dared the deadly conflict; grappled his hideous crest, buried my hatchet in his brain, and woke thee from thy death-cold trance, by the warm embraces of thy preserved child.

Zel. Oh, think me not ungrateful—can I forget it? Never!

Gam. And can I forget how Zelinda hung upon my neck; strained me to her arms—her heaving bosom pressed against my throbbing heart—forget—not love! What, plunge me in flame, and tell me not to burn—place heaven before me, and bid me not adore! (*Kneels*).

(*Mrs. LINDENBURG, without*).

Mrs. L. Happy Zelinda! Clifton is returned!

Gam. Returned! (*starting up*).

Zel. Blessed moment! Gambia, farewell—

Gam. Stay, I command thee, and mark my words—Europe's cold sons may sink into nerveless apathy; but Afric's fiery children know no sleep of passion—Liberty lost, love unrequited, hope extinguished!—what remains to fill this bosom, but revenge, precious, sweet revenge! Let your proud son of freedom tremble at the vengeance of a slave.

Enter Child.

Child. Mother, my father's coming!

Gam. (*Seizing him*). Ah! his son—

Zel. Mercy! mercy!

Child. Why do you cry, mother? This is dear Gambia, that saved my life. You hold me so far from you, Gambia, I cannot kiss you.

Gam. His mother's voice! his mother's smile! (*kisses him*)—Fiends could not harm thee—
Lost, lost for ever! (*rushes out*).

Clift. (*Without*). Where is she, where is my Zelinda?

Enter CLIFTON.

(*Entering*). My boy—my beloved!

Zel. What, still beloved of Clifton! Art thou then the same?

Clift. Yes; for even poverty has not forsaken me. I possess'd the means of rescuing the objects of my fondest love, from slavery's chains; but intemperance surrounded, temptation beckoned, avarice pushed me on, ruin followed, and with it bitterest repentance.

Zel. That heaven, the christian path to which you taught me to tread, will not desert us, therefore dearest friend—

Clift. Friend! is that a lover's welcome?

Zel. Clifton, hear me. The sacred truths you taught me, I believed—believing, I obey. I still may be thy tender, faithful friend—still a fond mother to this helpless boy—still the slave of man, but not the slave of vice.

Clift. Sweet mistress! how well she instructs me in my duty! Look up, dear suffering virtue, and rejoice, for this day heaven

shall receive our vows—Yes, this day makes thee a wife!

Zel. Best of men!—kneel with me, my boy—lift up thy innocent hands, in thanks, in gratitude—

Clift. Rise, and share my heart! (*raises them*). These precious moments I have stolen from duty—that dispatched, I will return.

Zel. Stay—I must guard you against a danger—there is a slave called Gambia—

Clift. What of him?

Zel. With a too partial eye he has seen—

Clift. He loves thee, Zelinda.

Zel. Alas!

Clift. Presumptuous—

Zel. Nay, we owe him gratitude, for he preserved this darling's life. Avoid him, Clifton, for he threatens dreadful vengeance; and to his nation, revenge is virtue.

Clift. Fear nothing—I will be all you wish: Come, my boy.

Zel. And must you go so soon? Farewell!

[*Exit Clifton.*

—Go, and make known to all, thy mother's happiness.

[*Exit Child.*

—What sounds are those?—Ah, the note of the mocking-bird. Sweet songstress, thou who hast so often echoed my strains of woe, now strive to emulate the song of joy.

SONG—*Zelinda.*

Living Echo! Bird of eve!
Hush thy wailing—cease to grieve!
Feather'd warbler, wake the grove
To notes of joy—to songs of love!
Pretty Mocking-bird—thy form I see
Swinging with the breeze, on the mangrove tree!

SCENE III.

A View of a Sugar Plantation—Buildings arranged on each side—The centre of the Stage occupied by a Plantation of Sugar Canes—Negro Huts in the back ground.

SHARPSET and Planters, *without.*

Sharp. But, gentlemen, only till to-morrow.

1 Plant. Nonsense, I will be paid; or to jail you go.

They enter.

Sharp. Really, gentlemen, this is very hard usage; very hard indeed, not to hear me, when I was going to pay you all—

2 Plant. To pay us all!

Sharp. Yes, going to pay you all—a compliment.

1 Plant. Nonsense!

Sharp. I'll give you—

2 Plant. What?

Sharp. My honor—

1 Plant. Pugh! give us the truth.

Sharp. The truth do you want? Then by my soul you shall have it—ye vultures, ye cormorants, have not I made all your fortunes? Did I ever honor a bill when it became due? and when I have paid you on a Monday, did I ever let Tuesday pass without borrowing again? What, cage the decoy-duck, when a flock of wild ones are in sight? Is not a fleet arrived laden with commodities, exclusively consigned to my use?

I Plant. What commodities?

Sharp. Fools! are articles of certain importation, and always marketable. Behold a couple of victims that shall be sacrificed to appease you. Stand back, I say, and give me room.—
(*They retire*).

Enter FOGRUM and SAM SHARPSET.

Fog. Ecod, 'tis well I brought these bills of credit—what I call the transformables—or we might have been worserer off than the Blackies.

Sam S. I say, look there—that's a great man—how they gather round him, just like a parcel of Legs round a Pigeon at Doncaster races.

Fog. He's coming this way. Suppose I call up a smile, and risk a bow?

Sharp. (*Advancing*). Strangers and countrymen—a double claim to my protection.

Fog. There's for you! Great Sir, I am a man—no—yes—that is, we—York, you're wanted.

Sharp. We are both strangers, noble Sir, but not both countrymen, because he's a Londoner—and—(*Looking up at him*)—Eh! no, sure—why it is—Lud a mercy! May I just ask your noble name?

Sharp. Matthew Sharpset, Esquire.

Sam S. 'Tis him—huzza! (*Snaps his fingers*). 'Tis brother Matty! Yorkshire for ever! Why, Matty, hast thou forgotten little Sammy?

Sharp. The devil!—Ah, little Sammy, is it you? How do you do? What, you heard of my greatness, eh, little Sammy, and so—

Sam S. Bless you, not I—all your kin-folk thought you were drowned—I own I did not

draw that conclusion myself. I say, what a fine thing brotherly love is?

Sharp. Oh, delightful!

Sam S. I conclude now, this is all your fine estate that we see here.

Sharp. No, my estate's quite out of sight. Your friend, Mr. —

Fog. Fogrum.

Sharp. A very ancient name. The Sharpsets have always depended on the Fogrums. What may those bits of paper be, Sir?

Fog. Bills, and letters of credit, Sir.

Sharp. (*Taking one*). Nobody understands credit better than I.

Fog. I suppose I shall want money.

Sharp. I think it very likely. (*Taking another.*)

Fog. I must see what's to be seen, you know—I didn't come here for nothing.

Sharp. Nor shall you remain here for nothing—(*Taking another*).

Fog. These must be cashed—they are indorsed.

Sharp. My dear Sir, my people will fly to effect it.—(*With authority*) Come here all of you.—(*Apart to them*) There, gorge on your quarry, vultures.—(*Aloud*) Begone!

[*Exeunt Creditors.*]

Sam S. How attentive they are to you.

Sharp. Yes! Damn them! (*Aside*).

Fog. I suppose they'll keep the money safe?

Sharp. You may depend upon it. And have not you brought some little investment? Eh, Sammy?

Sam S. Just to turn the honest penny like—I've brought some skaits.

Sharp. Skaits! the greatest rarity here.

Sam S. Ah! I thought so—and some double-mill'd drab great-coats, lined with flannel.

Sharp. Faugh! (*fanning himself*)—A hit, Sammy—there is not such a thing in the colony.

Sam S. Ah! let me alone.

Sharp. Any thing else?

Sam S. Only a little matter of treacle, and pig-tailed backy—

Sharp. To the West Indies—Any coals?

Sam S. No coals.

Sharp. Those of course you sent to Newcastle—Well, gentlemen, if I can further serve you—

Fog. Kind Sir, if you could reconcile me to my aunt, Miss Von Frump—you must know the old girl wants to be married.

Sharp. (*Aside*). Yes, I do know that.

Fog. And so we have planned—excuse my mentioning it, but we are a couple of deep ones—He! he!

Sharp. Ah, my dear Sir, you need not mention that.

Fog. York, here, is to marry her, and we are to go snacks.

Sharp. (*Aside*) Zounds! the key-stone of my hopes undermined—I must counter-plot. Really, (*leaning on Fogrum's shoulders*) Sir, you are too much for us poor fellows. (*To Fogrum*).

Sam S. Ah, Matty, Matty, thou'rt at thy old tricks of bamboozeling and flummerying.

Sharp. Hush!—I would not attempt imposing on your good sense.

Sam S. My good sense—Come, no flattery—it won't do with me.

Sharp. Won't it—I'll try—I only said it, to see if my brother retained the same frank

heart, as I perceive he does the same open, handsome countenance.

Sam S. Why, there's no alteration for the worse there, I believe.

Sharp. Ha! ha! For the present, adieu! I'll meet you at Miss Von Frump's.

Fog. We shall easily find you out.

Sharp. (*Aside*) I hope not. Oh yes—the fact is, I'm more known here, than suits either my wishes or convenience. Beware of impostors!

Fog. Your caution is, I dare say, very well meant—but let them match York Minster—

Sam S. And Bow bell—if they can.

[*Exeunt Fogrum and Sam Sharpset.*]

Enter Captain CLIFTON.

Captain Clifton! welcome, heartily welcome!

Clift. Ah, Sharpset. you here too!—You remember I became your security for 500 dollars, which——

Sharp. Oh, my infernal stars! that the warm joy of meeting an old friend, must be chilled by the consciousness of a pecuniary obligation.

Clift. Nay, I mention'd the Bond only, because I unluckily feel an inability to discharge it for you.

(*Enter Slave, who delivers a Letter to SHARPSET.*)

But, Sharpset, why don't you marry? there's your old flame, Miss Von Frump—

Sharp. Egad, your question's a-propos— for here's the kind soul's connubial promise—

but liberty, precious liberty! while I can, I'll keep thee—for 'tis nobler to suffer a creditor to say—"You profligate, I put you into jail," than for a wife to say—"You shab, I took you out of one." [Exit.

Enter Governor and Officers, followed by Planters.

Clift. Governor, this unlooked for honour—

Gov. Clifton, this night we give to festivity—to-morrow must see you in the field—I have appointed you to command the expedition against the rebel negroes. Here are your instructions—Captain Malcolm, yours.

I Plant. And, brave Captain, shew no mercy.

Clift. Sir!

I Plant. Why, they shew no mercy to us Christians.

Clift. That is the very reason, if we are Christians, that we should shew mercy to them.

Gov. But where is the bride?

Clift. The church's rites are performed, and the slaves have made a festival; I think I hear their music. My Zelinda comes!

(An Indian Procession—At the end of which, Zelinda is brought on, upon Slaves' shoulders—others dancing round her. She descends, and embraces Clifton).

Clift. I present my bride to your Excellency.

Gov. A most interesting creature!

Zel. Oh, my husband! this great, this unmerited blessing! thanks, dear countrymen!

thanks, fellow slaves! All that remains is to drink from the calabash of mutual love. Give me the cup—Who has prepared it?

(Gambia slowly advances).

Gam. It is here. (*Eyeing Clifton with fierceness*).

Zel. Gambia! how terrible he looks! Alas, I dare not drink—I fear.

Clift. Ah, 'tis poison!

Gam. Poison to Zelinda, and by Gambia's hand! (*Falls on his knees*) God of my fathers, hear me—If one thought of ill to her dwell here, change this balmy juice indeed to poison! May withering torments blast my youthful strength, and may my wandering spirit ne'er find those bowers of bliss, which for the wretched slave, kind mercy has prepared. (*Drinks from the Goblet, then rises*).

Zel. Gambia, forgive me! Alas, how I have wronged you—But, oh! one blessing for my husband!

(Gambia dashes the Calabash on the ground, and rushes out—A musket is fired).

Enter an Officer.

Off. General, be on your guard—The rebel force advances—they threaten this plantation.

Gov. That must be prevented—Captain Malcolm, advance with your marines—

—Arm the faithful slaves. [*Exit Malcolm.*
[*Exeunt Slaves.*

Gov. Where's Gambia?

Clift. Doubtless, he has joined the rebels.

Enter GAMBIA.

Gam. Who calls for Gambia?

Gov. You see, Clifton, you are mistaken.

Clift. 'Tis fit he be secured.

Gam. Secured!

Gov. No, I will trust him—give him a sword. (*Takes one from Aid-de-Camp*).

Gam. You have found the way to secure Gambia.

Enter SOMERDYKE.

Som. The foe's at hand; they have fired the plantation—Beware of ambush.

Gov. Clifton, expect your succour instantly—follow me.

[*Exeunt Governor, Gambia, Somerdyke, and Attendants.*]

Clift. Retire, dearest Zelinda.

Zel. Let me but share your danger—

Clift. No, no—thy presence would unman me—Go, go—'tis too late.

(*During this, rebel Negroes have peeped from the Canes—they steal out, and suddenly attack Clifton, who retreats, combating them. Zelinda shrieks, and falls*).

Enter GAMBIA.

Gam. What shriek was that? What do I see?—my hated rival in the rebels' power—strike home—they have him down, they bear him away—now I'm revenged!

Zel. Oh! mercy! mercy!

Gam. That voice!

Zel. Is there no pity for a wretched wife?

Gam. It is that voice that never called in

vain! Yes, proud Briton, thou shalt feel, and own my power! [Exit.

Zel. Ah! Gambia rushes on him!—No, he battles on his side!—he preserves him!

GAMBIA enters, bearing in CLIFTON.

Gam. There—there is the man you love! (*Giving Clifton in her arms*).

Zel. Generous, beloved Gambia! Look up, dearest Clifton, and with me bless your deliverer!

Clift. African! not for my life preserved, but in atonement for the wrongs I did your noble nature, behold me bend before thee.

Gam. Ah! my proud rival, have I brought you there? Why, this is noble vengeance. Pray, Sir, rise—Zelinda, thy hand—One sigh for expiring hope—one tear to the memory of my love—'tis past—there! (*He joins their hands*). And, happy Briton, love her as well as I have done, and my Zelinda's—your Zelinda's virtues will be rewarded!

Enter SOMERDYKE and Slaves, armed.

Som. Their numbers increase: their fury is directed against the slaves of this plantation, for their fidelity to their mistress.

Gam. Perhaps I may thwart their vengeance. Then return, and watch thy safety.

Zel. Oh, Gambia, think of Clifton—should he fall—

Gam. Take comfort; he will not—at least of this be certain, alone he shall not fall. [Exit.

Malc. (*Without*). Heave a-head, my hearts!

[Enters with Marines.]

—Here make your stand—here's the danger.

(*Soldiers rush on, and armed Slaves*).

[*Drum beats.*]

Clift. Advance, and clear the canes of those that ambush there. There's the road—I know you'll follow, when your Captain tells you it leads to victory.

Zel. Or to death. (*Sighs*).

FINALE.

Zelinda.

Ah! If in this dread hour of sorrow,
Should thy glory set in night;

Clifton and Stella.

Heaven may grant a kind to-morrow,
Warm with hope, with pleasure bright.

Malcolm and Chorus.

Now, ye brave, let us on,—your vengeance bestow,—
Those dastards in ambush confounding!
The war-cry of England resounding,
Triumph to freedom! and death to every foe!

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Sea-port in Surinam.—One side of the Stage occupied by Habitations of Wood, with striped Verandas.—Muslin Shades in lieu of Glass.—Orange Trees in fruit before the Doors.—On the other side a Fortification, Flag-staff, &c. backed by the view of a Bay.

Enter Attendants bearing Luggage, followed by LINDENBURG.

Lind. So, once more at home—Well, Sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Lindenburg is inform'd of her son's arrival, and hastens here to meet him.

Lind. I will wait her coming. Proceed with the baggage. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]
—After years of absence, welcome the new world, where, under my real name of Lindenburg, I hope to conceal the vices of the Chevalier Alkmar, which expelled me from the old. Is that my mother? Let me rejoice that the returned prodigal has virtue enough to feel the throb of affection at beholding the author of his being.

Enter Mrs. LINDENBURG.

Mrs. L. My dearest Lindenburg!

Lind. My honour'd mother!

Mrs. L. My long-lost, my beloved son, what anxieties have I not suffer'd—my letters unanswered—unwelcome reports—

Lind. Come, come, the bright hour that unites us, must not be clouded with the melancholy shadows of the past.

Mrs. L. True, my son; and your arrival to-day will give gladness to more than a fond mother, who has a favour to solicit.

Lind. Rather say, Madam, who has a command to honour me with.

Mrs. L. Best of sons! 'tis the emancipation of a female slave and her child.

Lind. Is the document ready? I'll sign it instantly.

Mrs. L. It shall be prepared. 'Tis a romantic circumstance, for her husband is an Officer in the English army—a Captain Clifton.

Lind. (*Starts*). Clifton!

Mrs. L. You start! you are agitated!

Lind. No, no—only the name is familiar to me—Precious mischief! (*Aside*).

Mrs. L. The money he had provided for purchasing her freedom, he was plundered of, by one Chevalier Alkmar—

Lind. (*Apart*). So, so, all is known—

Mrs. L. Who made insolent pretensions to his sister's hand, and drew on himself the chastisement of Clifton—Do you know the lovely Stella?

Lind. I have seen her, and certainly think her handsome—Now, proud beauty, 'tis my turn to tyrannize. (*Aside*).

Mrs. L. Come then, and give freedom to poor Zelinda.

Lind. Hold! would it not grace the gift, if

the parties were present?—Suppose you prepare a little festival on the occasion.

Mrs. L. My dear son, this is worthy of you—I'll about it instantly—Happy, happy mother! [*Exit.*

Lind. The wife and child of the hated Clifton, my slaves! Why, this is perfect vengeance! Fortune, I now acquit thee: thou owest me nothing. But hold—if I meet Clifton, my assumed name of Alkmar, the foul disgrace that fell on me, when this faithless arm betrayed its master, will fill the public ear, will rend a mother's heart. Could I perfect my revenge, and yet conceal my shame! Ay, but how?

Enter SOMERDYKE.

Som. Noble Sir, welcome to Surinam!

Lind. Ah! my agent, Somerdyke—

Som. Most faithfully so.

Lind. I hope then, the balances due to me are ready to be produced?

Som. I can't say they are. You must know, Sir, I am a man of a sweet disposition.

Lind. Indeed!

Som. And when people ask me to lend them money at fifteen or twenty per cent. I somehow have not the heart to refuse them.

Lind. Kind soul!

Som. Here's a list of bonds extorted from my good nature, and I hope you'll wait till some are paid—(*Giving Paper*).

Lind. Scoundrel! (*Aside, and looking over Paper*). Here is one, I see, that may be put to the credit of your sweet disposition—five hundred dollars lent to that prodigal Sharpset.

Som. An amiable weakness; but I have a counter security—Captain Clifton's.

Lind. (*Eagerly*). Indeed, my worthy fellow! I'm very glad you've been so prudent—You say the money due to me is not ready.

Som. Alas!

Lind. Then arrest Clifton on that bond, and name your own time for clearing your account.

Som. It shall be done—I declare you're just such a good-natur'd soul as myself—I'll about it directly.

Lind. Who come here? By my wrongs, 'tis Clifton's disdainful sister, and with her—

Som. Oh, that's the pretty slave the Captain has married.

Lind. Indeed! Ay, *my* slave—mine. Faith, she has tempting charms. Give her freedom! not for Peru's best mine. This way! [*Exeunt.*

Enter STELLA and ZELINDA.

Zel. Alas, he comes not! Pitying Heaven, give me my warrior back to these arms! Hark! I thought I heard the beat of the distant drum! No, 'twas but my throbbing heart—Pity me, lady!

Stella. Now, there's the advantage of being a wife—she can make a public demand upon sympathy, and vent her woes in a fine audible voice; while I, a poor maiden, must gulp down my sighs, and dare not cry "Ah me," for my poor sailor! But after all, a soldier's wife has to share many dangers and heart-aches—but she also shares her warrior's triumph and renown.

SONG—*Stella.*

The village maid sighs
When a red coat she spies,
Beholding the march of a Soldier.

But, ah, lack-a-day!
 Soon he marches away,
 Then, who'd fall in love with a Soldier?
 But, in helmet so gay,
 Should he whispering say,
 "My girl, can you fancy a Soldier?
 The heart of the brave
 Will never deceive;"
 Who'd not fall in love with a Soldier?
 From the cold flinty bed
 That pillows his head,
 At the drum's double beat, starts the Soldier!
 He regards not your sighs,
 When glory's the prize,
 Then, who'd be the wife of a Soldier?
 But the fierce battle done,
 The triumph begun,
 When peace crowns with laurel your Soldier!
 When, free from alarms,
 You rush into his arms,
 Who'd not be the wife of a Soldier?

[Exit.

[A distant March is played.]

Enter the Governor, Officers, and Planters—On the other side, enter the Troops, headed by CLIFTON—disarmed Negroes follow.

Gov. Gallant Captain, I congratulate you on the triumphant success of your expedition.

Clift. Please your Excellency, the sword achieved much, but clemency more; for, on the offer of mercy—a word, alas! to them scarce known—the revolted negroes returned to their duty.

Gov. The thanks of the Colony are due to all engaged; but chiefly to you, Captain Clifton.

Clift. Sir, if thanks must accompany desert, let them be bestowed on the most worthy: Gam-

bia! Gambia! I say! Quick to deserve, but slow to receive reward. Gambia, stand forth!

(*Gambia advances from behind*).

—To the enterprise, valour, and persuasion of this slave, are you chiefly indebted for this day's triumph and security.

Gov. He shall be rewarded.

Clift. Yes, my Zelinda, but for Gambia's protecting arm, thou would'st this day have pressed thy husband's bloody bier.

Gov. Captain Clifton, your promotion shall be my immediate care; but I have obtained from the Council a privilege, which will be dear to your heart.—In manifestation of their gratitude, they allow you to emancipate a slave.

[*ZELINDA runs to CLIFTON.*]

Gam. Precious boon! Now Zelinda, thou wilt be happy!

Clift. Best beloved!—Can I forego the blessing of giving freedom to a wife?—Can I forego the claims of honor, gratitude, and justice?—They must be satisfied.

(*Secretary advances with parchment and ink-stand*).

Gov. Please to write here, the name of the slave you emancipate.

Clift. Give me the paper—'tis a trying contest,—pardon me, dearest inmate of my heart!—(*Writes*) Look, dearest Zelinda!

Zel 'Tis noble!—'tis just!

Clift. Take it to the Governor.

Gov. [*reads*] “ Captain Clifton demands the freedom of—Gambia!”

Gam. (*Electrified at his name being pronounced, becomes violently agitated*).—Free! a man! let me control this strong emotion! it will

not be!—thou open, liberal air!—thou teeming, bounteous earth!—thou interminable expanse of heaven!—thou spontaneous wilderness of nature!—thou art mine! all, all are mine! for I am nature's free-born child!—Liberty! give me the language of gods, to tell that I am free! the tongues of angels, to pour forth the gratitude of a heart, swelling with its dignities! bursting with its joys! alas! I am unfit for thanks or converse! a few moments, spare me—Generous Briton! prophetic be my tongue! when thro' thy country's zeal, the all-searching sun shall dart his rays in vain, to find a slave in Afric—Zelinda, bid me bleed, die for thee, write but on my tomb, that Gambia died free! [Exit.

Gov. Clifton, farewell; this sacrifice of the endearing ties of husband, and of father, at the shrine of gratitude, excites my admiration and my envy.

Clift. I hope, Sir, I have done my duty; and see, my Zelinda smiles approval of the deed.

Gov. Oh, my friends!—'tis not by the thunder of the war, but by the still voice of conscience, that the liberty of mankind will be achieved—yes, slavery must fall before the Christian warrior;—the arena he combats in, is the human mind; Revelation unfolds his banner;—Truth forges his shield;—his armour is rivetted by Reason, and his lance is tempered by Mercy.

[*Exeunt Governor and Attendants.*

Enter MALCOLM.

Malc. Joy! my friend!—Lindenburg's return'd, and has promised emancipation to Zelinda. Hasten then, to Mrs. Lindenburg, and share in the joys of a happy mother.

Clift. Farewell!—I leave you, love, with a heart elated with the brightest hopes, and cheer'd by its own approbation. [*Exit.*

Malc. To the blessings that await you, let me add the gratulations of sincere and respectful friendship.

DUET—*Zelinda, and Malcolm.*

Malc. In joyful peace, disarming,
With hope thy bosom warming,
My friendship deign to prove.

Zel. Ah! language vain expressing
The pure, and heavenly blessing
That sanctions my fond love!

Malc. Joys now abounding,

Zel. Friends here surrounding,

Both. On high the Song we pour :

Friendship } your { hands uniting,
 } our {

Love, to his bower inviting :

Ah! what can heav'n give more?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Mangrove Tree.

Enter CLIFTON.

Clift. There dwells the best of women, who has promised happiness to the loveliest. You rich, I envy not your wealth, for I shall possess Zelinda, my honour, and my sword; and the soldier's sword, while it gives immortality to the hero, bestows on the humblest, respect and competence. Yes, my sword, dear art thou to my heart; for memory treasures that proud day, when, in Belgia's plain, I unsheathed thee by the side of England's bravest hero.

RECITATIVE—*Clifton.*

Deeds of the brave, inspire a noble strain,
 I draw my theme from Belgia's fertile plain ;
 Where, from proud Conquest, gentle Peace arose,
 And to the warring world gave lasting, sweet repose.

SONG.

E'er Vict'ry did her wreath impart,
 That broke the tyrant's yoke,
 The words still vibrate on the heart,
 Our noblest Captain spoke!

Basely to fly from Gallia's sword,
 Ah! what would England say?
 "Up, Lads, and at them!"—was the word
 That bravely won the day.

On wings of fate the bullets fly,
 Our comrades sink in death!—
 Yet nobly join the battle cry,
 With their expiring breath.

Basely to fly from Gallia's sword,
 Ah! what would England say?
 "Up, Lads, and at them!"—was the word
 That bravely won the day.

Enter Provost and Attendants.

Prov. Stay, Sir!—

Clift. At whose command?

Prov. That of the law.—Captain Clifton, you are my prisoner—Here, Sir, is my authority.

Clift. Unfortunate reverse! a prisoner at this anxious moment!

Enter ZELINDA.

—Well, conduct me to your prison!

Zel. To prison!

Clift. Even so, my Zelinda! adieu! seek Mrs. Lindenburg—tell her—

Zel. Oh! Clifton! do not let them part us.

Prov. Sir, I attend you!

Zel. Mercy! support me! (*Faints*).

Clift. But a few moments spare me! Must I leave her in the icy arms of death? Is there no friend? Gambia, where art thou?

(*GAMBIA without*).

Gam. My benefactor's voice!

Enters.

What do I see? Zelinda! explain.

Prov. The gentleman going to prison for 500 dollars, that's all.

Gam. A prison!—What, captivity to the giver of freedom!—Is, then, a dungeon the temple of a soldier's triumph?

Clift. Gambia, I commit to thy care my heart's best treasure—Farewell, African, thou art free—prove thyself worthy of the blessing.

[*Exeunt Clifton and Officers.*]

Gam. I will do so—she recovers—Zelinda!

Zel. Who calls?

Gam. Zelinda!

Zel. No, that's not the voice that speaks comfort here—Where is he? gone!

Gam. Be composed.

Zel. Oh, Gambia, restore him to me.

Gam. Would that I could! would that the sacrifice of life,—nay, more, of liberty—of liberty!—ah! light dawns!—hope revives!—Zelinda, I will restore thy husband. Hush these convulsive sighs, that rend my heart; waste not those precious tears, that now unman me—but hasten to the prison—I will soon follow, and bring—

Zel. Alas ! I despair—

Gam. Despair!—Does not Gambia live?—
Does not Gambia love? [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

The Interior of a Prison.

Enter SHARPSET and Jailer.

Jail. So, we've got you here at last.—What, not one oily word?

Sharp. Humph!

Jail. Not one beseeching bow?

(*Sharpset erects his head.*)

Oh, if you like silence and solitude, I'll take care you shall have plenty on't,—there! (*Places a Chair.*) [*Exit, locking Gate.*]

Sharp. Heigho!—Now then, fortune has done her worst—and is this her worst?—Pooh!—Is this what I dreaded?—Why, 'tis delightful, 'tis luxury!—In this shady blest retreat, there's no dodging and skulking from rascals I despise—no more cringing and grinning, till my back and jaws ache; and as to matrimony—what, plunge into purgatory to avoid this paradise!—Here I can laugh, sing, *tol de rol de rol*—To be sure, singing, without an audience to appreciate my vocal powers, is but poor dull work; and as for laughing, egad if I do, it must be at my own jokes, ha! ha! ha! ha!—Ho! (*Sighs*) How calm every thing is—very calm—particularly calm—amazingly calm—infernally calm—so calm, that the most hideous crash of a typhon, or the fiercest tornado of ladies' tongues, would be heaven to it—I say, how do you do—somebody—holloa! you any body—zounds, will nobody answer? I shall lose my

senses—I shall lose my voice—(*bawling*) Oh, that the dearest friend—

(CLIFTON and Jailer enter, unperceived by SHARPSET.—CLIFTON throws himself into a Chair.)

I had in the world, was seated in that chair—I would rush into his arms—I would—(*Seeing Clifton*)—Eh, what, Clifton! my dearest, kindest—now this early visit is real friendship—and so my misfortunes have brought you here?—

Clift. They have indeed! (*Sighs.*)

Sharp. Well, don't be cast down on my account, my fine fellow—you see I an't—I hope your stay with me won't be short.

Clift. Thank you! (*rises.*)

Sharp. You are fidgetty—I'm afraid you are going away soon!—

Clift. You need not fear that.

Sharp. You make me happy by saying so.—And so you're married—Come, sit down, sit down, and tell me all about it—don't hurry yourself, my dear boy!—I'll hear you talk for ten hours, with pleasure.

(*Noise of Outer-gate unbarred.*)

(*Zelinda without.*)

Zel. (*Without.*) Admit me instantly!

Clift. My wife's voice!

Sharp. Your wife!—What, she come to see me too?—upon my soul this is too much it really distresses me! dear sympathizing angel!

Enter ZELINDA and Jailer.

(*SHARPSET bows and smiles.*)

Zel. My Clifton! I come to share thy captivity.

Sharp. Cap-ti-ti-ti-vity—his! Clifton s!—I

dread to ask, and yet I must know - (*To Jailer*)
What scoundrel brought that noble fellow here?

Jail. Why, if you must know the scoundrel's name, 'tis Sharpset.

Sharp. Oh, how welcome would a halter be!

Jail. And to mend the matter, his being a prisoner, prevents his wife from getting her freedom.

Sharp. Fool! idiot! villain!—aye, that's the word—unfeeling villain!—Clifton!—

(*Clifton holds out his hand*).

Don't forgive me—that would kill me.—Ass! accomplished, most incomparable ass!—insensible to feeling, deaf to honor, even blind to interest—Heavens, how have I neglected that angel, Miss Von Frump!—Oh, could I but now breathe into those ears with diamond bobs, my ardent vows—sigh on that bosom that heaves with fourteen rows of orient pearl!—claiming the fulfilment of this promise, which with a lover's ardour I kiss!—Oh, thou Dutch Venus!

(*Gambia without*).

Gam. Unbar your gates, open them wide, to receive the messenger of joy! the dispenser of liberty! the herald of Zelinda's happiness.

Zel. 'Tis Gambia's voice! he has fulfill'd his promise, and my husband will be free.

Sharp. Will he? then that clears both—so, out we'll march together, and at the altar of restored liberty, I'll just make free to sacrifice Miss Von Frump's marriage promise!—(*He is about to tear it*).

Jail. Hold! that's your road. (*Pointing to interior of Prison*). There are plenty of detainers against you.

Sharp. The devil there are!—Heigho! well, I alone shall suffer—there's comfort in that. Clifton

will be happy with the woman of his heart ; and so should I be with her I love, if the divine Miss Von Frump were here ! Oh, how I adore her !—

[*Exit, kissing the Paper. — Jailer opens the door for Gambia, and Exit.*]

Enter GAMBIA.

Clift. Speak, Gambia ! what meant your words ?

Gam. Let it suffice— a friend who wishes his name should be concealed, has discharged your bond. Said I not, Zelinda, I would restore thy husband ? said I not, Briton, I would not die thy debtor ?—When the clock strikes one, your prison doors will be opened.

Zel. Happy hour ! do you not long for the welcome sound ?

Gam. It will soon be here, Zelinda.

Zel. Blessed liberty !

Gam. Aye, blessed liberty ! (*Sighs heavily*).

Clift. You sigh—There is some mystery.

(*Bell strikes one*).

Zel. The welcome bell ! then Clifton is free !

Gam. And Gambia's fate's accomplished !

Enter Jailer and SOMERDYKE, who gives a Paper to Jailer.

Jail. (*Looking at the Paper*). Captain Clifton, you are at liberty ! [Exit.]

Clift. Blessings on my unknown preserver ! and thanks to you, my worthy friend.—Come with us to Colonel Lindenburg's, to witness the consummation of my happiness ; and, as we pass along,

Zelinda, who never asks in vain, shall obtain from Gambia, the secret of my liberation.

Zel. Come, Gambia!

Gam. I'll—I'll follow—I have business with that man, which may detain—

Som. (*Putting up his Pocket-book*). Well, that's all settled, so come along, slave.

Gam. Hush! Go, dear Zelinda.

Clift. Slave!

Som. Yes, Slave—what do you stare at? He sold himself dear enough.

Clift. Sold himself! horror! self-sacrificed for me! It shall not be, Sir. I am still a prisoner.

Som. I know nothing about that; 'tis enough for me to know, I have bought him for Colonel Lindenburg, so come along!

Zel. Gambia, this cruel kindness—

Gam. Nay, if Zelinda frown on me—

Som. A fellow that puts so little value on freedom, deserves to lose it.

Gam. Not value it! has it not bestowed on me the god like power of restoring a virtuous man to happiness? has it not gifted me with the angelic privilege of lifting up the heart of suffering woman? Farewell! the debt of gratitude is fully paid, and now, Sir, with all duty, your slave obeys you. [*Exit with Somerdyke.*]

Clift. Amazed, oppressed, what shall I say—how act? Oh, I were unworthy the name of man, did I suffer this generous sacrifice! And is that the being with whom the proud European denies fellowship? if we are not brothers, let the white man blush that he is alien to the blood that mantles in that noble breast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Miss VON FRUMP.

Miss V. F. What a fuss Mrs. Lindenburg is making about this Zelinda! Well, I shall soon give a fête, sacred to wedded love! But where's Mr. Sharpset to claim my hand? Sure, the fellow don't mean to disappoint me—disappoint me, indeed! it will be a happy escape—a very joyful circumstance! Oh, there's my nephew, and his civil friend; perhaps he would have me—let me endeavour to appear as happy as I really am.

Enter FOGRUM, and SAM SHARPSET.

Fog. Now, mind, we go halves in her fortune. Swagger to her about lords—pretend to know them.

Sam S. Pretend! why, bless you, at York races, I am in the cabinet.

Fog. Mind—halves!

Miss V. F. Well, nephew, have you been looking out a tomb for me?

Fog. No, dear aunt, but I've been looking out a husband for you—my dear York, you're wanted.

Sam S. I own I wish to transplant this fine blooming aloe into my native plains at the top of Black Hamilton—a grand tip top cool place, Madam—there I would introduce you to Lord Rubbish, Viscount Gumshun, Earl of Rattletraps, and—

Miss V. F. I suppose your great men have abundance of slaves?

Sam S. Oh, plenty—the wretches, with us are called toad-eaters.

Miss V. F. And do your noblemen follow business, attend the markets?

Sam S. Oh, yes, there's a *New Market* made on purpose for them: they all deal in summut—as coals, pictures, lead, parliament men, brimstone, and such like. Why, some of them are so fond of turning the honest penny, that they have been known to sell their voices.

Miss V. F. Well, I should not object to be acquainted with lords, provided they are not gentlemen.

Sam S. Oh, that may be managed, I assure you.

Fog. Oh, aunt! can you look at him, and refuse?

Miss V. F. Alas! my assent is of no avail—there's an obstacle.

Fog. An obstacle!

Miss V. F. Yes, a marriage promise given to his brother—till that is restor'd, I cannot form another alliance.

Sam S. Oh, Matty, thou'rt a double-faced rogue!

Fog. Yes, smoothing me with praising my great sense, brilliant wit—

Sam S. Yes, all opposite to the truth.

Fog. And talked of your beauty!

Sam S. Yes, damn it, that's his cunning—he speaks truth sometimes, the better to hum folk after.

Enter Slave, who delivers a Letter to SAM SHARPSET.

Sam S. 'Tis from Matty—let me see—it bea'nt grammared quite properly, but I'll tell you the con-

tents—"From the Castle—State Apartments"—How grand!—"beg to see you—bring your friend, Mr. Fogrum—my object is to provide for you both here,"—that is, in the state apartments. We'll go, and in our turns just wheedle master Matty a-bit.

Fog. And if we bring back the promise—then you'll consent.

Miss V. F. Why, if your friend proves himself so skilful a negociator as to produce that important document, he shall then see my ultimatum.

Fog. No, shall he tho'!—If you can produce the important document, she says you shall see her ultimatum.

Sam S. Why, that's plump, or the devil's in't!

Fog. Then, hey for the wedding, and hey for London!

Sam S. That's it!—I, like a fool, must travel to see wonders, when, I'll maintain, there's more wonders to be seen in London, than in all the world besides.

Fog. So there is; I can sing a song about that, and I flatter myself indifferently well—(*attempts to sing*)—York, you're wanted!

SONG—*Sam Sharpset.*

The World's Seven Wonders, every child doth know,

Fal de ral, &c.

They're very well to read of, but I'm prepar'd to show,

If for wonders you seek, to London you must go,

With a heigho!—

I'll prove it so. Fal de ral, &c.

King Solomon's Temple had pillars made of brass,

Fal de ral, &c.

But surely our Temples of Lawyers surpass,

For there's brass enough there to prove Solomon an ass,

With a heigho!—

Quid pro quo. Fal de ral, &c.

The Antipodes who dwell the other side the ball,
Fal de ral, &c.

Wear their heads below—but Saint Stephen's, on a call,
Can shew you many a great man without any head at
all!

With a heigho!—

Is it Aye or No? Fal de ral, &c.

The Medicean Venus of beauty was the queen,
Fal de ral, &c.

But our Venuses of London excel her in mien,
With their *alabaster* skins—and there's plenty to be
seen!

With a heigho!—

What a pretty show! Fal de ral, &c.

The Nile may o'erflow, and its muddy banks may
drown,

Fal de ral, &c.

But our honour, our faith, our commercial renown,
Will hold firm the Bank of famous London town,

With a heigho!

Henry Hase and Co. Fal de ral, &c.

Your fine ancient heroes, the javelin they hurl'd,
Fal de ral, &c.

But our Tars, and our Soldiers, our flag being unfurl'd,
Made Europe confess them—the WONDERS OF THE
WORLD!

With a heigho!—

I'll be d—d but 'tis so. Fal de ral, &c.

SCENE V.

The Pleasure Ground, with Pavilion, &c.

*Enter Governor, leading Mrs. LINDENBURG —
CLIFTON, leading in ZELINDA and Child.*

Mrs. L. At length the welcome hour is come,
when I can reward the virtues of Zelinda. Here

is the paper, Sir, that gives her freedom, wanting only my son's signature and your Excellency's seal. (*Giving paper*).

Gov. You impose, Madam, a welcome duty. This writing is in nature's fairest character, and Heaven itself will be an approving witness of the deed.

Mrs. L. Captain Clifton, my son heard with grief of your arrest, and will experience a pleasing surprise in seeing you here. I expect his barge every moment.—Retire into this pavilion, where refreshments wait you.—Will your Excellency please to enter.

(*All retire*).

(*The Barge floats in—from it lands Colonel LINDENBURG, SOMERDYKE, and Slaves*).

Lind. So!—great festive preparations—but I shall mar their revelry. My dear mother, I deeply regret the law of Surinam will not allow me to give freedom to your favorite slave.

Mrs. L. My son!

Lind. You know, Madam, the act is invalid—her husband not being present.

Mrs. L. Oh, that difficulty I will instantly remove—(*beckons*).

Enter Governor, CLIFTON, Child, and Attendants.

Lind. Confusion! how is this—Clifton at liberty!—Well, be it so, still vengeance shall have its due.

Mrs. L. I present to your Excellency Colonel Lindenburg.

(*Governor bows, and gives him the paper*).

—Captain Clifton, this is—

Clift. Amazement!—the Chevalier Alkmar!

Mrs. L. No, no, 'tis my son Lindenburg!— why this surprise — that look of horror?

Lind. Peace, good mother. Whether the Chevalier Alkmar, or Colonel Lindenburg, this at least seems certain, that the dear wife of Captain Clifton's bosom, and the heir of all his honours, are my slaves — the creatures of my will — the drudges of my wants — the minions of my pleasures!

Clift. Never! (*Draws his Sword*).

Mrs. L. Hold! my son, explain.

Lind. Madam, you know not the cruel wrongs I've suffered — Please to retire—

Mrs. L. Willingly! — Lindenburg, when you have proved yourself the inheritor of your father's honour, ask your mother for her blessing till then, farewell! [*Exit.*]

Lind. My Lord Governor, I demand possession of my property: they are mine by law, which law you are bound by oath to maintain.

Gov. Alas, too well I know the law—I think, Sir, that without your protecting tutelage, I know my duty. Clifton, sheath your sword. You must submit; my heart bleeds for you, my friend; but outrage would justify oppression.

Lind. Bring out their chains, and drive them to my estate.

Boy My father, save me!

Zel. Oh, my husband!

Gov. Clifton you are agitated—I am collected—mild persuasion may do much—(*Apart to Lindenburg,*) Col. Lindenburg, you are a damned unfeeling scoundrel—(*with violent irritation*)

Lind. Indeed! shall I applaud your wisdom, most sapient Governor, for condemning without hearing, or your courage, for insulting, when your situation secures you from chastisement?

Gov. Chastisement! (*half draws his Sword*),

Lind. Is your blade hot—that you 'air it thus?

Gov. (*Recollecting*) No—I was merely playing with it—Wheu! 'Tis very warm!

Lind. I'm quite cool—

Gov. 'Sdeath and hell, Sir, did not you at play, rob him of the very money that would have redeemed his wife and child?

Lind. Robbed him!

Gov. I mean, he was irritated and impetuous—you collected—and that gave you the best of the game.

Lind. As it does now—

Gov. True!—He! he! (*endeavouring to laugh*) I wish you would sell me those slaves—I'll bid handsomely—I'm not very rich—

Lind. I am—that's my answer.

Gov. He! he! Damn him! [*Exit furiously.*]

Lind. Their chains, I say!

(*Gambia appears on the Barge, holding them up*).

Gam. They are here—(*advances*).

Zel. Gambia! then there is hope, my husband.

Gam. (*Throwing away the Chains*). These fetters are too large—the forger of these bonds thought they were to controul manly vigour—the fool was ignorant they might be required for female softness, and helpless infancy.

Lind. See you secure them, or your life—

(*Enter Slaves*).

Gam. Fear not, honoured master! at my life's peril I will secure their safety.

(*Lindenburg tears the Paper*).

FINALE—*Somerdyke, and Chorus of Slaves.*

Strike the oar—your doom obey—
 Slave devoted—come away!
 Who shall conquer him, whose hate
 Urges on thy destin'd fate?

Zelinda.

Lo! behold this infant bends,
 To Mercy's seat his pray'r ascends!

Clifton.

Awful vengeance will decree
 The doom of hated tyranny.

Chorus.

Strike the oar, &c.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Interior of the Prison—SHARPSET discovered.

Enter Jailer.

Sharp. Heigho! Jailer, has any body called?

Jail. No.

Sharp. Oh, dear me! not even one of my creditors?

Jail. No.

Sharp. What, they desert me too! I shall die—Oh, Miss Von Frump, wert thou here! but, who could ever coax Cupid into a jail? No, he hates a bailiff, for captivating more than he can; and would sooner lend you a halter, to suspend you in the air, than his wings to fly thro' it. If brother Sammy and his

friend would come, and could I persuade them that this prison was the Stadthouse, the Castle, and that rascal, the governor of it, I might escape, and, by virtue of this promise, marry the divine Miss Von Frump. Egad, I'll try—Oh, mother, Necessity, teem with twins of invention, and with their god-papas, Bronze and Cajoling, aid thy votary. Come here, my honest fellow.

Jail. Eh!

Sharp. Come here, you sly rogue.

Jail. Oh!

Sharp. Do you know, when I contemplate your figure, appreciate your politeness, and bend to your authority, I can't bear to call you jailer.

Jail. Nor I, you jail-bird.

Sharp. Thank you.

Jail. But can it be helped?

Sharp. Why, in high-bred accomplished jails, the chief, that's you, is called Governor—you are Governor, for here you govern every thing.

Jail. Yes—except when my wife's at home.

Sharp. Of course she's governante, and generally ranks above the governor—I shall always call you Governor.

Jail. With all my heart.

Sharp. Damn that little Dutch hat! (*aside*). Do you know, Governor, that our governors always wear such hats as these. Put it on, Governor (*giving Hat*)—The sight of those keys will ruin all (*Aside*).

Jail. I can't get it on.

Sharp. How the devil should you, with that bunch of keys in your hand! put them in your pocket, Governor—your fee-pocket—that's the

largest—aye, now with my pipe in your hand, you look something like a Governor (*giving him his Pipe*).

(Sam Sharpset, *without*).

Sam S. What, more locks?

Sharp. Here they are—'Tis my brother and his friend—rich as mines!—if they would be responsible for me, what a thumping fee you would have, Governor!

Jail. I wish they would then.

Enter FOGNUM and SAM SHARPSET.

Sharp. My dear Sammy, I sent for you to this castle—

Sam S. Yes, I know, but you are very difficult to get at.

Sharp. Did you ever know a great man that was not?

Fog. And you were not quite faithful to your promise?

Sharp. Did you ever know a great man that was? I did promise to reconcile you to your aunt; but, upon my honour, I could not come, could I, Governor?

Jail. Oh! no.

Sharp. Ten thousand pardons—(*introducing them*)—The Governor of this place—my brother, my friend; and, should I succeed in placing them here, you would, I am sure, take the greatest care of them, Governor (*they all bow*)—You are looking at these state apartments—very substantial.

Sam S. Very.

Sharp. These places are always built massive, to prevent improper people from getting in.

Sam S. Indeed! now I have heard of places

that are built massive, to prevent improper people from getting out.

Sharp. Very likely. I shall not dispute your superior information on that subject, my dear Sammy—(*Aside*) I hope he don't suspect.

Sam S. (*To Fogrum*). Come, let's get the promise from him. You break the ice.

Fog. I will—we'll do him—He! he!—upon my honour, we are a couple of shocking fellows; but we can't help it—you must know, Sir, he! he! he!—my aunt, Sir—he! he! he!

Sharp. Sir!

Fog. York, you're wanted.

Sam S. Why, the long and the short on't is, that Miss Von Frump has looked me over, found nothing much amiss as to shape and action, I believe, and has consented to become *Mrs. Samuel Sharpset, Esq.*

Sharp. The devil she has! (*Aside*).—'Tis a pretty plot, but if I don't find a prettier—Sammy, I give you joy!

Fog. Ah! there's brotherly love!

Sharp. With me, Sir, that's every thing—From my heart I give you joy!

Sam S. Could not you give me that promise that Miss You Frump sent you, out of a bit of fun?

Sharp. Out of a bit of fun! Yes, so she did—You shall have it, my dear Sammy—here it is (*Taking out Papers*). Take it, my brother, and may Hymen—No, this is not it—this is a receipt for blanching the faces of the negroes, making black appear white—I find it very useful; it was given me by a celebrated lawyer. This is not it—'Pshaw! now I recollect, 'tis in my strong box at home, and here's the key. (*Sam going to take it, he prevents him*).

Fog. What, not trust your own dear brother?

Sharp. Sir, do you wish to see my head lie there, and my body there?

Fog. Lud a' mercy, Sir!

Sharp. It would be the case, did any one open it but myself—State secrets, Sir!—besides, the paper is bundled up with property of mine, that I defy any man in the Settlement to find.

Sam S. Well, go and bring it then.

Sharp. Yes, 'tis soon said—go and bring it—But, alas! I'm of such importance to the State, (painful pre-eminence!) so jealous are they—

Fog. I see—they are afraid you should give them the slip.

Sharp. You have hit it exactly. I should not wonder if the Governor had orders to prevent my leaving this palace. (*Raising his voice*). Tho', perhaps, if you would take my place till my return—

Fog. } With the greatest pleasure.

Sam S. }

Sharp. (*To Jailer*). They will take my place with the greatest pleasure. I shall come back immediately.

Fog. I'll be bound for you, you will.

Sharp. He says he'll be bound for me. The fact is, the Governor fears he might be a sufferer, but he would not.

Sam S. That he would not, I'll answer for it.

Sharp. He says he'll answer for it. You see, Governor, my object in going is a brother's happiness, not my own.—(*Aside to Jailer*) What a thumping fee you'll have!

Jail. Oh! go by all means.

Fog. } Yes, go along.

Sam S. }

Sharp. Is not it very sultry to-day?

Sam S. Come, Matty, don't be so grand and lazy.

Fog. How unwilling he is to turn out!

Sharp. Great men frequently are.

Jail. Come, you shall go.

Sharp. Well, if you all insist—Perhaps, Sir, (To Fogrum) you may blame me when I'm gone.

Fog. Pray don't be unhappy about that.

Sharp. Sammy, you may repent this—

Sam S. Why, we ought all to repent, you know; so, there'll be no harm if I do. Come, be off.

Jail. I'll see you safe out.

Sharp. If you absolutely force me out, out I must go. [Exit with Jailer.

Fog. Ha! ha! ha!—nobody has a chance with us.

Sam S. Poor Matty has got at wrong side of post—He, he, he!

Fog. Oh dear! Oh dear! I wish somebody would be so good as to stop my laughing—He! he!

Enter Captain MALCOLM and Jailer.

(The Jailer having resumed his Hat, Keys, &c. on seeing Malcolm, their laughter suddenly stops).

Fog. I say, York, how could that Scotchman get into the State Apartments?

Sam S. How could he get in? Damn me, if all the beef-eaters in Loudon can keep them out.

Malc. My business is with Mr. Sharpset, who I understand is in durance in this prison.

Fog. Prison! Oh dear! York! (Sighs).

Malc. My friend Captain Clifton has interested me in his favor, therefore, Jailer, let me see him.

Sam S. Jailer! As sure as sheep's mutton, he is a jailer.

Jail. He was my prisoner, Sir, but these gentlemen have become responsible for his return, or the payment of his debts, if he does not.

Sam S. Oh, Matty! thou's a rogue!

Malc. A most generous sacrifice!

Sam S. Brotherly love!—Sir, that's every thing, you know.

Malc. Gentlemen, I leave you in the full enjoyment of your pure, delightful feelings.

Fog. Sir, Sir, don't be alarm'd at me—I'm only a simple Cockney.

Sam S. And I'm no but Yorkshire.

Fog. I have nothing of the pointed keen thistle about me—I'm a tender tulip in a bow-pot. Pray tell Mr. Sharpset to come back. We forgot te-to-eh!

Sam S. We forgot just to shake hands at parting.

Malc. True brotherly love—Ha! ha!

Jail. Come, I'll shew them into the strong room.

Fog. Strong room!

Jail. And that I may know which will best suit—a fee!—you understand!

Fog. A fee! Sir, I thought I was coming among the great—

Malc. And not provide a fee! Sir, upon honour, I blush for your total ignorance of the main spring of aw political accommodation—He! he!

Jail. Come, come away; away, I say.

Fog. York, we're both wanted.

[*Exit Jailer, forcing off Fogrum and Sam Sharpset.*]

Malc. Poor lads! they'll have had enough of seeing the world. Faith, were I a Doctor of the Body Politic, I would prescribe for your grumblers, Foreign Travel: there's no such specific for throwing off the foul humours of discontent, or convincing you of the value of a good constitution.

SONG—*Malcolm.*

A Highland Laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion;
He heard the distant cannon roar,
He saw the smiling Ocean!
Come well, come woe!
To sea he'd go—
And left one morning early,
Loch Lomond Ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jenny that lov'd him dearly!

He wander'd East, he wander'd South,
But joy he could not find it;
But he found out this wholesome truth,
And had the sense to mind it:
Of a' the earth,
The bonny North,
To cherish late and early—
Loch Lomond Ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jenny that lov'd him dearly!

SCENE II.

*An Apartment in Colonel LINDENBURG'S
House.*

Enter GAMBIA, meeting ZELINDA.

Zel. Gambia, my friend—my hope—my succour—speak!

Gam. All is prepared for your flight.

Zel. But, my child?

Gam. Aye, your child! Can his safety then have been forgotten? I have secreted him near the hanging-bridge—should cruelty, or more horrid kindness threaten, there you must fly—Here comes our master—conceal your terrors: Guilt becomes valiant, if innocence tremble. I will be near, and should he offer violence—

Zel. Ah! that thought—

Gam. But he will not—No, no, 'tis impossible! When Beauty is enshrined by Virtue, he must indeed be a devil, that violates the sanctuary—

Zel. Oh! Gambia, where will our miseries end?

Gam. May be, in death, Zelinda; but never in dishonour. [Exit Gambia.

Zel. To what fate am I reserved? The slave of him, who is himself the slave of passion—Oh that my humble voice could reach those hearts who pity the children of affliction.

SONG—*Zelinda*.

Sons of Freedom! hear my story,
 Mercy well becomes the brave,
 Humanity is Britain's glory—
 Pity and protect the Slave!

Free-born daughters, who possessing
 Eyes that conquer, hearts that save;
 Greet me with a sister's blessing,
 Oh! pity and protect the Slave!

Enter LINDENBURG and GAMBIA.

Lind. Slave! have you conducted *Zelinda* hither, as I ordered?

(*Gambia bows, and points to Zelinda*).

—Away then to your toil; and d'ye hear, faithfully discharge your duty to the master you serve.

Gam. I will faithfully discharge my duty—to the master I serve.

[*Exit, looking up to Heaven.*

Lind. Approach!—that firm step—those lovely, but composed features—that unruffled bosom, speak a welcome, but unexpected confidence.

Zel. Christian resignation produces christian fortitude.

Lind. (*Aside*). Arm'd at all points, I see—Hear me! the bitter wrong I suffer'd from Captain Clifton, might justify my utmost severity; but your beauty redeems all—it commands me to offer every indulgence, every enjoyment—

Zel. My heart sinks within me!

Lind. You are faint—repose here.

Zel. (*With horror*) No!—(*recovering her-*

self)—I better know my unworthiness, Sir—at humble distance your slave will wait.

Lind. Come, come, away with this—you are in my power.

Zel. I am;—and if you are a man, that secures my safety.

Lind. Your safety I am the guardian of—In these arms you will find it.

Zel. Monster! I know, that by resistance to your will, I may be punished: come to the punishment—I own the crime of being a faithful wife—plead guilty to an abhorrence of a brutal tyrant,—and will kiss the rack that is to torture me.

Lind. (*Attempting to seize her*). Thus I secure obedience.

Zel. O! save me!

Enter GAMBIA.

Lind. Who called you?

Gam. It seemed a heavenly voice—but that the blessed spirits do not suffer misery.

Lind. Begone!—Not obeyed?—Are you not my slave?

Gam. So devotedly your slave, that I will preserve my master's honour, though the price of duty be my life.

Lind. Indeed!

Gamb. Ah, Sir! be more just to the wretched victims of your power. If we sigh, may it not be from a breast o'ercharged with unmerited suffering? If the eye be dimmed with tears, may it not be from the divine fount of pity that they flow? If, for a moment, we taste of joy, may not an innocent heart give the impulse? If goaded to despair, by the laceration of every

tie dear to the human heart, we resist the foul oppressor, may it not be, that justice nerves the arm that honour dares the combat, "that heaven gives the victory."

Lind. School'd by thee, degraded wretch!

Gam. Aye, indeed degraded, for you are my master.

Lind. And thou shalt feel I am so. Within there! Chains and whips for that rebellious slave!

Gam. (*Apart*) Fly, Zelinda, to the hanging-bridge—your child is there—away!

[*Exit Zelinda.*

—You pass not!

Lind. Impotent, and unarmed—

Gam. Still in Zelinda's cause I am invulnerable.

Lind. This to try. (*Rushes on Gambia—Gambia seizes his arm*).

Lind. Ah! resisted! thus, then, I give thee to perdition.

Gam. That fate be thine. [*Exeunt.*

Slaves. (*Without*). Our master's voice! Follow! follow!

SCENE III.

A Hanging Bridge supported by ropes, suspended from the branches of Trees, which lay across the Torrent.

Enter CLIFTON.

Clift. Zelinda, where art thou? where Gambia? here he promised I should meet my wife.—She must, at all hazards, be removed from the power of Lindenburgh. Ah! did not a female

figure rush thro' that tangled brake?—See—again!
—'tis my Zelinda!—Ah! she falls!

(*He rushes out—Re-entering with Zelinda*).

—My beloved, my restored wife! that pallid
cheek! I dread to ask—Lindenburg?

Zel. I have escaped his power; but, alas! have
left the noble Gambia engaged in mortal conflict.

Clift. Let us instantly seek the protection of
the Governor—Come!

Zel. And leave my child! he is concealed near
this place, but where, I know not; first, let us
secure his safety.

(*Gambia rushes in,—a broken Sword in his hand*).

Gam. Zelinda and Clifton, here! this is be-
yond my hopes!

Clift. Tell me of Lindenburg!

Gam. 'Tis his blood that stains the fractur'd
blade. Struggling for death, or life—Ah! more
than life, combating for Zelinda's safety—I
plunged into his breast, this sword, he aimed at
mine; it broke, and he fell on the earth, with-
ing in mortal agony—I could not leave him to a
death of torture—he was my foe, but he was
prostrate—the hand that sought my life, lay
harmless as the unbrac'd nerve of infancy—I ex-
tracted the fractur'd point, that rankled in the
wound, and wiping away the gore that stained
his guilty breast, I saw there marked—

Clift. What!

Gam. The—Hold, Gambia, exceed not the
just measure of thy vengeance—Let the guilty
secret rest in his guilty breast—No, Gambia,
never shall man's curse vex thy wandering spirit,
nor wither the aloe that blooms upon thy grave.
Suffice it, that while this gives awful evidence of
the dangers she has escaped, it prompts us in-

stantly to avoid those that threaten—Soon we shall be pursued by numbers, against whom courage were vain, and flight hopeless.

Zel. What, again in that wretch's power!

Gam. No, no, Gambia still will save that cheek from shame, that form from desolation.

Zel. But, my child? You told me, Gambia, I should see him.

Gam. I'll bring him to your arms. (*Going*)—I am prevented—Fly! fly! our pursuers are at hand—But, fear not for your boy—unless terror draws him from his concealment, he is safe: nay, there is no time for thanks, or question—Instant pass the bridge (*To Zelinda*)—Delay were destructive to Clifton's life (*To Clifton*)—fatal to Zelinda's honour! Away! away!

[*Exeunt Clifton and Zelinda, over the Bridge.*

Som. (*Without*). This way, by this road they fled—Secure the hanging-bridge, that cuts off their retreat.

(*Gambia ascends the Tree, to which the Bridge is fasten'd, and with the broken Sword cuts the Cords which support it. At the moment of the Pursuers' entrance upon it, it falls*).

Enter SOMERDYKE, and Six of LINDENBURG'S Servants.

Som. Confusion! they have escaped!

Zel. We are safe, my husband.

(*Child runs on the Bridge*).

Child. It was my mother's voice! Mother! mother!

Zel. Alas! my child!

Som. Her child! then we triumph—seize him!

Move one step further, and you will see him buried in the waters.—Submit, or this instant is his last! (*Holding him up in the act of precipitating him*)

Zel. I do submit.

Gam. Never! (*Gambia, who has concealed himself in the branches, snatches him up into the Tree*).—Father, receive your child! (*Throws the Child across the Stream*). They have him—he is safe! Murderers of innocence! here is a nobler victim! Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in LINDENBURG'S.

Enter LINDENBURG, supported by Slaves.

Slave. (*To Lindenburg*). How do you feel, Sir?

Lind. That soon this feverish life will end. But, oh! uncheered by vengeance I must die! Slaves, mark my words—Lay me in the earth, even as I am!—no hallowed ground—no bell—no shroud!—Do you mark, I say?

Enter SOMERDYKE.

Som. Master, your assassin is secured!

Lind. Thy words have renewed the springs of life.—Bring him before me.

GAMBIA is brought in, guarded.

Som. Dost thou behold thy victim?

Gam. With heartfelt pity I do behold him!

Lind. Wretch! do you triumph in your guilt? You erect your head—

Gam. Only to the elevation of my integrity—no higher.

Som. He has confess'd the guilty deed.

Lind. Then consign him to the executioner—ask not for mercy.

Gam. Mercy is for the guilty. The only mercy I shall ask, is that of heaven.

Lind. Where's Zelinda?

Gam. Happy in her husband's arms.

Lind. Death, by torture!

Som. Ay, branded first, then executed.

Gam. Branded! (*Eyeing Lindenburg*)—What, on the breast?—Look to your master—see, he changes colour, he staggers!

Lind. Liar! 'tis false! (*Endeavouring to subdue his agitation*).

Gam. Sir, will you not save me from that stamp of infamy? I shall die, indeed, dishonoured, if the hangman's brand disgrace my body. (*Eyeing Lindenburg*).

Lind. Villanous slave!

Gam. (*Bowing*). Honour'd master!

Som. His presence torments him—lead him away!

Lind. Hold—release him!

Som. Release him!

Lind. Am I not heard?—Leave us together!

Som. With a murderer!

Lind. Aye, alone! (*To Slaves*) Why am I not obeyed? (*Pointing out*).

(*They go out, leaving Lindenburg and Gambia*).

—Approach near, Gambia—I—what shall I say?

Gam. Nothing—your anxious eye asks the truth—thus it is—while struggling to remove the weapon that rankled in its wound, I saw, seared in your breast, the brand of—thief.

Lind. 'Tis true; 'twas that made me resist all aid—fly from my home, to seek, in this wilderness, an unhallow'd grave; but I am not guilty—by heaven and hell, I am not! In Europe I was the associate of gamblers: in their loathed temple, they lured me to be their ministering priest, then cast me out their ruin'd victim. In the streets of Paris I encountered a villain, laden with the spoil. I demanded satisfaction, presented pistols—at that moment the police appeared, the coward wretch accused me of robbery. I was convicted—branded, and dishonour'd! Oh! agony of spirit! Worse than this body's torture! (*Is falling, Gambia endeavours to support him—he starts from him*) Slave! I am in thy power—how wilt thou use it?

Gam. In saving, if I can, my master's life. By inflicting that wound, I preserved the innocent—by healing it, I may save the guilty.

Lind. Amazement! this to the man who consigned thee to an ignominious death!

Gam. If we retire from human observance, and to your wound apply some herbs of healing power—

Lind. And wilt thou? Name thy reward—

Gam. I never traffic with my humanity.

Lind. Ah, Nature, this is thy work, pure and undefiled!—But my secret—is it revealed?

Gamb. Revealed!—I may destroy, but never can betray—

Lind. How then to secure it?

Gamb. I am your slave—here is my breast!—

Lind. (*Falling into his arms*) Receive me in its noble sanctuary!—My wound calls for help—African, thy virtues have subdued me!

Gam. To be so vanquished, is man's proudest victory!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

An Indian Country.

The Governor, CLIFTON, MALCOLM, STELLA, ZELINDA and Child, with Slaves and Attendants, discovered.

Clift. Such, my Lord, were her perils, such her deliverance! But, alas! Gambia was seized by Lindenburgh's slaves.

Zel. Oh! save him from their savage fury!

Gov. My afflicted friend, I cannot wrench from its grasp the iron law of slavery; but I should indeed dishonour that venerable Monarch, whose unworthy delegate I am, did I not administer it in the mercy that he loved.

(Shouts without, and voices exclaiming "Gambia is pardon'd! — Gambia is free!")

Clift. Ah! Gambia free — Blest sounds!

Gam. *(Without)* Where is she? Where is Zelinda? *(Enters).*

Clift. } Joy to Gambia!
Zel. }

Gam. My joy's to come — beloved Zelinda, the path to happiness lies through the vale of tears; but it is passed, and sunshine again expands its glories. Lindenburgh lives to repentance, to atonement — he sends thee freedom, and by Gambia's hand! *(Presenting Paper).*

Zel. My preserver!

Clift. My friend!

Gov. Go, worthy African! and tell the world, that true liberty is the offspring of peace, the nurse of humanity, the parent of benevolence;

its home, the world; its family, mankind; its allegiance, Heaven.

(Gay Music is heard).

Clift. What sounds of mirth? Ah! Miss Von Frump, transported into Mrs. Sharpset, comes to be presented to your Excellency.

(Slaves enter with White Cockades, followed by SHARPSET, and Miss VON FRUMP, in marriage dresses).

Sharp. How do you all do?—My Lord Governor, Mrs. Sharpset—Clifton, Malcolm, give me joy!

Gov. Receive, Madam, my sincere congratulations—nay, do not blush.

Sharp. 'Tis excusable; but I hope I shall never see her blush for her husband. When I cause that heart to sigh, that has brought comfort to mine—When I dim that eye with tears, that has brightened mine with joy, may dishonour and contempt pursue me.

Miss V. F. But, where's my nephew?

Sharp. And Little Sammy—Oh! I've liberated them, and here they come.

Enter FOGNUM and SAM SHARPSET.

Miss V. F. Behold my husband!

Fog. Husband!

Sharp. Fognum, my pretty boy, receive thy uncle's blessing.

Fog. Sir, on this stupendous occasion, I can only say—York, you're wanted.

Sam S. Brotherly love, Matty! Mind, stick to that.

Malc. Allow me to present my bride. Come, Sir, rivals no more, your hand. *(To Fognum).*

Fog. Well, Sir, I shall be glad to entertain you in London.

Sam S. And I, in York.—Of course, you'll not think of stopping there.

Malc. Not while the road leads to bonny Edinbro'.

Gov. Clifton, I shall instantly dispatch you with advices to England. Gambia, will you accompany him?

Gam. England! shall I behold thee? Talk of fabled land, or magic power! But what land, that poet ever sung, or enchanter swayed, can equal that, which, when the slave's foot touches, he becomes free—his prisoned soul starts forth, his swelling nerves burst the chain that enthrall'd him, and, in his own strength he stands, as the rock he treads on, majestic and secure.

FINALE.

Stella.

Should our praise of Freedom's Isle,
Win a sweet, consenting smile,
Your kindness saves
Your willing Slaves,
And crowns with joy their anxious toil!

Malcolm and Clifton.

Clothed in honor's proud array,
Ah! what can British hearts dismay?
If beauty's eyes—
The soldier's prize!—
With smiles protect our humble lay!

Chorus.

Should our praise of Freedom's Isle, &c.

Fogrum.

Your own dear Cockney do not flout—
 Remove each anxious dread and doubt!
 I fear this night—
 No—that's not right,—
 Here, York, you're wanted—I am out!

Sam Sharpset.

If you, my lasses fair and tall,
 Have wishes that are conjugal,
 I'll gallop down
 To Yorkshire town,
 And bring up husbands for you all!

Chorus.

Should our praise of Freedom's Isle, &c.

Zelinda.

If you pronounce an adverse doom,
 A wanderer again I roam!—
 And must I go?
 Ah! pray say—no!
 But make this place my happy home!
 My curtsies, Ladies, I present:
 Dear Beaux, my smiles to you are sent—
 I'll try all arts
 To win your hearts!
 And sing you into kind consent!

Chorus.

Should our praise of Freedom's Isle, &c.

THE END.

