

BARBAROSSA;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By DR. BROWN.

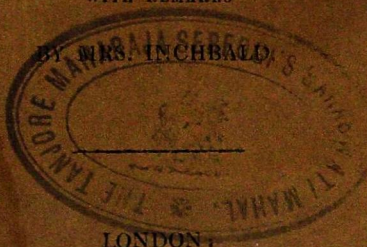
AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

BARBAROSSA



ZATHRA —

MY VIRTUOUS SON !

HOW SHALL I ERE REPAVE THY VIRTUOUS LOVE

ACT. I.

SCENE. II.

REMARKS.

It is a painful task to record the calamities which befall the human race. The wants, the difficulties, the vicissitudes of pain and sorrow, in an author's life are proverbial: but the unhappy author of this Tragedy, in the fate to which he was destined, renders the ills of all other poets comparatively small—he became a suicide.

Dr. John Brown was born at Rothbury, in the county of Northumberland, in 1715. His father was a native of Scotland, and Curate of Rothbury; and afterwards collated to a vicarage in Cumberland. Here his son received his earliest education, and was then sent to St. John's College, Cambridge.

Mr. Brown gained high reputation in the University, and made choice of divinity for his profession. His first preferment was to a minor canonry and lectureship at Carlisle, where he remained in obscurity till the rebellion in the year 1745, when he united the valour of the soldier to the piety of the ecclesiastic, and entering the army a volunteer, acted with distinguished bravery at the siege of Carlisle Castle. He was now presented to the living of Moreland, in Westmoreland.

On the death of Pope, Mr. Brown first appeared as an author, by publishing his Essay on Satire, ad-

dressed to Dr. Warburton, by whose interest Lord Hardwicke bestowed on him the living of Great Horkesley, in Essex. He now took his degree of Doctor.

In 1755 this Tragedy was produced, and with success. The year following a second tragedy, called "Athelstan," appeared, by the same author; but with a less kind reception.

Dr. Brown now published his most celebrated work, "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times:" and the next year was presented to a vicarage in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He was also appointed one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the King. Here his clerical preferments rested; which is supposed to have wounded his ambitious mind.

Some coolness having taken place between Dr. Brown and the two great patrons upon whom all his hopes of advancement in the church depended, (Hardwicke and Warburton,) the Doctor accepted an invitation from the Empress of Russia, to superintend a grand design she had formed of extending civilization throughout her vast empire. He prepared for his journey—but, perchance, some lingering affection to his native land—some irresistible horror at the prospect before him, might depress or agitate his spirits to that insanity, which instigated him to prefer an ignominious death, to a life of misery.

It is well for the literary reputation of this Author, that he produced other works besides dramas. The Tragedy of Barbarossa does not confer much honour upon a man of his extensive learning and imputed

abilities. He has evidently borrowed from various dramatic productions his fable, and also the best of his characters, at least their corporeal parts; for the spirit of those personages is left behind.

Garrick, in Achmet, and Mossop, in the tyrant, are supposed to have contributed to the success of this play, by their skill in acting, as much as the Author did himself, by his art of writing. It appears, that Garrick had more anxiety than usual upon such occasions, that "Barbarossa" should be a favourite with the town; for he wrote both the Prologue and Epilogue, and even delivered the first himself. His civility was not, however, repaid by the Author's gratitude; for, having made an allusion in his Epilogue to the old jest, an author's poverty and hunger, Dr. Brown thought such misfortunes degrading to a clergyman; and chose to be considered in the quality of a modern, rather than a primitive minister of the gospel.

This is the drama, in which Master Betty made his first appearance on a London stage. Curiosity to see him, was equalled by admiration on beholding him. His beauty and grace were like that of a seraph.

Of his genuine talents as an actor, no greater number of persons can perhaps judge, than can estimate the true value of a painting—and they are few indeed.

To argue the question upon matter of fact, rather than on the disputed claims of correct taste, which every party conceive they possess—these are the facts: A great majority of the audience thought young Betty a complete tragedian—yet he failed in that power over

their hearts, which ought to have ended the argument in demonstration.

Bursts of laughter were excited from the audience in divers parts of this Tragedy on his first appearance, which could not have occurred from any adventitious burlesque or ludicrous event whatever, had the minds of the auditors been once inwrapt, and not left vacant, for the quick reception of every trait of ridicule.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACHMET	<i>Master Betty.</i>
BARBAROSSA	<i>Mr. Hargrave.</i>
OTHMAN	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>
SADI	<i>Mr. Creswell.</i>
ALADIN	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
YUSEF	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
HASSAN	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
OFFICERS—	<i>Messrs. L. Bologna, Goodwin, Jefferies,</i>
	<i>Lee, Lewiss, Powers, Sarjant, Truceman.</i>
ZAPHIRA	<i>Mrs. Litchfield.</i>
IRENE	<i>Miss Brunton.</i>
SEMIRA	<i>Mrs. Gaudry.</i>

SCENE,—*The Royal Palace of Algiers.*

BARBAROSSA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter OTHMAN and a SLAVE.

Oth. A stranger, say'st thou, that inquires of Othman?

Slave. He does: and waits admittance.

Oth. Did he tell

His name and quality?

Slave. That he declin'd:

But call'd himself thy friend.

Oth. Conduct the stranger to me. *[Exit SLAVE.]*

Perhaps some worthy citizen, return'd

From voluntary exile to Algiers,

Once known in happier days.

Enter SADI.

Ah, Sadi here!

My honour'd friend!

Sadi. Stand off—pollute me not:

These honest arms, tho' worn with want, disdain

Thy gorgeous trappings, earn'd by foul dishonour.

Oth. Forbear thy rash reproaches: for beneath
This habit, which to thy mistaken eye

Confirms my guilt, I wear a heart as true
As Sadi's to my king.

Sadi. Why then beneath
This cursed roof, this black usurper's palace,
Dar'st thou to draw infected air, and live
The slave of insolence!
O shame to dwell

With murder, lust, and rapine! did he not
Come from the depths of Barca's solitude,
With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance?
Did not our grateful king, with open arms,
Receive him as his guest? O fatal hour!
Did he not then with hot, adul'trous eye,
Gaze on the Queen Zaphira? Yes, 'twas lust,
Lust gave th' infernal whisper to his soul,
And bade him murder, if he would enjoy!
Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash'd
Canst wear the murd'rer's badge.

Oth. Mistaken man!
Yet still I love thee:
Still unprovok'd by thy intemperate zeal,
Could passion prompt me to licentious speech,
Bethink thee—might I not reproach thy flight
With the foul names of fear and perfidy?
Didst thou not fly, when Barbarossa's sword
Reek'd with the blood of thy brave countrymen?
What then did I?—Beneath this hated roof,
In pity to my widow'd queen——

Sadi. In pity?

Oth. Yes, Sadi! Heav'n is witness, pity sway'd me.
With honest guile I did inroll my name
In the black list of Barbarossa's friends:
In hope, that some propitious hour might rise,
When Heav'n would dash the murd'rer from his
throne,

And give young Selim to his orphan'd people.

Sadi. Indeed! canst thou be true?

Oth. By Heav'n, I am.

Sadi. Why then dissemble thus?

Oth. Have I not told thee?

I held it vain, to stem the tyrant's pow'r,
By the weak efforts of an ill-tim'd rage.

Sadi. I find thee honest: and with pride
Will join thy counsels.

Can aught, my friend, be done?

Can aught be dar'd?

Oth. We groan beneath the scourge.

This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance,
For the foul murder of our honour'd king,
Five guiltless wretches perish'd on the rack.

Sadi. O my devoted country!

But say, the widow'd queen—my heart bleeds for her.

Oth. Hemm'd round by terrors,
Within this cruel palace, once the seat
Of ev'ry joy, thro' seven long tedious years,
She mourns her murder'd lord, her exil'd son,
Her people fall'n: the murd'rer of her lord,
Returning now from conquest o'er the Moors,
Tempts her to marriage; but with noble firmness,
Surpassing female, she rejects his vows,
Scorning the horrid union. Meantime he,
With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son,
The virtuous youth, ev'n into foreign climes.
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring ruffian
Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
Into his guiltless breast.

Sadi. Is this thy faith!

Tamely to witness to such deeds of horror!

Give me thy poignard; lead me to the tyrant.

What tho' surrounding guards——

Oth. Repress thy rage.

Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Haste thee hence;
Haste to the remnant of our loyal friends,
And let maturer councils rule thy zeal.

Sadi. Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's wrongs.

Remember, Othman, (and let vengeance rise)
How in the pangs of death, and in his gore
Welt'ring, we found our prince!

His royal blood,
The life-blood of his people, o'er the bath
Ran purple! Oh, remember! and revenge!

Oth. Doubt not my zeal. But haste, and seek our
friends.

Near to the western port Almanzor dwells,
Yet uneduc'd by Barbarossa's power.
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
Of Selim's safety, or (what more I dread)
Of Selim's death. Thence best may our resolves
Be drawn hereafter. But let caution guide thee.

Sadi. I obey thee.

Near to the western port, thou say'st?

Oth. Ev'n there.

Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend.
I would not have thee found within these walls.

[*Flourish.*

And hark—these warlike sounds proclaim th' approach
Of the proud Barbarossa, with his train.
Begone—

Sadi. May dire disease and pestilence
Hang o'er his steps!—Farewell—Remember, Othman,
Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrong.

[*Exit SADI.*

Oth. When I forget them, be contempt my lot!

Enter BARBAROSSA, GUARDS, &c.

Bar. Valiant Othman,
Are these vile slaves impal'd?

Oth. My lord, they are.

Bar. Did not the rack extort confession from them?

Oth. They died obdurate: While the melting crowd
Wept at their groans and anguish.

Bar. Curse on their womanish hearts!

But why sits
That sadness on thy brow: For oft I find thee
Musing and sad; while joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the Moors o'erthrown,
Resounds through all my palace.

Oth. Mighty warrior!

The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft neglect or scorn the weaker proof,
Which smiles or speech can give.

Bar. Well: Be it so.

To guard Algiers from anarchy's misrule,
I sway the regal sceptre.
But 'tis strange,
That when with open arms, I would receive
Young Selim; would restore the crown, which death
Rest from his father's head—He scorns my bounty.
And proudly kindles war in foreign climes,
Against my power, who sav'd his bleeding country.

Enter ALADIN.

Aladin. Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
Of high concernment to Algiers and thee.
Young Selim is no more.

Oth. Selim no more!

Bar. Why that astonishment?

He was our bitterest foe.

Oth. So perish all thy causeless enemies!

Bar. How died the prince, and where?

Aladin. The rumour tells,
That flying to Oran, he there begg'd succours
From Ferdinand of Spain, t' invade Algiers.

Bar. From christian dogs!

Oth. How! league with infidels!

Aladin. And there held council with the haughty
Spaniard,
To conquer and dethrone thee: But in vain:
For in a dark encounter with two slaves,
Wherein the one fell by his youthful arm,

Selim at length was slain.

Bar. Ungrateful boy!

Oft have I courted him to meet my kindness;
But still in vain; he shunn'd me like a pestilence:
Nor could I e'er behold him, since the down
Cover'd his manly cheek.—How many years
Number'd he?

Oth. I think, scarce thirteen, when his father died,
And, now, some twenty.

Bar. Othman, now for proof
Of undissembled service.—Well I know,
Thy long experienc'd faith hath plac'd thee high
In the queen's confidence:
Othman, she must be won.
Plead thou my cause of love:
Make her but mine,
And such unsought reward shall crown thy zeal,
As shall outsoar thy wishes.

Oth. Mighty king,
Where duty bids, I go.

Bar. Then haste thee, Othman,
Ere yet the rumour of her son's decease
Hath reach'd her ear;
Tell her, I come, borne on the wings of love!——
Haste—fly—I follow thee. [Exit OTHMAN.
Now Aladin,

Now fortune bears us to the wish'd for port:
This was the rock I dreaded. Dost not think
Th' attempt was greatly daring?

Aladin. Bold as needful.

What booteth it, to cut the old serpent off,
While the young adder nested in his place?

Bar. True: Algiers is mine,
Without a rival.
Yet I wonder much,
Omar returns not: Omar, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear, 'tis he hath fall'n.
Didst thou not say, two slaves encounter'd Selim?

Aladin. Ay, two; 'tis rumour'd so.

Bar. And that one fell?

Aladin. Ev'n so:—By Selim's hand; while his companion

Planted his happier steel in Selim's heart.

Bar. Omar, I fear, is fall'n. From my right hand
I gave my signet to the trusty slave;

And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
Of Selim's death; if sickness or captivity
Or wayward fate, should thwart his quick return.

Aladin. The rumour yet is young; perhaps foreruns
The trusty slave's approach.

Bar. We'll wait th' event.

Mean time give out, that now the widow'd queen
Hath dried her tears, prepar'd to crown my love
By marriage rites; spread wide the flatt'ring tale:
For if persuasion win not her consent,
Pow'r shall compel.

This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the moor. Hence, Aladin;
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[*Exit ALADIN.*]

Now to the queen.

Enter IRENE.

My wayward daughter—Still with thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul?—Why these sullen tears?

Irene. Let not these tears offend my father's eye;
They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Bar. What wouldst thou urge?

Irene. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd ev'ry wound,
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd.
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
Urge not thy harsh command
To see her; her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.

Bar. She mocks my love. Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from Algiers,
Ere this, my pow'r had reach'd what she denies.
But there's a cause, which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Irene. Oh, frown not thus! Sure, pity ne'er deserv'd
A parent's frown! but look more kindly on me,
Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty.
Unhappy queen!

Bar. What means that gushing tear?

Irene. Oh never shall Irene taste of peace,
While poor Zaphira mourns.

Bar. Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general
triumph,
That echoes through Algiers! which now shall pierce
The vaulted heav'n, as soon as fame shall spread
Young Selim's death, my empire's bitt'rest foe.

Irene. O generous Selim!

[Weeps.]

Bar. Ah! there's more in this!
Tell me, Irene:—on thy duty tell me,
Why, at this detested name of Selim,
Afresh thy sorrow streams?

Irene. Yes, I will tell thee,
For he is gone, and dreads thy hate no more;
My father knows, that scarce five moons are past,
Since the Moors seiz'd, and sold me at Oran,—
A hopeless captive in a foreign clime.

Bar. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
But what of this?

Irene. Oft have I told thee,
How midst the throng, a youth appear'd: his eye
Bright as the morning star.

Bar. And was it Selim?
Did he redeem thee?

Irene. With unsparing hand
He paid th' allotted ransom: At his feet I wept,
Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.

But when I told my quality and birth,
He started at the name of Barbarossa;
And thrice turn'd pale. Yet with recovery mild,
"Go to Algiers," he cried; "protect my mother,
And be to her what Selim is to thee."
Ev'n such, my father, was the gen'rous youth,
Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody men,
Lies number'd with the dead.

Bar. Amazement chills me!
Was this thy unknown friend conceal'd from me?
False—faithless child!

Irene. Could gratitude do less?
He said thy wrath pursu'd him; thence conjur'd me
Not to reveal his name.

Bar. Thou treacherous maid!
To stoop to freedom from thy father's foe!

Irene. Alas, my father!
He never was thy foe.

Bar. What! plead for Selim!
O coward! traitress to thy father's glory!
Hence from my sight!
Beware thee;—shun the queen: nor taint her ear
With Selim's fate.—Yes, she shall crown my love;
Or by our prophet, she shall dread my pow'r.

[*Exit* BARBAROSSA.]

Irene. Unhappy queen!
To what new scenes of horror art thou doom'd!
She but entreats to die
In her dear father's tent; thither, good queen,
My care shall speed thee, while suspicion sleeps.
What tho' my frowning father pour his rage
On my defenceless head; yet innocence
Shall yield her firm support! and conscious virtue
Gild all my days. Could I but save Zaphira,
Let the storm beat, I'll weep and pray, till she,
Bereft of her lov'd lord—of every joy bereft,
And Heav'n forget, my father e'er was cruel. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment.

Zaph. When shall I be at peace?—O righteous
Heav'n,
Strengthen my fainting soul, which fain would rise,
To confidence in thee!—But woes on woes
O'erwhelm me! first my husband—now my son!
Both dead!—both slaughter'd by the bloody hand
Of Barbarossa!

Enter OTHMAN.

O faithful Othman!

Our fears were true:—my Selim is no more!

Oth. Has then the fatal secret reach'd thine ear?
Inhuman tyrant!

Zaph. Strike him, Heav'n, with thunder!
Nor let Zaphira doubt thy providence.

Oth. 'Twas what we fear'd. Oppose not Heav'n's
high will,
Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate,
That links thee to thy woes! Oh, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. My honour'd queen,
The king——

Zaph. Whom styl'st thou king?

Oth. 'Tis Barbarossa.——

Zaph. Tyrant!

Does he assume the name of king?

Oth. He does.

Zaph. O title vilely purchas'd ! by the blood
Of innocence ! by treachery and murder !
May Heav'n, incens'd, pour down its vengeance on him !
Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror ;
Till phrensy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth ! my faithful Oth-
man,

My sole surviving comfort !—Can no means be found,
To fly these black'ning horrors that surround me ?

Oth. That hope is vain ! the tyrant knows thy
hate.

Hence, day and night, his watchful guards
Surround thee. Rouse not then his anger ;
Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence
Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Would rob thee of for ever.

Zaph. Cruel task !

An injur'd queen
To kneel for liberty ! and, Oh ! to whom !
Ev'n to the murd'rer of her lord and son !
O, perish first, Zaphira ! yes, I'll die !
For what is life to me ? my dear, dear lord !
My hapless child !—yes, I will follow you.

Oth. Wilt thou not see him, then !

Zaph. I will not, Othman ;
Or if I do, with bitter imprecation,
More keen than poison shot from serpents' tongues,
I'll pour my curses on him !

Oth. Will Zaphira
Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
When she should wake revenge ?

Zaph. Revenge ?—O tell me—
Tell me but how ? what can a helpless woman ?

Oth. Gain but the tyrant's leave, and reach thy
father :

Pour thy complaints before him : let thy wrongs
Kindle his indignation, to pursue

This vile usurper, till unceasing war
Blast his ill-gotten pow'r.

Zaph. Ah!—say'st thou, Othman?
Thy words have shot like lightning thro' my frame;
And all my soul's on fire!—Thou faithful friend!
Yes—with more gentle speech I'll sooth his pride—
Regain my freedom;—reach my father's tents;
There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage
Shall wake the valleys into honest vengeance:
The sudden storm shall pour on Barbarossa;
And ev'ry glowing warrior steep his shaft
In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs.

Oth. There spoke the queen.—But as thou lov'st thy
freedom,
Touch not on Scim's death. Thy soul will kindle,
And passion mount in flames that will consume thee.

Zaph. My murdered son!—Yes, to revenge thy
death,
I'll speak a language which my heart disdains.

Oth. Peace, peace! the tyrant comes: Now, in-
jur'd queen,
Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
And check each rising passion. [*Exit OTHMAN.*]

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Hail, sovereign fair! in whom
Beauty and majesty conspire to charm!
Behold the conqu'ror.

Zaph. O Barbarossa!
No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd heart! With my departed lord
My love lies bury'd!
Then turn thee to some happier fair, whose heart
May crown thy growing love with love sincere;
For I have none to give.

Bar. Love ne'er should die:
'Tis the soul's cordial;—tis the fount of life;
Therefore should spring eternal in the breast:

One object lost, another should succeed ;
And all our life be love.

Zaph. Urge me no more :—Thou might'st with
equal hope

Woo the cold marble weeping o'er a tomb,
To meet thy wishes ! But if gen'rous love
Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere :
Give me safe convoy to the native vales
Of dear Mutija, where my father reigns.

Bar. Oh, blind to proffer'd bliss ! what, fondly quit
This pomp
Of empire, for an Arab's wand'ring tent !
Where the mock chieftain leads his vagrant tribes
From plain to plain, and faintly shadows out
The majesty of kings !—Far other joys
Here shall attend thy call.

To thee, exalted fair ! submissive realms !
Shall bow the neck ; and swarthy kings and queens,
From the far distant Niger and the Nile,
Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot wheels,
Shall kneel before thee.

Zaph. Pomp and pow'r are toys,
Which ev'n the mind at ease may well disdain,
But, ah ! what mockery is the tinsel pride
Of splendour, when, by wasting woes, the mind
Lies desolate within ;—Such, such is mine !
O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to every joy ;
Envy me not this last request, to die
In my dear father's tents !

Bar. Thy suit is vain—

Zaph. Thus kneeling at thy feet—I do beseech
thee.

Bar. Thou thankless fair !
Thus to repay the labours of my love !
Had I not seiz'd the throne when Selim died,
Ere this, thy foes had laid Algiers in ruin :
I check'd the warring pow'rs, and gave you peace.
Make thee but mine,

I will descend the throne, and call thy son
From banishment to empire.

Zaph. Oh, my heart!

Can I bear this?—

Inhuman tyrant! Curses on thy head!
May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,
And gender in thy bosom fell despair!
Despair as deep as mine!

Bar. What means Zaphira?

What means this burst of grief?

Zaph. Thou fell destroyer!

Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning con-
science

Would flash conviction on thee, and each look,
Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent horrors,
To turn thee into stones!—Relentless man!
Who did the bloody deed? Oh, tremble, guilt,
Where'er thou art!—Look on me,—tell me, tyrant!
Who slew my blameless son?

Bar. What envious tongue

Hath dar'd to taint my name with slander?
Thy Selim lives: Nay more, he soon shall reign,
If thou consent to bless me.

Zaph. Never! Oh, never—Sooner would I roam
An unknown exile through the torrid climes
Of Afric, sooner dwell with wolves and tigers,
Than mount with thee my murder'd Selim's throne!

Bar. Rash queen, forbear! think on thy captive
state;

Remember, that within these palace walls
I am omnipotent:—Yield thee then:
Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,
And dread my pow'r incens'd.

Zaph. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine
ear

With that foul menace!—Tyrant Dread'st thou not
Th' all-seeing eye of Heav'n, it's lifted thunder,
And all the redd'ning vengeance which it stores

For crimes like thine?—Yet know, Zaphira scorns thee.

Tho' robb'd by thee of every dear support,

No tyrant's threat can awe the free born soul,

That greatly dares to die. [Exit ZAPHIRA.

Bar. Where should she learn the tale of Selim's death?

Could Othman dare to tell it? If he did,

My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirlwind,

To instant death!—

Enter ALADIN.

O Aladin!

Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring thought,

That swells with indignation and despair.

This stubborn woman—

Aladin. What, unconquer'd still?

Bar. The news of Selim's fate hath reach'd her ear.

Whence could this come?

Aladin. I can resolve the doubt.

A female slave, attendant on Zaphira,

O'erheard the messenger who brought the tale,

And gave it to her ear.

Bar. Perdition seize her!

Nor threats can move, nor promise now allure

Her haughty soul: Nay, she defies my pow'r;—

And talks of death, as if her female form

Inshrin'd some hero's spirit.

Aladin. Let her rage foam.

I bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.

Bar. Say'st thou?—Speak on—O give me quick relief!

Aladin. The gallant youth is come, who slew her son.

Bar. Who, Omar?

Aladin. No; unhappy Omar fell

By Selim's hand. But Achmet, whom he join'd

His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
Reveng'd his death by Selim's.

Bar. Gallant youth!
Bears he the signet?

Aladin. Ay.

Bar. That speaks him true.—Conduct him, Aladin.
[*Exit ALADIN.*]

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed,
While it confirms it done.

Enter SELIM disguised as ACHMET, and ALADIN.

Selim. Hail, mighty Barbarossa! As the pledge
[*Kneels.*]

Of Selim's death, behold thy ring restor'd :—
That pledge will speak the rest.

Bar. Rise, valiant youth!
But first, no more a slave—I give thee freedom.
Thou art the youth, whom Omar (now no more)
Join'd his companion in this brave attempt?

Selim. I am.

Bar. Then tell me how you sped.—Where found ye
That insolent?

Selim. We found him at Oran,
Plotting deep mischief to thy throne and people.

Bar. Well ye repaid the traitor.—

Selim. As we ought.

While night drew on, we leapt upon our prey.
Full at his heart brave Omar aim'd the poignard,
Which Selim shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
Then plung'd it in his breast. I hasted on,
Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my friend :
My thirsty dagger with repeated blows
Search'd every artery: They fell together,
Gasping in folds of mortal enmity :
And thus in frowns expir'd.

Bar. Well hast thou sped:

Thy dagger did its office, faithful Achmet !
And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing more—
Be the thought fortunate !—Go, seek the queen.
For know, the rumour of her Selim's death
Hath reach'd her ear : Hence dark suspicions rise,
Glancing at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st
Her son expire ;—that with his dying breath,
He did conjure her to receive my vows,
And give her country peace.

Enter OTHMAN.

Most welcome Othman,
Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
The state good service. Let some high reward
Await him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
Conduct him to the queen, for he hath news
Worthy her ear, from her departed son ;
Such as may win her love—Come, Aladin ;
The banquet waits our presence ;—festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet ; and the night,
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day.

[Exeunt BARBAROSSA and ALADIN.]

Selim. What anxious thought
Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast ?
Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy,
That riots thro' the palace ?

Oth. Dar'st thou tell me,
On what dark errand thou art here ?

Selim. I dare.

Dost thou not perceive the savage lines of blood
Deform my visage ? Read'st not in mine eye
Remorseless fury ?—I am Selim's murd'rer.

Oth. Selim's murd'rer !

Selim. Start not from me.

My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood—
Why this amazement ?

Oth. Amazement!—No—'tis well:—'tis as it should be—

He was indeed a foe to Barbarossa.

Selim. And therefore to Algiers:—Was it not so? Why dost thou pause? What passion shakes thy frame?

Oth. Fate, do thy worst! I can no more dissemble;

Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,
Smear'd with my prince's blood?—Go, tell the tyrant,
Othman defies his pow'r; that, tir'd with life,
He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Selim. What, didst thou love this Selim?

Oth. All men lov'd him.

He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality,
That envy, at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
To sully his fair name! Remorseless tyrant!

Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou lov'st him,

I'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile
I have deceiv'd this tyrant Barbarossa:
Selim is yet alive.

Oth. Alive!

Selim. Nay, more——

Selim is in Algiers.

Oth. Impossible!

Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither,
straight.

Oth. Not for an empire!

Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tiger's den.

Selim. But I'll bring him

Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride
Suspicion, tho' she wear the lynx's eyes.
Not even thyself couldst know him.

Oth. Yes, sure:—too sure to hazard such an awful trial.

Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out

In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature, in the state of youth,
As might elude thine eye.

Oth. No time can blot

The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien,
The lustre of his eye! besides, he wears
A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.

Selim. A scar?

Oth. Ay, on his forehead.

Selim. What, like this? [*Lifting his Turban.*

Oth. Whom do I see?—am I awake?—my prince!
[*Kneels.*

My honour'd, honour'd king!

Selim. Rise, faithful Othman:

Thus let me thank thy truth! [*Embraces him.*

Oth. O happy hour!

Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp
my hand?

And why that ardent gaze? Thou canst not doubt
me!

Oth. Ah, no! I see thy sire in ev'ry line.—

How did my prince escape the murd'rer's hand?

Selim. I wrench'd the dagger from him; and gave
back

That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore
The tyrant's signet:—Take this ring, he cried,
The sole return my dying hand can make thee
For its accurst attempt: this pledge restor'd,
Will prove thee slain: Safe may'st thou see Algiers,
Unknown to all.—This said, th' assassin died.

Oth. But how to gain admittance, thus un-
known?

Selim. Disguis'd as Selim's murderer I come:
Th' accomplice of the deed: the ring restor'd,
Gain'd credence to my words.

Oth. Yet ere thou cam'st, thy death was rumour'd here.

Selim. I spread the flatt'ring tale, and sent it hither :
That babbling rumour, like a lying dream,
Might make belief more easy. Tell me, Othman,
And yet I tremble to approach the theme,—
How fares my mother ? does she still retain
Her native greatness ?

Oth. Still :—in vain the tyrant
Tempts her to marriage, tho' with impious threats
Of death or violation.

Selim. May kind Heav'n
Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it !
When shall I see her, Othman ?

Oth. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.

Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue : 'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear ?

Oth. Still my heart
Forebodes some dire event :—O quit these walls !

Selim. Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

Oth. What means my prince ?

Selim. To take just vengeance for a father's blood,
A mother's sufferings, and a people's groans.

Oth. Alas, my prince ! thy single arm is weak
To combat multitudes.

Selim. Therefore I come,
Clad in this murd'rer's guise—Ere morning shines,
This, Othman !—this—shall drink the tyrant's blood.

[Shows a Dagger.]

Oth. Heav'n shield thy life—Let caution rule
Thy zeal !

Selim. Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by fury or despair :
For I have seen our friends, and parted now
From Sadi and Almanzor.

Oth. Say——what hope?
My soul is all attention——

Selim. Mark me, then;
A chosen band of citizens this night
Will storm the palace: while the gluttoned troops
Lie drench'd in surfeit, the confed'rate city,
Bold thro' despair, have sworn to break their chain
By one wide slaughter. I, mean time, have gain'd
The palace, and will wait th' appointed hour,
To guard Zaphira from the tyrant's rage,
Amid the deathful uproar.

Oth. Heav'n protect thee——
'Tis dreadful——what's the hour?

Selim. I left our friends
In secret council. Ere the dead of night,
Brave Sadi will report their last resolves.—
Now lead me to the queen.——

Oth. Brave prince, beware!
Her joy's or fear's excess, would sure betray thee.
Thou shalt not see her, till the tyrant perish!

Selim. I must.—I feel some secret impulse urge me.
Who knows that 'tis not the last parting interview,
We ever shall obtain?

Oth. Then, on thy life,
Do not reveal thyself.—Assume the name
Of Selim's friend; sent to confirm her virtue,
And warn her that he lives.

Selim. It shall be so; I yield me to thy will.

Oth. Thou greatly daring youth! May angels
watch,
And guard thy upright purpose! That Algiers
May reap the blessings of a virtuous reign,
And all thy godlike father shine in thee!

Selim. Oh, thou hast rous'd a thought, on which
revenge
Mounts with redoubled fire!—Yes, here, even here,—
Beneath this very roof, my honour'd father

Shed round his blessings, till accursed treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful hour! O, blessed shade!

[*Kneels.*

If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once lov'd clime,
Now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs!
Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast,
Thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd
By peril, pain, or death! that, undismay'd,
I may pursue the just intent, and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Can air-drawn visions mock the waking eye?
It was his image!—
This way, sure, he mov'd.
But, oh, how chang'd! He wears no gentle smiles,
But terror in his frown. He comes—"Tis he:—
For Othman points him thither, and departs.
Disguis'd, he seeks the queen: secure, perhaps,
And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him.
O, generous Selim! can I see thee thus;
And not forewarn such virtue of its fate!
Forbid it gratitude!

Enter SELIM.

Selim. Be still, ye sighs!

Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still.

Down, down, fond heart!

Irene. Why, stranger, dost thou wander here?

Selim. Oh, ruin! [Shunning her.]

Irene. Bless'd is Irene! Blest if Selim lives!

Selim. Am I betray'd!

Irene. Betray'd to whom? To her

Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save thee!

Selim. It was my hope

That time had veil'd all semblance of my youth,
And thrown the mask of manhood o'er my visage.—
Am I then known?

Irene. To none, but love and me—

To me, who late beheld thee at Oran;
Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril,
And flew to save the guardian of my honour.

Selim. Thou sum of ev'ry worth! Thou heav'n of
sweetness!

How could I pour forth all my soul before thee.
In vows of endless truth!—It must not be!—
This is my destin'd goal!—The mansion drear,
Where grief and anguish dwell! where bitter tears,
And sighs and lamentations choke the voice,
And quench the flame of love!

Irene. Yet, virtuous prince,

Though love be silent, gratitude may speak.
Hear, then, her voice, which warns thee from these
walls.

Mine be the grateful task, to tell the queen,
Her Selim lives. Ruin and death inclose thee.
O, speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps!

Selim. Would it were possible!

Irene. What can prevent it?

Selim. Justice! Fate, and justice!

A murder'd father's wrongs!

Irene. Justice, said'st thou?

That word hath struck me, like a peal of thunder!

Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,
Now glares with terror! Thy approach by night—
Thy dark disguise, thy looks and fierce demeanour,
Yes, all conspire to tell me, I am lost!

Ah! prince, take heed! I have a father too!

Think, Selim, what Irene must endure,
Should she be guilty of a father's blood!

Selim. Come on, then. Lead me to him. Glut thine
eye

With Selim's blood——

Irene. Was e'er distress like mine!

O, Selim, can I see my father perish!

Quit, O quit these walls!

Heav'n will ordain some gentler, happier means,
To heal thy woes! Thy dark attempt is big
With horror and destruction! Generous prince!
Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart!

Selim. May not I see Zaphira, ere I go?

Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us

The mournful pleasure of a parting tear?

Irene. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly these
walls,

As soon as morning shines:—Else, though despair
Drives me to madness;—yet—to save a father!—

O, Selim! spare my tongue the horrid sentence!—

Fly! ere destruction seize thee! [Exit IRENE.

Selim. Death and ruin!

Must I then fly?—what!—coward-like betray
My father, mother, friends! Vain terrors, hence!
Danger looks big to fear's deluded eye:

But courage, on the heights and steeps of fate,
Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
Of peril: and, while sick'ning caution shrinks,
Or, self betray'd, falls headlong down the steep;
Calm resolution, unappall'd, can walk

The giddy brink, secure.—Now to the queen.—

How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown!

How stifle the warm transports of my heart,

That pants at her approach!—
Who waits Zaphira?

Enter a female SLAVE.

Slave. Whence this intrusion, stranger? at an hour
Destin'd to rest?

Selim. I come, to seek the queen,
On matter of such import, as may claim
Her speedy audience.

Slave. Thy request is vain.
Ev'n now the queen hath heard the mournful tale
Of her son's death, and drown'd in grief she lies.
Thou canst not see her.

Selim. Tell the queen, I come
On message from her dear, departed son;
And bring his last request.

Slave. I'll haste to tell her. [Exit SLAVE.]

Selim. O, ill dissembling heart!—My ev'ry limb
Trembles with grateful terror!—'Would to Heav'n
I had not come! Some look, or starting tear,
Will sure betray me—Honest guile assist
My falt'ring tongue!

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. Where is this pious stranger?
Say, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping mansions of distress!
Didst thou behold in death my hapless son?
Didst thou receive my Selim's parting breath?
Did he remember me?

Selim. Most honour'd queen!
Thy son,—forgive these gushing tears that flow
To see distress like thine!

Zaph. I thank thy pity!
'Tis generous thus to feel for others' woe!—
What of my son? Say, didst thou see him die?

Selim. By Barbarossa's dread command I come,
To tell thee, that these eyes alone beheld

Thy son expire.

Zaph. Relentless fate!—that I should be denied
The mournful privilege to see him die!
To clasp him in the agony of death,
And catch his parting soul! Oh, tell me all,
All that he said and look'd? Deep in my heart
That I may treasure ev'ry parting word,
Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son!

Selim. Let not my words offend.—What if he said,
Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
Have stream'd too long: Then bid her weep no more:
Bid her forget the husband and the son,
In Barbarossa's arms!

Zaph. O, basely false!
Thou art some creeping slave to Barbarossa,
Sent to surprise my unsuspecting heart!
Vile slave, begone!—My son betray me thus!—
Could he have e'er conceiv'd so base a purpose,
My griefs for him should end in great disdain!—
But he was brave, and scor'd a thought so vile!
Wretched Zaphira! How art thou become
The sport of slaves!—

Selim. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen! Thy
woes
May yet have end.

Zaph. Why weep'st thou, crocodile?
Thy treacherous tears are vain.

Selim. My tears are honest.
I am not what thou think'st.

Zaph. What art thou then?

Selim. Oh, my full heart!—I am—thy friend, and
Selim's.

I come not to insult, but heal thy woes—
Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell thee—
Perhaps—thy son yet lives.

Zaph. Lives! O, gracious Heav'n!
Do I not dream? say, stranger,—didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my Selim lives?—What do I ask?

Wild, wild, and fruitless hope!—What mortal pow'r
Can e'er reanimate his mangled corse,
Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,
Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead?

Selim. O, pow'rful nature! thou wilt sure betray
me! [Aside.

Thy *Selim* lives: for since his rumour'd death,
I saw him at Oran.

Zaph. O, generous youth, who art thou?—From
what clime

Comes such exalted virtue, as dares give
A pause to grief like mine?

Selim. A friendless youth, self banish'd with thy son;
Long his companion in distress and danger:
One who rever'd thy worth in prosp'rous days,
And more reveres thy virtue in distress.

Zaph. O, gentle stranger!—Mock not my woes,
But tell me truly,—does my *Selim* live?

Selim. He does, by Heav'n!

Zaph. O generous Heaven! thou at length o'er-
pay'st

My bitterest pangs, if my dear *Selim* lives!

And does he still remember

His father's wrongs, and mine!

Selim. He bade me tell thee,
That in his heart indelibly are stamp'd
His father's wrongs, and thine: that he but waits
Till awful justice may unsheath her sword,
And lust and murder tremble at her frown!
That, till the arrival of that happy hour,
Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,
And his breast labour with the great revenge!

Zaph. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!

Selim. Much honour'd queen, farewell.

Zaph. Not yet,—not yet;—indulge a mother's love!
In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
Methinks I see my *Selim* stand before me.
Depart not yet. A thousand fond requests

Crowd on my mind. Wishes, and pray'rs, and tears,
Are all I have to give. O, bear him these!

Selim. Take comfort then; for know, thy son,
o'erjoy'd

To rescue thee, would bleed at ev'ry vein!——

Bid her, he said, yet hope we may be bless'd!

Bid her remember that the ways of Heav'n,

Though dark, are just: that oft some guardian pow'r
Attends, unseen, to save the innocent!

But if high Heaven decrees our fall!—Oh, bid her

Firmly to wait the stroke, prepar'd alike

To live or die! and then he wept as I do.

Zaph. O, righteous Heaven!

Protect his tender years!

Be thou his guide through dangers and distress!

Soften the rigours of his cruel exile,

And lead him to his throne!

[*Exit.*]

Selim. Now swelling heart,

Indulge the luxury of grief! flow tears!

And rain down transport in the shape of sorrow!

Yes, I have sooth'd her woes; have found her noble:

And, to have giv'n this respite to her pangs,

O'erpays all pain and peril!—Pow'rful virtue!

How infinite thy joys, when even thy griefs

Are pleasing!—Thou, superior to the frowns

Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er the soul,

And brighten woe to rapture!

Enter OTHMAN *and* SADI.

Honour'd friends!

How goes the night?

Sadi. 'Tis well nigh midnight.

Oth. What! in tears, my prince?

Selim. But tears of joy: for I have seen Zaphira,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast:

Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends;

They have but harmoniz'd my soul; and wak'd

All that is man within me, to disdain

Peril, or death.—What tidings from the city?

Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confed'rate friends
Burn with impatience, till the hour arrive.

Selim. What is the signal of th' appointed hour?

Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meeting:

And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.

Selim. Speed, speed ye minutes!
Now let the rising whirlwind shake Algiers,
And justice guide the storm! Scarce two hours
hence—

Sadi. Scarce more than one.

Selim. Oh, as ye love my life,
Let your zeal hasten on the great event:
The tyrant's daughter found, and knew me here:
And half suspects the cause.

Oth. Too daring prince,
Retire with us! her fears will sure betray thee!

Selim. What! leave my helpless mother here a prey
To cruelty and lust—I'll perish first:
This very night the tyrant threatens violence:
I'll watch his steps: I'll haunt him through the palace:

And, should he meditate a deed so vile,
I'll hover o'er him, like an unseen pestilence,
And blast him in his guilt!

Sadi. Intrepid prince!
Worthy of empire!—Yet accept my life,
My worthless life: do thou retire with Othman;
I will protect Zaphira.

Selim. Think'st thou, *Sadi*,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,
Selim will shrink into a common man!
Worthless were he to rule, who dares not claim
Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more:
Here shall my station be; and, if I fall,

O, friends, let me have vengeance!—Tell me now,
Where is the tyrant?

Oth. Revelling at the banquet.

Selim. 'Tis good. Now tell me how our pow'rs are
destin'd?

Sadi. Near ev'ry port, a secret band is posted :
By these, the watchful centinels must perish :
The rest is easy ; for the glutt'd troops
Lie drown'd in sleep.

Almanzor, with his friends, will circle round
The avenues of the palace. Othman and I
Will join our brave confederates (all sworn
To conquer or to die), and burst the gates
Of this foul den. Then tremble, Barbarossa !

Selim. Oh, how the approach of this great hour
Fires all my soul ! but, valiant friends, I charge you,
Reserve the murd'rer to my just revenge ;
My poignard claims his blood.

Oth. Forgive me, prince !

Forgive my doubts !—Think—should the fair Irene—

Selim. Thy doubts are vain. I would not spare the
tyrant,

Though the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet ;
Nay, should he fall by any hand but mine,
By Heav'n, I'd think my honour'd father's blood
Scarce half reveng'd ! My love, indeed, is strong !
But love shall yield to justice !

Sadi. Gallant prince,
Bravely resolv'd !

Selim. But is the city quiet ?

Sadi. All, all, is hush'd. Throughout the empty
streets,

Nor voice, nor sound ; as if th' inhabitants,
Like the presaging herds, that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd th' impending uproar.

Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night, too.

That pleases me; a general pause through nature:
The winds are hush'd——

Sadi. And, as I pass'd the beach,
The lazy billow scarce could lash the shore:
No star peeps through the firmament of heav'n——

Selim. And, lo! where eastward, o'er the sullen
wave,

The waning moon, depriv'd of half her orb,
Rises in blood: her beam, well nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with darkness—— [Bell tolls.

Lark!—what meant

That tolling bell?

Oth. It sounds the midnight watch.

Sadi. This was the signal——

Come, Othman, we are call'd: the passing minutes
Hide our delay: brave Othman, let us hence.

Selim. One last embrace!—nor doubt, but crown'd
with glory,

We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remember——

Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy!

Sustain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood!

Warn our brave friends, that we unsheath the sword,

Not to destroy, but save! nor let blind zeal,

Or wanton cruelty, e'er turn its edge

On age or innocence! or bid us strike

Where the most pitying angel in the skies,

That now looks on us from his bless'd abode,

Would wish that we should spare.

Oth. So may we prosper,

As mercy shall direct us!

Selim. Farewell, friends!

Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell!

[*Exeunt OTHMAN and SADI.*

Selim. Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted centinel
Now takes his lonely stand, and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow he shall never see.
In this dread interval, O busy thought,

From outward things descend into thyself!
Search deep my heart! bring with thee awful conscience,
And firm resolve! that, in th' approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids!
Witness, ye pow'rs of Heav'n,
That not from you, but from the murd'rer's eye,
I wrap myself in night!—To you I stand
Reveal'd in noon-tide day!—Oh, could I arm
My hand with pow'r! then, like to you, array'd
In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
Should blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
That privilege, I'll seize on what it gives:
Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burst beneath
him,
And whelm his throne, his empire, and himself,
In one prodigious ruin! [Exit]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter IRENE and ALADIN.

Irene. But didst thou tell him, Aladin, my fears
Brook no delay.

Aladin. I did.

Irene. Why comes he not!
Oh, what a dreadful dream!—"Twas surely more

Than troubled fancy: never was my soul
Shook with such hideous phantoms!—Still he lingers!
Return, return; and tell him, that his daughter
Dies, till she warn him of his threat'ning ruin.

Aladin. Behold, he comes. [Exit ALADIN.]

Enter BARBAROSSA and GUARDS.

Bar. Thou bane of all my joys!
Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth!
Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
And damps the festal hour.

Irene. Forgive my fear!

Bar. What fear, what phantom hath possess'd thy
brain?

Irene. Oh, guard thee from the terrors of this night;
For terrors lurk unseen.

Bar. What terror? speak.

Say, what thou dread'st, and why! I have a soul
To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.

Irene. Let not my father check, with stern rebuke,
The warning voice of nature. For ev'n now,
Retir'd to rest, soon as I clos'd mine eyes,
A horrid vision rose—Methought I saw
Young Selim rising from the silent tomb:
Mangled and bloody was his corse: his hair
Clotted with gore; his glaring eyes on fire!
Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand.

By some mysterious pow'r he rose in air;
When, lo! at his command, this yawning roof
Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance!
Swift he descended with terrific brow,
Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast!

Bar. Wouldst thou appal me by a brain-sick vi-
sion?

Get thee to rest.

Irene. Yet hear me, dearest father!

Bar. Provoke me not.—

Irene. What shall I say, to move him?
Merciful Heav'n, instruct me what to do!

Enter ALADIN.

Bar. What means thy looks?—Why dost thou gaze
so wildly?

Aladin. I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now,
Rounding the watch, I met the brave Abdalla,
Breathless with tidings of a rumour dark,
That young Selim is yet alive—

Bar. May plagues consume the tongue
That broach'd the falsehood!—'Tis not possible—
What did he tell thee further!

Aladin. More he said not:
Save only, that the spreading rumour wak'd
A spirit of revolt.

Irene. O gracious father!

Bar. The rumour's false—And yet, your coward
fears
Infect me!—What!—shall I be terrified
By midnight visions?—I'll not believe it.

Aladin. But this gathering rumour—
Think but on that, my lord;

Bar. Infernal darkness
Swallow the slave that rais'd it!—Hark thee, Aladin,
Find out this stranger, Achmet; and forthwith
Let him be brought before me.

[*Exeunt Two GUARDS.*]

Irene. O my father!
I do conjure thee, as thou lov'st thy life,
Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards—
See not this Achmet.

Bar. Not see him?
If he prove false,—if hated Selim live,
I'll heap such vengeance on him—

Irene. Mercy! mercy!

Bar. Mercy—To whom?

Irene. To me—and to thyself:

To him—to all.—Thou think'st I rave ; yet true
My visions are, as ever prophet utter'd,
When Heaven inspires his tongue !

Bar. Ne'er did the moon-struck madman rave with
dreams
More wild than thine !—Get thee to rest ;
Call Achmet hither.

Irene. Thus prostrate on my knees :—O see him
not,
Selim is dead :—Indeed the rumour's false,
There is no danger near :—Or, if there be,
Achmet is innocent !

Bar. Off, frantic wretch !
Hence—to thy chamber, on thy duty hence !

Irene. Cruel fate !
What have I done ?—Heav'n shield my dearest father !
Heaven shield the innocent—undone Irene !
Whate'er the event, thy doom is misery.

[*Exit* IRENE.]

Bar. Her words are wrapt in darkness.—Aladin,
forthwith send Achmet hither.—Then with speed,
Double the centinels
[*Exit* ALADIN.]
Infernal guilt !

How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion and despair,
To rend my soul ! more wretched far than they, &
Made wretched by my crimes !—Why did I not
Repent, while yet my crimes were delible !
Ere they had struck their colours thro' my soul,
As black as night or hell !—tis now too late !
Hence then, ye vain repinings !—Take me all,
Unfeeling guilt ! Oh, banish, if thou canst,
This fell remorse, and ev'ry fruitless fear !

Enter SELIM and Two GUARDS.

Come hither, slave !
Hear me, and tremble ! Art thou what thou seem'st ?

Selim. Ha !—

Bar. Dost thou pause?—By hell, the slave's confounded!

Selim. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth!

Bar. Take heed! for by the how'ring pow'rs of vengeance,

If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne'er yet conceiv'd! Thou com'st beneath the guise
Of Selim's murderer.—Now tell me:—Is not
That Selim yet alive?

Selim. Selim alive!

Bar. Perdition on thee! dost thou echo me?
Answer me quick, or die! [Draws his Dagger]

Selim. Yes, freely strike—
Already hast thou given the fatal wound,
And pierc'd my heart with thy unkind suspicion;
Oh, could my dagger find a tongue, to tell
How deep it drank his blood!—But since thy doubt
Thus wrongs my zeal,—Behold my breast—strike
here—

For bold is innocence.

Bar. I scorn the task, [Puts up his Dagger]
Time shall decide thy doom:—Guards, mark me
well.—

See that ye watch the motions of this slave:
And if he meditates t' escape your eye,
Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.

Selim. I yield me to thy will, and when thou
know'st

That Selim lives, or see'st his hated face,
Then wreak thy vengeance on me.

Bar. Bear him hence.—

Yet, on your lives, await me within call.—
I will have deeper inquisition made.

[Exeunt SELIM and GUARDS.]

Call Zaphira.

[Exit a SLAVE.]

If Selim lives—then what is Barbarossa?
My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,

Till marriage rites declare Zaphira mine.
I will not brook delay.—By love and vengeance,
This hour decides her fate;

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Well, haughty fair!—
Hath reason yet subdu'd thee?—Wilt thou hear
The voice of love?

Zaph. Why dost thou vainly urge me?
Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

Bar. Can aught but phrensy
Rush on perdition?

Zaph. Therefore shall no pow'r
E'er make me thine?

Bar. Nay, sport not with my rage:
Know, that thy final hour of choice is come!

Zaph. I have no choice.—Think'st thou I e'er will
wed

The murderer of my lord?

Bar. Take heed, rash queen!
Tell me thy last resolve.

Zaph. Then hear me, Heav'n!
Hear, all ye pow'rs, that watch o'er innocence!
Angels of light! And thou dear honour'd shade
Of my departed lord: attend, while here
I ratify with vows my last resolve.
If e'er I wed this tyrant murderer,
If I pollute me with this horrid union,
May ye, the ministers of Heav'n, depart,
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene!
May horror blacken all our days and nights!
May discord light the nuptial torch! and rising
From hell, may swarming fiends in triumph howl
Around th' accursed bed!

Bar. Begone, remorse!—
Guards do your office: Drag her to the altar—
Heed not her tears or cries.—What! dare ye doubt?

[GUARDS go to seize ZAPHIRA.]

Zaph. O spare me!—Heav'n protect me!—O my son,
Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless mother!—
What shall I do?—Undone; undone Zaphira!

Enter SELIM.

Selim. Who call'd on Achmet?—Did not Barbarossa
Require me here?

Bar. Officious slave, retire!
I call'd thee not.

Zaph. O kind and gen'rous stranger, lend thy aid!
O rescue me from these impending horrors!
Heav'n will reward thy pity!

Selim. Pity her woes, O mighty Barbarossa!

Bar. Rouse not my vengeance, slave!

Selim. O hear me, hear me! [Kneels,

Bar. Curse on thy forward zeal!

Selim. Yet, yet have mercy.

[Lays hold of BARBAROSSA'S Garment.]

Bar. Presuming slave, begone! [Strikes SELIM.]

Selim. Nay, then,—die, tyrant!

[Rises and aims to stab BARBAROSSA, who wrests his Dagger from him.]

Bar. Ah, traitor! have I caught thee?
Perfidious wretch, who art thou?—Bring the rack:
Let that extort the secrets of his heart.

Selim. Thy impious threats are lost! I know, that
death

And torments are my doom.—Yet, ere I die,
I'll strike thy soul with horror.—Off, vile habit!

If thou dar'st,

Now view me!—Hear me, tyrant!—while with voice
More terrible than thunder, I proclaim,

That he, who aim'd the dagger at thy heart,
Is Selim!

Zaph. O Heav'n! my son! my son!

Selim. Unhappy mother! [Runs to embrace her.]

Bar. Tear them asunder. [*GUARDS separate them.*

Selim. Barb'rous, barb'rous ruffians !

Bar. Slaves, seize the traitor.

[*They offer to seize him.*

Selim. Off, ye vile slaves ! I am your king !—Retire,

And tremble at my frowns ! That is the traitor—
That is the murd'rer—tyrant ravisher ! Seize him,
And do your country right !

Bar. Ah, coward dogs !

Start ye at words ?—or seize him, or by hell,
This dagger sends you all—— [*They seize him.*

Selim. Dost thou revive, unhappy queen !
Now arm my soul with patience !

Zaph. My dear son !

Do I then live, once more to see my Selim !
But Oh—to see thee thus !——

Selim. Canst thou behold
Her speechless agonies, and not relent !

Zaph. O mercy, mercy !

Selim. Lo, Barbarossa ! thou at length hast conquer'd !

Behold a hapless prince, o'erwhelm'd with woes,
[*Kneels.*

Prostrate before thy feet !—not for myself
I plead——Yes, plunge the dagger in my breast !
Tear, tear, me piecemeal ! But, O, spare Zaphira !
Yet—yet relent ! force not her matron honour !
Reproach not Heav'n.

Bar. Have I then bent thy pride ?
Why, this is conquest ev'n beyond my hope !—
Lie there, thou slave ! lie, till Zaphira's cries
Arouse thee from thy posture !

Selim. Dost thou insult my griefs ?—unmanly
wretch !

Curse on the fear, that could betray my limbs,
[*Rising.*

My coward limbs, to this dishonest posture ;

Long have I scorn'd, I now defy, thy pow'r!

Bar. I'll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.—
Slaves, bear him to the rack.

Zaph. O spare my son!
Sure filial virtue never was a crime!
Save but my son!—I yield me to thy wish!
What do I say?—The marriage vow—O horror!
This hour shall make me thine!—

Selim. What! doom thyself
The guilty partner of a murd'rer's bed,
Whose hands yet reek with thy dear husband's blood!
To be the mother of destructive tyrants—
The curses of mankind!—By Heav'n, I swear,
The guilty hour, that gives thee to the arms
Of that detested murderer, shall end
This hated life!

Bar. Or yield thee, or he dies!

Zaph. The conflict's past.—I will resume my greatness;
We'll bravely die, as we have liv'd,—with honour!
[Embracing.

Selim. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on us:
Now see, despairing guilt! that virtue still
Shall conquer, tho' in ruin.

Bar. Drag them hence:
Hear to the altar:—Selim to his fate.

Zaph. O Selim! O my son!—Thy doom is death!
'Would it were mine!

Selim. 'Would I could give it thee!
Is there no means to save her? Lend, ye guards,
Ye ministers of death, in pity lend
Your swords, or some kind weapon of destruction!
Sure the most mournful boon, that ever son
Ask'd for the best of mothers!
One last embrace!
Farewell! Farewell for ever!

[GUARDS struggle with them

Zaph. One moment yet!—Pity a mother's pangs!
O Selim!

Selim. O my mother!

[*Exeunt SELIM, ZAPHIRA, and GUARDS.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter BARBAROSSA, ALADIN, and GUARDS.

Bar. Is the watch doubled? Are the gates secur'd
Against surprise?

Aladin. They are, and mock th' attempt
Of force or treachery.

Bar. This whisper'd rumour
Of dark conspiracy,
Seems but a false alarm. Our spies, sent out,
Affirm, that sleep
Has wrapp'd the city.

Aladin. But while Selim lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls.

Bar. Right, Aladin. His hour of fate approaches.
How goes the night?

Aladin. The second watch is near.

Bar. 'Tis well;—Whene'er it rings, the traitor dies.
Yet first the rack shall rend
Each secret from his heart.
Haste, seek out Othman:

Go, tell him, that destruction and the sword
Hang o'er young Selim's head, if swift compliance
Plead not his pardon. [Exit ALADIN.

Stubborn fortitude !

Had he not interposed, success had crown'd
My love, now hopeless.—Then let vengeance seize
him.

Enter IRENE.

Irene. O night of horror!—Hear me, honour'd
father !

If e'er Irene's peace was dear to thee,
Now hear me !

Bar. Impious ! dar'st thou disobey ?
Did not my sacred will ordain thee hence ?
Get thee to rest ; for death is stirring here.

Irene. O fatal words ! By ev'ry sacred tie,
Recal the dire decree.—

Bar. What would'st thou say ?
Whom plead for ?

Irene. For a brave unhappy prince,
Sentenc'd to die.

Bar. And justly !—But this hour
The traitor half fulfill'd thy dream, and aim'd
His dagger at my heart.

Irene. Might pity plead !

Bar. What ! plead for treachery ?

Irene. Yet pity might bestow a milder name.
Wouldst thou not love the child, whose fortitude
Should hazard life for thee ?—Oh, think on that :—
The noble mind hates not a virtuous foe :
His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother !

Bar. Damn'd was his purpose : and accurst art
thou,
Whose perfidy would save the dark assassin,
Who sought thy father's life !—Hence, from my sight.

Irene. Oh, never, till thy mercy spare my Selim !

Bar. Thy Selim ? Thine ?

Irene. Thou know'st—by gratitude
He's mine—Had not his gen'rous hand redeem'd me,
What then had been Irene? Oh!
Who sav'd me from dishonour?

Bar. By the pow'rs
Of great revenge, thy fond entreaties seal
His instant death.—In him I'll punish thee.—
Away!

Irene. Yet hear me! Ere my tortur'd soul
Rush on some deed of horror?

Bar. Convey the frantic ideot from my presence:
See that she do no violence on herself.

Irene. O Selim!—generous youth!—how have my
fears
Betray'd thee to destruction!
Inhuman Father!—Generous, injur'd prince!
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the rack,
Hear thy expiring groans:—O horror! horror!
What shall I do to save him!—Vain, alas!
Vain are my tears and pray'rs—At least, I'll die.
Death shall unite us yet! [Exit IRENE.

Bar. O torment! torment!
Ev'n in the midst of pow'r!—the vilest slave
More happy far than I!—the very child,
Whom my love cherish'd from her infant years,
Conspires to blast my peace!—O false ambition,
Whither hast thou lur'd me!
Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless! with not a friend,
In whom my soul can trust.

Enter ALADIN.

Now, Aladin,
Hast thou seen Othman?
He will not, sure, conspire against my peace?

Aladin. He's fled, my lord. I dread some lurking ruin.
The centinel on watch says, that he pass'd
The gate, since midnight, with an unknown friend:
And, as they pass'd, Othman in whisper said,

Now farewell, bloody tyrant!

Bar. Slave, thou liest.

He did not dare to say it; or, if he did,

Why dost thou wound my ear

By the foul repetition?

What's to be done? Some mischief lurks unseen.

Aladin. Prevent it then—

Bar. By Selim's instant death—

Aladin. Ay, doubtless.

Bar. Is the rack prepar'd?

Aladin. 'Tis ready.

Along the ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with chains.

The ministers of death stand round; and wait

Thy last command.

Bar. Once more I'll try to bend

His stubborn soul.—Conduct me forthwith to him;

And if he now refuse my proffer'd kindness,

Destruction swallows him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison in the Palace.

SELIM *discovered in Chains*, EXECUTIONERS, OFFICERS, &c. *and Rack.*

Selim. I pray you, friends,

When I am dead, let not indignity

Insult these poor remains, see them interr'd

Close by my father's tomb! I ask no more,

Offi. They shall.

Selim. How goes the night?

Offi. Thy hour of fate,

The second watch, is near.

Selim. Let it come on;

I am prepar'd.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. So—raise him from the ground,

[*They raise him.*]

Perfidious boy! behold the just rewards

Of guilt and treachery ! Didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face ?

Selim. Then take it, tyrant.

Bar. Didst thou not aim a dagger at my heart ?

Selim. I did.

Bar. Yet Heav'n defeated thy intent ;
And sav'd me from the dagger.

Selim. 'Tis not ours
To question Heav'n. Th' intent and not the deed
Is in our pow'r ; and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly.

Bar. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy,
What horrors now surround thee—

Selim. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd ?—Thy rage is weak,
Thy torments pow'rless o'er the steady mind :
He, who can bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

Bar. Yet, lo, I come, by pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save Zaphira !—For the bell
Ev'n now expects the centinel, to toll
The signal of thy death.

Selim. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death : I scorn its darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant, nor prophane my dying hour !

Bar. Then take thy wish. *[Bell tolls.]*
There goes the fatal knell.

Thy fate is seal'd.—Not all thy mother's tears,
Nor pray'rs, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee
From instant death. *[Exit BARBAROSSA.]*

Selim. Come on, then. *[They bind him.]*
Begin the work of death—what ! bound with cords,
Like a vile criminal !—O valiant friends,
When will ye give me vengeance !

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Stop, O, stop !
Hold your accursed hands !—On me, on me

Pour all your torments ;—How shall I approach thee.

Selim. These are thy father's gifts!—Yet thou art
guiltless;

Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best
Most amiable of women !

Irene. Rather curse me,
As the betrayer of thy virtue !

Selim. Ah!

Irene. 'Twas I,—my fears, my frantic fears, betray'd
thee !

Thus falling at thy feet ! may I but hope
For pardon ere I die !

Selim. Hence to thy father !

Irene. Never, O never !—crawling in the dust,
I'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears !
Tread me to earth ! I never will complain ;
But my last breath shall bless thee !

Selim. Lov'd Irene !

What hath my fury done ?

Irene. Canst thou, then,
Forgive and pity me ?

Selim. I do, I do.

Irene. O earth and Heav'n ! that such unequal'd
worth

Should meet so hard a fate !—That I—That I—
Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,
Should be th' accurst destroyer !—Strike, in pity,
And end this hated life !

Selim. Cease, dear Irene.

Submit to Heaven's high will,—I charge thee live ;
And to thy utmost pow'r, protect from wrong
My helpless, friendless mother !

Irene. With my life

I'll shield her from each wrong.—That hope alone
Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe !

Selim. O my ungovern'd rage !—To frown on thee !
'Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong. [*Embracing.*
And mingle rapture with the pains of death !

Offi. No more—Prepare the rack.

Irene. Here will I cling. No pow'r on earth shall part us,

Till I have sav'd my Selim!

[*A Shout. Clashing of Swords.*

Aladin. [*Without.*] Arm, arm!—Treach'ry and murder!

Selim. Off, slaves!—Or I will turn my chains to arms,

And dash you piece-meal!

Enter ALADIN.

Aladin. Where is the king?

The foe pours in. The palace gates are burst:

The centinels are murder'd! Save the King;

They seek him thro' the palace!

Offi. Death and ruin!

Follow me, slaves, and save him.

[*Exeunt ALADIN, OFFICER, and GUARDS.*

Selim. Now, bloody tyrant! Now, thy hour is come!
Vengeance at length hath pierc'd these guilty walls,
And walks her deadly round!

Irene. Whom dost thou mean! my father?

[*Clash of Swords.*

Hark! 'twas the clash of swords! Heav'n save my father!

O cruel, cruel Selim!

[*Exit IRENE.*

Selim. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me fast
In pow'rless ignominy; while my sword
Should haunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down!

Oth. [*Without.*] Where is the prince?

Selim. Here, Othman, bound to earth!

Set me but free!—O cursed, cursed chain!

Enter OTHMAN and Party, who free SELIM.

Oth. O my brave prince!—Heav'n favours our design.

[*Embraces him.*

Take that:—I need not bid thee use it nobly.

[*Giving him a Sword.*

Selim. Now, Barbarossa, let my arm meet thine;
'Tis all I ask of Heav'n! [Exit SELIM.]

Oth. Guard ye the prince— [Part go out.]
Pursue his steps.—Now this way let us turn,
And seek the tyrant. [Exeunt OTHMAN, &c.]

SCENE III.

A Court in the Palace.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Empire is lost, and life: yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

Enter OTHMAN.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor?—Die!—

[They fight.—BARB. falls.]

Enter SELIM and SADI.

Selim. The foe gives way: sure this way went the
storm.

Where is the tiger fled!—What do I see!

Sadi. Algiers is free!

Oth. This sabre did the deed!

Selim. I envy thee the blow!—Yet valour scorns
To wound the fallen.—But if life remain,
I will speak daggers to his guilty soul—
Hoa! Barbarossa! Tyrant, murderer!
'Tis Selim, Selim calls thee.

Bar. Off, ye fiends!
Torment me not!—O Selim art thou there?—
Swallow me, earth!
Oh, that I ne'er had wrong'd thee!

Selim. Dost thou then
Repent thee of thy crimes?—He does, he does!
He grasps my hand—see the repentant tear
Starts from his eye!—Dost thou indeed repent?
Why then I do forgive thee: from my soul
I feely do forgive thee!—And if crimes,
Abhorr'd as thine, dare plead to Heav'n for mercy,—
May Heav'n have mercy on thee.

Bar. Gen'rous *Selim*!
Too good—I have a daughter—Oh! protect her!
Let not my crimes— [Dies.

Oth. There fled the guilty soul!

Selim. Haste to the city—stop the rage of slaughter.
Tell my brave people, that Algiers is free;
And tyranny no more. *Exeunt GUARDS.*

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. What mean these horrors?—wheresoe'er I
turn

My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
Welt'ring in gore!—And dost thou live, my *Selim*?

Selim. Lo, there he lies!

Zaph. O righteous Heav'n!

Selim. Behold thy valiant friends,
Whose faith and courage have o'erwhelm'd the pow'r
Of *Barbarossa*. Here, once more, thy virtues
Shall dignify the throne, and bless thy people.

Zaph. Just are thy ways, O Heav'n!—Vain ter-
rors, hence!

Once more *Zaphira's* blest!—My virtuous son,
How shall I e'er repay thy boundless love!
Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
And on thy bosom weep my griefs away!

Selim. O happy hour!—happy, beyond
E'en hope!—Look down, blest shade,
From the bright realms of bliss!—Behold thy queen
Unspotted, uneduc'd, unmov'd in virtue.
Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet!

And to the mem'ry of thy bleeding wrongs,
Accept this sacrifice.

Zaph. My generous Selim!

Selim. Where is Irene?

Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted mien,
She sought her father where the tumult rag'd;
She pass'd me, while the coward Aladin
Fled from my sword: and as I cleft him down,
She fainted at the sight.

Oth. But soon recover'd;
Zamor, our trusty friend, at my command,
Convey'd the weeping fair one to her chamber.

Selim. Thanks to thy generous care:—Come, let
us seek
Th' afflicted maid.

Zaph. Her virtues might atone
For all her father's guilt!—Thy throne be her's:
She merits all thy love.

Selim. Then haste, and find her.—O'er her father's
crimes

Pity shall draw her veil; nay, half absolve them,
When she beholds the virtues of his child!
Now let us thank th' eternal Pow'r: convinc'd,
That Heav'n but tries our virtue by affliction:
That oft the cloud, which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITIONS OF PLAYS, &c.

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME.

By GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| The Mountaineers, 2s 6d | Who wants a Guinea? 2s 6d |
| Inkle and Yarico, 2s 6d | John Bull, a Comedy, 2s 6d |
| Poor Gentleman, 2s 6d | Ways and Means, 2s |

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| The Jew, a Comedy, 2s 6d | First Love, a Comedy, 2s 6d |
| West Indian, 2s 6d | False Impressions, 2s 6d |
| Wheel of Fortune, 2s 6d | Mysterious Husband, 2s 6d |

By THOMAS DIBDIN, Esq.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| School for Prejudice, 2s 6d | The Cabinet, 2s 6d |
| Il Bondocani; or, the Caliph | The English Fleet, in 1342; |
| Robber, 1s 6d | an Historical Comic Opera, |
| St. David's Day, 1s 6d | 2s 6d |
| The Birth Day, a Comedy, from | The Will for the Deed, a Co- |
| Kotzebue, 2s | medy, 2s |
| The Jew and the Doctor, a | Family Quarrels, 2s 6d |
| Farce, 1s 6d | |

By MRS. INCHBALD.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Lovers' Vows, a Play, 2s 6d | Wives as they were, 2s 6d |
| Every one has his Fault, a Co- | Such Things are, 2s 6d |
| medy, 2s 6d | Child of Nature, 2s |
| To Marry or not to Marry, a | Wedding Day, a Comedy, in |
| Comedy, 2s 6d | two Acts, 1s 6d |

REVISED BY J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Shakspeare's Othello, Moor of | Shakspeare's King John, ditto, |
| Venice, now first printed as | 2s |
| it is acted at the Theatre | Shakspeare's Henry VIII. do. |
| Royal, Covent Garden, svo. | 2s |
| 2s 6d | |

By THOMAS MORRISON, Esq.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Speed the Plough, 2s 6d | Secrets worth Knowing, a Co- |
| Zorinski, a Play, 2s 6d | medy, 2s 6d |
| The Way to get Married, 2s 6d | The School of Reform; or |
| A Cure for the Heart Ache, a | How to Rule a Husband, a |
| Comedy, 2s 6d | Comedy, 2s 6d |

By JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq.

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Lie of the Day, a Comedy, 2s | The Positive Man, 1s 6d |
| Highland Reel, 1s 6d | The Poor Soldier, 1s 6d |
| The Farmer, an Opera, 1s 6d | Wild Oats, a Comedy, 2s 6d |
| Modern Antiques, a Farce, | The Castle of Andalusia, an |
| 1s 6d | Opera, 2s 6d |
| Love in a Camp; or, Patrick | Sprigs of Laurel, 1s 6d |
| in Prussia, 1s 6d | Prisoner at Large, 1s 6d |

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS, Esq.

The Delinquent, 2s 6d	Notoriety, a Comedy, 2s 6d
The Will, a Comedy, 2s 6d	How to grow Rich, 2s 6d
Folly as it Flies, 2s 6d	The Rage, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Life, a Comedy, 2s 6d	Speculation, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Management, a Comedy, 2s 6d	The Blind Bargain, 2s 6d
Laugh when you can, 2s 6d	Fortune's Fool, 2s 6d
The Dramatist, 2s 6d	Werter, a Tragedy, 2s

The Honey Moon, a Comedy, by John Tobin, 2s 6d
 The Duenna, a Comic Opera, by Mr. Sheridan, 2s 6d
 The Heiress, a Comedy, by General Burgoyne, 2s 6d
 The Road to Ruin, a Comedy, by Mr. Holcroft, 2s 6d
 Deserted Daughter, a Comedy, by ditto, 2s 6d
 The Belle's Stratagem, a Comedy, by Mrs. Cowley, 2s 6d
 Which is the Man? a Comedy, by ditto, 2s 6d
 England Preserved, a Tragedy, by Mr. Watson, 2s 6d
 The Bank Note, a Comedy, by Mr. Macready, 2s 6d
 The Votary of Wealth, a Comedy, by Mr. Holman, 2s 6d
 Ramah Droog; or, Wine does Wonders, by J. Cobb, Esq. 2s 6d
 Mary, Queen of Scots, a Tragedy, by Hon. Mr. St. John, 2s 6d
 The Stranger, a Play, as performed at Drury Lane, 2s 6d
 The Maid of Bristol, a Play, by Mr. Boaden, 2s
 Raising the Wind, a Farce, by Mr. Kenney, 1s 6d
 Matrimony, a Petit Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
 Too many Cooks, by ditto, 1s 6d
 The Point of Honour, a Play, by Mr. C. Kemble, 2s
 What is She? a Comedy, 2s 6d
 Wife in the Right, a Comedy, by Mrs. Griffith, 2s 6d
 Julia, or the Italian Lover, a Tragedy, by Mr. Jephson, 2s 6d
 Clementina, a Tragedy, by Kelly, 2s 6d
 Doctor and Apothecary, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Smugglers, a Farce, 1s 6d
 First Floor, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Tit for Tat, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Sultan, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Match for a Widow, an Opera, 1s 6d
 Turnpike Gate, a Farce, by Knight, 1s 6d
 Soldier's Return, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Hartford Bridge, a Farce, by Mr. Pearce, 1s 6d
 The Midnight Wanderers, an Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
 Netley Abbey, an Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
 Arrived at Portsmouth, a Farce, by ditto, 1s 6d
 The Mysteries of the Castle, by Mr. Andrews, 2s 6d
 The Irishman in London, a Farce, by Mr. Macready, 1s 6d
 Lock and Key, a Farce, by Mr. Hoare, 1s
 Marian, an Opera, by Mrs. Brookes, 1s 6d