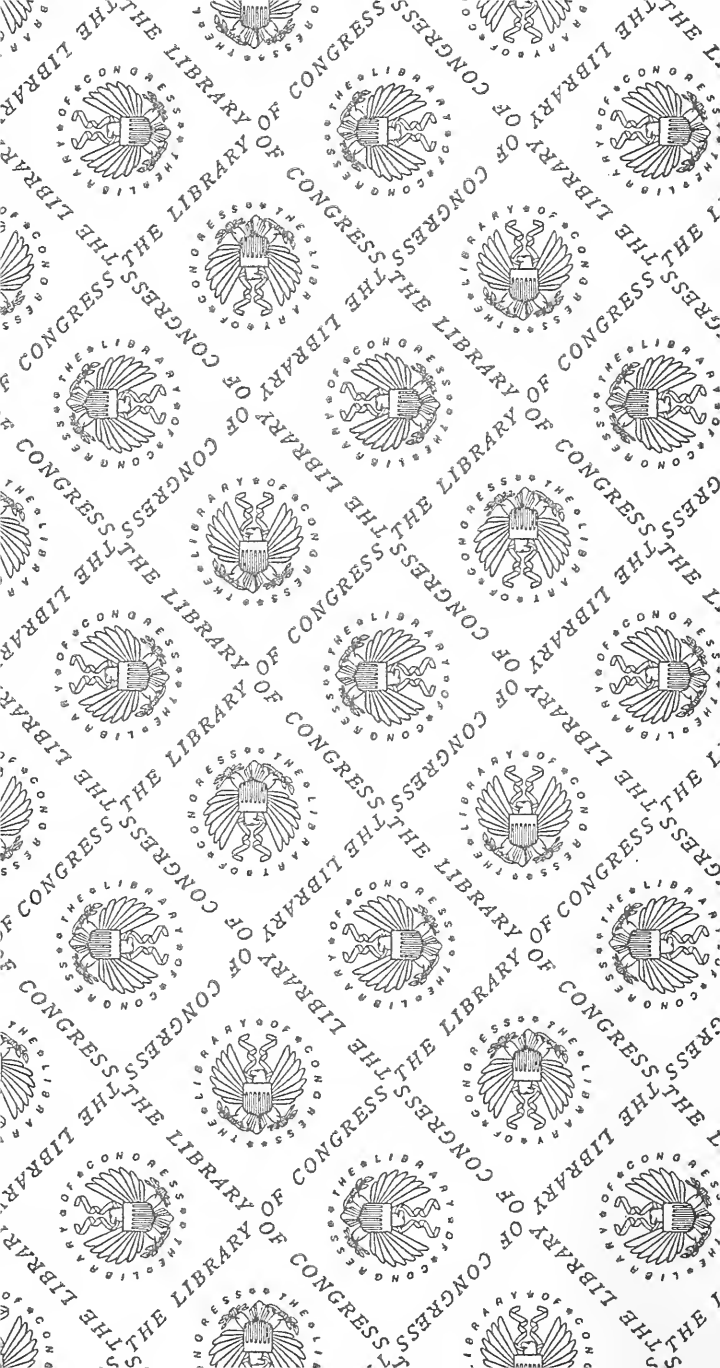
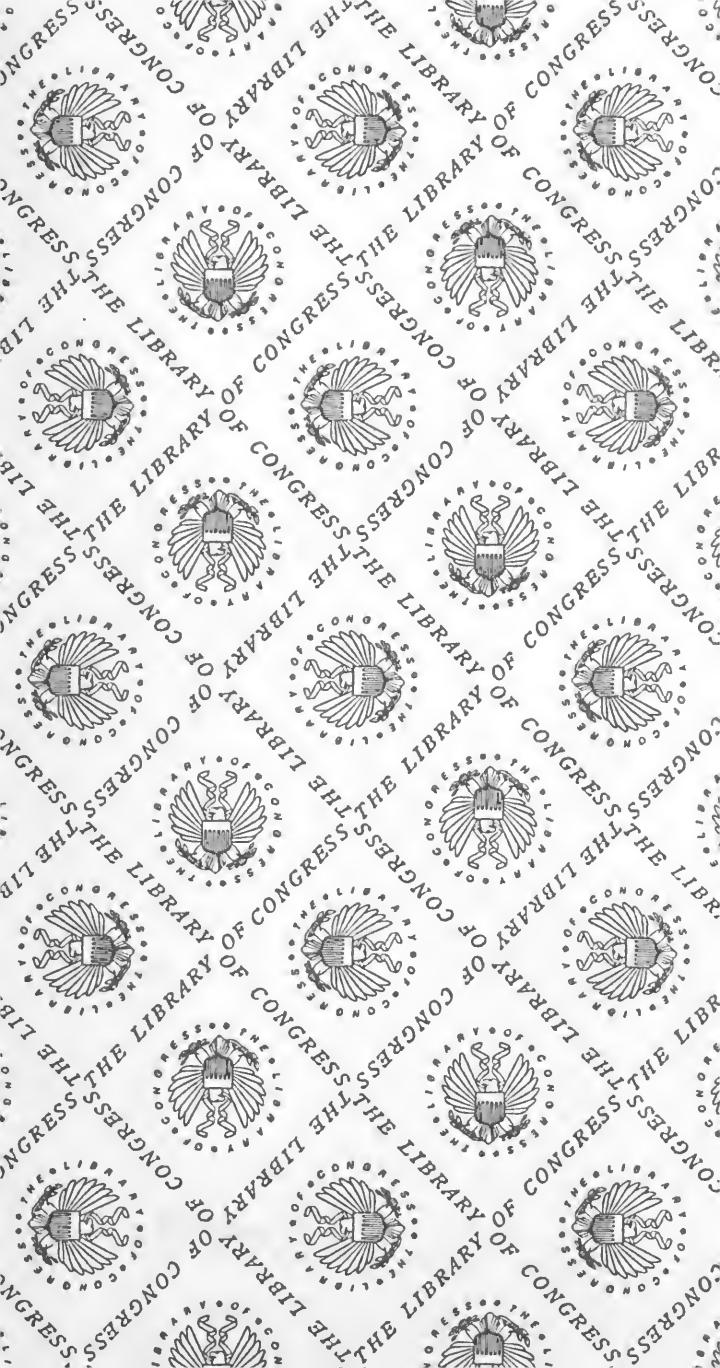
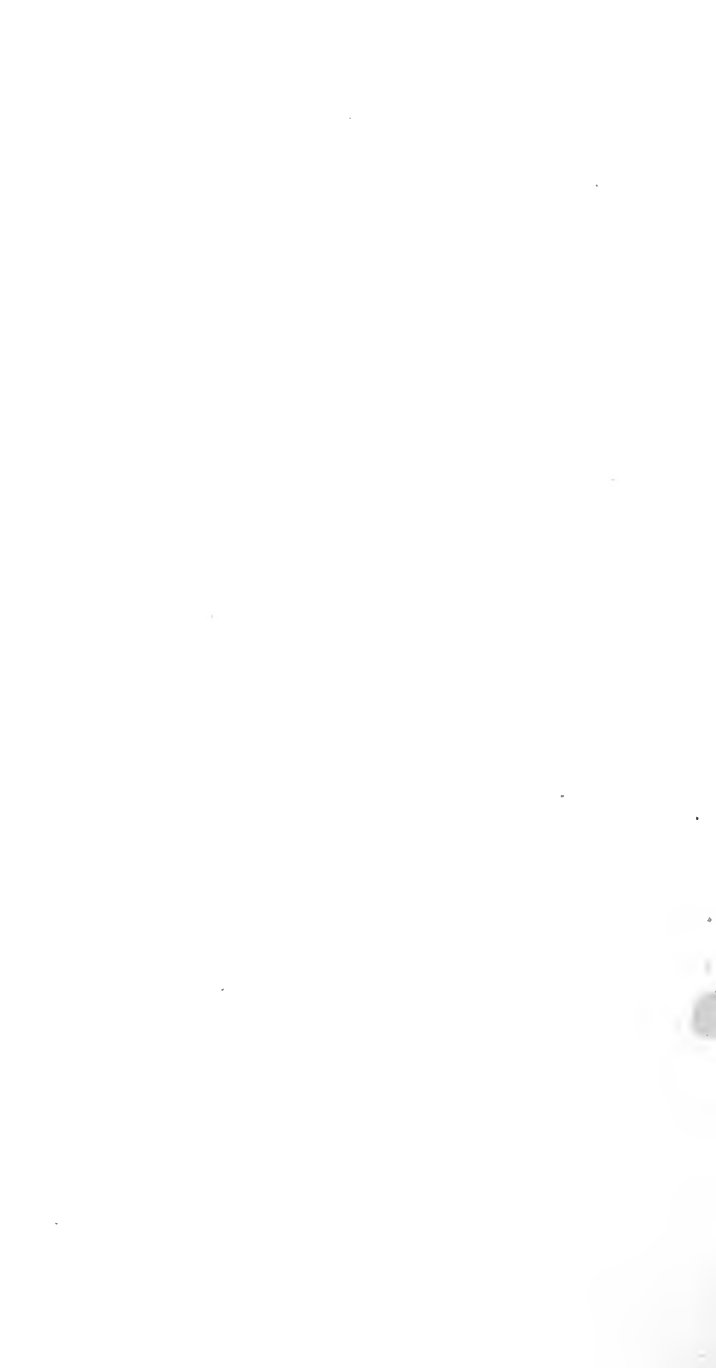


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THE SIEGE OF ALGIERS;

OR,

THE DOWNFAL OF

Hadgi-El-Basha.

A POLITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND SENTIMENTAL

TRAGI-COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JONATHAN S. SMITH,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

The petty Tyrant with his iron rod doth rule,
Whilst Liberty is better taught in Freedom's school.



PHILADELPHIA:

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S267

DEDICATION.

THE author of this drama, it may naturally be supposed, would be desirous to obtain the whole of the Christian world as patrons to the general good intended by the same—but was fully convinced that it would be in vain to court the notice, much less the support, of emperors, kings, princes, and other great potentates of European Christian nations, as it will herein be fully shown, that most of them have, more or less, through their respective representatives at the court of Algiers, acted their several parts with misguided ambition, or private sinister views, behind this great curtain of Barbarian iniquity—and in which, it is evident, that the Christian maritime powers of Europe had for centuries made their national honour subservient to their well known character for speculative monopoly in their relations with the Barbary powers generally, to the greatest injury of all defenceless Christian nations.

Under these imperious impressions the author was for a moment dismayed! But recollecting that he was a citizen of a free and enlightened country—he now, therefore, as a native of the United States of America, most respectfully begs leave to dedicate this production, in favour of Liberty, to their more friendly patronage—they having most independently stood forth in defence of their own just rights, and this singly, against the general tyranny and cruelty long exercised by the piratical states of Barbary, towards Christian nations in their commerce to the Mediterranean sea.

The reader will readily admit, upon a fair principle of reason, that the free navigation of this sea, as well as all other great waters, was originally given by the great Author of Nature for a just and friendly intercourse—

and this equally to all nations—consequently, that no one nation has the legitimate right to set up any arbitrary line of demarcation, by way of an assumed barrier, against the ships of any other nation trading from one sea to another. But the Algerines and other states of Barbary, under the impression that the Christian maritime powers never would unite to destroy this usurpation, they have continued their depredations on those seas with impunity.

However, the United States of America, a minor maritime power, have, by their late coercive measures, evidently proven how this unjust and arbitrary system of tribute demanded by the Barbary powers might be counteracted—and this has likewise set a glorious example in the face of the Christian world, to pursue this wicked policy until it shall be entirely annihilated, and with it the evils and horrors which have hitherto subjected the citizens and subjects of the civilized world trading to those seas, to the most cruel bondage and degrading fetters!

The author is fully aware of certain primitive opinions against invoking Divine agency, or even supplicating Divine mercy in theatrical exhibitions! And how far the character of Christian Monitor, as herein represented, may come within this rule of exception may, or may not be questioned? But if the rigid moralist will not approve of this forcible method of appeal, in this instance, to effect a good end, it is to be hoped the more candid critics will not exercise their refined or austere judgment, to counteract the same—and, from motives of delicacy, it is judged proper to make use of fictitious names to represent the Christian characters, as well as some others herein; yet it is to be hoped they will be considered appropriate, and so justly adapted as not to weaken the representation.

In this drama will likewise be strongly exemplified the great contrast between the government, customs, and manners of unlettered despotism, and those of the more free and enlightened nations—and one scene herein, will also enable the female part of the latter to form a just estimate between their own happy condition in life, and the truly miserable and circumscribed state of

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hadgi Ali Bashaw, *The reigning Dey of Algiers.*

Muley Mahomet, *His Prime Minister.*

Mustapha, Viclic Hadgi, *Minister of Marine.*

Hassan, *Commandant of Do.*

Omai, chief Aga, *Commander of the Land forces, deposes Hadgi Ali Bashaw.*

Robardo, *Captain of the Guards.*

The Divan, in conclave, *Solyman, their Oracle or Speaker.*

Spyder Ali, *The Dey's private Secretary.*

Blackbeard, *Keeper of the Christian slaves.*

David Brokereye, *A Hebrew money changer of great note, decapitated by the Dey, through the intrigues of his Prime Minister.*

Algerine merchants, or speculators, messengers, and Christian slaves.

Christian consuls resident at Algiers, who act their several parts as ambition and interest may dictate.

Consul Bullycan, *From Bull Court.*

Don Sancho, *Court of Salamanca.*

Tool, *Braganza.*

All in the interest of John Bull.

Consul Bullyrock, *From Court of St. Cloud.*

Trimmer, *Stockholm.*

Balance, *Copenhagen.*

The opposition, in favour of John Crappeau,

Secretaries, O'Consequenio, and O'Sappro—dragomen, messengers, and domestics.

Consul Tribute, from the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, placed under tributary probation through intrigue, and dismissed by the Dey.

Commodore Intrepid, with a squadron of ships from the nation of the West, arrives at Algiers, and after taking

an Algerine frigate, makes peace with them, and releases his own citizens from captivity, without ransom or tribute.

Admiral Thunder, with a fleet from John Bull, combined with Myn Heer Van Splutterbox, arrives at Algiers. They bombard the city, and then make peace, as the nation of the West had done, without ransom or tribute—Omai, the Dey, considers this defeat as the downfall of tribute, and stabs himself.

Christian Monitor, an invisible agent, who, in the shape of conscience, issues his timely monitions.

Citizen Yankoo, a Christian merchant, arrives at Algiers from Mocha, with a cargo of coffee, which is sacrificed by Algerine intrigue.

Factotum, a Christian renegado interpreter, and broker to Consul Tribute.

Christian females of the consular legations at Algiers.

Lady Bullycan, Trimmer, Tool, Tribute—*Miss Tool, Bullycans, Trimmers, and Balances.*

Females of the Dey's Seraglio.

Barbaryana, the Dey's lawful wife, falls a victim to his capricious humours, and is bow-stringed.

Georgiana, a young virgin from Georgia, } Poison
Circassiana, do. do. Circassia, } themselves
 rather than submit to the Dey's desires.

Kattarino, a Christian female domestic slave, bow-stringed by orders of the Dey, in his sullen disappointment at the loss of his favourite virgins.

SIEGE OF ALGIERS, &c.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A view of the city and surrounding fortifications of the Harbour of Algiers—their fleet at anchor within the mole.

A number of Christian slaves at work on the marine, a platform of stone constructed by the sweat of their brow, and extends from the outlet gate of this walled city, to a castle built on a rock, and protects their shipping.

HASSAN, (*commandant of marine, to the slave keeper.*)
Blackbeard, take care to keep those Christian Dogs under your care hard at work, until the setting sun—then turn them all within our city gates, count them over, and lock them up to prevent escape, as we expect some of them will soon be ransomed, and pay us well for our trouble.

Scene changes to the Divan in conclave.

Muley Mahomet, the Dey's prime minister, enters, and, with much gravity places his right hand on his left breast, bows thrice, and thus addresses them—

Seigniors of this our august Divan,—I greet you in the name of Hadgi Ali Bashaw, our great sovereign the Dey, and am thus commanded to make known to you—That we are just advised by a courier extraordinary, that the bills lately given for our last Christian ransom, amounting to one million of piastres, have been paid to the orders of our great money changer, David Broker-eye; and he, for his usual premium in such cases, has guaranteed the money to be forthcoming in safety to our hands—so far, good—but we must enforce the further strict collection of Christian tribute due for the na-

vigation of these, our waters of the Mediterranean sea, which will increase to us, as the Emperor of Morocco has latterly declined the roving trade—and by this means, our coffers will be in a much better condition to act, than they have been for some time.

SOLYMAN, (*the oracle of the Divan.*) Our prime minister brings us good tidings from our sovereign, and we note it accordingly, in the transactions of our Divan for the day.

MAHOMET. Now, the first matter of importance to be attended to, will be to send some appropriate presents to the great Ottoman chief at Constantinople—not that we consider ourselves bound to obey him, having long since shaken off this yoke. But we must continue this mark of our respectful homage to him, as the great present protector of all Mahometan rights—upon which only true principle, the great Barbarossa founded his original system of government for this regency, and which we are bound by solemn oath to maintain, against all the powers of Christendom! The next point that may require our attention, is, to increase our naval force, as, from this source alone, we expect to spread terror on these, our seas, and thereby continue to make the Christian commerce thereon, subservient to tributary submission.

Now, friends of our Divan—having, in my official duty, represented the state of our relations abroad, it becomes necessary to have your collective opinions towards our safety at home. (*sits himself.*)

SOLYMAN. In answer to our prime minister, it would be well to see that our castle and forts are in the best state of defence, for, as it has been concluded on by the Dey to send all our fleet against the Tunisians, our present declared enemy, perhaps they might have the same design against us—and it is high time to recruit our land forces; they should never be less than ten thousand effective men; but, from the plague and other causes, they are little more than half that number at present, and we can readily be supplied from the outcasts of the Levant, which make the most daring soldiers, and we might send a recruiting officer in our pilgrim ships,

which go that way yearly, and he would soon pick up as many men as we want.

MAHOMET. The present state of the Christian world, likewise demands all these precautions—we know they have been at loggerheads many years, as they pretend, to preserve what they call the balance of power—but in truth, to gratify ambition and interest. We have lately witnessed the ships of war of John Bull, chasing those of John Crappeau into our ports—we dare not say nay to this; for, were it not for the heavier metal of the former at sea, we should have some reason to fear the encroachments of the latter, as he is a known usurper, and it is whispered he has been looking towards the states of Barbary, as he has done towards Egypt, in order to further his ambitious strides towards the East—at all events, it would be safe to keep a good look out on all sides, as there is no knowing, or trusting, to these warring belligerents. Perhaps, in a hasty mood, they might strike a blow at us.

SOLYMAN. We have listened with much attention to your summary on the state of matters and things politically connected with the Christian world—and, as we perfectly agree, we, the Divan, have nothing further at the moment, to offer for your consideration.

(seats himself.)

MAHOMET. As we understand ourselves thus far, in our public duty, I see no hindrance to look towards our private gratification. I have therefore to say, that the Viclic Hadgi, our minister of marine, has reported to me, “the arrival of a vessel from Mocha, with a cargo of excellent coffee;” and, as you know our great feast of Rhamadan will be at hand the next moon, we shall then want a good supply of this article, to wash down the fumes of our grand regalia pipe, used on such occasions—I therefore propose, that we purchase this cargo amongst us friends present; but, previous to which, let us have the price of this article fixed as low as possible; this you know can be done, as usual, through the agency of our friend Brokereye, who is admitted as the organ of all commerce here—consequently, this merchant cannot complain, should he be disappointed—and if he does, it

must be adjusted by the consul of his own nation, and you know we can manage him as we see fit.

(*seats himself.*)

SOLYMAN. What say you friends here, to a share in this Mocha speculation? I am ready and willing.

The DIVAN. (*Omnes.*) As our oracle says.

MAHOMET. This being to your liking, I must now inform you that consul Tribute is the representative of the Christian who brings the coffee here—I have notified this consul to attend me at the Divan, about this hour, and we must probe him to the quick in his consular relations; and, after this is done, we may expect him, like all the rest, to truckle to us in tributary submission, and to increase our bye presents; and in this instance, we may also count on a good dish of Mocha, to wash all down and make good friends again—ha, ha, ha—we may now enjoy the laugh by ourselves—but let us be strictly watchful, and put on our gravest faces in the presence of Christians.

Messenger to the Divan enters—Seigniors, I have to announce consul Tribute waiting in the anti-chamber, to receive audience.

SOLYMAN. Conduct this Christian consul to our presence, and then let no one enter until further orders.

(*Exit messenger.*)

MAHOMET. You must know this Tribute is a man weak in nerve, yet extremely ambitious; just the thing for us, as we Barbarians, as those Christian dogs call us, are not to be outdone behind our own curtain—you know we contrive to make them expound each others' views, and thus we are enabled to estimate their talent and pretensions, and then form our own basis in the general relations accordingly—but here comes the man of Tribute to answer for himself.

Consul TRIBUTE enters, and bows.—Peace and goodwill unto you, Seignior Mahomet, the trusty representative of Hadgi Ali Bashaw, and the descendant of the holy Prophet, whose great name you bear—most respectfully do I now present myself at your call, before the Divan of this regency, and have the honour to kiss your hand. (*Bending to receive this humiliating token from the hand of Mahomet.*)

MAHOMET. This done, Consul Tribute, we greet you as the representative of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, duly accredited by the Dey and Regency of Algiers—please be seated in our Christian consular chair, to which you have for some time been a stranger—but we hope you will find yourself perfectly at your ease, whilst we concert the best ways and means towards a better understanding in our existing relations.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I am highly sensible of your courteous civility. (*takes his seat.*)

(*Aside.*) In truth, no man of Christian conscience can sit easy in this chair of iniquity! Now for a Barbarian probing, which I anticipate from the imperious brow of scrutiny that now surrounds me! But what can I do? I know Mahomet is a daring intriguer with us Christians, and over-rules the Divan—therefore, I must do as well as I can, where I cannot as well as I would—this to me is a solemn pause!

CHRISTIAN MONITOR, (*a lean, pale figure, enters, and takes stand behind the consular chair.*)—Although I am not an accredited agent here, by the rule of Barbarian policy, yet am I an invisible monitor, to hear, see, and admonish faithfully. Therefore, let reason whisper in the Christian ear what conscience should dictate. When men in public station are at a loss to reconcile any glaring inconsistency to the world, directed by ambition, or interest, most courtiers resort to the never failing idea of expediency, in the case—this makes some men most servilely bend to kiss an unclean hand!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*aside.*) I thought I heard a voice! Yet I did not perceive any one here in the act of speaking!

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Conscience is not seen, but may be felt!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Signior Mahomet, did you speak?

MAHOMET. No, Consul Tribute. But let us now to business—we must remind you, that your last year's tribute has been due some time, and your national affairs are far in the back ground with us. In short, the consuls of other nations are bidding over you, to obtain our much desired favours in the commerce of these, our seas—moreover, they have offered to increase our bye pre-

sents—but we still are your friends, and therefore advise you to be more liberal in your offers, by which your nation, as well as yourself, may be the gainer in the end. However, you need not be told the consequences of any misunderstanding with the Dey, our master, which might be vexatious to you, and unpleasant to ourselves in the executive duty!

(*Aside.*) Beware, that we do not deprive you of your exequator, and then threaten to ram you into our great gun on the marine, and fire you off—this seems to be the bug-bear that is to overawe all refractory Christian consuls here!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*aside.*) I see from the scowl of the prime minister, that he is determined to brow-beat me into his measures—this I must bear, knowing the least said at Algiers is the soonest mended—so my reply must be short, in fair promises:

Seignior Mahomet—You know the great distance between this and our Western continent—this is the true reason that our means are not here so prompt as you might expect. But I hourly look for our regalia ship, with all tributary dues—not forgetting the powder and other munitions of war promised—and as you, my good friends, have premised, I shall not be unmindful of some further appropriate presents to the Dey, as well as yourselves, in my next biennial offerings—and this submission, I hope, will ensure the usual confidence of you all.

(*seats himself.*)

MAHOMET. Our patience is almost exhausted by our great needs! But we hope this is not the old state of excuse used by all you Christian consuls, by way of put off to us here. However, now to show you our good faith in the plausible apology just made, we, in the name of the Dey and Regency of Algiers, allow you six moons more to fulfil all your national dues—and, as you say, not forgetting us here in your next offers.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Seigniors, I now, in the name of my nation, return you my best acknowledgments for this special indulgence.

(*Aside.*) It looked squally, as old Blowhard, my predecessor here, used to say—but this seems only what

those Mussulmen call a white squall, and may be seen through.

MAHOMET. Remember, all is well that ends well!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. In confidence, it should be so understood between us—(*Aside*) but not expressed—and, now to prevent them from brooding over the past, I will turn the subject to one that will, in the mean time, tickle their palates.

Seigniors, I have to report, according to your local regulations, the arrival of a citizen of my nation, named Yankoo—his voyage has been circuitous, from Mocha to the Balearic Isles, and from thence here—and he brings a cargo of excellent Mocha, suitable to your market.

MAHOMET. The cargo of coffee, coming from Mocha, must be of Oriental extraction—and you say, this merchant is named Yankoo—the name strikes our ear forcibly as from the same origin—at all events, we require proof of his coming within your consular jurisdiction.

(*Aside*) If we can deprive him of consular protection here, we can then manage things to our own interests—but have this coffee we must, and this on our own terms.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. As to the name, it matters not; but as to the man, I have known him, and his connexions, for years, and vouch for him as a native citizen of my nation, and have sent my Factotum to conduct him to my consular house.

MAHOMET. If so, we cannot dispute your word. And, as you report this Mocha to be good, we present should like to taste it. However, we are informed by our friend David Brokereye, that this article has fallen much in price the world over; and, if we purchase, should expect the submission of the whole cargo on such terms as named by him, and accorded by you. (*Aside*.) You understand us.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Seigniors, you have long known my accordant disposition, and I will see what is to be done for your gratification in this instance—but you know it does not rest altogether with me. (*Aside*) So here is another speculative imposition, which may interfere with my public duty, if not also my own private views—but I dare not come in contact with these Mussulmen—my Factotum is the man for such business.

MAHOMET. You know we Mahometans are not permitted, by the laws of our holy Prophet, to drink ardent spirits, and shall want something in our own way, to regale at the great feast of Rhamadan. (*Aside*) You need not hesitate, we expect this coffee by hook or by crook—as to your conscience, if you Christian consuls have brought any here, it has been so often seered in Algerine sacrifices, that we feel well assured you will not be troubled with any qualms on this occasion!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*Aside*) Needs must go where the Devil drives. I must therefore put aside the conscience of a Christian, and listen to those Mussulmen, that never had any—

Seigniors—As you desire a preference in this cargo of Mocha, for the goodly purposes mentioned, I would fain contribute to the great calumet of Peace, and thus brighten the chain between us—but I must inform you, that this citizen Yankoo is a native of an independent nation, where every man will have his own say in his own affairs. However, I shall place this business in the hands of my Factotum, the licensed renegado, whose zeal to serve you is well known, and you may deal with him as you see fit. (*Aside.*) Factotum has covered many iniquitous schemes here for your benefit—it is true he contrives to get his own share in some way.

MAHOMET. But before we proceed, I must now inform you that we have made some changes in our customs, and shall expect the duties to be paid on this coffee the moment it is landed.

(*Aside.*) We know this citizen must land his coffee here—this will fix him for the present, and we know how to manage Christians after they are within our power, and their consular representatives, through hopes, or fears, dare not say nay.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. In answer to your demand for the duties in advance, I must observe, this is not conformable to the stipulations of the existing treaty between us, and I pray your consideration therein.

(*Aside.*) Thus much my public duty requires me to say—but I know there will be no alternative but to gratify your arbitrary and mercenary dispositions—and then, if this citizen of my nation should appeal for my

consular support towards his rights, which may be presumed, I shall have to battle the watch with him, and you reap the advantage.

MAHOMET, (*aside to SOLYMAN.*) I perceive that 'Tribute appears more conscientious this day than usual, and places this business in the hands of his Factotum—some artifice must be at the bottom! We must probe him further! Oppose my talk; this will appear like free discussion in our councils, which the Christians disbelieve.

What say you, Solyman, as regards the treaty on this subject? And what says our own local laws on the government of our customs?

SOLYMAN. Seignior Mahomet—we have recorded in the archives of our Divan the treaty in question, and to this effect—in the year one thousand one hundred and seventy-three of the great Hegira, answering to the Christian era 1795—we, the Dey and Regency of Algiers, formed our first tributary treaty with the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, originally consisting of thirteen confederated states,—and in this treaty it was thus stipulated:—

“That all citizens of said states should have the right to trade freely in all our ports, to land any merchandize, and to reship the same when and where they pleased.”

This is the letter of the law—whatever the spirit may be, depends on the construction—as to our local laws since made on this subject, they demand that the duties on all foreign merchandize be paid in advance, when entered at the Custom house. (*Aside.*) And it will be decided according to our own rules here. (*sits himself.*)

MAHOMET. Solyman, this, as usual on your part, breathes good faith, and no doubt is conformable to the Christian representative that now faces you.

(*Aside.*) The Christian smiles! Then, as to us Musulmen, let meek conscience sleep, whilst we gain our ends! I'll stroke my beard downwards gently; this is one of our signs, and by which Solyman will know I am desirous to hear a little more from his smooth tongue, towards the Christian.

SOLYMAN, (*Aside.*) I understand you. Seigniors—I have been further considering this case, on the principles of sound policy! It is true, we have the right to

promote our own local views and interests, as done by all other nations—yet it behoves us to preserve our good name, with our power over the Christian world—as we have for ages governed the commerce coming within the ancient pillars of Hercules, which we have determined as the line of demarcation in our great tributary system, and issue our Mediterranean passport only to such favoured Christian nations as treat formally with us, by due submission in the same.

(*Aside.*) I observe our prime minister puts his hand to his forehead—this is another of our signals, and shows I must end—now for Mahomet's definitive reply to my mock wisdom, by way of a Christian tickler.

MAHOMET. Seigniors of the Divan—our oracle Solyman, in his well known temper of good will and good faith, seems to have laid down the letter, the spirit, as well as the customs and usages of other nations, on a fair comparison with our own—yet this must be understood on the principle of the former just and liberal scale of rights and wrongs. Nevertheless, it must be taken into view, that this system of political justice has been entirely exploded, and the practice of belligerents now openly declares, “that might only can give right.” Whether this Christian dogma may be legally right, or morally just, is not for us at present to determine—neither can it be for Christians to find fault with our tributary system, as long as they, by this rule, plunder the vessels of each other on the high seas, as well as by usurpation on land—as to what is said in their printed books on jurisprudence, it is no rule for us—they call us unlettered Barbarians—then why should we trouble our heads about their treatises, or written forms, when they do not adhere to good faith themselves—and thus it would appear to us, that after all the talk and fuss Christians make about national honor, it is but a shadow! And to conclude, we expect the duties to be paid hereafter on all merchandize, the moment it is landed on our shore—this, consul Tribute, for your special government, as well as all other Christian consuls here.

(*seats himself.*)

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Seignior Mahomet—this being so decreed by you, I must govern myself accordingly—

(*aside*) a severe probing, but nothing further, I hope, this heat!

MAHOMET. Friends of our Divan—I now, in the name of the Dey, dissolve you until his further commands—and, consul Tribute, we consider you at present the most favoured Christian representative at our court

[*they shake hands.*]

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Most subtile Mussulmen—thus do ye always say to the Christian consul, when under the influence of your insidious tributary probations—and thus do they in turn bear the scoff of those Barbarians, and kiss the rod that awes them into pitiful subjection!

SCENE II.

Consular House of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, at the city of Algiers—arms over the door—a spread Eagle.

Factotum, and citizen Yankoo, enter.

FACTOTUM. Consul Tribute, this is the citizen of your nation, just arrived, and I have, conformable to your orders, conducted him here. (*exit Factotum.*)

CITIZEN YANKOO. Consul Tribute, I have the honour to be the bearer of letters from Don Juan Martinpecker, the consul of our nation in the Balearic Isles, directed to you—and here are others for different Christian consuls resident at Algiers. (*handing them.*) Now, sir, having some commercial views which brings me to your city, I therefore, as the first step, declare myself in due form, as a citizen of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West—my name is Yankoo—perhaps you may recollect me, as I had the honour to be known to you in former days.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Citizen Yankoo, I do recollect you as a native of the city of Delphia in the West, and recognize you as a citizen of my nation. (*they shake hands*) But I must now inform you that I have just come from the Divan, and singular to relate, hearing your name was Yankoo, and coming from Mocha, they have taken

it into their heads that you must be of Oriental extraction, as well as your coffee—and lest this question should be renewed here, prompts me to ask the origin of your name—perhaps it may have been adopted from some local idea; as, for instance, in some part of the United States of America, they call the people Yankees—none the worse for that, in my opinion, and so would Brother Jonathan say.

CITIZEN YANKOO. You are right as to my nativity—I am a true Delphian—but as to the origin of my name, I can no more answer for it, than Tristram Shandy could for his! However, judging from analogy, Yankoo may have some affinity, if not the origin to the name of Yankees. (*aside*) Thus much for my origin! Now for my progress, which is of more consequence to me as a man of commerce—I seem to have caused some singular queries—but I can excuse a little speculative curiosity herein, being fully aware that ambition and interest are the two great secret springs to most men's actions in civilized society, whatever they may be in a land of Barbarians.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Your explanation seems to the point, and I give you credence accordingly—please be seated—it is many years since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, but have heard of you in distant parts, yet little thought that we should meet at the city of Algiers. (*aside*) I should like to hear all about this Mocha voyage, but I find your answers rather quizzical, as you gave me a close Shandian rub, for my great uncle was named Toby.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Chance seems to have brought us together—for when I entered the Mediterranean sea, I had not the most distant idea of visiting Algiers—but here I am, and perhaps it would not be considered intrusive, to let you know explicitly what could have induced me to venture here.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I am ready to hear, by all means—tell your story. (*aside*) Perhaps I may then ask a few questions to suit my own views.

CITIZEN YANKOO. In the first instance, I came from Mocha with a cargo of coffee for the Mediterranean market—this I landed at the city of Palma, in the Balearic Isles, intending to reship it from thence, to some

adjacent port in France or Italy, where I was assured it would command a great price, and good remittance—but France and Spain being then at war, I could not make a shipment direct from the latter to the former, and I then concluded to bring part of my cargo here, and if I could not sell to advantage, to reship it to Marseilles, or Leghorn, which I was informed could readily be done in Algerine vessels, and I now make free to ask your consular advice and friendly assistance in the same—you, no doubt sir, are fully aware that we neutrals are under the necessity of seeking the best means to secure our interests on the high seas, from the vexations of the belligerent powers, and more so against the private armed picaroons—and my insurance was directed to be made no further than Gibraltar—so I am now at my own risk. (*aside*) I find you very ready to hear my story, and as you now have it, I hope it will be sufficient to protect me and my property from further scrutiny here.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. This appears to be a plain summary of your case, and I shall, in my public duty, do all in my power to aid your views—but withal, I must say, your prospects, on the whole, look dull! Yet, you will have your own time to look about you here—and you will now consider yourself, and concerns, at home under my roof—I shall direct Seignior Factotum to see that your baggage is immediately landed and brought to my house.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I am sorry to hear of your unfavourable report as to my prospects here—yet I am truly sensible of your friendly offers towards myself and concerns under your consular roof—but I have already had some talk with Seignior Factotum to procure me private lodgings, as he informs me such may be had in this city.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. The licensed Christian houses here are few, and not to your mode of living; besides they are the resort of renegadoes, therefore neither respectable, or comfortable—and I see no good reason why you should not accept my invitation.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Thus explained, I cannot refuse your kind offers—and thus encouraged, I make free to go a little further, and beg leave to make known to you the state of my business here—the vessel in which I

freighted my coffee from Palma, must be discharged in three working days after arrival--the freight and primage must then be paid to the captain—I have also drawn bills payable by myself here, ten days after sight, for about five hundred piastres--and for these sums I must provide—I am informed you act as a commission merchant here, independent of your consular duty—I therefore request to know if it would be agreeable for you to receive my consignment, and become responsible for those demands, and for which you will have my property to ten times the amount, as security until reimbursed. (*aside*) You look as if I was asking improper favours.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Why, as to advances, money is scarce—yet I will stand your security! But I must now inform you, that by a late regulation of the Customs here, it is required that the duties on your coffee be paid the moment it is landed.

CITIZEN YANKOO. As to the duties being demanded in advance, it is contrary to the letter or spirit of the treaty between our nation and this Regency—and I must hope that our representative here, will see that not any impositions are levied on me in this case.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I must in reply say, that whatever demands are made by the customs here, must be paid by all strangers—and we Christian consuls are obliged to overlook what may be considered small impositions, in order to obtain great national points! I presume, you now fully understand me?

CITIZEN YANKOO. In truth, I do not comprehend how all this can well be reconciled to reason! Pray sir, does not the commerce of individuals compose part of their national rights? And, in this sense, are not each nation bound to protect their legitimate commerce coming within the view of their consuls, with foreign nations? (*aside*) I trust this will convince you that I know my own rights at least.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Perhaps, you may be right in your opinion—but I am apprehensive this will not avail you here, as those in power have so decreed. However, to cut matters short, I will become responsible for the duties, as well as other advances--yet I must decline act-

ing in your business, but will place your concern in the hands of my interpreter, Seignior Factotum, and will be answerable for his ability and integrity in the trust reposed.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*aside*) He consents to become responsible, but declines acting openly in my business—this appears strange! Yet, as I have no alternative here, I must accept these arrangements.

I take it for granted, Consul Tribute, that you will make the best disposition in my affairs committed to your protection; and matters being thus understood, I will now write to Don Juan Martinpecker, my consignee at Palma, to send me by the first vessel coming this way, the remainder of my coffee, or the proceeds thereof, and by your leave, this may be directed to your care—thus, I hope soon to reimburse your advances. (*aside*) Obligations are the worst of debts in some instances, and I hope it may not turn out so here.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Matters being thus adjusted, no more needs be said on the subject between us, for the present.

Domestic announces Seignior David Brokereye.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Conduct him in—now, citizen Yankoo, you will have an opportunity to converse with our great money changer, and commercial speculator, and, perhaps he may take it into his head to deal with you—he is a very extraordinary man, and, although he can neither read nor write, yet he can, by a string of beads which he constantly keeps by him, enumerate to a fraction in the most difficult calculations, in a shorter time than the most experienced, by the rule of arithmetic, with the use of pen, ink and paper.

Enter David Broker, a man of middle stature, well set, black beard, penetrating eye, and commanding countenance—he wore a blue tunic, petticoat trowsers, black silk scull cap, and iron bound slip shods.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*rises*) Seignior David Brokereye, I am glad to see you under my consular roof, at all times—give me leave to make known to you citizen Yankoo, a merchant of my nation—apropos! He having a cargo of Mocha here for sale, perhaps you may feel

disposed to purchase? If not, as you have commercial friends at Leghorn and Marseilles, can you recommend him to a good market that way? Please be seated.

DAVID BROKEREYE. Consul Tribute, I am honoured by your free admission, and gratified to shake hands with a merchant of your nation—but, as to his cargo of Mocha here, it is like taking coals to New Castle, as they say, when an article is not in demand—and I cannot advise citizen Yankoo where to better himself within the limits of the Mediterranean market, from whence I have the latest advices.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Seignior David Brokereye, I have heard it spoken in the great commercial world, that there was at least one man at the city of Algiers, always ready for speculation, and particularly in a cargo of good Mocha. (*aside*) I am aware of speculative artifice, but if you have any pride to be considered the great merchant, this will touch it to action.

DAVID BROKEREYE. The time was, when this may have been the case, and even now, bad as things are, should you want to barter for a cargo of wines, or oil, we might trade. (*aside*) I am instructed to feel the beat of your commercial pulse.

CITIZEN YANKOO. If I sell here, I should prefer sterling bills, as the safest remittance. (*aside*) You seem to be calculating fast, if not deep, by the quick movement of your beads—I must be cautious here.

DAVID BROKEREYE. Should you have any proposals to make, I am to be found at all times of business. (*rises to depart*) Consul Tribute, I have the honour to bid you good morning—the same to citizen Yankoo. (*aside*) I should like your cargo of Mocha to ship to Leghorn—but Muley Mahomet has turned speculator, and determined to have it at his own price—and your consul is lukewarm, to say no worse, towards your concerns here.

[*exit.*]

CONSUL TRIBUTE. So I find there is not any thing like a bargain to be made between you and Brokereye—I wonder at it, as he is generally keen for speculation! His capital here, is said to be at least one million, and he has also a great house of commerce under the direction of a brother at Leghorn—and here the Christian

slaves all adore him, as he is benevolent and charitable, and at all times forthcoming, when called on for ransom money—however, it is true, he fixes his own premium, and has the guarantee of some Christian consul resident at Algiers.

CITIZEN YANKOO. But how comes it that Seignior Brokereye was so indifferent about my Mocha? Perhaps, it was not worth his notice, or it may be, by his New-Castle fetch, he means to blow on my coffee.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. This man has much to think of, for he regulates all the monied concerns, as well as commerce here—in this he is sanctioned by the Dey and Regency of Algiers. They also allow him to adjust all points of controversy amongst his own tribe, and make him accountable for their tribute, or taxes, which is exorbitant in proportion to their means. He is also nominally styled the king of the Jews here, and yet the Algerines do not allow this useful man, or any of his cast, to wear either hat or shoe.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Brokereye must have some strong predilections to remain here, thus subject to these self-evident marks of tyranny, as it would appear to me he might readily slip off in one of his own trading vessels, and take therein all his valuables—and, as I hear he has a vessel about sailing for Leghorn, I have a good mind to ship my coffee there—and there, or at Marseilles, I might obtain a suitable return cargo for the island of Hayti in the Indies of the West, where I once had commerce, as well as yourself.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. True, I remember you at Hayti, and you may be right in your present projections—but you have heard what Brokereye said, relative to your coffee—besides, he always loads his own vessels, and will take all the profit that comes in his way—now, sir, as we have done with business for this day, my horses are ready at the door—let us mount and be off to my summer residence, about three miles to the west of the city. (*Aside*) This citizen of my nation seems full of projects, and has traversed me over three quarters of the globe in a few minutes—but Algiers has brought you up, and can teach you a stronger speculative lesson than any foreign school you have experienced. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

A beautiful villa, surrounded by a grove of orange trees, the fig, and the grape vine, situate on the declivity of a high hill, overlooking the Mediterranean sea—the flag of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, on the top of the house.

CONSUL TRIBUTE, to CITIZEN YANKOO. You are welcome at Liberty Hall—this is the spot I retire to during the summer heats, which are oppressive when the siroc, or southeast wind, blows from the Zaharah, or great Sandy desert—and this is also my dernier resort in case of the plague, that terrible scourge to the people of these eastern regions—and no wonder the mortality is dreadful, as the Algerines, like the Turks, are obstinate in their Mahometan creed, believing it wrong to avoid the well known danger—fatal consequences of unlettered credulity! However, thank God, we are free from this, or any other contagion, at present!

LADY TRIBUTE, *enters*. Hey! who have we here? A Christian stranger by appearance—I hope it may be one of my countrymen, and that he may bring us news from home once more.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. My lady, I was just going to send for you, to introduce to you citizen Yankoo, of our nation—he comes from Mocha, last from Palma in the Balearic Isles, and brings letters from Don Juan Martinpecker to me, and from his lady Donna Antonina, to you—and as Yankoo is an old acquaintance, both at home and abroad, you will naturally receive and entertain him accordingly, under our roof.

LADY TRIBUTE. Citizen Yankoo, as consul Tribute says, so we shall endeavour to make your time pass happily during your stay with us. (*aside*) All the way from Mocha—that is the place the good coffee comes from—I hope he brings a full cargo of this valuable grain; this will give a handsome commission to our house; I thought something of this kind, as Factotum seems very busy.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Lady Tribute, your friendly reception is the more grateful to me, as a stranger in this land of barbarism, where Christians seem to stand in need of consular protection, as well as their hospitality.

LADY TRIBUTE. I suppose you have, like most strangers visiting Algiers, formed a strong prepossession against the customs and manners of the Algerines, and particularly at the sight of Christian slavery!

CITIZEN YANKOO. In truth, my mind was forcibly struck the moment I put my foot on shore, to see some hundreds of Christians on the marine, working in chains! And this must be painful to Christian female sensibility, as likewise towards the feelings of the representative of a free and enlightened nation!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. We Christian consuls at Algiers are the less feeling on this point, as none of the citizens or subjects of our respective nations are now slaves, otherwise we could not with propriety exercise our consular functions here.

CITIZEN YANKOO. In my humble opinion, from this abstracted view arises the evil! As I am fully aware, that where personal liberty suffers the least encroachment, it may, in time, blunt the finer feelings of the human mind! And I should suppose there cannot be much security to persons or property, natives or strangers, under such despotic government.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. The ruling power here is arbitrary in the extreme, and liable to frequent convulsions—in one instance, as the story is told, “seven Deys were elected, and decapitated, before they could hit on the man to rule them”—and this is only to be done by the rod of tyranny, which is his sole protection; for he must serve, if elected, or take the most fatal consequences! And sometimes the Dey of Algiers does not live to see the sun set on the day that has raised him, perhaps, from the rank of a common soldier to this elevated station!

CITIZEN YANKOO. Are not these imperious considerations, in addition to the tributary system—strong reasons why enlightened Christian nations should not hold any relations with the Barbary powers? (*aside*) Perhaps you may consider these remarks as not within my province, but as you appear to talk freely on this subject, it gives me license, as a citizen of an independent nation, to speak my sentiments with freedom in return.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. The fact is, that from the great desire of most of the Christian powers to monopolize the

trade to the Mediterranean sea, they not only court the Barbary powers, but pay them well for passport to those waters, and this is likely to continue as long as commercial interest is the over-ruling principle in this system, whatever weaker nations, or individuals may think, or say against it.

CITIZEN YANKOO. But, setting interest aside, would it not be much to the honor of that Christian nation who might have sufficient independence to stand forth against this debased system, which has subjected the commerce of Christians on those seas to shameful impositions, and it has also been the means of placing their citizens and subjects to unjust bondage and degrading fetters!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. It may be said, in answer, that what is every body's business, is, in fact, no body's business—and I would advise you not to sport your independent sentiments outside my doors—and whilst on this subject, let me give you one caution—that is, not to indulge, even in a look, towards the Algerine women, for if detected, you certainly would hazard the jealous and vindictive spirit of the men!

CITIZEN YANKOO. Excuse my freedom, consul Tribute, but you know, where Liberty reigns, there was I born, as well as yourself, and where we have the right to speak and write our own sentiments, and, above all, to look kindly towards the fair sex! However, in this case, I shall obey the advice of the representative of my nation, whilst under his jurisdiction. (*aside*) And further I am not bound, as the laws of nature do not command me to shut my eyes, or to stop the organs of my ears, to please tyrants!

A domestic enters, and announces dinner on table.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Come, sir, let me show you the way to our domestic fare, and there we may discuss this subject, towards a better understanding. [*exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Consular House in the city.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*solus*) So, I find all the Christian consuls in motion about the Dey's palace—something

must be in the wind! But I shall no doubt soon have the Bullycan and Bullyrock chiefs, or some of their respective allies dropping into my neutral premises as their usual sounding place—and it is my business to encourage this, in order to understand matters and things well here, and thus benefit my own nation.

Domestic announces Consul Bullycan, representative from Bull Court.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Say I am at home, conduct him in, and then haste and hoist the flag of our nation, in compliment to consular visitors. (*exit domestic.*)

Consul Bullycan enters, in a blaze of scarlet and gold.

Good morning, consul Tribute, I do myself the honour to call on you.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I consider myself as honoured by the visit of consul Bullycan—but, as I see you in your full court costume, I must presume you are just from, or going to audience with the Dey. (*aside*) No doubt, John Bull, some new project with Hadgi Ali Bashaw, perhaps against John Crappeau, if not, it may be against my nation.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. On most abstruse points you have a happy method in guessing; but the nature of my present visit to the palace would baffle even Christian diplomacy here; however, as I consider you a neutral friend, I'll tell you.—His Barbarian majesty, it seems, has taken it into his head, to send a minister extraordinary to our court; and he is to take with him a present of wild beasts, to consist of lions, tigers, jackalls, ostriches, &c. and as they are to go in one of our frigates, my business was only to say, that I had advices, this vessel would be here shortly; and the Dey answered—“That his minister and the rest of the passengers should be ready in due time.” ha, ha, ha! (*aside*) This much by way of apparent candour, as all you Christian consuls seem to have been watching my motions this day.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. But you know, it has not been customary, latterly, in the Barbary powers, to send ministers to Christian courts—and why not send one of their own frigates with their minister? (*aside*) No doubt you

have invited this embassy, and the present of wild beasts may be to court a fresh supply of munitions of war; to be directed against the weaker Christian nations, whilst John Bull, in the mean time, will profit by the trade to the Mediterranean Sea.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. You know it is our consular duty to humour those Mussulmen. (*aside*) You pump me hard to find out the business of this day's interview with Hadgi Ali Bashaw—You may know more about it when his minister returns from our court; and to prevent further inquiry herein at present, I will turn the subject to one of a private nature. Appropos! As we are alone, I have some private business which may concern you—My vice consul at Palma, Don Diego Salvador De Rossa, remits me a bill, drawn by a merchant of your nation, named Yankoo, in favour of Don Juan Martinpecker, and by him indorsed in blank, payable in ten days after sight here—I suppose you will guarantee the payment at maturity, as I understand this merchant comes to your consignment with a cargo of Mocha.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. The drawer being on the spot it is proper that he should answer you. (*rings the bell—a domestic enters*) Pierre, go to Citizen Yankoo's chamber: if you find him there, my compliments, and that his presence is desired here. *Exit Pierre.*

Citizen Yankoo enters.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Permit me, Consul Bullycan, to make known to you Citizen Yankoo, the merchant of my nation with whom you have some business.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Citizen Yankoo, I am happy to take you by the hand, at the introduction of the consul of your nation.—Now, as to my business; my vice-consul at Palma remits me a bill drawn by you, and payable ten days after sight here—you will please accept it in writing.

CITIZEN YANKOO, (*receives the bill—writes the acceptance, payable at the house of Consul Tribute, it being so understood—hands it back to Consul Bullycan*) Thus far as to form, sir, until pay-day.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Sir, it is only matter of form, being well assured of your promptitude—(*aside*) in Mocha grains, if not gold dust.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I hope there will not be occasion to ask unusual grace, (*aside*) and from your haughty deportment towards a stranger, I should not have much to expect in this way.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. The Algerines do not allow any grace either in their own or Christian transactions here. (*Aside*) You seem rather independent as a merchant; but this is the way of your nation generally: however, you will not have your own way, even in your own affairs, here.

Now, sir, permit me to say, I should be pleased to see you, when convenient, at the Bull Garden, about four miles to the west of the city, You need not stand on ceremony, as we expect to see all the friends of Consul Tribute, as well as himself—(*aside*) that is when they come recommended with good remittances.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I am much flattered by your report, and honoured by your polite invitation; (*aside*) but it will not be convenient for me, as a stranger, to visit you, or your Bull Garden, without written invitation. I am not a stickler for ceremony, being a citizen of the world for years; but us little folks, as some of you consuls here seem to think us merchants, have our own sentiments and feelings, as well as yourselves; and it seems you Barbary consuls also condescend to trade, although you receive a handsome salary from your respective governments, to prevent such meddling for your own gain; and, as I now see you in private confab about your own affairs, I will retire to mine. *Exit Yankoo.*

Domestic announces Consul Don Sanco from the court of Salamanca, and Consul Tool from the court of Braganza—They enter.

CONSUL DON SANCO. Consul Tribute, we do ourselves the honour by this call, and are happy thus opportunely to meet our good ally, Consul Bullycan.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I am happy at all times to see either Consul Bullycan or his allies; but Cousul Don Sanco, I must presume something extraordinary gives me this honour, all in your full court attire.

CONSUL DON SANCO. You know, "birds of a feather will flock together," ha, ha, ha! (*aside*) You seem proud

of your neutral plumage—beware the Belligerents do not pluck some of your feathers to prevent you from rising in the political as well as the commercial world.

CONSUL TOOL. Consul Tribute may be assured, we plume ourselves as being considered the friends of that neutral power so much courted at the present day. (*Aside*) This by way of a smoother towards the Spread Eagle.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I must say, good friends, you overwhelm me in civility—(*aside*) You look my button hard; remember “The eagle suffers little birds to sing.”

CHRISTIAN MONITOR, (*enters and takes a stand behind a pillar.*) So here is the very essence of Christian intrigue—great professions and not one genuine spark of sincerity!

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Brother chips, this is all very good in its own way, as courteous diplomatists; but begging the question—Have you any news? I think it high time to look for some very important changes, as the political horizon seems heavily charged with the contending interests of the day.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. What would you, by way of change, and to please all parties?

CONSUL BULLYCAN. To please all the world is not within the power of human wisdom; and you know John Bull is not content long in dull apathy, but like the lion, will roar when restless. What say you, Don Sancho; how are our combined arms likely to progress against John Crappeau in the Peninsula?

CONSUL DON SANCHO. The court of Salamanca would much rather hear the roaring Bull than the croaking Frog; and we shall, no doubt, soon hear of great events, from the contending powers in the Peninsula, as, by the last accounts, a decisive battle was daily expected near the great fields of Salamanca.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. But, not interrupting the present topic, pray, Consul Don Sancho, how come you on in your late difficulties with the Dey and Regency of Algiers? (*aside*) This concerns me more, if not yourself, than distant wars, and your allusions to beasts and reptiles.

CONSUL DON SANCHO. To be candid on this point, the Dey, through his prime minister, has been probing me, as I understand he has you lately; but I have put him off with fair promises, until our gallions arrive with the metallic treasures from the mines of our Western continent—(*aside*) This is what we diplomatists call gaining time.

CONSUL TOOL. But, friend Sancho, may you not be disappointed in your resources from that quarter, as by the current report, your mines are in the hands of the Patriots?

CONSUL DON SANCHO. Friend Tool, this query is like a two-edged sword, as your own nation are in a state of revolution in that quarter—(*aside*) if not nearer home.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Friends and allies, let me be a timely mediator—remember the most vindictive wars have had their origin in some such trifling spar. (*aside*) This is rub and rub hard, in the great family compact.

CONSUL TOOL. As you say, our ally, nevertheless I may be permitted to observe, that as my master, the sovereign of Braganza, is about to move his court to the Brazils, we shall thereby be enabled to unite the two interests, and thus keep all matters quiet there; and then, Consul Tribute, nationally speaking, we shall become your neighbours.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. True, Consul Tool, and my nation are not unobservant of the troubled state in the southern parts of our Western continent, but we look forward to the time when we hope to have peaceful as well as independent neighbours. (*aside*) The latter idea seems not to please yourself or Don Sancho—Consul Bullycan smiles, as much as to say, John Bull will have a controlling maritime influence in these affairs.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Time only can make manifest your several opinions; and, Consul Tribute we have the honour to be considered your best friends. (*They rise to depart—aside*) That is, as far as our respective national views and interests extend, but John Bull remembers of old your independent spirit, and will watch you herein. (*exeunt.*)

CONSUL TRIBUTE, solus.

These Bullycan intriguers style themselves my best friends, but the Bullyrock opposition will no doubt soon

be on the trace of their footsteps, and tell me a different story; and my part is to hear all, and guard against both parties with the Dey of Algiers.

Domestic announces Consul Bullyrock from the Court of St. Cloud—Consul Trimmer from Stockholm, and Consul Balance from Copenhagen—they enter—costume, blue and gold.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Consul Bullyrock, and ye, his consular allies, I am pleased to see you under my neutral banner.

CONSUL BULLYROCK. Consul Tribute, the great Emperor, my master, considers your nation his best friends, and we, as well as our allies present, estimate your well established neutral character—but pray, as we met the Bullycan party going out, have you collected any news from the movements of the day?

CONSUL TRIBUTE. The Bullycans complain of dull apathy—but thus much I learned, that a minister is shortly to be sent from this regency to Bull Court—and it appears the pretext for this visit is, a present of wild beasts from the former to the latter! May this not stir up Barbarian strife to some of us Christian consuls here? Now, pray what news have you to give me in return? (*aside*) This is the way to get at two sides of a question.

CONSUL BULLYROCK. As to the Bullycan projects, we, the Bullyrocks, will always find a counter project, and this *entre nous*, will always operate, more or less, in favour of you as a neutral. As to news, I have a matter of great import as regards my own nation, and may be interesting to all present. By my last advices from St. Cloud, it is announced, that my master, the great Emperor, has repudiated his first consort, but this with her own consent—and that he is betrothed to the daughter of the Emperor Francis, and this no doubt by mutual consent—therefore it may be considered highly important in a civil, legal, and political view, and likewise expedient, inasmuch as we now may look for an heir to our present dynasty!

CONSUL TRIMMER. Our good allies, this is glorious news, as it will extend our great political chain, by a link from the court of Vienna!

CONSUL BALANCE. Our good allies, I agree with you, this may be considered expedient policy, but it opens a wide field for political speculation! I have been weighing matters on all sides for some time, and it appears to me troubles are brewing in the north, as the Moscovites and other powers that way, seem preparing for great events! How far any changes on the continent of Europe may effect us Christian consuls here, time must prove.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. You seem in a desponding mood, Consul Balance! Remember the great power I represent here, protects you—what say you, consul Tribute, on this important point?

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I must say, as regards my own relations, the great Atlantic ocean separates our Western from the Eastern continent, and this forms a wide and friendly barrier to protect, and preserve us as a young and rising nation—but it will depend much on ourselves, whether we progress happily! Yet it is to be hoped that we have sufficient wisdom in our councils at home, to direct the great means within ourselves to a good end! As to the affairs of us Christian consuls in this quarter of the globe, I need not inform you, that are veterans in these intrigues, that they vibrate on the avarice or caprice of the despotic power of these Barbarians, and although unlettered, they seem well versed in all Christian policy.

CONSUL BULLYROCK. These appear natural and solid truths, not to be controverted, and we congratulate consul Tribute on the happy prospects of his nation, and claim the honour to be considered as the best friends of their representative here. (*aside*) Politically speaking, as there is no friendship in trade, and self-interests are the ruling principle to all. (*they bow and retire.*)

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*solus*) So much for political integrity—for at the very moment we Christian consuls seem the most courteous to each other here, the strongest party stand ready to point the political dagger, or intrigue with those Barbarians, to gratify some leading views towards interest or ambition!

Domestic announces Seignior Spyder Ali, the Dey's Secretary.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Conduct the secretary in with due respect.

[*At the entrance of the Saloon, Spyder Ali puts off his boornoose and slippers, according to Algerine custom—he now entered, with his feet and legs bare—his costume, a short coatee of sky blue cloth, without cape or cuffs—vest of pea green, with flaps embroidered—breeches of white linen—a turban, denoting his rank, and long white beard—as he advanced, he placed his right hand on his left breast, as a sign of his inward sincerity.*

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*meets him and takes his hand.*) My good friend, Seignior Spyder Ali, I am much honoured by your visit, and must hope the Dey, your Sovereign, is in perfect health.

SPYDER ALI. The Dey is well, and commands me to greet you as his best Christian friend, and requests to know if you have any news from abroad, as, in truth, he places more confidence in what you say as a neutral, than he does in any of the belligerent consuls here. (*Aside*) But so he says to you all in turn—we know there has been a consular pumping match here, this day, and I am sent to pump you—but my own object is to touch you for a good present, as I have not seen your ready rhino for some time.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I am much honoured by this mark of your sovereign's confidence, and in return, be pleased to present my most profound veneration to the Dey, and say, according to the language of the day, although all seems dull apathy, yet great events are expected!

SPYDER ALI. This will please the belligerents—but pray, may I venture to ask, when we may look for your regalia ship? Between ourselves, the Dey is almost out of patience. (*aside*) This, by way of a spur to put you in mind of what I expect before I go.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. You know this must, in a great measure, depend on the winds and currents, which are not within our control.

(*Aside*) As usual, Seignior Spyder, you come to sound me—I know you well, Tarrantula, and to correct any bad effects from the insidious poison which you blow to-

wards us Christian consuls, when your mercenary avarice is not well fed, I have made up a golden pill, a well known charm in such cases! (*Drops a rolleau of sequins in his hands.*) This, my good friend, by way of remembrance, and say to the Dey, I shall do myself the honour to pay my respects at the palace, on the morning after our next Christian Sabbath.

SPYDER ALI. I have the honour to bear your respects to the Dey—and, as to my services at the palace, you may at all times depend on my zeal to promote your views, in preference to all other Christian consuls. (*aside*) That is, as long as you produce more than they do, of such weighty arguments—but, now to touch off the other consuls in the same way. (*exit.*)

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. To a conscientious and disinterested spectator, it would appear, that you Christian consuls at Algiers had nothing else to do, but to outwit each other, and that you are all, more or less, most unwittingly paying those crafty mussulmen for this privilege, whilst they gravely exult by this weak submission, as they pocket your money!

SCENE II.

Consular House in the City.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*solus*) So, I find the Algerine minister has at length sailed with his present of wild beasts for Bull Court—we may look out for squalls at his return—what a constant state of anxiety and uncertainty, is the lot of us Christian consuls here, subservient to the worst of all intrigues.

CITIZEN YANKOO, *enters.* Good morning, consul Tribute: I have observed great stir amongst the Christian consuls here, and suppose there must be some immediate cause.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. True, the consuls of the belligerent powers have been in motion, and this has put me on the qui vive here, and, as I have already led you into the theory of Algerine policy, I may as well let you into the practice of their intrigues.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I endeavour to be instructed in the

customs and manners, as well as the commerce of those countries I may happen to visit, and should be much gratified by your account of the Christian relations with the Barbary powers, as this is a subject that has hitherto either been misrepresented, or wrapt up in mystery. (*Aside.*) This is exactly what I want, for I have heard of strange doings since my arrival here, and, as I find you rather a leaky vessel, I shall be justified in pumping you out, as it would appear my individual rights, if not those of our nation, under your special direction, may be more or less at risk in this whirlpool of iniquity.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. We have two great belligerent parties here—John Bull, and John Crappeau, as the Algerines call them—consul Bullycan is the representative from Bull court, and consul Bullyrock from the court of St. Cloud, and there has been a long standing warfare between those chiefs, which should take precedence at the Algerine court—or, in other words, which should be considered the representative of the most favoured nation. I am here, as an anti-belligerent, and instructed by my own nation to maintain a neutral character—thus you will perceive I am only, as it would appear, a looker on at these consular sparrings, taking care to keep myself without the reach of a chance shot.

CITIZEN YANKOO. True sir, and your consular duty must enable you to be highly conversant in the Barbary system. (*aside*) I find flattery is your weakest side, and this may tempt you to let out a little more on this subject, whilst in a good humour.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. You would scarcely believe it, but this is a great political school—for those Barbarians, as they are termed, know all the links of the great Christian chain, that binds ambition and interest together—and they likewise contrive to get information of any probable European warfare, and always are ready to take advantage of the weakest side, by letting their corsairs out to prey on the unprotected commerce of the Mediterranean sea, and sometimes further.

CITIZEN YANKOO. But I must hope our own national affairs stand well, at present, with the Dey and Regency of Algiers. (*aside*) This is the point that concerns me most at the moment—as to your consular sparrings, or

Barbarian intrigues, I shall not intermeddle here, but I may venture privately to note them in my diary, which I keep by way of amusement, if not instruction.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. It would be difficult to say, when any of us Christian consuls here stand safe, as when we think our respective nations the most favoured, some fresh dust is stirred, which may then require a precious shower of the needful, to allay the great mercenary thirst of those Barbarians—and thus we Christians, in turn, have our ebbs and flows in this tide of Mediterranean intrigue.

FACTOTUM, (enters). Consul Tribute, I am come to report to you that the officer of customs says, there must be a clear bill of health from the port Citizen Yankoo last shipped his coffee, to permit it, as also his baggage, to come within the gates of our city.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. You must be governed by the regulations of the port—Citizen Yankoo, please excuse me, as I have some matters that call my immediate attention. (*Aside.*) I will thus avoid open interference in this business, as I foresee it will give me more trouble than profit; and I did not come to Barbary without expecting to return home in a few years with full pockets. (*exit.*)

FACTOTUM. Well, Citizen Yankoo, it appears that Consul Tribute has committed your business entirely to my charge, and I assure you that I shall exert myself in the same. (*aside*) Fair words until you are within the operation of my agency, and then it will be my own fault if I do not manage you and your concerns as best suits my own private interests.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Seignior Factotum, you have been strongly recommended to me by Consul Tribute, and I suppose it will be all the same whether I pay him or you a fair commission; but one point I beg to impress on your mind—that is, despatch is the life of all business—Now, as I have a clear bill of health from Palma, where I performed regular quarantine, it will acquit me here; therefore, let us see to the landing of my baggage and coffee, and then for such disposition of the latter as may be found to suit my views. (*aside*) There appears much talk as well as form here; and, on the whole, I do not like present appearances, yet I must endeavour to keep

this renegado, Factotum, in good humour, as he seems to have the ear of those Barbarians, equally with Consul Tribute—whether he sees it or not, is another matter. *(Exeunt Citizen Yankoo and Factotum.)*

SCENE III.

Consular House in the city.

Consul and Lady Tribute seated on a sofa in the Grand Saloon.

CITIZEN YANKOO, *enters.* Lady and Consul Tribute, this being the first day of a new year, as our good Christian custom at home, I now beg leave to tender you the compliments of the season.

LADY TRIBUTE. We reciprocate this friendly civility to you, Citizen Yankoo, and may we live to see many returns in a land of liberty, where we may enjoy the same.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Would you believe, I have just been to wish the Dey of Algiers a happy new year; and what is better, Christian affairs seem to be in a tranquil mood—thus much for the beginning of the year, how it will end, God only knows!

CITIZEN YANKOO. This is truly desirable, as regards your consular relations here; *(aside)* but, to me all appears dull, as regards business—here six months and no sale for my coffee, and no hopes of my getting away soon from Algiers; but it would be unseasonable to lisp this openly at the moment—to-morrow I must stir up Factotum, as he now seems the organ of all my concerns and movements.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Notwithstanding you wish others a happy new year, you seem dispirited yourself, Citizen Yankoo, and I do not wonder at it, as I sometimes get the blue devils here myself; but my lady thinks they are not so bad as the Algerine devils—ha, ha, ha.

LADY TRIBUTE. True, those Barbarians do not afford us Christians here any amusement—we must find some ways and means, within our own circle, to pass off the

dull hours of winter—Apropos! Citizen Yankoo, I must now inform you, that we are this night to have an assembly of all the consuls and their families; but this will be quite in the free and easy style, and, as one of our family, we expect your company without formal, written invitation—(*aside*) I mean to surprise you all by a grand display this night.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Madam, I will do myself the honour to add one to your free and easy. (*aside*) This is rather short notice, as I know your cards of invitation have been out to others three days; however, now to overhaul my wardrobe, which is rather out of sorts, if not thread-bare; but I can brush a suit of black, which would be considered appropriate even at the court of St. James', so it must be my exterior passport into this courteous assembly. *Exit.*

LADY TRIBUTE, (*giving orders to her domestics*) Do, Pierre, spruce up—you know it is late, and much to do? Begin in the grand Salon—first sweep clean and dust; then, have the damask coverings placed on the sofa and chairs, and the largest wax candles in the chandeliers; next, let the variegated lamps in the passage be well trimmed and touched at the wick with inflammable combustion; and, Pierre, do have your assistants so placed, as to light up at my word of command; and, Pierre, do remove the Consul's spit-box, it smells like an old tobacco pipe—Well thought, I must steal his hairy pouch, or he will be taking a quid of his pigtail free and easy in the face of the ladies—And, Pierre—What was I going to say?—Oh! do, pray—O Lord, there is a thundering knocking at the front door—the great folks must be at hand—light up—Not so bad my transparent scene!

CONSUL TRIBUTE, (*enters.*) Well done, the magic of two words from my enchantress—it has caused a sudden transition from darkness to light—the great Newton himself could not have done more with the same means; and I suppose your bright motto, *Sans souci*, means free and easy.

CITIZEN YANKOO, (*enters*) Lady Tribute, you appear transcendantly brilliant as well as transparent here!

LADY TRIBUTE, (*with arms a-kimbo, viewing the*

scene.) Citizen Yankoo, you are in good time—I value your judgment—True, Consul Tribute, as you have interpreted; Free and Easy is to be the word here to-night, and this brilliant idea is to show what we, women, can do, and how soon we can be transformed from the domestic greases to the lady Graces. Gentlemen, your most obedient, (*making her curtsey*)—But, hark! The domestics in waiting are announcing the names of our visitors; this is all in true style.

Domestic PIERRE *calls out audibly*, Consul Bullycan, his lady, and two Miss Bullycans—Consul Tool and his lady, and Consul Don Sancho and Miss Betty Tool—Consul Trimmer, his lady, and two Miss and two Master Trimmers, and Mr. Secretary O'Consequentio—Consul Balance, two Miss Balances, and Mr. Secretary O'Sappio—Consul Bullyrock, his secretary, Count Whiskerandoe, and two cousin german Whiskerandoes—*They enter and make their formal obeisance to Lady and Consul Tribute, who return the salute.*

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have, according to the custom of our Sans souci, to introduce a stranger—This is Citizen Yankoo of my nation, and as such, I claim your special notice towards him. (*the company bow*).

CITIZEN YANKOO. Ladies and Gentlemen, I consider myself much honoured by your polite attentions. (*aside*) Thus much for my debut; now to learn their leading customs and manners, then to act my part as fancy may dictate; but it would seem to me they are rather stiff towards each other for Free and Easy.

CONSUL BULLYCAN, (*aside to his lady*.) This is the Mocha merchant come here, as it is supposed to speculate; we must try his genius in this night's initiation.

The Bullycans take a survey of the transparent scene, and then walk off to one end of the saloon.

Consul Bullyrock, with his legation, after taking a view of the scene, walk off to the other end of the saloon, and look towards the Bullycans.

CONSUL BULLYROCK. Ma foi! There seems to be a great display in the petticoat influence of John Bull, and they

look us hard. N'emporte; it is true, I have not Madame Bullyrock and her daughters to pit against the Bullycans; but they are more in their own element at home near St. Cloud, and I can play my card without them at this Sans souci, and much better in my court relations, in times of danger, with his Barbarian majesty; and this is my point.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. The Crappeau men look sour towards us; but they are without their women. Pauvres diables, soyez vous tranquile, John Bull will not disturb you, or the rules of this Sans souci: our host looks sternly neutral, as much as to say, be quiet all; no russe de guerre here this night.

Enter Christian Monitor, and takes stand behind a pillar.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. I am not an invited guest, so I shall not require to be recognised in this assembly; but as I am supposed to be an invisible agent, so it will be my part to hear and see without feeling; to any mortal of sensibility this would naturally be an unpleasant task, unless fortified towards some good end; and I shall view you all in turn, and admonish according to the rule of conscience.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*aside to Citizen Yankoo*) Plague on these warring belligerents; they will be looking each other hard—it may come to hard words; I must make my speech by way of order.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we truly are rendered happy by your collected presence under this our neutral banner, as equal friends in social harmony, all politics aside. Thus much by way of the established order of our Sans souci, which makes all here free and easy.

(*Aside*) This should put you all in mind that you are treading neutral premises, and the peace of which you are bound to keep by courtesy, if not by inclination, so we hope not to hear the roaring of the Bull, or the croaking of the Frog to disturb the pleasures of this night.

LADY TRIBUTE. Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you will no doubt expect my appropriate speech—hem—As all consular politics are to be laid aside by the rules of our Sans souci, so we ladies, by the same rule of decorum, will strive to bear the palm, and agree that what

some folks might call scandal shall not even be lisp'd here, and that the ceremony of the great urn, which is our first prerogative, shall be enjoyed with that freedom but moderation, which should be preserved at the fountain of all qualified hot water. (*back scene opens and discovers a huge silver boiler smoking hot*) Apropos! now must I do my best to inspire your sentimental conversation, whilst I do the honours of my tea-table. (*takes her seat*) Ladies, here are for your tastes a dish of the best imperial, gunpowder, or what is styled the fashionable black strap; and should the Gentlemen prefer it, here is an excellent dish of Mocha at their service; speak for yourselves; I wait your pleasure first, Ladies. (*aside*) Now for a dissertation on taste!

LADY BULLYCAN. This is variety in the extent, to gratify the taste of us all here, in a grateful sip—and I must say, that I am imperially inclined, not from pride, but because it agrees with my nature, although some wiseacres pretend to say, that all green tea is slow poison.

LADY TRIMMER. Give me leave, lady Bullycan, to differ from you—I am for the gunpowder, but not for war, mind you, as peace is the order of this neutrality—as to the poisonous effects of green tea, it must be slow indeed, for my great grand mother has been drinking it nearly one hundred years, and no signs of deleterious affection!

LADY TOOL. Let me compromise your opinions, ladies—I am for equal portions of imperial and gunpowder, mixed—not that I mean either to blow up, or cut down the gentlemen, as they look so peaceably inclined here—ha, ha, ha. (*Aside.*) As mute as if they were in the presence of the Dey, and lost their tongues—this, for want of their politics.

MISS TOOL. Ladies, I am pleased that you have thus settled the point as to green tea—but I am for a dish of the real black strap—as to colour, it matters not, as all are made for use—not that I mean to colour my fancy, but black strap is the word amongst the tea drinkers, and although we are out of the civilized world at present, yet we must not be out of the fashion.

MISS BULLYCAN. With due respect to the ladies al-

ready spoken, I must say, that taste will be arbitrary, even in this land of barbarism—as to the imperial and gunpowder, they are powerful stimulants, and may effect delicate nerves—and as to the black strap, it savours buggy! So, I am for a pure dish of milk and water, and I recommend it to all ladies who value their complexion. (*Aside.*) The young gentlemen smile at the sound of milk and water, and the old ones look grave! But there always will be a diversity of opinion between the old and the young.

MISS TOOL. Buggy, did you say? You shock my delicacy! It has vitiated my taste—here, waiter, take my dish of black strap, and I beg lady Tribute to send me a cup of imperial.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Ladies, your reasoning seems all acute—yet you puzzle me as to teas, and I never was, and hope I never will be a milk-and-water man—I am for a dish of the real Mocha—what say you, gents? (*the word Mocha was resounded.*)

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I observe all the gentlemen are in the opposition to the taste of the ladies, except citizen Yankoo. (*Aside.*) And he looks speculative at the sound of the word Mocha—as to the women, they are only sipping, not yet sufficiently charged with imperial, gunpowder, or the black strap, or they could not contain themselves thus long, from a little hot water scandal—beware a blow up presently, as they seem to be laying a train, and only want a match, to storm the barrier rules of this free and easy.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I am sensible of the more refined taste of the ladies in the present instance, yet my preference is towards Mocha—and, as some reason may be expected from me in this case, I have only to say, perhaps it arises from having breathed the air that vegetates this luxury of life, and custom is second only to nature. (*aside*) This may be considered refinement, but it will serve to keep the subject of my interests out of the question, as it would smell of the trading shop, which might be more offensive to the delicate nerves of those Barbary diplomatists, than the buggy concern.

LADY TRIBUTE. I cannot yet determine who bears the palm as to taste, amongst you, ladies—but this I

find—you have, as well as the gentlemen, given your several opinions, and reasoned strongly to maintain your own points—now, I mean to set your genius to work in good earnest—out of our present subject a good conundrum arises—why may fashionable taste be compared to the Dey of Algiers? (*A solemn pause.*)

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. They seem in deep study, as if they were at a loss—I will surprize by a leading solution—the Dey of Algiers takes it as a great compliment from a Christian lady, to be thus compared, and the answer may be, they both, in their own elements, are capricious and tyrannical! This seems to puzzle more than the question.

LADY TRIBUTE. (*aside*) In truth, I did not mean it a compliment, and I am indeed puzzled, if not alarmed, to know who spoke—I will reply generally, and thus not further commit myself. My motives, in the origin, seem to have been misconstrued! But the answer is near the mark in substance, yet widely different in point.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. They seem dull of comprehension—now to the point—they both are governed by their own supreme will and pleasure, at the impulse of the moment.

LADY TRIBUTE. Precisely my thoughts, and seems to be the gift of Divination! (*Aside.*) This must be some supernatural agency, but I must not challenge again, or I might be laughed at by this free and easy.

LADY BULLYCAN. Pray what is the matter ladies and gentlemen, you seem all to be struck dumb—I think conundrums are just the thing to amuse—and what is better, it may prevent us women from becoming tongue-tied, in this land of despotic man.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Woman tongue-tied—this is contrary to nature, for the physicians have long since declared, there never was a case, in fact, where woman's tongue was tied. (*aside*) This is a prober, and will serve to put the women's tongues in motion here, and without, they never were, nor never will, be free and easy.

CONSUL TOOL. True, and to pursue the inquiry, our modern philosophers have, in their minute discoveries, observed that women, although attractive bodies them

selves, yet incline towards man, when they feel the inspiring influence of that imposing reflective power in which, as if by magic, they become self magnetic.

LADY TOOL. Mirrors of reflection! This is too much for woman to bear—I'll speak for myself—as to such unfeeling physicians, they shall not feel the beat of my pulse—and as to those frigid mortals, the philosophers, I would send them, with their magnifiers, to the North Pole, to spy out new wonders, and there let them remain and freeze out their salvation, until they cried our mercy!

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*Aside.*) This is severe, but super-frostical in the extreme! I must endeavour myself to put in a word edgewise, lest I might, like those already condemned here, be transported from the soft sun-beams of the ladies' favours.

Permit me, lady Tool, to hope, for the honour of our sex, that few, if any of them, are in reality of such cold and unfeeling nature! Thus much I know by experience, that all gallant men make women their polar star!

LADY TOOL. This sentiment, citizen Yankoo, shows something like a congenial spark towards the fair sex, and may you never be led astray by a false meteor! (*aside*) It is well you spoke thus, we thought you nobody, not having any thing to say for yourself in the free and easy.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Good on all sides—in the rub courteous, gallant, and affable—but our conversation seems at an end, with the ceremony of the urn—suppose we resort to the never-failing expedient of amusement, in a game at cards—then we may venture to play with kings, but you know it is a dangerous experiment to play even with the shadow of the Dey of Algiers—silence gives consent—waiter, set the card tables, and you may also bring out the chess and backgammon boards, then each will choose their game.

LADY TOOL. I hate all games at cards, except a good game of speculation—as to chess, with their scholar's mate, their fool's mate, and their stale mate, I leave it to those thus disposed—I am in a good humour for a game of rattle—who plays backgammon? Citizen Yankoo, you

look towards me, what say you to a challenge from a lady, toe to toe? Free and easy, ha, ha, ha.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Who could avoid looking towards a lady in such inviting mood, and as I consider myself highly honoured therein, I cannot refuse to face you on your own terms.

LADY TOOL. Sir, I take it civil by your ready compliance, and we may now enjoy a little chat in our own way, and not tied down to silence, like all grave paste-board speculators.

LADY TRIBUTE. Quickly matched—and if the lady was single, we might expect some design on the bachelor—(Aside.) or his Mocha grains—the first part for your genius to work on, as I know you are disposed to rattle it out with him.

CITIZEN YANKOO, (*hands a chair for Lady Tool, and one for himself at the backgammon table; they are seated*) Now, madam, permit me to set your men—into which table do you play? (*aside*) From the sample of this evening I shall have my match in this rattle-cap; but it is not my way to lead, but to follow, and observe the fashionable movements; and this must be done free, and easy, to please and to be pleased.

LADY TOOL. It is all the same to me, sir; but we may as well play towards the best light, as you know we ladies love to show our talents and good works.—(*aside*) By the cut of your cunning eye-winker you seem to have some humour; if so, “by the polar star,” as you say, I mean to quiz you out, as I now find you are only a bachelor, and must bear the agreeable, if not the harder rubs in life.

CITIZEN YANKOO. True, madam, female talent and good works may be compared to a diamond of the first water, not to be truly estimated in darkness—It is your prerogative, as a lady, to throw first—(*aside*) I’ll at least endeavour to tickle your fancy, as I now perceive you are courting admiration or something else.

LADY TOOL. Mighty gallantly said; but I must now attend to my game (*throws sixes*) a good beginning! (*aside*) He seems to have the rudiments of the bon ton; I’ll put him through the nomenclature of all that is free and easy.

CITIZEN YANKOO, (*throws*) Six and deuce, not so good: as I cannot do better, I'll cut and run from your table.

LADY TOOL. Cut and run from a lady—hem! (*throws*) Quatres!—I'll put a stopper on your straggler, by taking him up, and also make the cinque point in my table.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*throws*) Sixes, bad enough, I cannot enter.

LADY TOOL. (*throws*) Cinques—admirable! It takes up another of your men and makes two more points in my table.

CITIZEN YANKOO, (*throws*) Cinques for me—worse and worse; I cannot enter.

LADY TOOL. (*throws*) Threes! This makes one more point in my table—I am close upon you; nothing but deuces can save you.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*throws*) Not even one little deuce for me—Fortune is a slippery jade, capricious to all but her chosen favourites,

LADY TOOL. [*throws*] Six and four—just as I would have it, and not the first time it has been a lucky throw for me—it brought me a husband, and it now closes my table on you, by the fifth cast. You complain of fortune; I hope you have not experienced her frowns in a more serious way—patience, sir, patience.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I am all patience madam, and if you are as happy in bearing off, as you were in closing in, it will be all over with me for this hit. (*aside*) Not content to beat me in one way, but must run me hard in another—had I been matched with a single lady, as already hinted, I might, or might not have had a different impulse, and played my game accordingly—but as it is, even so must I rub it out in your own way.

LADY TOOL. As you predicted sir, my first hit, but I shall not be content under the best in three, so you see who you have to contend with—ha, ha, ha, free and easy.

LADY TRIBUTE. Well done, lady Tool—we have been much amused at your agreeable contest—now, let me recommend some refreshments—as they are at hand, citizen Yankoo will have the honour to help, not forgetting himself, as he may stand in need of fresh courage, to a challenge in repeat from a lady—this is the way to be free and easy—ha, ha, ha.

CITIZEN YANKOO, *rises*. Lady Tool, excuse my presence, whilst I attend to the salutary advice in this case provided by lady Tribute, for you, as well as myself.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*rises from the card table.*) Come, citizen Yankoo, let me show you the way to the side-board—here are sherbet, sangaree, hot punch or wine, and some excellent cordials—and whilst you are helping lady Tool, I will attend to the rest. (*Aside*) Give it to her in her own way—my lady says you are well matched in the rub courteous.

CITIZEN YANKOO. As you recommend, consul Tribute—now, lady Tool, to which of these good things may I help you—let me see what have we here—“la veritable parfait amour,” as the label on the bottle denotes—this must be the thing itself for a lady. (*aside*) And I am fairly licensed, by the master and mistress of ceremonies, to give it to you.

LADY TOOL. The refreshments are all inviting, but if I understand the real English of “la veritable parfait amour,” it is the true cordial of love—at all events, I will take a small glass of the cordial, and leave the love part for the young ladies—but I would recommend a large glass to yourself, citizen Yankoo, being, as we are just informed, a sorry bachelor—perhaps, more intent on cent per cent, than the art of making love. (*aside*) The report here is, that he is a rich merchant, all the way from Mocha, with a cargo of that valuable grain for speculation—and my maiden sister Tool, says she has a great mind to set her cap at him, and for this I am now trying his spunk by a free and easy parley.

CITIZEN YANKOO. As you please to command me, madam, in your taste—but it is said to require some commerce, if not art, in the world of fashion, to know when and where to make love! (*hands a glass of cordial to Lady Tool, and takes one in hand himself.*) Now, lady Tool, permit me the honour to pledge you in sentiment—“may we live, love, and laugh all the days of our lives”—this is my way to be free and easy.

LADY TOOL. Bravo, Mr. Bachelor! It is never too late, a well-seasoned old beau is more to be depended on than the sappy young ones! No reflection on the present company, only free and easy—what think you now, Miss Tool? I think it will do! (*aside*) You know what I

mean, a good spec in Mocha grains—but it has one objection! The fashionables may say it smells of the Mocha shop—I have the salvo—make the Mocha man a consul, and this will make Miss Tool a consul's lady.

MISS TOOL. (*Jumps up from the card table.*) I declare, I do not know what to think of it; you seem to have all the fun on your side—this is tantalizing; come Miss Bullycan, what say you to a glass of this veritable parfait amour—you look like the anxious hours of hope and despair! Come, be free and easy.

MISS BULLYCAN. (*Jumps up from the card table.*) I declare, Miss Tool, you have put me all in a flutter—I was just thinking if I was not too young! But no matter, come on, I will take a taste of this lovely cordial by way of raising my spirits! And then— (*aside*) Heigho! I had like to let out a secret! But I overheard papa say to mamma this very day, “that I should not be married until I was out of my teens,” and I am now only just entering them—seven long years, and no help for me, as there is no chance for a trip to Gretna Green, in this desert land—for as to Mr. secretary O'Consequentio, or Mr. secretary O'Sappio, we young ladies might be in the vocative, as they, like the dandies, love themselves more than our sex.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*receives lady Tool's glass, and returns it, with his own, to the sideboard.*) [*aside*] Ah! I perceive here is something like fun on foot, between a miss in her teens, and one in the wane.

MISS BULLYCAN. [*with a glass of cordial in hand.*] Here comes the bachelor—suppose we give him a cordial quiz, by way of a match to his parfait amour? Well, here goes in plain English—“love and opportunity”—this certainly must be free and easy. [*they drink.*]

MISS TOOL. It is lovely; and if the old bachelors would take a hint, and make yours their sentimental motto, there might be fewer old maids, if not young ones, the world over.

CITIZEN YANKOO. If I understood right, “love and opportunity” is the word with you, ladies—if so, may the smiling graces meet a happy return.

CONSUL TOOL. [*rises from the card table.*] This pleasant repartee over their cordial glass, puts me in mind that a drop of comfort would not harm me—citizen

Yankoo, you seem hard run between the old and the young ladies—beware my better part, for I am at best no match for her at the rattle. [*aside*] Many solemn truths are spoken in jest, for she is a teaser.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Sir, I cannot say what effect the cordial shot from the young ladies may have—and notwithstanding your caution, I must, as a point of honour, adjust the challenge direct, toe to toe, with your good lady. [*aside*] One at a time would be the fair thing—it does not concern me how you and your better part are matched, but I clearly perceive more seems intended than said, by your sprightly dame, if not others here—and I must, as an invited guest at this free and easy, respond to all advances, taking care to keep myself within the pales of the given latitude. [*returns to his seat.*] Now, lady Tool, it is with you to renew the play, having won the first hit, and I intend to do my best; I was going to say, to beat your ladyship. (*aside*) What now, her eyes flash me full in the face?

LADY TOOL. Mighty courageous all at once—here goes then, (*throws*) and “by the great Mussulman’s beard,” and that is a sacred thing for man to touch here, but I will outdo you if in the power of woman! You look me hard, but I mean as I say, upon my say so—what was my throw? Oh, I remember, aces, the best of throws.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*aside*) Monstrous! How like a sultana she looks! And swears by the great Mussulman’s beard—I must indeed mind my hits, as she threatens most imperiously! [*throws*] Deuce, ace, a bad beginning. Madam, as to your say so, I consider it a sacred point! But as to this hairy appendage you invoke, I’ll say nothing, it not being for man to touch—as you say.

LADY TOOL. [*throws*] Deuces—the deuce take it, I mean the throw—I am in a quandary! I’ll take you up, I mean your man, and thus place you in statu quo, as the diplomatists would say, besides making a point in my table, and the fourth deuce forward from your table.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*throws*) Cinques, not so bad—I can now take you up, and make two points in my table, and may thus prevent your arriving so speedily at your ne plus ultra.

LADY TOOL. Stand fast, sir, and look to your game—you have a man to enter, and this you cannot, as the

cinque point in my table is foreclosed. (*throws*) Threes; good, I take you again, and make another point in my table. (*aside*) This citizen is running me in my own element, and playing with consular terms, as if he expected preferment—if so, Miss Tool should be his mark.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*throws*) Aces—doublets, in toto, but they avail me not. (*Aside*) Some men would not sleep sound after such rebuff from a lady, but we bachelors must stand the brunt of female rubbing, and even value ourselves, the more we are refined by their ordeal fire!

LADY TOOL. (*throws*) Fives—this makes another point in my table—there remains but one point open now for you to hit.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*throws*) Deuce, ace—I have it in quantity, but not in quality.

LADY TOOL. [*throws*] Sixes—I cannot do you further harm on this throw, but beware the next, if fortunate to me.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*throws*) Here are sixes, but they leave me still as you have placed me, in jeopardy. (*aside*) Or your statu quo! This is truly a high scene, and the point with me now is to humour it out, as I cannot back out without losing ground, at least with the fair sex here—then I might not feel altogether free and easy.

LADY TOOL. [*throws*] I have it, fives—this closes my table on the sixth cast; had I called on the chances to favour me, and they came accordingly, it could not have been more fortunate.

CITIZEN YANKOO. True, madam, and you now will have all the play to yourself, unless by mishap you chance to blot—not that I even wish this misfortune to a lady.

LADY TOOL. [*bears all her men off before citizen Yankoo enters, and gets his men round into his own table.*] Fairly gammoned, sir—victory for the fair sex! ha, ha, ha. (*aside*) This citizen stands the banter well—but I must quit, as I see my old man looks hard this way—no harm done, only free and easy with the bachelor—his next hit may be with Miss Betty Tool.

CITIZEN YANKOO. [*rises*] Lady Tool, I have to con-

[*rises from the table.*]

gratulate you on your success, as well as great proficiency in the rattle—and I have this consolation myself, in great attempts it is noble even to fail. (*Aside*) Thus much I have learned in my observations and peregrinations through the omnifugent scenes of life—that it is the most interesting, if not delicate of all other situations, for a single man to be in with a fashionable woman in her supreme sway—to say unto her just enough, and not one word more—whether I have hit this nice point, or not, I must leave for the free and easy to determine.

LADY BULLYCAN. Well, lady Tribute, as the evening seems far advanced, I think it time for all sober and discreet Christians to be in motion towards our respective homes—but, as we have not our chariots and flambeaux in this land of Barbarism, we must even call our dragoman, with his great paper lantern, to show us the way to foot it home—free and easy, ha, ha, ha.

LADY TRIBUTE. Good friends all, it is quite early to break up; we might enjoy at least one hour more; but as you seem to be on the movement homewards, this, our Sans souci, gives you ingress and egress on equal terms, with our best thanks for your social company.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Christians, much may be said, and little understood, where ambition and stratagem are the secret springs to action; yet it is admitted, that mirth, wit, and good humour, are the leading features in all refined Christian society of free and easy; and as your sportive moments seem to be at an end for the present, I give you this, my summary monition, “May the evening’s diversion bear the morning’s reflection.”



ACT III.—SCENE I.

Consular House in the city.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*solus*) Here am I waiting for the Consul’s man, Factotum, but he seems to have so much running to hear, see, and talk by the hour to others, that he, as usual, must have forgotten me and my business—I’ll ring him a pealer this heat!

Enter Factotum.

FACTOTUM. Citizen Yankoo, I beg your pardon for not being as punctual as you might have expected; but some very important matter detained me. (*aside*) I had the honour of a talk with Mr. Secretary O'Consequentio.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Seignior Factotum, it is now many months since you have had my business in charge, by the recommendation of Consul Tribute, and yet nothing done—procrastination is the thief of time, not to be regained; and I must hope it may not turn out so here—I do not like this lingua Franca put off of manyana, or tomorrow, which has been rung in my ears daily since my arrival.

FACTOTUM. I should suppose, by this time you have learned that the folks move poco, poco, or slowly here. I have not as yet had any offers for your coffee; but I have given samples to the Algerine speculators, and some of them have promised to call this very day, and this is about their usual hour of business—(*aside*) Good! he waxes warm.

Domestic conducts in two Algerine speculators.

FIRST SPECULATOR. Seignior Factotum, we call on you here, according to promise, to know the terms of the Mocha you have for sale; but it has been a long while in your hands for sale and no purchasers—this is a bad sign.

FACTOTUM. Seigniors, this is Citizen Yankoo, the owner of the coffee, and he will answer you.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Seigniors, in answer to your insinuations, I must say my Mocha is of the first quality, and my terms will be fair and reasonable, which, as merchants, you will readily understand—I expect the first cost and charges, and the usual advance for the risk and trouble in bringing the produce of a distant country to your market—all these matters have already been explained to Signior Factotum, and he will now regulate the exact price with you in Algerine weight.

(*Aside*) I make this reference to see how he will manage with you to my face, as I have my own opinion of some intended deception.

SECOND SPECULATOR. Christian, your talk of costs, charges, and advances are enough to frighten us—and

besides Mocha has fallen much in price, and we are dealing for others as well as ourselves.

CITIZEN YANKOO. It matters not for whom you are now dealing, provided you come to my terms and pay down the cash. (*aside*) I should not be surprised even if Factotum was one concerned.

FIRST SPECULATOR. The price, Christian, the price, as to the ready rhino, we can shell out when a good bargain offers; but in the value of all imports we are governed by our great merchant, David Brokereye, who is the organ of all commerce here; and Seignior Factotum understands all these things, if you do not. (*aside*) This is plain enough.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Signiors, it signifies not—no doubt you are all more knowing than myself here; but my mind is made up on the principles already given you.

(*aside*) I now plainly perceive, by your appeal to Factotum, and the cut of his eye back to you, by way of answer, that he must be in your views against my interests—if so, he must be a villain in grain, although so strongly recommended by Consul Tribute; and he also must be mistaken in his man Factotum, or I have been in his principal—bad enough in either case!

SECOND SPECULATOR. Christian, as we are not likely to agree at present, we will call *passa manyana*.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Seigniors, you are at liberty when you please—(*aside*) So you have now gotten from your first watch word, *manyana*, to *passa manyana*; but as to-morrow is not, so after to-morrow may never be.

Exeunt Speculators.

FACTOTUM. I must declare to you, Citizen Yankoo, that my patience has been tired out, if yours has not, by these Algerine merchants; but my opinion now is, they will not make a direct offer, as they know full well you have not a vessel here to take your coffee away. (*aside*) And they also know full well, that if you attempt to freight it, you will be counteracted in some way; and have it we must at last on our own terms.

CITIZEN YANKOO. As you say, those merchants, if they can be so called, appear triflers, if not worse; for I must now tell you, that I know the retailing price of

coffee has risen here since my arrival, and this should govern the wholesale dealers, if fair. (*aside*) I hope you will not make it necessary to speak plainer towards your special duty, as my reputed agent; if you do, perhaps I may not be quite so delicate as I have been.

FACTOTUM. I feel much for your bad prospects, and Consul Tribute has also expressed the same feeling towards your concerns here; but you know little can be done when times are hard, and money more in demand than any article at market; and what is worse for you, no hopes of a change; therefore permit me as a friend, as well as your factor, to advise, that you sell out at the first offer, and that you even lower your tone, in order to meet advances.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I thank you for your zealous advice, as well as Consul Tribute for his kind expressions towards my concerns, and when I meet a direct offer, I shall then know how to govern myself; more needs not be said between us at present on this subject. (*aside*) In truth it looks like rogues all here.

FACTOTUM. No harm done I hope, my good sir; you have been, and still are the judge in your own concerns under my care, and I, as your faithful agent, always stand ready to obey your commands.

(*aside*) You may enjoy your own opinion, but I will have my own pickings out of this concern, as we contrive to secure to ourselves all the profits, at least from adventurers; and if you get off with first cost you may think yourself fortunate; and should you, in your proud or daring spirit, dare to challenge our proceedings openly, it will certainly cost you dear, if not bring you into serious trouble.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Apostate Christian renegado, you have long been the hardened instrument of Barbarian intrigue and sacrifices, in Christian concerns entrusted to your agency; but when your base career is run, there will come a day of retribution!

SCENE II.

Pavilion on the Marine.

Mustapha, the minister of marine, and Hassan, the com-

mandant, seated smoking their long pipes at the door, overlooking the slaves at work.

HASSAN, (*commandant, to the slave keeper*) Blackbeard, see that you keep those Christian dogs hard at their daily task, for they will be chattering to every stranger that passes, and we now see that independent Citizen Yankoo walking on the marine platform; he is no friend to the Barbary system, and he seems, at this, moment to cast a scrutinizing glance towards our slaves, as if he would, if he could, willingly assist their escape.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*solus*) This being considered a public walk for Christian merchants, as well as others, I come, as usual, to hear and see what is going on in the way of business; but I wish my sense of feeling had been left at home: the sight of Christian slaves, and some working in chains, is degrading to human nature, and causes my blood, as a freeman, to revolt.—Here comes one this way!

SLAVE, (*advances, and presents his red cap*) Christian, of whatsoever nation you belong, I make bold to ask your charity towards a suffering captive, who has seen better days in his native land.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Fellow Christian, I am from the Land of Liberty, and feel for you and your companions in captivity—here is a piastre, and all the money I have about me; would it were more for your sake. (*aside*) Poor fellow, if the countenance is a true index to the mind, yours speaks more than words—I would fain hear your history.

SLAVE. Christian, I thank you in the name of him who watches all our earthly actions, and will reward accordingly.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Mine is but a small mite, and fully rewarded by your grateful acceptance. But may I now in confidence ask a few questions? Pray, what number of Christian slaves does the Dey hold at present, and what is your treatment? This is not the idle curiosity of a traveller, but intended towards a good end which time may disclose.

SLAVE. As I see my keeper engaged in talk with the minister and commandant of marine, I will gladly obey your goodly request. Hear then the sad tale; and I pray

you bear evidence to the Christian world, for, without some such friendly interference, many of us now within your view must be doomed to drag out a life of misery, in Barbarian slavery. There are at present about one thousand five hundred Christian slaves in the city of Algiers—as to other parts of this regency I cannot say—One half of those here are Portuguese, and expect shortly to be ransomed by their nation—the remainder are Sicilians, Sardinians, and Neapolitans. I am a Sardinian by birth, and about ten years ago had the misfortune to be taken out of my bed in the dead of night by the boat's crew of a Barbary corsair: as this is their practice on the unprotected shores of the islands of the Mediterranean, they sometimes take off whole families, and all their valuables—My wife and children happened to be on a visit to some friends in the mountains, at the time I was taken; and when I shall see them, or my country again, if ever, God only knows!—Excuse me, sir, if the ties of nature cause me to shed a tear.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Keep good heart, and hope for the best.—It is true, liberty is a great blessing, and you will know how to value it the more when you gain your freedom, which God send may soon be. But pray, as to your treatment here?

SLAVE. It is bad enough—we are all turned out to work at sunrise, the year round; our daily allowance two small rolls of hard black bread, such as this; (*holding up a crust*) and this hard mouthful, with water, is our bare subsistence, unless we happen to get a little money by hard begging, and then, if our keeper finds it out he forces it from us. The gates of our city are closed at sun down; then we are counted over and locked up in a miserable damp hovel, like a dungeon; and if any of us happen, from inability, or other causes, not to have done our task, or in any manner displeased our keeper, he calls us Christian dogs; and if we complain of our hard treatment, he loads us with fetters—this, you see, has been my hard fate:—by my wrists and by my hands, you may also judge that I have not been used to hard labour in my younger days. But I must be off, as I see Blackbeard, our keeper, coming this way hot foot, and he is a cruel Algerine, worse than any Turk, as all

Christian slaves here can testify; and I must now hide my money, for if he can find I have been thus successful, he will certainly plunder me; but I have a small pocket in the inside of my shirt—there must I snug it.

CITIZEN YANKOO. This is indeed a sad tale, and seems to have a strong and just claim to be heard, and redressed by the Christian world—but where ambition and interest intervene, the better principles of the human mind are slow to move, even in so good and pressing a cause. However, I would recommend that you keep up your own spirits, and cheer those of your desponding companions—this will, at least, serve to make your time pass the more pleasantly—in the meantime, remember the name of Yankoo; he will not forget you, or your story.

SLAVE. (*as he goes off*) My name is Lorenzo. (*aside*) The last words of this Christian were, “remember the name of Yankoo”—this must be his name; I shall not forget it, or his advice, as he pledges himself not to forget me or my story—by this, he means to tell it to the Christian world! If so, I may have some hopes,—if my friends are not all dead, it will, through the public prints, get to their ears, and move their pity towards my ransom. [*exit slave.*]

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*solus*) The story of Lorenzo has made a strong impression on my mind! I will now slyly watch the meeting between him and his keeper, to see the issue.

BLACKBEARD. (*pursues the slave, overtakes and gives him several severe strokes with his staff.*) You impudent Christian dog, how dare you stand thus long to palavre with strangers? The old story, I suppose, about your slavery and Algerine treatment—we know that Christian, and he had better beware how he meddles in affairs here—what was your talk, and tell instantly how much money he gave you, as I saw him drop something in your cap.

SLAVE. Seignior Blackbeard—as to the man, I know him not, any more than he appears to be a Christian stranger—it is true, I begged him for charity, and he kindly gave me a small piece of silver, for which I thanked him—this was our talk. (*aside*) I must not tell

the whole truth to this petty despot, as I should not only lose all my money, but get the bastinado, if not fetters—and perhaps bring this Christian who has befriended me, into serious trouble.

BLACKBEARD. Let me see this small piece of money; come, shell out, or I'll give you the weight of this, more heavy than the first sample. (*raises his staff.*)

SLAVE. (*takes the money from his bosom, and hands it reluctantly*) I pray you, Seignior, not to keep it.

BLACKBEARD. Is this all?

SLAVE. All, on the word of a Christian.

BLACKBEARD. I have a great mind to search you, for I know you beggars will lie, and you only beg money to get drunk; I'll save it for a better purpose, for, bad as you are, it will require a thousand such pieces to ransom you—now, off to your task, and if it is not done before sun-set, wo be unto you for having wasted your time!

SLAVE. Pray, Seignior, let me have only half this pittance, to get me some little comforts, for you know I have not been in health for some time, being overstrained by heavy burthens.

BLACKBEARD. An overstrained lie, you mean—I suppose this is the way you got this money, and then attempt to fudge me off that you had only a small piece of silver—and for this deception, you shall not have even a mezzoon—I know you want to buy rum, for this is your comfort!

SLAVE. Seignior, if you think so, I pray you, in God's name, let necessaries be purchased for me out of this money, as I am nearly heart broken, and you may soon lose me in good earnest.

BLACKBEARD. Hold your pitiful tongue, you vile dog, and off to your work. (*gives him several hard strokes.*) There, take that, and if you growl more at me, I'll administer the bastinado to keep you moving, and thus keep you alive.

SLAVE. (*as he walks off, aside*) Hard hearted monster, you have taken from me, in ten years, more than is demanded for my ransom! Formerly there was some little honour amongst you thieves, but now you take all! But

it is useless to plead misery to those who have no feeling, so I must even grin and bear it! (*exit*)

BLACKBEARD. (*solus*) In truth, I should not like to lose this Lorenzo, for he is the best beggar I have. (*surveys the money*) Some of my rascals bring me counterfeits—this looks like good silver, and a good prize for me; such a piece is seldom given to our slaves now-a-days; formerly, Christian strangers would not stand long to give them a golden sequin; then I had good pickings, and could allow my beggars a small portion, to keep them from hard growling. (*walks off.*)

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*solus*) I have seen enough to convince me in the truth of Lorenzo's story—this petty buccanier has not only robbed, but severely beaten this poor slave—cruel Barbarian! I hope there will be a day of retribution for this much-injured captive, as well as all others held in unjust bondage—I was resolved, and this will determine me, to tell the tale of their sufferings, that moment when I once more reach the land of freedom; and, if I possibly could, I would stir up all the Christian world against the tyrannical system of tribute, to support a piratical banditti, which is the origin of the present degrading scene, and many other evils and horrors, to the citizens and subjects of Christian nations! But I have already been cautioned by the consul of my nation here, not to sport such independent sentiments outside his doors—respect to the constituted authority of my country, may, in prudence, forbid my speaking openly; but it is not within the power of man to overrule my thoughts!

SCENE III.

The Dey's Palace, saloon of the Seraglio.

Curtain rises, and discovers two beautiful young Virgins, just arrived from Georgia and Circassia, seated on a sofa, under a rich canopy, waiting an interview with Hadgi Ali Pashaw, the Dey of Algiers, a little decrepid old man, with a long white beard, much addicted to the use of opium, and other stimulants.

GEORGIANA. Well, my friend Circassiana, here we

are arrived at last, by the help of a strong Levanter, to our point of destination, and thus seated in state, waiting the approach of him, whom we are henceforth most servilely bound to consider our earthly lord and master! But which of us is first to become the object of the Dey of Algiers' favours, is yet to be determined—I would, from the purest of all motives, rather be excused this honour!

CIRCISSIANA. And I also, my friend Georgiana—but I suppose we are not to be guided by our own likes, or dislikes here, however reasonable—they say the Dey has a legitimate wife, and many concubines, who are all equally doomed to drag out a miserable existence, under the capricious humours of this bearded tyrant!—hark! Some one is coming; how my heart beats, but not for joy.

HADGI ALI BASHAW, (*enters, smiling*) Good morning to you, my charming sweet black-eyed virgins, my highest expectations are gratified at first sight; you will be to me a heaven on earth; you look as fresh as this rose. (*handing one to each*) But now, I would know which is most desirous to receive the first marks of my affection and favours. (*Aside.*) But this I have determined for myself. (*drops a white handkerchief at the feet of Georgiana*) This for you, fairest of the fair! Expect me again at seven in the evening—in the meantime, amuse yourselves together, and command what the palace affords, and it shall be forthcoming—I will now order my trusty female domestic to attend your calls. (*rings the bell, a slave enters*) Kattarino, let it be now your only care to attend on these, my newly-acquired young virgins—provide for them the very best of all refreshments, and every other matter and thing, which can possibly add to their comfort and happiness. (*as he retires*) Remember, Georgiana, “at seven in the evening.”

[*exit Dey.*]

KATTARINO. What would my young mistresses desire at the moment, by way of comfort?

GEORGIANA. Nothing, but rest—we are much fatigued with our sea voyage, and we request to indulge alone, until we ring the bell for your presence. (*Aside.*) And if I have my own will, this shall never be.

KATTARINO. As it pleases you, my mistress, to command herein. I shall leave you awhile to yourselves. (*aside, as she retires*) Poor creatures, they look fatigued, nevertheless, they appear beauty and innocence itself—I do not wonder it seems to have put my old master on his young legs again. (*exit*)

GEORGIANA. (*looks at the handkerchief.*) Would this was not for me, on the terms prescribed, to meet this crooked monster at the hour appointed, which he repeated, “at seven in the evening.” My dear Circassiana, once happy were my days, spent in peace and innocence, in the delightful groves of Zagen, in Georgia, and as I mean now to unbosom myself to you, there I was most faithfully pledged to a noble and generous hearted youth of my native land! But cruel fate would now force me into the arms of him, whose first sight is an antidote to any thing like love! Would to heaven that day had been my last, when I was treacherously stolen away from my native land, as I have since found out, by a dealer in women, who brought me to Grand Cairo, and there he sold me, to be exported to a better market—I was purchased by a mercenary adventurer, and am now sold again, to this extravagant old Bashaw, for some thousands, because, as he hints, my youth and beauty has awakened his desires; and he most imperiously signifies this, by the summary drop of his handkerchief, as much as to show, I dare not say nay.

CIRCASSIANA. True, my friend Georgiana, and I have not yet recovered from the first impressions of this grotesque old figure of human deformity, who comes thus abruptly, with insidious smiles, into the presence of two unprotected young females, to gratify the most debased passions; and I can now sympathize with you in similarity of fate. I once was happy as the days were long, in the plains of Zabran so noted in Circassia; and there also beloved by a noble youth; but I was, in the dead of night, seized by two ruffians, who conveyed me to a caravan, and there I was sold to an adventurer, who brought me to Grand Cairo, where I first met you; and now, like you, I am to become the next victim to this despotical voluptuary; but what makes all these imperious

scenes the more sensibly felt by me, I have reason to believe they originated in the connivance of my own parents, as I am informed this is more or less the case in Georgia, as also Circassia, where, for the sake of gold, mothers most unnaturally barter the youthful innocence of their own female offspring. But my mind is distracted at the thoughts of my turn for the drop of the white handkerchief—would to heaven we could rid the world of such a monster in iniquity, and thus set ourselves at liberty.

GEORGIANA. Let us compose ourselves; and first, I must impress on your mind, that to project any act against the ruling power here would be dangerous, and useless to our deliverance. But, in confidence, I have a secret to disclose to you, that would effectually save us the horrid trial of submitting to the will of the Dey. It is true, the idea may be to you dreadful in thought, but, once resolved on, it will be speedy in effect.

CIRCASSIANA. Speak to the point, Georgiana, and thus relieve me between the anxious moments of hope and despair. Would to heaven I were dead!

GEORGIANA. As you appear thus determined, I may venture to speak more plain—Be it known to you, I have a draught of the most deadly poison, which I obtained at Cairo, to be used when I could no longer protect my innocence. (*Holding up a phial*) This is my alternative; and say but resolved—then will I share the dose equally; but should you hesitate, then will I take the whole myself, as I am determined not to survive the short moment allowed us to be alone.

CIRCASSIANA. Now you speak like a protecting friend. I take you at your word—haste, give me my portion, and let us die together!—Then the story may be told in Georgia and Circassia, thus did we to the last preserve our youthful pledges, and that virgin innocence which is the pride and ornament of our sex; and this, at least, may be some consolation to our noble, generous, and faithful youths, who will no doubt mourn the sad tale. It is said, that there are no miseries so great, but they may be soothed by a sincere companion—I feel the full force of this consolatory reflection, and whatever is your

fate must be mine—even death itself, at present, seems pleasing by anticipation.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Most unfortunate sisters in misery, pause for a moment.—Recollect that conscience sometimes sleeps in the hour of severe trial; and recollect also, that in the premature means you now propose to rid yourselves of the real or imaginary cares and troubles which all mortals are liable to in this state of probation, in this sublunary sphere; yet by this hasty act, you commit, in the eyes of him who judges all, the greatest of sins, as it would seem to question his unseen decrees:—and may ye both be prepared to appear before that great and awful tribunal at this short notice!

CIRCIASSIANA. Hark! Did you not hear a voice?—Perhaps, some one is near watching us!

GEORGIANA. In truth, I thought some one spoke; if not, it must be our own conscience has awakened to alarm us, at this momentary crisis—therefore I do beseech you to pause for a moment, and this may prepare your mind the better to act. I confess that I have hastily led you into this dilemma, and, in so doing, I have sinned in a twofold degree.—In the first I pray your forgiveness—in the last, I look towards the great Disposer of all events, as he alone knows the purity of my intentions.

CIRCIASSIANA. I am prepared—why falter? I fully absolve you from all considerations, as regards myself, (*throws her arms about the neck of Georgiana*) and as to hereafter, we must hope the God of all mercies will pardon us both. *They embrace.*

GEORGIANA. These must be our hopes—Now will I take my portion first!—Come to my lips, thou balm of human wo!—(*drinks—looks at the phial*) Yes, just equally divided! (*hands the phial to Circassiana*) There, you see with how much composure I have met you half way in the means that is speedily to end all our cares and miseries here.

CIRCIASSIANA. (*receives the phial*) Welcome to my lips, this my portion; (*drinks*) and thus you see I have ended your friendly example—(*throws the bottle on the floor*) We have no farther use for the shadow, as we hope

the substance has done its duty; and in this we have one consolation—no person can, or should be blamed after our spirits have left their earthly tenement.

GEORGIANA. Now, as the last act we have to perform together in this transitory world, let us pray; and as I am prepared, permit me this duty? (*they kneel*).

Supreme Ruler over the universe, be graciously pleased to look down with compassion on these truly unhappy and penitent sinners, and on the hasty deed thus committed on ourselves in the bloom of youth, which takes from us that existence that had been given us towards a better end. We are truly sensible, O Lord, of thy infinite mercies, that we have sinned in thy sight; yet we put our trust in thy divine providence to forgive the weakness, as also the wickedness of thy servants in this untimely act; and forgive us our manifold transgressions; and we furthermore pray, that we may be purified by thy intermediate salvation, and that we may thus be enabled to appear before thy great and awful tribunal, where we must hope to be in a few minutes, with meekness and resignation to our future judgment, and in all things may thy will be done. Amen—Amen. (*Georgiana now fell on the floor*) Farewell Circassiana, the moment of my dissolution is near at hand; I already begin to feel the effects of this deadly poison—Thus are we soon to be liberated from our much dreaded master on earth; and we must hope our peace is made with our Father in heaven.

CIRCASSIANA. The last farewell; my head turns, (*falls by the side of Georgiana*) may we soon meet to part no more.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. I have witnessed the dreadful conflict on the brink of eternity—the deed is already recorded in heaven's high chancery; but what may be the final judgment on those two unfortunate mortals who have thus offered themselves up as earthly victims, to preserve their female purity, the great book of fate can only determine. May they be received as fair and spotless virgins, entitled to that divine grace which the Supreme Ruler of all things can give, and through his great mercies, may they rest in eternal peace.

KATTARINO, (*enters*) I come with a present from the Dey to his favorite Georgiana, an elegant diamond ring. What, fast asleep on the carpet—poor creatures, they are fatigued, and, perhaps, do not even dream of the riches and joy that will attend them in turn. I must awake them—(*calls—Georgiana, Circassiana*) This seems to be a deadly sleep. (*shakes them—shrieks*) They are cold as ice, and must be dead! What shall I do? Help, help, help!

The women in the next apartments, hearing the cry of distress from a female voice, all rush in.

BARBARYANA. In God's name, what is the matter here?

KATTARINO. Alas! Do you not see those beautiful young virgins stretched on the floor dead. I must haste with the unwelcome news to the Dey, my master; but I fear it will cause trouble, and perhaps to myself as they were entrusted to my entire care. *Exit Kattarino.*

BARBARYANA. It is but too true—the cold remains of inanimate beauty prove the fact; yet the cause is to be ascertained. How uncertain is the lot of us unhappy females here, subservient to the whims and caprices of despotic man! One hour ago it was whispered in my ear, that I should be supplanted by those who are now no more. But here comes the Dey, with austere brow, as if his mind was already prepared to revenge his disappointed humours.

The Dey enters, and stands for a moment with his arms folded, looking on the dead.

THE DEY. Who could have believed it?—Only a few hours since I left them in perfect health, and now am called to behold a lifeless spectacle. What could have caused this cursed deed? (*Looking on the floor*) Ah! I perceive here is a phial (*takes it up and smells*). This cannot speak, or it would, no doubt, declare it had contained some deadly poison. Who could have assisted to bring this most damnable drug within these walls? What, Barbaryana, Kattarino, and all you present, still mute as the dead. I command all but the two named to leave my presence—I'll find means to make them speak, or for ever hold their tongues. *The women retire.*

The DEY. Now Barbaryana, I must say, the death of those virgins looks to me like the effects of jealousy, at work in some shape, amongst you women of my seraglio! Answer me instantly what you may know, or even suspect in this affair, and this to my entire satisfaction, or you die in five minutes.

BARBARYANA. Great sovereign of this land, and ruler over my present destinies—I pray you hear the faithful declaration of your lawful wife—ten long years have I been subject to your supreme will and capricious humours, and have not presumed even to murmur—thus far, you must admit, I have not only been obedient and faithful, but I have also endeavoured uniformly, to keep in good humour all the women of your seraglio—as to the present unhappy scene, which seems to have raised your voice in anger towards me, I know not the cause, any more than yourself—and as to those lifeless victims, I had not seen or communicated with them—but as you command my opinion, or suspicions, as to the cause of their death, I must say, it appears to me as the voluntary act of those unfortunate young women, to rid themselves of some impending evil!—Further, I cannot say.

The DEY. Woman, you then consider it an evil to retain any part of my favours—you have said enough, say no more—and you Kattarino, must also be in this league to deprive me of my favourite damsels—otherwise, this phial and what it contained, could not have found its way here—where is the ring I sent by you to Georgiana, as I do not see it where it should be, on her finger.

KATTARINO. Most sovereign master, I have heretofore been your tried and trusty servant, and I pray you as such, hear my faithful declaration herein—as to the cause of the death of your favourite damsels, I know not; but when I entered the room with your present, I found them, as you now see them—here is the ring, I had forgotten to return it you, in the terrible fright when I brought you the news, and I still tremble at your apparent displeasure.

The DEY. No wonder, slave, you tremble before me, with the lie in your mouth—it is evident you know the cause of the death of those virgins, and, no doubt, by your equivocation, intended to have robbed this valua-

ble trinket, had I not called for it before the dead bodies were removed, and then perhaps brought blame on some innocent person.

KATTARINO. As I hope for mercy hereafter as a Christian, I am perfectly innocent of these suspicions.

The **DEY.** Not a word more—as to your hereafter as a Christian, it does not concern me—you shall answer for your late transgressions to me here. (*rings the bell, a mute enters*) Send hither my bow-string men. (*two mutes enter*) I command that you strangle these two women on the spot, (*the mutes seize Barbaryana first—she scuffles, and rids herself from the mutes.*)

BARBARYANA. Hands off, speechless animals—now, supreme ruler here, deign to hear me in my own vindication—you seem to have challenged the ring, as the supposed cause of the death of those young women; if so, how can I in any manner be implicated, as I never saw or heard of it, before the present moment?

The **DEY.** Did I not command you to say no more?

BARBARYANA. You did; and I now find it in vain to show my innocence before your stubborn power—therefore, thy will be done here, but thy Maker's hereafter.

The **DEY.** Woman, dost thou still presume to rebel against my sovereign power? Bow-string men, do your duty instantly. (*the mutes strangle Barbaryana, then Kattarino.*)

MAHOMET. (*enters*) My sovereign, having just heard at the palace door the misfortunes within your seraglio, I haste to offer my services towards your relief, in this trying moment of treachery about your royal person. (*aside*) But in this I have my own purposes to answer: our great money changer, David Brokereye, has demanded of me payment for certain large sums of money had of him, as he believed, for account of the Dey, my master; but in truth, for my own private use; and it is not convenient, or even my inclination to repay the same—therefore, lest this should come to the ears of the Dey, I must contrive to get Brokereye put out of the way—and as my master seems to be in a sanguinary mood, if I can set him against the Jew, and so get his

head cut off; the debt will be cancelled by getting rid of him.

THE DEY. Mahomet, you come too late—the mischief is done, and the evil cannot be remedied! But I hope the strong example I have made in my seraglio, will be a warning to the rest of the women about the palace, as well as others in my dominions.

MAHOMET. My good and forgiving sovereign, the great spirit of the holy Prophet will comfort you! But I pray you leave this unhappy scene; I will attend, and see those dead bodies removed. (*curtain drops*)

Scene changes to the Dey's chamber.

THE DEY. (*solus*) This morning the sun rose bright, and promised me new scenes of joy! But, alas! before it sets, those joys are buried in the grave! Yet, as I have power and riches, I may remedy this temporary evil!

MAHOMET, *enters.* (*aside*) Still brooding over the past; this is my time—my sovereign, as your mind seems now somewhat composed, if it meets your supreme will, I have matters of state to place before you, which cannot well be delayed, as there is no knowing but it may have some hidden connexion with the unhappy occurrences of the day! (*Aside.*) I know his weak and hasty temper, and this will prompt him to hear and act as I may lead him, and I already have my story made up.

THE DEY. My mind is far from being composed, and this interlude harrows up the past; yet speak, Mahomet, that I may hear, for I have suspected treachery; and as you hint, it may still exist within my household as well as without.

MAHOMET. As my sovereign commands, be it known, that by the late European papers, just come to hand, I find therein some anonymous letters, as coming from Algiers, giving a long account of the secrets of our cabinet, with many severe reflections on us as a piratical banditti, and calling on all the Christian powers to combine against us, the Algerines, and the tributary system generally. This, you know, has been our great support, and without it we should be nobody.

THE DEY. This is most impudent interference with us, and, no doubt some Christian resident here, perhaps

Consul Tribute, as I have lately pushed him the hardest; but be it whom it may, point out the man and he shall answer for it.

MAHOMET. My suspicions do not rest against any Christian, in the present instance; and my sovereign will, no doubt, be surprised, when I say our great money changer is the man I would condemn; and I also have found him meddling in other matters here which ill become him.

THE DEY. I can scarcely believe my own ears. Then, Mahomet, it would appear that you seriously believe Brokereye is not true to us—if so, he certainly has it in his power to say many things to the Christian world that would not tend to our interests or good name. I am not in the best humour to be trifled with: and to cut the matter short, go yourself and bring this double-faced dealer before me. Let it appear, as if I wanted him on some great money affair, and expecting a good premium, he will be off his guard as to my design.

MAHOMET. As my sovereign commands, for the honour of himself and this regency.

(*As he retires, aside*) This plan works well.—Now to produce my man to answer what he cannot.

THE DEY. (*solus*) It is said that misfortunes seldom come alone.—However the first sometimes prepares the mind to act more promptly on what may follow—I am in a fit mood for blood, and some further victim shall answer for this meddling in my affairs; and here comes one that shall not go hence as he came.

Enter Mahomet with Brokereye.

MAHOMET. My sovereign, our money changer attends your supreme commands.

David Brokereye advances and bends to kiss the Dey's hand.

THE DEY. Not so forward, Hebrew; my hand is not to be thus polluted by the foul breath of one I now consider a double-faced dealer.—You must first answer to my satisfaction, in certain matters you now stand charged.

DAVID BROKEREYE. Most supreme ruler of this re-

gency, I come here at the special call of your prime minister, and am thunderstruck by these signs of your sovereign displeasure, as I should be the last man in your dominions to offend either in act, word, or even thought; and I must beg to know my accuser, and the specific charges.

THE DEY. You are mighty bold in this demand—as to the accuser, I give to him full credence—as to the name, it will rest with me. The charges are, that you, either directly or indirectly, have caused the secrets of our cabinet to be published to the Christian world, as set forth in the public prints of Europe; and, in consequence, it seems all the Barbary powers, as well as myself, are threatened. As to this part, it does not concern me, as I am not apt to take alarm at Christian menace; but I consider it as indignant to myself, and the good name of this regency; and besides, I find you have been meddling in other matters. And how dare you, who have amassed great riches in the ransom system; and also honoured as nominal king of your own tribe here, thus deceive me? What have you to say in your own defence? Guilty, I am sure by your looks!

DAVID BROKERBYE. Your sovereign majesty, as to the charges against me, in giving to the Christian world the secrets of your cabinet, or in any manner interfering in the affairs of this regency to your dishonour, they are unfounded, to say no worse; and such meddling would not only be against my own interests, but also the flattering honours you have been pleased nominally to confer on me for the benefit of my own tribe here; therefore setting aside all other considerations but your own good judgment in men and things, I trust you will be satisfied—and myself discharged from such foul imputations, and let my future conduct be the test of my sincere regard for the honour and happiness of your supreme majesty and the concerns of this regency.

MAHOMET. (*aside*) The Hebrew pleads strong towards the honour of my master, and the support of this regency—he may defeat me if I let the moment pass. (*whispers the Dey*) My sovereign, it is evident, by this man's manner of probing you, that he is most impudent-

ly guilty, and would fain make you believe otherwise, until he can get an opportunity to slip off from Algiers, and which I have strong reasons to believe will soon be the case, as I find he is making heavy shipments, and investing money in the purchase of bills.

THE DEY. Enough said, Mahomet; I am resolved.

(*To Brokereye*) How dare you, Hebrew, thus bare-faced attempt to question me or my judgment? I suppose, by the same rule of presumption, the next step will be towards the reins of my government! No, no, Jew, your talk, however smooth, will not do, as I never alter my decrees after I once say no. Definitively, your doom is fixed; and I will make short work of it, least you step off from Algiers with all your spoils, and thus cast the laugh on me.—Now, Mahomet, go you and send hither my axe men, and let them take off the head of this Janus, that his vile tongue may no more lie or deceive in this world.

Exit Mahomet.

DAVID BROKEREYE. (*aside*) So much for the despotic power of a Barbary tyrant—a summary trial and hasty judgment; which makes me the victim of his unjust and cruel decree; and it would be useless to plead more, as he has never been known to relent during his blood-thirsty reign. As to his prime minister, I now suspect his treachery. Most ungrateful Mussulman! I have his obligations for many thousands; and, no doubt, between them, they mean first to murder then to plunder me.

Enter two ruffians with great broad axes.

THE DEY. I command that you instantly take this man to the block, and cut off his head; then place it on the walls of our city, and let the body be laid before the palace, as a bloody warning to all meddlers here.

Exeunt ruffians with Brokereye.

THE DEY. (*solus*) I wonder what is to be the next scene—perhaps some external troubles are coming in good earnest, to weigh down the balance of my internal cares.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Base murderer of the innocent Christian, Jew, and Mahometan, within one hour! You have judged right for once, as regards yourself—this is but a prelude to your own cares and national troubles—

they will come on apace, for thou art, at best, but a weak and wicked ruler.

THE DEY. (*starts*) Hark! I thought some one spoke, (*looks around*) yet I see no one. Surely this must be like something they call conscience; but if I have done wrong, it is now too late to reflect, as this will not restore life.

MAHOMET (*enters*) My sovereign, all matters are executed as you commanded—Brokereye is decapitated, and his head stuck on the walls of the city, and his body is placed before the palace door.—Not a Jew is to be seen, and all around seems wrapt up in sullen gloom—even the Christian consuls have shut up their houses, apparently alarmed. What is your supreme will may be done to restore confidence, and to preserve harmony amongst ourselves, as you know our soldiery sometimes take advantage in such cases to p'under, as they did with the massacre of the Jews in our city a few years since.

(*Aside*) I have so far accomplished my own views—I must now hush up for fear of worse consequences.

THE DEY. Mahomet, from your representation, we must end here for the present—therefore let the body of the Hebrew be removed at sunset; but go you instantly and seize on his papers and effects in my name; perhaps we may discover some secrets relating to our cabinet in the present affair; if not, we may as to his great riches, and we have the strongest right to those, as they were amassed here. Let Ben Scruple be proclaimed nominally King of the Jews here, until my further will and pleasure be known.—Let the gates of the city be opened, and let the watchmen on the tops of the mosques and minarets proclaim that peace and harmony are restored; but let no one presume, under pain of immediate death, to question these my acts and decrees of this day.

MAHOMET. My sovereign, I haste to see all these matters done conformable to your commands.

(*Aside*) First to seize on Brokereye's papers, then to destroy my obligation to him, and thus prevent discovery of my design.—As to his effects, I will take care to have the first fingering, and my full share in the remainder when the spoil is divided. *Exit Mahomet.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*Consular House in the City.**Consul and Lady Tribute seated on a sofa.*

LADY TRIBUTE. My dear Consul Tribute, it seems to me an age since our last letters from our friends on the Western continent—I hope they are not all dead, or forgotten us in this land of barbarians. I have not yet recovered from my fright at the cruelties which so lately happened at the palace. (*Starts up.*) Hark! The castle guns are firing!—What can this mean? O Lord, I wish we were safe off from these Mussulmen with our heads on our shoulders.

FACTOTUM, (*enters blowing.*) Consul Tribute, I come in haste.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Never mind your hasty preface, but tell us, in God's name, what is the matter?

FACTOTUM. Nothing is the matter, sir; but I come to report the arrival of your expected regalia ship; and the castle is now firing a salute in compliment to your nation.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Welcome tidings to me, and I hope, my good lady, your peace of mind will not be further disturbed. Now, Factotum, see that the grand flag of our nation is hoisted high on the top of my consular house, to show I notice their compliment; and let my dragoman be in readiness with our portable flag, to carry before me to the marine, to receive the captain of the regalia, according to custom here—and, Factotum, you must attend to interpret; and do not forget the gunner of the castle in his powder money—this must be given, or the powder itself, and of two evils choose the least. I must now go and prepare myself for the occasion.

*Exeunt omnes.**Scene changes to the Marine.**Consul Tribute in waiting with his attendants.*

REGALIA CAPTAIN *lands and hands Consul Tribute a packet.* This, sir, from the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, and the contents will make known to you my business here.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*breaks the seal and reads to himself*) It is well, Captain Regalia, I am glad to see these despatches, as well as yourself.—Now, the first step is for us to proceed under our national flag, in form, to make your report according to manifest.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene changes to the Pavilion on the Marine.

Mustapha, the minister, and Hassan, commandant of marine, seated smoking.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*at the door*) Wave our flag thrice, by way of complimentary ceremony. (*dragoman waves his flag—Consul Tribute advances.*) Seignior Mustapha, I have the honour to kiss your hand, and I come to present a regalia from my nation to the Dey and regency of Algiers—my interpreter will now explain the contents.

FACTOTUM. (*reads*) Powder, lead, cordage, tar, pitch, resin, and other warlike stores, according to manifest. (*hands it*).

MUSTAPHA, *minister of marine.* Consul Tribute, the Divan are in conclave, and Mahomet, our prime minister is there engaged—to him I must first transmit your manifest; from thence it will go to the Dey for his sanction—if approved, you will have due notice.

(*Aside.*) Good articles, but not enough powder.—My master will grumble, or I am mistaken, as he appears not in the best humour with you.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. It is well, Seignior Mustapha, I shall, on due notice, attend your commands.

Exeunt Consul Tribute and attendants.

Scene changes to the Consular House.

Consul Tribute enters with Captain Regalia.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Now, Captain, as we have done with ceremony, you must endeavour to amuse yourself until you have orders to discharge your cargo.

Enter Lady Tribute.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. My good Lady, this is Captain Regalia, and here are some letters for you from our friends on the other side of the water.

LADY TRIBUTE. Captain Regalia, these letters, as

well as yourself, are welcome to our presence. Come, take a seat along side of me on the sofa, I have a thousand questions to ask about matters and things at home? But, perhaps, the shortest way will be to read my letters first.—Please excuse me. (*reads to herself.*)

CONSUL TRIBUTE. My good Lady, you have anticipated my wishes.—Now Captain Regalia, we may have a little talk; and, as we are by ourselves, I must say, you just come in time to save me trouble here, for the Algerines have threatened me hard as the last notice.

Enter Citizen Yankoo.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Consul and Lady Tribute, I congratulate you on the arrival of your regalia.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Thanks for myself, and also my Lady, as she is at the moment absent—no doubt, engaged with her friends on the other side of the Western ocean.

LADY TRIBUTE. Yes, no—What were you saying? Excuse me; I am, indeed, most delightfully engaged—wafted on the wings of fancy to my native shore.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. We readily excuse you—Now Citizen Yankoo, let me make known to you Captain Regalia.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Captain Regalia, I am happy to see you.—Pray have you any letters for my name; or have you any news from the Western continent.

CAPTAIN REGALIA. I do not recollect any letters by me for your name.—As to news, when I left home there was great talk of war between our nation and John Bull.

CITIZEN YANKOO. For these, and other weighty considerations, I am anxious to be at home; and, if you have no objections, I should be glad to take passage in your ship, (*àside*) for I am heartily tired of my adventures amongst the freebooters of those seas.

CAPTAIN REGALIA. After my cargo is landed, I shall be looking out for passengers, as well as freight; pray, have you any for me?

CITIZEN YANKOO. I have a quantity of coffee, which has been here in store a long time, and, it seems, cannot be disposed of on any reasonable terms; and, as you say war is likely to be declared at home, it might turn out

to good account there. Thus much for the present, (*aside*) until we are alone, as the Consul seems highly displeas- ed at the sound of the word coffee from me.

A domestic enters with a note.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Excuse me citizens, but here is something that concerns us all: (*reads aloud.*)

“Consul and Lady Bullycan present their best re- spects to Consul and Lady Tribute, and request the honour of their company to dinner on Saturday next at four o’clock, at the Bull Garden; and they also expect that Citizen Yankoo, and all others of your nation in family, will consider themselves as included in this in- vitation.

John Bullycan.

Wednesday noon.”

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Citizen Yankoo, as you are par- ticularly noticed, you cannot refuse this written invita- tion; and captain Regalia, as you are also included in general terms, you will, in course, honour the same.

CITIZEN YANKOO. As it appears the desire of consul Tribute that I should accept consul Bullycan’s invita- tion, be it so. (*aside*) But if I had my own way here, I should dispense with it, for such reasons as your proud mind might not brook even from a friend; but in truth, I have my own suspicions that consul Bullycan is playing a deep, if not a double game against you and our nation- al affairs, with the Dey of Algiers.

CAPTAIN REGALIA. Consul Tribute, at your request I will do myself the honour to attend you. (*aside*) If for nothing else, I want to see fashions in Barbary—I have heard of Bear garden, but never of Bull garden.

Domestic announces seignior Hassan, commandant of Marine.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Conduct him in. (*he enters, they shake hands.*)

HASSAN. Consul Tribute, I am commanded by seig- nior Mustapha, the minister of marine, to wait on you, and to give notice, “that the Dey, our sovereign, has been pleased to sanction the reception of your regalia, but that he had been better pleased if you had sent him more powder,” and we shall be ready at the marine to receive, as you land, any time after our Sabbath.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Seignior commandant, I shall pay due respect to the Dey's wishes in my next regalia, and shall attend to your notice about landing this cargo.

(*aside*) More powder is the constant word here; and, even when our regalia does arrive, we must wait the will and pleasure of those mussulmen as to the reception; and what between their Sabbath on Friday, the Jews on Saturday, and the Christians on Sunday, nearly one half the year at Algiers is impeded by the shadow of religion! (*exit Hassan.*)

FACTOTUM. [*enters*] Consul Tribute, I come to report the arrival of one of John Bull's frigates, direct from their court, with the Algerine minister, who was sent some time since with a present of wild beasts—there appears great stir in the city, and also amongst the Christian consuls, and it is suspected some new intrigue is on foot here.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. If so, Factotum, you had better be out on the alert, to hear and see what is going forward in every direction, and report to me accordingly.

FACTOTUM. As you please to command. [*exit with captain Regalia and citizen Yankoo.*]

LADY TRIBUTE. I declare, my dear consul Tribute, this is enough to weigh down your spirits, as well as mine—one alarm is scarcely over, before another appears! Heigho! What next, I wonder?

CONSUL TRIBUTE. My good lady, what now? As our regalia is sanctioned, we have nothing to fear! Come, rouse your spirits—apropos! If you will promise not to be alarmed, or look so grave, I'll tell you a good story—ha, ha, ha.

LADY TRIBUTE. Any thing to amuse, I do promise. ha, ha, ha.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Good, now for that which may surprise, yet familiarise you to the subject—it is a dream I had since the morning dawn!—"I dreamed the Dey of Algiers sent for me to his palace, I dressed in my best Consular attire, and appeared before him, and as usual kissed his swarthy hand. He was imperious in the extreme, and grumbled about his regalia? I attempted to reason with him, but was silenced by the ferocious

looks of this despot, who said, I must remedy this evil, and that I should only have five minutes, and no grace! He held in his hand the very watch I had presented him, and cost my nation five hundred golden sequins. When the time was expired, he said, Consul Tribute are you ready to comply with my demands? My answer was in the negative, as I had already gone further in my discretionary latitude than authorized. Then, said the Tyrant, you will be on the way to your Christian Heaven before you can count five!—on which he made a private signal, and in came an officer and conducted me down to the Marine. There Hassan, the Commandant, ordered me to be rammed into the Dey's Great Consular Gun, and made a wadding of my laced uniform. The Gunner then primed and set fire to the touch-hole, and off I popt into the M. Sea, Exequator, Tinsell, and all. The report of the gun awakened me, and never was poor Devil more happily relieved from momentary pain than I was, when I found it was only a Dream—ha, ha, ha!

LADY TRIBUTE. This Dream makes you laugh, but the very relation makes me shudder, for they say here that all dreams after the morning dawn are ominous!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I hope you do not give credit to such impressions.

LADY TRIBUTE. I must say, although I do not believe in airy dreams, yet there appears to me a connection of incidents in this fleeting vision to which all Christian Consuls, in their relations here, may be more or less liable to, when they least dream of it.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. It is useless to take trouble by anticipation, so let us drop the subject, and hope for the best—as they retire:

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Although some Christians may not believe in Dreams, or supernatural agency as necessary to accomplish the great works of nature, yet the die is cast as regards Consul Tribute in his National affairs with this Regency!

SCENE II.

Bull Garden Villa, on the declivity of a high hill, fac-

ing the Mediterranean Sea—Flag of John Bull on the top of the house.

Consul Bullycan, his Lady, and two Daughters in the Saloon.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. It is high time for our expected visitors to be here, particularly the Tribute people, as they are our near neighbours.

MISS BULLYCAN. I'll go on the look out, and give signal at their appearance—[retires—returns in haste.] Oh, mother, do come and see, here they are in the avenue, first Consul Tribute and his Lady, with their whiskered Turk guard in front, and next the Mocha Merchant. "I'll vow," as the Consul says, "the Bachelor looks tarnation spruce to-day." I wonder how the Mocha speculation comes on? And here comes a stranger in the rear, the Regalia Captain I suppose, as he rides like a Jack Tar—ha, ha, ha!

LADY BULLYCAN. Hush, my dear Daughter, it would be considered a great breach of good manners, if not hospitality, in us to let such plain skits be heard by our guests, and they are near at hand. As to the Mocha speculation, it is worn out; Miss Tool is ashamed of the joke.

MISS BULLYCAN. But Mamma, why so scrupulous all at once? Who cares a fig for them. You know they are only Tributary neutrals; and we, the Belligerents, as Papa says, mean to send them off with a flea in their ear. That is, as soon as Hadgi Ali Bashaw is ready. But this old Tyrant will, nevertheless, growl at John Bull, as will John Crappeau, when they do not feed his mercenary avarice. I wonder how all these sparings will end here.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Did you ever hear the like, how wondrous pert this young gossip of twelve will talk about men's affairs, notwithstanding her mother's caution? I must not let this prattler put her nose into my Consular study, if she cannot learn to hear and see without letting the cat out of the bag.

MISS BULLYCAN. My dear Papa, I meant no harm, and at worst, it should only be taken as a little bit of a lapsus. (*Aside*)—Pity on me, but this is a tongue-tier,

all in the imperative mood—mum, but here they come.
*Enter Consul Tribute, his Lady, Citizen Yankoo, and
 Regalia Captain. The Guard retires.*

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Our good neutral friends, Consul and Lady Tribute, and company, we are truly happy to see you under our Banner.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. We are honored by your friendly assurance, Consul Bullycan; now permit me to introduce to you Captain Regalia, of my nation. As to Citizen Yankoo, he is already known to you, and will speak for himself.—[*They make their respective compliments.*]

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Please be seated, apropos.—
 Consul Tribute I must congratulate you on the arrival of your regalia. This will no doubt place your national affairs on a better footing than some others here; but how long any of us Consuls may be in favor with his Barbarian Majesty, will depend on his humours—(*aside*) and he will begin with you first.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Sir, I thank you for your civility towards my Regalia, and hope to go on smoothly in my Consular relations here, at least for some time, whatever others may do. (*Aside.*) Unless you Belligerents as usual strive to kick up a Barbary dust here. But it is not my business as a neutral to make war, less so with the Algerines; neither must I take the Bull by the horns before he has done his feed. I will amuse until you have done your dinner, then, agreeable to your own maxim, a generous glass of wine will keep you in good humour the rest of the day.

MISS BULLYCAN—(*aside.*) As the old ones are engaged in their politics, I'll go on the look out again to see who comes next. (*Retires. Returns in haste.*) Oh my stars, Mamma, here they come, thick as hops. First Consul Trimmer's guard, then himself, his Lady, and two Miss Trimmers, with their accredited beau, Mr. Secretary O'Consequentio; next Consul Balance two Miss Balances and their beau, Mr. Secretary O'Sappio. (*Aside.*)—A mighty sappy set; some on horses, some on mules, and some on jack asses. What a political medly also we shall have when all arrive. But Consul Bullyrock and his Crappeau, Whiskerandoes. cannot show

their noses to us Bullycans this heat; mum, I forgot; but papa looks sour, and mamma seems on the fidgets; I shall get it again, mum.

LADY BULLYCAN. Hem! My daughter, the more the merrier you know. Hem!—(*aside*)—There is no stopping this girl's loquacity.

MISS BULLYCAN. True, mamma, I was just thinking so. (*Aside*)—Mum, papa says I must learn to hear and see without talking. This is hard doctrine to us young Bullycans, as the old ones will let out the secrets of the Cabinet before us, and I could not keep even a secret of my own five minutes. I wish I was in a country where folks dare speak freely, may be I would not talk from morn till night at least.

The company enter and make their respective compliments.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Good friends, we are truly glad to see you here, one and all.

MISS BULLYCAN. No, my dear papa, not all, for here comes the rest, and Consul Don Sancho on his prancer, sticking close to Miss Betty Tool on her Jack Bray. I guess, as some body says—(*aside*)—but I must not even guess. Well then I think—the Don is on the wrong side of my aunt Tool now, whatever he may be hereafter.

LADY BULLYCAN. Hem! Miss Bullycan, a word with you. Suppose, as all the company are here, or in sight, that you now go and order in dinner?

MISS BULLYCAN. Yes, my dear mamma, I love to obey. (*Aside*)—I am glad to get off in this way; I expected a set down, instead of which I am going as a Messenger extra from a Consul's Lady, to deliver orders, and if I had my own way, may be, I would not order things in great style. [*Exit.*]

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Well thought of, my good Lady; there is nothing like a little foresight in this world of care—my mother used to say it was a sure sign of a good housewife, particularly if they scolded a little; but the latter, you know, never was a trait in the Bullycan family—(*aside*) It is true, you will tip me a curtain lecture.

LADY BULLYCAN. True, yet some of us women have no credit in our domestic cares. (*aside*) I understand you, chuck, and I'll pay you for it before you sleep this night.

LADY TRIMMER. But, Lady Bullycan, such things generally speak for themselves. (*aside*) We know you rule the roast, as well as the roast at home, although your Consul will play off his native Bullycan wit before us.

Enter Consul Tool and Lady—Consul Don Sancho and Miss Betty Tool—They make their obeisance.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Good friends of our family, we are glad to see you although late. (*aside*) The Don sticks close to our Betty, or she sticks close to him; and this is what my gossip daughter would be guessing at—She is a knowing one, and I cannot be angry with her, for she is all life and good humour.

MISS BULLYCAN. (*enters*) Well here I am again, a return courier, come to announce—dinner on table.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. A short and good hearing this time.—Now, Lady Tribute, permit me the honour of your hand (*aside*) to show you the way to your appropriate seat at table, not in precedence, as it is not your due, but, as it is understood, my compliment of the day in rotation.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I claim the honour of Lady Bullycan's hand in return.

The rest of the company join hands in regular precedence, according to their rank and station and follow on.

Scene changes to the Dinner-table.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Ladies, please be seated with a gentleman intervening to attend your calls. You all look grave, as if you expected something like grace; but as this is not the custom of this unchristianlike land, we will dispense with the outward form, as it is to be hoped we have all more or less within.

Now, by way of substantials, here is a saddle of broad-tailed mutton, as good as Barbary affords at the feast of Bieram, and those here not sheepishly inclined, will find before them other flesh, fish, and fowl, to their dif-

ferent tastes. (*they are all helped*) Well, good friends, here is cut and come again—what say you to another slice?—No!—Then, waiter, clear away, and let us have the Stilton, and a can of Hibbert's brown stout. (*waiter draws a cork—pop it goes*) Come, that will do; hand it round, and let us drink to the land of malt. It is this, besides good roast beef, that makes John Bull so stout and strong, and the young Bullycans so rosy—ha, ha, ha.—Now, waiter clear all away; and set the travellers with the best wine. Come, good friends, let us fill a bumper around the festive board, and my Lady will give you her prerogative—sentiment, (*aside*) and when her glass is out, she may take herself off with the ladies, and leave us gentlemen to our wine and politics, as I mean to invite a round of Consular sparring in my own way.

LADY BULLYCAN. So be it—I'll give you "Peace to all the world, and good will towards mankind." This moral offering may be considered as a sprig of the olive branch, which we ladies leave the gentlemen here to improve on. (*Aside*) From my old man's pointed looks towards me, I must be off. [*rises from the table with the Ladies—The Gentlemen rise in compliment.*

Exeunt Ladies.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Gentlemen, we may now be seated, and by a generous glass of wine, console ourselves for the loss of the ladies' good society. But they would leave us—Come, a bumper toast—"Georgivus, my old master, not forgetting the Regent, my second; the respective nations of the Christian world in amity with us; my third, the Dey and regency of Algiers." Now, brother Consuls, this gives you license to say in your respective turns, as best suits your inclination; for although we are within the dominions of the Dey of Algiers, yet we are, by our consular privilege, without his jurisdiction.

CONSUL TRIMMER. This is quick firing, Consul Bullycan, and you keep up the rule of political toasts and sentiments. (*aside*) No doubt, John Bull, you mean to try the strength of our heads this day.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. You know there is a certain routine due by us consuls towards our respective nations; and this also serves to say something in a pleasant way;

and as Consul Trimmer is the oldest in precedence here, what does he please to say?

CONSUL TRIMMER. I must, in course, follow in the consular example—Gustavus Adolphus, my royal master. (*aside*) But I shall say nothing about a certain great prince, which our good ally, the great emperor has in his eye for us; but my friend Balance is prepared to give you a Baltic rubbing the first opening; and this he may now do in sentimental freedom.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Your offering is short, but breathes respect to the old order of things, and as such we drink to it.

(*aside.*) This Trimmer is a knowing one; yet he seems puzzled, and well he may, for he scarcely knows to whom he belongs at present.

Now, Consul Balance, be pleased to honour us with something to the point.

CONSUL BALANCE. As we seem royally disposed, I give you—Christian, my royal master. (*aside*) Now to the point: Apropos! This puts me in mind that our once royal consort was sister to John Bull; and as one thing sometimes leads to another, that your mad-cap admiral entered Copenhagen sound and battered the castles about our ears, and last of all took our ships of war, as he pretended, into his safe keeping, (*aside*) but has forgotten to return them, and I am instructed thus to give you the rub national for this breach.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. This is to the point in the extent, and we drink to it in remembrance of political facts—[*aside*] but I'll be sworn this mad-cap slur is not your own, but preconcerted between your leader, Bullyrock, and his prompter, Trimmer, and you were to give it utterance; but your tones will be changed before long, as there is a strong league forming in the north against the usurper of St. Cloud; however this is a secret to all here but myself, as it is yet only in political embryo.

CONSUL TRIMMER. I must say, as to the affairs of the Baltic, John Bull has acted prematurely, to say no worse, in the capture of the Copenhagen fleet, and his honour, if not honesty, can only be justified by their safe return to the rightful owner.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. The late acts of John Bull, in the

Sound, may appear rather imperious to those whose honour and interests are immediately at stake, but to you, as diplomatists, it need not be told, this was all done by the well known rule of political expediency, and the end must justify the means! Now, my friend, Consul Don Sancho, we wait your say in toast or sentiment.

[*Aside.*] This has, in truth been the rub direct to me; and if you were at present politically opposed to John Bull, you might come Spanish over me, and, perhaps, bring in the seige of Minorca, and the ghost of Byng to rise in judgment herein amongst the visionary phantoms of the day.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. (*rises behind the chair of Consul Bullycan*) This inward appeal looks like the effect of conscience, and invades my intellectual province—Hear the conscientious representative of what you may presume to call visionary phantoms!—Facts are stubborn things; and beware how you excite further monitions on this head!

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Did you speak, Consul Don Sancho? If so, I did not comprehend you.—[*aside*] No, reflection tells me some inward monitor smites me hard; but my political conscience must not yield to my national pride, and as I have begun the spar, even so I must brazen out—The Don is long coming to my support.

CONSUL DON SANCHO. I give you Fernando, my royal master, and I must be permitted to add, that, as he is unjustly held in captivity by a usurper, may he soon be released; and return to govern his subjects mill annos, and may we all here live to see this fulfilled. [*aside*] My ally seems hard run—This will please him, if not the Crappeau opposition.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. We drink to this sentiment in the true spirit of political sympathy; but my friend Don Sancho, you are rather unconscionable to expect us all here to live to see this fulfilled, as by your say it would appear one thousand years—ha, ha, ha!

[*aside*] The usurping touch is well timed, and the other part has served to raise the laugh on my side, and even this to those when hard set, is a point gained.

CONSUL DON SANCHO. By way of explanation, it should be understood, by proviso, that the substance should be separated from the complimentary parts of all diplomacy.

CONSUL BULLYCAN, Admitted—Now, Consul Tribute, although you are the youngest Christian Consul on the Dey's list, yet your very name is a consideration with him, as well as all the Barbary powers, and we now wait your say.

[*aside*] He seems on tip-toe here since the arrival of his regalia—His neutral light wants trimming; but he will know more about some matters between me and the Dey, as regards himself, and this before the next moon.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I must say you appear highly complimentary towards me, in my relations with the Barbary powers—As to my sentiment on this occasion, I'll give it to you freely as a good republican—Jaques Americano, the independent ruler of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, and may they progress in liberty, virtue, and happiness, until time shall be no more.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. This is literally the very essence of neutral purity; and does honour to the representative of a free and enlightened nation. [*aside*] This is the moment to try my man by a little finesse—

Apropos! Consul Tribute, I was much troubled about you in a dream a few nights since, in which you appeared to have great difficulties with the Dey of Algiers, and they say here to dream about him is ominous!

CONSUL TRIBUTE. And pray, what inference am I to draw from this short preface?

CONSUL BULLYCAN. It was to me a confused affair, and I waked just as you were taking your congee.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Then, after all your dream turns out to be only a shadow! [*aside*] Yet it seems strange to me, as he used the words of Lady Tribute in her reply to my dream—"This would look ominous."

CONSUL BULLYCAN. A mere shadow; and I hope it does not alarm you, as you know the fanciful play of the imagination will sometimes intrude on our slumbers—ha, ha, ha!

[*aside*] I must laugh it off for the present—But I see enough of my man to be thus taken at a nonplus, such

nerves are too weak for Algerine intrigue. The maxim of us Belligerents is, hardest fend off, and the Devil take the hindmost.

Now, Consul Tool, as you are at home, give us your sentiment—(*aside*) You understand me, something by way of letting some folks here into a secret, which should be to them as plain as the nose on the face.

CONSUL TOOL. I give you my royal master the sovereign of Brazanga—and as we seem to have overlooked something which concerns us all more or less here, I would add—Success to the Mediterranean trade. (*aside*) I need not open by say so. But John Bull will have the cream of this trade as long as they dictate to the Barbary powers, and we her allies must even submit, as well as other nations.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. We drink to your national offering with due respect. As to the concerns of the Mediterranean sea, you know John Bull considers Gibraltar as her own safeguard therein. Now, Mr. Secretary O'Consequentio, what are you pleased to offer in rotation.

SECRETARY O'CONSEQUENTIO. Thus permitted, I say—May the balance of power be counterbalanced in the great scale of political justice. (*aside*) I composed this to outdo Mr. Secretary O'Sappio; he looks astonished, but I guess he cannot match it.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. This seems a double balanced sentiment, without the power of vibration. But the point with us is to keep in motion, so let us drink to it. Now, Mr. Secretary O'Sappio, perhaps your say so may throw some weight in the scale to determine the preponderance.

SECRETARY O'SAPPPIO. Sir, as I am to say—May the great empire of reason predominate in the balance of all earthly power. (*aside*) This must outbalance Mr. Secretary O'Consequentio, if not his superiors here.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. This is truly in the superlative; (*aside*) But John Bull laughs at all this supererogation, for they who poise the beam of the great political scale, will so balance it as best suits their ambition and interest. Now, Captain Regalia, as you are a carrier in the Tributary Trade, give us something in your way to

keep the ship afloat—[*aside*] beware you have a bad pilot to your National Bark—and you may be taken atack yourself before you get out of the Mediterranean limits.

CAPTAIN REGALIA, (*aside*). It looks squally here—what shall I say? I am not used to this sentimental play—But I must say something and cannot go far wrong, as I know my latitude by my observation of the day.—Sir, “may reason be the pilot when passion blows the gale.”

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Well said in a few words. The great empire of reason itself could not have been more to the point to pilot us through life’s troubled ocean. Now, Citizen Yankoo, what have you good to offer by way of volunteer.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Consul Bullycan, I hope my offer may be considered reciprocal. “The hand that gives, and the heart that forgives”—[*aside*] and, if I could, without rescinding that already said, I might add—May the difference in political sentiment never mar the social harmony that should exist in all refined Christian society.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. A very Christian-like offering, and as such we drink to it. (*aside*) I perceive by the cut of your scrutinizing eye this may be pointed towards me, if not some others here—But you had better take care how you meddle with us Consuls, or Algerine affairs, as you are strongly suspected in taking notes, and will be strictly watched, lest you publish the same to the Christian world hereafter.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Now, Brother Chips and friends all here, by way of my last say, I’ll give you—The fair sex the wide world over, may their domestic virtues make man supremely happy, and themselves pre-eminently so.

CONSUL TRIMMER. This is a finish that does honour to the head as well as the heart of the authors, as it fully embraces like the philanthropist, all countries and climes.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Perhaps it may be considered like the rest, happily selected to the pleasures of the day.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Christians, by your talk, it would appear that your considerations did not extend beyond the day. Beware, the great book of fate will be open to you all in your earthly cares and intrigues—and remember, when wine is in, the truth leaks out.

SCENE III.

Consular House in the City, Consul Tribute seated on a sofa reading.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*enters*) Sir, I hope I do not disturb you by my presence. (*retiring.*)

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Sir, it is true I was reading a late very interesting work—Entitled, The London African Association. But I want some talk with you, please be seated—pray what have you done in the sales of your coffee?

CITIZEN YANKOO. Sir, I should suppose Seignior Factotum could, and would have told you that nothing had been done. But as it seems he has not, I must say nothing is likely to be done; and my patience is nearly exhausted, as I expected to remain here only two months at most, and near two years have elapsed, and heavy expenses.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Sir, I did not thus expect to be called to account, either directly, or indirectly in any affairs between you and Seignior Factotum—However, I must now inform you, that I shall this day expect reimbursement of all advances made you, as I am likely to be hard pushed for money. (*aside*) This will put matters to issue between us, as you seem to blame me, as well as Factotum.

CITIZEN YANKOO. You must recollect the conditions on which these advances were made, and I had reason then to believe they would have long since been repaid by remittances expected from Don Juan Martinpecker at Palma; but in this I have been sorely mistaken, as I am informed this man has failed and left his consular station; and my prospects here seem very doubtful, to say no worse. However, let the sacrifices herein be

what they may, let your Factotum sell, off hand; as much of my coffee as will repay your advances, and all contingencies here. (*aside*) This will adjust all pecuniary matters between us—as to other obligations of a more delicate nature, as a sojourner under your roof by your own proffered hospitality, I should be the last to cancel this debt of gratitude. But you have most hypocritically forced me, as it would appear, to estimate your deportment through a veil of mystery; and now even disavow your private, if not also your public interference in my affairs, this no doubt to shake off any responsibility which might attach hereafter. [*Exit Citizen Yankoo.*

FACTOTUM. (*enters*) Consul I call as usual, to know your command for the day.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. You are here in the nick of time. Citizen Yankoo directs me to tell you to sell as much of his coffee in store as will repay all my advances, and all contingencies here; and be sure that you charge your own commissions therein. You know matters are understood between us. But as Yankoo blames you for neglect, let him see that you can make despatch, as you recollect he once told you this was the life of business.

FACTOTUM. If so, he shall not have occasion to blame me further. (*aside*) What care I for this Citizen Yankoo, whether he is pleased or not, if I can be the gainer on his spoils; and as you expect half the commission, I'll make up for it in another way as no price is limited, I have my own speculators ready for the sacrifice.

[*Exit.*

CAPTAIN REGALIA. (*enters*) Consul Tribute, I come to report unpleasant news. The Commandant of Marine appears in surly mood, and has given me orders not to land any more of the Regalia cargo.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Perhaps you mistake, as you do not understand the Lingua Franca. However, return on board your own ship and remain quiet, I will cause inquiry into this affair.

CAPTAIN REGALIA. As you please to direct me.

[*Exit.*

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*solus*) What can this mean? Those Algerines at new vexations! This reminds me of Consul Bullycan's dreaming story, and it also accords

with my own dream about the Regalia cargo. This indeed looks ominous!

FACTOTUM. (*enters*) Well Consul Tribute, with some trouble I have succeeded. This bag contains eight hundred and nineteen golden sequins and seventy-five mezoons. The nett proceeds of that part of Citizen Yankoo's coffee directed to be sold. (*aside*) The great speculators would not touch this small part after waiting so long for the whole. So I made quick work of it at my own price to my own friends, and I expect the remainder on better terms, as I have just heard of fresh difficulties about your Regalia cargo here.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*receives the money*) Factotum, this account is well settled, now I have a matter of more importance for you—Captain Regalia has just been here, and informs me that he has received orders not to land any more of his Regalia cargo. Haste to the commandant of Marine my best respects, and that I request to know the difficulty therein? [*Factotum—retiring.*]

Three loud raps at the front door. Domestic announces Seignior Mustapha Minister of Marine.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Conduct him in. Stop, Factotum, until we hear what the Minister has to say.

MUSTAPHA, [*enters, with much gravity, bows thrice.*] Hear me Consul Tribute the representative of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West—For divers causes and good reasons, I come formally to make known—“That your Consular functions are at an end here, and your exequator revoked by the Dey and Regency of Algiers, and it is decreed—That the Regalia cargo just arrived from your nation, not being found as it should, and particularly the powder, the whole is disclaimed—and that part already landed is to be taken on board again—and that in three days, from this hour, you are to pay up the whole of your tributary and other dues in money—and that, in the final settlement of all accounts during your Consulship here, you are to calculate by the Lunar and not the Solar year. This all done, you are then to depart with all citizens of your nation from this Regency within the said prescribed time.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Seignior Mustapha, this appears to

me a very sudden and unexpected change in the temper and disposition of the Dey and Regency of Algiers towards my nation, and I consider it the more pointedly so, having previously sanctioned my Regalia.

MUSTAPHA. It is not with me to explain, I came with the commands of the Dey.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Then in answer, say, I shall endeavor to adjust all accounts in the manner and time prescribed, and be prepared to leave your dominions.

MUSTAPHA. I shall bear your answer to the Dey, my Sovereign. *(Exit.)*

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Mighty laconic—This is summary work to be done on a short notice, and no means. I shall now miss our friend David Brokereye. Let me recollect: I shall want to borrow about twenty thousand golden sequins, upon the security of my Consular Bills on my own Government. Now, Factotum, do you haste away amongst the money changers, and endeavour to raise the sum required, never mind a little premium more or less, for the money must be forth coming, or I shall be in the vocative; and in the mean time, send my dragoman on board the Regalia ship to conduct the Captain here.

FACTOTUM. I haste to execute your commands.—*(Aside)*—On these terms I know my men who will be forth coming with the ready rhino, but I need not tell you this part. *(Exit.)*

CAPTAIN REGALIA, *(enters.)* Consul Tribute, I attend your call.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. The secret has come out; they have disclaimed the Regalia; and you are to take back on board your ship that part already landed; and as we are ordered to depart in three days, you will prepare your ship to receive me and my family, and all citizens of our nation here. *(Exit Captain Regalia.)*

CITIZEN YANKOO, *(enters.)* Consul Tribute, Seignior Factotum has just informed me that you are ordered to depart this Regency, with all citizens of our nation, in three days; and he also informs me he cannot, since this report is abroad, dispose of my coffee for cash, on any terms. I therefore come to ask your Consular advice,

and assistance, to have my coffee in store shipped on board the Regalia ship, or any other vessel you may point out, to be employed in this service, as you know that no Christian individual here can act but through the Consul of his nation, otherwise I should not trouble you herein at the moment.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I must inform you that my Consular functions are at an end here; and as to your coffee, if you cannot sell it off hand for as much as it will bring, and ever so little is better than nothing, you must even abandon it, as I shall do with the property of others of our citizens consigned to me, and trust to our Government for reparation therein hereafter. Now, as to yourself, although the ship is fully laden, yet some place will be found for you and other citizens of our nation here.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I have provided for the worst, and now have to present this instrument of writing, by which you will perceive I have most solemnly protested against the power or powers that have violated the stipulations of the Treaty between our nation and this Regency, which declares:

“That in case of war between the two nations, a reasonable time shall be allowed for all citizens of our nation to adjust their commercial concerns, and then to depart unmolested on board what vessel or vessels they should think proper, with their property.”

I must, therefore, as my right, demand your Consular signature to this my act, and thus give it due credence at home. (*Hands the paper. Aside.*) Although your Consular functions may be suspended by those Barbarians in all matters between you and them, yet not so between you and me, and if you refuse, my only alternative will be to protest against you for neglect of duty towards a citizen of your own nation, and this act may be witnessed before the whole of the Christian Consuls here, and I query whether some such step would not be your Consular duty against the Dey and Regency of Algiers, if you had firmness to support your national rights here.

CONSUL TRIBUTE *reads—then answers:* Although this declaration might be considered correct, yet the

language is strong within the limits of a despotic government. However, we Christians Consuls are bound to attest all written documents presented by the citizens or subjects of our respective nations; provided, they first, on oath, declare the facts, and as you appear thus determined, lay your hand on the Sacred Book: "You do most solemnly swear to the truth of all that is written in the within instrument, purporting to be a protest against the Dey and Regency of Algiers, for a violation of the Treaty between them and our own nation, by which your individual rights and interests are more or less compromised, and therein reserving to yourself the right of extension, as the case may require."

CITIZEN YANKOO. I do most solemnly swear to this my act, and desire that it may be recorded in your Consulate. (*Kisses the Book. Aside.*) And I might swear to much more that does not come within the limits of my present protest, and as you say my language has already been rather strong here, more of this hereafter.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*Signs, seals, and delivers the protest—hands it back.*) There Citizen Yankoo; I have herein done all that can be done under existing circumstances, and I must now attend to matters concerning my own safety, as well as your's here. In the meantime, you may send your baggage on board the Regalia ship.

CITIZEN YANKOO. This paper is all I have to show for many years' toils and dangers. But I must wait the issue where I dare speak and write my sentiments with freedom. (*Aside*) This official document will, however, serve to show to my country how a citizen of their nation has been treated and ultimately plundered by the Algerine freebooters, and it will also serve to found a correct appeal in defence of my own individual rights; and if it should in the end discover some secrets at present enveloped in mystery here, let those who have made it necessary look to the consequences. Now, as you have directed, I must to my chamber and pack up my little baggage, and be ready myself to embark at a moment's warning, should you not adjust matters with those barbarians by paying for extended favors.

(*exit.*)

(*A loud rapping at the front door.*)

CONSUL TRIBUTE, (*solus.*) Who can this be thus importunate? Perhaps some fresh orders from the despotic power of the land! Factotum makes long stay in his money negotiations, but time flies swiftly with those dependent on the capricious nod of an avaricious tyrant; would those three days were well over!

Domestic announces Consul Bullyrock, Trimmer and Balance, with their Ladies. They enter.

CONSUL BULLYROCK. Our good neutral friend, Consul Tribute, having heard of the misunderstanding between you and the Dey and Regency of Algiers, and that you are ordered to depart at three days notice, we come, according to our Consular rule, to offer you our friendly passport towards the safe conduct of the vessel that is to take you out of the Straits of Gibraltar, being the admitted limits of our jurisdiction, according to the tributary system; and our wives and daughters attend us, to console Lady Tribute under these unhappy auspices.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Thanks to ye, the Consuls of those Christian powers thus friendly disposed towards me, and the relations of my nation; and likewise to these your good wives and daughters, for their kind and feeling attention towards Lady Tribute. She is at present engaged in packing up our most valuables, to be ready to embark. I will send for her. (*rings the bell—a domestic enters.*)

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Go tell your Mistress some good friends call to see her. [*exit Domestic.*]

LADY TRIBUTE, (*enters.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I am truly glad to see you. "Friends in need are friends indeed."

LADY TRIMMER. Keep good heart; we, your friends, have heard all, and come to offer our best services.—Perhaps all may yet be happily adjusted by a golden salvo, the only cure for such evils here.

LADY TRIBUTE. I have my fears, and to be plain is to be sincere amongst friends. The Bullycans stand aloof to those they once called their best neutral friends, but they have no feeling towards man or woman, at least when their ambition or interests are concerned.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. My dear Lady Tribute, it is useless to repine. Here comes our only hope, and if this will not soften the despot who rules our present destinies, as he has ordered us to depart, we must be off, as fast as we can, to the land of freedom, and there before a free and enlightened nation, we may claim the right of being heard in these barbarian wrongs.

FACTOTUM (*enters followed by several slaves with bags of money.*) Here it is, all in golden sequins, and hard enough it was to be touched, as the money changers had already gotten wind of the emergency of the case, and have also taken premium accordingly. (*aside*) It is true, I am to receive a handsome douceur when the bills are paid, but I need not tell you this part of my negociation.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Well done, Factotum. As to the premium, more or less, it is not a consideration with me, when our liberty, if not our lives, may be at stake.

LADY TRIBUTE. Well ladies, as there now seems to be a dawn of hope in this golden talisman, let us withdraw to my private apartment, and let the gentlemen do for the best towards our safe deliverance.

(The ladies retire.)

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Now, Factotum, let us make up the Dey's demand. First our yearly tribute, which is twelve thousand golden sequins. Then the difference between the lunar and the solar time, during my Consular administration here, which is nearly ten years, and this will make nearly one year's more tribute. It is true, the last is a direct imposition by those mercenary Musselmen to squeeze as much ready money out of me as they possibly can at this trying moment; but as I cannot contend against them, I must even leave it to my own nation to call them to account hereafter. (*They set to counting the gold on the table.*)

CONSUL TRIMMER. Suppose we Consuls here assist you in counting out.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. I was just thinking that you Consuls might serve me in a better way.

CONSUL TRIMMER. Command my services, and I dare say you may my colleagues. (*aside*) What now?

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Whilst I am preparing the needful to pave the way towards adjustment, I would solicit the mediation of you three Consuls with the Dey. You might state to him what you have seen; that the money is all ready, and hint, likewise, that I have a bag in reserve, provided, a reasonable way can be pointed out for accommodation, and the renewal of my Consular functions here.

CONSUL BULLYROCK. I agree that the influence of my consular station shall be used for the relief of Consul Tribute; but would it not be better that one person first go to sound the Dey—and as Consul Trimmer speaks the *lingua Franca*, and understands the humours at the palace; I propose that he proceeds in this affair.

(*Aside.*) It is true, I may be sanctioned by my master, the emperor of St. Cloud, to favour any Christian consul here, when they happen to come in contact with John Bull; yet I must not commit myself in person, as I have a further game to play in my national affairs with his Barbarian majesty, and he might in his capricious or avaricious humours dismiss me.

CONSUL TRIMMER. It appears, Consul Bullyrock, by what you say, and approved by Consul Balance, that I am to be the spokesman in this mediation; but I must premise, that my own national affairs do not stand on the best footing with the Dey at present; at all events, I'll go and do my best; but, on reflection, I would advise that the money be sent in advance—this may work matters more smooth in the end, and I would also recommend that Consul Tribute go with me, at least as far as the antichamber, to be ready to step in should I succeed in my first impressions.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. As you please to advise, Consul Trimmer; and, Factotum, as the money is made up, haste away with it to the Dey's treasury. Now, Consul Bullyrock and Balance, I have a favour to ask of you and your ladies; that is to remain here with Lady Tribute until our return.

Exeunt Consul Tribute and Trimmer.

Scene changes to the Dey's Palace.

The Dey seated with his prime minister Mahomet, in deep conference.

Officer in waiting announces Consul Bullycan.

THE DEY. Conduct him in; then see that no other person enter to disturb us.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. (*enters*) Seignior Hadgi Ali Basha, the sovereign of Algiers, I have the honour to kiss your hand,

THE DEY. (*puts forth his hand*) This done, please be seated. I sent for you, to have a confidential talk on matters now pending between your nation and me—It appears, by the advice of my minister lately at your court, that it is their wish I should break off all relations with the United Christian Brotherhood of the West.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. Thus much I am instructed by my court to negotiate with you; and this done, you may then count on my nation for a full supply of munitions of war; and also to support you against all opposition and consequences, which may arise out of this proceeding.—As to this young nation of the West, although they claim the title of an independent people, yet you have little to fear from them, as they have only a few ships of war, and are not likely to trouble you, whilst John Bull and Gibraltar stand between you and them.

THE DEY. Not doubting your representation and your fair promises towards us, all shall be done as you say. I have already deprived Consul Tribute of his exequator; and he shall depart my dominions by twelve o'clock this very day.

CONSUL BULLYCAN. I consider all matters as definitively understood between us, and shall write my sovereign to this effect. I have the honour to kiss your majesty's hand.

(*Aside.*) I have done the thing to my mind—I know John Bull and this nation of the West expect hourly to be at war. The latter will have enough to do between us and the Barbary powers, whilst we thus contrive to skim the cream of their floating commerce on the Medi-

terranean Sea; but this part of our design I need not tell you.

The DEY. Consul Bullycan seems much pleased, as if more was understood by him than explained. Now, Mahomet, let me have your opinion, how will all this affect us? [*exit.*

MAHOMET. My sovereign, we know that John Bull is on the point of war with this nation of the West; but Consul Bullycan has not, perhaps for some sly reason, brought this into your view—then we are not bound to disclose all we know or intend. In my humble opinion, we should avoid any thing like open war with this nation; but we may send all our corsairs to sea, as if on a general cruise, and capture all the vessels of the nation of the West, found on these our waters of the Mediterranean sea—this will ensure us a number of slaves before they can be on their guard; and it will also be beforehand with John Bull, should they have the same design against us.

The DEY. This seems sound policy, Mahomet; and it agrees perfectly with my views; and, for these reasons, I have in my own mind concluded not to detain Consul Tribute's regalia ship, but to send him and all of his nation here, off in the same.

Officer in waiting enters.

OFFICER. May it please our sovereign, the Dey, Consul Trimmer and Consul Tribute are waiting in the antichamber to receive audience.

The DEY. Ah! I suppose this Trimmer is coming with Tribute to beat a parley—I'll give them a short hearing to know their views, and if they are not to my liking, I'll send them off with a flea in their ear.—Officer admit those Christians.

CONSUL TRIMMER. (*enters, stops, and bows thrice; no notice taken of him—aside*) I see Mahomet in deep conference with the Dey, and I saw Consul Bullycan going out as I came in—this augurs against my mission; but as I have gotten so far, I must advance—

Great sovereign of this regency, I have the honour to kiss your hand.

The DEY. (*puts it forth*) This being done, what is your special business here?

CONSUL TRIMMER. I now present myself before you, with the mutual concurrence of Consul Bullyrock and Consul Balance, my respective allies, by way of mediation in behalf of Consul Tribute, the representative of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West; and I am commissioned by the latter to say, that he greets you with the same good faith which has long existed in his consular relations with this regency; and I am also authorised to say, what in truth I saw, that he has already sent to your treasury money sufficient to fulfil all his national dues, and, between ourselves, that he has still a bag in reserve for further considerations; and Consul Tribute hopes this, my explanation, may be sufficient to invite a good understanding with your majesty, and that you will be pleased to admit him to your presence, in friendly audience; and he is now waiting in the antichamber to know your will and pleasure on this subject.

The DEY. Most officious Christian meddler, be it known that my decree once passed is not to be trifled with by you, any more than one of my own subjects, who dare not question me why or wherefore, or I would make them a head shorter! But how dare you, above all the rest named, appear before me in the quality of mediator, when your own national affairs stand so far in the back ground? Have you forgotten I once placed you to work with my common slaves on the marine—this was to shame your trimming audacity. Beware the next time you thus dare me! And this lesson will serve for your friend Balance—as to your leader Consul Bullyrock, I shall call him to account some of these days, unless his master, the great emperor, pays up.

(*Aside*) He is no more than a usurper. Now, Trimmer, go about your business for the present; and you may say to your friend Tribute that I want no further communication with him. It is well he has paid up all his accounts promptly, this may save his bacon this heat—As to his petty bag in reserve, it is no temptation for me; and as he has let matters go on so far, nothing short of one million can make good friends again; and he may now go home and tell his nation this—and that

Hadgi Ali Bashaw cares not a fig for them, or any other Christian power—(*aside*) as long as John Bull supports me. (*rings the bell*).

Officer in waiting enters.

THE DEY. I command that you show this Christian the way out of my house, as he so unwittingly found his way in. (*officer retiring*) Hear me further!—As Consul Tribute is still in the antichamber, and feared to stand before me to plead his own cause, I command that you seize, and conduct him down to the marine; and there let the minister, Mustapha, see that the commandant, Hassan, embarks this Christian on board his own regalia ship, and that his wife and family, and all citizens of his nation here have the same liberty.

Exit officer and Consul Trimmer.

Scene changes to the antichamber.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. (*solus—takes out his watch*) I thought it at least one hour since Consul Trimmer left me, and only fifteen minutes have elapsed—time passes heavily, and I feel as if all was not right.

CONSUL TRIMMER. (*enters*) Bad tidings my friend—The Dey is in angry mood with you, and all our party, and myself hard threatened in my national affairs—the cause is evident; I saw Consul Bullycan coming from private audience with the Dey and his prime minister. This officer has orders to embark you direct from hence: your lady and family, and all citizens of your nation have their liberty, and are permitted to embark with you on board the regalia ship, with orders to sail by twelve o'clock this day, and no grace.

(*aside*) I find that Bullyrock has made me the cat's paw to you, and I am not sure but it will be my turn next.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. This is bad enough, Consul Trimmer; but since it is so, I have one more favour to beg of you; that is, haste back to Lady Tribute, and see that she is safe conducted on board the regalia ship to me?

CONSUL TRIMMER. Thus much I will endeavour at all hazards to myself.

OFFICER. Consul Trimmer, you know my orders, and no time for Christian parley; so go your ways—and Consul Tribute, my orders are to conduct you to the marine there to be embarked. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to Consul Tribute's House.

CONSUL TRIMMER. (*enters*) Be not alarmed, good friends, that you see me without Consul Tribute; I have not time to tell you a long story; but he is safe on board his own regalia ship, by the Dey's command; and Lady Tribute and family, and all citizens of their nation are permitted their liberty to embark immediately—I come to conduct you in safety there—Haste, wait for nothing, as the ship is to sail by twelve this day, and no grace—Come, take my arm!

LADY TRIBUTE. In truth, I stand in need of some friendly support at this moment; but thus permitted my liberty, I am ready to fly to my husband.

Exeunt omnes.

CITIZEN YANKOO. (*enters the saloon solus*) No one to be seen or heard about the house!—It looks solitary to me, and much like as if all was not as it should be here!

Pierre, the domestic, enters.

PIERRE. Citizen Yankoo still here—I am surprised! Perhaps you do not know your critical situation—Consul Tribute, his lady, and family, and all the citizens of your nation are already embarked on board the regalia ship, by order of the Dey, to sail by twelve o'clock this day, and no grace. Haste away, or you may be left behind, and become a slave as well as myself.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Pierre, you give me timely advice, here is a golden sequin for the last services, and all my money except just enough to pay the porter to carry my writing desk and small trunk to the Marine, and then for a boatman to take me on board the Regalia ship; and as you say I have no time to spare, I must be off—farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Yankoo, Porter, &c.*

PIERRE. [*solus*] It is singular that no one thought of Citizen Yankoo; he no doubt, as usual, was quietly writing in his chamber; Factotum at least must have

known this as he was here a few minutes ago. But he is no friend to Citizen Yankoo, and I know he has overreached him in the concerns of his coffee, but I dare not say so, or it would bring me into trouble. It is said he is a great friend to us slaves, and is writing a book about the Tribute. God speed him in safety to his native shore, and there I hope he will tell his tale to the Christian world of what he has seen and heard here.

Scene changes to the Marine.

CITIZEN YANKOO. [*pays the Porter, then jumps into a boat at the landing*] Come boatman, take my trunk and desk and row me to the Christian Regalia ship at anchor.

BOATMAN. Christian you seem in a hurry, what will you give us? [*aside*] We know your reasons are pressing.

CITIZEN YANKOO. That will depend on your expedition. But if you mean to go, say so, as I perceive the ship is weighing anchor, or I may lose my passage, and you the fare. [*aside*] If you trifle, as I see no other boat handy, I'll jump in the water and swim on board, and trust to getting my effects from here.

BOATMAN. [*to his comrade*] The Christian will no doubt pay us well if we haste. [*takes the trunk and desk—row off canting*] "The Mocha man is suspected of being a spy here, and well he may pay us for taking him on board the Regalia ship." [*they arrive along side*] Now Christian, your pay for our haste.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Here is a piece of silver double the amount of your common fare. [*aside*] These freebooters have canted out a secret, and now look as if they would rifle me.

BOATMAN. Christian Dog, promise to pay well, and now give only double fare—Dam rogue tief de boatman, great mind to row him back to the shore to be made a slave.

CITIZEN YANKOO. You are well paid, but whether or not, you will get no more, for the best of reasons. [*turns his pockets out*] there, seeing is believing. [*jumps on board the Regalia ship*] Boatman, hand my trunk and desk, I do not want to be rowed back just now,

BOATMAN. [*tosses the trunk and desk on board the ship*] There, take your duds. [*aside*] We see the commandant of Marine looks sour towards us, and we must mind him.

CITIZEN YANKOO. Well Captain Regalia, here 'am I the last citizen of your nation from the city of Algiers, and difficult it was to get here, after spending my last cent.

CAPTAIN REGALIA. We are glad to see you Citizen Yankoo on any terms as the anchor is a trip, and a few minutes longer delay we should have been off without you—what detained you?

CITIZEN YANKOO. The last is a question I cannot answer to my own satisfaction, if to yours—Perhaps I was overlooked when matters of great import intervened? (*aside*) There stands one person here, at least, who might answer you better than myself, but it might commit him as accessory to my ruin, and then, perhaps, to prevent my telling this tale to the Christian world they would desert me here.

CONSUL TRIBUTE. Citizen Yankoo, it is well it is no worse, and let us all make the best of a bad bargain—Now Captain Regalia, I pray you to put your ship under sail, and let us depart quietly whilst we have the liberty. (*aside*) This citizen of our nation is a stubborn dog, as the Algerines say; and I suppose I shall never hear the last of this day's work, or his mocha.

CAPTAIN REGALIA. That's true, we had better get out of the way of present trouble, than stay to talk over past grievances! Come my boys, bear a hand up aloft, loose the sails, and sheet all home, I now see the wind is fair to clear the port.

HASSAN, *Commandant of marine*. Silence! All persons here not strictly authorised to depart in this vessel are ordered to retire to the boats along side, I must examine that no slave steals away?

CONSUL TRIMMER. Well Consul and Lady Tribute, this command is definitive towards your departure, as also to us who are to return to the shore; and having seen you thus far through your troubles, we must now take our final leave, wishing you all a safe passage and

happy meeting with your friends on the other side of the great waters—farewell, farewell.

FACTOTUM. [*takes leave of Consul and Lady Tribute—then comes to Yankoo*] Well my good friend, I need not say that I am glad to see you in safety here; you have my best wishes, and I most sincerely hope you may be remunerated by your country for the loss of your coffee. (*aside*) It will be dished here, and you cannot help yourself; although by your high sounding protest of this day, you seem to threaten what you will say, and do at home, but even in this you may be counteracted, as ambition and interest if well combined must subdue any individual exertion however determined.

CITIZEN YANKOO. I have ultimately to thank you for your very good wishes, as well as for the great zeal you have frequently expressed for my concerns entrusted to your care by Consul Tribute. (*aside*) Most consummate renegado apostate, I perceive your half extended hand, but I am not disposed to give you mine—you will hear of me to your shame hereafter—You have gotten my coffee among you on shore, and it was not by your good will that I am safe on board this ship—and this base attempt to have me enslaved, proves you in my mind the greatest of villains!

Exit Factotum.

HASSAN, *Commandant of Marine*. Silence! I hear the watch word on the tops of the mosques and minarets, proclaiming the hour of mid-day—and this, Consul Tribute, also warns you, that your time is up here—and no grace! Be off.—(*Jumps into his boat and rows towards the shore—the ship gets under a press of sail.*)

CAPTAIN REGALIA. All is well—now good friends, as we are safe out of the reach of a culverin from the Dey's great gun, let us cheer up; I'll set you a good example on board my own ship. Boy, hand the grog about—Come, I'll give you a sentiment.—Here is to the breeze that may speedily waft us from the land of despotism, to the land of freedom. And now as we are out of the hearing of tyrants, we might as well be merry.—I'll sing you a song written by one of our countrymen, called the Tribute, to the tune of the Plenipotentiary.

THE TRIBUTE.

When great Barbarossa had conquered Algiers,
 His fame as a pirate, disturb'd Christian trade;
 Then he intrigued with them all through hopes or fears:
 And each nation in turn, him great tribute paid;
 The Barbary powers commenced from this day,
 And no Christian could pass the straits in or out,
 Until Mediterranean passport did pay,
 Or the freebooters after their commerce would scout.
 Tol-de-rol—and made all Christendom pay down in
 tribute.

Ali Bashaw, late his plenipo, sent to Bull court,
 But this was to spy out the true state of affairs;
 And to cover his views it afforded some sport,
 By a present of Africa's wild beasts in pairs.
 The great lords were astonished at viewing this train,
 To see the lion, tiger, jackass and jackall;
 Then sent to the tower, and for life to remain:
 But mind—The Mussulman was well paid for them all.
 Tol-de-rol—there are more ways than one to get tri-
 bute.

Ye nations most wise, a christian makes bold,
 To offer his brethren council in freedom;
 Pray send no more tribute in silver or gold:
 For the Dey and his bandit will mischief breed on.
 And send no more powder, and munitions of war,
 For you thus pamper this piratical minion;
 Who will contrive to kiek up a consular dust,
 And ship the weakest off from his dominion.
 Tol-de-rol—Then stand clear such nation, until more
 tribute.

But the stripes of the West will make this Bashaw do
 right,
 For no more will we bend to kiss any Dey's hand;
 Nor with tribute to court, but a fleet in his sight,
 To treat with this despot, and his Algerine band.
 For should you submit millions for passport to-day,

He looks for double the amount on the morrow;
 Or those that are caught on his waters must ransom pay;
 If not, they are chained in the bondage of sorrow!
 'Tol-de-rol—and all this for Barbarian tribute.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Divan seated in conclave—Mahomet the prime minister enters.

MAHOMET. Friends of our Divan, I salute you—and come to advise you of the supreme will and pleasure of our sovereign Hadgi Ali Bashaw—He commands that war in all its terrors under the bloody flag, be proclaimed against the United Christian Brotherhood in the West.

SOLYMAN, *the Oracle of the Divan.* We receive from our prime minister the supreme commands of the Dey our sovereign, and shall cause them to be entered in the archives of this regency.

MAHOMET. You know that secret orders were given to the commanders of our corsairs when they last put to sea not to ransom any vessels of the nation of the west, but to bring them all into port? and every wind that blows this way we may expect to see some prizes with captives. Had we known what has lately come to our ears, Consul Tribute, his family, the mecha merchant and all citizens of their nation in our dominions should have been detained as slaves, as well as their Regalia ship which has been seized at Gibraltar by John Bull, as the former has declared war against them, however, we must endeavour in the scramble to make up for this oversight. The renegado apostate Factotum, has turned out a double faced villain towards us, and deserted Algiers for fear of punishment. But as his father is implicated in his transactions, we must seize on his effects, and decapitate him.

MUSTAPHA, *minister of marine.* [*enters*] Seignior Mahomet, hearing you were with the divan, I come with good news. Our frigate Mizouda, commanded by our admiral Rais Hamida, has returned to port with a prize brig and eleven captives of the nation of the west.

MAHOMET. This is something by way of a beginning, but we may look for more, as our corsairs are scouring these our seas. I must to the Dey with the news; and do you, Mustapha, haste back, and direct that a grand-salute be fired from the Castle in honor to our Admiral, and let the slaves be landed. *(exeunt.)*

Scene changes to the Marine.

RAIS HAMIDA *(lands with his prisoners hand-cuffed—To the slave keeper.* Here Blackbeard, take these Christian dogs into your safe-keeping, and you may now give their hands liberty as they are safely moored with us. There are eleven in number.

BLACKBEARD. Come, Christian Captain, let me take off your ruffles; as to shirt, I see none—now, Mate, it is your turn; and now for you Jack Tars. There; as soon as you have rested a little we shall find employment. I suppose you are all good at the palm and needle. *(counts them.)* Yes, all here.

RAIS HAMIDA. Well thought of—Christian Captain, I want you and your crew to set to work immediately and overhaul my sails and rigging, that I may be ready for sea again when the Dey commands, and then I should like to meet one of your best frigates; I would soon bring some more of your countrymen to keep you company at Algiers.

CHRISTIAN CAPTAIN. Seignior Rais Hamida, you see my hands have been so much cramped with hard shackles that I cannot, at present, hold a needle to the palm, and I observe this is the case with my crew.—*(aside)* These petty buccaniers will insult us Christian captives, as they know not the meaning of liberty! But never mind, my boys, this braggadocia Admiral may sooner or later meet one of our frigates to try his vaunting courage; and this you may depend on for present consolation—our country will not forget us!

BLACKBEARD. Christian Captain, no more of your palaver, or I'll soon silence you, and ye independent growlers, all, come away with me, and find the use of your hands instead of your tongues. *(exeunt omnes.)*

Scene changes to the Divan.

SOLYMAN, *the Oracle.* Friends of our Divan, overtures have been made to the Dey and Regency of Al-

giers, by the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, for the ransom of their citizens in captivity here. But it has pleased the Dey, our Sovereign, to answer that "he would not release them under one million piastres," and through these he expects to make a good peace and a good penny in the end. The Messenger could not treat on these terms, and has returned to Gibraltar, to wait fresh instructions. They, no doubt, will come to our terms, as they value even the name of liberty more than money. You recollect they paid us a good round sum for their first ransom, and a Treaty; besides making us a present of a frigate in the bargain.

MAHOMET, *Prime Minister*, (*enters.*) Friends of our Divan, I greet you in the name of Hadgi Ali Bashaw, our Sovereign, who commands me thus to say unto you:—"We have received letters by a zebeque, just come to anchor, which advises us that a squadron of ships of war have arrived at Gibraltar from the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, and it appears they are coming here to ransom their citizens on their own terms; and what makes this the more imperious towards us, they have made peace with John Bull, who now disavows any hand in our late acts against the Nation of the West. This is just like belligerent perfidy! We must now watch both these powers, and favour John Crappeau and such other Christian nation who may still be desirous to court our favors in the tributary system.

MUSTAPHA, *Minister of Marine*, (*enters.*) Seigniors of our Divan, I am sorry to be the messenger of bad news; but I have to report that a zebeque has just arrived from Alicant, the Captain of which thus makes his declaration:—"That on his way here he witnessed an action between an Algerine frigate and one of the United Christian Brotherhood of the West, and that after a short contest our frigate struck her colors; and one of our brigs in company was run on shore on the coast of Spain."

MAHOMET. Bad news for us; and what makes it worse, our fleet are all out in different directions, and may be intercepted; but, Mustapha, there may be some deception in this report—send hither the Christian that

gives it, that we may question him more forcibly.

(exit Mustapha.)

HASSAN, *Commandant of Marine, (enters.)* Seigniors of the Divan, the Minister of Marine commands me to conduct this Christian to answer you in his report.

MAHOMET. Who are you Christian? From whence came you—and what do you know about an action between one of our frigates and a ship of some other nation?

CAPTAIN. Seigniors, I am a regular trader between this and Alicant; as your Commandant of Marine can testify, which I trust will give me credence here in what I have to say—On my passage here I was boarded from a frigate of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, and ordered on board their ship with my papers. I there recognized the Captain; having seen him at Gibraltar. His name is Intrepid, the well known hero at the siege of Tripoli. After examination of my papers he dismissed me, and I returned on board my zebeque; but it being calm, I remained in sight some time. At length I saw the frigate bear down on a frigate with Algerine colors, and after a short action, the latter struck her colors, and a consort brig made off and was chased ashore on the coast of Spain.

MAHOMET. Christian, is this a true account; and is it all you know about any matters that concern us?—Beware how you attempt to trifle with us on affairs of this import.

CAPTAIN. I most solemnly declare this to be a true statement of facts, as witnessed by my own eyes. Further I do not pretend to say, as the wind sprung up and I made the best of my way here.

MAHOMET. Christian, we dismiss you for the present; go and mind your own business, and not even talk about this, or any other Algerine affairs here, under the pain of our displeasure, if not worse.

Exeunt Captain and Hassan.

MUSTAPHA, *(enters.)* Seigniors, I come in haste to report what I have seen. A fleet of ships of war, as they appear, from the cut of their sails, are coming direct from the very quarter where the late action is stated to have taken place, and steering for our port.

MAHOMET. This looks squally towards us. I must

be off to the Palace, to make report to the Dey, our Sovereign, that he may command preparations accordingly. Do you, Mustapha, haste back to your place of observation at the pavilion, and give strict orders to the Commandant of Marine to keep his row boats, night and day, at the mouth of the Mole head, to prevent the escape of any of our slaves; for, whether this fleet come as friends or foes, if any Christian captives should make good their way on board, they would be there protected.

Scene changes to the Marine.

Fleet of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, come to anchor in the Bay of Algiers, with their flag of stripes flying.

Mustapha, the Minister, and Hassan, the Commandant of Marine, on the look out, with their spy-glasses.

MUSTAPHA. It is but too true. I see plainly our frigate Mizouda amongst this fleet, and as the crescent is reversed, she must be prize. I must haste to the Dey with this unwelcome report. Do you, Hassan, remain here and watch their motions.

COMMODORE INTREPID, (*on board the ship Warrior.*) Man our cutter well, and let our first officer be the bearer of a flag verbatim—first, to see if those Musselmen are well disposed to receive, and treat with us; at the same time, we may look round and see which is their weakest side.

FLAG BEARER, (*hoists his white signal and rows to the shore—officer lands.*) Now, cockswain, lay off from the shore on your oars, and let no one board you under any pretence whatever. So, here comes somebody, I suppose, to know who and what I am.

HASSAN. Stranger, of what nation are you, and what is your business on this our shore?

FLAG BEARER. The color of my flag bespeaks a Messenger of Peace! I come at the command of Commodore Intrepid, of the squadron of the United Christian Brotherhood of the West, now before your city. My business is to know if you are well disposed to treat with him in the existing difference between us and your nation.

HASSAN. Be pleased to walk into this pavilion and be seated, whilst I send a messenger to the Minister of Marine, to be by him communicated to the Dey, our Sovereign, to know his supreme will and pleasure towards you. *[messenger departs.*

MUSTAPHA (*enters the pavilion.*) Christian, I am commanded by the Dey, our Sovereign, to say, that he grants permission for this Christian mission to land and proceed to the Palace. But your people are not to enter the barrier-gates of our city until matters are adjusted between us.

FLAG BEARER. Good; I will bear this answer to my commander. *Exit.*

COMMODORE INTREPID, (*with his colleague, lands.—* Now, officer of the barge, lay off from the shore, and keep good look out for my return.

MUSTAPHA, (*Minister of Marine receives this mission at the landing.*) Citizens of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, I am commanded by Hadgi Ali Bashaw, our Sovereign, to conduct you to his presence, to hear what you may have to say to him and this Regency in behalf of your nation. (*Aside*) We expect one million of piastres in the first instance to the Dey, besides rich by-presents, before we make good friends again. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to the Palace.

MAHOMET. (*To the Officer of the Guard.*) This Christian mission has permission to pass into the Dey's presence.

OFFICER OF THE GUARD. They may pass at the word of our Prime Minister, but they will first be pleased to deposit their swords and canes with me, as it is not permitted thus armed to pass to the presence of our Sovereign, the Dey.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Officer, you may be right in your duty, but I must inform you that my side arms are as part of my dress, and I cannot derobe myself on my own duty. As to canes, it matters not; they may be put aside, but they are, by custom, the accompaniment of men in public as well as private life.

OFFICER OF THE GUARD. Christians, I must first

report to the Dey, and receive his special permission before you can thus enter. (*Exit officer. He returns.*) Christians, as a special favor, you are permitted thus to enter.

MUSTAPHA. Follow me, Christians. (*They enter—The Dey seated with Mahomet, his Prime Minister.*) May it please the supreme will and pleasure of Hadgi Ali Bashaw, our great Sovereign, Dey of Algiers, I now have to present this mission from the United Christian Brotherhood in the West. [*They bow.*]

THE DEY. Those Christians seem strangers to the custom of our court. What would they, after first kissing my hand? [*Holding it forth.*]

COMMODORE INTREPID. Seignior Hadgi Ali Bashaw, the Dey of Algiers, we have to greet you in the name of the United Christian Brotherhood of the West, a free and enlightened nation; but we are commanded by them not to do homage to any foreign power, by kissing either hand or toe. Under this explanation, you will excuse our bending to this preliminary.

THE DEY. Christians, you are punctilious in the extreme. You certainly should know this civility has been accorded to the Dey of Algiers by all the courteous representatives of ancient Christendom; but as this form seems repugnant to you as the representatives of a new order of things, I waive this prerogative, as I have done that of your standing before me with your swords and canes; and now pray, what is your specific business with me and this Regency?

COMMODORE INTREPID. Seignior, the Dey of Algiers, be it known we come duly authorised by our nation to offer conditions of peace, although you were the first aggressors by the violation of treaty, and the dismissal of our consul, Tribute, and some citizens of our nation, who were obliged to abandon their property and depart at three days notice; and we are also informed of the cruelty towards those of our citizens since taken on board our merchant vesssels, being loaded with heavy fetters; and last of all, we have heard of the vain boasting of your commander, Rais Hamida, to meet one of our frigates. This has fallen to my lot, and I must now inform you of

the issue—After a short action, your commander was killed, and your frigate *Mezouda* struck her colours to my ship the *Warrior*; this, no doubt, will be a severe blow to you, if not to the tribute system generally; but your ship, and all your subjects will be restored, provided you first release those few of our citizens you hold in cruel bondage, and otherwise agree to such terms as these preliminaries of our nation require of us to demand.

The **DEY**. Christians, as to the death of my admiral, and the loss of my frigate, they must come into the profit and loss account of the war. But in making peace, I would have you to know, that you should first, as other Christian nations do, make some direct and liberal offers by way of a better understanding, and, more especially, for the valuable privilege of once more navigating these our seas, and our intermediate protection therein, according to the usages of our Mediterranean passport.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Seignior, as to the navigation of these seas, which you are pleased to call your waters, we are instructed to say, what this day should convince you—that is, our nation in future will not require either your passport or protection to the Mediterranean Sea—Now to the point; these are the specific terms we have to offer you—

First, That you immediately set at liberty all the citizens of our nation now held in slavery by you, said to be eleven in number; for which we agree to return your frigate and all your subjects, about four hundred.

Second, That you are not to expect ransom money.

Third, No tribute hereafter.

Fourth, To make full reparation for all property abandoned by our citizens at Algiers in consequence of your violation of the then existing treaty, and for all captures since by your corsairs on the high seas. And lastly; in case peace is made, and we send you a consular representative, that you comport towards him and our citizens visiting Algiers, with that civility and good faith which should be observed between all nations in their commercial relations.

The **DEY**. Christians, your conditions appear so worded as to create innovations in the system of tribute

generally, and this, you must full well know, concerns the rest of the Barbary powers as well as this regency; and, from the present view, I cannot consent to your preliminaries. Perhaps I might contrive to favour you, if your stipulations were so qualified, as to ensure me a supply of powder and other matters which might hereafter be agreed on by the consul of your nation, should you be disposed to renew your relations with me and this regency. (*Aside*) This much by way of feeling your pulse—As to what the other Barbary powers say or do, it does not concern me; I stand alone, and my rule is to exact Christian submission where I can do it with impunity. It is true, the loss of my best frigate and admiral operates against me at the moment; but this I must brave out until I see my way to remedy the evil.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Seignior, in reply, I must be permitted to say, if you should persist in a supply of powder from our nation, they might insist on your taking a compliment of ball by way of a suitable accompaniment.

(*Aside to his colleague.*) We must show this Bashaw that we are not come to beg favours, as is the custom here, by tributary submission; but, as the representatives of an independent nation, we are fully prepared to enforce our rights the moment this despot makes it necessary.

The DEY. Christians, you seem disposed to be facetious at my propositions. I am serious, and expected to be treated with accordingly; (*aside*) this is tough work, I never was so bearded by man.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Then, most serious, seignior, we mean as we say.

(*Aside to his colleague.*) This once might have been considered barefaced in the teeth of this mussulman and his bandit, who have bullied the Christian world; but let him stump us if he dare, and we will give him a sample of both our powder and ball, as we did the Tripolitans, to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

The DEY. Christians, I must have a reasonable time to consider your conditions—This is the usage of nations, and I expect you will in the mean time reconsider, and be more liberal when we meet again.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Seignior, to be plain with you, our time is limited here; but we would rather end pleasantly than not, and this must now depend on yourself, yet this one point we must insist on, that is, your answer, yea or nay, in three days.

(*Aside*) You may consider this as imperious, on your own grounds, but it was your own rule, as to manner and time, at the moment you dismissed our consul and citizens; and we must now make it work towards a speedy release of our own countrymen, no doubt anxiously waiting the issue.

The DEY. Christians, it may so happen that you make more haste than good speed herein in the end; but as you seem to be hastily inclined, my answer will be definite as to manner and time.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Seignior, having said all we have to say for your consideration, we have the honour to make our respectful bow, and shall retire to our shipping until we hear from you.

The DEY. Christians, let it be understood that both parties remain strictly peaceable in the mean time; and I now commit you to the friendly protection of our prime minister, Mahomet, and Mustapha the minister of marine, who will conduct you to your ships, and see that you receive from our shore refreshments, and every other civility during our negotiations.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Seignior, we have to return thanks in the name of our nation for these marks of your civility and hospitality; and, should we require any small matters of refreshment from your shore, we shall send our flag in due form.

(*Aside*) I perceive you are disposed to keep peace with us—we shall not break it until we find you trifle; but, in the mean time, you must excuse me if I bring my ships to anchor close in with your castle, to be ready in case you defy us.

Exeunt Mahomet, Mustapha, and Christian mission.

The DEY, (*solus*) These Christian representatives are more daring than any I have had to deal with. I must be civil towards them, for I now know to my sorrow they are more powerful at sea than I was taught to believe; but in this deception I have John Bull to blame;

and even they have been beaten in equal combat, and several of their frigates sunk or taken by this nation of the West; and their intrepid commander now tells me to my face, "If I dare ask powder they will send me ball." It is true, I might return the compliment by hot shot from my castle—and they might in the end knock the town about my ears; then worse consequences; I should certainly be attacked by the Moors from the mountains and desert, as they have considered us Algerines as usurpers of their soil, ever since the days of our great Barbarossa. Apropos! I will send for Consul Trimmer; he knows all about this difference between me and this nation of the West, as he once wanted to mediate between us, and may now be useful to my cause; and to win him, I must hint certain expected national favours in case he succeeds to my wishes. (*rings the bell.*)

Officer in waiting enters.

The DEY. Send a messenger to Consul Trimmer—my respects, and that I desire his presence on matters of business.

Exit officer.

MAHOMET. (*enters*) My sovereign, I have seen all done towards this Christian mission as you commanded; and as our Divan are in conclave by your orders, I called in to hear their deliberations; and I also sounded them on the best policy to treat with these independent Christians.

The DEY. Good, as to the Christian mission; but what say the Divan on the state of matters in the present contest; and, what think you, Mahomet, cannot we manage them by our usual plan of daring artifice?

MAHOMET. My sovereign, you have had a sample in talk from these Christians; and the intrepid commodore is mooring his ships near our castle—this looks at least, as if he was not afraid. The Divan seem timid at this apparent menace; and they say, this naval commander is a well known hero among the Barbary powers; the same, you may recollect, who, a few years since, when only a subaltern youth, fought so bravely at the siege of Tripoli, where he stood sword in hand opposed to the Tripolitans, and slew several with his own hand, and accom-

plished the object of his enterprise; for which signal services, his country has honoured and promoted him; and most probably, for his experience in Barbary warfare, has sent him to treat with us, the Algerines.

The DEY. Mahomet, these appear powerful reasons to operate against us: and you say the Divan are timid, and even yourself seem doubtful. On the whole, perhaps, we had better temporise for the present; this will be the only way to get back our frigate and preserve the rest of our ships; and as they offer to treat on our own ground, it will still appear as if they truckled to us; however, I have determined to engage Consul Trimmer to sound this mission before I yield in any point.

Officer in waiting enters.

OFFICER. Our sovereign majesty, Consul Trimmer is waiting to receive audience.

The DEY. Conduct him in.

CONSUL TRIMMER. (*enters*) Your majesty, I attend at your command, and have the honour to kiss your hand.

The DEY. It is well—please be seated. I sent for you to have some talk on national affairs—It seems the old dispute between myself and Consul Tribute is revived; and as you once offered to mediate in this affair, and know all about it, you now may be of service in the same. I wish you to go, as if on your own friendly visit, on board the ships of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, now before our city—hear what they have to say, and if you find them not reasonably disposed, use your own discretion in explanation; but, mind you, in such a manner as to preserve inviolate my right of tribute. Your national interests, as well as mine, are inseparably connected with this decision, and on your success on the specific point, you may expect your own favours with this regency extended—you understand me—and Mahomet will attend you as far as the marine by way of permission.

CONSUL TRIMMER. Your Majesty, I did not intend again to have interfered in any other national affairs but my own here, yet as it is your request, I will go on the mediation. (*Aside*) But I have not forgotten the rap you gave me for meddling, as you then termed it,

in this very affair, to prevent mischief. Now you will be hard run by this independent nation, or I much mistake the character of their present commander.

[Exeunt Mahomet and Consul Trimmer.]

THE DEY, *[solus.]* This is a mortifying alternative for me, as the Dey of Algiers, to ask favours from those who were once foremost, not only to court my power in those seas, but to pay me in advance for what they little understood, and less able to preserve.

CONSUL TRIMMER, *[returns.]* Your Majesty, I have visited the Christian mission on board their ships, and being received in a friendly manner, I entered into a conversation on the points in difference between you and them. Their determination is positive, and to this effect: Nothing short of their first stipulations to you, or hostilities direct.

THE DEY. As to their threats, I fear not; but I do not wish to provoke towards the effusion of blood! Go say thus much—That you have prevailed on me to make peace: That I agree to exchange prisoners—and also to allow a specific sum as a reparation for the property abandoned at Algiers by their citizens; also for their vessels taken by our corsairs on the high seas—and the United Christian Brotherhood of the West, take upon themselves to settle all claims against this Regency, in this case provided.

CONSUL TRIMMER. Your Majesty, this seems to come near the point of difference in your present negotiations; and to show you my good will to promote harmony, I will make one more effort.

[Exit Consul Trimmer.]

Enter Mahomet, Mustapha, and Christian Mission.

MAHOMET. May it please our Sovereign Majesty, the Christians return to receive your own words by way of adjustment on the ultimatum.

THE DEY. Christians, I have consented to make peace through the intervention of Consul Trimmer, the representative of an old established Christian power, and your known friends, on the conditions sent you.

COMMODORE INTREPID. We have received and accept

your specific reparation, and matters being thus adjusted, we now hand you the form of the several articles to be contained in our Treaty on the principles of our first stipulations, and let them be signed by both parties, and counterchanged by way of ratification. [*They sign, seal, and deliver in form.*]

THE DEY. Now, Christians, all thus amicably settled, we may as good friends, shake hands again; and let each fire a grand salute to proclaim satisfaction therein. (*Aside*) This is to make my people believe I have made a good Treaty; but it will be a great noise to little purpose, if not worse consequences to me.

The castle and ships fire a grand salute.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Now, may it please the Dey and Regency of Algiers, I have the honor to present to your immediate notice Citizen No-Tribute, of our nation, who is instructed, in case of peace, to remain with you as our Consular Agent, and he will now speak for himself.

CITIZEN NO-TRIBUTE. I have the honor to present my credentials from the United Christian Brotherhood in the West, as their Consul to the Dey and Regency of Algiers, and hope a good understanding will hereafter prevail in our mutual relations.

THE DEY. Citizen No-Tribute The first hearing of your name here? Mahomet, our Prime Minister, receive these credentials, and see that an exequator issue conformable thereto.

(*Aside*) No-Tribute—The name is ominous! It imports an empty sound, and this is not likely to fill my coffers! But first let me get rid of the Intrepid Commodore, with his squadron, then I will contrive to place this Citizen No-Tribute in the back ground, there to remain until he pay his footing, and bids anew for my good will again. I also perceive that Mahomet is chagrined, as well as the rest of my officers; no doubt disappointed in their expectations of rich by-presents this heat.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Hear, ye Musselmen, this solemn warning! Ye have long usurped the rights of these waters of the Mediterranean Sea, which like all other great waters, were originally given by the Great

Author of Nature for a just and friendly intercourse—and this equally to all nations; consequently, that no one nation has the legitimate right to set up any arbitrary line of demarcation, by way of assumed barrier against the vessels of any other nation, trading from one Sea to another; and the present Algerine mortification is but the prelude of further Christian punishment therein, until you relinquish the presumptive right of daring to demand tribute, or cruelly placing the citizens and subjects of the Christian world to unjust bondage and degrading fetters.

Scene changes to the Marine.

The Algerine seamen, a motly crew, are landed, and received by Hassan, Commandant of Marine.

HASSAN. Go, you lubberly Musselmen, and hide your faces; you allowed the Christians not only to beat you but to take you. Why not blow up or sink your ship?—then we should have made a better peace. [*exeunt.*]

The Citizens of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West are liberated.

CAPTAIN; [*to his men.*] Well, my boys, this is to us a different feeling from the day we landed here in irons. But the Algerines have had their boasted wish to meet one of our frigates, and we are gratified in the issue!—Come, follow me; I see a boat waiting to transport us on board our brave Commodore's ship. There we shall be welcome; and then to inquire about our wives and sweethearts at home. (*They march merrily to the tune of Yankee Doodle.*)

Scene changes to Commodore Intrepid's ship.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Welcome, my countrymen on board the Warrior; you look as if you had been half starved amongst those Barbarians: Here, steward and cook, stir yourselves, and see that you get something substantial for these people to eat; and boatswain, let an extra allowance of grog be served out all around this day—and then, further to cheer the hearts of those, your brother tars, you may sing them the new patriotic song Hearts of Live Oak, written for the occasion.

BOATSWAIN. Aye, aye, Commodore, this is a pleasant duty. Come, my boys, you look dry; let us wet the whistle, and as it is the fashion, I'll give you a sentiment—May the stripes of the United Christian Brotherhood in the West punish all tyrants. (*Bravo omnes.*) Drink about. Now for my song:

HEARTS OF LIVE OAK.

Britannia had long boasted that she alone ruled the waves,
And the burthen of her song was that Britons never should
be slaves;
She even dared the powers of all the world in mighty wars:
Led on by her once feared majestic wooden walls and brave
Tars.

CHORUS—Hearts of oak were their ships, jolly tars were
their men;
They were always ready, steady boys steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

Columbia, her Daughter, was nursed in this cradle of fame,
And the Goddess, Liberty, raised her to glory on the main;
Now from her forests sprung the Live Oak, which timely did
apply,
To build her ships so trim and strong, as all others then to
defy.

Hearts of Live Oak are our ships, hardy tars are
our men;
Steady, boys, steady—we soon shall be ready,
To fight for our Nation's freedom on the main.

Her Independent Banner now on the salt wave she unfurled,
And thunder from her batteries, destruction on Britons hurled,
In defence of her Liberty, Commerce, and other rights most
dear:
And the God of Battles seemed to guard us when danger was
near.

Hearts of Live Oak are our ships, hardy tars are our
men;
Ready, fire away boys: steady—Huzza!
Britain strikes—Columbia has the battle won!

And the Nation of the West now humbles the fierce Algerines,
For they had dared the Christian world in many bloody scenes;
But soon were those mercenary despots of Barbary all mute,

At the sound—"Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

Hearts of Live Oak are our ships, hardy tars are our men;
We always stand ready; steady, boys, steady;
Our rights against Tyrants to maintain.

The proud Sons of Freedom may always glory in the very name,
But never tyrannize over the weak, or plunder to their shame,
And let Justice be the guard to their honor and rising power;
Ready as a chastening rod towards Tyrants in a daring hour.

Hearts of Live Oak are our ships, hardy Tars are our men;
Steady, boys, steady—they know we are ready
To meet any foe again and again.

May the fair Daughters of Columbia, whose virtues we regard,
Be protected by the valiant Tar, and for his gallant reward;
May they in peace be snugly moored, fondly locked in love's arms,
And may they long enjoy a sweet repose, free from war's alarms.

Hearts of Live Oak are our ships, hardy Tars are our men;
Steady, boys, steady—we shall be found ready,
When our country pipes to sea again.

COMMODORE INTREPID. Not so bad, Boatswain. Now, my good fellows, we have done with song, and with the Algerines for this heat. Come, bear a hand, and let us to sea again, that we may the sooner meet repose in the land of freedom.

SCENE II.

The Divan in conclave.

SOLYMAN, *the Oracle*. Friends of our Divan, it becomes my duty, by command of the Dey, our Sovereign, to state to you, that the exigencies of our government are pressing in the extreme. Our soldiers are grumbling for their dues, and we are called upon to propose ways and means for these and other demands. We have but little coming in. Our distant provinces already seem

much dissatisfied with the small internal taxes they have to pay, and even this cannot be collected without sending a military force. Therefore, the only ready and sure resource, will be to send our corsairs to sea again, and put some of the weaker Christian nations under tributary submission.

MAHOMET (*enters apparently deep in thought.*) Friends of the Divan, I greet you in the name and spirit of our Holy Prophet, in whose great name and faith, we all here, as good Musselmen, do accord.

SOLYMAN. (*aside*) What means our Prime Minister by this sacred appeal to the Holy Prophet, and not the least respect to the ruling power here?—not even the mention of the Dey's name! Something must be wrong! Friend Mahomet, have you any commands for us?

MAHOMET. No—But it would appear of late, that I am to be the constant organ of some bad news! One Christian difficulty is hardly settled before we are likely to be involved in another—and this now by the strongest maritime power in the world. I have just heard that John Bull is coming from their strong hold Gibraltar, in concert with Myn Heer Van Splutter Box—bringing bombs and fireships, thus to destroy our city, as it is said, on account of the late quarrel at our coral fisheries where some of John Bull's subjects were killed and others mutilated. But I am apprehensive this is only a pretext, as it seems most of the great potentates lately assembled to adjust a general peace in Europe, have set their faces against the Barbary powers and the tributary system—It is true we have hitherto withstood the threats of the mighty Belligerents of Christendom! But after the late weak submission on our parts to a single nation, and that a minor maritime power—What have we now to expect? Why submission again! and thus may end our long established custom of tribute to these our seas, unless we can resist the present combined attempt to over-rule and thus to overturn us for ever. Now my good friends, we shall not be enabled to encounter these imperious difficulties under the guidance of a weak and superannuated ruler—and for these potent reasons I come to consult your better judgment, instead of committing our affairs as heretofore.

SOLYMAN, *the Oracle*. Mahomet, we your friends here have foreseen with deep concern the solemn truths of the critical state of the regency—and these have been our deliberations of the day. Matters and things are not as they should be—The time was when we were courted and feared by all Christendom! Once a certain grand monarch took it into his head that he would destroy our city, by way of gratifying his ambition for some real or supposed aggravations on the part of our corsairs against the commerce of this great nation—and sent a messenger extraordinary to say what he could and would do, unless reparation was made. We answered—That if this grand monarch would give us only half the sum it would cost to fit out this mighty armament against our city, we would destroy it ourselves. This prompt reply had the desired effect—The mighty monarch cooled down, and then sent us rich bye-presents to make good friends again. But this regency then had a bold chief—and it will be our own faults if we submit to be governed by one we all know is not only a weak but pusillanimous ruler—Therefore I propose, that the doors of this our sanctuary be closed, and none go out or come in until we have agreed to change the ruling power—Now Mahomet, as you began this work, we look to you to speak your mind with freedom—what say you, the members of this divan?

THE DIVAN. (*Omnes*) As our oracle says, so be it with us.

MAHOMET. Friends of this divan, honoured with your confidence, I cannot have any reservation—and make bold to say, that Hadgi Ali Bashaw is a weak and morose chief; hasty in provoking hostile measures, but wanting in decision and true courage when he should stand forth in defence of our rights, as well as his own. You have lately seen how unwittingly he was cajoled by John Bull into a war with the nation of the west—and how shamefully for our honour and interests, if not also our future salvation—he patched up a peace, paying instead of receiving according to our rule in such cases. To cut the matter short, this weak old Bashaw stands in the way of us all—and is not fit to rule over us one hour longer, or we may give over all as lost. Now, my

friends, as you have desired, so I have openly declared my sentiments—and expect the same candour from this assembly.

SOLYMAN. But Mahomet, let us to the point—pray who might be the man you would recommend to succeed the one you would depose, and that could by his good conduct and personal valor brave the storm, support his own claim, and maintain our rights. You know our soldiery will have a strong, and sometimes an unruly voice in favour of one of their own band.

MAHOMET. My man is Omai, the chief Aga, and commander of our troops—and to be plain with you, I have reason to suspect their voices are already for him to assume the reins of government.

SOLYMAN. In the man we agree—I had long looked towards Omai as our next sovereign ruler—what say the divan?

DIVAN. [*Omnes*] As our oracle says, Omai, so be it.

SOLYMAN. Then be it so resolved. Now, Mahomet, we depend on you to be the trusty messenger to Omai, to know his will and pleasure in our proceedings. We shall remain here to receive him or his answer.

MAHOMET. Friends, I go at the sound of your united voices—(*aside*) But I am disappointed, they were not in my favour to rule. [*Exit Mahomet.*]

SOLYMAN. Friends of this regency, this is an anxious interval to us in suspense here! But we must hope the moment of a change for the better is at hand, as Omai is known to have bravery to protect, and wisdom to govern us.

Mahomet enters with Omai.

THE DIVAN. [*as he enters*] Long live Omai to reign over this regency.

OMAI. Friends of this Divan, I accept your invitation. Had I been ambitious, I might long since have changed the present weak ruling power. More need not be said between us.

SOLYMAN. We put our trust in Omai, and to him must be confided the disposal of Hadgi Ali Bashaw—and may our holy prophet speed you well.

OMAI. Then let us to work in good earnest. Friend Mahomet, you may now go in advance, and tell Hadgi

Ali Bashaw of the expected expedition of John Bull—tell him the soldiery are revolting about their dues—and tell him any thing else you may think of to vex or perplex his weak mind. Perhaps he may choose himself to retire, and save me the trouble of putting him out of the way. I will first go and have a little confidential talk with Captain Robardo and a few other officers to be ready with the soldiery in case of any possible opposition—and I shall soon be with you to settle the point on the spot.

Exeunt Omai and Mahomet.

Scene changes to the Palace.

THE DEY. [*solus*] I cannot say why, or wherefore, but my mind of late has been much disturbed, and my sleep broken by fleeting visions! The last night I dreamed, that a great red bull was pointing his terrible horns direct at my breast! This would presage some coming trouble perhaps from John Bull himself.

MAHOMET. [*enters*] My sovereign, you seem in deep meditation! If it meets your supreme will and pleasure, I come to have some confidential talk with you on matters of the most serious import, which grieves me sorely, as I see no end but that which makes me shudder!

THE DEY. Speak, Mahomet, and relieve my anxious mind, for I have anticipated some coming evil.

MAHOMET. My sovereign, you command me to speak, but I fear it will not relieve your mind. We have received news from the best authority at Gibraltar, that the fleets of John Bull, and Myn Heer Van Splutter Box have there combined, and we may momentarily look for them here, with bombs and fire ships to destroy our city in good earnest; and also to destroy all the tributary system to the Barbary powers, and thus must our glory, if not ourselves, come to an end! and what makes this the more serious to us at the moment, our coffers are empty and the soldiers are in a state of mutiny against you for their dues! [*aside*] he seems to take the alarm! now for his answer? whilst I think on something more to prey on him like a tiger.

THE DEY. This is a sad picture as regards our internal troubles! We must find some ways and means

immediately to pacify our soldiery, and thus prepare their minds to meet the external enemy.

MAHOMET. My sovereign, as you please to command in these matters. Now, by way of letting you know all that is passing in the Christian world, which you are always desirous to hear, I must inform you—that I have had a long talk with Consul Trimmer, who you know is our reputed chronicle—and he gives me a long detail of matters and things, and a sad hearing about your old friend Consul Tribute, who is suddenly defunct! The cause is yet a mystery! But what more immediately concerns you at the moment, a publication has appeared in the newspapers of the nation of the west, which first put them in motion against you—and now the whole world seems to be in a great ferment against the Barbary powers, and particularly against the Algerines.—But more strange to tell, the reputed author is Citizen Yankoo the Mocha merchant, whom we suspected as a spy here—and worse to tell you, they say he has been writing a tragi—comedy, entitled “The Siege of Algiers, or the downfall of Hadgi Ali Bashaw.” In which he has predicted many strange things, and in the sequel your end! (*aside*) This will be a strong dose for a credulous Bashaw, and seems to work his proud mind to the quick.

THE DEY. As to Consul Tribute, you say he is no more! Then why trouble ourselves with the dead as they cannot harm us? As to this independent Citizen Yankoo, if I could once more get him within the reach of my supreme will, I would soon put it out of his power to scribble against the tributary system; or thus to bring Hadgi Ali Bashaw, the Dey of Algiers, on the stage of the Christian world to be burlesqued. I suppose this Christian dog remains surly about his property abandoned here at the time I sent him off with his Consul.—But Mahomet, now we are on this subject, what became of this man’s coffee left in the public stores here? It could not have evaporated, somebody must know something about it! However, I thought it had been adjusted in the settlement of the claims on this regency at the new treaty with the nation of the west.

MAHOMET. True my sovereign, all matters were at

that time compromised by paying this nation a specific sum. But it seems herein is the difficulty—as this is not sufficient to remunerate the claimants in more than one fourth their individual losses. (*aside*) As to the coffee in question, I could tell something about it, but let the secret die with Consul Tribute! And you may follow without being the wiser, perhaps within a few minutes.

THE DEY. Hark! I hear some footstep coming this way—who dare thus presume, when they should know you are closetted with me?

Omai enters and takes stand with his arms folded, not speaking one word, but his eyes fixed towards the Dey.

MAHOMET. My sovereign, having said all I have to say at the moment, I may retire, as our Aga may have some private business here. (*aside—Omai looks determined*) Now I will take my stand behind this pillar to see the issue here.

THE DEY. What has brought our Aga thus into my presence without the usual ceremony of first announcing his name: any matters of immediate import for my ear alone?

OMAI. Yes, of great import! hear me. I come by the strong and sure passport of my soldiery, to say, that Hadgi Ali Bashaw is guilty of a weak administration at home, as also in our relations abroad; and thereby has forfeited our allegiance, and no longer to rule over the affairs of this regency.

THE DEY. Traitor Omai! I have long suspected your daring spirit towards my downfall! But I will save you the trouble of staining your hands in my blood! [*then drawing a poniard from his bosom, he plunges it to his heart, and falls*] Now, usurper, I leave you to meet the troubles that await you in turn from your own turbulent people, as well as those coming from the Christian world.

OMAI. Thou would be tyrant! I am satisfied thou hast fallen by thine own hands! And scorn the retort to one in the miseries of death!

THE DEY. Vain boaster, profit by my weakness and

infirmities—and hear these my last words, by way of prediction—Your reign will be short, and vain-glorious in the end! [Dies.

MAHOMET. [*comes forward*] Great and glorious chieftain, I witnessed your firmness. The deed is done to my mind, as it is to yours—and by your supreme will and pleasure, I will haste with the welcome news to our friends at the divan.

OMAI. Go, but I must remain here, lest some unforeseen disturbances might arise. Return here with all speed, and in your way, say to captain Robardo, I command his presence. [*exit.*

A loud huzza outside the palace by the soldiery. Long live Omai the brave, to rule over us and this regency.

OMAI. [*solus*] It is well, but sufficient are the evils of the day that makes me your ruler, unless I can govern you to a good end.

MAHOMET. [*returns with Captain Robardo, Mustapha, Hassan and Mahomet*] We congratulate Omai the supreme ruler of this regency, on this happy achievement.

OMAI. And you my friends on this happy deliverance. [*Pointing to the dead body*] Now, Mahomet, to you I renew the station as my prime minister, and to Mustapha, my minister of marine; to Hassan, the commandant of this department; and the first thing to be done, is, to proclaim that Hadgi Ali Bashaw is no more! and that Omai governs this regency. (*aside*) I might have assumed the title of Bashaw, but this would be treading the footsteps of my weak predecessor.

MAHOMET. Thanks to our great sovereign Omai, for these his first marks of favour—I haste to see that his commands are duly obeyed. [*aside*] This is a rare occurrence in Algerine affairs, a new Dey, and no Bashaw entailed to his name.

[*Exeunt Mahomet, Mustapha, Hassan.*

OMAI the Dey. Captain Robardo, you have been my faithful companion in arms before, and since the day we landed on this shore from the Levant as common soldiers—Therefore, that you may still remain near me, I make you my chief Aga. And as the affairs of our re-

gency command immediate attention and vigilance, haste away and see that our soldiery preserve good order—and let our castle and forts be well manned, and ready at all points to receive the Christian enemy, which may be momentarily expected with their fleets to attack our city. I shall visit the rounds in due time to see your good arrangements as commander of our land forces.

ROBARDO. Thanks to our great sovereign Omai, for these his continued marks of confidence towards me—I haste to execute his royal commands. (*aside*) It is well, but one step more to gratify my ambition! [*Exit.*]

A band of Soldiers cross the stage, to the tune of the Janisaries' march.

OMAI. [*solus*] These Levant renegades, look bold under their new commander; but I must teach them, still to obey me as their Sovereign, or my reign may soon end! Halt! [*Commanding officer salutes the Dey.*] It is well. March! [*They move off.*] This is better. You know your duty.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. Beware, ye mercenary and blood-thirsty usurpers of this land; ye have now, from necessity, chosen the best man in the Regency to govern, and if he cannot rule you and your affairs as they should be, it will be in vain to expect it from amongst your unlettered banditti.

SCENE III.

The Marine. The fleets of John Bull, and Myn Heer Van Splutter Box, come to anchor before the city of Algiers.

Omai, the Dey, Mahomet, Mustapha, Robardo, and other officers collected before the Pavilion.

OMAI. Now, my trusty friends, there you see the fleets of our enemy before our city, and here we are ready and I hope willing to defend the same. I will meet these Christians at the water's edge, and not let even any mission within the barrier gates of our city, as

this is the way they find means, through some Christian Consul in their interests, to counteract us.

HASSAN, (*Commandant of Marine, in haste.*) Our Sovereign, Omai, I come to report a boat with a white flag, coming from the Christian fleet.

OMAI, the Dey. This looks as if these combined warriors were disposed towards some overtures. Hassan, go receive and conduct this flag bearer to my presence.

(*Exit Hassan.*)

CONSUL BULLYCAN. (*presents himself.*) May it please Omai, the sovereign of this regency, to grant me permission to go on board the fleet that I perceive bears the flag of my nation, now before your city—perhaps, by so doing, I might prevent trouble.

[*Aside*] The truth is, I want to get myself and subjects here on board our fleet, as I know admiral Thunder is determined to knock it out with you, if not very peaceably disposed towards his overtures.

OMAI, the Dey. Christian, go back instantly to your consular house, and do not presume to show yourself, or meddle in any shape between your nation and me, until I see fit, or take the consequences.

(*Exit Consul Bullycan.*)

Hassan returns with flag bearer.

OMAI, the Dey. Who are you, Christian, and what is the true meaning of this hostile naval appearance before our city?

FLAG BEARER. Signior, be it known, I come from admiral Thunder, the commander of the combined fleets of John Bull and Myn Heer Van SplutterBox, now before your city, with a sealed letter to Consul Bullycan; our representative here, who will be authorized therein to explain the nature of our business here.

(*aside*) In truth, I want to have a little private talk with our consul, to know your present disposition, as well as your weak side; and, in the mean time, to get all John Bull's subjects at Algiers on board our fleet before the appearance of hostilities.

OMAI, the Dey. Christian, your commander, admiral Thunder, should have known the rules of our warfare better, if not the known strength of our city; and his

written communication should first have come directed to the Dey and regency of Algiers, to give it credence here: and be it known, that I will not suffer a letter to pass to your consul, nor will I permit the interference of any other person here, until the first point is settled, and that to my entire satisfaction—As to consequences, I fear not, being prepared on all sides.

FLAG BEARER. Is this your only answer?

OMAI, the Dey. As I have said.

FLAG BEARER. I will bear this to my commander.

OMAI, the Dey. As you please, and the sooner the better.

FLAG BEARER. My commander will answer; (*aside as he retires*) and perhaps not to your liking, from on board the Queen.

ADMIRAL THUNDER. This imperious answer to my flag bearer, from this unlettered Mussulman is downright insolence. Let my ship be anchored within point blank shot of their castle—I'll bring them to their bearings—Make signals for the rest of our ships to form in line of battle, with springs on their cables; and signals for the bombs and fire ships to take their station in the rear for the present. In the mean time I'll make one more attempt to negotiate. Now, flag bearer, return with this letter directed to the Dey and regency of Algiers—the form they have prescribed.

Flag bearer is rowed to the shore.

HASSAN. Our sovereign Omai, I come to report, that the Christian fleet is anchoring close in with our castle; and I also observe the white flag returning to our shore.

OMAI, the Dey. It is well, the closer the better mark for us, if they are bent on fight; but, as they seem in a mood for more talk first, go, Hassan, and receive their flag once more. Now, Robardo, as those Christians are pressing towards us in close quarters, let off our great alarm gun thrice at a minute's distance by way of notice, that all our women and children may secure themselves as well as they can, before the enemy throw shells into our city; and, Mahomet, go you and seize on Consul Bullycan, and all subjects of their nation, and confine them within our castle; and, in case of the worst

to us, we can readily bring them forth on the ramparts, in sight of our enemy, as a bulwark against their own Christian balls.

HASSAN. (*returns with Flag bearer—hands a letter*) This for the Dey and regency of Algiers, as directed.

OMAI, the Dey. (*breaks the seal, hands it to his Secretary*) Here Spyder Ali, read this Christian communication aloud that all around may hear as well as myself.

SPYDER ALI. As our sovereign is pleased to command. The following are the conditions offered by John Bull and Myn Heer Van SplutterBox, under the command of admiral Thunder, now before your city.

First, Abolition of Christian slavery at Algiers.

Second, To deliver up all slaves of whatever Christian nation, now in the Dey's dominions.

Third, To return all monies paid for redemption of slaves since the commencement of the last year.

Fourth, Reparation to John Bull for all losses.

Fifth, and last, The Dey to make apology to Consul Bullycan publicly, in terms to be dictated by himself for the gross insults received.

OMAI, the Dey. This is mighty insolently dictated to me the Dey and regency of Algiers, by admiral Thunder; and as to his consort, Myn Heer Van SplutterBox, I thought his nation were all fast asleep, or smoking their pipes quietly at home amongst the Dykes, as I have not seen, or even heard of them in these our seas for years. Now, Christian, hear my definitive answer.—Be it known to your thunder sounding commander, that you have not the former old and weak Hadgi Ali Bashaw to deal with, and that Omai, the present ruler of this regency, will not listen to any negotiations, however powerfully combined, when arrogant propositions are thus dictated; and that Omai considers himself indignantly treated, as the Dey of Algiers, and is determined to defend his honour and his people to the last drop of his blood. This you may carry verbatim to your commander, in order to save time on both sides.

FLAG BEARER. I will bear this answer to my commander. (*As he retires, aside*) You soon will have a

thundering reply, as we are all ready, and as full of fight as yourselves. *Exit.*

Scene changes to Admiral Thunder's flag ship.

ADMIRAL THUNDER. This verbal answer in reply to my written communication is Barbarian like—most impudently daring. I'll soon try the spunk of this braggadocio new chief. Let signals be made to our repeating frigates, to be by them given to each ship to direct their point of attack, as marked in the instructions. Make signals for our bomb vessels to throw their shells into the very heart of the city; this will cause terror to the people, and be the best means to make them sue for peace. Make signals for the fire ships to enter the mole and set fire to their shipping, and also their magazines. In the mean time I will divert the castle. Fire a broadside from our ship. Now make signals for each ship to do its duty this day.

OMAI, the Dey. The Christian bull dogs have at length opened upon us. Robardo, return hot shot, as well as cold, and let the bloody flag be hoisted to show that we dare them to their utmost, and no quarter. I now see that we can hit their ships almost every shot, and will give them a good riddling before we have done. They little know we have gotten some of John Crappeau's best engineers in our service for this occasion.

ADMIRAL THUNDER. This Mussulman madman fights hard—I see him with my glass at every point of danger; and by his bloody flag he even dares our vengeance; but what puzzles me most, almost every shot they make is point blank into our ships; several of which, as well as my own, are worsted. They must latterly have much improved in the art of gunnery; and as we have suffered much in our rigging, make signals to haul off and refit—perhaps they have gotten enough of it. (*aside*) We have lost many men, and I have gotten a small hit myself—no matter for that, it will add a pension to my ribbon as lord Wexmouth.

OMAI, the Dey. I perceive the Christian ships are silenced, and hauling off. Robardo, save your powder, as we shall want it all should the siege be renewed.

HASSAN. Our sovereign Omai, I observe another white flag coming to our shore.

OMAI, the Dey. What can this mean? But go, Hassan, and see; perhaps a messenger of peace. [*exit Hassan.*]

Hassan returns with Flag bearer.

OMAI, the Dey. Christian, what brings you to my presence again, after having received my definitive answer?

FLAG BEARER. Seignior, the Dey of Algiers, I come once more from my commander, Admiral Thunder, who does not dispute your personal bravery, but willing to save the effusion of blood on both sides, he commands me to tender you the conditions of peace, on the terms already offered. If you refuse this overture it will be the last—hostilities must then be renewed, and continued until you cry enough, or your city is laid in ruins.

THE NATIVES, (*cry out*) Enough, Omai the brave!—Enough; let us have peace, and save our women and children, if you have no regard for our city?

OMAI, the Dey. Christian, you hear! The people of our city give you peace on your own terms; and I cannot contend against the cries of women and children, although a Turk by birth. Go, say to your commander, on these conditions alone I give way.

FLAG BEARER. I will bear these pacific tidings to my commander.

Scene changes to the Palace.

OMAI, the Dey. (*solus*) The voice of one hundred thousand people have called aloud for peace, and peace let them have even at my own sacrifice! I know the consequences. This looks like the downfall of the tributary system; and this my own people will not be satisfied with in the moment of cool reflection, when their danger is over. As to myself, I cannot consent to make apology according to the terms prescribed, and thus become the scoff of the Christian world—no, rather would I die. (*stabs himself*)

CHRISTIAN MONITOR. John Bull, you have long balanced in the scale of Barbarian wrongs, as well as other

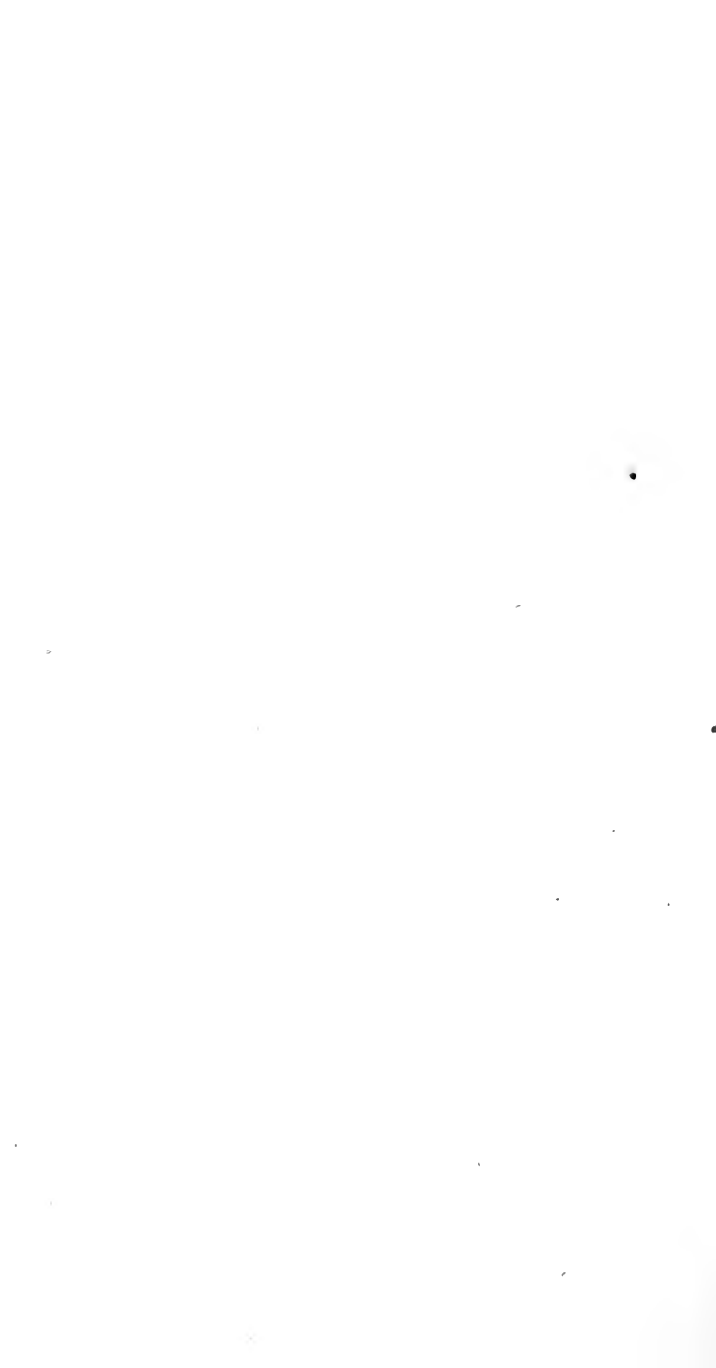
mighty belligerents, for lucre of gain, wanting to kick the beam your own way, until you have been obliged to force this imperious truce, and seal it in blood; but fortunate has it been for the defenceless nations of the Christian world, that a constellation has arisen in the West, whose independent banner has pointed out the true way to treat with these petty despots of Barbary, as well as all other tyrants. — “Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute!”

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

To govern, and likewise govern right, towards some great and good end,
The world since creation have constantly puzzled to amend:
Ancient Greece and Rome once were taken as great master models:
Then modern Europe thought that they had much better noddles.
The great Illuminati now pretended they saw clear and far,
Predicting strange revolutions from the East to the Western star:
Then the proud ambition of great monarchs, fearing such like things,
As they foresaw might flow from the pure source of republican springs.
Columbia now started up—what can we project for the best?
As therein is the profound secret our wise men wish for to test.
We boldly say, to be free is the first step to be truly great,
Whilst subject vassals, degraded, sink beneath their desponding fate.
I do not mean by this, that we should sport or moan away our days,
But, in all things, wisely seek for the best and most pleasing ways.
Now, whether this doctrine pleases ye all, I want much for to know,
And to the independent graces in the boxes I first bow;
Next to the scratch-wig critic in the pit—all authors do fear him—
But, as to the gallery, they have some feeling—I must them win.
Well what next?—Why, whether I have herein pleased ye all, or not,
I know to please all the world in any thing, is not human lot.
And we all know, sometimes it is a task even dear self to please;
For hopes and fear alternate, like tyrants, do us so haunt and tease;
However, thank God, he has given me feeling, although not self:
And, if I cannot please all the world, I endeavour to please myself.
This by some, may be thought very selfish, but this is in our nature,
For self love, self interest, if not control, is in every feature.
So much for the author.—Now for the actor I must a word put in:
Have I him rightly expressed, without mouthing or silly grin?
Methinks, by your kindly attention, and your good natured face,
You will say, well done your part in action as well as grace!

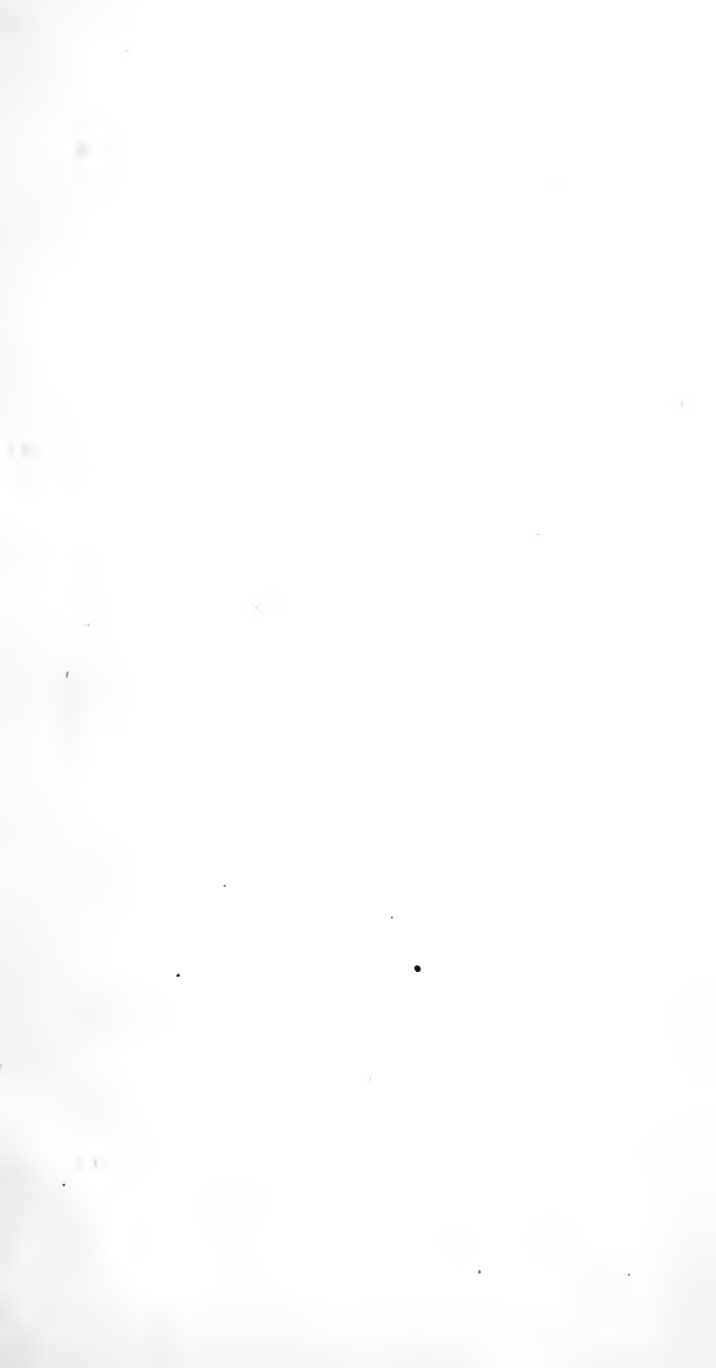














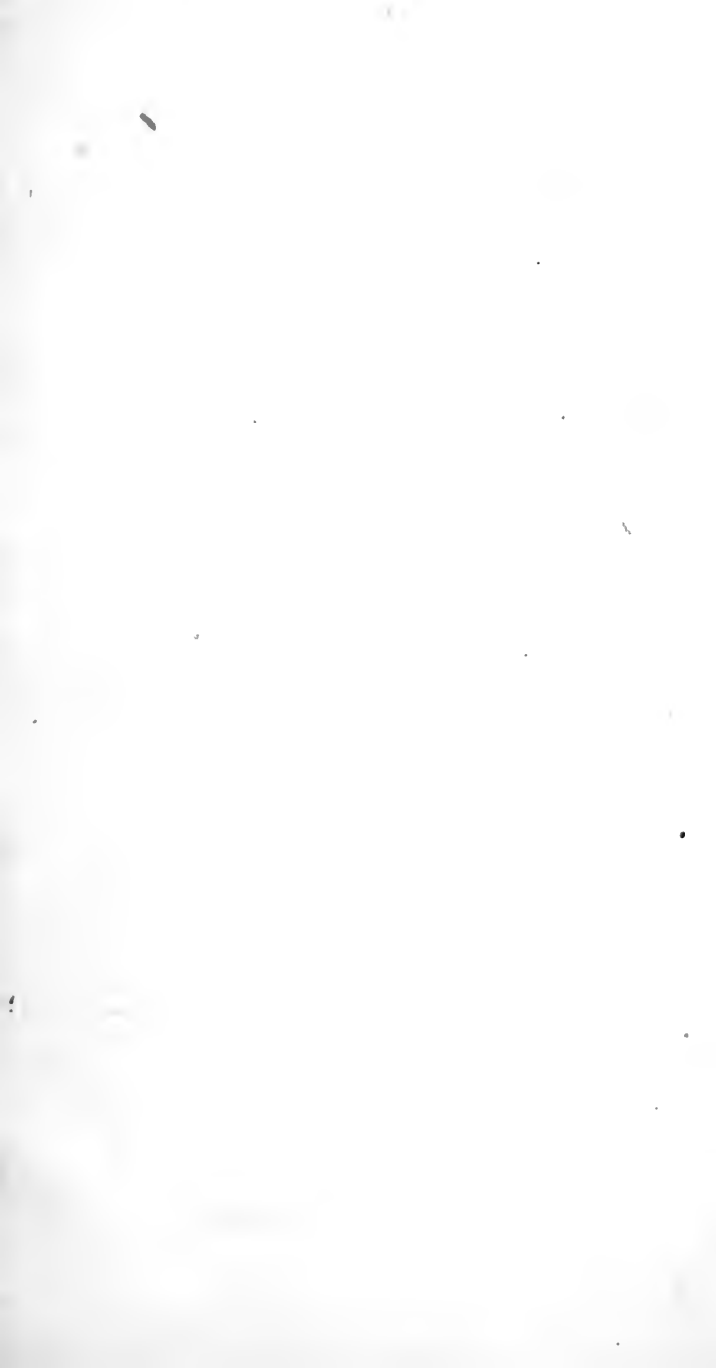






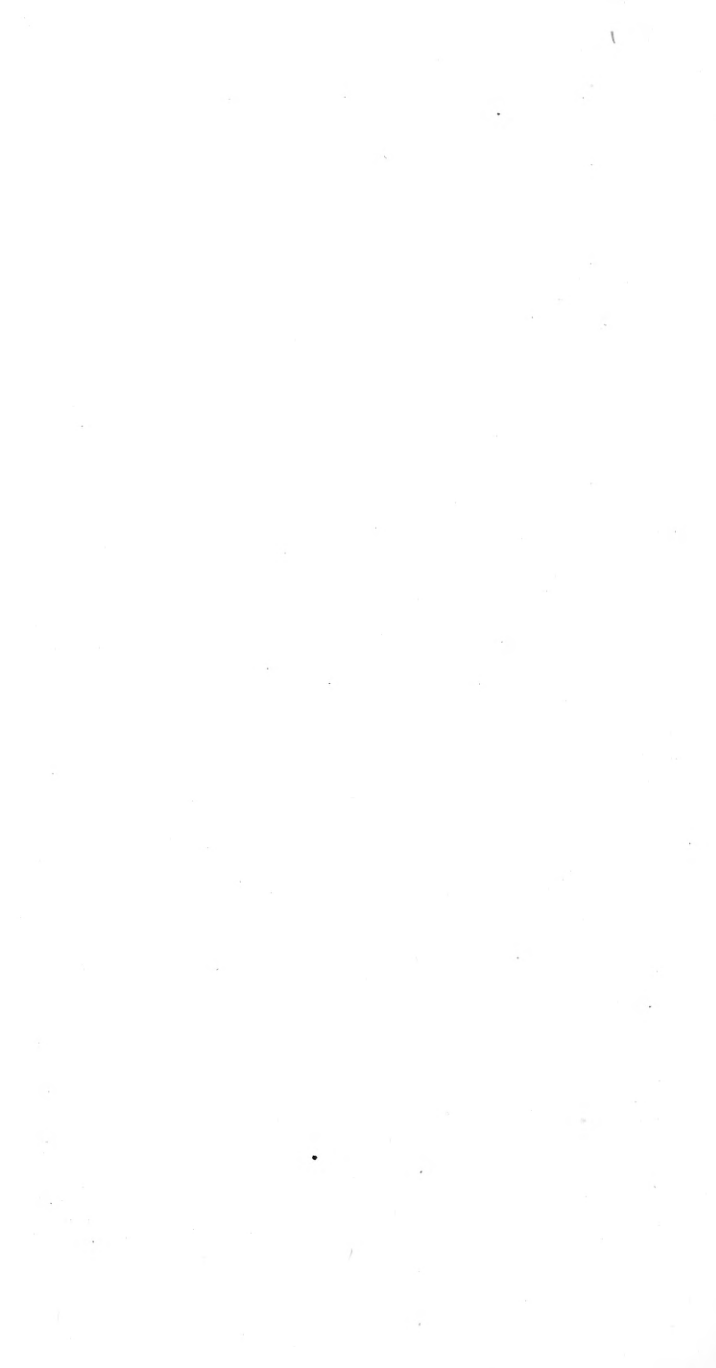




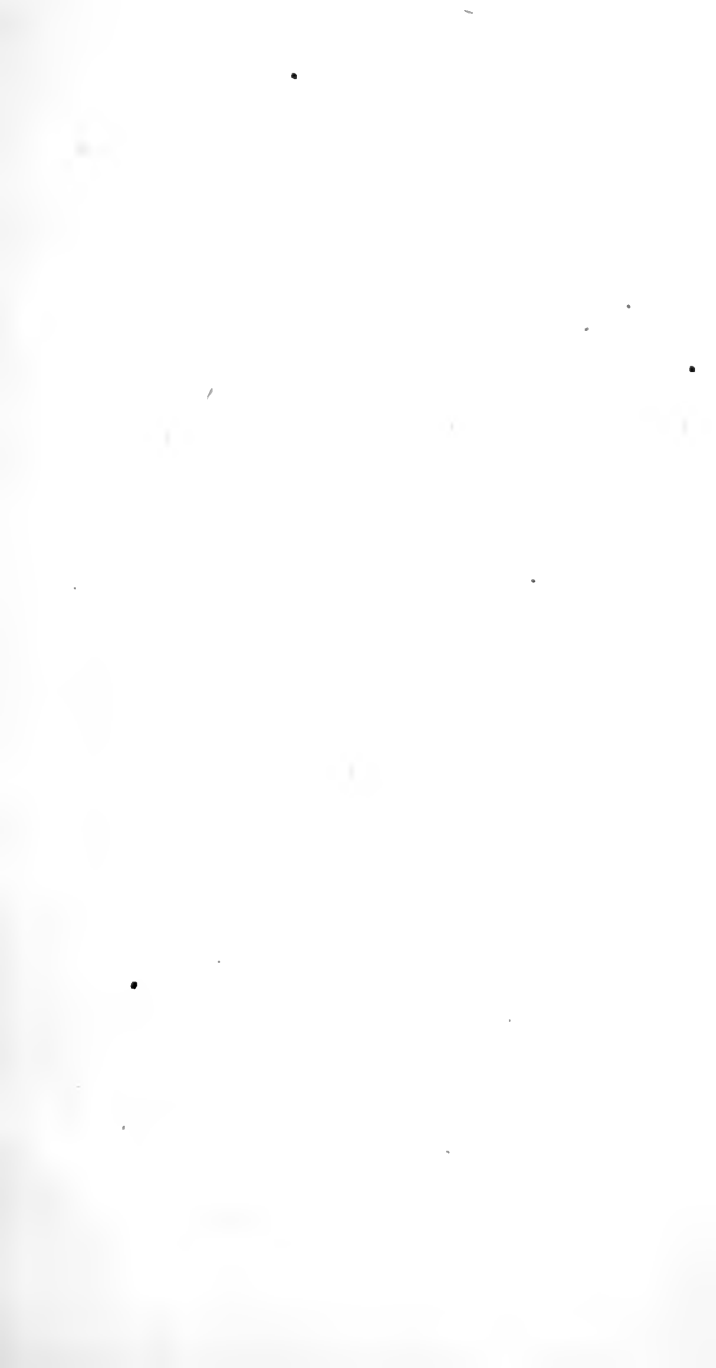


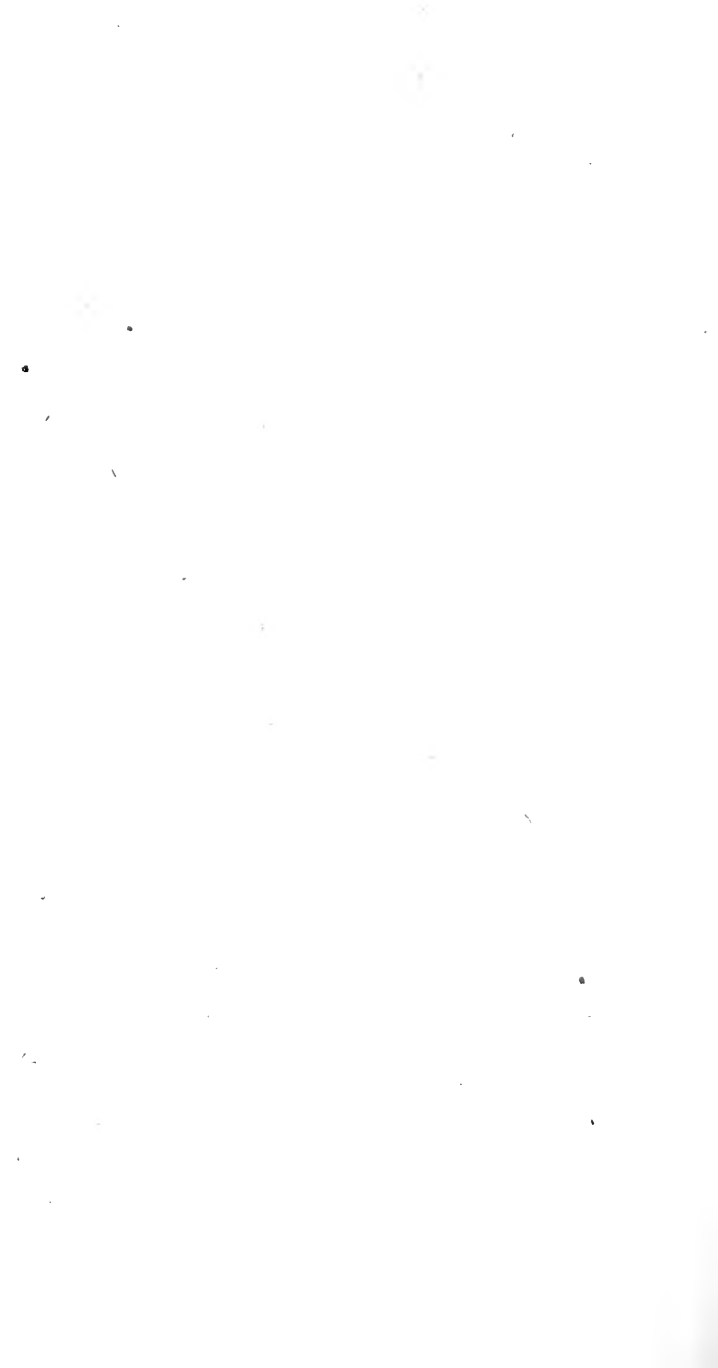










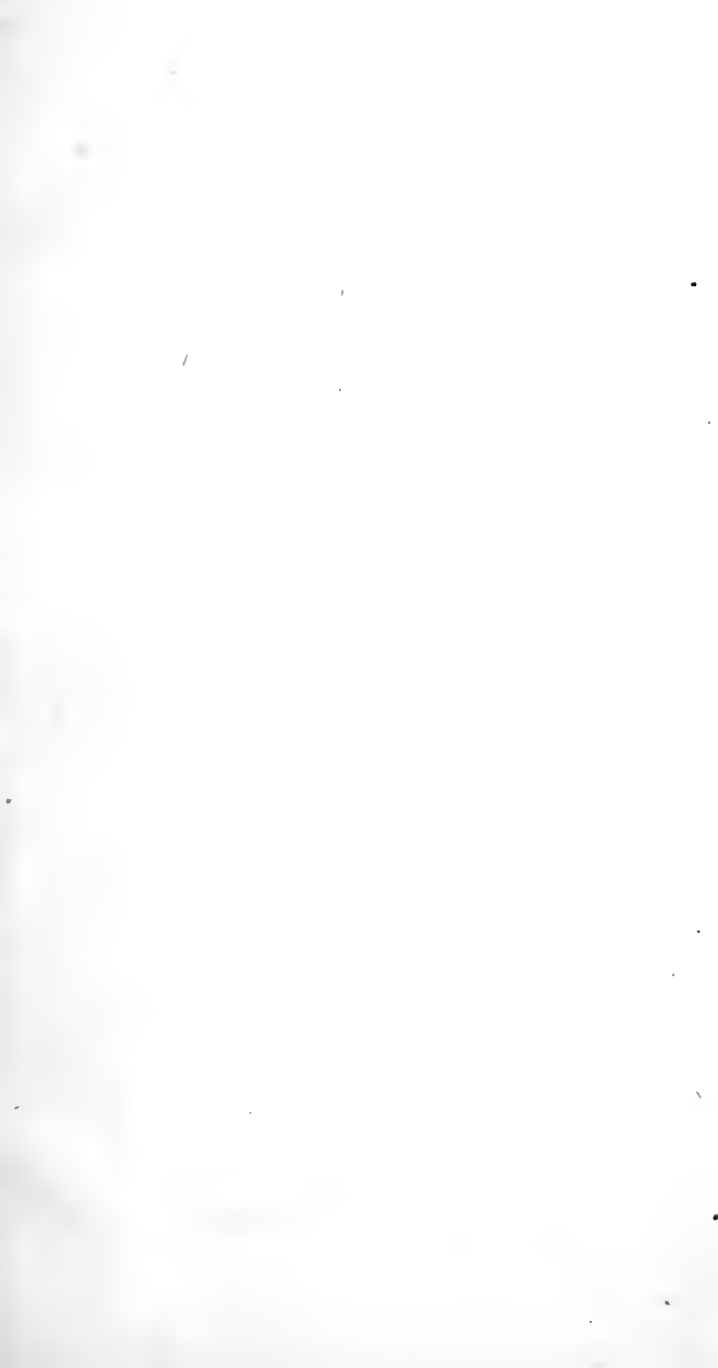




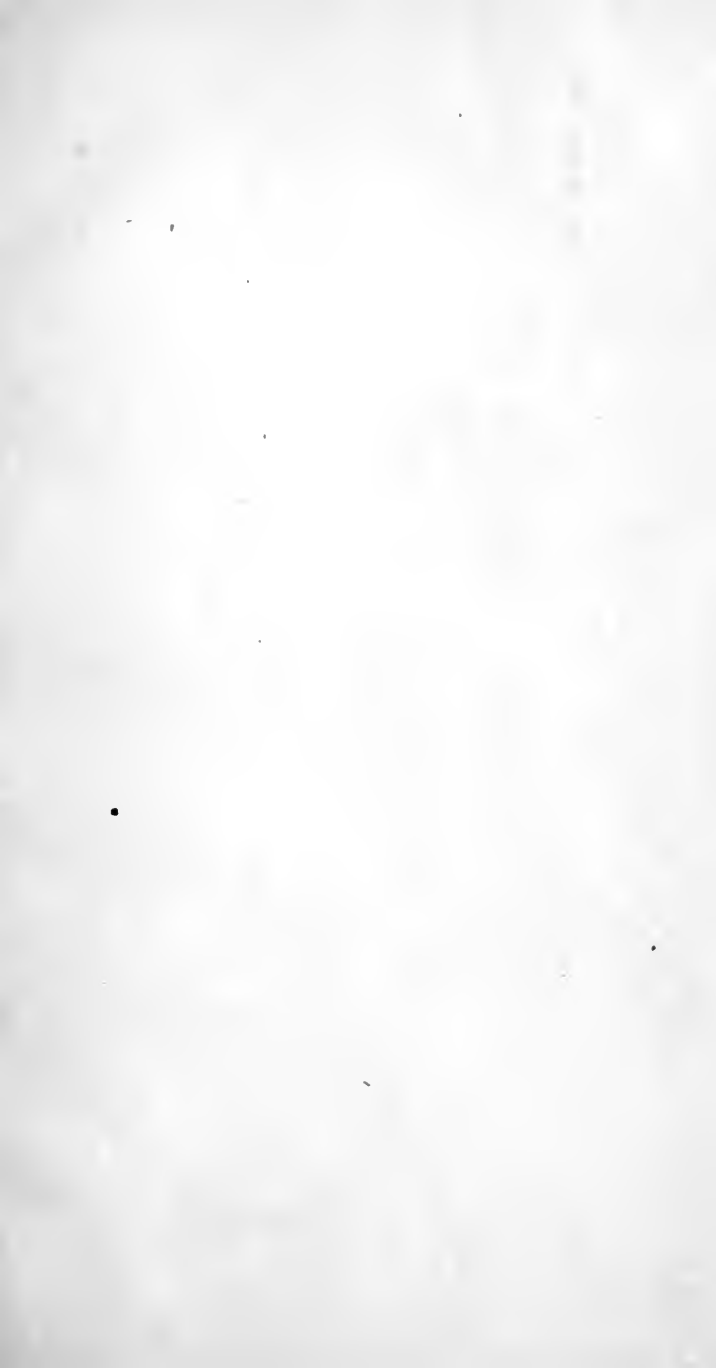






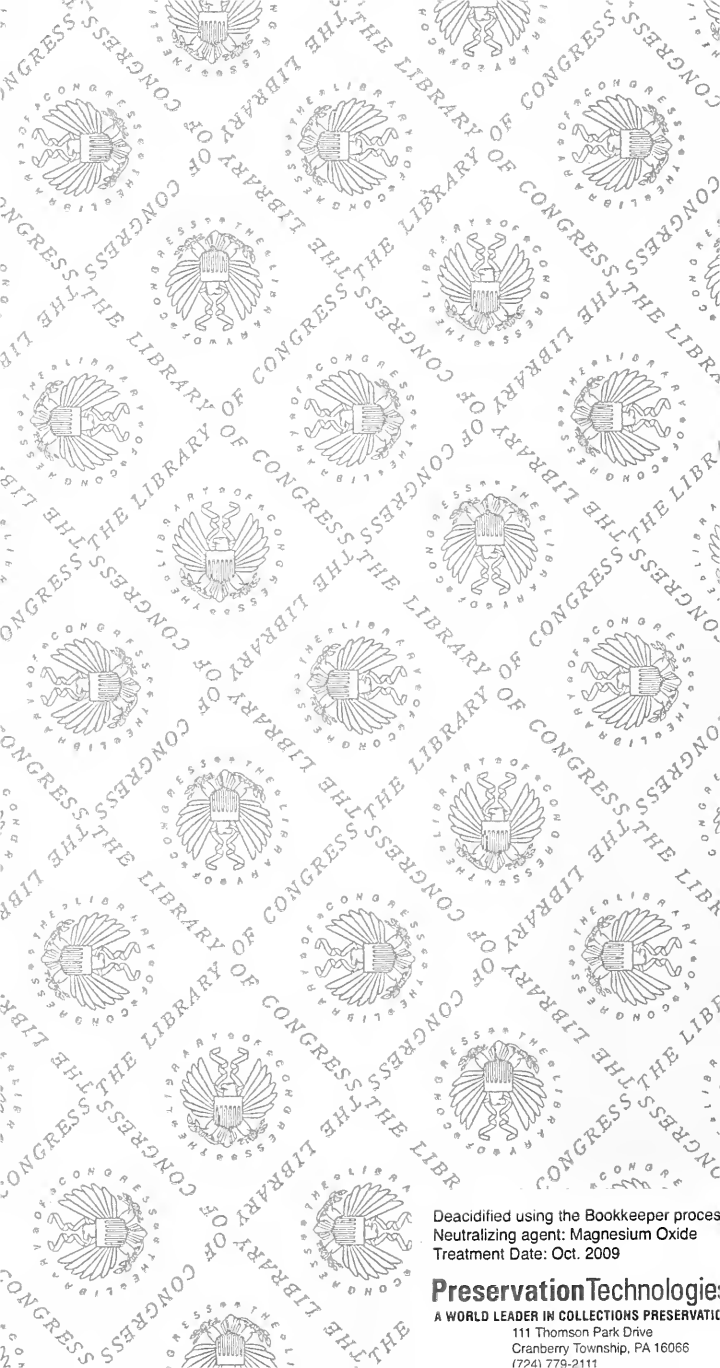










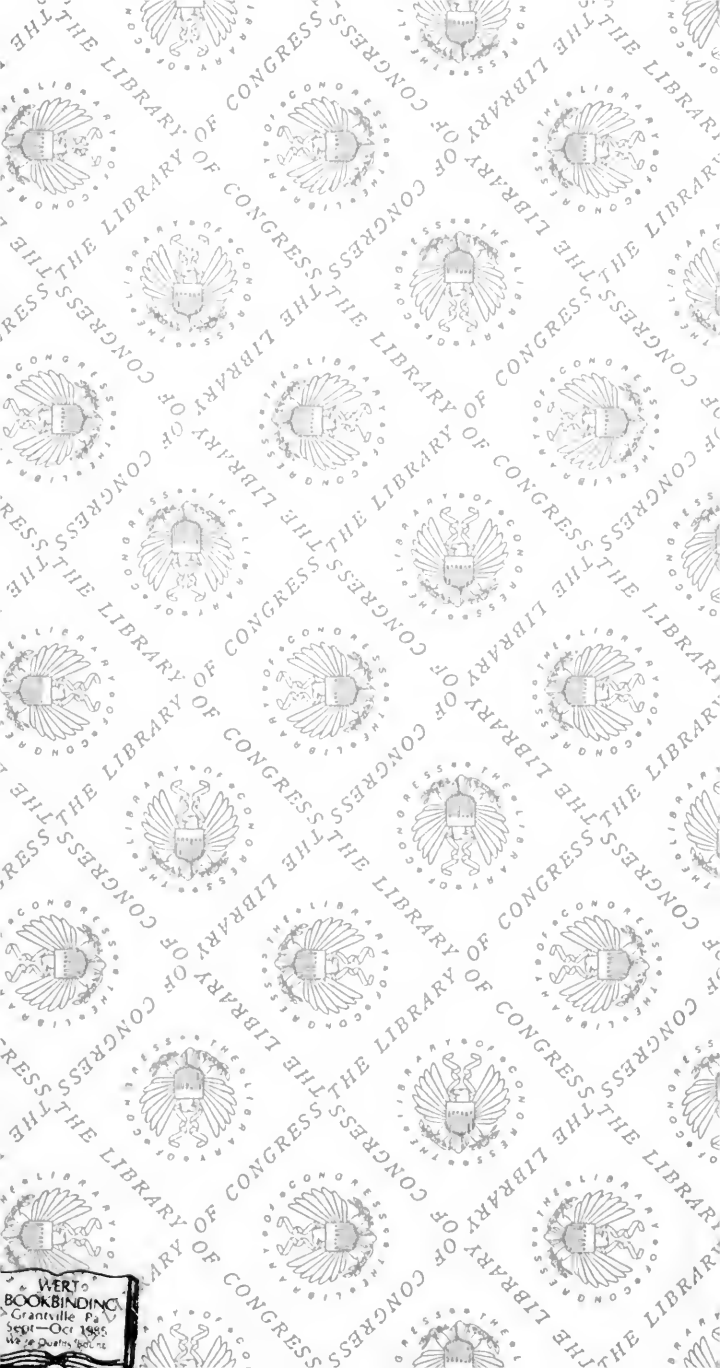


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