Oberon's Oath;

OR,

THE PALADIN AND THE PRINCESS.

A MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

IN TWO ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

BY THE LATE

BENJAMIN THOMPSON,

TRANSLATOR OF THE GERMAN THEATRE, AND AUTHOR OF SEVERAL DRAMATIC PIECES, POEMS, &c. &c.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:

Published for the Benefit of the Author's Widow and Six Children;

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE LATE

MR. BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

THE misfortunes of genius and the poverty of the learned, have at all times been the subject of painful remark and of tender compassion. Though a large allowance for the frequency of the evil in remote periods may be made, on account of the limited state of knowledge; yet when science became more extensively diffused, and ignorance was considered as a disgrace in every station of society, it was reasonable to have expected, that they who laboured in the field of literature for the benefit of others, would not be suffered to struggle with penury themselves. It seems, however, as if Fate had passed an irreversible decree, by which the cultivators of letters are doomed to struggle through life with the continued buoyancy of hope, and to close their career amidst the gloom of disappointment. They are impoverished by exertions which enrich the stock of human wisdom, and while they contribute to the moral improvement or rational entertainment of mankind, they multiply their own toils, and increase their own anxieties. It is surely strange, that in an age and country, where benevolence is continually on the alert for objects to relieve, no permanent institution has yet been de-

vised to ameliorate the condition of Writers by profession; in assisting them without degradation, and cheering their minds, by the assurance that their families will not be left unprovided with the means of support. The practicability of such an establishment, is proved by many similar ones already flourishing throughout the kingdom; and of its necessity, the following narrative will furnish a melancholy proof.

Benjamin, the Son of Benjamin Blades Thompson, Esq. a respectable Merchant and Magistrate of Kingston upon Hull and of Eastdale, in the county of York, was intended by his father for the Law, and received a liberal education adapted to that pursuit. Like many other young men of brilliant talent, however, he conceived a dislike to the prolix forms of legal precedents, and the tedious processes of the Courts. On abandoning the Law, he adopted no particular profession, but very readily undertook a Mercantile Commission, with which he was entrusted by his father; and this was the more acceptable, as it enabled him to study the German language at Hamburgh. This object he pursued with great alacrity and complete success; of which he gave ample proof, by transmitting to England the interesting Drama of The Stranger, correctly translated, and judiciously adapted to our Stage, where it became an uncommon favourite on its representation in 1798. The popularity of this piece brought the Translator into considerable notice, and as a mark of distinction, he was frequently called "Stranger Thompson." During his residence in Germany, he contracted an intimate acquaintance with the celebrated Kotzebue, as well as with other literary characters of the first eminence; and in return for the advantages which he derived

from that friendship, he made the wild beauty and tender pathos of the German Drama familiar to his own countrymen.

After remaining on the Continent about two years, Mr. Thompson returned to his native land, and in 1799 was married to Miss Jane Bourne, the youngest daughter of the Rev. John Bourne, Rector of Sutton Cum Duckmanton, and of South Wingfield, in Derbyshire, and Chaplain to the late Duke of Devonshire. By this lady he had six children, all of whom are living, and solely dependent upon their disconsolate Motner, whose affliction is heightened by the circumstance, that one of them, who is not more than three years old, is nearly blind. Mr. Thompson, on this change in his condition, settled at Nottingham, where, to provide for an increasing family, he embarked in some agricultural speculations, which added to his knowledge, but embarrassed his circumstances. At this period of his life, he still continued his attachment to German literature; and the very year of his marriage he brought out three Dramatic Pieces, namely, La Perouse; the Ring, or Merry Wives of Madrid; and the Happy Family; all of them translations. The year following he produced no less than thirteen Dramas, derived from his connexions with Germany, and his happy cultivation of the language. These were: Conscience, a tragedy; Benyowsky; Count Koenigsmark; Dagobert; Emilia Galotti; The Ensign; False Delicacy; Ignez de Castro; Indian Exiles; Lover's Vows; Otto of Wittelsbach; Pizarro; and the Robbers.

But the active mind of Mr. Thompson did not confine its researches within the circle of literature, and to the adaptation of foreign compositions to the taste of an English audience: He applied with no less assiduity,

though not with equal success, to a subject which would seem to have little connexion with letters, or the stage. This was the best means of keeping up, and improving the breed of Merino sheep in this country; a matter of great importance, beyond all doubt, and one that must, if carried into permanent effect, and on an extensive scale, prove of infinite advantage in an agricultural and commercial point of view. But it is obviously an undertaking which requires, in the first instance, and for any efficient purposes, a large capital, indefatigable exertions, and the sacrifice both of money and time. Mr. Thompson was not a mere theorist, it is true, but his powers were too contracted to carry his ideas into execution, and his information to a beneficial purpose. He published a very interesting pamphlet on the subject, translated from the French of Lesteyrie; and also became Secretary to the Merino Society in London, an office which he had shewn himself well qualified to discharge, but which he was obliged to resign soon after his appointment, on account of ill health. At this period he had quitted Nottingham for the metropolis, to which measure he was impelled by the laudable desire of maintaining his family in the useful employment of his talents as an original writer and translator. He had already manifested his abilities, and the extent of his acquirements, by the versions which he had given to the Public; for, in addition to those already enumerated, should be mentioned the following, which appeared in 1801: Adelaide of Wulfingen, a tragedy; Deaf and Dumb; Don Carlos; Rolla; The Virgin of the Sun; and Stella. Besides these performances, he also published Kotzebue's "Narrative of the Escape;" a collection of the dramatic works of that popular writer, in three volumes; The

Recal of Momus, a poem; Ildegerte, an historical romance; Leamington, a descriptive poem; and The Florentines, or Secret Memoirs of the Noble Family of C***.

On his settlement in London, he was appointed, through the recommendation of a friend, Editor of one of the oldest of our monthly publications; and he was also, from time to time, very much engaged in various translations from the French and German languages. The favourable reception which his dramatic versions had experienced, encouraged him to collect and republish them, with additions, in six volumes, under the appropriate title of the German Theatre; and whatever may be thought of the probability or tendency, the plot or the sentiments, of some of these pieces, it is but justice to say, that they have lost nothing of their native elegance and impressive effect, by their English dress.

Of the literary labours of Mr. Thompson after his removal to London, we are imperfectly informed; but, though they gave satisfaction to his employers and to the Public, the pecuniary emolument was comparatively small. A life so occupied, may be considered as the toil of incessant industry for daily bread, yielding pleasure to multitudes, at the expense of individual health and comfort. He who thus devotes his genius and his abilities to the supply of his immediate necessities, loses the enjoyment to be derived from literary pursuits, by the fatigue of working for the gratification of others. The pride of intellectual independence, and the consciousness of rectitude, with the expectation of better times, may stimulate the mind to new exertions; but, like the stone of Sysiphus, when assurance has nearly reached the attainment of ease, a sudden disappointment brings on a renewal of labour and anxiety. Such was the case in the present instance; for, after several years of una-

bated industry, with fresh calls upon paternal care and activity, Mr. Thompson, from his intimate acquaintance with the Stage, and a reliance on his powers, was led to offer an original drama, of his own composition, to the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre. The subject which he chose, was taken from our early annals, but heightened by a vigorous imagination, and well adapted to strike forcibly on the patriotic feelings of an English audience. It was entitled "Godolphin," and the scene was laid at Nottingham, at the period when its once celebrated castle was an object of security and of terror. To the credit of the Managers, no expense was spared in rendering this Drama a favourite with the Public; but there is nothing so capricious and fickle, as the taste of the town on these occasions. Sometimes a performance of little intrinsic merit, becomes popular to an extreme, even without any adventitious ornament; and another acquires celebrity from embellishment alone. Here an interesting subject, strongly drawn characters, a well combined plot, and animated dialogue, were all set off by very splendid scenery; and yet with such substantial recommendations, Godolphin failed to please, and was withdrawn. This was the first serious mortification that was experienced by the Author, in his theatrical pursuits; but he did not sink under the disappointment, being supported by the flattering testimonies of approbation which he met with from the best judges of dramatic poesy.

Thus strengthened by his own upright feelings, and soothed by the kindness of friendship, he persevered in the course which he had taken, and while he continued his literary toil without complaining of its unproductiveness, he relieved himself by the rational amusement of the Theatre, to which he had a free admission. He also

became the Reporter of Dramatic Pieces and Performances in one of our best periodical publications. And here, in the character of a Critic, he set an example of that liberality which he ought to have experienced from those who assumed the censorial office upon his own productions. A peculiar acuteness of discrimination runs through all his Criticisms, with an uncommon skill in describing the excellencies or failings of the subjects of his remarks. But even where the force of truth rendered some animadversion necessary, it was all conveyed in terms of mildness, and enforced with convincing argument. He never indulged in wanton attack upon private character, or endeavoured by insinuation or ribaldry to wound the feelings of others. Such indeed was the excellence of his disposition, and the corresponding delicacy of his feelings, that it might be observed of him, as of his eminent namesake, he was liberality itself, and could say in his last moments, "that he had not written a line which he could wish to blot."

His attachment to the Drama—which began at an early period, and procured for him in the days of his prosperity the grateful appellation of "The Actor's Friend," on account of his generosity towards the provincial members of the profession, terminated at length in a fatal blight of his hopes, and the extinction of his useful and valuable life. At the beginning of the present year he put the finishing hand to an Operatic Romance, entitled "Oberon's Oath," founded on the celebrated Poem of Wieland, as translated into English by the classical pen of Mr. Sotheby. This piece on its completion was submitted to the Managing Committee of Drury-Lane Theatre; and though the internal administration of the Stage has generally been considered as having some analogy to the tedious process of a suit in equity, the Author experi-

enced a very different treatment on this occasion. His performance was read, approved, and directed to be brought forward without delay. When the high talents and superior discernment of those who have now the concerns of that house in their hands, are considered, it is obvious that a Drama thus immediately stamped with their approbation, must have some sterling merit. No arts were made use of to gain their sanction, or to command its reception, and therefore the performance alone, must have procured the order for its immediate exhibition. But such is the deceitfulness of hope, and the fallibility of human judgment, or rather so liable is a public audience to be imposed upon by cunning, and to be led astray by prejudice, this Piece, which had cost the Author more than ordinary labour, and excited the liveliest hopes on the part of his friends, encountered hostility before it could be heard, and was condemned without being understood. On the second of May last, it was produced, with every reasonable expectation of success; but an opposition had been organized, duly marshalled, and properly placed, to tyrannize over the independent judgment of the spectators, who were not sensible of the conspiracy, to injure the interests of the house, and what was still more barbarous, wanton, and wicked, to destroy the peace, the health, and life of the Author, to whom these humane and discerning spirits had been indebted for much amusement, and probably for more substantial entertainment.

There was something so outrageous in this attack, and it was marked with such peculiar circumstances of malignity, as to shew, beyond all doubt, that it was a premeditated scheme to destroy the piece at all events, regardless of its merits, or the feelings of the writer. This appeared so glaring, that the most respectable of our daily

prints, could not avoid noticing the flagrant injustice with becoming severity. "The little story detailed last night, (says the TIMES of Wednesday, May 3), is recommended by some collateral merits, which we trust will render it a public favourite. We are sorry that a violent, and, as it appears to us, a most unprovoked and offensive effort, was made by some party, who were scattered through the house, to damn this unpretending production, without the least regard to its actual merits."

If the hirelings or zealots who engaged in this unprincipled and cruel assault upon a work of genius, intended to sacrifice the Author with it, let them enjoy what satisfaction they may, from a knowledge that their design was fully accomplished. Mr. Thompson was shocked to such a degree of painful sensibility by this unexpected outrage, that he returned home greatly depressed in spirits, complained of fever, and was in a state of high nervous irritation. On the next, and each succeeding night the romance was repeated, and the tide of applause turned, and increased in its favour. But the stroke of fate was already given, and the change produced in the fortune of the play, instead of proving favourable to the health of the sufferer, made him feel more keenly the wound that had been inflicted on its first appearance. When he last visited the theatre, which was on the Friday, he emphatically exclaimed to his medical friend, who accompanied him, "For God's sake, my dear fellow, remove this iron cap which presses so hard on my brain." The same night he appeared very much disordered, and on the Saturday his nerves became more and more affected. Still no material alteration occurred, till five o'clock the next morning, when a fit of apoplexy seized him, from which, in spite of every medical aid, nothing could reco-

ver him, and he died at two in the afternoon on the same day, at the age of forty years. Such was the melancholy end of one of the most benevolent of human beings, who was never happier than when employed in alleviating the pangs of suffering humanity, and in serving a friend in distress. His life was almost a continued struggle with adverse fortune; but in contending against the torrent of calamity, he never lost sight of the principle of integrity. Though pleasant in his deportment, and fond of social intercourse, his conversation was at all times innocent, and his manners most correct. In a few words, it may be truly said of him, that he was an affectionate husband, and a tender father; sincere in his friendship, and scrupulously honourable in all his engagements. His knowledge was extensive and well applied. He cultivated an understanding which was naturally a strong one, by assiduous application to pursuits calculated to render him a useful, rather than a shining member of society.

This is a tribute justly due to his memory; but there are other duties that now remain to be performed, and therefore while we drop a tear over his untimely grave, as it may be truly called, the solemn line of his translation of the Stranger, may be adopted with great propriety, "There is another, and a better world!"

With this impressive reflection, it becomes us to enter the "House of Mourning," which, as we are told by the wisest of men, "is better than the House of Feasting." There may we behold the bereaved Widow in the meridian of life, born to bright prospects, and educated to move in the most polished circle of society, bowed down by affliction, and weeping over those, who are too young and tender to be thoroughly sensible of

their loss. Here is an affliction of no ordinary magnitude in itself, but the distress is heightened, by the consideration that the stroke which felled the tree destroyed also the chief means of support. From the industry and virtue of him who is gone for ever, hope continued to derive consolation, and to look for yet happier days; but the root is torn rudely up, and the branches lie scattered on the earth, exposed to the pitiless storm of adversity, and the oppression which too often falls upon the destitute Widow and the hapless Orphan. We are therefore glad to hear that it is intended to print, with his Portrait, the Posthumous Works of Mr. Thompson, for the benefit of his Family, by which means, it is hoped that a fund will be raised, towards enabling the amiable relict of one who had strong claims upon public patronage, to rear her offspring in a comfortable manner.

The case is of a peculiar nature; and, considering all its circumstances, it is one that has rarely been equalled in touching incidents, and those which bring it home to every humane heart. Never was a more complete sacrifice made to the sense of duty; never could it be said with stricter propriety, that the deceased fell a martyr to exquisite sensibility and fervent affection. He wrote, that his family might enjoy ease—and he died when that interesting object appeared to be unattainable.

All that can now be done, since the grave has closed upon his energies, is to dry up the tears of those who were nearest and dearest to his heart; by pouring the balm of consolation into their wounds, and providing in some degree a relief for the sorrow of having lost so good a friend, in the assurance that his virtues are respected and his talents admired.

LINES,

Written by CATHERINE MARY (*aged* 14), *eldest Daughter of the late* BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

TO MY DEAR FATHER'S MEMORY.

Ah! ne'er remembrance shall depart from thee,
Tho' now in yonder tomb thou liest low;
Affliction long shall lay her hand on me,
And bid the filial tear in silence flow.

Whose hand shall now wipe off the falling tear?
Ah none, since thine is mould'ring in the grave;
Who now shall pour into my ready ear,
The fond instruction that a Father gave?

Thy pleasures now on earth, alas! are o'er,
Thine eyes are clos'd to all parental love;
Adversity thou now shalt feel no more,
But hail eternal joy in Heaven above.

C. M. T.

June 18*th*, 1816.

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Etheric, *a Spirit of Oberon's Train*, Miss CARR.
The Oracle, Mr. MARSHALL.
The Caliph *of Bagdad*, Mr. R. PHILLIPS.
Prince Valdican, *Lover of Amanda*, Mr. KENT.
Abdallah, *Bassa of Tunis*, Mr. BARNARD.
Sadi, *Chief Aga of his Harem*, Mr. COVENEY.
Sir Huon, *a Christian Knight*, Mr. T. COOKE.
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Ibrahim, *the Bassa's Gardener*, Mr. GATTIE.
The Mufti *of Tunis*, Mr. COOKE.
The Cadi *of Tunis*, Mr. BUXTON.
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Slaves, Messrs. EVANS and MINTON.
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Amanda, *the Caliph's Daughter*, Miss NASH.
Zelma, *her Companion*, Miss IVERS.
Constance, } *Nymphs attending* { Miss COOKE.
Eudora, } *on Titania*, { Miss M. COOKE.
Fairies, Nymphs, &c.
Mesdms. Goodman, Scott, Corri, Chatterley, Coveney, Cause, M. Bates, Lyon, &c.

The Dance composed by Mr. BYRNE.

Principal Dancers.
Miss Tree, Miss Smythers, Mrs. Bryan, Miss Hart, Miss Vallancy.
Misses Gledhill, Aylett, Manning, Brock, Le Brun, O'Brien, C. Carr.
Messrs. Mathews, Hope, Brown, Appleby, Cooper, Vials, Goodman, G. Wells.
Mesdms. Scott, C. Scott, Bates, Wells, Vials, Caulfield, Barrett.

OBERON'S OATH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to Music, and discovers a dark Wood, with a Cavern on one side of the Stage—Wind, rain, and hail—

SHERASMIN *enters, uncouthly clad in skins, furs, &c. bearing a bundle of faggots, which he throws down.*

Sher. There lies my morning's work, *(wipes his forehead)*—faith, the faggots have warmed me before they're lighted;—and to what end?—Why should I stay here, toiling day after day, debating whether I should eat my dinner, or hang myself, and squinting at every bush lest some tiger—

Huon. *(at a distance)* Hilliho!—

Sher. Hey! how!—What strange sound is that?—

Huon. *(nearer)* Hilliho!—Hilliho!—

(A loud roar of the Wild Beast is heard—Sherasmin *runs to his Cavern—Music*—Huon *enters, in furious combat with the Animal, which ends in its death).*

Huon. Surely, this forest is alive—*(Pierces the Wild Beast with his sword)*—Go—follow thou thy brethren.

[*Wind and rain renewed.*]

The storm increases, the tract is gloomy all around, the thickets are impenetrable—

Sher. (Peeping from the Cavern). How like a human voice!

Huon. No road!—no shelter—but what are these?—faggots!—and to all appearance tied by a mortal hand.

Sher. I'll venture, tho' I quake from head to foot. It's possible, to be sure, tho' barely possible, that it may be a poor biped like myself—*(Advances.)*

Huon. Was I right in my conjecture then?

Sher. No, Sir—yes, Sir, I'm hardly sure whether I'm right in my own yet. *(Looking at the dead animal),* Come, you've rid me of one troublesome neighbour, however. What a roaring did this hungry rascal keep up last night! A comfortable warm skin, tho', for next winter's wear.

Huon. Stranger, I beseech thee to point out some road, thro' this dark wilderness. Since morning dawned, I have been lost in it—

Sher. Only since morning dawned! then you're very well off, I promise you. *(Aside)* Good heaven! what a likeness to my dear old master.—*(To* Huon) And how could you possibly hit upon this strange spot, Sir?

Huon. My horse being no longer able to force his way, I tied him to a tree hard by. Soon after, I discover'd a slight path, and followed it, in hopes that I might find a fellow-creature—

Sher. Why, yes, one fellow creature you've found—but you may travel many a mile before you see another.—*(Aside)*—Amazingly alike indeed!—

Huon Surely thou dost not dwell alone here?

Sher. I do indeed—my own caterer, cook, butler, tailor, and cordwainer—*(points to his dress)*—Somewhat oddly rigg'd out, you see—a fashion of my own—however, heartily welcome to this cavern of mine, and to hermit's fare, the honey of the mountain bee, and pure rock water! 'tis all these parts afford, unless you've a fancy for a smoked quarter of baboon, or a collar'd rattlesnake.

Huon. Honest fellow! Again, however, let me request thee to point out some road thro' this wild labyrinth.

Sher. I will, Sir—any thing you like—but don't be offended at my freedom, if I ask where you came from?

Huon From the Court of Charlemagne—

Sher. My countryman too!—And your name?—

Huon. Huon! son of the valiant Siegwin—

Sher. Huon!—Siegwin!—Oh, Sir Paladin, I shall choke, *(falls at his feet)*. My dear old master's son!—

Huon. How!—

Sher. 'Twas in this forest, Sir, your noble father died, on our excursion to the Holy Land, and here in mournful solitude I've ever since remained.

Huon. Thou dost indeed surprise me!

Sher. Here for fifteen years I've mourned his loss; but you, his son, are yet alive. Take me, take me with you, I served Sir Siegwin faithfully, and faithfully will I serve you.

Huon. Rise, good fellow. Since he died, thou art the only friend I've known.

Sher. You, unfortunate too!

Huon. His death did not extinguish the hatred of our Sovereign. Charles has banished me for ever from my native land, unless I go to Bagdad, there claim of the Caliph his daughter as my bride, and spite of opposition win her.

Sher. A pretty mad-headed errand, in truth. How could the King think of it?—

Huon. His nephew had designs upon my life—We fought—he fell in honourable combat. My harsh Monarch, notwithstanding, stung by the loss of one so dear, sent me on this perilous enterprise.

Sher. Why surely Sir, you won't go to Bagdad with any such intention?—

Huon. I pledged my word, and will abide by it. If therefore thou wilt attend me, thou art my friend, and not my servant.

Sher. Sir, only let me step into my cavern, to put on my rusty armour, and then I'm yours thro' thick and thin.—*(Aside, as he goes)* What an old fool was I to talk about hanging myself. [*Exit into Cavern.*

Huon. The glorious hour approaches. My trusty sword shall win my bride, and prove that valour is increased to tenfold confidence when lovely woman is the prize in view.

SONG—Huon.

Sir Alfred was a Chief renown'd
As warlike nations e'er could boast;
The victor's wreath his temple crown'd
On plains at home, and distant coast.

And what the wond'rous feats inspir'd?
Oh, Beauty's magic charm!
'Twas love the soul of Alfred fir'd,
'Twas love that nerv'd his arm.

For sweet Ervina, Europe's pride,
Who kindled in each breast the flame,
Had vow'd the youth should call her bride,
That highest rank'd in martial fame.
And this the wond'rous feats inspir'd,
Oh, Beauty's magic charm!
'Twas love the soul of Alfred fir'd,
'Twas love that nerv'd his arm.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

CONSTANCE, EUDORA, *and other Nymphs, enter.*

Const. Titania, our Queen, will soon be here.

Eud. Oh, may the sacrifice which she so many years has offered, be at length accepted!

Const. A single error is the root of all her sufferings—A wealthy dotard led a blooming damsel to the altar—long was she tortured by his jealous follies, when a young lover sought her eye—her virtue waver'd—her marriage vows were broken. Oberon resolved that she should suffer; but, by our Queen's assistance, she escaped. This rash conduct roused the Elfin Monarch's utmost indignation, and with a terrific oath, he banished his consort for ever from his presence.

Omnes. For ever!

Const. Thus spoke imperial Oberon :—

" On earth, in air and sea, we meet no more !
" Nor in the grove whose branches balsam weep,
" Nor where in secret cavern dark and deep,
" The Griffin broods enchanted treasures o'er.—
" Thy breath pollutes the air that round thee blows.
" Hence !—Woe to all thy sex, all bane of my repose.
" And now, by that tremendous name I swear,
" For which good Spirits lowly reverence feel,
" No force shall this my solemn oath repeal,
" Till mark'd by destiny, a youthful pair,
" Strange to each other, feel love's purest flame,
" And by their faith absolve this deed of wanton shame."

Eud. Unhappy Queen !

Const. Daily she offers a repentant sacrifice, but still the Oracle is silent.

Eud. Hush ! she approaches—

Enter TITANIA, *with a dejected mien.*

RECITATIVE—TITANIA.

Lend me your friendly aid, companions true,
While I the mournful sacrifice renew.

(She waves her Wand, and an Altar rises out of the earth. The Nymphs present to her Flowers, Frankincense, &c. which she scatters on it).

AIR.

Hear, cruel Fate, and grant relief:
Oh hear the sad Titania's moan,
Thou daily witness of her grief,
Of ev'ry tear, of ev'ry groan.

Yet oh, if thou indignant still
  Canst pardon to her woes deny,
She bends submissive to thy will,
  And only prays that she may die.

[*Thunder.*]

The Oracle is heard to speak :

List, Fairy Queen,
Thy grief is seen ;
A bold advent'rous knight from Europe's shore,
And Bagdad's fair Amanda shall restore
To thy afflicted bosom gentle peace,
And from his angry vow thy lord release.
To Bagdad haste, Amanda's heart prepare;
The rest resign to injur'd Oberon's care!

[*Louder Thunder—Altar sinks.*]

AIR—TITANIA.

The Pow'rs above propitious hear,
  At length my bosom finds repose:
Hush'd be the plaint, and dried the tear!
  Away remembrance of my woes!

CHORUS *of Nymphs, and* TITANIA.

For {you / we} again, a jocund train,
Shall soon enjoy Titania's reign;
Thro' mead and grove
Delighted rove,
And frolic on the dewy plain.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

A Rural Prospect.

Enter HUON *and* SHERASMIN.

Sher. Well, thanks to Saint Dennis for putting into your Honour's noddle the notion of at last dismounting. This is a nice place to rest ourselves.

Huon. Rest ourselves! thou know'st I am in haste.

Sher. Yes, and your horse seems to know it too, Sir Paladin. But why this hurry? I can't help thinking, that when a man is going to have his throat cut, he's sure to arrive time enough.

Huon. Sherasmin, it is not the stern command of Charles that causes my impatience. An incitement far more powerful urges me irresistibly to Bagdad.

Sher. Indeed, Sir, what may that be?

Huon. Love, Sherasmin—love more ardent than ever yet was felt.

Sher. And pray, Sir, by what miracle do you expect to find the lady?

Huon. That I shall find her, I am certain; but where, he knows who shewed me her angelic form. As yet, Sherasmin, I've seen her only in a dream.

Sher. A dream!

Huon. Some three days since a Genius appeared to me, and at his side a female, such as these wondering eyes had never seen. He led the blooming beauty towards me, and with a friendly look said—"Deserve her, and she's destined to be thine!" I awoke; and still is she present to my fond imagination—still—

Sher. Aye, you're dreaming still, Sir—I believe a love affair of this kind might suit a worn-out veteran like me; but I remember when I was in my prime, as you are—Bless the dear plump little dimpled rogues!—

Huon. Sherasmin, my heart tells me that she lives, and I shall find her.

Sher. Then it's my opinion that your heart tells as bouncing a — but no matter. I was thinking of a better subject. Suppose, Sir, we were just to eat a morsel or two with the holy Dervises that dwell here, and afterwards we must bend a little to the left, I see.

Huon. To the left!—thou saidst I might rely upon thy knowledge of the country?—

Sher. So you may, Sir—I know every tree and bush in Lebanon—

Huon. And yet hast mistaken the road to Bagdad?

Sher. Not I, Sir, trust me—this is the very nearest road; but we must go by another, for all that. You see the tall grove of cedar just before us?

Huon. Doubtless, I do.

Sher. But you can't see into it. Oh, its a damn'd place, I assure you, Sir Paladin. Ah, many a poor soul walks up and down there in some strange shape or other, from having had the curiosity to look in.

Huon. Cease these idle tales, good Sherasmin, for thro' that grove I am resolved to pass.

Sher. Well, if it must be so—but hark!—

(As they are going, soft Music is heard, and Oberon *appears in the air, upon a Cloud—from his shoulder hangs an Ivory Horn).*

Huon. (Not seeing him). **What enchanting melody!**

Sher. **Yes, enchanting indeed, I dare say, Sir.**

Ober. (Sings)—

Turn, noble Knight; turn, champion dear;
Thy friend and guardian hovers near.

Huon. (looks round) Gracious Powers!—Another vision!

Sher. (rubbing his eyes) I wish it was, with all my soul, but I'm afraid we're both broad awake.—Phoo!—the air is full of sulphur already!—*(Drawing his Master away, who somewhat irresolutely allows it).*

Ober. Huon!—Fly not from me. *(Alights).* Thy purpose can be only gained by thy obedience; but thy doubts are grounded on good motives, and therefore not to me unwelcome. *(Smiling, and approaching* Sherasmin), Sherasmin, thou art oppress'd by terror. I can instill both strength and confidence. *(Presents a Golden Goblet).* Here, take my cup, and drink of its contents.

Sher. (With his face always averted) Much obliged, Sir, but I'm not thirsty.

Ober. (sternly) Drink, or dread my power!

Sher. Any thing—certainly—directly, Sir—*(takes the Goblet)*—Poison of course *(Aside).*

Ober. Drink! *(Sherasmin puts the Cup to his lips)* No pretence!

Sher. (Drinks) Ah!—faith, not so bad. *(Drinks again)* Hey! what can this mean? Zounds, I feel as if I was but twenty years old—*(to* Oberon) Sir, your health; Master, yours.

(Drinks again, and assumes an air of resolution).

Ober. Now Huon, wilt thou yield thyself to my direction?—I love thee for thy early virtues, but shall withdraw my aid if ever thou art guilty of a crime—canst thou still hesitate?

Huon. To thy protection I resign myself, and never will I prove unworthy of it.

Ober. Enough!

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

Spirits that thro' the realms of ether sweep,
Or rove on land, or cut the briny deep,
Hear Oberon's call thro' Nature's wide expanse,
Arise! Descend! From ev'ry point advance!

(*Groups of Fairies appear on Clouds, and from above, below, and the sides of the Stage*).

Huon, take this token of my favor till thou obtain'st thy present purpose—then return it (*presents the Horn*). If thou breath'st forth its softer notes, all, who approach thee with hostility, will prove its magic instantaneous force, and be immoveable. Should danger threaten, from which no escape appear within thy reach, blow with thine utmost force, and I will haste in person to thy rescue. Accept that Cup too, it will increase thy strength, and ever shalt thou find it full.

Sher. Oh, I can take care of the Cup; that's the Squire's office, so please your Spiritship.

Ober. (*Leads them to the Cloud in which he descended*). 'Tis well!

(*Music—the Cloud ascends with* Huon *and* Sherasmin).

(Oberon *waves his Wand, and Scene changes.*)

SCENE IV.

[*Music.*]

AMANDA *discovered reposing on a Couch at Bagdad.*

(*Nymphs appear dancing,* Titania *behind* Amanda).

RECITATIVE—TITANIA.

With mystic vision thus, Amanda fair,
I for approaching bliss thy mind prepare,
Behold the youth, of chivalry the flow'r,
Ordain'd to free thee from tyrannic power.

(*She waves her Wand as she departs*—Huon *is seen at a distance, as in a Cloud, kneeling, and extending his arms towards the Princess*).

Aman. (*Shrieks and rushes from the couch.* Huon *disappears*). It flies—it is gone!

Enter ZELMA.

Zel. Dear lady!

Aman. Are you there, Zelma! Oh support me!

Zel. You shrieked as in distress.

Aman. Distress! never have I been so happy. Oh Zelma! I confess the time is come, which you so often pointed out as certain.—I am no longer insensible to love.

Zel. Well, I am glad to hear that, however, and it happens in goodly time. Prince Valdican will easily overlook your former coldness.

Aman. How unkind, to remind me of one

whom I abhor!—It is true, I love, but a far other object than Prince Valdican.

Zel Another!—Nay, now you puzzle me outright.

Aman. You know that yesterday, my cruel father for the first time acquainted me with his determination as to this hated union, and, regardless of my prayers, added, that in four and twenty hours the nuptials should be solemnized.

Zel. Short notice, to be sure: but the Prince no doubt urged this.—Bridegrooms will be impatient, lady.

Aman. In speechless agony I fled hither—threw myself upon my couch, and, overpowered by sad reflections, sunk to rest. Now hear my dream.

Zel. Oh, nothing but a dream, after all—

Aman. Methought I wandered in an unknown wood, and Valdican pursued me—I fled—I strained every nerve to avoid him, but soon he overtook me, and with malicious rage stretch'd out his arm.—I shriek'd—When suddenly a female of angelic form stood before me, and said, "Fear not, Amanda, while by me protected—this youth shall save thee, spite of earthly force." But, oh, to describe the youth! his eye shot lightning thro' my bosom—I awoke, and from that moment have thought of him, and him alone—

Zel. But consider, dear lady.

Aman. Nay, even now the vision was repeated—could it but be realiz'd!

Enter a Slave.

Slave. Princess, your father commands your presence in the Banquet-hall.—Prince Valdican is already arrived. [*Exit.*

Aman. Again that hateful name—has not a deity assured me of protection—(*Aerial music*)—Hark!—even now it is confirmed—but my deliverer will yet come—I dare the storm that threatens my destruction.

Zel. Well, 'would the storm were over, lady, and you safe—

Aman. How strange, that I should first learn these sensations in a dream!—I am not surprised, Zelma, that there should be nations which worship Love as a little god.

AIR—AMANDA.

How oft have I, with conscious pride,
And taunt insulting, Love defied,
But when I slept the urchin spied,
And launch'd his dart.
Oh shield me now his pow'r divine,
That ne'er may I the change repine,
That soon the hero may be mine,
No more to part!

How oft I ridicul'd the boy,
His quiver call'd an idle toy,
And laugh'd alike at lover's joy,
Or lover's smart;
Yet now I own the pleasing pain:
Still, still I'll hope the youth to gain,
But ah, should all my hopes be vain,
Then break, poor heart!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A View of Bagdad.

Enter HUON *and* SHERASMIN.

Sher. Mercy on us! What a mode of travelling has Sir Oberon introduced! if it comes into

vogue, horses will be discarded, and *sadlers* must make balloons. Lord, Sir, we travelled at such a rate, the very swallows could not skim against us. Yonder, I suppose, is Bagdad?

Huon. We are to await a further signal here.

Enter ETHERIC.

Eth. All is arranged:—Huon, pursue thy way, and at thy return expect me here.

[*Exit* Etheric.

Sher. So he promises we shall return, however—

Huon. Great Oberon, be my guide!

Sher. Have at you, Caliph!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Apartment in the Palace of Bagdad.

(A sumptuous Banquet is prepared, round which are standing Viziers, Emirs, and Courtiers; numerous Slaves are in attendance, and Guards behind).

Enter the CALIPH, AMANDA, *and* VALDICAN.

(*All bow to the Earth*).

Cal. Well, Prince, how fares it with the Unbelievers?

Val. They are still numerous, mighty Caliph. Would I were able to annihilate the race with a breath. I hate them even more than

that tremendous pestilence which daily sweeps away thy subjects.

Cal. Take your places all.

(*They obey*).

DUET, GLEE, AND CHORUS.

DUET.

Let the soft melodious note
Thro' the list'ning palace float,
Then proclaim with festive lay
'Tis Amanda's nuptial day.

GLEE.

Fill the sparkling goblet high,
Sing 'till Echo loud reply.

CHORUS.

Let the cymbals and trumpets and kettle-drums sound,
While the Caliph thus honours his humble Divan.
Let us merrily merrily pass the cup round,
To the health of our Princess and great Valdican!

Enter HUON *and* SHERASMIN.

Aman. (*Seeing him, springs up with an exclamation of joy, and runs into his arms*) 'Tis he!—the very object of my dream! (Huon *presses her to his heart*).

(*All rise in the utmost astonishment*).

Cal. Ha!—What wretch art thou, whose mad presumption dares extend thus far?

Huon. Caliph, I come as the Ambassador of Charlemagne, a monarch still more powerful than thyself: thro' me he greets the Sovereign of the East, and demands for me the hand of thy fair daughter.

Val. Tear the wretch piecemeal! *(Rises).*

Cal. (To Amanda) Back, viper, back!—Seize him, slaves, to execution instantly.

Aman. (Clinging to Huon*)* Away, barbarians, you must slay me. *(The Officers retreat).*

Cal. Say'st thou! when thus provok'd, my indignation owns no bounds. Receive, abandoned as thou art, thy just deserts.

Val. Nay, he alone shall perish.

(Rushes with uplifted sabre to Huon, *who stands in posture of defence, and with his left hand raises the Magic Horn, which he blows, but not forcibly—All are instantly fixed to the spot immoveable, and in various attitudes—*Amanda *swoons, and falls into the arms of* Huon. *As he bears her away,* Sherasmin *approaches from behind).*

Sher. (To one of the group) How d'ye do, friend?—No answer!—*(To another)* Your servant, Sir,—What, you dumb too!—Bless me, you were all in a mighty passion a minute since, and now not a soul will either speak or move. *(Examining* Valdican's *scymitar)* A pretty sickle that, to be sure, for mowing off my master's head. *(Starts away from the next person)* Zounds, man! thou art ugly enough to frighten a blind horse.—Madam! the Ladies dumb too!—then it *is* all over with them!—Good bye—continue at your ease, I beg, and don't disturb yourselves on our account. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter HUON, *supporting* AMANDA, *and meeting* SHERASMIN.

Sher. No delay, Sir, the guards without, and the slaves within, are all stiff as statues, and stare like congers.

Huon. Sherasmin, take this Horn, and guard the door. Thou know'st its value, but mark me, not aloud, unless imperious necessity demands it.

Sher. I'll be cautious, never doubt, Sir Paladin. [*Exit* Sherasmin.

Huon. Revive, my love.

Aman. My father, is he safe?

Huon. The Caliph and his friends are all uninjured; the moment we depart the charm will be dissolv'd.

Aman. Do I indeed behold the youth, who, in a way so unaccountable, obtain'd—

Huon. Thy heart—yes, loveliest of thy sex, we meet to part no more.

DUET—AMANDA *and* HUON.

Aman. Oh, was the day of bliss so near?
Huon. Yes, banish'd now be ev'ry fear!
Aman. And is my brave deliverer come?
Huon. He flew to snatch thee from thy doom.
Aman. My life, my lord!
Huon. My soul's ador'd!
Canst thou renounce for me a throne?
Aman. Thou art my empire, thou alone!

Huon. To friends and father bid adieu!

Aman. To all the world, be thou but true.
My life, my lord!

Huon. My soul's ador'd!

Together. My life, my lord!
My soul's ador'd!

Aman. Yes, yes, my brave deliv'rer's come,
He flew to snatch me from my doom.

Huon. Yes, yes, thy dear deliv'rer's come,
He flew to snatch thee from thy doom.

SCENE VIII.

A Street.

Enter VALDICAN, *Officer, and Guards.*

Val. Curse on this Christian dog! what power protects him—are the gates properly secured?

1*st Offi.* A double guard attends at each, great Prince. Soon as the alarm was given, we deemed it best to shut them; but the massy portals, held by some hand invisible, refused to turn upon their hinges.

Enter 2nd Officer.

2*nd Offi.* Mighty Prince, a centinel reports that the fugitives were seen but now, hastening towards the northern gate.

Val. Ha! follow me, slaves—Assist me this good sword, and Mahomet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The View of Bagdad, as before.

Enter HUON *and* AMANDA.

Huon. Be not dejected, sweet Amanda; this is the place at which the Sprite promised again to meet me.

[*Distant Drums and Trumpets heard.*]

Aman. Yet still those dreadful sounds continue to alarm me.

Enter SHERASMIN.

Sher. Sir Paladin, we are surrounded. Thousands are rushing hither, headed by the Prince.

Huon. (Draws his Sword) Then shall they feel—

Sher. They! Zounds!—'tis we that shall feel. You might as well expect to force your way unstung through a cloud of musquitos. (*Shouts are heard)* Here they come, in myriads. Nothing but a blast royal can save us. *(Blows the Horn with his utmost force. Distant thunder and lightning, which gradually increase)* What a hubbub am I kicking up! —sure all's right—yet I almost begin to doubt. (*Lightning*) Lud!—Sir, that was an ugly flash! and the earth trembles—and I tremble—and ugh!—*(Falls on his face*—Amanda *hides her's in the bosom of* Huon, *who tranquilly awaits the issue*).

(Oberon *appears on the Cloud*).

Ober. Huon, thou hast fulfill'd thy duty as becomes a Knight.

Huon. (*kneels*) And thus in lowly reverence at your feet, do I restore the talisman.—(*Presents the Bugle to* Oberon).

Ober. (*Takes it*) Rise, noble warrior—and thou too, wavering Sherasmin.

Sher. (*On both knees*) Oh your Goblinship, forgive an old fool this once more. I thought I'd blown too lustily, and brewed mischief.

Ober. (*Smiles*) Enough, my Cup will do the rest—

Sher. True, Sir, that yields a brewing after my own heart. (*Drinks*).

Ober. The vessel waits to bear you from the coast.

Sher. And if I, so please your Majesty, might take this Cup home with me, as a sort of keep-sake—

Ober. Have thy wish—

Sher. (*Snaps his fingers*) Then that for all the juice of Bourdeaux, Champagne and Burgundy. [*Exit.*

(*The Cloud re-ascends with* Oberon).

FINALE—Oberon, &c.

Oberon.

Then fare thee well, courageous youth,
And fare thee well, his destin'd wife!
Preserve inviolable truth,
And happy be your future life.

Amanda and Huon.

But oh, from blissful realms above
Look down upon thy vot'ries low;
Who 'midst the joys of mutual love
Must feel that all to thee they owe.

Sherasmin.

And pray, Sir, when you're snug in Heaven,
To think of me too, kindly deign,
Who thrice the goblet you have giv'n
Will daily to your worship drain.

All.

Now each his destin'd way pursue,
Fate wills that here we bid adieu.
Fair Virtue's path { still / we'll } keep in view,
And to { your / our } plighted vows be true.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A desolate Rocky Region—Night.

Enter CONSTANCE, EUDORA, *and other Nymphs.*

Const. Unfortunate indeed!

Eud. How learnt she this?

Const. A Genius, such as our weak eyes may not behold, announced to her the stern decree of destiny; and who may dare oppose it? Stern too was Oberon's Oath, and it must be fulfill'd.

Eud. We bow obedient to his name and mandate.

Const. The happy pair whom he dispatch'd to France, have not yet had sufficient trial of their faith. Will they continue bound by mutual love, even in adversity's dark hour—when death must be the seeming consequence—when even a throne appears the recompense of perfidy?

Eud. Our Queen approaches.

Enter TITANIA.

RECITATIVE—TITANIA.

Oh torture, which no being might endure,
Save spirits of ethereal essence pure!
So near the moment of recover'd bliss,
Then plung'd again into the dark abyss!

(Music gradually rises from a distance, announcing the approach of Oberon's *Train—*Titania *starts, and recognizes it—During the Roundelay, she gives a signal to her Nymphs, and withdraws).*

SESTETTO—*Fairies.*

Quickly fly, all that are nigh,
Quickly fly from the magic ring!
Quickly fly from the withering eye
Of the mighty Elphin King!

First. To the green wood hie,
Second. ———Or with gambol sly
Third. The gold-miners mock as their labours they ply;
Fourth. Into ocean pry,
Fifth. ——— Or aloft to the sky
Sixth. ——— Your airy voyage wing!

Quickly fly, all that are nigh,
Quickly fly from the magic ring!
Quickly fly, from the withering eye
Of the mighty Elphin King!

Enter Oberon.

Obe. Too hardly thou deal'st with me, cruel fate. Nine minutes have elapsed of mortal time, since Etheric—but he at length returns.

Enter Etheric.

Eth. The winds, great monarch, are let loose at thy command, and Ocean heaves his billows mountain high; the vessel freighted

with the Paladin and Caliph's daughter, now hovers on the coast of Barbary, vainly contending with the hurricane.

Obe. 'Tis well [*Exit* Etheric.] I will myself fly swifter than the gale, and dash their vessel piecemeal on the rock. [*Exit.*

(*The Scene opens, and discovers a Sea-view, with Tunis at a distance—Storm—Music—Tornado—a Vessel is seen, with broken Masts and rent Sails, floating at the mercy of the Tempest, and finally driven on the Rocks—Scene closes.*)

SCENE II.

The Garden of the Bassa of Tunis.

Enter ZORADINA.

Zor. Yes, it is evident, I at whose look each slavish courtier trembled, am now treated by our Sovereign with indifference, and by his train with imitative coldness. I witnessed something more—the look with which he passed me, even now, bordered on contempt. Beware, Abdallah! rouse not the sleeping lioness, lest thou thyself should prove her victim. [*Exit.*

Enter SHERASMIN.

Sher. A pretty drenching we should have had, if our good-natured Fairy had not protected us. What a difference between the liquor in this Cup and that in which we have

been swimming. Egad, if the sea was made of such stuff as this, I should like to be a fish myself.

SONG—SHERASMIN.

Could seas and rivers turn to wine,
To gratify a toper's wish,
A sailor's life would be divine,
And all the folks would drink like fish.
No whale would dive and skulk with fear,
Lest sly harpoon should overtake him,
For brisk and bold would ocean's cheer,
And drunk as any porpoise, make him.
Tol de rol, de rol!

Many an eelskin full of drink
Would twist among the joyous shoal,
Tipsy *maids* no harm cou'd think
To frisk it with a jovial *soal*.
Here a Bacchanalian brood
Of prawns and lobsters strangely tickled,
Carp in claret nicely stew'd,
And all our herrings ready pickled,
Tol de rol, de rol!

Oysters, scorning to be sad,
Gaily call for t'other quart,
Ev'ry muscle dancing mad,
To cheer the cockles of his heart.
Sharks, no more the seaman's grave,
With muzzy mack'rel wou'd get foggy,
Sprats wou'd flounder thro' the wave,
And all the scaly race grow groggy.
Tol de rol, de rol!

Enter IBRAHIM, *and* HUON *in an humble dress.*

Ibr. 'Tis marvellous! not even wet!
Huon. As thou perceiv'st.
Sher. Another new invention of Sir Oberon's,

I suppose—a dry bath—I wonder whether—(*feels in his pocket, and draws out the Magic Cup*),—Come, we've one friend left yet.

(*Drinks*).

Ibr. Well, thank your stars that you've fallen into good hands, countrymen. Slaves you must expect to be; but few are slaves beyond the name, who serves the Renegado Ibrahim. I'm the Bassa's gardener, and just now in want of assistants, (*sees* Sherasmin *drinking*). But what, in the name of Mahomet, art thou quaffing so greedily there?

Sher. Paradise Punch. Come, Sir Paladin, a draught of it will cheer your soul, and raise your spirits.

Huon. No, the heart of Huon never can be cheer'd, while doubt remains as to his fate.

Ibr. Mean you the lady in a golden robe?

Huon. I do—I do.

Ibr. Then, I myself can answer for her safety. While others rescued you, a higher destiny awaited her. The Bassa was wandering near the beach when your vessel foundered—he saw a female floating on the waves, rushed boldly to her rescue, and with his royal arm bore her to land.

Sher. Then Sir, don't you see how easily matters might have been worse, tho', hang it, after whisking us, heaven knows how many leagues thro' the air, one would have thought that Sir Oberon could have regulated the wind a little better. (*Suddenly starts, and puts his hand to his cheek, as if struck*) Oh! zounds—I beg par—

Huon. What now? Who assails thee?

Sher. Nay, how should I know?—An invi-

sible dowse on the chops, (*rubbing his cheek*) but in smarting earnest, I promise you.

Huon. It was richly merited: Why banter now?

Ibr. Strangers, from the moment I beheld you, some supernatural mystery seemed to be combined with your conveyance hither. The garments which you wear, not only passed thro' the surge without being even wet, but you yourselves look at them as if strange to you.

Huon. They are supplied by him who guides our fate, as suited to the humiliation which in his wisdom he imposes on us.

Ibr. Well, if to be treated kindly can lessen your misfortunes, you may reckon upon this and more; tho' old, I've not forgot the land that gave me birth, and tho' now a Mussulman, trust me, I've still the right sensation here—
(*Points to his heart*).

Huon. Old man, I thank thee—severe is my trial, but the soul of Seigwin's son shall never shrink—Old man, again I thank thee.

Sher. And so do I—(*presents the Cup*) Take a drop—

Ibr. Of wine—Mahomet forbid!—

Sher. Neither wine, nor drink that Mahomet knew any thing about. Fairy beverage, and jolly stingo too, let me tell thee.—Come, take a sneaker while no Mufti is looking on—

Ibr. (*Smiles*) To-night, at my board if thou wilt, friend. But you both need earlier refreshment. Follow me to my dwelling—

Huon. Some one approaches—

Ibr. (*Looks round*) Hush!—here's the chief Sultana, who has the privilege of walking thro' these gardens at her pleasure.

(*Zoradina returns from the adjoining walks*—Ibrahim, Huon, *and* Sherasmin *bow respectfully as she passes. She casts a careless glance towards them, but on seeing* Huon, *suddenly stops*).

Zor. Who is that stranger, Ibrahim?

Ibr. He and his companion, may it please your Highness, were wreck'd upon our coast by the late storm, and I was pointing out employment for them.

Zor. (*Aside*) What strange sensation fills my soul! (*To* Ibrahim) You have done right, Ibrahim. (*Points to* Huon) Employ this stranger in my favorite walk, and let them both be treated well.

Ibr. They shall, Sultana.

Zor. With moderation—with kindness—dost thou understand me?

Ibr. I shall not fail in any thing your Highness orders.

Sher. (*Aside*) Hang me if the Paladin isn't finding the way to the hearts of the women here too!—

Huon. Beautiful Sultana, I thank you for your generosity.

Zor. What is thy name?

Huon. Huon, so please you.

Zor. Enough!—for the present farewell. (*They are going*) Hold!—no, thou may'st withdraw—I shall see thee again—I shall see thee soon—to know if Ibrahim has obeyed me.

[*Exeunt* Ibrahim, Huon, *and* Sherasmin.

[*Music*—Zoradina *walks wildly up and down.*]

Zor. (*Solus*) Am I awake, or has creative fancy formed this stranger, this youth endowed

with more than mortal power, to charm the eye and captivate the heart. Hold!—Whither does passion lead me—an abject slave—a tiller of the earth—Why be it so—but love equalizes all. Abdallah is too plainly lost to me. This lowly but resistless stranger be my compensation!—Mine be the pleasing office to remove the plant from sterile soil, and bid it bloom the garden's noblest pride. [*Exit.*

Enter AMANDA, *preceded and followed by Slaves.*

Aman. Whither are you conducting me?

Slave. To the state apartments of the harem, lady. It is the Bassa's command.

Aman. I shall attend you.

(*The Slaves draw back*).

For what new tortures am I reserved?—Already has the Bassa led me to understand—Oh, hateful thought—where, dearest Huon, where art thou?

SONG—AMANDA.

My spirits droop, my soul's depress'd,
My bosom throbs with doubtful fear;
For thee, my love, am I distress'd,
For thee, my love, shed ev'ry tear.

Art thou on earth a wand'rer still,
Redeem'd like me from yonder wave,
Or was it Alla's sacred will
That thou should'st find a wat'ry grave?

Tho' Fate, my love, may bid us sever,
Yet oh, my heart's with thee for ever!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ABDALLAH *and* SADI.

Abd. Sadi, in spite of long experience, as the Aga of my father's harem and of mine, thou art mistaken. I never lov'd till now.

Sadi. And yet when first your Highness saw fair Zoradina—

Abd. Why, true, like thee, I thought that I was then a lover, but compared with the extatic feeling which Amanda has inspired, how tame, how unexciting Zoradina's power.

(Zoradina *is seen listening among the shrubs*).

Sadi. Light of admiring Tunis, be happiness the lot awarded you by Alla, and I the humble means of forwarding it!

Abd. Towards that end I need thy instant service, Sadi: unlike all other fair ones, the stranger treats me with repulsive coldness. But now I left her at her own entreaty, and left her too almost dissolved in tears.

Sadi. Some, great Sir, assume this coyness, when in their hearts they sigh for what they spurn.

Abd. Be it thy office, then, to pave the way for a reception more congenial with my wishes. Let Amanda be attended with all the pomp and splendour due to thy master's favorite. Exert too, all the eloquent persuasion which many years experience with the sex so well supplies—Thou know'st I am not of a humour to brook long delay—She must be mine—but, what the cause I know not—she must not, like the rest, be mine, thro' mere obedience: it is her heart I aim at.

Sadi. Which soon will be your own. Where was a spirit of a prouder cast than that of Zoradina's?

Abd. Torture me no more, by reference to one so unworthy of my lavish love—

Enter IBRAHIM.

Ibrahim, thy gardens are in goodly order. The beauty whom I rescued from the waves, destined to be thy future Queen, vouchsafed to praise thy labors. Exert thine utmost skill, and henceforth be these walks called the Garden of Amanda.

Ibr. Be the Bassa's will obeyed; but hitherto Sultana Zoradina—

Abd. Peace! of nothing can I hear but Zoradina (*She is seen listening more attentively*). Sadi, to-morrow let her be conveyed with due honors to my remotest villa.

Sadi. Be the Bassa's will obeyed.

Abd. Go both, and recollect my pleasure—
[*They bow, and exeunt.*
While I again repair to her, who even in slavery, holds the high command of happiness or misery for Abdallah. [*Exit.*

ZORADINA *comes forward.*

Zor. Ha! is it thus? to thy remotest villa, perjured traitor! No longer then I wait—thou fall'st—thou diest—(Huon *passes in the back ground, with folded arms and downcast eyes*) And lo! the instrument of vengeance comes!

Enter HUON.

—(*To* Huon) Huon!—

Huon. Your pardon, great Sultana—accept my warmest gratitude for your command to Ibrahim. I am in comfort, and to you I owe it.

Zor. But explain—Whence cam'st thou, stranger? thou art not what thou seem'st—what this low garb would intimate.

Huon. I am—a slave!

Zor. Thy look and manner—thy very tone of voice—Oh, every thing combines in thy behalf (Huon *is embarrassed*) Speak—my heart is—I am inclined towards thee.

(Sherasmin *is seen listening among the trees*).

Sher. (*Aside*) Ay, there he is—at it again—all the girls after him!

Zor. Speak freely—

Huon. Too much does the Sultana honor a wretch whom destiny pursues. I am a merchant's son, wreck'd on these fatal shores—have lost my all.

Zor. (*Aside*) What irresistible attraction in his mien—(*To* Huon) He who possesses merit such as thine, cannot have lost all.

Huon. Mock not the unfortunate. Life yet is mine, I grant, and that more precious property, my honor.

Zor. And more awaits thee still. Thou hast conquered one whom no one else could conquer, and who can in a moment raise thee to regal independence.

Sher. (*Aside*) There! he's a made man—a King, and I shall be his Grand Vizier.

Huon. (*To* Zor.) Once more, lady, do not mock me, but allow me to withdraw.

Zor. Stay; far from my mind is every thought that borders on derision. (*Aside*) The impulse of my heart is not to be resisted. (*To* Huon) Come nearer—canst thou be secret?

Sher. (*Aside*) Now for it.

Huon. What mean your Highness?

Zor. My life depends upon thy silence, and

my passion overpowers the bashfulness which —in our sex—Huon, I own it—Huon, I love thee!

(Huon *starts back in the utmost amazement*).

Sher. (*Aside*). There!—the murder's out!

Zor. Fear not, thy first look subdued me. Low is thy lot, I grant, but with me it rests to make it equal mine.

Huon. Whether in this, Sultana, you are serious, or making trial of my conduct, I cannot know; but in each case, one only step remains, and I adopt it, by withdrawing.

Sher. (*Aside*) Did one ever hear the like!

Zor. How! after this avowal—(*Aside*) I tremble at the possibility—(*To* Huon) Dost thou not feel the value of my favor?

Huon. Most gratefully, Sultana—mistake me not, I pray. None more can feel it, but to accept it is impossible.

Zor. (*Enraged*) What! rejected by a slave! Oh, Mahomet! can I survive the degradation?

Huon. Calm this wild tempest of the soul, great Queen. I am not insensible to such commanding charms, but my heart—the frank confession will not be despised, since it resembles yours—my heart is for ever given to another.

Sher. (*Aside*) What a foolish man! Oh that some pretty little Turkess would but make love to me.

Zor. Wretch!—Reptile!—this to my face! Begone! and vengeance overtake thee—Begone, for thou art to my sight a basilisk—No—stay —(*Aside*) Whither do these contending passions lead me? (*To him*) Say, who deprives me of thee? Huon, I will make her happy.

Huon. Impossible—duties the most sacred bind me to her unalterably.

Zor. Oh shame, humiliation and disgrace, not to be endured!—Die, ingrate as thou art, (*Draws a Dagger, and rushes towards him*) and appease the insulted pride of Zoradina.

Huon. (*Wresting the Dagger from her*) Shame on thee, woman!

Enter ABDALLAH, *Officer, and Guards.*

(*Officer seizes the Dagger from* Huon).

Abd. What now?

Zor. (*Runs towards him*). Oh. Abdallah, thou art my guardian angel. Vengeance on this wretch, who has dared to insult me.

Abd. Insult you!

(Huon *stands as if petrified*).

Zor. The presumptuous slave avowed his passion for me, and when I threatened him with punishment, rushed forward with design to murder me. But for thy aid, Abdallah, I had perished.

Abd. The miscreant!—instantly conduct him to a dungeon, and prepare the burning pile, as a reward for his audacity. Obey my orders! (*Guards seize* Huon) You see, Zoradina, that though you may no longer be mistress of my heart, at least I pay you due respect. [*Exit.*

Sher. (*Aside*) What a mess has my poor master got into! I must consult with old Ibrahim directly. [*Exit.*

(Huon *is following, accompanied by the Guards*)

Zor. Hold, slaves! (*they stop*) Retire! (*the Guards go into the back ground*) Dear Huon, pardon me: had I acted otherwise, my own life must have paid the forfeit; but think not I will

let thee suffer. Speak but a word, and thou again art free—nay, more than free, I offer thee my hand, and with it the throne of Tunis. All are alike then devoted to me. The nation is weary of its tyrant, and awaits my signal for revolt. I will present thee as my lord to the Divan, and reverential homage instantly ensues.

Huon. Oh, why increase my pangs? never will I buy existence by an act, at which my soul revolts: take my life, but of my fidelity no power can rob me.

Zor. Die then, wretch! I myself will go to accelerate Abdallah's vengeance. (*To the Guards*) Lead him to prison. [*Exit* Zoradina.

Huon. Be it as you ordain. I meet my doom, too proud to have averted it by joining in a woman's infamy.

1st Offi. Away with him.

Huon. Such then is the sad termination of my prospects. Mournful reverse!—

SONG—Huon.

Oh, from the summit of delight
Thus in a moment hurl'd!
Farewell to Hope's illusion bright,
Farewell, deceitful world!

Guards.

Quick the flames and the engines of torture prepare!
Such an infidel traitor we never will spare.

Huon.

Then your flames and your engines of torture prepare,
But the soul of a hero shall never despair.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Bassa's Palace.

Enter ABDALLAH *and* SADI.

Abd. And thy persuasions too have no effect?

Sadi. So please your Highness, none. The promises of rank, the offer of a diadem, have no more weight with her than threats of death.

Abd. The headstrong girl!

Sadi. She talks of affection for another, and vows that to love you is impossible. Force only can prevail in such a case.

Abd. That suits not with my feeling, Sadi; but still it were unworthy of me to sigh too long.

(Amanda *rushes in, and falls at* Abdallah's *feet*).

Aman. Abdallah, if my life be of any estimation in thy mind, grant my prayer—release an unhappy man, who is by thy favorite doomed to a cruel death.

Abd. Rise, dear Amanda, how can the life of this abandoned slave interest you?

Aman. Oh, much, Abdallah, much—for upon his life depends my own.

Abd. Upon a villain's life, who suffers for his guilt!

Aman. Not for his guilt, but for his constancy: thou art deceived, I know him well, I know his honor to be spotless. But even were he guilty—spare his life.

Abd. Impossible. The wretch who violates the sanctuary of my harem, dies.

Aman. Take my life too then, for I am his wife!

Abd. How!—Amazement (*Repressing his irritation*). And do you love him?

Aman. Oh, above all the world.

Abd. Enough, with you it rests to save him then. Present your hand to me, and instantly will I restore him gifted with treasure to his home.

Aman. And canst thou, after my avowal, make such a proposition to me? No! To base conditions Huon shall never owe his life—he would despise them even as much as I.

Abd. Does Amanda thus return my tenderness? Huon is faithless—I an adoring monarch; for you alone will I live, (*kneels*)—See, for the first time these knees have learnt to bend!

Aman. It is in vain—thou hast refused my prayer—Thee and thy throne I equally despise.

Abd. (*Unable to suppress his rage*) Amanda, bend not the bow too far, or it will break. Remember, you are in my power.

Aman. Monster!

Abd. What! then by the grave of our great Prophet, nothing shall save thee from my indignation, but instant yielding to my wishes.

Aman. Never, obdurate tyrant! Death is more welcome than thy odious suit.

Abd. Thy choice then be thy lot; let both the criminals be placed forthwith upon the burning pile. Lose not a moment, Sadi. (*To* Amanda) There, thou that darest to spurn Abdallah's love, enjoy thy nuptial feast.

[*Exit.*

Aman. Oh grant me firmness, heaven!

[*Exit, guarded.*

SCENE IV.

The Market-Place of Tunis.

A large pile of Wood is prepared for the Execution—Dead March—The Procession comes in the following order: The Cadi *and his Janizaries* —Huon *in Chains—Guards—They range themselves on one side—then the* Mufti *and his Attendants*—Amanda, *and more Guards—they take their station on the other side.* Amanda, *on seeing* Huon, *turns away overpowered.*

Huon. Despair not, dear Amanda—we are guiltless—Heaven is merciful in thus allowing us to die together; for what would the survivor have endured?

Aman. True, true, (*flies into his arms*). With thee I die most happy.

Enter SHERASMIN *and* IBRAHIM.

Ibr. (*Holds* Sherasmin *back*). Cease, countryman. It is of no avail, and thou wilt only draw down punishment upon thyself.

Sher. Oh, to behold my honour'd master thus—and you, the kindest, best of ladies!

Huon. Thanks, honest Sherasmin, we feel the value of thy firm fidelity, while practising our own.

Aman. Good Sherasmin, farewell!

Cadi. No more of this whimpering foolery—bind the victims.

Muf. By our great Prophet's law, I have announced the sacrifice to Allah.

Cadi. Prepare to light the pile.

[*The First Officer obeys.*]

Sher. (*Grasping the Magic Goblet in an agony of grief*). Oberon, hear, take back thy gift, for what does it avail. What consolation can it yield in this, my bitterest hour?—See, Oberon—an old man's faithful tears drop in thy Cup.—Accept this humble sacrifice, and save them—save them—

(*A blast of the Horn is heard—the Goblet shivers into fragments, and* Huon's *Chains fall off*).

(Oberon, Titania, *and Fairies, sing behind the Scene*).

CHORUS—Oberon, Titania, &c.

We come, we come,—we hear the pray'r,
We come to save the faithful pair!

(*The blast of the Horn is repeated—A crash of discordant sounds ensues—the Pile sinks into the earth*—Abdallah, Zoradina, *the* Cadi, Mufti, *and Guards fly in consternation*).

SCENE LAST,

Discovers Oberon *and* Titania *seated on Thrones in their Illuminated Palace, and surrounded by Fairies, Nymphs, &c.*

Ober. Your trial, friends, and mine together end: Fate is at length appeased, and favoring gales will bear you hence. But while I thus

grant all you wish, small is my recompense for the rich gift which you bestow on me—(*To* Titania) Sole object of my love, thou'rt mine again!

Tit. This one moment of delight, is an ample recompense for ages of misery.—Kind pair! Titania's blessing be upon you!

Ober. Charlemagne's fullest pardon waits your arrival—High shall Sir Huon stand in royal grace—high in renown among the brave!

Tit. And fair Amanda never shall repent the loss of Bagdad's throne; for happier than the happiest dames of France, shall be her envied lot.

Ober. Haste then, ye dapper elves and fairies blythe, to celebrate with jocund dance and song, the union and atonement you have witnessed.

FINALE—CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, happy day!
Join we all in roundelay.
Oberon's sorrows now are o'er,
Now Titania weeps no more.
Blazon through the forest wild
Our King and Queen are reconcil'd.

FINIS.

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