

CUMBERLAND'S
BRITISH THEATRE,

WITH
Remarks, Biographical and Critical.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPIES,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

VOL. XX.

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.
WHO WANTS A GUINEA?
THE POOR SOLDIER.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
WAY TO GET MARRIED.
THE TURNPIKE GATE.
PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MISS LOVE;

AND SIX ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON :
JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.
1828.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE:

A COMIC OPERA,

In Three Acts.

BY JAMES COBB, 1756 - 1818

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITION OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MISS LOVE,

IN THE CHARACTER OF LILLA.

Engraved on Steel by MR. WOOLNOTH, from an original Drawing
by MR. WAGEMAN.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.



Weyman Del.

W. L. G. S. C.

MRS. LOVE AS LILLA.

ENGLAND: PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, FIDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

The Siege of Belgrade.

THE playwright discovers his ingenuity more when he works *without* a plot, than *with* one ;—when, without any strong attempt at character, or extraordinary display of wit, he contrives to escape not only free from censure, but with some share of applause. It is to the very beautiful music, and to the combined talents of the performers, which graced this opera on its first appearance at Drury Lane, that the author owes his popularity. The plot is singularly unimportant and trivial. A young married lady is taken prisoner by a straggling party of the Turkish army, just arrived to the relief of Belgrade, and, as a matter of course, conducted to the Seraskier's seraglio. Her husband, an Austrian colonel, after a sufficient quantum of ejaculations to his adorable girl, and a good deal of blustering about bleeding and conquering with his brave hussars, attempts her rescue in disguise, is taken in the act of delivering a letter—"a designing malicious-looking letter, that smells of gun-powder like a soldier's pouch"—and instead, as in England, of being hanged for a spy, he is consigned to the bowstring, from which he is miraculously saved by the *apropos* arrival of a tag-rag and bob-tail mob of Austrian soldiers and peasants, who make the enemy run like lamplighters ; and then, to give them music to their dancing, commence singing the finale to the second act. The sequel is easily guessed—after a due portion

of din and danger, of alternate shouting and scampering, there is a regular siege; and the piece concludes with a puff direct on Christian mercy and forbearance, and all that sort of thing; as if the banner of the cross was a whit less blood-stained than that of the crescent.

In addition to this string of probabilities, is an under-plot, consisting of the Seraskier's *penchant* for Lilla, the whimsies of Yuseph, an amorous old magistrate, and the jealous vagaries of a hair-brained passionate blockhead, who commits a thousand extravagances with all the coolness and good temper imaginable. Yuseph is a great relief to the prevailing tedium, to the heavy prose and rickety rhyme of this opera. The character is sketched with considerable quaintness and humour, and shows that the author *could* produce comic effects when he *would*. Yuseph is a perfect type of the renowned Vicar of Bray, having none of that fastidious delicacy which makes a man resign his place when his patrons and partisans are sent to the right about—no, for it would be as difficult to *oust* this weathercock-official by fair means, as to overturn a pyramid from its base. Under his *Turkish* masters, he is *Yuseph Ben Jacob Ben Mustapha*; but, when the Austrians assume dominion, he becomes suddenly transmogrified into *Heroon Joseph Wolfgang Bawmbork Blandenkerstoon Schwartzbergen*! He is highly flattered when the Seraskier obligingly condescends to laugh at him, and returns the compliment with full force, when his highness, instead of consulting him on some grand military operation, inquires if there are many pretty girls in the neighbourhood. His religious horror when he beholds the pork and wine impiously spread out to regale the Christian dogs, is only equalled in whim by the voracity with which he devours the one and swallows the other, with the accompanying salvo, that a Mahometan may take a cup of wine when nobody sees him. These oddities are mingled with a cowardice and self-importance no less diverting. Suet was the original Yuseph, and

he kept the audience in a high state of exhilaration. No city epicure ever did ampler honours to a turtle feast, than did Dicky Suet, whenever he had an opportunity of dramatic mastication. He seemed on these occasions to have reserved his appetite for a grand scenic display of gormandising; of which the pork on Peter's supper-table, and the leg of lamb in No Song no Supper, are sufficient instances. Mathews, who inherits a large portion of Suet's peculiar whim, plays Yuseph very comically. With these two admirable comedians full in our remembrance, it is only charitable to forget Gattie.

Leopold was sustained by Bannister with all his vivacity and humour. He and Storace were born to act with each other. Nothing could be more arch and sprightly than the Signora's air and dance in the second act, and Bannister's by-play. Her rich mellow tones, her laughing eye, her gaiety, and good humour, rendered her Lilla a truly captivating performance. Harley's Leopold is lively and spirited. Miss Love has acquired considerable popularity in Lilla, and she well deserves it all. A beautiful countenance and a graceful air are not her only merits.

The Seraskier, as far as regards the *acting*, has little else to do but to look fierce and amorous—

“And dwell such mighty souls in little men?”

Braham looks both to a miracle—though much of the former may be ascribed to a huge turban, a pair of mustachios, and a scimitar of no common dimensions; and the latter, to a voice than which a finer never serenaded a lady, in or out of trousers. It is a pernicious custom for a singer, out of his own vanity and caprice, to introduce songs that belong not to the piece. What can be more absurd than to hear a stiff-necked dandy chant “*Scots wha’ ha,*” to a peaceable party of ladies and gentlemen in a drawing-room, or a

whiskered hero warble forth "*Love among the Roses*," to a regiment of soldiers in a tented field. We can, however, pardon Braham's introduction of Shield's exquisite ballad "*My Heart with Love is Beating*," in this opera, as it is perfectly relevant to the character and scene. His execution of it is highly tasteful and impassioned.

☞ D—G.

Costume.

SERASKIER.—White spangled shirt and trousers—red fly—yellow satin robe—yellow boots—turban and cimeter.

COL. COHENBERG.—Green Austrian uniform—black boots.

YUSEPH.—White trousers—puisse-coloured body and cloak, or tunic—red turban.

LEOPOLD.—Drab-coloured doublet and trunk—cloak—blue stockings—russet shoes.

PETER.—Brown *ibid.*

MICHAEL.—Gray *ibid.*

ANSLEM.—Light brown, trimmed with orange *ibid.*

ISMAEL.—White trousers—crimson tunic and robe.

PEASANTS.—Drab tunics and breeches—blue stockings.

OFFICERS.—White trousers—crimson tunics and robes.

EUNUCHS.—White bodies and trousers—red flies and turbans—russet boots.

FIRST SOLDIER.—Green Austrian dress—pelisse, &c.

SECOND SOLDIER.—*Ibid.*

CATHARINE.—Handsome white satin and beads.

LILLA.—*First dress:* White body and tabs—scarlet petticoat, trimmed with blue. *Second dress:* White satin dress and robe—trousers—turban and slippers.

GHITA.—Green body and tabs—white petticoat, trimmed with green.

FATIMA.—Crimson satin dress and robe—white trousers—turban.

MEMOIR OF MISS LOVE.

MISS LOVE is the daughter of a deceased officer in his majesty's service, and, if dramatic records be true, was born in Cheapside, in the year 1801. Having at an early age displayed a talent for music, she was placed under the tuition of Mr. D. Corri, and such was her rapid improvement in that divine science, that her future success appeared no longer equivocal; and, on her introduction to Mr. Arnold, she was immediately engaged for four years, to take the leading vocal parts at the Lyceum, where she soon became a great favourite, and, at the close of her engagement, was offered liberal terms by the managers of Covent Garden. Her appearance on the boards of that theatre was hailed with very general applause.

An accidental circumstance, the indisposition of Miss M. Tree, brought Miss Love forward in a prominent character sooner than might have been expected—this was Marina, in the operatic entertainment of *Cortez*, which, at a very short notice she performed to the entire satisfaction of the audience and the managers: the good opinion already entertained by both parties of her abilities was amply confirmed. She is a sprightly actress, and a pleasing rather than a great singer. She has since made many provincial tours with flattering success. She is at present attached to the Drury-Lane company, and ranks among its most favourite vocalists. Miss Love has played a variety of characters with considerable success—among her best attempts is Lilla, in the *Siege of Belgrade*.

✍ D—G.

Cast of the Characters,

At the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

	1824.	1828.
<i>Seraskier</i>	Mr. Sapio.	Mr. Braham
<i>Colonel Cohenberg</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Yuseph</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Leopold</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Peter</i>	Mr. Fitzwilliam.	Mr. J. Russell.
<i>Michael</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Hughes.
<i>Anslem</i>	Mr. Bedford.	Mr. Bedford.
<i>Ismael</i>	Mr. G. Smith.	Mr. G. Smith.
<i>Peasants</i>		Mr. Honor, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Sheriff.
<i>Officers</i>		Mr. Hope, Mr. Brown, Mr. Brady, Mr. Gregory.
<i>Eunuch</i>		Mr. Seymour.
<i>First Soldier</i>		Mr. Wakefield.
<i>Second Soldier</i>		Mr. Darnley.
<i>Catharine</i>	Miss Graddon.	Miss A. Tree.
<i>Lilla</i>	Miss Stephens.	Miss Love.
<i>Ghita</i>	Miss Povey.	Miss Nicoll.
<i>Fatima</i>	Miss Carr.	Miss Weston.

Soldiers, Guards, Blacks, Eunuchs, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

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

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

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

R. RC. C. LC. L.
* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Turkish Encampment, near Belgrade, in the distance.—The Curtain rises at the first stroke of the cymbals.—Turkish Peasantry discovered, ranged R.—Turkish Soldiers, with cymbals, triangle, long drum, &c. ranged, L.*

CHORUS.

Enter, during the chorus, Turkish Soldiers and Servian Women, L. U. E.

Wave our prophet's fam'd standard of glory on high,
Till the envious moon die away in the sky;
And, like the pale Christians, leave Danube's fair stream,
To reflect our victorious crescent's bright beam.

[The Chorus-Singers fall back, R. and L.—The Servian Women dance, and exit, L. U. E.—The Military Band exeunt, L. S. E.—The Chorus-Singers then advance to the front.]

Enter YUSEPH, L.

Be silent, you soldiers, His Highness the Seraskier is coming,—he is just arrived with the Turkish army under his command, to relieve Belgrade. I have been conversing with him. I told him of your loyalty to the Sublime Porte.—Sir,—your highness—my dear highness, says I (for we talked very familiarly). I am the chief magistrate of this village.—I know the Ottoman Porte has not more loyal subjects in his whole province of Servia; and, as for your highness—always talking of your highness—your highness's name is never out of our

mouths.—By the by, remember his name is Mahammed Aboubeker Ben Abdallah Ben Ali—I dare say you never heard of it before. So, says the Seraskier to me, my dear Yuseph Ben Yacoul Ben Mustapha, at the same time most graciously laughing at me, with great condescension—

[*Flourish of drums and trumpets without, L.*
But here he comes. Now you shall see how his highness is pleased to honour me. I shall certainly be created a pacha of three tails. [*Flourish.*

Enter the SERASKIER, ISMAEL, and four Officers, L.

Ser. (c.) Yuseph! come here.

Yus. (L. c.) Yes, your Highness! [*Aside to Peasants.*] Now he is going to consult me on some great military operation.

Ser. (L.) [*Leading him forward.*] Yuseph! are there any pretty girls in this neighbourhood?

Yus. [*Laughs.*] He! he! he! a good joke. Ah! your highness will conquer every where, I see. Your highness is pleased to make me laugh, he! he! he!

Ser. You presume on my condescension—you are too familiar!—Begone!

[*Exit Yuseph and Peasants, R.—The Peasants ridiculing him.*

Enter LILLA, R. U. E.

AIR.—LILLA.

Lost, distressed! thus driven from home!

Whither shall poor Lilla go?

Wheresoe'er my steps shall roam,

Tyrant power will prove my foe.

[*Kneels to Seraskier, R. c.*

Ser. (c.) Ismael, who is this beautiful creature? [*To Lilla.*] Rise, lovely fair one!

Lil. [*Rises.*] I beg your lordship's pardon—I'm not used to talk to great folks.

Ser. Speak, charming girl! let me hear the eloquence of nature.

Lil. I am but a poor country girl, sir! my name is Lilla.—But, you must know, I love Leopold dearly, and Leopold loves me.

Ser. Perhaps you love him too well.

Lil. Oh dear, sir, that's not it—there's no harm between us, indeed, sir. He would make me his lawful wife, but my hard-hearted brother wants me to marry that rich old miserly Yuseph, the justice of the peace of our village.

Ser. [*Aside.*] Yuseph! Oh, the old poacher! why does your brother object to your choice?

Lil. My brother says Leopold is too passionate to make me a good husband; and, to be sure, he is apt to be a little violent.—But I don't mind that.

Ser. And where is Leopold?

Lil. Ah, sir! my mind misgives me that this wicked Yuseph has made away with him.—They locked me up, that I might not search for him.

Ser. And how did you make your escape?

Lil. Please your highness, I jump'd out of the window.

Ser. [*Aside.*] What an enchanting specimen of rustic beauty.

Is. (L.) What, my lord, do you forget your Austrian capture?

Ser. Forget her! no! But why should I confine myself to a single rose, while I can form a bouquet of beauty? [*Ismael goes up, L.—Seraskier crosses to Lilla.*] Charming Lilla, within this half-hour you shall have redress. [*Hands Lilla to L.*] Let her be attended to my tent.

[*To Officers.*]

Lil. Many thanks to your highness—a thousand thanks to your highness.

[*Exit, courtesying to Seraskier.—The four officers follow her.—The soldiers retire, L. S. R.*]

Ser. (R.) Ismael! did you ever see any thing so beautiful?

Is. I own, my lord, she is handsome—but——

Ser. But what?

Is. I beg your lordship's pardon—but, while I see the black eagle soar on the walls of Belgrade—forgive me, sir—I speak as a soldier——

Ser. So do I, sir; but my heart has room enough for love and valour at the same time! Mars never smiles on me so graciously as when I pay my adoration to Venus. So, if you expect me to conquer the Christians, let me have this girl. [*Exit Ismael, L.*] She is a charming creature, and shall be mine.

AIR.—SERASKIER.

The rose and the lily, their beauties combining,
 Delight in adorning a form so divine ;
 Such charms to a peasant consigning,
 Ah! must I resign !

Forbid it, ye powers ! to love 'tis a treason ;
 Ambition, assuming the semblance of reason,
 Commands me, with scorn, the mean thought to decline.
 Wealth and power, whate'er your worth,
 To pleasure if you give not birth !
 Rich in ambition's gilded toys,
 I barter them for real joys !

[Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Peter's Cottage.

Enter GHITA and PETER, R.

DUET.

Ghi. (C.) How the deuce came I to like you,—
 I am sure I cannot tell ;
 Had my face not chanc'd to strike you,
 I'd been pleased, sir, just as well.

Pet. (L. C.) Faith, as you say, I too wonder,
 Why to like you I'm inclin'd ;
 Though, in love, we're apt to blunder.—
 Love, you know, they say, is blind.

Ghi. You are ogling all the lasses,

Pet. You are simpering at each lad.

Ghi. Each hour in falsehood passes,

Pet. You flirt it quite as bad.

Both. You had better not provoke me ;
 Though you think, as you've bespoke me,
 I shall let you break my heart.
 But I'm ready now to part.

Pet. Then, suppose I take my leave.

Ghi. Do—I'm sure I shall not grieve.

Will you stay, or will you go ?

Pet. Shall I stay, or shall I go ?

Both. As you please—say yes or no.

[They shake hands, and run off, Peter, R., Ghita, L.]

Enter YUSEPH, R.

Yus. [Advances to C.] What the deuce, quarrelling
 before marriage ? that is very irregular.—Wait till the

ceremony is performed, and then you will quarrel of course.

Pet. [Coming down, R.] Indeed, sir——

Ghi. (L.) Hear me, sir——

Yus. No! I'll not hear you!—am I to be talked to by you? I, who have conversed with his highness the Seraskier. Besides, I hate to hear both sides of the question,—it perplexes me so that I never know how to make a decision.

Pet. Why then, sir, how can you decide?

Yus. Why, I decide that you are both in the wrong. I fancy that decision will hold you good in most quarrels—I don't believe that my friend, the Seraskier, could make a better.—But, where is your sister—where is my dear Lilla?

Ghi. Why, Peter has locked her up, to keep her from your rival, Leopold.

Yus. Oh, that's a desperate dog: always in a fury, and always pretending to keep his temper! that fellow's the very torch of sedition, and always in a blaze. [*Leopold sings without, R.*] Faith, that's his voice!—I—I—don't like much to meet him.

Enter LEOPOLD, R.

Leo. [Crosses to L., singing.] Tol de rol dol le rol.—Your servant, good folks. [*Crosses to Peter, R.*] Harkye, sirrah, where's your sister?

Pet. As to that, Leopold—you——

Leo. Ay, I knew that—you are going to say I am in a passion—but I deny it. [*Crosses to Yuseph.*] Yuseph, how do you do? you see I am quite cool. I ask you a civil question, [*To Peter.*] and if you don't answer me, I'll break your head. [*Crosses to Ghita, L. c.*] Ah, Ghita, my dear! how are you? Remarkable fine temperate weather, I think.

Yus. It was rather cloudy——

Leo. What! [*Walks up to him in a passion.*]

Yus. I say it was rather cloudy when I was talking to His Highness the Seraskier, just now—but, I believe, I can answer your inquires.—In the first place——

Leo. [L. of Yuseph.] What do you mean by that, sir? I'll not bear an insult from any man living.

Yus. Why, there is no talking to you.—I can't reason with you.

R

Leo. Sir, I say, you—you are mistaken.—Zounds ! I will be talked to—I insist on your reasoning with me—curse me, but you shall reason—yes, and coolly, too, though I know you are my rival.

Yus. But you give me leave—

Leo. Well, that's true ; I know, as you are going to say, there is no reason why people should quarrel because they are rivals. *[Turns to Ghita.*

Yus. Granted ! and, besides—

Leo. *[Turning upon him.]* I know you are going to say that warmth and anger, on these occasions, betray a weakness ; from which, I hope, I am free. To be sure, you are as much entitled as I am to court Lilla. I am sure she is locked up in this house. *[Crosses to Peter.]* Where is Lilla—I'll set fire to—I will—

Yus. (L.) Sir—do you remember who I am ! a magistrate and a courtier ! do you respect my authority ?

[Walks up to Leopold, who retires, R. C.

Leo. No, I don't respect your authority. *[Walking up to Yuseph in the same manner, who retires back to L. C.—Ghita goes down to Peter, R.]* That for your authority ! *[Snaps his fingers at him.]* What have you to say now ?

Yus. Nay, I have nothing to say. If you do not respect authority, there's an end of the matter !

Leo. Well, you are right there—always keep from passion—I like you for not losing your temper. *[Crosses to Peter.]* If you don't give me the key of Lilla's room, I'll knock you down.

Pet. I—I—I have lost it.

Leo. Lost it ? though it don't signify,—I think my shoulders will force any lock in Europe.—I'll burst open the door—but I'll do it without any violence—I defy you all to say that I shall be in a passion. Stand out of the way.

[Pushing, with great violence, against Yuseph, then exit, L.]

Ghi. (c.) Well, Yuseph, what do you think now ?

Yus. Faith, I don't know—my thoughts are rather confused. I—I—I—*[A noise behind, L., of breaking open a door.]* Hark ! he has broken the door all to smash.—Good morning to you. Perhaps his highness is waiting for me. *[Crosses to R.]*

Pet. My dear Yuseph, you had better not leave us.

Yus. Indeed, I beg your pardon—our good-humoured

friend may come back, and knock my brains out very coolly, only to show what mischief he can do, without being in a passion,—so I'm off.

[*Exeunt Yuseph and Peter, R.*]

Ghi. Poor Lilla! I hope Leopold will carry her off. I'm sure they love each other—the whole village will rejoice at their wedding.

AIR.—GHITA.

All will hail the joyous day,
When love his triumph shall display.
The dance shall mingle old and young,
The rustic pipe assist the song.
The sprightly bells, with welcome sound,
Shall spread the happy news around;
And give a hint to maidens coy,
That youth they should not mis-employ.
Yuseph shall, with sullen pride,
Envy joys to wealth denied.
And, as we trip with merry glee,
Shall wish himself as poor as we.

The sprightly, &c. &c. [Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—*A Grove, with a Cottage, L., a garden-fence round it, with a gate in C.—Leopold discovered at the window, which is left open.—A veil is hanging out of it.*

Leo. [*At the window.*] Lilla! my dear Lilla! where are you?—She's gone! ay! and, by her veil hanging here, she must have jump'd out of the window. [*Snatches the veil.*] This is proof positive.—I'll follow her. [*Jumps out of the window with the veil, and comes out at the garden-gate.*] Oh, that cruel villain, Peter! I'll be revenged! this dear relic of my beloved Lilla shall serve to keep my resentment alive. Oh! that I could but find that fellow, Peter, how I would maul him!—Oh, Lilla! Oh, Lilla! [*Exit through the garden-gate.*]

Enter PETER, R.

Pet. Ha! the window open! Then I guess how the matter is; madame is off—but where the devil is that mad-brained Leopold?

Enter LEOPOLD, at the Garden-gate, L.—Seizes Peter by the collar.

Leo. Oh, oh! rogue! have I caught you? What have you to say for yourself?

Pet. (R.) Nothing, to be sure, if you stop my breath.

Leo. Speak, sirrah! speak!

Pet. So I would, but you are in such a passion.

Leo. I in a passion? why, you scurvy knave, if you say I'm in a passion, I'll break every bone in your skin.

Pet. Nay! I'll be judged by Yuseph.

Enter YUSEPH, two Officers, and twelve Soldiers, L.

Yus. Seize that fellow! seize him, I say.

[Two Officers seize Leopold, R.]

TRIO and CHORUS.

Yus. (L.) Seize him! seize him! I say.

Pet. (C.) Seize him! seize him! why, pray?

Leo. (R. C.) Let me come at him, pray!

Chorus. Haste—let us bear him away.

Yus. Don't fear—I'll protect you.

Leo. You're a rogue—I suspect you.

Yus. Knock him down, I command it.

Hear me.

Chorus. Hear me.

Leo. No—hear me!

Yus. } We are none of us safe

& } While that fellow is free!

Chorus. }

[Leopold breaks from the Officers, and runs to seize Yuseph, who retreats, L.—Two Soldiers catch Leopold up in their arms, and carry him off, R.—Exeunt Yuseph and Peter, and Soldiers after them, R.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Anselm's Cottage.

Enter ANSELM, R.

Ans. (C.) The hour is come; I wonder Colonel Cohenberg is not yet arrived—he may be the chosen instrument of heaven to destroy the Turkish tyranny, which, like a baneful weed, chokes up our every seed of freedom.

AIR.—ANSELM.

The sapling oak, lost in the dell,
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,
And every infant shoot repel,
Droops, hopeless, o'er the exhausted soil.

At length, the woodman clears around,
Where'er the noxious thickets spread,
And high from the reviving ground,
The forest-monarch lifts his head.

Enter COHENBERG, R.

Coh. Anselm!

Ans. Colonel Cohenberg! what can have tempted you to trust yourself in the enemy's camp?

Coh. Two powerful reasons, my faithful friend: love and glory! Our general means to attack their post to-night, and I am honoured with the command of the detachment.—Will the villagers assist us?

Ans. Assist you? Ay, to the last drop of our blood, every man of us. We have groaned under the Turkish oppression too long. But you mentioned the word love, colonel.—May I venture to inquire after the fair Catharine, whom I saw at Vienna last year?

Coh. Adorable girl! Just as she had consented to be mine, I was suddenly ordered to the siege of Belgrade.

Ans. That was hard, indeed.—How did she receive the news?

Coh. Like a heroine! When I attempted to utter a faltering adieu, "What," said she, "will you refuse the hand you have so long solicited? Should the bitter hour overtake you, my Cohenberg, you will need the consolation of a friend—and have you a dearer friend than your Catharine? Let marriage sanctify the union of our hearts. I will go with you, and find my happiness in fulfilling the duties of a wife."

Ans. (R. c.) You married her?

Coh. (c.) Ay, but was instantly obliged to leave her. How shall I speak the rest of my unfortunate story? She attempted to follow me, and was taken prisoner by a straggling party of the Turkish army, just arrived to the relief of Belgrade.

Ans. Then I fear she is carried to the Seraskier's seraglio.

Coh. That's what I dread! In what part of the camp is his seraglio?

Ans. You must have observed a convent, almost in ruins, about a mile from this spot. That convent the Seraskier has converted to his seraglio.

Coh. I am not personally known to the Seraskier. By pretending myself a messenger from Colonel Cohenberg, I shall be admitted to his presence, and, perhaps, gain certain intelligence of my dear Catharine.

Ans. And, if you find her there, what then?

Coh. What then! Then I'll storm the post, and rescue her this night,—I have prepared two letters,—one to the Seraskier in my own name, and the other to my dear Catharine, apprizing her of my design.

Ans. This is a hazardous enterprise.

Coh. Hazardous, my Anselm! I scorn the thought.—I have picked the gallant fellows whom I am to command—my brave Hussars, the flowers of the Austrian army—we have fought and we have bled—we have conquered together.—Love calls to the attack—and that leader hazards little, who has thought it is his first duty to treat his soldiers as his friends. [Crosses to L.]

Ans. But, colonel! friends, in all situations, will sometimes desert.

Coh. Psha, man! I am not talking of weathercock friendships, that only show which way the wind of caprice blows: we have tried each other in prosperity and adversity, and have cemented our friendship with our blood, upon the field of battle.—But come, lead me to the Seraskier's tent. Be ready, confident, and secret.

Then trust our fate to Providence above,

The never-failing hope of faithful love. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE V.—*The Seraskier's Tent, open, with curtains at the back—a carpet, and four cushions—a table, L.—LILLA discovered seated on a cushion.*

AIR.—LILLA.

Blithe as the hours of May
Were those I now deplore,
When first I owned love's gentle sway—
They will return no more.

Every fond hope is lost,
No comfort can they bring,
Winter's untimely chilling frost
Destroyed the infant spring.

Blithe as the, &c.

Enter GHITA, L.

Ghi. Ah, my dear Lilla, I am so glad I have found you.—The surly guard at first denied me admittance; but how did you get here? Tell me all about it.

Lil. I am prevented—here comes his highness. Don't leave me alone with him.

Enter SERASKIER, R.

Ser. A companion with her; that obstacle must be removed. Well, Lilla, you shall find me a man of my word.—I promised you redress, and you shall have it; but I must first talk to Yuseph on the business. [*Crosses to Ghita, L.*] This pretty lass shall be my messenger, to say that I command his presence here instantly.

Ghi. Yes, your highness; that I will, with great pleasure.—Come, Lilla. [*Lilla going.*]

Ser. Lilla! you may remain here.

Ghi. [*Aside.*] Oh, oh! She is likely to remain here, indeed, while his highness is so violently in love with justice. Yes, yes, I see how it is. [*Exit, L.*]

Ser. (c.) Lilla, do not be alarmed—why do you shun me? It is in your power to make me happy.

Lil. (L. c.) Are you then unhappy, sir?

Ser. I fear I am.—Are you sensible of love, Lilla?

Lil. Yes; that I am, indeed, sir. [*Sighs.*]

Ser. Suppose I were to love you.

Lil. I should be very sorry for that.

Ser. Indeed! why so?

Lil. Because I could not love you again, my lord.—Pray don't be angry.

Ser. I am not angry: but tell me, do you not feel a desire for grandeur?

Lil. Why, would grandeur make me happy?

Ser. Certainly.

Lil. Then how can your highness be unhappy?

Ser. Why, that is—that is.—But I cannot explain it to your comprehension. Lilla, I must inspire you with ambition. When you behold, from your cottage window,

the fine houses in Belgrade, and the magnificent gardens around it—

Lil. I own I admire them.

Ser. Well.

Lil. But my favourite is an humble flower, which I fear I shall not procure, from your highness's garden.

Ser. Ay, ay—what's that?

Lil. Heart's-ease, my lord. [Duet introduced.]

Enter GHITA, L.

Ghi. Oh, my lord! my lord!

Ser. You are soon returned.

Ghi. Yes, my lord; ill news, you know, flies apace. The officers are dragging poor Leopold to prison, because he has affronted that wicked old justice, Yuseph.

Lil. Alas, my lord! pray have compassion on an unfortunate lover.

Ser. [*Aside to Lilla.*] You must first show me the example. [*Aloud.*] The law must take its course.

Leo. [*Without, L.*] Don't tell me—I will have justice—I speak as reasonable as any man—I will have justice.

Lil. Hark, it is my Leopold's voice.

Ser. Lilla! you must retire instantly; I will be obeyed. [Exit Lilla, R.]

Enter ISMAEL, L., with drawn sword, who crosses behind to R.—YUSEPH follows, and goes to the L. of the Seraskier—LEOPOLD, in chains, between two Officers, comes down, L. C., and PETER comes forward on the R. of Leopold.

Yus. Please your highness, here's a most unruly obstreperous country fellow, who has broke open a door, and attempted to knock down a magistrate, all, forsooth, because he is under the influence of the tender passion—he is the most violent, unmannerly—

Leo. I am not unmannerly—I deny it. Did any man ever see me violent or unmannerly? My lord, I will be heard—I— [Peter prevents his proceeding.]

Isa. [*Aside to the Seraskier.*] This poor fellow has an honest heart—the magistrate is a villian. Beware, my lord, how you act; the villagers are already disaffected to us; do not provoke despair by oppression. Subdue them by your justice—your moderation.

Ser. I will take your advice for the present—but I am

resolved to have the girl, sooner or later.—So, now for my sentence.

Ism. Silence ! attend to his highness.

Ser. You all know my affection for the good people of this village.

Leo. [*Aside.*] Yes ; the women know it, I fancy.

[*Peter stops him.*]

Ser. I consider you all as my children.

Leo. [*Aside.*] Yes ; if he were to stay among us, the whole village would be his children in another generation.

Yus. How dare you mutter, you reprobate !

Ser. I would willingly content you all, but that is impossible. Let my sentence be publicly known.

[*The Curtains at the back of the Tent are drawn up, and discover a view of the country.—Soldiers and Peasants enter, L. R., and through the Tent, and fill the back of the Stage.*]

You, Leopold, are now in love with Lilla, and are beloved by her ?

Leo. Yes, my lord.

Ser. Then marry her.—You, Yuseph, are in love with Lilla, and are not beloved by her ?

Yus. No, my lord.

Ser. Leopold has offered you an affront.

Yus. He has, my lord.

Ser. You are a man in authority, and ought to set an example of moderation. Ismael ! [*Makes signs to Ismael, who goes out.*] So forgive him the affront, and resign Lilla to Leopold.—Take off his chains.

Enter LILLA and ISMAEL, R.

Lil. No ! be that my task, my duty, my happiness !

[*She goes to Leopold, L., takes off his chains, and gives them to one of the Officers.—Peter crosses to R.*]

FINALE.

Lil. So kindly condescending,
To our complaints attending,
Your highness us befriending,
No more shall wrongs assail.

Cho. So kindly condescending, &c.

Leo. Your highness, please to hear me——

Lil. Be silent, I beseech !

Leo. Zounds ! I'll be cool, don't fear me !

Pet. } Oh, let us hear his speech !

to } We are bound to you for ever.

Ser. } No compliment, I pray !

Lil. To thank you, I'd endeavour.

Ser. [*Aside to Lilla.*] You soon might learn the way.

Cho. So kindly condescending, &c.

[*Leopold, looking anxiously at Lilla, perceives the Seraskier kiss her hand ; he steps into her place, and the Seraskier takes his hand, supposing it to be Lilla's ; but, finding his mistake, he is confused and enraged, which he endeavours to conceal.—Leopold is agitated with jealousy during the remainder of the scene.*]

Ser. Seemingly condescending,
To their complaints attending,
Though love my bosom rending,
Yet shall my scheme prevail.

Cho. May fate, our prayers befriending,
No disappointment sending,
Let love and truth prevail !
Securely, bliss enjoying,
All fear of power annoying,
Your clemency destroying,
Now justice shall prevail.

The Disposition of the Characters.

Peasants.

Peasants.

ISMAEL. PETER. GHITA. SERASKIER. LILLA. LEOPOLD. YUSEPH.

R.]

Soldiers.

[L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of a Convent—A Gothic Arch in the centre.—A table, with pen, ink, and paper, and two stools, L.*

Enter CATHARINE, through the aisle, c.

AIR.—CATHARINE.

My plaint in no one pity moves,
Save echo, who in plaints replies :
Like me deprived of him she loves,
With sympathy she counts my sighs.
Pleased with the strain, the hapless mind
Repeats the unavailing moan ;
And, while she lends her soothing aid,
Laments my sorrows and her own.

Unhappy as I am, I have still one consolation left,—my Cohenberg knows my heart, and he will never wrong me so far as to suspect my constancy.—But see ! the Seraskier, he treats me with respect, though he is yet ignorant who I am.

Enter SERASKIER, L.

Ser. Alas, madam ! must I never have the happiness to see you wear those smiles which nature, prodigal in adorning you, meant as her last gift to perfect your charms.

Cat. I am your prisoner, sir.—My indignant heart shrinks while I own it. [*Aside.*

Ser. I am your prisoner, madam—does not my every sigh avow it.

Cat. You are a soldier, sir—don't disgrace your character by insulting a defenceless woman.

Enter ISMAEL, L.

Ism. My lord, a stranger of no vulgar rank, from the Austrian camp, insists on being admitted to your highness.

Cat. From the Austrian camp ? [*Aside.*

Ser. Conduct him hither. [*Exit Ismael, L.*] I presume, madam, you will wish to retire.

Cat. Ah, sir ! I may, perhaps, hear news of my friends.—I—I request you will permit me to remain.

Ser. I thank you, madam, for the request, since it at last gives me an opportunity of obliging you.

Enter ISMAEL, L., who introduces COHENBERG ; then exit, L.

Cat. [*Aside.*] My Cohenberg !

Coh. [*Aside.*] My Catharine !

Ser. What are you ?

Coh. An Austrian, sir.

Ser. What have you to communicate ?

Coh. Colonel Cohenberg is not unknown to your highness ?

Cat. [*Aside.*] Heavens ! what can he mean ?

Ser. His character is not unknown to me ; but what of him ?

Coh. You once wrote to him as to an exchange of prisoners. Your highness received an answer from the colonel, and consequently know his hand.

Ser. Perfectly well.

Coh. Here, then, is my commission. [*Offers a letter.*

Ser. [*Snatches the letter with contempt, and advances, while Catharine and Cohenberg retire up a little, and act in dumb show.*] It is his seal—his writing. [*Reads.*] “ *The bearer is in my confidence. If you wish me to aid your cause, let me know the terms on which you are willing to acquire my friendship.*” Is it possible ? shall I be the happy instrument of gaining Cohenberg to the Ottoman cause ! Tell the gallant Christian, I deem his friendship invaluable. In the name of my illustrious sovereign, I promise him, as a debt of gratitude, whatever he can require. Do you know this Colonel Cohenberg, madam ?

Cat. I do, my lord, so well—I have him now before me.—He married a lady dear to me as I am to myself ; the chance of war soon separated them, and Cohenberg now lives to see her in slavery and sorrow.

Coh. Take comfort, madam,—he loves her more tenderly than ever, and vows he will relieve her, or perish in the attempt.

Ser. Speak, Christian ! [*Goes to the table.*] If I write, when may I expect an answer ?

Coh. Within these few hours you may depend on seeing me again.

Cat. Indeed !

Ser. Heavens, madam ! how sudden is the change of your manner.—To what shall I attribute these blissful smiles ?

Cat. To the bless'd tidings I have just now heard.—I am charmed with Cohenberg's inviolable constancy, and transported with the hope of his Catharine being once more restored to freedom, by the arm of the hero she adores.

Ser. You take so warm an interest in his fortune, that, were he here, I should almost suspect myself reduced into his rival.

Cat. No, my lord ; his Catharine will never suffer him to have a rival.

[Retires a little, R.]

Ser. I hardly comprehend you. *[Sits.]* But, come, I must send an answer to Cohenberg's letter ; and, if you have any kind things to say, in behalf of your friend, I'll be your secretary. Continue those smiles, and *[Taking Catharine by the hand, and coming forward, c.]* you shall find a Musselman can be as complaisant a lover as any Christendom can boast.—What shall I tell him ?

[Seraskier sits, L. of table—Catharine, R., occasionally looking at Cohenberg, who is a little up the stage, L.]

Cat. Tell him——

DUET.—CATHARINE and SERASKIER.

Of plighted faith so truly kept,
Of all love's dictates tell ;
Of restless thoughts, that never slept,
Since when she bid farewell.
The rising sigh, the frequent tear,
The flush of hope, the chilling fear—

[The Seraskier rises and comes down, singing to Catharine, R.—Cohenberg advances a little behind him, on L., and attempts to give a letter to Catharine.—The Seraskier unexpectedly steps back, encounters his arm, and turns round, enraged.—Catharine snatches Cohenberg's letter, takes the Seraskier by the arm, and draws off his attention.—Cohenberg stands fixed with folded arms, L.]

So may the sympathetic soul
Direct kind fancy's wing,
Where future hours in transport roll,
And love's reward shall bring.

Ser. *[Goes to the table, folds the letter, and gives it to Cohenberg.]* There's my answer, Christian ; and, by our

[*Advances to c., and addresses heaven.*] Holy Prophet,
I swear faithfully to fulfil its contents.

[*Cohenberg gives the letter to Catharine, who attempts to put it into her pocket, but is seen by a white eunuch, who enters, R.; he snatches the letter from her, goes to the Seraskier, and presents it on his knee.*

Coh. Confusion! all is lost! [*Retires up, L.*

[*The white Eunuch orders three black Eunuchs, who enter, R. S. E., to remove the table and stools, L. S. E.*

—*They return, and stand by the white Eunuch, R.*

Ser. [*Reads.*] “I have ventured through the Turkish camp in hopes of seeing you, my beloved Catharine.” Catharine! “This very night I will storm the Seraskier’s post, and give you liberty. Your true Cohenberg.” Slave! a guard!

Enter ISMAEL, and four Turkish Officers, L.

Seize him! this instant bear him to his fate!

[*Two Officers seize Cohenberg.*

Cat. Oh, hear me, sir! [*Kneels.*] Thus, on my knees—

Ser. No more, dissembler!! Away with her!

[*Two Eunuchs seize Catharine.*

Cat. Oh, Cohenberg!

Coh. My Catharine!

Cat. I have undone thee.

Ser. Hence! away with her. [*Mutes force Catharine off, R.*] Slaves! on your lives, guard well this hypocrite! this liar! deep in the darkest dungeon of the fort, chain him down, [*Cohenberg attempts to draw his sword, and finds it taken by the Officers.*] till the associates of his perfidy shall burst his bonds, and storm the post I guard.

Coh. Alike I scorn thy menaces and taunts. I glory, though I failed, in my attempt.—Heap cruelty on cruelty, I can bear them—my darkness is the loss of Catharine’s eyes—my galling chains is my despair—to see her and death, were transport to the pangs I feel, from knowing her to be a slave to thee, barbarian!

[*Exit, L., guarded by four Officers.*

Ser. Ismael! see my orders are obeyed.

[*Exit Ismael, L.*

AIR.—SERASKIER.

Confusion! thus defeated,
With bitter scorn thus treated!

Whatever thought pursuing !
Where'er I turn my eyes,
Surrounding mists of ruin,
In darkling circles, rise.
In frost and fire, by turns,
My bosom freezes—burns.—
'Tis fixed—my rival finds a grave !
Yet honour bids me save
From death the captive brave.
Confusion ! thus, &c. &c. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Wood.*

Enter ANSLEM and Six Peasants, L.

Ans. It is too late ! it was the colonel—I saw them drag him to the fort. My friend is lost, and all our hopes with him.

First P. What—is there no help, Anslem ?

Ans. None, but this—let some of you swim the river, make to the Austrian outposts, inform them of Colonel Cohenberg's danger, and, perhaps, their succour may be in time to rescue him. I will watch here for their arrival, and conduct them, by short and private passes, to the fort.

Second P. I'll go.

Third P. And I.

Fourth P. And I, if I drown for it.

All. Let's all go !

Ans. Hear me—hear me, friends—you two shall undertake the message to the Austrians, and you remain with me to excite the villagers to rise upon our side—away—away—my boys, be diligent and bold.

[*Exeunt two Peasants, L., Anslem and others, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Peter's Cottage.*

Enter LILLA and GHITA, L.

Lil. Well, Ghita, now we are married at last, I hope our husbands will take their leave of jealousy.

Ghi. Psha ! how often must I repeat to you, Lilla, that jealousy follows love like its shadow.

Lil. Then love is a pretty thing with an ugly shadow.

I have seen my shadow in the sun, when it has looked so tall, and so frightful, that I'm sure it could not be like me.—I wish our husbands would come home; I begin to be uneasy.

Ghi. [*Crosses to L.*] I think I see them; there are two men at a distance—let us retire.

[*Exeunt Lilla and Ghita, R.*]

Enter SERASKIER and ISMAEL, disguised as Pilgrims, L.

Ser. Stay, Ismael! tell my followers to keep back for the present.—Let us first try what fair means will do.

Re-enter GHITA and LILLA, R.

Ghi. They are wrapped up in their cloaks, to hide themselves from us.

Lil. Ah, this is another of Leopold's jealous pranks—Let us mortify them by taking no notice.

Ghi. [*Crosses to L.*] I must speak, I can't bear to make him uneasy.

SESTETTO.—*LILLA, GHITA, SERASKIER, ISMAEL, LEOPOLD, and PETER.*

Ghi. } Night thus from me concealing

& } The form of him I love,

Lil. } Oh, let his voice, revealing
His truth, my fears remove.

Ser. } Night thus from me concealing

& } The form of her I love,

Isma. } Oh, let her voice, revealing
Her truth, my fears remove.

[*Ismael crosses behind, R., -and takes hold of Ghita; the Seraskier takes hold of Lilla*]

Lil. } Oh, heavens! the Seraskier?

& }

Ghi. }

Ser.

A lover's accents hear.

With sympathetic passion

Fond expectation cheer.

Lil. } Ah, should my husband hear,

& }

Ghi. }

What would poor { *Ghita* } do?

{ *Lilla* }

Enter LEOPOLD and PETER, arm in arm, R.

Leo. }
& } Hark! I'm sure there's some one near us!
Pet. }

[*The Seraskier and Ismael, on hearing Leopold and Peter, leave Lilla and Ghita, and cross in front to the L. corner, Peter and Leopold advancing behind to C.*]

Leo. Lilla!

Pet. Ghita!

Lil. }
& } Our husbands near us!
Ghi. }

Leo. }
& } You here—then who is this so near?
Pet. }

[*Peter goes down R. of Women, Leopold L.*]

Lil. }
& } Honest peasants, homeward going,
Ghi. }

Leo. }
& } How, I pray, are you so knowing,
Pet. }

Jealous fears, perplexing,
Like whelming billows roll,
And rack my tortured soul.

Lil. }
& } Begone, 'tis thy falsehood
Ghi. }

Distracts my tortured soul.
Ah, can my dear suspect me?
My truth he cannot fear.

All. Suspense in clouds shuts in the day;
Hope, cheering star, afford thy ray
Of silver light, and to our eyes
Oh, bid thy bright creation rise!

[*Exeunt Seraskier and Ismael, L.—the rest, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Peter's Cottage.—A table, with the cloth spread—two lighted candles—a dish, with a roast fowl—ham—four plates—knives and forks—salt—flask of wine—four glasses—four wooden stools discovered in C.—two swords hanging on the flats, L.*

Enter PETER and LEOPOLD, R.

Pet. Well, Leopold, this is a pretty adventure.

Leo. [*Crosses to L*] A very pretty adventure.

Pet. And how do you feel upon this occasion?

Leo. Feel! why, I feel composed, quite composed. Most men would be provoked to fury.

Pet. For my part, I can bear it no longer. I own myself in a passion!

Leo. In a passion! that's wrong, very wrong!

Pet. My passions are not easily roused—but now——

Leo. Be calm, be calm, my dear friend; death and damnation! why will you give way to passion?

Pet. I cannot dissemble.

Leo. But I tell you you must—damme, but you shall.

Pet. Must! I—will—I will, then; you know I am naturally very peaceable.

Leo. Peaceable! Here's a fellow will stand quietly to have his horns fitted on.—By my faith, if I must wear mine, I'll butt with them like a mad bull.

[Crosses and exit, R.]

Pet. (c.) There, now, I put myself in a passion merely in compliment to him; then he tells me to be cool, and flies into a rage because I follow his advice.

Re-enter LEOPOLD, R.

Leo. Peter, Peter—Ghita's coming.—Let me question her—don't you say a word—you know I understand these things—

Enter GHITA, R.

Ghita, my dear, your husband and I have been laughing over the whimsical affair which happened just now.

Ghi. Yes, it was whimsical enough. All's safe, then.

[Aside.]

Leo. Ha, ha, ha! [All laugh.] Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous—a—a—they were countrymen going home; their day's labour, I think you say—yes, yes—though, curse me, if I believe one word of the matter.

Pet. (L.) Leopold, you—

Leo. [To Peter.] Psha! be quiet—keep yourself cool, can't you? [To Ghita.] And you don't know who these countrymen were?

Ghi. I know no more of the matter than Lilla does.

Pet. Here she comes—let's ask her.

Enter LILLA, R.—Leopold crosses to her.—Ghita goes down, L.—Peter saunters behind, R.

Leo. Lilla, you know I never put myself out of humour.

Lil. Never! never!

Leo. But a lie provokes me. Now mind you speak truth—I have discovered the whole affair.

Lil. Indeed!

Leo. Ghita has confessed.

Lil. Has she confessed? [*Ghita makes signs—no!*]

Leo. Oh! now the truth is coming out—well—

Lil. Ay! well, my dear. [*Makes signs to Ghita.*]

Leo. What are you both at? Well, these country-men—

Lil. Who are they? for I'm sure you know?

Leo. I know! here's a pretty piece of business. Her assurance confounds me!

Lil. Nay, won't you tell me, then? Well, then, if you won't, Ghita will. [*Crosses to Ghita, L., laughing.*]

Leo. Look you, Lilla—I am convinced you are in fault. So all you have to do is, confess the matter honestly, I insist on it. [*Peter goes down, R.*]

Lil. You will have my confession?

Leo. Yes, I will—so recollect yourself. [*Aside to Peter.*] This is the way to manage them. [*To Lilla.*] Well, why don't you answer me?

AIR—LILLA.

La ra lal la!

What can mean that thoughtful frown?

Why those eyes to earth cast down?

Tell me what amiss they see;

Let them kindly look on me.

La ra lal la!

[*Dances round Leopold and Peter.*]

What, then, would my dearest have?

Come, indeed, I will be grave,

And, with melancholy face,

Calmly hear the piteous case.

La ra lal la!

[*Dancing as before, then goes to L.*]

Pet. [*Aside to Leopold, R. c.*] Leopold, this is the way to manage a wife.

Leo. [*Aside to Peter.*] Why, faith, I don't know how it is, but she has danced me into a good humour; I can't find in my heart to be angry with her. What think you of this?

Pet. It looks like innocence.

Leo. So it does—I—I—

Lil. How can you make a joke of one so? Ghita says you have been laughing at her, too.

Leo. Why, I don't know. I believe I am in a merry humour. [*All laugh.*]

Lil. I won't believe you are merry, my dear Leopold. I think you are a little grumpy.

Leo. I tell you, I am not grumpy.

Ghi. You don't deserve the supper we have prepared for you.—But we'll forgive them, Lilla, shall we?

[*Lilla and Ghita move the table and stools forward, c.*]

Leo. 'Tis best to laugh it off—but we'll watch them: you see, Peter, the advantage of coolness. [*They sit down at the table, Leopold L, Peter R., Lilla and Ghita next their husbands.*] Come, come, some wine round. [*He fills the glasses.*] What shall we say?

Lil. Come, I'll give you the toast—May our happiness ever continue.

Leo. May our happiness ever continue—let's hob or nob. [*All drink.*] I say, Peter, so good a toast deserves another bumper—[*Drinks again.*] And now away with suspicion for ever.

Pet. Now I'll give you a toast—May the man who is blind of one eye, never see the distress of his country with the other. [*Seraskier without, L., sings to guitar "Charming Lilla."*]

Leo. What's that?

Pet. It sounds like music.

Ghi. What delightful harmony.

Leo. Curse harmony! don't tell me of harmony.

[*Rises.*]

Lil. Psha, my dear Leopold! 'tis some of the villagers amusing themselves—come, sit down.

Leo. I won't.

Lil. Don't be cross; here's a merrythought for you.

Leo. Curse your merrythought.

Lil. Pooh, pooh; sit down! people of quality often have music at supper.

SERENADE—SERASKIER [*without, L.*]

To-night, love—the trembling strings as pressing,
Sacred to him they praise, their sweet employ.

Pet. Ah, Leopold! there's danger in that voice; how melodious it is.

Leo. Horribly melodious—cuckledom in every note

of it. [*Goes to the back, snatches down two swords, and advances with them to Peter, R.*] Hark'ye, Peter, are you courageous?

Pet. Tolerably so.

Leo. Take this, then, and follow me. [*Gives him a sword.*] We'll join the concert; and, if I don't put these gallants out of tune, I'll be—— 'Tis astonishing how I manage to keep my temper.

[*Exeunt Peter and Leopold, L.*]

Lil. Oh, Ghita!

Ghi. What are we to do?

Lil. Follow our husbands instantly.—I'm sure Leopold is very desperate, by his boasting that he keeps his temper. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter Yuseph, R. D. F.

Yus. [*Comes down, c.*] All quiet! then I'm sure Leopold can't be here, and I have such a dread of that fellow! Eh! oh! Lord—Oh, dear! what's here? a good supper and nobody to eat it.—Egad! I think my appetite returns as my fright goes off. [*Goes to the table.*] I'll pick a bit. [*Sits down, c.*] There's nobody likes a good supper better than I do; [*Eats.*] especially when any body else pays for it. [*Eats.*] Eh, what! [*Sees the plate of ham, sticks his fork into a bit, and holds it up.*] Oh, the Christian dogs! what, they eat pork, do they? [*Stuffs it into his mouth.*] Bless me, [*Sees the wine.*] what have we got here? [*Smells it.*] Oh, Lord-a-mercy! oh, dear! why, it's wine.—Well, I believe a Mahometan may take a cup of wine when nobody sees him. [*Drinks.*] Egad! I may as well empty the bottle. Here's to the founder of the feast! [*Drinks.*] Oh, dear, if I could but meet with my dear Lilla now,—good cheer puts one in such excellent spirits—and a cup of wine makes one so loving. [*Pistols fired without, L.*] Oh, Lord! what will become of me? they are firing guns through the air. [*Runs to the door he entered at.*] Oh, Lord have mercy! this door is fastened—they have surrounded the house! oh, Lord, I shall be murdered!

[*Conceals himself under the table.*]

Enter LEOPOLD, L., with his sword broken.

Leo. They have carried off my Lilla! Oh, a plague on this sword, to fail me just at the moment when I might have rescued her!—I'll rouse the neighbourhood.

—I'll find out that scoundrel, Yuseph. [*Yuseph sneezes.— Leopold discovers him, and drags him out.*] What brought you here?

Enter PETER, L., who goes up to the table.

Yus. Why, I heard a riot—I came here to quell the riot, and defend your house; and, besides, I came to wish you joy on your marriage, my dear fellow.

Leo. And which way did you get into this house?

Yus. I came through the garden, and in at the back door, quietly and peaceably, as a magistrate should do, and agreeable to my function.

Pet. And you have been eating some of our supper, too?

Leo. Ay—who asked you to supper?

Yus. I only eat a little bit.

Pet. Is that agreeable to your function?

Leo. [*Collars Yuseph.*] Look ye, sirrah: my dear little Lilla is run away with, and I am sure you are concerned in the plot. Don't answer me—if I find you guilty, you swing upon the next tree, that's all.

[*Exeunt, L., dragging Yuseph off.*]

SCENE V.—*Inside of a Turkish Fort and Guard-House. Ramparts, R.—a Gate—a Soldier marching on the Rampart, R.—a Flag-Staff erected, R. C., with the Turkish colours hoisted.*

Enter, through the Gate, C., a Corporal, and twelve Turkish Soldiers, following two and two—they come down, L., cross, C., up R., and exeunt.

Enter SERASKIER, ISMAEL, and four Officers, through the Gate, C.

Ser. (C.) Well, Ismael, so far we have proceeded successfully, and Lilla is safe within my power. The villagers fought manfully.

Ism. I fear, my lord, we shall experience other proofs of their valour.

Ser. To what am I to attribute these unusual apprehensions, Ismael?

Ism. My lord, I never yet fought in a cause I was ashamed of.

Ser. No more. It is time to think of Cohenberg; are the executioners prepared?

Ism. They are, my lord.

Ser. Are the horsemen ready to bear off Catharine?

Is. They have their orders; my lord. [*Retires up.*]

Ser. [*To Officers.*] Strike off his chains; and bring your prisoner forth. [*To Ismael, who goes off, R.*] Do you conduct the lady hither.

[*A trap opened, &c., Officers descend, and return immediately with Cohenberg.*]

Coh. For what new indignities am I reserved?

Enter ISMAEL, with CATHARINE, R.

Cat. (R.) Where will our miseries end?

Ser. Hear me, Christian: Had the chance of battle made you my prisoner, I should have treated you as a soldier; but you have degraded yourself into a spy, and ignominious death is, by the law of nations, your reward. Yet life and liberty may still be yours, on one condition.

Coh. And, if that one should be unworthy, learn, though life and liberty are dearer to me than all the treasures of your eastern world, I have a gem within my keeping more valuable far—my honour! which I scorn to barter—

[*Muffled drums, L.*]

Ser. Hark! that is thy knell; when thrice those sounds, within a few short moments, shall have passed upon thy obstinacy, that instant is thy last.—Attend: this night thy Austrians mean to attack my fort—let the deceivers be deceived: deliver them to my sword—renounce your Christian faith—do this, and, in my sultan's name, I promise you power, wealth, honour, your Catharine—all your wishes can desire.

Coh. My Catharine! she is a reward so truly great, that—

Cat. Hear me, Cohenberg: should an unmanly tenderness towards me make thee forget thy faith, thy king, thy country, and thyself, that instant, though that instant be my last, I'll tear thee, coward, from my bleeding heart, and cast thee off for ever.

Ser. Ah! Appear, then, ye ministers of death.

Enter four Slaves, L. with bowstring. Muffled drum again, L.

Now, Christian, this moment is thy last.

Coh. Oh, heavens!

Ser. Obey my orders strictly.—Hence with her.

[*To Ismael.*]

Cat. To torture—death—my Cohenberg, remember me!

[*Exit, forced off by Ismael and Eunuchs, R.*]

Coh. In life and death, my Catharine.—Come, tyrant, give me the fatal bowstring, and end at once this pageant of thy cruelty. Thy threats I boldly despise; thy offers I tread beneath my feet; and, though this worthless frame may fall beneath thee, fixed as the founded rock my soul shall stand, firm to my God, my country, and my king.

Ser. Well, put this boasted courage to the proof.

[*Death-roll heard.*]

Coh. [*Kneels.*] Preserve my Catharine, heaven!

[*Slaves put the bowstring round his neck.*]

Ser. Despatch him, slaves.

Coh. Good angels, guard my Catharine.

[*Alarums, drums, and trumpets, L.*]

Ser. Distraction, we are betrayed! [*Exit into the Fort.*]

Coh. Off, off, ye slaves!

[*Charge—trumpets, drums, &c., L.*]

Enter ANSLEM, PETER, and Austrian Soldiers, L.—Anslem gives Cohenberg a sword—Slaves run off, R.—the Turks are driven from the Ramparts—the Turkish flag is struck—the Austrian, hoisted over the Turkish flag.

Re-enter Peasants, LEOPOLD, PETER, Soldiers, ANSLEM, COHENBERG, &c.

Coh. The villain has escaped me in the throng.—But oh, my Catharine! no where to be found!

Pet. A Turkish soldier told me, even now, some horsemen bore her over yonder plain.

Coh. Ha! over yonder plain! follow.

[*Exit into the Fort.*]

FINALE.

Now Victory has, like a mistress kind,

Put an end to all our quarrels;

In a brimming cup our joys we'll find,—

From the vine we'll pluck our laurels.

Let us drink as we fight,—with loud huzzas

We'll charge and scorn all shrinking,

Till our wine, like the foe, retreats apace,

And we show our valour in drinking.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Inside of the Seraskier's Tent, L.*

Enter FATIMA and LILLA, from Tent, L.—Lilla attired in an elegant Turkish habit.

Fat. Then you are resolved to leave us, Lilla?

Lil. Yes, your ladyship; that I will, as soon as I can.

Fat. And are you not sorry to part with your fine clothes, and quit the pleasures of the seraglio?

Lil. Pleasures, madam, what are they?

Fat. Why, it is our pleasure to obey his highness the Seraskier, who is our lord and husband.

Lil. And have you no other husband?

Fat. Why, that's a very odd question.

Lil. Nay, I beg pardon; but I understand there are five-and-twenty of you.

Fat. Nay, nay.—I ought not to be sorry at your going, or for the beautiful stranger leaving us. I have hitherto been the Seraskier's favourite, and you are two dangerous rivals. Oh, here she comes.

Enter CATHARINE, from the Tent, L.

Cat. (L.) This intelligence of Cohenberg's safety gives me new life; now let fortune do her worst! Well, Fatima, are the sentinels bribed to let us pass?

Fat. (c.) I gave Selim the gold, as you desired, who doubtless has obeyed your orders.

Cat. Well, Lilla, you are to be my guide: you are sure of the way?

Lil. (R.) Yes, my lady; I dare say we shall be safe.
[*Trembling.*]

Cat. You tremble.

Lil. No, my lady—yes—no—yé—yes—I believe I am a little afraid.

Cat. Oh, for shame, Lilla. You a lover! consider—

Lil. Now, pray, madam, talk finely to me, as you did a little while ago, and don't let me think of difficulties.

Cat. Difficulties? They are the test of virtue, the spur to courage; the noble mind would lose half its splendour, were it not for the pleasure of surmounting difficulties.

[*Drums and trumpets sound to arms, &c.*]

Enter Austrian Soldiers and Peasants, L.—Lilla, Fatima, and Catharine, run off, L. U. E.—The Soldiers tear down the tent, and carry it off in pieces, L. S. E.

SCENE II.—*Inside of Cohenberg's House.*

Enter First Soldier and LILLA, veiled, L.

First Sol. Pray walk this way ; our colonel will be so glad to see you.

Lil. Indeed, sir, he won't.

First Sol. I beg your ladyship's pardon ; but, though bred in the ranks, I know good manners.

Lil. Then I wish you would be good mannerly enough to quit the room, and leave me alone.

[Soldier bows and exit, R.]

Yus. [Without, L.] Come along, Michael.

Lil. Oh, heavens ! that wretch, Yuseph ! What shall I do ? Though, perhaps, he won't know me in this dress.

[Drops her veil, and retires up, R.]

Enter YUSEPH, dressed as an Austrian Officer, followed by an Austrian Soldier and MICHAEL, L.

Yus. Pray don't disturb the noble colonel ; but, when his honour is quite at leisure, let his honour know, that I humbly want to offer my congratulations—my name is Herfoon Joseph Wolfgang Baumbork Blandenkerstoon Schavartzenbergen.

[Exit Soldier, R.]

Mic. Why, hey-day ! I thought your name had been Ben Jacoub Ben Mustapha.

Yus. Ay, that was my Turkish title ; but it won't do now the Austrians are our masters. I think I have got a good name,—hey, Michael ?

Mic. Yes ; and, as you never had a good name before, I hope you will keep it, now you've got it.

Yus. Ha, ha ! very well ; you are a sharp lad, Michael ; I'll recommend you to the colonel, when I am appointed to some post of great emolument under him : you shall be my deputy, and do all the business for me—and I'll take all the money.

[Aside.]

Mic. So I will. I have often considered where the deuce you could conceal your riches.

Yus. Ay, that's a secret I mean to let you into ; for I don't think my hoards are quite safe in this time of war-like combustion. We'll remove them, Michael.

Mic. Where are they?

[*Lilla listening.*]

Yus. You know the burying-ground about a mile off, which the Turks hold so sacred. In the middle of the ground stands a high and spacious tomb; there I have hid it—but mum!

Re-enter First Soldier, R.

First Sol. [*To Lilla.*] Our colonel is not at home, madam; but I shall be happy to attend your ladyship.

Yus. (c.) Hark ye, my lad [*To Soldier*], who is this pretty piece of camp-furniture, eh?

First S. Hush! 'tis our colonel's lady; I was the first who saw her here, and expect to be made a corporal for it.

[*Exit, R.*]

Yus. Oh, oh! then I know my cue. [*Aside to Michael.*] Leave us, Michael, [*Exit Michael, L.—To Lilla, bowing.*] How happy are we all to see your ladyship returned. The colonel is a most amiable creature; he does me the honour to live in my house—it was mine yesterday. Indeed, he forgot to ask my leave, but true politeness overlooks trifles—he must have a number of pretty things at his disposal. Oh, if ever I should live to be appointed a commissary—if your ladyship would but stand my friend.—Pray is your ladyship fond of jewels?

Lil. [*Aside.*] If I speak, he'll know my voice.

Yus. I have some of the most beautiful pearls here, which I should be proud to present to your ladyship.

[*Offers a casket.*]

Lil. [*Aside.*] I believe I had best take them, to prevent further questions.

[*Takes the casket.*]

Yus. [*Aside.*] She is used to bribery, I see.

Enter First Soldier, R.

The colonel is not yet arrived, madam: till he does, I shall be proud to obey the wife of our noble commander.

Lil. [*Discovers herself, c.*] I am not his wife, sir.

Yus. Why, heyday! zounds, this is my wife that ought to be.

Lil. No, I'll not be the wife of any of you; but, since you say, sir, you will obey my commands, pray be kind enough to turn that wicked old rogue of a justice out of the house.

First S. Turn him out! Oh, I and my fellow soldier will do that in the drawing of a trigger.

[*Exit, R.*]

Yus. Turn me out of the house! that's a damned good

joke. Well, but, Lilla, I'll trouble you for my pearls again, my dear.

Lil. Why, I thought you gave 'em to me.

Yus. Yes, I gave them to you to look at.

Lil. Well, I have looked at them, and like them so well, that I shall keep them.

Yus. Come, come, I must have my jewels.

Enter First and Second Soldier, R.

Lil. Turn him out.

Yus. I won't go without my pearls; look ye, my lads, I am a magistrate—I see you are well-disposed persons, and I'll explain to you the nature of justice as to private property: for instance —

Soldiers. [*Pushing Yuseph, L.*] Out with you.

Yus. My pearls! give me my pearls!

[*Exit, L., pushed out by Soldiers,—Lilla laughing, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Cohenberg's House.*

Enter YUSEPH from R. D. F., pushed out by Soldiers.

Yus. Well, but only hear me: I say, that—there they have turned me out, and won't hear me.—Nobody will attend to me—what a miserable old dog I am; never was there so unhappy a magistrate.

Enter LEOPOLD, L.

Leo. Cruel, cruel Lilla!

Yus. What!

Leo. She has robbed me of my peace for ever.

Yus. She has robbed me, too; however, I am ready to make the matter up, if you'll pay me directly for the pearls.

Leo. Pearls! zounds, what does the fellow mean?

Yus. I mean the pearls that Lilla had of me.

Leo. Lilla had!—had!—had of you? Eh!

Yus. Hear me patiently, and I'll tell you all about it.

Leo. Ay, ay; well, you see I am patient—well.

Yus. I intended these pearls as a present to a certain person.

Leo. Ay; come to the point—you gave them to Lilla?

Yus. Yes, in my house—Colonel Cohenberg's, I mean, for there she is.

Leo. In Colonel Cohenberg's house?

[*Goes to the R. D. F., and knocks violently.*]

First S. [*Opens the door, a.*] Ha, brother soldier! well, and how do you do?

Leo. Pretty well, thank you. Is the colonel at home—a young woman, I mean. Well, and how are you? her name is Lilla.

First S. Come in, fellow soldier.

[*Leopold goes in, and, as Yuseph is following, the Soldier shuts the door in his face.*]

Yus. Now, here's a pretty rascal, shuts the door in my face—the door of my own house. I see there is no chance of my getting the pearls, and I shall be ruined, if I stay here; so I'll e'en pack up my remaining treasure, and go over to the Turks again. I got all my money by changing sides, and I'll change sides once more to keep it. [Exit, R.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Cohenberg's House.

Enter LILLA and LEOPOLD, R., hand in hand.

Lil. My dear Leopold, how glad I am to see you! wasn't it lucky I overheard Yuseph say where his treasure was hid?

Leo. Yes, very lucky. [*Aside.*] Not a word of the pearls he has given her.

Lil. [*Aside.*] He's out of humour: I must not tell him of the pearls yet.

Leo. [*Walking about.*] Lilla!—that Turkish dress! [*Aside.*] Oh, curse it—I can't bear the sight of it—no—nothing.—Psha! how warm it is.

Lil. What, more suspicions?

Leo. Suspicions—no, my doubts are removed.

Lil. I am glad of it.

Leo. I am convinced of your falsehood.—Where are the jewels Yuseph gave you?—Oh, guilt! I suppose you can explain that matter very easily!

Lil. I'll explain nothing, Leopold: your want of confidence in me vexes me to the heart.—I am sure we shall never be happy, if this is to be the case. [*Cries.*]

Leo. I can see through you now; I suppose you would have us part?

Lil. I'm sure I can't tell.

Leo. Ah! I knew that—I have long suspected you wanted an excuse to part—I'm sure you would propose it.

Lil. Well, but—

Leo. Don't take the trouble of making any excuses—the matter is settled, I am quite happy.

Lil. I'm very glad of it—I'm sure I don't care how soon we part—since you provoke me to it.

Leo. I am gone.

Lil. With all my heart.

[*Both turn up the stage in a passion.*]

DUET.—LEOPOLD and LILLA.

Lil. (R.) Though you think, by this, to vex me,
Love no more can give me pain ;

Leo. (L.) Vainly strive not to perplex me,—
You shall dupe me ne'er again.

Lil. Now your falsehood is requited,
I'll enjoy a single life ;

Leo. Hark ! to glory I'm invited,
By the cheerful drum and life.

Lil. By consent, then, now we sever,

Leo. Love's all nonsense, freedom's sweet ;

Lil. And we take our leave for ever,

Leo. Never more again to meet.

Lil. Never more !

Leo. Never more !

Lil. I don't want, sir, to allure you ;

I don't wish your stay, not I.

Leo. I'm quite happy, I assure you,—

Gladly I pronounce good by.

Lil. You have changed your mind, believe me.

Leo. No, I told you so before ;

Lil. Can you have the heart to leave me ?

Leo. Yes—I'll never see you more.

Lil. Never more ?

Leo. Never more.

Both. Never more my love shall leave me,
Never part—no, never more. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE V.—*A Turkish Burial-ground—A Tomb with a Door, R. U. E.—Stage nearly dark.*

Enter PETER and LEOPOLD with a small cane, L.

Pet. How fortunate that Lilla should overhear Yuseph discover where he keeps his treasure.

Leo. Colonel Cohenberg will take care to see it restored to its right owners.

Pet. So we are going to turn thieves for the sake of charity.

Leo. Ay ; to commit a robbery for the public good—here is the place—so in we go. [*Exeunt into the tomb.*]

Enter MICHAEL, carrying a sack, and YUSEPH, disguised in a long cloak, L.

Yus. (c.) Come along, Michael, but make no noise, that we may make our escape to Belgrade. This is the spot where I buried my poor dear wife, two years ago.

Mic. (L.) I recollect it.

Yus. Ah ! many a time in the dead of night have I visited this place.

Mic. What the plague, did you want to steal your wife !

Yus. No, no, I ran away with her once, when she was alive, and repented it ever afterwards. She was a good soul, but rather turbulent—never quiet till she arrived here ; and now that she is at rest, I should be sorry to disturb her. There, Michael, that tomb is my banking-house ; however, this is an old-established shop, and the parties in it are quite safe people.

Mic. Then we are come to remove the treasure ?

Yus. Even so, my boy ; I shall take away my money, and leave my wife.—Many a husband would think that no bad bargain. [*Going into the tomb, he meets Peter and Leopold.*] Oh, terrible ! what do I see—my riches—Oh, you audacious robbers.

Leo. Hold, you are too violent—you must be cool.

Yus. Why, you impudent scoundrel ! do you plunder me, and preach to me at the same time ? Zounds ! I'll never be cool again !

Leo. Oh ! yes, you will. Now we shall see. [*Beats Yuseph with his cane.*] How do you find yourself now ? no better ! then you must have t'other dose. [*Beats him again.*]

Yus. Oh ! yes—yes—my dear fellow, I am cool—indeed, I am quite cool.

Leo. Well, now I have thrashed you into a reasonable state—let's hear what you have to say.

Yus. May I, without offence, ask what right you have to take my money ? Mind, I don't ask this in anger—I am quite cool.

Leo. Your money ! why, my good friend, it is not your's ; your name is Herfoon Joseph Wolfgang Baum-bork Blandenkerstoon Schavartzenbergen.

Pet. And this money belongs to one Ben Jacob Ben Ali Ben Mustapha.

Leo. Who was chief magistrate of this village—a droll murmursome dog, who cheated people of their property, that he might take care of it for them. Honest Michael shall carry this treasure for us to Colonel Cohenberg's.

Yus. To Colonel Cohenberg's? why what the devil—

Leo. [*Holding up his cane.*] I fear your disorder is returning—exercise is good for it. Come, you shall assist Peter in leading Michael.

Yus. I tell you, I will not assist that—

Leo. [*Strikes him*] Now be cool.

Yus. This is damned hard, to make a man accessory to robbing himself.

[*They put the bags of treasure, brought from the tomb, into the sack—then put it on Michael's back, who carries it off, R.—Yuseph puts one of the bags into his pocket, unseen by Peter and Leopold.—All exeunt, R.*]

SCENE VI.—The outer Wall of the Burying-Ground.—

Several voices, R. are heard, crying, "Follow, follow!"

Enter CATHARINE, R.

Cat. Heavens, I am pursued! how unfortunate that I should lose my faithful guide, Lilla.

[*Voices without, R., "Follow, follow!"*]

Enter LEOPOLD, PETER, MICHAEL, and YUSEPH, R.

Cat. Ha, my friends, can you conduct me to Colonel Cohenberg's?

Leo. To Colonel Cohenberg's, madam? Ay, at the hazard of our lives. Yuseph, do you march first.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter SERASKIER and ISMAEL, R.

Ser. Confusion! my camp destroyed, and Catharine escaped!

Is. Pray, my lord, return; you are near the frontiers of the Austrians.

Ser. Not till I recover Catharine. [*Trumpets, R.*] Hark, I'm called to arms; begone, and bear our crescent to the wars.

[*Exit Ismael, R.*]

AIR—SERASKIER.

Love and honour now conspire
To rouse my soul with martial fire.

[*Kneels.*]

Holy Prophet, hear my prayer—
Give me once more the charming fair.

[*Rises.—Flourish of trumpets, L.*

The Austrian trumpets' bold alarms
Breathe defiance to our arms ;
Fired with ardour to engage,
Give me to brave the battle's rage,
When groans, that shall be heard no more,
Echo to the cannon's roar.
Death stalks triumphant o'er the field ;
On every side the Christians yield.
Still conquest doubly blesses
The lover—soldier's arms :
In prospect he possesses
Complying beauty's charms.

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE VII.—The Castle, and view of Belgrade.—Grand charge and battle—drums—trumpets—cannon—bombs—rockets, &c. A party of Turks is repulsed by a party of Austrians—an Austrian Soldier fights some time sword in hand with a Turkish Soldier, but, being disarmed, takes a pistol from his belt, and fires at him—the Turk falls, and is thrown into the ditch that surrounds the Castle.—Cohenberg and Seraskier enter, fighting—Seraskier falls—Peter, Anslem, &c., each fight with a Turkish Soldier—Yuseph enters, frightened—but, perceiving the Turks are not likely to conquer, he goes over to the Austrians.

Coh. [*To Seraskier.*] Rise, and learn from this, how Christians treat a captive foe.

Enter CATHARINE, LEOPOLD, LILLA, GHITA, &c.

FINALE.

CHORUS OF AUSTRIANS.

Cho. Loud let the song of triumph rise,
Bless'd triumph o'er oppression's sway ;
Valour has gain'd the brightest prize,
For freedom's voice shall join the lay.

- Cat.* Fortune, relenting, from her stores
Her richest treasures lavish pours :
The bliss for which so long we strove—
The joys of victory and love.
- Ser.* Vanquish'd, I boast my victor brave :
Light were the chains which valour gave ;
More potent fetters now I find—
Kindness subdues his captive's mind.

DUET.—LILLA and GHITA.

- Now, while music her strains most inviting
Shall in sweet gratitude's cause display,
Though untutor'd in skill so delighting,
Our heart-felt thanks let us humbly pay.
Strains so artless tho' we proffer,
Hearts o'erflowing zest the offer.
- Cho.* Now while music, &c.
- Leo.* All, all humour thus vented in fighting,
We are, as usual, good-humoured and gay ;
- Lil.* Happy liberty's blessings regaining,
They inspiring our simple lays ;
- Ghi.* Freedom's glorious cause sustaining,
The theme our humble song will raise
- Lil.* Strains so artless
- Ghi.* Though we proffer,
- Lil.* Hearts' o'erflowing
- Ghi.* Zest we offer.
- Cho.* Freedom's glorious cause sustaining,
The theme our humble song will raise.

DUET.—LILLA and GHITA.

- Cho.* Now while music, &c.
- Cat.* From companions in danger thus greeting,
Of friendship, how can we requite.

TRIO.—LILLA, GHITA, and CATHARINE.

A reception so gracious, when meeting,
Our duty becomes our delight.

DUET.—LILLA *and* GHITA.

Bright the laurel of victory gracing,
The manly brow merit marks it to wear.

CHORUS.

Doubly dear is that laurel, while placing
By the lov'd hand of the favourite fair,
Toils forgetting—pleasure courting,
Beauty's beaming smiles transporting ;—
Bright the laurel victory gracing, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.*Soldiers.**Soldiers.*

ANS. LIL. LEO. SAR. COL. COH. CAT. PET. GH1. YU.
R.] [L.

THE END.