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BRITISH THEATRE  
(WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
Duncombe's British Theatre).

**SLAVE.**

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# Alphabetical List of Cumberland's British Theatre.

Above and Below	Billy Taylor	Corporal's Wedge	Every One has his	Grey Doublet
Actress of all Work	Black Hugh	Corsican Brothers	(Fault)	Guardian Sylph
Adam Buff	Blacksmith	Country Girl	Evil May Day	Guido Fawkes
Adelgitha	Black Domino	Court and City	Exchange no Rob-	Gustavus III.
Adopted Child	Black Domino (op.)	Cousin Peter	Exile (bery)	Guy Fawkes
Advice to Husbands	Blind Bargain	Cousin Lambkin		
Africans	Blood Red Knight	Crazy Jane	Factory Lad	Hamlet
Agreeable Surprise	Blue Devils	Critic	Fair Penitent	Hand of Cards
Aladdin (drama)	Blue Beard (drama)	Crook of Gold	Fairly Hit & Fairly	Hans Von Stein
Aladdin	Boarding House	Cupid	Fairy Lake (Missed)	Happiest Day of
Alexander the Great	Bohemians of Paris	Cupid in London	Faith, Hope, and	Happiest Man (Life)
Alice May	Bold Stroke for a	Cure for Heart-	Charity	Harp of Altenburg
Aline! Rose of Kil-	Wife (Husband	Curfew (ache	Faith & Falsehood	Haunted Hulk
Ali Pacha (farce)	Bold Stroke for a	Curse of Mamma	Falls of Clyde	Haunted Inn
Ali Baba	Bould Soger Boy	Cymbeline	Fall of Algiers	Hazard of the Die
Alive and Merry	Borrowed Feathers		False Alarms	Heart of Mid-Lothn
All in the Wrong	Bound 'Prentice to	Dame St. Tropez	False Colours	Helen Oakleigh
All's Well that Ends	Waterman (Sighs	Damon & Pythias	Farmer	Heir at Law
Well (logize	Bravo, or Bridge of	Damon & Pythias	Fatal Dowry	Henry IV. Part I.
Allow me to Apo-	Breakers Ahead	(farce)	Fatal Snow Storm	Henry IV. Part II.
Alonzo the Brave	Bride of Ludgate	Damp Beds	Fatality	Henry V.
Amateurs & Actors	Bridge Notre Dame	Dance of the Shirt	Fate of Calais	Henry VI. (Clubs
Ambassadors (op.)	Brigand	Day in Paris	Father and Son	Hercules, King of
Ambassador's Lady	Brigands in the Bud	Day after Fair	Faustus	Hide and Seek
Ambrose Gwynett	Broken Sword	Deaf and Dumb	Fellow Servants	Highland Reel
Amoroso	Bronze Horse	Death Plank	Female Massaroni	Highways & Byways
Ancestress	Brothers, The	Death Token	Fidello	His 1st Champagne
Anchor of Hope	Brutus	Delicate Attntns	Fifteen Years of a	Hit or Miss
Angelo	Buffalo Girls	Delinquent	Drunkard's Life	Hofer, Tell, of Tyrol
Angel of the Attic	Bull Fighter	Delusion (Desert	Fire Raiser	Home Again
Animal Magnetism	Busy Body	Demon of the	First of April	Home, Sweet Home
Another Glass		Der Freischutz	First Floor	Honest Thieves
Antiquary	Caius Gracchus	Desert, Buccanr	Five Miles Off	Honesty best Policy
Antony & Cleopatra	Calaynos	Deserted Mill	Flight to America	Honey-Moon
(farce)	Call Again To-mor-	Deserted Village	Floating Beacon	House Dog
Antony & Cleopatra	Camp (row	Devil to Pay	Flying Dutchman	How to Grow Rich
Arnold of Winke-	Capers & Coronets	Dev & Dr Faustus	Folly as it Flies	How to Die for Love
Attaxerxes (ried	Captain Stevens	Devil's Good Joke	Fontainebleu	Humpbacked Lover
Assignment	Carlina	Devil's Bridge	Fortunes of Nigel	Humphrey Clinker
As You Like It	Carmilham	Devil's Ducat	Forty Thieves	Hunter of the Alps
Artic Story	Carmelites	Devil's Daughters	Foscari	Husband at Sight
Austerlitz	Castle Spectre	Devil's Elixir	Foundling of Forest	Hush Money
	Castle of Andalusia	Diamond Arrow	Frankenstein	Hut of Red Moun-
Bachelor's Buttons	Catch Him Who Can	Dice of Death	Frank Fox Phipps	Hypocrite (tain
Balance of Comfort	Cataract of Ganges	Discard Daught	Frederick the Great	
Bampfylde Moore	Cato	Don Cesar Bazan	Free and Easy	I and My Double
Carew (Mine	Cavalier	Don Giovanni	£500 Reward	Ice Witch
Bandit of the Blind	Cedar Chest	Done Brown		Idiot Boy
Banks of the Hudson	Chain of Guilt	Double Gallant	Gaberlunzie Man	Idiot of the Mill
Barack Johnson	Chamber Practice	Doves in a Cage	Gambler's Life in	Inconstant
Barbarossa	Charcoal Burner	Dragon Knight	London	Inchespe Bell
Barber and Bravo	Charming Polly	Dramatist	Gamester	Industry & Indo-
Barber of Seville	Chelsea Pensioners	Dream of Fate	Gaspardo, Gondolr	Infanticide (lence
Barnaby Rudge	Child of Nature	Duchess of Malfi	George Barnwell	Inkle & Yarico
Bashful Man	Children in Wood	Duel	Georgy Barnwell	Innkeeper Abbeville
Bathing	Christmas Carol	Duenna	Gil Blas	Innkeeper's Daughter
Battle of Sedgemore	Chrononhotontho-	Dumb Savoyard	Gilderoy (3 acts)	Intimate Friend
Battle of Hexham	Clari (logos		Giovanni in London	Invincibles
Beau Nash	Clandestine Marrge	Earl of Poverty	Giralda	Irishman in London
Beaux's Stratagem	Clarence Clevedon	Earthquake	Gold Fiend	Iron Chest
Bed Room Window	Clear Case	Eddystone Elf	Golden Calf	Isabella
Bee Hive (gate	Clerk of Clerkenwell	Education	Golden Farmer (low	Is He Jealous?
Beggar of Cripple-	Close Seige	Ella Rosenberg	Good Looking Fel-	Is She a Woman?
Beginning and End	Comedy of Errors	Emigrant's Daught	Good Natured Man	Is She His Daught?
Behind the Scenes	Come to Town (ings	Esther the Jewess	Good Night's Rest	Ivanhoe
Belle's Stratagem	Comfortable Lodg	Eugene Aram	Grace Huntley	
Bell Ringer of St.	Comus	Evrybody's Hus-	Grecian Daughter	Jack Bragg
Belphegor (Paul's	Conquering Game	band (Humor	Greek Slave	Jack in the Water
Bertram	Coriolanus	Every Man in His	Green Ey'd Monster	Jack Sheppard

**The Slave.**



GAMBRA. In Zelinda's cause I am invulnerable.

*Act 3. Scene 2.*

**Cumberland's British Theatre,**

THE  
**S L A V E ;**  
AN OPERATIC DRAMA,  
In Three Acts,

BY  
**THOMAS MORTON,**

AUTHOR OF

Cure for the Heartache, School of Reform, Town and Country,  
Speed the Plough, Education, Roland for an Oliver,  
Columbus, Children in the Wood, School for  
Grown Children, Zorinski, etc., etc.

—  
WITH AN ILLUSTRATION,  
AND REMARKS BY D—G.  
—

**THOMAS HAILES LACY,**  
THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,  
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## REMARKS

### The Slave.

IN the present times, when arbitrary exclusions and disqualifications, the fruits of tyranny and superstition, are fast dying away, how long shall slavery, the bitterest of *all* tyrannies, be suffered to remain? We have before taken occasion to express our deep abhorrence of this mighty wrong; nor shall we, whenever an opportunity offers, fail to repeat it, in terms as strong as our hatred for the oppressors and our pity for the oppressed! Policy and property are sacred things, but the rights of human nature are still more sacred. It is useless to argue if the condition of the slave be not preferable to that of our own indigent countrymen, whom stern necessity compels to be slaves in *everything* but in *name*. It is sufficient that the slave is the property of his *fellow-man*, that he may be *sold*, like a bale of goods, to the best bidder; and transferred, *ad infinitum*, from one party to another, till death snaps his chain, and proclaims him *free*! And he who, in a *spiritual* capacity, shall dare to pervert the holy texts he is called to expound, by painting slavery as aught but a monster beneath which the earth groans, is a liar, in the true definition of the term!—A coward to man, and a bravo to God!

“Go cast your honours at your bishop’s feet!

Send your dishonour’d gown to Monmouth Street!”

This drama pleads the cause of the slave; and, as such, is entitled to more than common consideration. It is delightful when our amusements are thus rendered conducive to humanity. A negro rebellion having taken place at Surinam, the oppressed very naturally turn upon their oppressors, and give them a taste of arbitrary rule. The piece opens with the arrival of the governor; and it is edifying to mark how the rejoicings and congratulations of the terrified planters have their origin in the assured protection of his presence. Among the negroes, is Gambia, a favourite slave, who acts as their

mediator with the governor.—For their faults, he entreats his mercy ; for their helplessness, his pity ; for their wrongs, his protection. He had not joined in their rebellion ; since liberty, when linked with rapine and cruelty, might prove a worse state than *even* slavery. The character of Gambia is wrought with much skill.—All his attributes are preserved—his fierceness, his generosity, his noble nature. Impetuous in his rage—fervent in his affections—his magnanimity and greatness of soul are more powerful than either ; and the only *revenge* he wreaks on a favoured rival, is to sacrifice his love and liberty in his behalf. This may appear incredible to *civilized society* ; but such instances of friendship and self-control are by no means uncommon in the *savage state*. The character was written for Mr. Macready, and he did it ample justice. His very peculiarities *here* almost became beauties. His abrupt transitions and melodramatic starts were not offensive, as in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* ; while his deep sonorous voice gave full effect to the animated sentiments and wild eloquence of the generous slave. It was decidedly *a hit*, like his *William Tell*, *Virginius*, and *Rob Roy*.

We now turn to the comic portion of this drama ; and, in calling over the muster-roll, we find, Matthew Sharpset, a *West-India* Jeremy Diddler, played by Mr. Jones, with a smirking impudence and fidgetty officiousness that no actor can better assume than himself ; Fogrum, a *Londoner* on his travels, well known in the *region* of the Tower Hamlets, *sitiated* in Europe—whose phrase of speech is full of egotism, affectation, and queer transpositions—whose knowledge embraces every fare from the bridges down to Limehouse Hole—and whose *beauty* is best described when we say that Mr. *Liston* is its most characteristic representative ! We have, next, Sam Sharpset, the Yorkshire *Mentor* of this cockney *Telemachus*, who, having an eye to *trade* as well as to instruction, brings an investment of *skaits*, double-milled *great-coats* lined with *flannel*, *treacle*, and *pig-tail*, to the West Indies ! Whenever Fogrum gets into a scrape, *York* is ready at hand to help him out of it, which he generally contrives to do by some ingenious quibble. The West-India wit, however, proves too many for *Bow Bell* and *York Minster* !

Sam Sharpset was originally played by Emery : his ready impudence (*York*, you're wanted), and his courtship of Miss Von Frump (*York*, you *are* wanted), were given in his best style. It was

the height of fun to see the affected reluctance of *Matty Sharpset*, when he *suffers* himself to be shoved out of the prison ; and the pertinacity and perseverance of Sam and Fogrum in pursuing this whimsical ejection of "*brotherly love*." This incident reminds us of Peter Post-Obit unwittingly becoming *bound* for his friend, Tom Tick, in the comedy of "*Folly as it Flies*." But the most capital piece of acting in the whole was Mrs. Davenport's Miss Von Frump. She looked the superannuated *Dutch Frow* to admiration—prim, starch, rosy, and rotund. Her coquetry with the governor, when she offers him the congratulations of the ladies of Surinam—the sinpering complacency with which she listens to his compliments—her rage and disappointment at the incivility of Fogrum—the convincing proof that she gives him that her health is good, her hearing perfect, and that her *lungs* are in full play—and the atonement she so readily receives in the gallantry of Sam Sharpset, were irresistibly ludicrous. She gave the character its full length and breadth ; and we shall not easily forget her *manner* of turning her back on Fogrum, when she promises, on certain conditions, to exhibit her *Ultimatum*—a joke that *Liston* took in its *broadest* sense, and brought down a roar of applause.

Miss Stephens was the original Zelinda : she pleaded the cause of the slave with a thrilling tenderness (" Sons of Freedom, hear my Story") that must have awakened every heart but that which falls under the just and eloquent anathema of *Shakspeare* :—

" The man that hath not music in his soul,  
And is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and wars.—  
Let no such man be trusted !"

✍ D—G.

**Cast of the Characters,  
As Performed at the Theatres Royal, London.**

		Covent Garden,	
		1818.	1825.
<i>The Governor of Surinam</i>		Mr. Terry.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Clifton (a Captain in the English army)</i>		Mr. Brabam.	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Malcolm (a Scotch naval Officer)</i>		Mr. Sinclair.	Mr. Pearman.
<i>Colonel Lindenburgh (in the Dutch service)</i>		Mr. Abbott.	Mr. Serle.
<i>Matthew Sharpset (a resident in Surinam)</i>		Mr. Jones.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Fogrum (a Londoner on his travels)</i>		Mr. Liston.	Mr. Keeley.
<i>Sam Sharpset (a Yorkshireman, his Mentor)</i>		Mr. Emery.	Mr. G. Penson.
<i>Somerdyke (Agent to Lindenburgh)</i>		Mr. Taylor.	Mr. Isaacs.
<i>First Planter</i>		Mr. Treby.	Mr. Horrebow.
<i>Second Planter</i>		Mr. King.	Mr. Tinney.
<i>Gambia (an African Slave)</i>		Mr. Macready.	Mr. Warde.
<i>Officer</i>		Mr. Comer.	Mr. Henry.
<i>Provost</i>		Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Gaoler</i>		Mr. Simmons.	Mr. Turnour.
<i>Planter's Boy</i>		Miss Healey.	Master Watson.
<i>Clifton's Child</i>		Miss Parsloe.	Miss Boden.
<i>Mrs. Lindenburgh</i>		Mrs. Sterling.	Mrs. Vining.
<i>Stella Clifton</i>		Miss Matthews.	Miss Cawse.
<i>Miss Von Frump (a rich Lady of Surinam)</i>		Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Zelinda (a Quadroon Slave, beloved by Clifton)</i>		Miss Stephens.	Miss Paton.
<i>Indian Girls</i>		Miss Henry.	Miss Barnett.

SCENE—*Surinam.*

## Costume.

**GOVERNOR.**—Scarlet uniform, trimmed with gold lace—buttons—crimson sash—white kerseymere waistcoat—breeches and knee-buckles—cocked-hat, with drooping red and white feather—high military boots—gloves—belt and sword.

**CLIFTON.**—Scarlet uniform, with yellow facings—epaulets, &c.—white trousers—boots—sash—belt—sword—gloves—hat and feathers.

**MALCOLM.**—Naval blue uniform, faced with white—boots—sword and belt—cocked-hat.

**LINDENBURG.**—Light drab frock, trimmed with black frogs and loops, and dark binding—white trousers—boots—round hat. *Second dress:* nankeen short coat or jacket—white waistcoat—nankeen trousers—white stockings—white hat—shoes and buckles.

**OFFICER.**—Military uniform—white trousers—cap, &c.

**MATTHEW SHARPSET.**—Morning dressing-gown, trimmed with white tassels, &c.—white waistcoat and trousers—white stockings—straw hat—shoes and buckles.—*Second dress:* white coat, trimmed with pink ribbon.

**SAM SHARPSET.**—Drab coat—red waistcoat—leather breeches—top boots—coloured handkerchief.

**FOGRUM.**—Orange-coloured coat—nankeen trousers—boots—hat.

**SOMERDYKE.**—Chintz jacket—full Dutch breeches of the same, with large brass buttons—white shirt seen instead of waistcoat—large straw hat.

**PLANTERS.**—*Ibid.*

**PROVOST.**—Aiguazil's black gown, &c.

**SECRETARY.**—Complete black suit—cocked-hat.

**PLANTER'S BOY.**—Nankeen suit—straw hat, &c.

**GAMBIA.**—Black body, legs, and arms—short white cotton trunks—long cotton wrapper, twisted across one shoulder—piece of red cotton twisted round the head as a turban—russet sandals—coloured beads round the arms, neck, and ankles, and in the ears.

**SLAVES.**—Much like Gambia, but rather plainer.

**GAOLER.**—Dark brown full-made Dutch trunks and jacket—small round cap—blue stockings—shoes and buckles—leather belt and buckle.

MISS VON FRUMP.—Full rich striped satin dress—old-fashioned head-dress—large round Dutch hat, &c.—large gold ear-rings, and many rows of beads about the neck.

STELLA CLIFTON.—Handsome white silk gauze—large white satin bonnet—light pink scarf.

ZELINDA.—Light striped muslin dress, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt, round the bosom, &c. with various coloured small feathers and beads—several rows of different-coloured beads round the neck—coloured sandals.

CHILD.—White frock and trousers, trimmed with coloured feathers—sandals.

### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.      R.C.      C.      L.C.      L.

\* \* \* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

## THE SLAVE.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Seaport in Surinam—Habitations of Wood, with striped Verandahs and muslin shades, in lieu of glass, L.—Orange trees in fruit before the doors.—A Fortification, flagstaff, &c., R., backed by the view of a Bay.—MUSIC.*

SOMERDYKE, OFFICER, GIRL, PLANTER, and BOY, discovered, R., Somerdyke looking through a telescope.

GLEE.—INDIAN GIRL, SOMERDYKE, OFFICER, PLANTER, and PLANTER'S BOY.

Girl. (c.) Blow, gentle gales! and on your wing  
Our long-expected succours bring.

Off. (R.) Look, look again!

Som. (R. c.) 'Tis all in vain!

Boy. (c.) Lo! behold the pennant waving.

Pla & Girl. 'Tis the sea-bird's pinions laving!

All. Hark! a signal fills the air.

Pla. (L.) 'Tis the beeth'ning rocks resounding;  
'Tis the hollow wave rebounding.

All. Wild as our hopes—deep as our despair!

[Guns discharged, R.—shouts heard at a distance, L. U. E.—ships are seen to pass across in the distance, from R. to L. U. E.]

Som. See! a fleet!

Off. 'Tis the expected succour from England. Hoist the colours! [Inhabitants rush in, L. U. E.]

Som. My friends, the colony is safe! Surinam is preserved. Here are our deliverers!

Enter PLANTER, L. U. E

Off. March out the garrison.

[The Citadel Gates are thrown open, R. U. E., and Soldiers march out and range, R.]

*Enter GOVERNOR and Train, L. U. E.—Soldiers present arms.*

*Pla.* Make room, the governor is landing.

*First Off.* Hail to the noble Governor of Surinam!

*[They salute.]*

*First Pla.* All happiness to your excellency! Huzza! huzza! huzza!

*[The Soldiers and Inhabitants join in three cheers to the Governor.]*

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

*Pla. (L.)* Are you not come to save our lives?

*Gov. (c.)* Oh, that's it.

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

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

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

*Gov.* Thank you, kind sir, a thousand times. *[Pointing to Slaves, who are ranged in the back scene.]* Those, I suppose, are my slaves? *[Officer bows assent.]* Are they all faithful?

*Off.* All! Approach, and pay your obedience to the governor! *[Slaves bow, and then call out.]*

*Slaves.* Gambia, Gambia!

*Gov.* Gambia! what does that mean!

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

*Gov.* Gambia, stand forth!

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

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

*Gam.* No.

*Gov.* No petition to present?

*Gam.* None.

*Gov.* No misery to endure?

*Gam.* Misery! sir, I am a slave;—in that, all human wretchedness is comprehended.

*Gov.* Have you been long a slave?

*Gam.* Oh, for ages!

*Off.* Not a twelvemonth, your excellency.

*Gov.* I understand him. Why did you not join your rebellious countrymen, here?

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

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

*Gam.* Be those my care.

*[Taking them, he crosses and exit in great haste, L.]*

*Gov.* His alacrity pleases me.

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

*Gov.* What, Captain Clifton's mistress?

*Off.* The same.

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

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

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

*Som.* The Dutch ladies of the colony come to welcome your excellency.

*Enter MISS VON FRUMP and two Ladies, attended by two Slaves bearing umbrellas and fans, and two female Slaves.*

*Miss V. F.* In the name of the fair inhabitants, I, their

representative, congratulate your excellency on your return to Surinam. Have you forgot me, governor?

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

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

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

*Miss V. F.* Ah, general, I have abandoned the hope—pscha! I mean the wish, of altering my virgin state—so much so, that I have sent for my nephew from England, to adopt him as my heir. My family, sir, the Dutch Frumps, formed an alliance with the English Fogrums

*Gov.* Indeed! Then, madam, I had the honour of being shipmate with the representative of the Frumps and the Fogrums.

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

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

*Miss V. F.* Admirable thought! he will then speak of me with unembarrassed gratitude and affection.

*Gov.* Probably.

*Fog.* [Without, L. U. E.] There, I'll give you no more; so, go along, ye horrid men of tar.

*Sailors.* [Without, L. U. E.] Ha, ha!

*Enter FOGNUM and two Sailors, L. U. E.*

*Fog.* [To Sailors.] I tell you, it won't do; I that know every fare from the bridges down to Limehouse-hole.—What, you won't go? Holloa, York, you're wanted!

[Calling.]

*Enter SAM SHARPSET, L. U. E.—he sends off Sailors, L.*

*Miss V. F.* Who is that?

*Gov.* His name is Sharpset; he's his Yorkshire Mentor. Hearing of tricks upon travellers, he hired this Yorkshireman, and, united, they consider themselves a match for the keenest. [Fognum and Sharpset advance, L.]

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

*Sam S.* No—match York Minster and Bowbell, if you can!

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

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

*Fog.* Well, here we are at last, on sound terrestrial terrumfirmum ground. No more of that horrid saline salt water! Oh, there's old Governor—how tired I was of seeing his ill-looking countenance!

*Gov.* [Overhearing—crosses, c.] What's that?

*Fog.* Upon my honour, I did not mean you should hear me; I only—that is—I meant—no, I did not—yes, I—York, you're wanted.

[Handing Sam Sharpset to Governor—crosses, L.]

*Sam S.* (c.) Yes, your excellency; he only meant—he was tired of seeing—

*Gov.* (R.) My ill-looking countenance!

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

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

*Sam S.* Don't you be frightened about that.

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

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

[Exit Governor, his Train, and Soldiers, into Garrison, R. U. E., attended—drums and fifes play—Planters and Miss Von Frump attending, L.]

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

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

*Fog.* I will. [He crosses to and addresses Miss Von Frump.] Ma'am, permit a youth, well known in the region of the Tower Hamlets, situated in Europe, to inquire if, in any of your West Inge streets, you happen to know a superannuated Dutch Frow, named Von Frump?

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

*Fog.* (c.) Yes, that's her; she never had the luck to get married—nobody never would have her. You must know, Ma'am, I am imported here on rather a sepulchral concern—the old girl, finding herself kicking, sent for me to be her heir. [She turns away disgusted.] Ah! you turn away—I see how it is, but I'm prepared for the worst; I've brought a black coat with me. Oh! [Weeps.]

representative, congratulate your excellency on your return to Surinam. Have you forgot me, governor?

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

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

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

Miss V. F. Ah, general, I have abandoned the hope—psha! I mean the wish, of altering my virgin state—so much so, that I have sent for my nephew from England, to adopt him as my heir. My family, sir, the Dutch Frumps, formed an alliance with the English Fogrums

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

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

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

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

Gov. Probably.

Fog. [Without, L. U. E.] There, I'll give you no more; so, go along, ye horrid men of tar.

Sailors. [Without, L. U. E.] Ha, ha!

Enter FOGNUM and two Sailors, L. U. E.

Fog. [To Sailors.] I tell you, it won't do; I that know every fare from the bridges down to Limehouse-hole.—What, you won't go? Holloa, York, you're wanted!

[Calling.]

Enter SAM SHARPSET, L. U. E.—he sends off Sailors, L.

Miss V. F. Who is that?

Gov. His name is Sharpset; he's his Yorkshire Mentor. Hearing of tricks upon travellers, he hired this Yorkshireman, and, united, they consider themselves a match for the keenest. [Fognum and Sharpset advance, L.]

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

Sam S. No—match York Minster and Bowbell, if you can!

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

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

Fog. Well, here we are at last, on sound terrestrial terrumfirmum ground. No more of that horrid saline salt water! Oh, there's old Governor—how tired I was of seeing his ill-looking countenance!

Gov. [Overhearing—crosses, c.] What's that?

Fog. Upon my honour, I did not mean you should hear me; I only—that is—I meant—no, I did not—yes, I—York, you're wanted.

[Handing Sam Sharpset to Governor—crosses, L.]

Sam S. (c.) Yes, your excellency; he only meant—he was tired of seeing—

Gov. (r.) My ill-looking countenance!

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

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

Sam S. Don't you be frightened about that.

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

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

[Exit Governor, his Train, and Soldiers, into Garrison, R. U. E., attended—drums and fifes play—Planters and Miss Von Frump attending, L.]

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

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*Miss V. F.* Dry your tears, young man, for Miss Von Frump is not only alive, but never enjoyed higher health than at this moment.

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

*Miss V. F.* In earnest!

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

*Miss V. F.* Indeed!

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

*Miss V. F.* Can't she? That shall be tried, however. Ahem! know, thou degenerate Fogrum, that Miss Von Frump stands before you! [*Sam Sharpset whistles, L.*] who, in a fit of absurd caprice, could not be satisfied till she had seen you; I have seen you, and am quite satisfied!

*Fog.* (c.) Now, here's a pretty swindle!

[*To Sam Sharpset.*]

*Sam S.* Be quiet.

*Fog.* Why, 'tis false pretences.

*Miss V. F.* (R.) Wretch! hear my last words!

*Fog.* [*With alacrity.*] Your last words! with the greatest pleasure.

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

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

*Sam S.* I shouldn't wonder—the Sharpsets are a very increasing family.

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

*Fog.* Now don't; why, to spite me, punish an innocent man? My dear old aunt, I can't bear it—I—that is, you—no—York, your wanted.

*Sam S.* [*Crosses, c.*] That you should be connubially inclined, madam, is quite natural; the wonderment is, the ceremony is yet to be performed.

*Miss V. F.* (R.) Hem! [*Smiles.*]

*Sam S.* But why talk of black slaves, when those of a prettier complexion would be proud to be slaves to so bonny a lady? Ha! [*Sighs.*] That will do it! [*Aside.*]

*Miss V. F.* His friend makes atonement.

*Sam S.* I've settled it. [*To Fogrum.*] It's all right enough now.

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

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

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

*Enter two Girls with fans, and two Slaves with umbrellas, L.*

*Fog.* Oh, lud!

*Sam S.* Don't you be frightened.

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

[*Slaves hold umbrellas over their heads, and a Female precedes each, fanning them.*]

*Sam S.* I say, 'Squire Fogrum.

[*Chuckling Slave under the chin.*]

*Fog.* What?

*Sam S.* Nothing.

*Fog.* York!

*Sam S.* Eh!

*Fog.* You're not wanted.

[*Exeunt under the canopies, L.*]

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

*Enter CAPTAINS CLIFTON and MALCOLM, L. U. E., with STELLA.*

*Cli.* Welcome, my dear Stella, after shipwreck and sorrow, welcome to Surinam. Ah, Miss Von Frump, give me leave to introduce—[*Crosses to Miss Von Frump.*]

*Miss V. F.* Your wife, I suppose.

*Cli.* My sister, madam.

*Miss V. F.* [*Aside.*] Then there's hope.

*Cli.* You know I left my heart at Surinam.

*Miss V. F.* [*R.—Simpering.*] I know! how should I know, captain?

*Cli.* (R. c.) Tell me of my Zelinda—where?

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

*Mal.* (*r. c.*) Faith! madam, we Britons o' the north are famed all the world over for fore-knowledge and second-sight; so, to prevent so severe an affliction to so bonny a lassie, I've struck the flag of independence, swore allegiance to love, and hope to pilot her into the haven of matrimony.

*Miss V. F.* What, he engaged, too! The devil's in the men, I think! [*Crosses and exit, l.*]

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

*Ste.* [*Crosses, c.*] Very prettily said; but which I interpret—I fly to Mrs. Lindenburg, to prepare Zelinda to receive the embraces of her dearest Clifton.

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

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

*Cli.* Well, defend your prize, for here comes an enemy to attack it. So, stand to your guns, brave captain.

[*Exit, r.*]

*Enter FOGGUM and SAM SHARPSET, l.*

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

*Sam S.* [*Slapping his cheek.*] Damn the mosquitoes!

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

*Ste.* By the intrepid exertions of this gentleman.

[*Taking Malcolm's hand.*]

*Fog.* [*Getting between them.*] Well, you need not trouble yourself to thank him, because I'll do something very genteel for him. [*Malcolm takes Foggum by the shoulder, and turns him from Stella.*] Now, that's much more familiar than agreeable.

*Mal.* }  
 & } Ha, ha, ha  
*Ste.* }

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

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

[*Crosses to Malcolm.*]

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

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

*Mal.* Well, sir, what are your commands?

*Sam S.* Wheugh!

[*Whistles.*]

*Fog.* What's the matter?

*Sam S.* A Scotchman!

*Mal.* Yes, sir; and what then?

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

*Fog.* Settled! why, a'n't you a match?

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

*Fog.* Why, I thought you were far north.

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

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

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

*Mal.* What are you staring at?

*Sam S.* Oh, I am not at all surprised at seeing you here; for, go where you will, you are sure to find a Scotchman.

*Mal.* Then, gang where you wull, you are sure to meet with exemplary industry, incorruptible integrity, and unquestioned courage.

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

[*Crosses, l.*]

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

[*Exeunt, l.*]

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

SONG—MALCOLM.

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

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

Then gang wi' me, &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—Portrait of a Mangrove-Tree.

*Enter ZELINDA, L. U. E., who leans despondingly against the tree, R., and MRS. LINDENBURG, with Zelinda's Child, L.*

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

*Child.* There, under the mangrove-tree—Mother!

[*Runs to Zelinda, who advances.*]

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

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

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

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

[*Turning toward the Child, enfolding it, and continuing to look at it with affection.*]

*Enter Servant, L., who delivers letters to Mrs. Lindenburg, and exit, L.*

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

[*Exeunt Mrs. Lindenburg and Child, L.*]

*Gam.* [*Without, L. U. E.*] Zelinda!

*Zel.* Who calls?

*Gam.* Zelinda!

*Zel.* Gambia here!

*Enter GAMBIA, L. U. E.; comes down, R.*

*Gam.* Even that wretch!—Do not avoid me.

*Zel.* Gambia, forget, and leave me.

*Gam.* Leave you! Bid the parched traveller in the desert avoid the fountains. Thou art the only sweet that's mingled in my cup of bitterness.

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

*Gam.* Ah! still vainly hoping for the ingrate who has abandoned thee; think'st thou he will return? or, grant he comes, will it not be to spurn thy proffer'd love? What, constancy or gratitude to a slave!—the white cheek of Europe would be crimsoned at the monstrous indignity.

[*Crosses, L.*]

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

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

from thy death cold trance, by the warm embraces of thy preserved child.

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

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

*Mrs. L.* [*Without, L.*] Happy Zelinda! Clifton is returned!

*Gam.* Returned! [*Starting up.*

*Zel.* [*Crosses, L.*] Blessed moment! Gambia, farewell! [*Going, L.*

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

*Enter Child, L.*

*Child.* Mother, my father's coming!

*Gam.* [*Seizing him.*] Ah! his son—

*Zel.* Mercy! mercy!

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

*Gam.* His mother's voice! his mother's smile! [*Kisses him.*] Fiends could not harm thee! [*Crosses, R.*] Lost, lost for ever! [*Rushes out, R.*

*Cl.* [*Without.*] Where is she? where is my Zelinda? [*She crosses to meet him.*

*Enter CLIFTON, L.*

*Cl.* (L.) My boy—my beloved! [*Crosses, c.*

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

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

*Zel.* That heaven, the Christian path to which you

taught me to tread, will not desert us: therefore, dearest friend—

*Cl.* Friend! is that a lover's welcome?

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

*Cl.* Sweet mistress! how well she instructs me in my duty! Look up, dear suffering virtue, and rejoice, for this day heaven shall receive our vows.—Yes, this day makes thee a wife!

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

*Cl.* Rise, and share my heart! [*Raises them.*] These precious moments I have stolen from duty—that despatched, I will return.

*Zel.* Stay! I must guard you against a danger.—There is a slave called Gambia—

*Cl.* What of him?

*Zel.* With a too partial eye, he has seen—

*Cl.* He loves thee, Zelinda.

*Zel.* Alas!

*Cl.* Presumptuous—

[*Crosses, L.*

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

*Cl.* Fear nothing—I will be all you wish. Come, my boy. [*Child crosses to Clifton.—Exit Clifton, L.*

*Zel.* Go, and make known to all thy mother's happiness. [*Exit Child, L.*] What sounds are those?—Ah! the note of the mocking-bird. Sweet songstress, thou who hast so often echoed my strains of woe, now strive to emulate the song of joy.

#### SONG—ZELINDA.

Living Echo! bird of eve!

Hush thy wailing—cease to grieve!

Feather'd warbler, wake the grove

To notes of joy, to songs of love!

Pretty mocking-bird, thy form I see,

Swinging with the breeze on the mangrove-tree!

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE III.—*A View of a Sugar-Plantation—Buildings arranged on each side—the centre of the Stage occupied by a Plantation of Sugar-Canes—Negro Huts in the background.—Sharpset and Planters without, R.*

*Sha.* But, gentlemen, only till to-morrow.

*First P.* Nonsense! I will be paid, or to gaol you go.

*Enter SHARPSET and Seven Planters, R.*

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

*Second P.* To pay us all!

*Sha.* Yes, going to pay you all—a compliment.

*First P.* Nonsense!

*Sha.* I'll give you—all—

*Second P.* What?

*Sha.* My honour.

*First P.* Pugh! give us the truth.

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

*First P.* What commodities?

*Sha.* Fools are articles of certain importation, and always marketable. [*Crosses, L.*] Behold a couple of victims that shall be sacrificed to appease you. Stand back, I say, and give me room. [*They retire up stage, R.*]

*Enter FOGNUM and SAM SHARPSET, L.*

*Fog.* Ecod! 'tis well I brought these bills of credit—what I call the transformables—or we might have been worser off than the blackies.

*Sam S.* I say, look there; that's a great man: how they gather round him, just like a parcel of legs round a pigeon at Doncaster races.

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

*Sha.* [*Advancing, R.*] Strangers and countrymen—a double claim to my protection.

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

*Sam S.* We are both strangers, noble sir, but not both countrymen, because he's a Londoner, and—[*Looking up at him.*]—Eh! no, sure—why, it is—Lud a mercy! may I just ask your noble name?

*Sha.* Matthew Sharpset, Esq.

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

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

*Sam S.* Bless you, not I; all your kinfolk thought you were drowned. I own I did not draw that conclusion myself. I say, what a fine thing brotherly love is?

*Sha.* Oh, delightful!

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

*Sha.* No, my estate's quite out of sight. Your friend, Mr.— [*Crosses, c.*]

*Fog.* Fognum.

*Sha.* A very ancient name. The Sharpsets have always depended on the Fognums. What may those bits of paper be, sir?

*Fog.* Bills and letters of credit, sir.

*Sha.* [*Taking one.*] Nobody understands credit better than I.

*Fog.* I suppose I shall want money.

*Sha.* I think it very likely.

*Fog.* I must see what's to be seen, you know; I didn't come here for nothing. [*Taking another.*]

*Sha.* Nor shall you remain here for nothing.

*Fog.* These must be cashed—they are indorsed. [*Taking another.*]

*Sha.* My dear sir, my people will fly to effect it. [*With authority.*] Come here, all of you. [*Crosses, R.—Apart to them.*] There, gorge on your quarry, vultures [*Aloud.*] Begone! [*Exeunt Creditors, R.*]

*Sam S.* How attentive they are to you.

*Sha.* Yes, damn them!

*Fog.* I suppose they'll keep the money safe? [*Aside.*]

*Sha.* You may depend upon it. [*Fognum goes up.*]

And have not you brought some little investment? Eh, Sammy?

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

*Sha.* Skaits! the greatest rarity here.

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

*Sha.* Faugh! [*Fanning himself.*] A hit, Sammy; there is not such a thing in the colony.

*Sam S.* Ah! let me alone.

*Sha.* Any thing else.

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

*Sha.* To the West Indies!—any coals?

*Sam S.* No coals.

*Sha.* Those, of course, you sent to Newcastle—well, gentlemen, if I can further serve you—

*Fog.* [*Comes down, c.*] Kind sir, if you could reconcile me to my aunt, Miss Von Frump—you must know the old girl wants to be married.

*Sha.* [*Aside.*] Yes, I do know that.

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

*Sha.* Ah, my dear sir, you need not mention that.

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

*Sha.* [*Aside.*] Zounds! the key-stone of my hopes undermined—I must counterplot. Really, [*Crosses, c.*] sir, you are too much for us poor fellows. [*To Fogrum.*]

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

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

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

*Sha.* Won't it—I'll try—I only said it, to see if my brother retained the same frank heart, as I perceive he does the same open, handsome countenance.

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

*Sha.* Ha! ha! for the present, adieu! I'll meet you at Miss Von Frump's. [*Crosses, R.*]

*Fog.* We shall easily find you out.

*Sha.* [*Aside.*] I hope not. Oh, yes—the fact is, I'm more known here than suits either my wishes or convenience. Beware of impostors?

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

*Sam S.* And Bow-bell—if they can.

[*Exeunt Fogrum and Sam Sharpset, L.*]

*Enter CAPTAIN CLIFTON, R.*

*Sha.* Captain Clifton! welcome, heartily welcome!

*Cli.* Ah, Sharpset, you here, too!—you remember I became your security for five hundred dollars, which—

*Sha.* Oh, my infernal stars! that the warm joy of meeting an old friend must be chilled by the consciousness of a pecuniary obligation. [*Crosses R.*]

*Cli.* Nay, I mentioned the bond only, because I unfortunately feel an inability to discharge it for you.

*Enter Slave, R. who delivers a letter to SHARPSET and exit, R.*

*Cli.* But, Sharpset, why don't you marry? There's your old flame, Miss Von Frump—

*Sha.* Egad! your question's apropos—for here's the kind soul's connubial promise—but liberty, precious liberty! while I can, I'll keep thee—for 'tis nobler to suffer a creditor to say—"You profligate, I put you into gaol," than for a wife to say—"You shab, I took you out of one."

[*Exit, R.*]

*Enter GOVERNOR, CAPTAIN MALCOLM, two Aid-de-Camps, and Officers, followed by Planters, R. U. E.*

*Cli.* Governor, this unlooked-for honour—

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

*First P. (R.)* And, brave captain, show no mercy.

*Cli.* Sir!

*First P.* Why, they show no mercy to us Christians.

*Cli.* That is the very reason, if we are Christians, that we should show mercy to them.

*Gov.* But where is the bride?

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

[*MUSIC.—An Indian Procession—at the end of which, Zelinda is brought on, upon Slaves' shoulders, R. U. E., others dancing round her,—she descends, and embraces Clifton.*]

*Cli.* [*Comes down, R.*] I present my bride to your excellency.

*Gov.* A most interesting creature!

*Zel.* Oh, my husband! this great, this unmerited blessing!—thanks, dear countrymen! thanks, fellow slaves! All that remains is to drink from the calabash of mutual love. Give me the cup—who has prepared it?

*Gam.* It is here. [*Gambia slowly advances, c*  
[*Eyeing Clifton with fierceness*

*Zel.* (L.) Gambia! how terrible he looks! Alas! I dare not drink—I fear.

*Cli.* (R.) Ah, 'tis poison!

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

[*Drinks from the goblet, then rises.*

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

[*Gambia dashes the calabash on the ground, and rushes out, L. U. E. A musket is fired without.*

*Enter an Officer, L.*

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

*Gov.* That must be prevented.—Captain Malcolm, advance with your marines—[*Exit Malcolm, R.*] arm the faithful slaves. [*Exeunt Slaves, R.*

*Gov.* Where's Gambia?

*Cli.* Doubtless, he has joined the rebels.

*Enter GAMBIA, L. U. E.*

*Gam.* Who calls for Gambia?

*Gov.* You see, Clifton, you are mistaken.

*Cli.* 'Tis fit he be secured

*Gam.* Secured!

*Gov.* No; give him a sword, I will trust him.

[*Takes one from Aid-de-Camp.*  
*Gam.* You have found the way to secure Gambia.

*Enter SOMERDYKE, L.*

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

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

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

*Cli.* Retire, dearest Zelinda!

*Zel.* Let me but share your danger—

*Cli.* No, no: thy presence would unman me—go, go—'tis too late.

[*Rebel Negroes peep from the Canes, L. U. E.—they steal out, and suddenly attack Clifton, who retreats, L., combating them.—Zelinda shrieks.*

*Enter GAMBIA, L. U. E.*

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

*Zel.* Oh! mercy! mercy!

*Gam.* That voice! It is that voice that never called in vain! Yes, proud Briton, thou shalt feel and own my power! [*Exit, L.*

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

*Enter GAMBIA, L., bearing in CLIFTON.*

*Gam.* There—there is the man you love!

[*Giving Clifton into her arms.*

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

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

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

*Enter SOMERDYKE, armed, L.*

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

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

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

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

*Mal.* [Without. R.] Heave a-head, my hearts!

*Enter MALCOLM, with Marines, R.*

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

*Soldiers and armed Slaves rush on, R. U. E.*

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

*Zel.* [Sighs.] Or to death!

FINALE.—ZELINDA.

Ah! if, in this dread hour of sorrow,  
Should thy glory set in night—

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

*Mal.* } Now, ye brave, let us on,—your vengeance be-  
    & } stow,—  
*Cho.* }

Those dastards in ambush confounding!  
The war-cry of England resounding,  
Triumph to freedom! and death to every foe!

[All go up the stage.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Seaport in Surinam—one side of the stage occupied by habitations of wood, with striped Verandahs—Muslin shades in lieu of glass—orange-trees in fruit before the doors—on the other side a Fortification, Flag-staff, &c., backed by the view of a Bay.

*Enter Four Attendants, bearing luggage, followed by LINDENBURG, L. U. E.*

*Lin.* So, once more at home—well, sir?

*Enter Servant, L.*

*Ser.* Mrs. Lindenburg is informed of her son's arrival, and hastens here to meet him.

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

*Enter MRS. LINDENBURG, L.*

*Mrs. L.* My dearest Lindenburg!

*Lin.* My honour'd mother!

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

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

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

*Lin.* Rather say, madam, who has a command to honour me with.

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

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

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

*Lin.* (R. starts.)—Clifton!

*Mrs. L.* You start! you are agitated.

*Lin.* No, no—only the name is familiar to me—precious mischief! [Aside.]

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

*Lin.* [Apart.] So, so, all is known—

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

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

[Aside.]

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

*Lin.* Hold! Would it not grace the gift if the parties

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

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

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

*Enter SOMERDYKE, R.*

*Som.* Noble sir, welcome to Surinam!

*Lin.* Ah! my agent, Somerdyke—

*Som.* Most faithfully so.

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

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

*Lin.* Indeed!

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

*Lin.* Kind soul!

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

[*Giving paper.*]

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

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

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

*Som.* Alas!

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

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

*Lin.* Who comes here? By my wrongs, 'tis Clifton's disdainful sister, and with her—

*Som.* Oh! that's the pretty slave the captain has married.

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

*Enter STELLA and ZELINDA, L.*

*Zel.* (R.) Alas, he comes not! Pitying heaven! give me my warrior back to these arms! Hark! I thought I heard the beat of the distant drum! No, 'twas but my throbbing heart—pity me, lady! [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

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

#### SONG—STELLA.

The village maid sighs  
When a red coat she spies,  
Beholding the march of a soldier;  
But, ah! lack-a-day!  
Soon he marches away,—  
Then, who'd fall in love with a soldier?

But, in helmet so gay,  
Should he whispering say,  
“My girl, can you fancy a soldier?  
The heart of the brave  
Will never deceive;”  
Who'd not fall in love with a soldier?

From the cold flinty bed  
That pillows his head,  
At the drum's double beat starts the soldier.  
He regards not your sighs,  
When glory's the prize,—  
Then who'd be the wife of a soldier?

But, the fierce battle done,  
The triumph begun,  
When peace crowns with laurel your soldier!—  
When, free from alarms,  
You rush into his arms,  
Who'd not be the wife of a soldier?

[A shout by Soldiers, L. U. E.—Exit, R.—A March is played in the orchestra.]

Enter the GOVERNOR, Officers, and Planters, R. S. E.—On the other side, enter the Troops, headed by CLIFTON—disarmed Negroes follow, L. U. E.—The Troops and Negroes enter the Citadel.

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

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

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

Cli. Sir, if thanks must accompany desert, let them be bestowed on the most worthy: Gambia! Gambia! I say! Quick to deserve, but slow to receive reward. Gambia, stand forth! [Gambia advances from behind, L. U. E.] To the enterprise, valour, and persuasion of this slave, are you chiefly indebted for this day's triumph and security.

Gov. He shall be rewarded. [Crosses to Gambia.]

Cli. (R. C.) Yes, my Zelinda, but for Gambia's protecting arm, thou wouldst this day have pressed thy husband's bloody bier.

Gov. (L. C.) Captain Clifton, your promotion shall be my immediate care; but I have obtained from the council a privilege which will be dear to your heart.—In manifestation of their gratitude, they allow you to emancipate a slave. [Zelinda runs to Clifton.]

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

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

[Secretary advances with parchment and ink stand.]

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

Cli. Give me the paper—'tis a trying contest,—pardon me, dearest inmate of my heart! [Writes.] Look, dearest Zelinda!

Zel. 'Tis noble! 'tis just!

Cli. Take it to the governor.

[To Zelinda, who crosses to Governor.]

Gov. [Reads.] "Captain Clifton demands the freedom of—Gambia!"

Gam. [Electrified at his name being pronounced, becomes violently agitated.] Free! a man! let me control this strong emotion! It will not be!—Thou open liberal air—thou teeming beauteous earth!—thou interminable expanse of heaven!—thou spontaneous wilderness of nature!—thou art mine! all, all are mine! for I am nature's freeborn child!—Liberty! give me the language of gods, to tell me that I am free! the tongues of angels, to pour forth the gratitude of a heart swelling with its dignities, bursting with its joys! Alas! I am unfit for thanks or converse! a few moments, spare me. [Crosses to Clifton.] Generous Briton! prophetic be my tongue! when, through thy country's zeal, the all-searching sun shall dart his rays in vain, to find a slave in Afric—Zelinda, bid me bleed, die for thee; write but on my tomb, that Gambia died free! [Exit, L.]

Gov. Clifton, farewell. This sacrifice of the endearing ties of husband and of father, at the shrine of gratitude, excites my admiration and my envy. On to the citadel!

[Exeunt Governor and Attendants into the Citadel.]

Enter MALCOLM, L.

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

Cli. Farewell!—I leave you, love, with a heart elated with the brightest hopes, and cheered by its own approbation. [Crosses, and exit, L.]

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

DUET.—ZELINDA and MALCOLM,

Mal. In joyful peace disarming,  
With hope thy bosom warming,  
My friendship try to prove.

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

Mal. Joys now abounding,  
Zel. Friends here surrounding,  
Both. On high the song we pour

Friendship { your } hands uniting  
                  { our }

Love, to his bower inviting:  
Ah! what can heaven give more?

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Mangrove-Tree.**Enter CLIFTON, R.*

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

*Recitative—CLIFTON.*

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

## SONG.

E'er vict'ry did her wreath impart,  
That broke the tyrant's yoke;  
The words still vibrate on the heart,  
Our noblest captain spoke.

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

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

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

*Enter PROVOST and two Attendants.*

Pro. Stay, sir!

Cli. At whose command?

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

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

*Enter ZELINDA, R.*

Well, conduct me to your prison.

Zel. To prison!

Cli. Even so, my Zelinda! Adieu! seek Mrs. Lindenburg—tell her—

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

Pro. Sir, I attend you.

Zel. Mercy! support me!

[*Faints.*]

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

Gam. [*Without, R. U. E.*] My benefactor's voice!*Enter GAMBIA, R. U. E.*

Gam. What do I see! Zelinda! explain.

Pro. The gentleman going to prison for five hundred dollars, that's all.

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

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

[*Exeunt Clifton and Officers, L.*]

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

Zel. Who calls?

Gam. Zelinda!

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

Gam. Be composed.

Zel. Oh, Gambia, restore him to me.

Gam. Would that I could! would that the sacrifice of life,—nay, more, of liberty—of liberty!—Ah! light

dawns! hope revives!—Zelinda, I will restore thy husband. Hush those convulsive sighs, that rend my heart; waste not those precious tears, that now unman me—but hasten to the prison—I will soon follow and bring—

Zel. Alas! I despair—

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

SCENE III.—*The Interior of a Prison.—Prison Table and Chair.*

*Enter SHARPSET and GAOLER, L. Gate.*

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

Sha. Humph!

Gao. Not one beseeching bow? [*Sharpset erects his head.*] Oh, if you like silence and solitude, I'll take care you shall have plenty on't—there!

[*Places a chair.—Exit, locking gate, L.*]

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

*Enter CLIFTON and GAOLER, L. gate, unperceived by Sharpset.—Clifton throws himself into a chair.*

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

Cl. They have, indeed. [*Sighs.*]

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

Cl. Thank you. [*Rises.*]

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

Cl. You need not fear that.

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

Zel. [*Without, L.*] Admit me instantly.

Cl. My wife's voice!

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

*Enter ZELINDA and Gaoler, L. gate.—He goes over to R. Sharpset bows and smiles.*

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

Sha. Cap-ti-ti-ti-vity—his! Clifton's!—I dread to ask, and yet I must know. [*To Gaoler, R.*] What scoundrel brought that noble fellow here?

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

Sha. Oh! how welcome would a halter be!

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

Sha. Fool! idiot! villain!—Ay, that's the word—unfeeling villain!—Clifton!—[*Clifton holds out his hand.*] Don't forgive me—that would kill me.—Ass! accomplished, most incomparable ass!—Insensible to feeling, deaf to honour, even blind to interest.—Heavens, how have I neglected that angel, Miss Von Frump!—Oh, could I but now breathe into those ears with diamond bobs, my ardent vows—sigh on that bosom that heaves with fourteen rows of orient pearl!—Claiming the fulfilment of this promise, which with a lover's ardour I kiss!—Oh, thou Dutch Venus!

Gam. [*Without, L.*] Unbar your gates, open them wide, to receive the messenger of joy! the dispenser of liberty! the herald of Zelinda's happiness.

Zel. 'Tis Gambia's voice: he has fulfilled his promise, and my husband will be free.

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

*Gao.* Hold! that's your road. *[Pointing to R., interior of prison.]* There are plenty of detainers against you.

*Sha.* The devil there are!—Heigho! well, I alone shall suffer—there's comfort in that: Clifton will be happy with the woman of his heart; and so should I be with her I love, if the divine Miss Von Frump were here! Oh! how I adore her for this promise! Oh! how I languish for the sugar plantations of the divine Miss Von Frump! *[Exit, R.]*

*Enter GAMBIA, L. gate.*

*Cli.* Speak, Gambia! what meant your words?

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

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

*Gam.* It will soon be here, Zelinda.

*Zel.* Blessed liberty!

*Gam.* Ay, blessed liberty! *[Sighs heavily.]*

*Cli.* You sigh—there is some mystery.

*[Bell strikes one.]*

*Zel.* The welcome bell! then Clifton is free!

*Gam.* And Gambia's fate's accomplished.

*Enter GAOLER and SOMERDYKE, L. gate—Somerdyke gives a paper to Gaoler, who goes over to R.*

*Gao.* *[Looking at the paper]* Captain Clifton, you are at liberty. *[Exit, L. gate.]*

*Cli.* *[Crosses with Zelinda, L.]* Blessings on my unknown preserver! and thanks to you, my worthy friend. Come with us to Colonel Lindenburg's, to witness the consummation of my happiness; and, as we pass along, Zelinda, who never asks in vain, shall obtain the secret of my liberation.

*Zel.* Come, Gambia!

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

*Som.* *[Putting up his pocket-book.]* Well, that's all settled—so come along, slave. *[Crosses behind to L.]*

*Gam.* Hush! go, dear Zelinda.

*Cli.* Slave!

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

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

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

*Zel.* Gambia, this cruel kindness—

*Gam.* Nay, if Zelinda frown on me—

*Som.* *(L.)* A fellow that puts so little value on freedom deserves to lose it.

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

*[Exit with Somerdyke, L. gate.]*

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

SCENE IV.—*Exterior of Miss Von Frump's House.*

*Enter MISS VON FRUMP, L.*

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

*Enter FOGGUM and SAM SHARPSET, L.*

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

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

*Fog.* Mind—halves!

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sam S.* Oh, yes; there's a *New Market* made on purpose for them; they all deal in summut—as coals, pictures, lead, parliament-men, brimstone, and such like.

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

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

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

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

*Fog.* An obstacle!

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

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

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

*Sam S.* Yes; all opposite to the truth.

*Fog.* And talked of your beauty!

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

*Enter Slave, L., who delivers a letter to Sam Sharpset and exit, L.*

*Sam S.* 'Tis from Matty—let me see—it bea'nt gram-mared quite properly, but I'll tell you the contents—"From the Castle—State Apartments"—How grand!—"beg to see you—bring your friend, Mr. Fogrum—

my object is to provide for you both here,"—that is, in the state apartments. We'll go, and in our turns just wheedle master Matty a bit.

*Fog.* And, if we bring back the promise, then you'll consent. [Crosses, c.]

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

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

*Sam S.* Why that's plump, or the devil's in it!

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

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

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

SONG—SAM SHARPSET.

The world's seven wonders every child doth know,  
Fal de ral, &c.

They're very well to read of, but I'm prepared to show,  
If for wonders you seek, to London you must go,

With a heigho!

I'll prove it so.

Fal de ral, &c.

King Solomon's Temple had pillars made of brass,  
Fal re ral, &c.

But surely our temples of lawyers surpass,  
For there's brass enough there to prove Solomon an ass,

With a heigho!—

Quid pro quo.

Fal de ral, &c.

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

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

With a heigho!—

Is it aye or no?

Fal de ral, &c.

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

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

With a heigho!—

What a pretty show!

Fal de ral, &c.

The Nile may overflow, and its muddy banks may drown,  
Fal re ral, &c.

But our honour, our faith, our commercial renown,  
Will hold firm the bank of famous London Town,  
With a heigho!

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt, R.]

SCENE V.—*The Pleasure-Ground, with Pavilion, &c.*

Enter GOVERNOR, leading MRS. LINDENBURG; CLIFTON,  
leading in ZELINDA and Child, R.; the two Aid-de-Camps  
come on also.

Mrs. L. At length the welcome hour is come, when  
I can reward the virtues of Zelinda. Here is the paper,  
sir, that gives her freedom, wanting only my son's signa-  
ture and your excellency's seal. [Giving a paper.]

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

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

[MUSIC.—All retire into tent, R. S. E.]

The Barge floats in, from R. U. E.—COLONEL LINDEN-  
BURG, SOMERDYKE, and Slaves land.

Lin. So!—great festive preparations—but I shall  
mar their revelry. [Aside.] My dear mother, I deeply  
regret the law of Surinam will not allow me to give free-  
dom to your favourite slave.

Mrs. L. My son!

Lin. You know, madam, the act is invalid—her hus-  
band not being present.

Mrs. L. Oh, that difficulty I will instantly remove.

[Beckons.]

Re-enter GOVERNOR, CLIFTON, Child, and Attendants,  
from Tent, R. S. E.

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

Mrs. L. I present to your excellency Colonel Lin-  
denburg. [Governor bows, and gives him the paper.] Cap-  
tain Clifton, this is—

Cli. Amazement!—the Chevalier Alkmar!

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

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

Cli. Never!

[Draws his sword.]

Mrs. L. Hold! my son, explain.

[Crosses to Lindenburg.]

Lin. Madam, you know not the cruel wrongs I've suf-  
fered.—Please to retire.

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

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

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

Lin. (L. C.) Bring out their chains, and drive them to  
my estate.

Boy. (R.) My father, save me!

Zel. (R.) Oh, my husband!

Gov. (L.) Clifton, you are agitated, I am collected—  
mild persuasion may do much. [Apart to Lindenburg.]  
Colonel Lindenburg, you are a damn'd unfeeling scound-  
rel!

[With violent irritation.]

Lin. Indeed! shall I applaud your wisdom, most sa-  
pient governor, for condemning without hearing, or your  
courage, for insulting, when your situation secures you  
from chastisement?

Gov. Chastisement! [*Half draws his sword.*]

Lin. Is your blade hot, that you air it thus?

Gov. [*Recollecting.*] No; I was merely playing with it. Wheu! 'tis very warm!

Lin. I'm quite cool.

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

Lin. Robbed him!

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

Lin. As it does now—

Gov. True! he, he! [*Endeavouring to laugh.*] I wish you would sell me those slaves—I'll bid handsomely; I'm not very rich—

Lin. I am—that's my answer.

[*Crosses, c.*]

Gov. He, he! damn him!

[*Exit furiously, l.*]

Lin. Their chains, I say!

[*Gambia appears on the barge, holding them up.*]

Gam. They are here.

[*Advances.*]

Zel. (r. c.) Gambia! then there is hope, my husband.

Gam. [*Throwing away the chains.*] These fetters are too large: the forger of these bonds thought they were to control manly vigour—the fool was ignorant they might be required for female softness and helpless infancy.

Lin. (l. c.) See you secure them, or your life—

*Enter Slaves, R. U. E and L. U. E.*

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

[*Lindenburg tears the paper.*]

FINALE.—SOMERDYKE, and CHORUS OF SLAVES.

Strike the oar—your doom obey—

Slave devoted, come away!

Who shall conquer him? whose hate

Urges on thy destin'd fate?

Zel. Lo! behold this infant bends,

To mercy's seat his pray'r ascends!

Cli. Awful vengeance will decree

The doom of hated tyranny!

Chorus. Strike the oar, &c.

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of a Prison—a table and chair, R.*

*SHARPSET discovered, sitting at the table.*

*GAOLER discovered, l.*

Sha. (r.) Heigho! Gaoler, has any body called?

Gao. (l.) No.

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

Gao. No.

Sha. What, they desert me, too? I shall die. Oh, Miss Von Frump, wert thou here? But who could ever coax Cupid into a gaol? No, he hates a bailiff, for captivating more than he can. If brother Sammy and his friend would come, and could I persuade them that this prison was the Stadthouse, the Castle, and that rascal the governor of it, I might escape, and, by virtue of this promise, marry the divine Miss Von Frump. Egad! I'll try. Come here, my honest fellow.

Gao. Eh!

Sha. Come here, you sly rogue.

Gao. Oh!

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

Gao. Nor I, you gaol-bird.

Sha. Thank you.

Gao. But can it be helped?

Sha. Why, in high-bred accomplished gaols, the chief, that's you, is called governor—you are governor, for here you govern everything.

Gao. Yes; except when my wife's at home.

Sha. Of course she's governante, and generally ranks above the governor: I shall always call you governor.

Gao. With all my heart.

Sha. Damn that little Dutch hat! [*Aside.*] Do you know, governor, that our governors always wear such hats as these. Put it on, governor. [*Giving hat.*] The sight of those keys will ruin all. [*Aside.*]

Gao. (l.) I can't get it on.

Sha. (r.) How the devil should you, with that bunch of keys in your hand! put them in your pocket, governor—your fee pocket—that's the largest. Ay, now, with my pipe in your hand, you look something like a governor. [*Giving him his pipe, and making him cross and sit, R.*]

*Sam S.* [Without, L.] What, more locks?

*Sha.* Here they are! 'tis my brother and his friend—rich as mines! If they would be responsible for me, what a thumping fee you would have, governor!

*Gao.* I wish they would, then.

*Enter FOGGUM and SAM SHARPSET, L. gate.*

*Sha.* (R. C.) My dear Sammy, I sent for you to this castle—

*Sam S.* (L. C.) Yes, I know; but you are very difficult to get at.

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

*Fog.* (L.) And you were not quite faithful to your promise!

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

*Gao.* (R.) Oh no!

*Sha.* Ten thousand pardons! [Introducing them.] The governor of this place—my brother, my friend; and, should I succeed in placing them here, you would, I am sure, take the greatest care of them, governor. [They all bow.] You are looking at these state apartments—very substantial!

*Sam S.* Very.

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

*Sam S.* Indeed! now, I have heard of places that are built massive, to prevent improper people from getting out.

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

*Sam S.* [To Foggum.] Come, let's get the promise from him. You break the ice.

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

*Sha.* Sir!

*Fog.* York, you're wanted.

[Crosses to L.]

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

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

*Fog.* Ah! there's brotherly love!

*Sha.* With me, sir, that's every thing—From my heart I give you joy!

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

*Sha.* Out of a bit of fun! yes, so she did—you shall have it, my dear Sammy—here it is [Taking out papers.] Take it, my brother, and may Hymen—No, this is not it—this is a receipt for blanching the faces of the negroes—making black appear white—I find it very useful; it was given me by a celebrated lawyer. 'This is not it—'Psha! now I recollect, 'tis in my strong box at home, and here's the key.

[Sam going to take it, he prevents him.]

*Fog.* What, not trust your own dear brother?

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

*Fog.* Lud a mercy, sir!

*Sha.* It would be the case, did any one open it but myself—state secrets, sir!—besides, the paper is bundled up with property of mine, that I defy any man in the settlement to find.

*Sam S.* Well, go and bring it, then.

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

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

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

*Fog.* } With the greatest pleasure.

*Sam S.* }

*Sha.* [To Gaoler]. They will take my place with the greatest pleasure.—I shall come back immediately.

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

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

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

*Sha.* He says he'll answer for it. You see, governor, my object in going is a brother's happiness, not my own.—[Aside to Gaoler.] What a thumping fee you'll have!

Gao. Oh! go by all means.

Fog. } Yes, go along.

Sam S. }

Sha. [*Crosses to L.*] Is it not very sultry to-day?

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

Fog. How unwilling he is to turn out!

Sha. Great men frequently are.

Gao. Come, you shall go.

Sha. Well, if you all insist—perhaps, sir, [*To Fogrum.*] you may blame me when I'm gone.

Fog. Pray don't be unhappy about that.

Sha. Sammy, you may repent this—

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

Gao. I'll see you safe out.

Sha. If you absolutely force me out, out I must go.

[*Exit with Gaoler at gate, L.*]

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

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

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

*Enter CAPTAIN MALCOLM and Gaoler, L. gate—The Gaoler having resumed his hat, keys, &c. on seeing Malcolm, their laughter suddenly stops.*

Fog. I say, York, how could that Scotchman get into the state apartments?

Sam S. How could he get in? D—m me, if all the beef-eaters in London can keep them out.

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

Fog. Prison! Oh dear! York! [*Sighs.*]

Mal. My friend, Captain Clifton, has interested me in his favour: therefore, Gaoler, let me see him.

Sam S. Gaoler! as sure as sheep's mutton, he is a gaoler.

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

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

Mal. A most generous sacrifice!

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

Mal. Gentlemen, I leave you in the full enjoyment of your pure, delightful feelings. [*Going L.*]

Fog. [*Crosses to Malcolm.*] Sir, sir, don't be alarm'd at me—I'm only a simple Cockney.

Sam S. And I'm no but Yorkshire.

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

[*Crosses to R.*]

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

Mal. True brotherly love—Ha! ha!

Gao. Come, I'll show them into the strong room.

Fog. Strong room!

Gao. (R.) And, that I may know which will best suit—a fee!—you understand!

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

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

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

Fog. York, we're both wanted.

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

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

#### SONG.—MALCOLM.

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

He wander'd East, he wander'd South,  
But joy he could not find it;  
But he found out this wholesome truth,  
And had the sense to mind it:

Of a' the earth,  
The bonny North  
To cherish late and early—  
Loch Lomond Ben,  
And the willow glen,  
And Jenny that lov'd him dearly! [Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—An Apartment in Colonel Lindenburg's house.

Enter GAMBIA, R. meeting ZELINDA, L.

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

Gam. All is prepared for your flight.

Zel. But, my child?

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

Zel. (L.) Ah! that thought—

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

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

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

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

SONG.—ZELINDA.

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

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

Enter LINDENBURG, R.

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

Zel. Christian resignation produces christian fortitude.

Lin. Arm'd at all points, I see—[Aside.] Hear me! The bitter wrong I suffer'd from Captain Clifton might justify my utmost severity; but your beauty redeems all—It commands me to offer every indulgence, every enjoyment—

Zel. My heart sinks within me!

Lin. You are faint—repose here.

Zel. [With horror.] No!—[Recovering herself.]—I better know my unworthiness, sir—at humble distance your slave will wait.

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

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

Lin. Your safety I am the guardian of—in these arms you will find it.

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

Lin. [Attempting to seize her.] Thus I secure obedience.

Zel. Oh! save me!

Enter GAMBIA, R., advances C.

Lin. Who called you?

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

Lin. (R.) Begone!—Not obeyed?—Are you not my slave?

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

Lin. Indeed!

Gam. Ah, sir! be more just to the wretched victims of your power. If we sigh, may it not be from a breast o'ercharged with unmerited suffering? if the eye be dimmed with tears, may it not be from the divine fount of pity that they flow? if, for a moment, we taste of joy, may not an innocent heart give the impulse? if, goaded to despair, by the laceration of every tie dear to the human heart, we resist the foul oppressor, may it not be, that justice nerves the arm, that honour dares the combat, "that heaven gives the victory!"

*Lin.* School'd by thee, degraded wretch!

*Gam.* Ay, indeed degraded, for you are my master.

*Lin.* And thou shalt feel I am so. Within there! chains and whips for that rebellious slave!

*Gam.* [*Apart to Zelinda.*] Fly, Zelinda, to the hanging-bridge—your child is there—away! [*Exit Zelinda, L.*]—you pass not!

*Lin.* Impotent, and unarmed—

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

*Lin.* This to try. [*Rushes on Gambia—Gambia seizes his arm.*] Ah! resisted! thus, then, I give thee to perdition.

*Gam.* That fate be thine. [*Exeunt, L.; a pistol heard, L.*]

*Slaves.* [*Without, L.*] Our master's voice! Follow! follow!

SCENE III.—*A hanging-bridge supported by ropes, suspended from the branches of trees, which lay across the torrent.*

*Enter CLIFTON, L.*

*Cli.* Zelinda, where art thou? where Gambia? Here he promised I should meet my wife.—She must, at all hazards, be removed from the power of Lindenburg. Ah! did not a female figure rush through that tangled brake?—See—again!—'tis my Zelinda! Ah! she falls!

[*He rushes out—Re-entering with Zelinda, L. U. E.*]  
—My beloved, my restored wife! that pallid cheek! I dread to ask—Lindenburg?

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

*Cli.* Let us instantly seek the protection of the governor—come!

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

*GAMBIA rushes in, with a broken sword in his hand,*

*L. U. E.*

*Gam.* Zelinda and Clifton here! this is beyond my hopes!

*Cli.* Tell me of Lindenburg!

*Gam.* 'Tis his blood that stains the fractur'd blade. Struggling for death or life—Ah! more than life, combatting for Zelinda's safety—I plunged into his breast this sword, he aimed at mine; it broke, and he fell on

the earth, writhing in mortal agony—I could not leave him to a death of torture—he was my foe, but he was prostrate—the hand that sought my life lay harmless as the unbrac'd nerve of infancy—I extracted the fractur'd joint, that rankled in the wound, and, wiping away the gore that stained his guilty breast, I saw there marked—

*Cli.* What!

*Gam.* The—hold, Gambia, exceed not the just measure of thy vengeance—let the guilty secret rest in his guilty breast—no, Gambia, never shall man's curse vex thy wandering spirit, nor wither the aloe that blooms upon thy grave. Suffice it, that, while this gives awful evidence of the dangers she has escaped, it prompts us instantly to avoid those that threaten—soon we shall be pursued by numbers, against whom courage were vain and flight hopeless.

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

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

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

*Gam.* I'll bring him to your arms. [*Going.*]—I am prevented. [*Clifton and Zelinda cross, exeunt, L. U. E., re-enter on bridge, and cross it to R.*] Fly! fly! our pursuers are at hand—but, fear not for your boy—unless terror draws him from his concealment, he is safe: nay, there is no time for thanks or question—instant pass the bridge [*To Zelinda.*]—delay were destructive to Clifton's life—[*To Clifton.*] fatal to Zelinda's honour! Away! away! [*Exeunt Clifton and Zelinda, over the bridge.*]

*Som.* [*Without, L.*] This way, by this road they fled; secure the hanging-bridge, that cuts off their retreat.

[*Gambia ascends the tree to which the bridge is fasten'd, and with the broken sword cuts the cords which support it. At the moment of the pursuers' entrance upon it, it falls.*]

*Enter SOMERDYKE, and Six of Lindenburg's Servants, L.*

*Som.* Confusion! they have escaped!

*Zel.* We are safe, my husband!

*Child runs on, L. U. E.*

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

*Zel.* Alas! my child!

Som. Her child! then we triumph—seize him!  
*[A Slave seizes the child, and runs up a point of the rock, L. Move one step further, and you will see him buried in the waters—submit, or this instant is his last.]*

*[Holding him up in the act of precipitating him.]*

Zel. I do submit.

Gam. Never! *[Gambia, who has concealed himself in the branches, snatches him up into the tree.]*—Father, receive your child! *[Throws the child across the stream.]* they have him—he is safe! Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE IV.—An Apartment in Lindenburg's house.

*Enter LINDENBURG, supported by two Slaves, R.*

Slave. *[To Lindenburg.]* How do you feel, sir?

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

*Enter SOMERDYKE, L.*

Som. Master, your assassin is secured.

Lin. Thy words have renewed the springs of life; bring him before me.

*Gambia is brought in, guarded by Four Slaves, L.*

Som. Dost thou behold thy victim?

Gam. With heartfelt pity I do behold him.

Lin. Wretch! do you triumph in your guilt? you erect your head!

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

Som. He has confess'd the guilty deed.

Lin. Then consign him to the executioner; ask not for mercy.

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

Lin. Where's Zelinda?

Gam. Happy in her husband's arms.

Lin. Death, by torture!

Som. Ay, branded first, then executed.

Gam. Branded! *[Eyeing Lindenburg.]* What, on the breast? look to your master—see, he changes colour, he staggers.

Lin. Liar! 'tis false!

*[Endeavouring to subdue his agitation.]*

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

Lin. Villanous slave.

Gam. *[Bowing.]* Honour'd master.

Som. His presence torments him; lead him away.

Lin. Hold—release him.

Som. Release him.

Lin. Am I not heard?—leave us together.

Som. With a murderer?

Lin. Ay, alone. *[Crosses to Slaves.]* Why am I not obeyed? *[Pointing out, L.]*

*[They go out, L., leaving Lindenburg and Gambia.]*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*[Crosses to R.]*

Lin. (L.) And wilt thou? name thy reward.

Gam. (R.) I never traffic with my humanity.

Lin. But my secret—is it revealed?

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

*Lin.* How, then, to secure it?

*Gam.* I am your slave—here is my breast!

*Lin.* [*Falling into his arms.*] Receive me in its noble sanctuary!—my wound calls for help—African, thy virtues have subdued me.

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

SCENE V.—*An Indian Country.*

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

*Cli.* Such, my lord, were her perils, such her deliverance! But, alas! Gambia was seized by Lindenburg's slaves.

*Zel.* Oh! save him from their savage fury!

*Gov.* My afflicted friend, I cannot wrench from its grasp the iron law of slavery; but I should indeed dishonour that venerable monarch, whose unworthy delegate I am, did I not administer it in the mercy that he loved. [*Shouts without, L., and voices exclaiming, "Gambia is pardoned! Gambia is free!"*]

*Cli.* Ah! Gambia free! Bless'd sounds!

*Gam.* [*Without.*] Where is she? Where is Zelinda?

*Enter GAMBIA, L.*

*Cli.* } Joy to Gambia! [*Crosses to Gambia.*  
*Zel.* }

*Gam.* My joy's to come—beloved Zelinda, the path to happiness lies through the vale of tears: but it is passed, and sunshine again expands its glories. Lindenburg lives to repentance, to atonement—he sends thee freedom, and by Gambia's hand. [*Presenting a paper.*]

*Zel.* My preserver!

*Cli.* My friend! [*Gay music is heard, L.*]

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

*Enter Slaves with white cockades, followed by SHARPSET and MISS VON FRUMP, in marriage dresses, L.*

*Sha.* How do you all do?—My Lord Governor, Mrs. Sharpset—

*Gov.* Receive, madam, my sincere congratulations—may, do not blush.

*Sha.* 'Tis excusable; but I hope I shall never see her

blush for her husband. When I cause that heart to sigh, that has brought comfort to mine—when I dim that eye with tears, that has brightened mine with joy, may dishonour and contempt pursue me. I won't do it, my darling, I won't!

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

*Sha.* And little Sammy—Oh! I've liberated them, and here they come.

*Enter FOGRUM and SAM SHARPSET, L.*

*Miss V. F.* Behold my husband!

*Fog.* Husband!

*Sha.* Fogrum, my pretty boy, receive thy uncle's blessing.

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

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

*Mal.* Allow me to present my bride. [*Crosses to him.*]  
Come, sir, rivals no more, your hand. [*To Fogrum.*]

*Fog.* Well, sir, I shall be glad to entertain you in London. [*Crosses to L.*]

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

*Mal.* Not while the road leads to Bonny Edinbro'.

[*Crosses back to Stella.*]

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

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

FINALE.

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

*Mal.* }  
& } Cloth'd in honour's proud array,  
*Cli.* }

Ah! what can British hearts dismay  
If beauty's eyes—  
The soldier's prize!  
With smiles protect our humble lay

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

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

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

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

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

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

### DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

STE. MAL. CLI. ZEL. CHILD. GAM. GOV. MISS V. F. SHA. SAM. FOG.  
R.] [L.]

THE END.

### Alphabetical List of Cumberland's British Theatre:

Jacket of Blue	Lord Darnley	Midnight	100 Pound Note	Quadrupeds
Jacob Faithful	Lord of the Manor	Midnight Hour	One o'Clock	Quaker
Jacques Strop	Loss of the Royal	Midshipman Easy	Ondine	Queen of Abruzzi
Jane of the Hatchet	George	Midsummr. Night's	On the Tiles	Queen of Cyprus
Jealous Wife	Lost Diamonds	Dream	Open House	Queen's Bench
Jealousy	Louise	Miller of Mansfield	Optical Delusion	Queen's Jewel
Jessie of Dumblane	Love	Mineral	Orestes in Argos	Quiet Day
Jew	Love and Charity	Minute Gun at Sea	Oroonoko	Quite at Home
Jew and the Doctor	Love and Honor	Mischief Making	Orphan of Wreck	
Joan of Arc	Love for Love	Miser	Othello	Raby Rattler
Joconde	Love in a Village	Miser's Daughter	Our Village	Race for a Dinner
John Bull	Love in Livery	Mistaken Story	Out on the Sly	Ragged School
John Overy	Love is Blind	Mistletoe Bough		Rag Picker of Paris
John of Paris	Love, Law & Physic	Modern Antiques		Railroad Trip
John Stafford	Love Laughs at	Monsieur Tonson		Raising the Wind
John Street, Adelphi	Locksmiths	Moral Philosopher	Pacha's Pets	Ratlin the Reefer
Jonathan	Love's Labours Lost	Mother's Bequest	Paddy Whack in	Ravens of Orleans
Judith of Geneva	Loves of Lord Bate-	Mountaineers	Paoleck [Italia]	Raymond & Agnes
Julian	man and Sophia	Mountain King	Painter of Ghent	Recruiting Officer
Julius Caesar	Lover's Vows	Mr and Mrs Pringle	Paris & London	Red Crow
	Lo Zingaro	Mrs. Caudle's Cur-	Parole of Honour	Red Rover
Kate Kearney	Lucky Stars	tain Lecture	Party Wall	Retribution (play)
Kendilworth (drama)	Luke Somerton	Mrs. G.	Pascal Bruns	Revenge
Killing no Murder	Lurline	Mrs. Wiggins	Past Ten O'Clock	Review
King Henry VIII	Lyicushes Lovel	Mrs. Harris	Paul & Virginia	Richard III
King John		Much Ado About	Paul Clifford	Richard Plantagenet
King John Travestie		Nothing	Paul Jones	Riches
King Lear	Mabel's Curse	Mutiny at the Nore	Paul the Poacher	Rich Man of Frank-
King Richard II	Macbeth	My Grandmother	Paul the Pilot	rienzi [fort]
King of the Mist	Madelaine	My Husband's Ghost	Payable at Sight	Rinaldo Rinaldini
King's Gardener	Magpie or Maid	My Spouse and I	Pearl Boy	Rival Pages
King's Command	Maid of Honor	"My Old Woman"	Pedlar's Acre	Rival Sergeants
Kissing goes by	Maid of Judah	My Wife's Husband	Pedro the Cruel	Rival Valets
Keruba [Favour	Maid of the Mill	My Friend Thomp-	Peeping Tom	Rivals
Knights of the Cross	Maid or Wife	son [Lord]	Peerless Pool	Road to Ruin
Know Your Own	Maiden's Fame	My Lord is Not My	Peregrinations	Robber of the Rhine
Mind	Malvina	My Sister Kate	of Pickwick	Robber's Wife
	Management	My Valet and I	Perils of Pippins	Robert the Bruce
Lady & Devil	Manager in Distress	My Wife's Come	Perourou	Robert the Devil
Lady of Lambythe	Manfredi	Mysteries of Paris	Persolation	Robespierre
Lady & Gent in Per-	Man of the World		Pestilence of Mar-	Robinson Crusoe
pexing Predica-	Man about Town	Nabob for an Hour	seilles	Rochester
ment	Man and Marquis	Napoleon	Peter Bell	Roeback
Laid up in Port	Marceline	Negro of Wapping	Peter the Great	Roger de Coverley
Lamplighter	March of Intellect	Nell Gwynne	Peveril of Peak	Roland for Oliver
Lancers (farce)	Marianne, Child of	New Way to Pay	Phantom Bride	Roll of the Drum
Larboard Pin	Marmion [Charity]	Old Debts	Phantom Break-	Roman Actor
Last Kiss	Married Bachelor	New Footman	[fast]	Romeo and Juliet
Last Man	Married Rake	Nice Young Ladies	Pickwick Club	Roof Scrambler
Last of the Fairies	Martin Chuzzlewit	Nick of the Woods	Pink of Politens	Rose of Corbell
Latin, Love, & War	Mary Glastonbury	Night in the Bastille	Pizarro	Roses and Thorns
Laugh when you	Mary's Dream	"No!"	P. L.	Rosina
Law & Lions [Can	Masaniello (drama)	No Followers	Plain Cook	Rubber of Life
Learn of Private Life	Mason of Buda	Norah Creina	Plot & Counterplot	Ruby Ring
Legend of Florence	Master Humphrey's	Norma	Poor Soldier	Rugantino
Lesson in Love	Clock	No Song No Supper	Poor Gentleman	Rule a Wife an
Lesson for Gentle-	Master's Rival	Note Forger	Point of Honor	Have a Wife
Lestelle [men	Matteo Falcone	Nothing Superfluous	Poll & Partner Joe	Rule Britannia
Lestocq	Maurice the Wood-	Notoriety	Postillion	Ruy Blas (Webb)
Life's a Lottery (Son	Mazeppa [Cutter	Not to be Done	Postman's Knock	
Like Father, Like	Measure for Mea-		Powder and Ball	Sally in our Alley
Lillian, Show Girl	sure [light	Obi, 3-finger'd Jack	Presumptive Evi-	Sanctuary
Lilly Dawson	Meet me by Moon-	Ocean of Life	dence	Scapegrace
Linda of Chamouni	Meg Murnock	Of Age To-Morrow	Pride of Birth	Scarlet Mantle
Little Sins & Pretty	Melmoth Wanderer	Old and Young	Prisoner at Large	School of Scandal
Sinners	Memoirs of Devil	Old Adam	Prisoner of Rochel	School of Reform
Little Back Parlour	Mendicant	Old Oak Tree	Prize	Sea
Little Nun	Mendicant's Son	Old & Young Stager	Protector	Sea King's Vow
Loan of a Wife	Merchant of Venice	Old Oak Chest	Provoked Husband	Sealed Sentence
Lock & Key [Gents	Merchants Wedding	Old Regimentals	Provost of Bruges	Secret Foe
Lodgings for Single	Merry Wives of	Old Curiosity Shop	P. S.—Come to	Secrets Worth
Lodiska [Bridge	Windsor [Father	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, by Ad-	Dinner	Knowing
Lone House on the	Methinks I See My	vertisement		

## Alphabetical List of Cumberland's British Theatre.

Self Accusation	Spoiled Child	Tom and Jerry	Venetian	Widow
Separate Maintenance	Sprigs of Laurel	Tom Bowling	Venice Preserv'd	Widow Bewitch'd
Serf [nance]	St. David's Day	Tower of Lochlan	Venoni	Wild Boy of Bo-
Sergeant's Wedding	St. Patrick's Day	Tower of Nesle	Venus in Arms	Wild Man [hemia]
Serpent of Nile	Station House	Town and Country	Vidoeq	Wild Oats
Seven Sisters	Statue Lover	Traveller's Room	Violette Danseuse	Will
Shade	Steward	Trial by Battle	Virginus	William Tell
Shadow [tival]	Suik Dhuv, Colner	Tribulation		William Thomas
Shakespeare's Fe-	Surrender of Calais	Trip to Scarborough	Walter Brand	Will Watch
Shakespeare's Early	Susan Hopley	Troilus and Cressida	Wapping Old Stairs	Windmill
Days [Vale]	Suspicious Husband	Truand Chief	Warlock Kenilson	Winning a Husband
Shepherd of Derwent	Sylvanna [wood]	Trumpeter's Wedding	Waterman	Winter's Tale
She Stoops to Con-	Sylvester Dagger-	Turn Out [ing]	Waverly	Wives as t. Were
quer [Medusa]		Tutor's Assistant	Way to Get Married	Wives by Advmt.
Shipwreck of the	Tale of Mystery	Twelfth Night	Way to Keep Him	Wizard of the
Shooting the Moon	Taming the Shrew	Two Drovers	Weathercock	Wolsey [Moor]
Siamese Twins	Teddy Roe	Two Eyes Between	Weaver of Lyons	Woman never Vxt
Siege of Belgrade	Teddy the Tiler	Two Friends [Two]	Wedding Breakfast	Woman's the Devil
Siege of Rochelle	Tekeli	Two Gallies Slaves	Wedding Day	Wraith of Lake
Signal	Tempest	Two Gregories	Wedding Gown	Wreck
Simpson & Co.	Temple of Death	Two Gentlemen of	Wenlock of Wen-	X, Y, Z.
Sister and I	Tempter, The	Verona [Bow]	Werner [lock]	
Sixes	10,000 a Year	Two Strings to Your	West Indian	Yankee Notes
Sixteen-String Jack	Thalaba		What have I done	Yellow Kids [ter]
Skeleton Witness	Theodore the Bri-	Uncle Rip	Wheel of Fortune	Yeoman's Daugh-
Slave	Therese [gand]	Uncle too Many	Where shall I Dine	Young England
Sleep Walker	Thomas a Beckett	Under the Rose	Whistler	Young Hus-ar
Snakes in the Grass	Three & the Deuce	Unfortunate Miss	White Milliner	Young Quaker
Soldier's Daughter	Three Hunchbacks	Bailey [male]	White Slave	Young Reefer
Soldier's Orphan	Three Princes	Unprotected Fe-	Who do they Take	Young Scamp
Son-in-Law	Three Weeks after		me for?	Youthful Queen
Somnambulist	Marriage	Valentine & Orson	Who'll Lend me	Youth, Love, and
Spare Bed	Timon of Athens	Vampire	a Wife	Folly
Speed the Plough	Timour the Tartar	Van pire Bride	Who's my Husband	Zarah
Spirit of the Rhine	'Tis She	Van Die man's Land	Who Wants Guinea	Zazezizozu

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