

SLAVES IN BARBARY.
A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

HAMET,	<i>Bashaw of Tunis.</i>
OZRO,	} <i>Brothers, and Slaves in Tunis.</i>
AMANDAR,	
FRANCISCO,	<i>Brother to Ozro and Amandar, sent to re-</i>
KIDNAP,	<i>An American Captive.</i> [deem them.]
ORAN,	<i>A Purchaser of Slaves.</i>
ZANGA,	} <i>Sea Captains.</i>
GORTON,	
TEAGUE,	<i>An Irish Captive.</i>
SHARP,	<i>An African, and Kidnap's Slave.</i>
<i>Officer, Auctioneer, Guards, Attendants, Purchasers of Slaves, &c.</i>	

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Garden.

AMANDAR *solus, confined with a chain.*

IN vain the flowers spread their gaudy colours, and I fill the air with fragrance. The sun has not a cheering beam for me. All nature's smiles are frowns to him, who wears the chain of bondage. Fifteen long months have witnessed my misfortune: what luckless winds delay Francisco's passage?

Enter ORAN with a cane.

Oran. Moping fugitive! quick to your task. [*Beating him.*] I have not placed you here to mutter to the herbs and flowers: they need the labour of your hands. Let them have it; or heavier blows shall punish your neglect.

Aman. Then do your worst! I ask the fatal blow to put a period to my miseries.

Oran. Your life is in my hands; but it shall be prolonged; and with your life, I'll lengthen out your miseries.

Aman.

Aman. Unfeeling tyrant! from you I only ask the murderer's office. Speech was designed for friendly intercourse; it ill becomes the tiger. In brutal silence, you may tear my flesh: add not the sting of words.

Enter OZRO.

Oran. Hah! Ozro. A slave enlarged is no grateful sight to his old master. [*Aside.*]

Ozro. I come, my brother, to end your sufferings.

Aman. Welcome! You know them to be more than man can bear.

Oran. Vile intruder! are you so soon intoxicated with your liberty? Quick, flee this place; or stronger chains, than bound you here before, shall sober you again.

Ozro. Talk not of chains! but rather learn to dread the hand, on which they have been bound. I come to execute the orders of your lord and master; not to be frightened with your threats. Amandar's injuries have reached the ears of the Bashaw; and I am sent—

Oran. Tale-bearing renegade! Well, I shall learn to husband my own property, and give up no more slaves for Hamet's counsellors. Attend your duty!

[*To Amandar, striking him.*]

Ozro. Repeat that blow, and it shall cost you dear.

Oran. Caitiff! begone from hence; or even the Bashaw shall not defend you from my indignation. Quick, leave my sight!

Ozro. Not while you have it in your power to exercise your tyranny over my brother. But yesterday you promised to sell Amandar for this sum: here it is, ready counted to your hands. I demand him of you.

Oran. One half this sum would have bought him yesterday. It is my present choice to sacrifice my property for my revenge. I will double his task and shorten his allowance, till his pride is reduced, and he becomes more profitable, by additional severity. This is my promise to-day: take it for your solace.

Ozro.

Ozro. Monster! would you forever feast your soul on the miseries of the unfortunate? Your word is passed; recal it at the peril of your life. There is your money. [*Flinging it at his feet.*] Amandar is——

Oran. When foreign ruffians, who ought to wear the chains of bondage, are armed with swords, all right is lost: our property is given to the winds. Were it not for what weak heads, and sickly hearts call justice, I'd feast my dogs upon your flesh.

Ozro. Go vent your railings to the savage beasts, that prey on one another. If you love the law that sanctions cruelty, they are your fit associates. Amandar, you are once more restored to liberty and life. [*Cutting off his bands with his sword.*]

[*Exeunt Amandar and Ozro.*]

Oran. [*Taking his money.*] These high-bred fellows make but poor slaves. 'Tis well to shift them off at any rate. I will take care how I lay out my money for the future. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Highway.

OZRO and AMANDAR.

Aman. Am I deluded by a dream? or is this real? What angel eye of pity has glanced upon us?

Ozro. I would not interrupt thy bliss, nor stir the dregs, which the fair surface of this draught conceals. But fortune seems to make our happiness her sport.

Aman. Has not the Bashaw purchased our freedom? what are the conditions?

Ozro. That is for time or wild conjecture to determine. We must deliberate what course to take.

Aman. What dost thou say? let me hear the worst.

Ozro. You know the circumstances of my liberation. All had the appearance of affability and pity in the Bashaw. He questioned particularly concerning our situation, and seemed moved with the account I gave. I informed him, our brother was daily expected with the gleanings of an unfortunate father's interest to redeem

deem us from our chains, and restore us to a disconsolate family. He turned aside, as though some sudden emotion had seized his mind; then exclaimed, "They shall be mine!" The money was paid for your ransom, and committed to me. We are considered as his property.

Aman. What then creates suspicion? This favour has some claim upon our gratitude. If we must err, let it be on the side of honor.

Ozro. So thought I, Amandar. These were the impressions of the moment. But avarice often assumes the appearance of generosity: and malice, to make its prey more sure, puts on the guise of pity. If the Bashaw's motive were our happiness, all, but my freedom, I would pledge to pay the debt of gratitude. But I would sooner seek the lion's den, or trust the mercy of a tiger, than commit myself to a mercenary Turk. A father's fortune well may tempt the hypocritic show of kindness to his sons.

Aman. This thought gives weight to your suspicion. Are our misfortunes then the object of base speculation? This well becomes the dignity of rulers; the honor of the prime magistrate of Tunis! To seek us out, like brutes, to buy and sell, and fill his coffers on the ruins of our family. But stay. Is there no room for charity? Tunis, of all the states of Barbary, is famed for its refinement. Every Turk is not an Oran. I think I have heard the Bashaw noted for his humanity.

Ozro. That ruler has but an ill title to humanity, who suffers his subjects to traffic in the dearest rights of man, and shares himself the execrated commerce.

Aman. True, my brother. But let us remember our native Venice. We have seen the Turk sold there in open market, and exposed to all the indignities which we have borne with Oran. Nay more; we may come nearer home, and spread the blush on our own faces. We both have heard the story of the grateful Turk, who, by the intercession of Francisco, was twice released from servitude. He had a noble soul,

soul, a feeling heart. Though his virtues were discovered, and finally rewarded by our father, we may blush that they were so long unheeded by our countrymen, and he suffered to languish in ignominious bondage.

Ozro. Your words have weight. For the sake of this noble captive, I will take part of my censure from the Turks, and spare it for my countrymen. Though this was done before my memory, the story paints his virtues to my mind; and had I no other claim, I would call Francisco brother for this deed.

Aman. [After a pause.] Can it be! no; 'tis too much to think of.

Ozro. What, Amandar?

Aman. A thought has struck my mind. Help to confirm, or to confute it.

Enter Guards abruptly.

Ozro. [Drawing.] Who is here! Stand off!

[Guards draw.]

1st. Guard. But look, my lads! you see you are outmanned. We are more than two to one.

Ozro. Then keep your distance, and let us know your business: else, were you ten to one, I'd make your number less.

1st. Guard. As to our business, we are obliged to let you know it: or I believe your swords would not frighten us to it. It is to carry you to the Bashaw.

Ozro. On what conditions must we go?

1st. Guard. As to that, we shall not be nice. We have no cavalry, you see; so you must be content to march on foot. You may take the front, or centre, as suits you best. But we shall not trust you in the rear, if you show a disposition to desert us; and, if you are inclined to be hostile, we must secure that sword.

Ozro. I ask the terms on which we are to go; as slaves or freemen?

1st. Guard. We don't wish to take the trouble to bind you. If you are not free to go, we must quicken your

your march with the point of our swords. Our orders are to return immediately.

Ozro. Keep us no longer in suspense. We now are free; and—

1st. Guard. As to that, I believe you are a little mistaken. The Bashaw has bought you both, and paid for you; and we shall look better to his interest than to lose you for nothing; d'ye see? Come; march!

Ozro. What is the paltry price, compared with years of misery? Perhaps you know our destiny. If we're for sale again, tell him, we give the terms. This place shall be the fair, and life the price.

1st. Guard. I tell you again, we are not easily frightened. But I see you are afraid of getting into Oran's hands again. If you choose to be obstinate, we could easily slice you in pieces, and carry you on the points of our swords. But we don't wish to spoil you in such a manner. Besides, our master keeps no cut-throats. Our orders were to carry you safe to the Bashaw, and neither hurt you ourselves, nor let any body else. You may wonder at this extraordinary honor, and so do we. But he takes a liking to Christians, and is very often doing them a good turn. I fancy something uncommon is going forward to-day by this manœuvre. Perhaps he is inclined to sin a little in your own way, by drinking a few bottles of wine with you.

Ozro. [To Amandar.] Their honest frankness quite unarms me. I hope my suspicions have been groundless.

Aman. Let us trust ourselves to their care. I am anxious to know the sequel.

SCENE III.

Hamet's House.

Hamet. [Solus.] The grateful day returns, that brings to mind my generous benefactors. The birth-day

day of my happiness, my fortune, and my honor. Let it be sacred to gratitude, and devoted to the sons of sorrow.

Enter OFFICER.

Officer. Noble Sir, the sale of prisoners begins in half an hour. Is it your pleasure to attend the auction?

Hamet. It is. Have them upon the spot, and see that they are treated with humanity. *[Exit Officer.]* Ill-fated men! their lot is miserable indeed. 'Twere almost just to rise above the laws, and give them all their freedom. *[Exit Hamet.]*

SCENE IV.

The street in Tunis.

Enter CRIER, ringing his bell.

At half an hour from this time! will be sold at public auction! to the highest bidder! prisoners of all colours! sorts and sizes! lately captured! on the Mediterranean! and brought fresh into port! warrant-ed free from sickness, and wounds! also, a considerable number! a little damaged! by musket shot! and cannon balls! and careless handling, with long knives and broad swords! and for want of wholesome air! on easy terms for the purchaser. *[Exit Crier.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ORAN walking to the Fair.

Oran. *[Solus.]* Yes, he who frees a slave, arms an assassin. The Bashaw may learn this to his sorrow. Let him look to that. He has given a high price for stock, that I should have been glad to turn upon his hands. The money will purchase two for one. Gorton's and Zanga's freight of prisoners will almost glut the market

ket. The Bashaw may be as ostentatious as he pleases of his boyish pity: thank fortune, I am not so tender-hearted. No: dominion is the right of man. The love of power is planted in his nature. But all men can't be kings. If there are lords, there must be slaves. And what must be is right. Let moralizers murmur at the doctrine: their arguments are slender threads; feeble as those, who spin them out from lovers' dreams, and children's notions. What is justice without power? The slave's ideal friend; whom he would wish to break his chains; on whose credit, he would establish universal government; then dissolve connexion, and shut his partner up in prison. *[Exit Oran.]*

SCENE II.

The fair, a large square.

Enter OFFICER, with a drawn sword; ZANGA and GORTON, with swords, followed by prisoners pinioned; Sailors in the rear; AUCTIONEER, &c. SHARP, a negro, standing by Gorton.

OFFICER bringing forward sick and wounded.

Auctioneer. Here, gentlemen, is a lot we shall not differ about. For the sake of dispatch, we will put up all the fragments together. Here are a number with broken legs, arms, &c. and a number more with mortal wounds, that may get well, or may not. That is your risk; I shall not warrant them. Upwards of a dozen: count for yourselves. Who bids?

Enter HAMET, and attendants; silence observed, and all pay him obeisance.

Sharp. Dat a man, a planter, masser Gorton.

[To Gorton.]

Auct. Examine for yourselves: who bids?

Oran. Four hundred sequins for the whole.

Auct. That is scarce the price of one good able-bodied slave.

Oran. They will not do me half the service at present. The greater part of them are not able to cook

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their



their own food; much less to earn it. Yet they must be fed; or they will die on my hands, you know. And a sick or dead slave is the very worst of dead stock. I'll give no more.

Hamel. These unfortunate men are the objects of compassion, not of unfeeling sarcasm. Raise their price to five hundred, and charge them to my account. Servants, see them removed to the hospital. Let a surgeon be employed to heal their wounds, and restore them to health. [*Prisoners bowing respectfully.*]

[*Exeunt servants and prisoners.*]

Sharp. Dat a good planter, masser Gorton. He good to white man; an be he good to poor negur man too?

OFFICER bringing forward a number.

Auct. Here are a parcel of lads of the first quality; superfine; the sons of noblemen. Their relations will give their weight in gold to redeem them.

1st. Purchaser. And their country, twice their weight, rather than have them return.

Auct. Now is the time to make your fortunes. Who bids?

Zanga. [*To Gorton.*] These, I suppose, are your champions, that took shelter in the hold, with their seafaring brethren, the rats, when you fought them?

Gorton. The same.

Auct. One! two! three! Just going for—nothing.

1st. Purchaser. Precisely what they are valued at, at home. You know, captains, these men of the feminine gender, don't pass very current with us. You would do well to exchange them for ballast, or fresh water. I will give you one hundred sequins a piece for them.

Gorton. Strike them off! It is cheaper buying men than raising them at this rate. One, two, three, four, five of them. Clear the hatchway!

[*Exeunt 1st. Purchaser and prisoners.*]

OFFICER bringing forward three others.

Auct. Here are three stout, able-bodied fellows for you; well made for labour. Who bids? *Sharp.*

Sharp. Dat a man my masser. [*Pointing to Kidnap.*]
2d. Purchaser. Mere bladders filled with wine. Our labour and climate will blast them like mushrooms.

3d. Purchaser. Let me look at their hands; they are the index of the slave. A good hard hand is worth more than a dozen bloated cheeks and barrel bodies. Let me see how they are put together.

[*Shaking them by the shoulders.*]

Kidnap. Stand off! base ruffian.

[*Officer strikes him.*]

Sharp. Dat larn you strike poor negur. Me wish he killa you! [*Aside.*]

Kidnap. Black imp! be silent.

Officer. This fellow is a rare piece, I'll assure you. Rather mettlesome at present. Discipline him freely with a whip for several weeks, and he will be as patient as a Dutch horse.

Kidnap. Severe reverse! Now, Africans, I learn to pity you. [*Aside.*]

3d. Purchaser. What does he say?

Officer. I fancy he wishes to be excused from reading the new leaf we are turning over for him. His dreams have been very much inclined to tattle, since he has been in prison. If I may judge from them, he has been a wholesale dealer in slaves himself; and is just beginning the hard lesson of repentance.

Gorton. Is this the man, who entertained you so agreeably in his sleep? I should suppose he might afford a deal of amusement when awake.

Officer. He was in a very companionable mood last night. He must have thought himself at home: poor man, I am almost sorry for his delusion. In his social glee, he ordered six dozen of port, gave Liberty and Independence for a toast, sung an ode to Freedom; and after fancying he had kicked over the tables, broken all the glasses, and lay helpless on the floor, gave orders, attended by a volley of oaths, to have fifty of his slaves whipped thirty stripes each, for singing a liberty-song in echo to his own; and six more to be hung

hung up by the heels for petitioning him for a draught of milk and water, while he was revelling with his drunken companions. Then waked up, and exclaimed, O happy America! farewell forever! Justice! thou hast overtaken me at last.

Auct. His dreams will be a cash article. Who bids?

3d. Purchaser. Two hundred sequins a piece, for the three.

Hamet. Officer, forward that man; I wish to speak with him.

[*Officer leads Kidnap to Hamet.*
From whence are you? [*To Kidnap.*

Kidnap. From North America.

Hamet. The boasted land of liberty?

Kidnap. None more so.

Hamet. Then does she realize those scenes your fancy paints, and which your tongue describes, when off its guard?

Kidnap. Take second-handed dreams for evidence, and judge as you please of me, or my country.

Hamet. Your arrogance is evidence against you. Stand there in silence. Bring here that African. [*To the Officer.*

[*Officer leads forward Sharp.*
Was that man your master?

Sharp. Yes a masser.

Hamet. Is he a kind master? do you wish to live with him?

Sharp. No, masser planter! he get drunk! he whip me! he knock a me down! he stamp on a me! he will kill a me dead! No! no! let a poor negur live wid a you, masser planter; live wid a masser officer; wid a dat a man; or any udder man, fore I go back America again; fore I live wid a masser Kidnap again.

Hamet. Fear not, honest fellow: nobody shall hurt you.

Sharp. Tank a you, masser! bless a you, good masser planter.

[*Bowing.*
Hamet. [*To Officer.*] Deliver this man to the highest bidder. Let misery teach him, what he could never learn in affluence, the lesson of humanity.

[*3d. Purchaser takes off Kidnap and the other two, and returns again.*]

Common

Common sailors brought forward.
Auct. Here are robust fellows for you; reduced to discipline; hardened by toil; proof against heat and cold, wind and weather. Now is your last opportunity. Who bids?

4th. Purchaser. Two hundred a piece for the whole.

5th. Purchaser. Two hundred and fifty.

Auct. Two hundred and fifty, and going. Their bare bones would be worth half that for skeletons. But they are well strung with nerves, and covered with hardy flesh: none of your mushrooms, grown up in the shade. Look for yourselves: they are almost bullet proof.

Zanga. Quite, you might have said, or we should have made riddling sieves of them.

Oran. Three hundred a piece.

Auct. Three hundred, and going. One! two! three!

[*Strikes.*
Zanga. [*To Oran.*] I am sorry we were obliged to cut so many of them in pieces, before we could persuade them to strike. The whole crew would furnish a fine plantation; and you might live in the style of a West India planter.

Officer. Follow your master. [*Oran going; slaves following. Oran's servants follow the slaves with whips.*

Teague. [*Refusing to follow.*] Ship-mates, you may do as you please. I should be glad of your dear company; but, by my shoul, I will enter no man's ship by sea, or by land, till I know the conditions, and receive a little advance pay.

Oran. Come on, my lad; or my servants shall see to your advance pay. [*Servant strikes him with a whip.*

Teague. [*Bursting his pinions, and seizing Oran's servant.*] If this is your prompt pay, by saint Patrick! you shall have change in your own coin, my honey! D'ye see! I could tear your rigging before and aft like a hurricane. [*Shaking him. Officer attempts to strike him with his sword; other servants, with their whips.*

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Hamet.

Hamet. Forbear! his honest indignation is the effusion of humanity. Let him speak for himself. There is something in this ingenuous tar, that moves me to do him a kindness. [*Aside.*]

Teague. I think, an't please your honor, a poor sailor has a hard time enough on't to encounter wind and weather, hunger and thirst, and all the other dangers of the main sea; and when rain and storms have frowned on him for several months, he ought to find a little sunshine in every man's face; and not be bought and sold like dumb beasts in the market. I believe in my shoul, if one were to get rich in a Christian country by such a vile trade, the judgments of Heaven would keep him poor as long as he lived. Ah, and if men were made to be slaves and masters, why was not one man born with a whip in his hand and gold spoon in his mouth; and another, with a chain on his arm, or a fetter to his heel; aye, and without a tongue, or a pair of jaws, so long as one must not be allowed to use them? And if I had known I were to live a dog's life in this hard-hearted country, as I am a Christian, I would have fought ye till I died. But look ye! all hands upon deck; this muckle arm of mine is free; and by the blood of my heart, it shall be torn from my body, before I will be bound once more, it shall.

Oran. I must leave that unmanageable creature with you, Zanga; I have had too much to do with such fellows already.

Hamet. Trust him with me. His are the inborn virtues I admire: virtues, that ought to make the tyrant blush before him, and find him friends, wherever there are men.

Teague. On my honest word, I am your honor's good friend and servant, so long as I live, let the winds blow as they will. Yes, I will be any man's good friend and faithful servant, that will secure my liberty in the mean time, I will.

Auct.

Auct. Here is this honest negro lad, who has been under the benevolent instruction of a task-master, and converted to Christianity by lectures applied to the naked back with a rope's end, or nine-tail whip. He is bred to his business; you will find him an excellent purchase; and he can lose nothing by exchange of masters. Who bids?

5th. Purchaser. Three hundred sequins.

3d. Purchaser. Four hundred.

Officer. Follow that man; he is your master.

[*To Sharp.*]

Sharp. Yes a masser. [*Bowing to his new master.*]

5th. Purchaser. You give too much. You will raise the price of slaves above their profit.

3d. Purchaser. I have my reasons. He is trained to his business: I intend to put his old master under his instruction, that he may occasionally have the advantage of a whip-lecture from his former slave, whom he has treated so kindly.

5th. Purchaser. Perfectly right, Sir. Every dog must have his day. [*Exeunt 3d. Purchaser and Sharp.*]

Zanga. [*Leading forward Francisco.*] This man has cost me dear; he must command a price accordingly.

Auct. Here is the last purchase: who bids?

5th. Purchaser. What extraordinary things can this fellow do?

Zanga. He can clip off men's heads and arms with an uncommon slight of hand. Had it not been for his dexterity at this art, and his loud acclamations to his crew, I should not have been repulsed three times from their deck, with the loss of half my men.

5th. Purchaser. This is your misfortune; not ours. Men in your way must run the risk of losing an arm and even a head once in a while. Courage is a very good recommendation for a sailor, or soldier; but for a slave, I would give as much for one of your faint-hearted cowards, that you find hid in the hold in time of action, as for half a dozen, who will meet you with a pistol at your head.

Auct.

Auct. What, does nobody bid?

Zanga. These are the marks of gratitude and honor shown to us, who expose our lives to procure the means of ease and luxury for our countrymen. My men, whose wounds are witnesses against him, would give a generous price to satisfy their vengeance.

Francisco. Detested ruffian! blast not the names of gratitude and honor with your breath. Has not my life already been enough exposed? Then let those men, who wear the marks my courage gave, return me wound for wound. 'Tis not enough that you possess my father's fortune; the effects of an industrious life, designed to purchase from your barbarous land, two darling sons; more than his life to him; and dearer than my own to me. Their misery is not sufficient. Myself, the only stay of his declining years, must be forever exiled from his sight. But I can bear the worst that malice can invent, or tyranny inflict. If you have pity, spare it for my father; for my brothers: they have slain none of your friends; none of your nation. I can endure my own misfortunes; theirs are insupportable.

Hamet. Magnanimous, and dutiful son! your virtues shall be rewarded; and your father's sorrow shall be turned to joy. You say you have two brothers, whom you came to ransom. What are their names? Perhaps they now are free.

Francisco. Ozro and Amandar.

Hamet. Your business is accomplished. They have their liberty. Each minute I expect them here.

Francisco. O kind reverse! Francisco, thou shalt be happy.

Hamet. Francisco! did he say? Good Heavens! Can it be he! [*Aside.*] Art thou Francisco?

Francisco. That is my father's name. I am Francisco the younger.

Hamet. Thou art! O my delivering angel! Dost thou know thy Hamet?

Francisco.

Francisco. It cannot be! Sure I'm entranced.

[*Looking earnestly at Hamet.*

Hamet. Come to my arms! I am thy friend, thy

Hamet. [*Hamet rises. Francisco meets him pinioned.*

Francisco. Thou art the same! the best of men.

[*Embracing.*

Enter Ozro and AMANDAR at a distance, attended by

guards. They advance slowly, looking at each other

and at Hamet, in suspense.

Hamet. [*Unloosing Francisco's pinions.*] Off, shame-

ful bands! These ill become thee! Thy hands are

worthy of a sceptre. Twice thou hast freed me from

the chains of bondage. Thus I, in part, discharge

the debt. [*Ozro and Amandar discover Francisco, and*

run to embrace him.]

Ozro. O Francisco!

Amandar. My brother! [*They embrace each other.*

Francisco. Welcome to my arms again! Bounte-

ous Heaven! thy smiles have pierced the cloud, and

changed the night to day. Next to Heaven, Hamet

deserves our thanks.

Ozro and Amandar. As first on earth he has them.

Hamet. I am the debtor. Heaven has given me a

grateful heart; but it is to you, Francisco, I owe my

fortune and my honor, and have it in my power to

show my gratitude. Had it not been for you, I might

till now have been a slave in Venice.

Teague. On my life, I would live and die here all

my days, if all the people were like this same good

Hamet. [*Aside.*

Zanga. They sail so pleasantly, I must fall in with

them after all. [*Aside.*] [*Takes a chest, containing the*

money and jewels of Francisco, and carries it to him.]

Good Sir, I have been brought up to the trade of fight-

ing; this, you know, Sir, is not an employment to soften

one's heart. I have generally been obliged to resist

the current of compassion; but it sets so strong upon

me now, I will even follow its motion, as you have been

pleased to lead the way. Here is this man's money: I

give

give up my share both in that and him too; and wish him and his good friends a pleasant gale upon whatever course they may steer through life.

Hamet. This deed becomes thee, Zanga, and shall hereafter be rewarded.

Francisco. Zanga, thou hast my thanks. Let me anticipate the joyous hour when our aged father shall hear the transactions of this day; and express in his name the effusions of his grateful heart, when he shall receive his sons from you as the author of their second existence; their delivery from the heavy chains of bondage.

[*To Hamet.*

Hamet. By untoward fortune, my father and myself were slaves in Venice. By your intercession I was emancipated. I cheerfully procured the freedom of a declining parent at the expense of my own. The thought of relieving him from a burden, which his tottering age was unable to support, sweetened my toil, and made that servitude a pleasure, which otherwise had been intolerable. But the generosity of your family exceeded what I dared to hope. You gratuitously restored me to liberty a second time. This was the morning of my prosperity, the birth-day of my happiness. It is by your means, I have it in my power thus to acknowledge and discharge a sacred debt, the debt of gratitude.

Ozro. This day more than compensates for our past misfortunes.

Amandar. Henceforth we will celebrate its anniversary in grateful remembrance of our benefactor.

Hamet. Generous brothers, enjoy your fortune, and let your father participate your happiness. A ship shall be prepared to convey you to your native land, and restore you to your friends. Let it be remembered, there is no luxury so exquisite as the exercise of humanity, and no post so honorable as his, who defends

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

CONCLUSION

CONCLUSION OF A CELEBRATED SPEECH OF MR. PITT, IN 1770, IN SUPPORT OF A MOTION MADE IN PARLIAMENT, TO REQUEST THE KING TO LAY BEFORE THAT BODY ALL THE PAPERS, RELATIVE TO CERTAIN DEPREDACTIONS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND LIKEWISE, TO A TREATY WHICH HE WAS THEN NEGOCIATING WITH SPAIN.

MY LORDS,

I HAVE taken a wide circuit, and trespassed, I fear, too long upon your patience. Yet I cannot conclude without endeavouring to bring home your thoughts to an object more immediately interesting to us, than any I have yet considered: I mean the internal condition of this country. We may look abroad for wealth, or triumphs, or luxury; but England, my lords, is the main stay, the last resort of the whole empire. To this point, every scheme of policy, whether foreign or domestic, should ultimately refer.

Have any measures been taken to satisfy, or to unite the people? Are the grievances they have so long complained of removed? or do they stand not only unredressed, but aggravated? Is the right of free election restored to the elective body? My lords, I myself am one of the people. I esteem that security and independence, which is the original birthright of an Englishman, far beyond the privileges, however splendid, which are annexed to the peerage. I myself am by birth an English elector, and join with the freeholders of England as in a common cause. Believe me, my lords, we mistake our real interest as much as our duty, when we separate ourselves from the mass of the people.

Can it be expected that Englishmen will unite heartily in defence of a government, by which they feel themselves insulted and oppressed? Restore them to their rights