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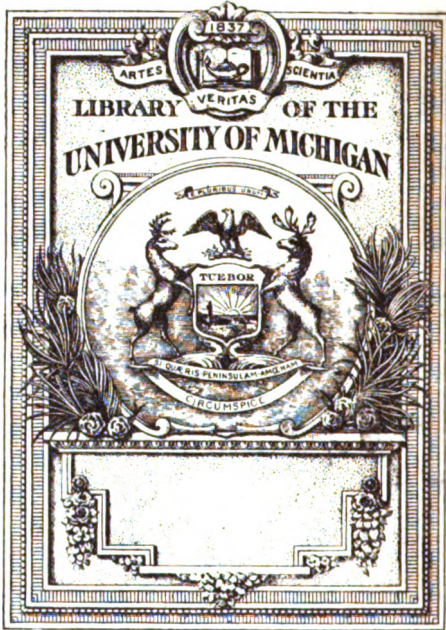
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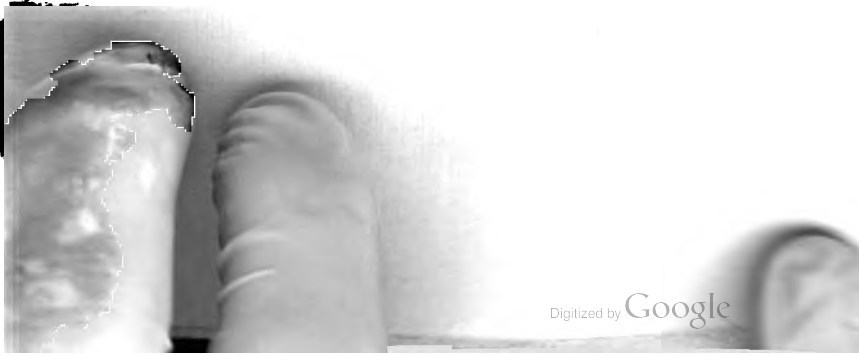
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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
BARON KOTZEBUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY

CHARLES SMITH.



VOL. II.

CONTAINING

SELF-DENIATION,
HAPPY FAMILY,
FORCE OF CALUMNY,
WIDOW AND THE RIDING HORSE,
PIZARRO,
EAST-INDIAN.



NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR STEPHEN STEPHENS, NO. 165, PEARL-STREET.

1800.

24

THE
VIRGIN OF THE SUN,
A
PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
KOTZEBUE.

NEW-YORK;
PRINTED FOR CHARLES SMITH AND S. STEPHENS.

1800.

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T H E

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

TO MADAME VON DER WENSE, OF THE FAMILY OF AHLEFELD AT ZELL, LADY OF THE PRESIDENT VON DER WENSE.

IT has frequently been said, that a man can no more write than fall in love at command. This, my very amiable Friend must now acknowledge to be an error, since, if her memory be accurate with regard to trifles, she will recollect, that this Drama owes its origin solely and entirely to her commands.

One evening at Pymont, the weather being too wet and melancholy to permit of her enjoying the charms of nature, to which her pure soul is so closely allied, she had recourse to the Temple of Thalia, where Naumann's Opera of Cora happened to be represented. The performers were of a very inferior kind, and the only thing that pleased me during the evening, was, that I had the good fortune to sit behind my Friend, who sometimes condescended to favor her humble servant with a little conversation. Among other remarks which the occasion called forth, she observed once, when the conclusion of an act gave us a short respite from being merely audi-

tors, that the Opera at which we were present, contained excellent materials for a Drama.

I felt that this idea ought rather to have originated with me, but I easily found an excuse for my apparent negligence, from being in company with one whose powers of pleasing were so great and so various, as to preclude, wherever she was present, the intervention of any ideas but what her perfections inspired. I however caught eagerly at the suggestion, and declared to my friend that her commands only were requisite for the immediate employment of my pen upon the subject. For a long time she evaded honoring me with such a command, preferring, in all that she said to encourage me to the undertaking, the politer language of exhortation, to which her gentle nature is more accustomed. I however insisted upon a positive command.

“ *Well then, I command it,*” she said, at last, with the sweetness and grace so peculiarly her own.—I made a low bow, and now have the honor of presenting to her my VIRGIN OF THE SUN. At her command the trembling maiden appears with downcast eyes in the anti-chamber, and hopes for permission humbly to wait there, till a friendly invitation shall call her to the toilette of her Patroness.

“ Come nearer, gentle creature!—thou shalt be
 “ welcome for the sake of thy father, with whom I
 “ have long lived on terms of friendship, and whom I
 “ should now be the more scrupulous of depriving of
 “ what does remain to him, since he has so little that
 “ is desirable left in the world.”

Ah, you are but too much in the right, my most amiable friend!—I once possessed a treasure who greatly resembled you, inasmuch as she was one of the best of wives, and of mothers. But she is gone to her proper home, to the society of angels. At the moment when I experienced this most severe of all afflictions, you benignantly embalmed my sorrows with a tear—for that tear my heart retains a lasting gratitude, and my pen gladly embraces an opportunity, at the same time, of dedicating my work to you, and of giving this public testimony of the high esteem entertained for you, by

AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE.

DRAMTIS PERSONÆ.

ATALIBA, *King of Quito.*

The HIGH-PRIEST of the SUN.

XARIA, *another Priest of the SUN.*

TELASCO, *an old Man of the Family of the INCAS.*

ZORAI, *his SON.*

CORA, *his Daughter, the VIRGIN OF THE SUN,*

ROLLA, *formerly General of the Peruvian Army.*

The HIGH-PRIESTESS of the SUN.

IDALI, }
AMAZILI, } *Virgins of the SUN.*

DON ALONZO DE MOLINA, *a Spaniard.*

DON JUAN DE VELASQUES, *his Friend.*

DIEGO, *an Attendant on DON ALONZO.*

A CHAMBERLAIN to the King.

• *PRIESTS OF THE SUN, VIRGINS OF THE SUN,
COURTIERS, SOLDIERS, POPULACE.*

THE
VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A wild and woody country, with Bushes and Underwood so closely entwined as to be almost impenetrable. In the back ground a Wall, in which a large breach has been made, is just discernable through the Trees, and behind it is seen the Cupola of the Temple of the Sun. Nearer the Front, on the right hand, appears a Cave; on the left, a Hill, the Top of which rises above the Trees.

ROLLA comes down a winding Path among the Bushes, followed by the HIGH-PRIEST.

High-Priest.

AND this is the way to Rolla's dwelling?—Ah, equally wild and inaccessible as the way to Rolla's heart!

Rolla. Spare me, uncle, I entreat you?—Spare me, and leave me—If you could understand me—

High-Priest. Ought I to attempt it?—To understand thee, means to pay homage to thy idol—to flatter thy passion.

Rolla. Unhappy wretch that I am!—I am a miserable solitary being!—a drop, which can find no kindred drop wherewith to associate!—a lonely voice, which cannot find its echo throughout animated nature. The worm that crawls upon this leaf soon meets its helpmate, with whom it is united—but I—I only!—Oh! ye Gods! if it be your harsh will that, amid the throng of living creatures with which creation abounds, I only should be left alone!—(casting an impatient glance upon the High-Priest) Then—man!—man! leave me alone!

High-Priest. Rolla! I am indeed old, yet if affection

only be wanting to bring repose to thy heart, thou wilt find it here in this faithful bosom! Young man, I love thee as a father.

Rolla. Then, if the happiness of thy son be dear to thee, suffer him to live according to his own pleasure!—In this cave I am happier than thousands who inhabit pompous palaces. Be this my grave!—only make me this promise, uncle, it is my sole request: When I shall be no more, then, on some dark melancholy day, lead Cora to the entrance of my rugged habitation, and show her the remains of Rolla, stretched upon that earth on which he breathed out a life that love had rendered miserable. Let her see those lips on which the name of his beloved murderer quivered even to the last gasp, and by the smile still resting on them, let her know they closed blessing the name of Cora. Perhaps, affected by this picture, she may strew flowers over my corpse—or—oh! transporting thought!—even embalm it with a tear!—A tear!—Ah! a tear from Cora will recal me to life.

High-Priest. Oh enthusiast!

Rolla. Give me what name you please—Yet if I be an enthusiast, think not I am suddenly become so. This heart was born for mighty passions—To the common swarm of emmets which bustle about the world, I had an aversion even as a boy. When my play-mates were merrily and sportive around me, I played too, but 'twas irksome to me, though I scarcely knew whence arose that feeling. But when storms lowered around the horizon, when our mountains vomited forth flames at midnight, or subterraneous groanings announced an approaching earthquake, then was my heart elated, my languishing spirit revived, the withered plant again reared its head. As I advanced in life, no female beauty charmed my eye—they were eagerly fixed on the more brilliant rays of honor.—Blinded to every beauty of nature, my heart, my throbbing heart longed to run the career of fame and glory, while each victory I gained, far from being a drop to mitigate the flame, only increased its ardour—Then it was that, after a long absence, I saw Cora again!

High-Priest. And the flame, which, at its bursting out, burned with a force that promised eternal duration, was

instantly extinguished!—Extinguished as a lamp by the breath of a child.

Rolla. No, not so!—It still continued to burn—but found a different species of nourishment. What was at first a wild and all-consuming blaze, was changed into a gentle, genial warmth. Honour gave way to love.

High-Priest. A gentle, genial warmth!—these words sound well, indeed—But whom does thy flame illumine?—Whom does it warm?

Rolla. (with indifference) I feel what you would say.

High-Priest. You feel it, yet are not ashamed!—Young man!—endowed with powers to achieve the noblest deeds, perhaps to form the blessing of a whole hemisphere, you contract your circle of action—within a CAVE!—Inca, born of the race of the children of the sun, entitled to become a principal support of the throne, you fly—into a CAVE!—Leader, entrusted by your native country with the conduct of her armies, and called upon, by a succession of noble actions, to justify so honourable a confidence, you can yet bury yourself—in a cave!—

Rolla. Would you seduce me to be a boaster?—As Inca, and as leader of the armies of my country, I have fulfilled my duty through wounds and victories!—Have I not justified her confidence?—Above all, on that awful day, when Ataliba's throne was shaken by Huascar's power, and Rolla's sword dyed the fields of Tumibamba, with the blood of his sovereign's enemies. Know you not the history of that day?—One arrow was lodged in my left arm, another pierced my breast—I received a large gash in my cheek, from a sword, and was stunned by the stroke of a club upon my forehead. Look at the scars of those wounds, here, and here, and here!—Yet I never stirred from the field of battle—Tell me now, have I given my country cause to repent her confidence?

High-Priest. (much affected) Brave youth!—But were the blessings of thy native country, the friendship of thy sovereign, and the love and shouts of thy army, no recompence to thy heart?

Rolla. (with a sigh) They were!

High Priest. But are so no longer?

Rolla. No!

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High-Priest. Then curse, oh ye gods! an unworthy passion, which thus destroys each noble germ implanted in the heart.

Rolla. Judge not so harshly!—Love, like honour, is the parent of great actions!—But I—for whom should I fight?—Is there on earth a heart to which I should communicate joy, were I longer to tread the road to fame? Cora does not love me!—I have neither father nor mother, neither brother nor sister!—I am alone in the world.

High-Priest. (*clasping him in his arms*) My son!—my son!

Rolla. Leave me, leave me, uncle!—I cannot return this affection. You, with those grey hairs, clothed in those priestly garments, bearing an appearance so solemn, so entitled to respect, can never become the confident of my bosom. In you I cannot separate the man from the dignity of the priesthood—Ah that I had a mother!—God created woman to be the confident of man!—Canst thou not share thy sorrows with her who loves thee?—Then fly to thy mother!—But I—I enjoy not the love of any one!—I have no mother!

High-Priest. Fly then to the gods!

Rolla. The Gods frown upon me, because I love a maiden devoted to their service—because I love this maiden more than I love the gods themselves?—Whether I behold the sun rise, or see Cora appear, a like impression is made upon my senses, upon my heart!—Ah no!—Cora makes the strongest impression on both.

High-Priest. The gods pardon this enthusiasm!—Ah, Rolla! it is thus that the children of mortality, always desire most eagerly, what is impossible to be attained—Cora, the maiden, had only pleased your fancy, Cora, the Virgin of the Sun, you love with unbounded passion.

Rolla. (*with rising warmth*) What! (*he restrains himself, but casts a look of indignation upon the High-Priest*) Good night, uncle. (*he is going into his cave.*)

High-Priest. Whither art thou going, young man? Cannot thy friend, thy sincere friend, obtain some little influence with thee?—Live according to thy own pleasure—Withdraw thyself, if thou wilt, from mankind, only fly this desert, where fatal images inevitably tear thy soul, as the wild thorns thy flesh. Come to my house—that quarter

of it which runs down to the sea-shore, is well known to thee—there may'st thou live in solitude, even in the midst of thousands—and there no importunate intruder shall deprive thee of the visions thy heart so fondly loves to cherish. Thy doors may be closed against me—mine shall always be open to thee.

Rolla. Uncle, accept my thanks. I feel your kindness—I know your habitation—Know that it abounds with charms for those who love retirement; but Rolla is resolved to live and die in this cave. There, where the cupola of the temple towers above the trees—there Cora lives—here I can at least behold her dwelling.—Rolla, then, must live and die in this cave!—Good night.

High-Priest. Obstinate young man!—Yet forget not at least what your duty requires during the solemnities of to-morrow. Your presence in the king's palace, and in the temple, is indispensable at the grand festival of the Sun.

Rolla. Excuse me!—Say what you please to the king—tell him I am dead—I come no more among men—Yet to-morrow I will sacrifice to the gods—whether in a temple, or in a cave, is alike acceptable to them—Good night.
[Exit into his cave.]

SCENE II.

The HIGH-PRIEST alone.

Young man!—young man!—thou dost not suspect how deeply this heart is interested in thy repose!—The evening sun still glitters upon the golden cupola of the temple, but here, amid these trees, the night is fast approaching. I fear I shall find some difficulty in tracing out the meandering path through this wilderness.—
(as he is going he almost runs against Diego.)

SCENE III.

DIEGO comes through the bushes, and starts violently at meeting the HIGH-PRIEST.

High-Priest. Whence come you?—and whither would you go?

Diego. Whithersoever chance may conduct a pedestrian.

High Priest. Do you walk for pleasure in such unbeaten ways ?

Diego. (pertly) Yes.

High-Priest. You have probably mistaken your path.

Diego. So it seems, since I find myself in your way.

High-Priest. Are you not Don Alonso's attendant ?

Diego. You are not very wide of the truth.

High-Priest. If you be not well acquainted with this wood, you are in danger of losing yourself. Accompany me, and I will conduct you in a short time into the right path.

Diego. (assuming an angry tone) Who told you that I was in the wrong path ?—Signor High-Priest, I would have you to know, that neither in Castile nor Arragon, neither in Grenada nor Murcia, no, nor in any other of the countries belonging to my king, by whatsoever name distinguished, has any mother's son ever been known to excel Diego, in valour and virtue.

High-Priest. (smiling) I readily believe it. And this assurance, doubtless receives the greater currency from being uttered by yourself.

Diego. It was forcibly extorted by you, from my modesty.

High-Priest. Pardon me !—And now let me request an explanation of this riddle ?—How can you be wandering at night in so wild a spot, and yet be in the right way—Are you alone, or is your master near ?—What is it you want ?—for never can I be persuaded that you are here only for your pleasure.

Diego. (with hesitation) Since you press me so closely then—I—I must confess—that—I am in love.

High-Priest. (smiling) In love ?

Diego. (extravagantly) Yes, to desperation !—Tormented with jealousy, driven almost to phrenzy ! In the tumult of passion, I am now hurried up to the summits of the highest hills, now driven into the lowest recesses of a subterranean cavern—till at length I have wandered insensibly into this spot, devoted to tender feelings, here to hold solitary intercourse with the mournful turtle doves.

High-Priest. This spot does indeed seem to be selected by the gods, as an asylum for enamoured fools.

Diego. Here will I tell my sorrows to the silent trees !—here breathe out my amorous sighs to the chaste moon.

High-Priest. Thou art a coxcomb ! (*Exit.*)

Diego. (alone) A coxcomb !—So much the worse for you, Signor !—for if such be the case, the most illustrious High-Priest of the Sun has been made the sport of a coxcomb. Live wit, say I—it will fetch its price in the new world, as well as in the old—But is he really gone ?—Yes—I hear nothing more——Hist ! Hist !—(*he goes and looks out at the other side of the stage.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter DON ALONZO and DON JUAN, wrapped in large Cloaks.

Juan. Are we safe, Diego ?

Diego. A fine question, truly—Yes, as safe as men can be, who are wandering about a forest in the dead of night, upon, saving your honour's presence, a knavish sort of business. By Saint Barnabas, I believe we are about as safe as a drunkard crossing the river Amazons upon a wire.

Juan. Have you seen any thing ?

Diego. In the dark I seldom see any thing—but I have heard.——

Alonzo. What !——what have you heard ?

Diego. The voice of the great High-Priest himself.

Alonzo. The High-Priest !—What could he want here ?

Diego. To put me into the right path, nothing more. 'Tis the same in this, as in all other countries. Priests are the only people acquainted with the right path.

Alonzo. But what could bring him into the wilderness ? Oh, speak, Velasquez !—tell me, what dost thou think could be his errand ?

Juan. To what purpose, speak ?—What can conjecture do ? To rush with my sword drawn, and eyes aver-

ted, into the thickest of the press, is my maxim in any case of danger. Talking dissipates courage, as a shower disperses the thin coat of earth scattered over a rock, so that no foundation remains from which any adventurous action can shoot forth. If I were disposed to talk, I could find enough to say.

Alonzo. Of what nature ?

Diego. Oh, speak, Sir, I entreat !——When it is dark I always like to hear talking.

Juan. Well, it shall be so. It may amuse you too, Alonzo, till the hour when your constellation shall rise ; for the time passed in waiting for a tender appointment is always horribly tedious. I will therefore talk till you command my silence, and with this text will I introduce my discourse. My friend, this adventure bodes no good. —Believe me, it bodes no good.

Diego. Right, sir, right.

Alonzo. This is language foreign to thy sentiments. When has the time been known that Don Juan Valasquez turned his back upon an adventure, because it was dangerous ?

Juan. There is the matter !—Hear me, Alonzo ?—If thou wert capable of doubting my courage, I might prove it, by engaging the next rattle-snake I should meet. Thou knowest my principle, that I do not value my life more highly than a moment of happiness : and happy is every moment that I sacrifice to friendship. If, therefore, thou hast any regard for me, no more of this. My arm, my sword, are devoted to thy service—I have followed thee blindly into the labyrinth in which we are now involved ; but I must still be permitted to think, that we do not show our wisdom by wandering here in the dark, when we might be so much better employed,

Alonzo. Better employed !——What mean you ?

Juan. He who is doing ill, may always be better employed ; and by the blood of all the knights that does or does not flow through my veins, I think we are now curiously in the wrong. I say nothing of the sword suspended by a thread over our heads—affection takes precedence of life—You love Cōra—I have the strongest attachment to you, and Diego is attached to both.

Diego. Certainly, certainly, sir !——But notwith-

standing—pray don't take it amiss, if I think that life has precedence of affection.

Juan. Granted therefore, that the prosecution of this enterprise should prove the means of shortening our lives—yet we perhaps only give up some years of unhappiness ourselves, to purchase the happiness of a friend—And since they have lived long, who have lived happily; and he only can be esteemed to have lived happily who has died so; what better can we wish, or how can we end our lives more satisfactorily, than in offering them up a sacrifice to friendship?

Diego. Cursed maxims, these!

Juan. But, Alonzo, understand that I consider this salutary state of the soul, this state of happiness, as inseparable from integrity and virtue. And now, laying your hand upon your heart, tell me what are your feelings in moments of temperance and reflection?—Don Alonzo Molina quitted the savage followers of Pizarro, because he abhorred their barbarities—that was a noble principle!—I will go, he said, among these mild and benevolent people, and by cultivating their minds, and instructing them in the arts of civilized life, become their friend and benefactor.—Objects worthy of my friend!—But where are these virtuous resolutions?—You came among them indeed—the king of the country received you with open arms and an expanded heart—the people loved you—the family of the Incas honored you—the great men of the nation beheld you without envy the favorite of their sovereign. You shared that sovereign's cares, but you also shared his joys, his wealth—you were no longer considered as a foreigner, and even the priests themselves murmured not when they saw you appear at the worship of their gods.—Oh fatal forbearance!—On one of their solemn days, my noble friend beheld in the temple, a priestess of the sun, as she presented the bread of sacrifice to the king.—She was young—she was lovely—Alonzo's heart was instantly lost—and at the same moment all the grand designs he had formed, were sunk in the ocean of forgetfulness—The champion for the rights of humanity slumbered upon his post, while the charming device upon his shield, the united hands beneath a cross surrounded with sun beams, gave way to a burning heart, pierced through

with arrows.—And now, if I wish to speak with Alonzo, where must I seek him?—Among the counsellors of the king—the judges of the people—or the instructors of youth?—It was among these, that I should once have sought him:—but now—now he is only to be found stealing nightly about these walls, or behind these walls, with his face deeply buried in his cloak, hiding himself from his own conscience—while all his glorious projects are crushed in the embryo, as the future brood is destroyed by a mischievous boy who breaks the eggs of the sitting hen.

Alonzo. (Indignantly.) Velasquez!

Juan. Away with that menacing countenance, it ill becomes you. A man should not dare to be angry, unless his conscience be pure.—You will perhaps wonder at the jocund Velasquez becoming on a sudden a preacher of morality—but Velasquez was only jocund and light-hearted, because he was an honest man—let him therefore preach on, since he has entered upon the subject. You, by whom formerly even the minutest article of popular faith was held inviolate, because you considered the peace of mind of some weak but honest man as involved in it—you now rashly bid defiance to one of the most sacred tenets of a whole people who have received you hospitably into their bosom, and seduce a chaste virgin devoted to their gods. The conflicts of nature herself, are made subservient to your desires; and, while a dreadful earthquake shakes these inaccessible walls even to their foundation, the bold intruder takes advantage of the passage thus opened to him, to rush into Cora's arms, and amidst the elemental warfare to murder innocence.

Alonzo. Forbear, Velasquez!—have you no compassion for me?—believe me, my conscience does not slumber.

Juan. Well then, if it slumber not, it is at least deaf, and I must speak to it in thunder.—Ataliba is thy benefactor—this amiable people have received thee as a brother—and thou, assassin-like, art stabbing them in the dark.

Alonzo. Oh Velasquez, once more I entreat thee too forbear!—I acknowledge, with gratitude, the voice of friendship,—but what wouldst thou require of me?

Juan. Heaven be thanked that I have succeeded at

last in awakening thee to some degree of reflection!—I require of thee instantly to renounce this dangerous and criminal intercourse.

Alonzo. Well, I will consult with Cora.

Juan. Admirable!—Cora is indeed the proper judge in this matter. I perceive that you are seriously impressed with my lecture.

Alonzo. Rely upon me!—I will represent to her all that anxious love can suggest—the anger of the king—the indignation of the people—my danger—

Juan. Your danger!—Pardon the interruption, my friend, but you speak here without reflection!—Your danger put in the balance against hers, is as a handful of down weighed against a bar of gold. You hazard only your life—

Diego. What the devil, and is not that enough?

Juan. She—her fame, her repose, her father's blessing, the love of her family, her prospect of salvation—and, to sum up all—she must endure the most horrible of deaths, and should this intercourse give existence to a being that must betray your love—

Alonzo. Oh talk not of it!—No, no, Velasquez, thank heaven I am not so deeply involved in guilt!

Juan. Heaven be thanked, indeed, if you are not mistaken—but what security have you, that you will remain so fortunate? And should the fatal consequences ensue, think on the boundless misery it brings on Cora and yourself! That she must die is little; the horrible idea is, the manner of her death. Shut up alive in a subterraneous vault, which will be closed upon her forever, with only a single loaf of bread and a small lamp, she must sit gasping for air, and soon endure the severest torments of hunger. Oh, the very thought makes me shudder!—I have encountered death undauntedly in a variety of forms; but I could not bear to meet him in this.

Alonzo. (*Falling on his neck.*) I will never see Cora again.

Juan. Worthily resolved!—let us then instantly depart—(*Endeavors to draw him away.*)

Alonzo. Only permit me to take leave of her!

Juan. Write her a letter, which we will throw over the wall—You hesitate!—Oh you are undecided!—Ha!

already I see the hapless Cora enclosed in her horrible dungeon, crushed by the two-fold agony of bodily and mental torments, lying on the ground and gnawing her own flesh—uttering dreadful execrations against her God, and amid the wildest ravings of phrenzy, breathing out that soul, the purity of which was poisoned by thee. Then, when we shall stand before him who hereafter will judge alike the Peruvian and the Spaniard, and shall accuse thee as the author of all her woes, the occasion of her becoming the murderer of her child.

Alonzo. (Eagerly pulling Juan forwards.) Come, come!—let us fly!

Juan. With the utmost transport! *(As they are going a clapping of hands is heard behind the wall.)*

Alonzo. (Turning suddenly round.) That is her signal! my Cora! my Cora!—*(He breaks away from Velasquez, and climbs hastily over the breach in the wall.)*

SCENE V.

DON JUAN, and DIEGO. *Juan looks after Alonzo with astonishment and indignation.*

Diego. (After a pause.) Now do I defy any one to assert again, that sound is an empty thing—a nothing. The most reverend Don Juan Velasquez has been for a long time holding such a discourse here as is not delivered every day, even from the pulpit of Salamanca, but the moment that three or four claps are given by a pair of heathenish hands, the wretch for whose benefit this fine oration was intended, loses every beneficial impression, gives them to the winds, and runs headlong after his own wild inventions.

Juan. (with some asperity.) Farewell, my friend! Since thou art resolved on ruin, take thine own course!—Oh madman! madman!—where others only walk he runs, where others enter slowly and only step by step, thither he rushes. Well, well, even if what I have urged prove of no avail, friendship has discharged its duty—and the worst that can happen is at last to suffer with my friend. Till then, be of good heart, Diego!—How dost thou find thyself?

Diego. Like a fish upon dry land.

Juan. Thou dost not speak truly. When a fool is running on the wrong side of the post, he is in his proper course; and, by St. George, I think we are running cursedly on the wrong side of the post here.

Diego. Only with this difference, that I *must* do as you *please*—and you are not *pleased* to do what God and sound reason require of you.

Juan. Well, let us hear what your wisdom would suggest.

Diego. Were I in the place of the valiant knight Don Juan de Velasquez, in the first place I would deliver an oration nearly to the same purpose as he has done; but if that produced the effect, I would say—my dear friend Alonzo, or my dear Don Alonzo, you cannot expect that I should stay to be roasted alive for your sake!—Fare thee well—I shall return home, and take our worthy Diego with me. We will say over our beads in your behalf.

Juan. That may as well be done here.

Diego. Here!—on heathen ground!—in view of a heathen temple!

Juan. Blockhead!—Our God is every where, and by a firm adherence to the sacred claims of friendship we serve him more acceptably than by saying over a rosary—therefore will I offer no prayers at this moment. I am here as the guardian of my misguided friend.

Diego. And pray in what capacity am I here?

Juan. As his attendant, whom he employs to carry his arms.

Diego. My presence then is superfluous, since I am not permitted to appear publicly as such.

Juan. Thy part is to obey, not to remonstrate. Take this whistle, and steal silently to the left, along the wall that surrounds the temple, while I go round by the right—---we shall meet on the other side, and should you encounter any thing suspicious by the way, make use of the whistle. Here, take it.

Diego. (*Trembling as he takes it.*) To the left did you say?

Juan. Yes, to the left.

Diego. And quite alone?

Juan. Quite alone.

Diego. I am afraid of losing myself among the bushes.

Juan. Fool, can you not see the wall, and the cupola of the Temple?

Diego. Do you take me for an owl?

Juan. Is not the moon bright enough to light thee?

Diego. No.

Juan. No!---Ha! ha! ha!---Fear seems wholly to have deprived Signor Diego of his senses.

Diego. I must beg leave to observe sir, that the night is devoted to rest, and even if the man himself be not allowed to sleep, his internal courage, commonly takes the liberty of enjoying a comfortable nap. My fortitude always goes to bed with the sun.

Juan. (*going up to him hastily*) Friend Diego, it shall be awakened with some hearty blows.

Diego. (*shrinking away from him*) Oh! 'tis easily roused, it does not sleep very soundly.

Juan. Go, then fool! (*he thrusts him off on one side, and goes off himself on the other.*)

SCENE VI.

ALONZO springs over the ruins of the wall, and then reaches his hand to CORA, who follows him.

Alonzo. (*as he assists her*) Only one little jump, dear Cora!—throw yourself boldly into my arms!—Here will you find a secret and retired spot, formed for love and guarded by friends. This is not so wide and waste a scene as your garden, in which, barren as it is of all shade, the treacherous moon betrays every form that ventures within its circuit. (*he presses her to his bosom*) At length I have thee in my arms again.

Cora. (*returning his embrace*) And I have thee again in mine.

Alonzo. Ah! it is now three long weeks——

Cora. Only three weeks?

Alonzo. Months to love.

Cora. Years to my heart.

Alonzo. Every evening at twilight, has poor Alonzo

wandered hither, and listened in anxious expectation of the signal that should summon him to a night of transport.

Cora. And every evening has Cora wept because she dared not meet Alonzo.

Alonzo. You have not been ill I hope.

Cora. Ah ! I am always ill when I am not with you.

Alonzo. Dearest Cora, what has prevented our meeting ? You promised that sooner——

Cora. Did I *promise* ?——That was not right, as I could only *hope* that it might be sooner. But love is always too ready to add hope to its wishes, and to believe that hope a certainty. It does not often fall to my lot to take the nightly service in the temple—I relied upon taking the turn of one of my companions who was ill, and whose place I offered to supply. She recovered, and, instead of the promised happiness, I had only her thanks for my intentions. Poor Cora was heartily vexed at this disappointment, and her sleepless nights appeared so tedious.

Alonzo. Alas ! I have also been a stranger to rest. The dews of morning found me under these trees, while my cloathes were still damp with the dews of the past evening, and my limbs still shivered with the cold of midnight.—Beneath yon palm tree have I stood, night after night, with my eyes bent upon your temple : and often as I saw a form wander backwards and forwards, where glimmers the eternal lamp, I have pleased myself by thinking it might be Cora's.

Cora. It was not that in my solitude I could be deceived by shadows, yet I seemed every where to see your image. The idea made me restless, and I run with hurried steps hither and thither—incessantly rushing from one spot to another. Oh, tell me, is the heart always impatient when it is impressed with love ?——It was not thus with me formerly, but I was gentle, quiet, and bore without a murmur, the disappointment of any cherished expectation.—Whether it were that a shower deprived me of a promised walk, or that the wind destroyed the flowers I had carefully reared with my own hands.——Now all is changed ; I am no longer the same. When I sit at my daily employments, and spin or weave, if a thread happen to break, I am so peevish I sometimes even

startle at myself. (*caressing him*) Tell me, Alonzo, does love improve or spoil us?

Alonzo. True love improves.

Cora. Oh no, no, !—True love reigns in my heart, yet I am not so good as I was.

Alonzo. 'Tis only that thy blood runs somewhat more swiftly.

Cora. Or else that I am ill—Yes, I am now often ill.

Alonzo. Indeed !

Cora. Yes, indeed !—But that must be so—for soon—soon—I shall not love you alone !

Alonzo. (*starting*) Not me alone !

Cora. (*smiling*) Not you alone !

Alonzo. Your words involve a riddle, or else a crime. Cora, love cannot include more than one object—You will not love me alone ? (*he fixes his eyes earnestly upon her*) No, you cannot mean to say so—if it were true, you could not look at me with so much composure, such perfect unreserve,

Cora. And why should I not look at you with composure ?—My feelings are so sweet that they cannot be criminal. An unknown, but pleasing sadness has taken possession of my heart—I experience sensations not to be described. When lately at the Solstitial feast, I was ornamenting the porch of the temple with flowers, I saw upon the steps a young woman sleeping, at whose breast lay a little smiling angel: my heart was altogether dissolved at so interesting a spectacle, and I involuntarily stretched out my arms to the child, to take it gently, and press it to my bosom. But how easily are the slumbers of a tender mother disturbed ! scarcely had I touched the babe ere she awoke, rose up anxiously, clasped her treasure to her heart, and cast on me a look of deep distrust. Say, Alonzo ?—Do you not think an affectionate mother one of the most respectable of creatures ?

Alonzo. (*bewildered*) Oh, why that question ?

Cora. Can you not guess ? (*With pure and innocent transport*) I shall soon be a mother myself.

Alonzo. (*thunderstruck*) Great God !

Cora. What is she matter ?—Do not be alarmed !—I love you more than ever !—Ah ! at the commencement of our love, charming as you were, I thought the attach-

ment I then felt could never be exceeded. But, enchanter, you have stolen into my heart under a yet more attractive form, since I behold in you, the father of my child.

Alonzo. Cora! Cora!—My hair is erect with horror, while your mind is wholly at ease.

Cora. And what do you fear?—Is it a crime to become a mother? My father always taught me, that whoever commits a crime, instantly forfeits all peace of mind; but for me, I feel no uneasiness.

Alonzo. Think on your situation!—On the rigid ordinances to which you swore obedience when this figure of the sun was fastened on your bosom?

Cora. I swore to obey the ordinances of our temple.

Alonzo. And what do they enjoin?

Cora. I know not. My father told me, that by whomsoever virtue was held sacred, its precepts would be fulfilled without instruction. To me virtue is sacred.

Alonzo. And know you then what constitutes virtue?—Alas! your uncorrupted soul is ignorant of the terrible distinction between virtue as founded on the eternal principles of nature, and virtue as constituted by the distorted imaginations of fanatics. (*he clasps her eagerly in his arms*) Oh, Cora! Cora! what have we done? In other situations, love and joy compensate for the anguish every mother must endure—in yours alone, those sufferings, are but the forerunners of others far more severe, in the most horrible of all deaths!

Cora. Death!

Alonzo. (*in accents of despair*) And I—I am your murderer!

Cora. (*with composure*) How can you thus unnecessarily torment yourself?—Wherefore, and by whom should I be put to death?

Alonzo. The priests will affirm, that you have offended the gods.

Cora. I offended the gods!—No, Alonzo, I love the gods.

Alonzo. Cora, I have no doubt of your reverence for them; you will not the less be the victim of an ancient superstition. Our only safety would be in flight; but, alas! whither can we fly in this land?

Cora. Be composed, dear enthusiast, I have thought of means to console you.

Alonzo. If so, they must be suggested by God himself.

Cora. The plan is simple, yet certain in its effect, and the approaching morning may decide the important question. Hitherto the moon and stars alone have beheld our meetings, but the sun himself, the greatest of all our gods, shall now be the witness to your love. At present I dare not stay any longer, for I must hasten back to attend the eternal lamp in the temple. Do you then, Alonzo, rest here under these trees, and as soon as the dawn of morning shall gild the eastern horizon, I will return, and we will ascend yonder hill together. Then will we turn our faces towards the east, entwine our arms with each other, join lip to lip, and boldly wait the rising of the Sun——You understand me.

Alonzo. But half.

Cora. Do you not comprehend, that if Cora have done evil, either the Sun will veil himself from her sight, or the first ray of his light that falls upon her, will annihilate the criminal. But if, oh Alonzo! he, my Father, and my God, rise clear and resplendent—if he smile upon the affectionate pair as he beholds them joined in mutual embrace, then shall we have a certain token that he favours our love, and your mind may be relieved from its cares—for when satisfied that we are guiltless in the eyes of the Sun, whose eyes shall Cora need to fear?

Alonzo. Affecting simplicity!—Oh sweetest of thy sex!

Cora. But, more still remains, my Alonzo. To-morrow is the grand festival of the Sun—if on that day he rise in unveiled majesty, we regard it as a joyful signal, that the gods are favourably disposed towards us—that no dreadful crime can have called forth their anger. Then look up, Alonzo! cast thy eyes around the heavens, behold how the stars glitter, how blue and serene is every part within our view!—not a cloud threatens us—not a zephyr moves the trees—Oh we shall have a glorious morning!—One embrace then at parting—farewell!—Let Cora at her return find thee sleeping beneath these trees, and then she will awaken thee with a kiss. (*She hastens back through the breach in the wall.*)

Alonzo. (Who, sunk in astonishment and horror, has scarcely attended to Cora.) Sweet, benevolent creature! —Oh I have been a villain, the worst of villains! Let me save her! save her if it be possible, before the flame bursts out over her head!—Ah, 'tis too late! She is irrecoverably lost, and I can only die with her. (He leans against a tree with both hands upon his forehead.)

SCENE VII.

DIEGO enters from the right side, and seeing **ALONZO**, whistles with all his strength.

Alonzo. (Turning round wildly and grasping his sword.) What is the matter?

Juan. (Springing forwards from the left side.) What is the matter?

Diego. Is it you, Don Alonzo?—Why didn't you tell me so immediately?

Juan. (Clapping Diego on the shoulder.) My friend, you must take a frightened hare for your device.

Diego. Better than a blind lion. Signor Velasquez, you knights imagine it to be one of the duties of your order to revile prudence as cowardice, just as we who cannot write, call all learned men, in derision, feather heroes. Did not you yourself order me to whistle whenever I should encounter any thing suspicious?

Juan. Fool! how long has thy master been an object of suspicion to thee?

Diego. To tell you the truth, Signor Don Juan, some time. Look at him now, how he stands there. (*Pointing to Alonzo, who has resumed his former attitude.*)

Juan. (Shaking Alonzo.) My dear friend, was the adieu then so very heart-breaking?

Alonzo. (Falling on his neck.) Ah, Velasquez, thy admonitions come too late!

Juan. Oh God!—What!—is she?

Alonzo. She is indeed!

Juan. Then may we consider the kingdom of heaven as at no great distance from us.

Alonzo. (*Taking Juan's hand.*) Oh do not forsake me, my friend, my companion, my brother in arms!

Juan. (*Shaking his hand ardently.*) Alonzo, it is not my practice to call to the boy who is struggling in the water, "*You should not have fallen in*"—I would rather, if possible, draw him out. But, by the powers above, I know not what is to be done here!—Had we a vessel at our command, or an enchanter's cloak to convey us through the air, I would not be among the last to recommend flight. But since no such means are within our reach, the course to be pursued is not very obvious. Well, well, Velasquez, arm thyself with courage to meet the worst—wrap thyself in thy cloak, even to the very teeth, and leave the thunder to rattle, and the lightning to flash quietly around thee.

Alonzo. (*Wringing his hands.*) All is lost! No resource. No way of escape left!

Juan. Be not so desponding. All is not lost while a man retains his senses. Let us depart, eat, drink, and take our rest;—then, by to-morrow, both mind and body will have acquired new strength, and we shall be better able to consider what is to be done.

Diego. Oh, flower of knight-hood!

Alonzo. Stop! she will return soon; she promised me at the dawn of morning——

Juan. So, so!—Well, of all employments under the sun, commend me to that of being confident to a lover! The sighing swain has no idea that a man can have any human feelings—that he must sleep——

Diego. That he must eat—that he must drink——

Alonzo. Forgive me!

Juan. Yes, yes, I forgive you freely—but a grateful remembrance of this sacrifice must be inscribed in your heart—for, by Heaven! the loss of my night's rest—yet, no, rather than lose it, I will repose under the trees. (*He spreads out his cloak, and lies down upon it.*) It is always good to make a virtue of necessity, so, with the sage remark, that weariness is the best of all opiates, I wish you a good night, Alonzo. He who has an unsullied conscience can sleep, even with the trunk of a tree only for his pillow, as soundly as the seven sleepers themselves. (*He closes his eyes.*)

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Diego. (*Also spreading himself a bed.*) If there should happen to be a rattle-snake or two hereabouts—or, perchance, a tyger as hungry as myself!—Hold! an idea occurs to me. (*He takes out a rosary which he hangs upon the nearest tree.*) Now I think we are safe. (*He lies down.*) If I can sleep now; who will say that I am not a master in the trade; for my head is full of thought, my heart full of fear, and my poor stomach quite empty. (*He falls asleep.*)

Alonzo. (*Contemplates both for a while, then exclaims*) Happy men! (*He leans in musing melancholy against a tree.*)

(*The Curtain falls.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene remains the same as at the close of the first Act.

DON JUAN and DIEGO are still sleeping.---**ALONZO** walks about mournfully among the Trees.

Alonzo.

WILL this night never end?—The stars still twinkle in the heavens, the moon scarcely yet begins to lose her lustre, and a deep and solemn silence reigns around—More grateful to the sinner's soul are noise and tumult, since they o'erpower the voice of conscience.—What said the fool Diego lately?—that it is the same with conscience as with the stomach, when either compels us to feel its existence, it cannot be in perfect health.—And the fool spoke truly.—Oh my excellent mother! thy golden instructions may guide me into a better world—they have not kept me in the right path in this.—Perhaps at this moment thou art upon thy knees, praying for a blessing upon thy fallen son!—Ah! pray for him! intercede for him!—he needs the intercession of a saint!—But away, ye gloomy thoughts!—All may yet be well!—Night is followed by twilight—twilight by the first rays of the rising sun!—(*Looking towards the east.*) And see there the precursor of returning joy!—Already the east begins to be streaked with purple, and the stars are disappearing.—Hist! I hear the chirping of a distant bird! the moment draws near that brings Cora back to her Alonzo!—while I press her to my bosom, conscience is mute, and I can laugh at danger. I will awaken these sleepers. (*He shakes Diego.*) Diego, rise,—it is already day.

Diego. (*Rubbing his eyes*) Hey!—how!—you joke! it is still dark.

Alonzo. No, no, the moon is going down, the stars are vanishing

Diego. (*Yawning.*) Take heed what you are about, or you will soon find that it is dark enough. (*He turns on the other side, mutters some inarticulate words, and falls asleep again.*)

Alonzo. If that fellow has not slept, or eaten his fill, he is like a watch not wound up. (*he shakes Don Juan.*)—Valasquez the day begins to break!

Juan. (*raising himself up, and looking about*) Well, and what of that?

Alonzo. Will you not rise and enjoy so fine a morning?

Juan. Write an ode upon the morning, if it be so very fine—but prithee let me sleep quietly. (*he lies down again.*)

Alonzo. Have you forgotten that we may soon expect Cora?

Juan. She does not come to see me.

Alonzo. And do you not think it worth while to unbar your eyes a few minutes earlier to see an angel?

Juan. I will dream of her. (*He falls asleep.*)

Alonzo. There they lie and sleep as if in mockery of the troubles of my soul. 'Tis only the unembarrassed mind which can thus recruit itself by inactivity. Yes, I perceive that the more man throws off his rational nature, and assimilates himself with the brute, who looks to sense alone for his enjoyments, the happier is his lot. Happier? Most certainly so!—in his own eyes, if not in the eyes of wisdom—and what more can be required? (*a clapping of hands is heard behind the walls*) But hark?—she comes! Oh, all that I have said of sensual delights is false; One moment, when the soul partakes of real transport, outweighs whole hours of mere corporeal pleasure. (*he hastens to meet Cora.*)

SCENE. II.

CORA enters and springs into ALONZO'S Arms.

Cora. Here I am, dearest Alonzo!—But you have deprived Cora of an expected pleasure—I promised myself to find you buried in sleep—I meant to conceal myself behind a tree, to scatter leaves over you, and then reprove you as a sluggard—Do you not hear me, Alonzo, or are you in a waking dream?—when your arm is thrown around my neck, can you stand with eyes thus fixed, and think of any thing beside your Cora?

Alonzo. Amiable creature ! suspect me not unjustly !
 —Cora alone, rules in my heart, as one sun alone in the heavens. Yet I cannot cease to think of the discovery made this night !—My peace of mind is lost !—Conscience—a thousand horrible images—death in its most hideous form, with cold and outstretched arms, tearing Cora from my heart—these, these are the ideas that haunt me incessantly.

Cora. (*Laying her hand upon his mouth*) Be silent and trust to the gods !—Look up, the heavens are clear and serene, and my heart is full of transport !—Soon will the Sun be risen above the horizon, hasten, hasten, to ascend the hill ! *she climbs hastily up the hill, Alonzo following her*) Oh behold !—a minute longer and we had been too late—see how the east already glitters with streaks of gold—see how the twilight vanishes over the hills and woods—see what thousands of dew-drops sparkle with the rays of morning—and listen to the notes of birds innumerable, warbling their early songs ?—Oh, Alonzo ! My God is great !—My breast is too contracted for all my feelings !—Burst forth, burst forth, ye tears of transport !—Rejoice with me, my love ! behold where the God ascends in unclouded majesty—he is not offended. (*she kneels*) Father, to whose service I have devoted myself !—Father, whose image I bear externally in my bosom, and internally in my heart !—Vouchsafe to cast thy eyes upon me—be witness of my love for this young man, and be my judge—If the feelings which now engross my soul be sinful, then veil thy flaming forehead in darkness, or command thy thunder-clouds to gather round me, and send down upon me thy forked lightning, as the minister of thy vengeance !—Give me, oh Father !—Give me a sign of thy love or of thine anger !—(*after a pause*) Oh, with what mildness, what gentleness, do his rays fall upon me ! how benignantly he looks down and blesses me !—(*she rises*) Well then I dare venture upon the trial—dare venture to make it even in the presence of my God himself ?—Alonzo, come to my arms. (*she embraces him*) It is over, and now all my fears are dispelled—Had this embrace been sinful, he had annihilated us both at this moment !—My heart is full of joy and gratitude !—Come let us kneel together !—together pray—together give thanks !

Alonzo. I pray with thee?—Dear Cora, the Sun is not my God.

Cora. Oh yes, he is equally yours and mine. Does he not shine upon all?—to give life and warmth?—I entreat you, kneel with me.

Alonzo. Dear Cora.

Cora. Ungrateful man!—To whom do you owe your Cora?—Would I in the presence of God be ashamed of you, my Alonzo?—Oh then if indeed you love me!—
(*she kneels and takes his hand to draw him after her.*)

Alonzo. Who could resist such sweet enthusiasm!—
(*he kneels by her.*)

Cora. Let silent thanks—the inward emotions of our hearts, be the only incense we offer.

Alonzo. These I present to thee, God of all gods!—
(*they both remain in silent prayer.*)

SCENE III.

Enter ROLLA, from his cave.

Rolla. Is it so early!—the sun is scarcely risen—Alas! he sets and rises again, yet ever finds me wakeful?—But let me be patient, and the time will shortly come when he will find me sleeping forever? (*He sees Don Juan and Diego*) Who have we here?—two of the strangers who live among us—doubtless they have lost their way among these bushes, and have been overtaken by the night. I will awake them, and give them some refreshments—Yet first let me offer my morning prayers, to thee, my Father.

[*Rolla turns to the east, and as he raises his hands and eyes towards Heaven, suddenly espies the lovers kneeling upon the hill, at sight of whom, he utters a shriek of horror, and remains motionless, as if he beheld a spirit—Cora and Alonzo rise slowly with their faces still turned towards the sun, and sink into a silent embrace, Rolla, overpowered, exclaims with a voice almost suffocated with anguish, "Cora!!"—The lovers start affrighted, and Cora sinks into a swoon—Alonzo, after hesitating a few moments, whether to hasten down the hill, or stay and*

assist Cora, at length decides on the latter, kneels by her, and endeavors to recover her. Rolla, trembling with agony, yet unable to stir from the spot, remains with his eyes fixed upon the lovers. Alonzo at length exclaims)—
 Valesquez! Diego! to arms! to arms! (*Juan and Diego spring up, but are scarcely awake.*)

Juan. What is the matter?

Diego. What is the matter?

Alonzo. Seize him!—Let him not escape!

Juan & Diego. (*still staggering with sleep, yet endeavoring to draw their swords*) Where! Whom!

Alonzo. Seize him! secure him! he will escape!

Juan. (*recovering himself and pointing to Rolla*) That man? That single man?

Diego. (*brandishing his sword*) Two to one!—I am your man for that!

Alonzo. Secure him, I say, we are betrayed!

Juan. A single, unarmed man? (*He returns his sword into the scabbard.*)

Alonzo. (*quitting Cora, who is not yet recovered, draws his sword and rushes down the hill towards Rolla, who keeps his eyes immovably fixed upon Cora*) Then I must myself—

Juan. (*seizing him by the arm*) Hold, my friend—or rather my enemy, if you move a step—

Alonzo. Velasquez, have you lost your senses? We are betrayed! You risk Cora's life! (*endeavoring to break away from him*)

Juan. (*eagerly thrusting him back*) Restrain your passion! (*he goes up to Rolla*) Surely you are not unknown to me—Is it not Rolla whom I behold?

Rolla. (*somewhat recovering himself*) I—Who am I? Yes, my name is Rolla.

Juan. Rolla, the champion of his country? Yes, it is he, and in him I salute one of the bravest and noblest of men.

Rolla. How is this? 'tis yet early morning! (*striking his hand upon his forehead*) Am I in a dream? (*after a pause and fixing his eyes again stedfastly on Cora*) No! By all the gods, it is no dream!

Juan. Oh no! Though I read severe censure in thine eyes: though the truth may appear horrible to thee; still

It must be owned that this is no dream. Probably thou may'st recognize that maiden by the figure of your deity which adorns her bosom. She is a VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

Rolla. And her name is Cora.

Juan. Perhaps you may also recollect this young man—the favorite of your king, that Alonzo who saved the life of Ataliba at Cannara, while Rolla was fighting in support of his throne under the walls of Cuzco.

Rolla. (*Offering his hand to Alonzo.*) Yes, it is the same Alonzo.

Juan. And now, Rolla, if you be indeed the man I suppose, your sentiments and feelings must differ widely from those of your priests, whose eyes being continually fixed upon the sun, if they chance to look downward towards the earth, see all things through a false medium, so that scarcely any object appears in its proper form and colour. You know the world; know how the heart is eternally swayed by circumstances, and what numberless passions contend for sovereignty within it. Among these, Love is always the most difficult to be resisted—indeed, scarcely can be withstood but where he has not deigned to exert all his powers. Look at that virgin—she is lovely—

Rolla. Great God!—to whom is this observation addressed!

Juan. Look at this youth—he is ardent, impetuous. That he saw and loved her is his only crime.

Rolla. It is no crime.

Juan. There spoke Rolla!—I was not deceived in him!

Alonzo. And you will keep our secret?—will avert nameless misery from the unfortunate Cora?

Rolla. Think you that I could betray her?—Know, young man, that for years I have loved, have idolized her.

Alonzo and Juan. (*At the same moment, and with the utmost astonishment.*) You!!!

Rolla. Oh, the impotence of words!—Not my language—not your language—not all the languages of the world combined, have power to describe what I feel for Cora?—She was scarcely above the age of childhood when I marched for the first time against the rebels who dwell at the foot of Mount Sangay—she wept when I bade her

adieu, and since our separation, I have known no pleasure but in the recollection of that moment and those tears. When the contest was ended, I returned, but all had then assumed a new aspect, No longer did I behold the same free unfettered maiden I had left; she was become the confident of the gods. I would have made her my wife; she saw the purity of the flame with which I burned; she saw the ardour of my passion; but her heart was wholly occupied with her new situation, and while she called the sun her husband, she looked down with contempt upon me. The day soon arrived on which a solemn oath consecrated her to the service of her God, and consigned me to eternal misery. Still I continued for several years to drag about a miserable existence from place to place, from battle to battle, and while I sought death gained only renown. At length I retired to this spot, and for some weeks past, this cave has been my dwelling—This cave, which conceals from my sight that sun who robbed me of my Cora!

Alonzo. (*Who during this narrative has again hastened to Cora, and endeavored, though still in vain, to recover her.*) I pity you from my soul!—Believe me I pity you from my soul!—But how can I trust a rival?—Swear that you will not betray us.

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. No!—and yet love Cora?

Rolla. What need of oaths since I do love her?

Alonzo. For the satisfaction of my mind.

Rolla. How does your satisfaction concern me?

Alonzo. I entreat this of you!—Do you wish to keep me in incessant torments?—Would you force me to proceed to extremities?—Recollect that cases may occur when the commission of an apparent crime, is in reality to perform an act of virtue.

Rolla. (*Contemptuously.*) Indeed!

Alonzo. And should I ever perceive the slightest ground for suspicion that thou wert capable of betraying Cora—observe, Rolla, though I respect and honor thee, yet I assure thee, both by my God, and thy own, I would take thy life without remorse.

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. Rolla, I entreat once more!—What aim I to

think of this refusal?—See how I am shaken to my very soul—every limb trembles—my veins swell—I can scarcely breath for anguish. In mercy swear!

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. (*Drawing his sword in a rage, and pressing upon Rolla.*) Die then!

Juan. (*Catching him hastily by the arm.*) Is reason again gone astray?—Hold! hold!—are you a knight?

Alonzo. Stand off, or my sword shall dispatch thee also! (*He struggles to break away from Don Juan, while Rolla continues immoveable and unconcerned.*)

Juan. This storm of passion is too mighty for me!—I can restrain him no longer—Rolla, defend thyself!

Rolla. Seek not to restrain him, I die willingly for Cora! (*During this scene Cora recovers from her swoon, and as she opens her eyes perceives the struggle. She starts up with the wildest anguish, rushes hastily down the hill, and throws herself into Rolla's arms.*)

Cora. Alonzo, what would you do?

Alonzo. It is for thee!—for thy sake alone!—Should he betray thee, we are lost.

Cora. He betray me!—Rolla, my truest friend, betray me!—He who was ever my defender, my intercessor, while I was yet a child,—who has so many times softened my mother's rage when I had offended her!—Oh Rolla, you must remember it well?

Rolla. But too well!

Cora. And do you think he would betray me?

Alonzo. Why then did he refuse the oath I required?

Cora. Have you cause sufficient to require an oath?—Look at these eyes!—are they not a stronger security for his faith than any oath?

Rolla. (*Clasping her to his bosom.*) Now let me die!—Let me, oh ye gods, die this very moment!—I am happy!—I am blessed!—Cora reposes confidence in me, I clasp her in my arms, I hear her voice once more!—Ah, five years have elapsed since I experienced such happiness, since I saw her except at an awful distance.

Cora. (*Earnestly.*) And I rejoice no less to see you again so near me!—In your presence the happy days of my childhood seem to pass anew before my eyes—so many sweet images are present to my recollection—

Alonzo. (*Leaning upon his sword, and betraying emotions of the most poignant jealousy.*) Cora, what torments do you inflict upon me!

Cora. Why are you tormented?—Oh, you do not know how strong an affection I bear to Rolla!—When a youth he loved me, and we were destined for each other.—Yes, Rolla, is it not true that we were destined for each other?

Rolla. Oh true, true indeed!—for your virtuous mother—but no more—had she not died so prematurely—who knows—

Cora. Ah, dearest Alonzo, at that time I was continually turning his love into ridicule, because I knew not what it was to love. Forgive me, Rolla, I know it better now! Oh how often, and how grievously must I have tormented you?—

Rolla. Grievously!—most grievously!—but let that be forgotten—this moment is so blessed!—

Cora. Hear him, Alonzo, hear what kindness is breathed in every word he utters!—but my mother always told me the same—“Rolla,” she repeatedly said, “has one of the best of hearts—love him—marry him,—and I shall die happy.”—But when she died, Rolla was engaged in fighting his sovereign’s battles; and during his absence a sacred flame was kindled in my bosom. At his return, therefore, I could not love him, my heart was devoted to my God, and I sighed only for the day when I should be wedded to the Sun.

Rolla. But this romantic enthusiasm has at length yielded to nature, and love has found its way into your heart?

Cora. Yes, Rolla, that once insensible heart is insensible no longer—be you my confident—I love that young man. Our first meeting was in the Temple of the Sun, when I saw him standing by the side of our King. My heart was instantly overpowered with an unaccountable emotion, and the dish that contained the bread of sacrifice, almost fell from my trembling hand. An ardent glance from him soon assured me that my feelings were not unanswered—yet since I was shut up within the boundaries of the Temple, and he could only steal round the outward walls, what hope was there, that we should ever personally know our passion to be mutual? The gods saw and

pitied our distress. You must well remember that awful day, some months ago, when the hills around burst out with flames of fire—When the ocean raged and the earth trembled—when many places were laid in ruins—when even the Temple of the Sun was menaced with destruction, and the walls by which it is surrounded, were rent asunder. Then, trembling and weeping, we poor affrighted servants of the gods, ran hither and thither—death seemed to reign triumphant in our cells—he seemed still to pursue us, when we fled under the roof of heaven alone, and our shrieks were mingled with the groans of contending nature. Alonzo, ever on the watch among these bushes, soon perceived the breach in the wall, and boldly ventured to ascend it—one stone after another fell beneath his feet—here the earth gaped to swallow him, and there my arm was stretched out to receive him.—Darkness veiled our love from observation, and since that time my Alonzo has frequently found his way over the same ruins.

Rolla. Cora, I tremble for thee!—In what dreadful perils hast thou involved thyself!

Alonzo. Tell Rolla all!—let him know the fatal consequence of *your* weakness and *my* guilt!—Tell him—

Cora. Yes, Rolla, it is true.

Rolla. What!—how!—Oh, thoughtless girl!—And you, Alonzo, were you so ignorant of our customs that—ye gods!—ye gods!—my children, you must fly!—instantly fly!

Juan. But whither?

Alonzo. Ah, Rolla, save her!

Cora. (*terrified*) Can this really be esteemed a crime here below, when the gods above do not regard it as an offence?

Rolla. How my whole frame is shaken with horror!—I am at this moment scarcely capable of thought!—Cora, do you love him?

Cora. As my own soul.

Rolla. And are you certain that in his arms repentance will never corrode your peace, but that you can live and die contentedly his wife?

Cora. 'Tis all I wish.

Rolla. And do you, Alonzo, feel the value of the sacrifice she would make you?

Alonzo. I feel it deeply.

Rolla. Then will I save you both. (*he places himself between them*) Come hither, and each give me a hand!—Consider me as your brother—as such, Cora, my dearest sister, I unite you to this man. (*placing her hand in Alonzo's*) May the shade of your mother, which hovers over us at this moment, look down with an eye of favor upon your union!—May it be followed by her blessing! If you are happy, I shall be so. (*he turns aside and wipes tears from his eyes.*)

Alonzo and Cora. (*throwing their arms round him*)—Our dearest brother.

Rolla. Yes, your brother!—and as your brother, will I pass the remainder of my days with you. In a sequestered spot, on the other side of the Blue Mountains, lives a friend of mine, an old Cazique, who, under the monarch of Cuzco, rules a mild and gentle race, many of whom served in their sovereign's army during the last war. At that time the son of the Cazique, a youth of the fairest promise, was severely wounded, and fell a prisoner into my hands—by my care and attention, he soon recovered of his wounds, and I restored him, without ransom, to his father. Since that moment the good man has been unbounded in his expressions of gratitude—He will receive us with transport, and in that remote province your love will find a secure asylum. There will I live with you,—tend and educate your children—be cheerful and happy, since Cora will be happy—and at last, amid your brotherly and sisterly tears, quit this world with calmness and serenity, and ascend with pious hope to our Father above.

Cora. Where you will be received by my mother, with inexpressible transports of gratitude!

Alonzo. Noble, generous man!—scarcely dare I raise my eyes towards you!

Juan. (*half aside, endeavoring to conceal a tear*) By all the saints above, if that man be not a christian, I myself will turn heathen!

Rolla. Let us now consult together what further is to be done! Flight is resolved on, but the time and manner of its accomplishment remain to be considered.

Diego. (*Who during this whole scene has been looking about in different places, to see that all was safe, now comes forward hastily*) I hear a rustling noise behind the walls,

and sounds which appear like the wispering of female voices.

Rolla. Hasten, hasten into my cave ! (*As they are going Idali and Amazili appear coming through the breach in the wall, and looking about with great eagerness and curiosity*)

SCENE IV.

Enter IDALI and AMAZILI.

Alonzo. We are too late, they are here already !

Idali. Cora, we were looking for you.

Cora. I am coming.

Rolla. Tarry a moment !—They have seen and heard us —for God's sake ! do not let them escape thus !—we must win them over to our interest.

Juan. That were a task for a minister of state !—If this be accomplished, I shall be persuaded that Rolla is capable of conquering provinces without a stroke of the sword.

Rolla. Nothing more easy !—Flatter them, they are women.

Juan. Lovely maidens, will you not come near ?

Idali. (*to Amazili*) I believe he speaks to us.

Amazili. How he fixes his eyes upon us !-----let us hasten back.

Idali. Come, Cora, the High-Priestess sent us to seek for you.

Alonzo. Pray come nearer pious virgins.

Juan. And receive the homage due to your charms.

Idali. (*to Amazili.*) Shall we run away ?

Amazili. Yes, let us fly. (*Neither of them stir.*)

Cora. I will go with you directly. But why do you stand there so bashfully among the trees ? Come hither, sisters.

Idali. Oh no, not among men.

Juan. Men !—Fair maidens ! how came you to suppose us men ? Three of us are only Spaniards, and the other will readily withdraw, if you wish to avoid his

presence. (*He makes a sign to Rolla, who immediately retires into the entrance of his cave*) Are you still afraid, sweet maidens ?

Amazili. (*to Idali*) What do you think—shall we venture ?

Idali. Go you first, and I will follow.

Amazili. No, you are the oldest.

Idali. But you got over the wall first.

Amazili. Yes, but you first spied the breach.

Juan. The contest may easily be decided. (*he steps between them, and draws them both after him*) Now you may safely swear, that neither took the first step.

Amazili. Ah, Idali ! he has laid such fast hold of me !

Idali. And of me too.

Juan. Be quiet, dear children, no harm shall happen to you. (*he chucks Idali under the chin*) You are blooming as a rose. (*turning to Amazili*) And you as—as—as—

Diego. (*with great gallantry*) As a sun-flower.

Juan. (*to Idali*) Your eyes are so soft and blue.

Diego. (*to Amazili*) Yours are so very roguish.

Juan. You smile so sweetly.

Diego. The coral of your lips is so alluring.

Juan. This hand is so soft.

Diego. This waist is so slender.

Amazili. (*to Idali*) Shall we run away ?

Idali. I think we may as well stay awhile.

Amazili. But are you certain that you are not men ? we must die if you deceive us.

Cora. Come, sisters, we shall be missed.

Idali. And then the High-Priestess will scold.

Amazili. We ought to be dressing for the festival.

Idali. And there is nobody in the temple—the sacred flame will be extinguished.

Diego. You can easily kindle it again with your bright eyes.

Cora. Tell me, Idali, how happened it that the High-Priestess sent you hither ?

Idali. We repaired to the Temple this morning to take your place, and not finding you there, we went and reported it to the High-Priestess, who immediately sent us to look for you in the garden.

Cora. Did she give you no further orders ?

Amazili. Only when we found you, to send you to her.

Juan. And should she ask where you met with Cora, what will you answer ?

Idali. That we found her talking with some Spaniards.

Juan. Oh, you must not mention us, sweet girls! for the High-Priestess will be angry at your staying so long, and forbid your meeting us again——and you would like, I hope, to come here sometimes, and amuse us with your conversation.

Diego. (to *Amazili*) I have fallen so desperately in love with you, my little rogue, that I hope you will come and meet me again.

Amazili. (to *Idali*) What do you say, *Idali* ?

Idali. I can't tell.

Juan. Say rather that *Cora* had fallen asleep behind one of the pillars in the temple, and in the dusk of morning you did not perceive her.

Diego. Or that she was lying under the shade of the great palm-tree, in the court before the temple.

Amazili. Oh, charming !

Idali. An excellent thought !

Cora. Come, let us hasten back.

Idali. It is indeed time——let us go.

Amazili. Yes, let us go. (neither she nor *Idali* stir.)

Juan. Go, sweet maiden.

Diego. Go, you little rogue.

Idali. Well, good morning——good morning.

Amazili. Farewell—farewell. (they return over the wall.)

Cora. (embracing *Alonzo*) Farewell, *Alonzo* !

Alonzo. Farewell, my beloved—soon my wife——

(Exit. *Cora*.)

SCENE V.

Re-enter *ROLLA*.

Rolla. Well, have you managed them ?

F

Diego. Most completely——We have wound them round our fingers.

Juan. Rolla knows their sex.

Rolla. By report chiefly.

Diego. I begin to like the adventure extremely——my little creature seemed disposed to be very loving.

Juan. The clouds, pregnant with thunder, every moment gather thicker over our heads, and wear a more menacing aspect

Alonzo. (*taking Rolla's hand*) Brother!——dearest brother, aid us!

Rolla. I must reflect on the matter more calmly—Oh, what new vigor have my limbs acquired!—I am become quite another man. No longer are all things indifferent to me, I find something again to interest me in the world, I can again hope and fear, desire and reject. Thanks to thee, Cora, for the mild rain which has thus revived the withered plant. Yes, we will fly!—Flight may be dangerous, but it will be therefore the more grateful——When our pursuers shall be so close upon us, that their cries assail our ears, and their arrows fly around us, then shall I be inspired with new life. When Rolla shall fight for Cora—when he shall brandish his sword in her defence, then will be indeed the moment for displaying all his powers. I was called valiant under the walls of Cuzco, and in the fields of Tumibamba, but then I did not fight for Cora—did not fight under her eye!—in that situation I shall become a god!

Alonzo. (*falling on his neck*) Exalted man!—Deign to give me but one friendly glance as an assurance that you have pardoned the headstrong boy!

Rolla. No, Alonzo, ascribe not to me more merit than I can justly claim. All that I do is for Cora—nothing for you. Were she only to drop a withered flower into the water, and express a wish to have it again, I would instantly plunge into the stream to recover it for her, even at the hazard of my life. 'Tis for her sake alone that I am your friend—for *her* sake that I pardon you.

Alonzo. Yet permit me at least to hope, that I may one day be thought worthy of your friendship, for my own sake.

Rolla. You are beloved by Cora, what more can you

wish ? Oh ! if Cora loved *me*, the gods themselves might seek my friendship in vain !—But we are merely talking when we ought to be in action. Come into my cave, there we shall be secure from listeners, there can arrange the plan of our escape, and carouse together unmolested—for to-day I am resolved to carouse—yes, even to intoxication !—Ah ! I am already intoxicated—intoxicated with joy !—My strength, my faculties, have acquired such additional power, that at this moment I seem able to control the world ! (*He takes Alonzo's hand, and leads him into his cave.*)

Juan. (*following them*) Happy is it for the king of Quito, that this man is in love. Either to love with unbounded passion, or to precipitate his sovereign from his throne, seems to be the destination of such a mind.

(*Exit.*)

Diego. Drink and carouse !—I am your man for that—It shall quickly be seen who can empty his glass, to the honour of his girl, most frequently, and with the greatest expedition.

(*Exit.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The HIGH-PRIESTESS' Apartment in the House of the Stars. Several Cages with Parrots, Turtle-Doves, and other Birds, are hanging, or standing about the Room.

The HIGH-PRIESTESS is employed in feeding the Birds.

High-Priestess.

THERE, there, little Bibi!—You rogue you would devour every thing!—These girls are gone a long time, I suppose they are prattling together, upon some trifling subject, till they forget how time goes.——Wait a few minutes, Lulu, your turn will come. These tedious creatures put me out of all patience, Heaven knows what they are doing, they are as stupid as oysters, and as slow as tortoises——Come hither, Dudu——take this, and give a bit to your wife——Oh you little ingrate! you can bite, can you——This is too much!—the sun is already risen above the hills, and they are not returned!—the giddy creatures rely too much upon the mildness and gentleness of my heart, don't they Bibi?—I am too ready to overlook a fault, am I not, Lulu? But locking them up for a while without food, will tame them, and make them more tractable, won't it, Dudu?

SCENE II.

Enter IDALI and AMAZILI, in haste, and almost breathless. They both speak together.

Idali and Amazili. Here we are already.

High-Priestess. Softly, softly, children! Poor Bibi, are you frightened? And so you are absolutely here already?

Idali. Oh yes, we have run all the way.

High-Priestess. Whence then, do you come?

Idali. From the garden.

Amazili. From the temple. } (both speaking together.

High-Priestess. One of you must tell a falsehood.

Idali. It is I! } (Extremely terrified, and speak-

Amazili. It is I! } ing together.)

High-Priestess. How now? One of you have told an untruth again. What is at the bottom of all this?—*Idali*, do you remain where you are, and you, *Amazili*, come with me. (She leads her to the other side of the stage, and speaks in a half whisper) Tell me truly, do you come from the temple?

Amazili. Yes.

High-Priestess. Don't remove from that place. (She goes to *Idali*) *Amazili* positively asserts that you come from the garden, I can scarcely believe her—tell me the truth—

Idali. Oh, yes, we come from the garden.

High-Priestess. So, so!—Some pretty trick has been playing here, and I must find out the truth as well as I can. *Idali*, don't stir from your corner—And what is the meaning of this winking, and nodding, and shaking of the head?—Keep your head still, and your eyes upon the ground. (She goes to *Amazili*) Have you found *Cora*?

Amazili. Yes.

High-Priestess. Where did you find her?

Amazili. She had fallen asleep under the large palm-tree that stands before the porch of the temple.

High-Priestess. Remain there, and don't take your eyes from the ground. (she goes to *Idali*) Have you found *Cora*?

Idali. Yes.

High-Priestess. Where did you find her?

Idali. Sitting behind a pillar in the temple, fast asleep. We might have passed her twenty times without perceiving her.

High-Priestess. Admirable!—Now both of you come hither. (she takes a hand of each, and looks steadfastly, first at the one, then at the other) You have both uttered falsehood. You say that *Cora* was asleep behind a pillar in the temple, and you, that she was under the palm-tree, before the porch. (*Idali* and *Amazili* hem, and cough, and look terrified and embarrassed.)—Which am I to believe?

Idali. (to *Amazili.*) Silly girl, you have forgotten every thing.

Amazili. No, it is you who have forgotten.

Idali. No, indeed it is you.

Amazili. I'm sure I was bid to say under the shade of the great palm-tree.

Idali. I'm sure I was bid to say behind the pillar.

High-Priestess. I was bid ! and, I was bid !—What is the meaning of all this ? (*Idali and Amazili hesitate*) If you will not please to recollect yourselves now, I shall soon find a way to assist your memories.

Idali. (to *Amazili*) This is your fault.

Amazili. No, it is yours.

Idali. I certainly did not mention him first.

High-Priestess. HIM !—Who ?—who ?—Oh, wicked girls ! you have not been among men, I hope ?—The gods defend us from so horrible a misfortune !

Idali and Amazili. Oh no ! no, indeed !

High-Priestess. No ?

Idali. They were not men.

Amazili. Only Spaniards.

High-Priestess. Spaniards !—how ?—what ?—Spaniards ! (*she pauses, and somewhat recovers herself*)—Well, well, if they really were only Spaniards ?—And how many were there ?

Amazili. (*Growing pleased and communicative*) Three. One for Cora, one for *Idali*, and one for me. Mine had fine brown hair, and brown eyes too.

Idali. Mine had black curling hair, and such a sweet countenance.

Amazili. But mine was the handsomest.

Idali. No, mine was much handsomer.

High-Priestess. Well, well, this may be settled another time. Now tell me how came these Spaniards in the temple ?

Idali. They were not in the temple.

High-Priestess. What then ? Had they flown over the high walls into the garden ?

Idali. They were not in the garden.

Amazili. But they might have come in as easily as we got out.

High-Priestess. You got out of the garden?—and how did you manage that?

Idali. According to your orders we went to look for Cora. We run hither and thither, and called her by her name, but to no purpose, till at last as we were looking about, and listening, we thought we heard voices on the other side of the wall, just by the arbour where the little stream is lost in the wood. We followed the sound, and crept softly through the thick bushes, till at last we came to a great, great rent in the wall, from the top quite to the bottom, and so broad, that Amazili and I could easily go through it, and we had only to step over a few stones to get quite on the outside.

High-Priestess. And you did step over the stones and get on the outside?

Amazili. Else we should not have found Cora.

High-Priestess. Indeed!—What, she too had stepped over the stones?

Idali. Yes, and was talking with the Spaniards. At first we thought they were men, and were going to run away, but they entreated us very earnestly to stay, and as we found that they really were only Spaniards, we thought there could be no harm in staying.

Amazili. And they wanted us to promise that we would come again.

High-Priestess. Which promise you made?

Idali. We only half promised it.

High-Priestess. But you intend meeting them again?

Amazili. What do you say, Idali?

Idali. Perhaps so, if you are inclined, Amazili.

High-Priestess. Well, well, at present go and send Cora hither—then dress yourselves, prepare the bread of sacrifice, and dispose it in the baskets.

Idali. (*taking Amazili's hand*) Come, sister, I have such an inclination to dance.—

Amazili. And I could laugh and sing. (*Exeunt both.*)

High-Priestess. (*alone*) Dance, laugh and sing, if you please, your simplicity protects you from my anger—but you shall not find the breach in the wall again, be assured. As for this Cora,—has the shameless creature maintained an intercourse with men?—Chaste Oello, look down with compassion upon thy servants, and avert from us this

last of all calamities !——I have long observed, that she hung down her head—that her ruddy cheeks lost their colour—that she appeared abstracted, full of thought, and seemed scarcely to know to whom she was speaking, or to hear when she was addressed—All this indicates no good, does it Dudu ?

SCENE III.

Enter CORA.

High-Priestess. Shameless girl, do you dare to appear in my presence !

Cora. I come from the service of our God.

High-Priestess. Be thankful that his thunder is not entrusted to my hands.

Cora. What do you mean ?—how have I incurred your anger ?

High-Priestess. Do you suppose that I am unacquainted with your licentious conduct ?—that I am ignorant how Cora disgraces these sacred walls, and exposes her own honour, and the honour of her sisters, to censure ?

Cora. I have done nothing wrong.

High-Priestess. Look stedfastly in my face !——you have been in the company of men.

Cora. I have not offended the gods.

High-Priestess. Cora, I command you to look at me !——You are acquainted with a Spaniard ?

Cora. I am innocent.

High-Priestess. This very morning you have seen and conversed with him ?

Cora. The Sun was witness of all my actions.

High-Priestess. Confess your crime.

Cora. I have not been guilty of a crime.

High-Priestess. Oh ! blinded, misguided creature !

Cora. The path I pursue, is that of nature and innocence.

High-Priestess. Obstinate girl !——But remember that you are a priestess of the Sun, and tremble at the

torments to which the severity of our laws consign those who transgress them !

Cora. I shall suffer undeservedly.

High-Priestess. You will not confide in me ?

Cora. No.

High-Priestess. Nor confess your fault ?

Cora. No.

High-Priestess. I admonish you for the last time, Cora !—But a few moments remain, in which confession is left to your choice—make your use of them. I know all—I am instructed in every particular. Soon shall I assemble the Virgins in the Temple, and convene thither the Priests, who will judge you, and by whom you will be judged with severity. Death will then be your lot, and worse than death, infamy. At present we are alone—do you persist in silence ?

Cora. Yes.

High-Priestess. (*changing her tone*) Enough, I cannot believe Cora to be really guilty. I knew your mother when you were yet a child—we had frequent intercourse with each other—“*My Cora,*” she would often say, “*has a gentle and complying spirit, this engages my tenderest love.*”

Cora. Oh, she was always an affectionate mother. All the happiness of my life was buried in her grave.

High-Priestess. You have doubtless a sacred reverence for her memory ?

Cora. Can that be made a question ! Alas, how many are the tears I have shed for her in secret !

High-Priestess. If such your affection, you surely would not convict her of a falsehood, as she rests in her grave. Will you force me to think that the blindness of maternal love alone ascribed to you this gentle and complying disposition ?—or will you convince me that she was right in her judgment ?

Cora. She was right !

High-Priestess. Prove it to me. The mother’s friend has an undoubted claim upon the daughter’s confidence.

Cora. Ah me !———

High-Priestess. The last words uttered by her palid lips, still vibrate in my ears. “*My child,*” she said,—

"is young and inexperienced, should she ever want maternal counsel, be it received from you!"——She spoke——with her cold hands pressed mine, and expired.——
(Cora betrays symptoms of irresolution, and appears combating with herself. The High-Priestess continues after a pause) And your aged and reverend father, when he gave you into my hands, kissed you, and said "Take her, she is a good girl, and will not occasion you any trouble."——Afterwards when he was about to return home, when he gave you his last blessing, while a tear trembled on his grey eye-lashes, what were his parting words——
 "Cora, honour her as a mother."

Cora. (falling at her feet) I love!——

High-Priestess. (starting with horror) You love?

Cora. I can no longer remain a priestess of the Sun!

High-Priestess. No longer remain a priestess of the Sun?

Cora. But will marry.

High-Priestess. Marry!——you marry!

Cora. The gods have given me a feeling heart.

High-Priestess. To be devoted to their service.

Cora. I was born to become a wife.

High-Priestess. The Sun is your husband.

Cora. To him my prayers and thanks are due!——my heart, my love must be given to man.

High-Priestess. Cora, recollect yourself, you are in a dream.

Cora. I have laid open my whole soul. If the affection you bore the mother be indeed transferred to the daughter, you will be my friend.

High-Priestess. And the person you love is a Spaniard?

Cora. Yes.

High-Priestess. His name?——

Cora. Is Alonzo.

High-Priestess. When and where did you first see him?

Cora. In the Temple, by the side of our king.

High-Priestess. And what miracle brought you to a nearer intercourse?

Cora. The natural miracle which threatened the Temple with destruction, and rent its walls asunder.

High-Priestess. Well, I must not know more, and let what has passed be buried in eternal oblivion. To show you how much I regard your mother's memory, I will preserve this secret inviolate, and you must, by severe repentance, endeavor to avert the anger of the gods. Erase the image of Alonzo from your heart, forget his smooth and deceitful tongue, think of him no more, but attend to your employments and devotions.

Cora. You certainly have never loved?

High-Priestess. No, thanks be to the gods!

Cora. Oh! if you had ever felt but a small portion of what I now feel, you would have known that you enjoy what is no longer in my power!—Erase the image of Alonzo from your heart—think of him no more!—When I awake in the morning, he is the first object of my thoughts, and when I lie down he is still the last. When I kneel in the temple, his name intrudes itself into my prayers—When I look at the image of the sun, I see only him—and when I would turn my thoughts to my God, I cannot detach them from Alonzo.

High-Priestess. These are heavy offences, Cora!—You must fast, pray, humble yourself.

Cora. I can pray for nothing but that the gods may grant me Alonzo. Love is so soft, so exquisite a feeling, that it never can be sinful.

High-Priestess. Sinful!—'Tis to be held in abhorrence!

Cora. Are you entirely free from all emotions of this passion?

High-Priestess. I am wholly devoted to the gods.

Cora. You either deceive yourself, or seek to deceive me—Do I not often see you tenderly nursing and feeding these birds—taking, now this, now that upon your finger, stroking it, kissing it, talking to it?

High-Priestess. Poor little creatures!—This is such an innocent affection.

Cora. My love is equally innocent.

High-Priestess. Love for a man?

Cora. The feeling is still the same!—the heart must love!—a turtle-dove engages your affections—am I to blame if mine are fixed on other objects?

High-Priestess. Do not deceive yourself, Cora. Is it a matter of indifference, whether you employ the sacred

flame only in consuming the sacrifice, or use it to set the temple on fire?

Cora. I do not comprehend your simile, my heart speaks in a plain and simple manner. I always thought that love must be pleasing to the gods—I have made the experiment and the event has justified my opinion. The gods cannot be offended with me—for say, good mother, when Cora serves in the Temple, does a sudden gloom overcast the heavens, does the sun conceal himself behind a cloud?

High-Priestess. No, your guilty course has been pursued only in darkness—the rays of the great light have never witnessed your crimes.

Cora. Yes, they also have witnessed my love. On this very morning I solemnly embraced Alonzo in the presence of the sun himself.

High-Priestess. (*with a start of horror*) Embraced Alonzo!

Cora. Pressed my lips, my breast to his.

High-Priestess. Your lips,—your breast!

Cora. And our god smiled upon us.

High-Priestess. No more, unhappy girl!—Go and conceal yourself before I repent that I made you a promise of secrecy. 'Tis not *your* honour alone that is involved in this affair, 'tis the honour of our whole order—Go, and whether the extinction of your passion be pleasing or displeasing to you, of this be assured that you see Alonzo no more.

Cora. (*resolutely*) I will no longer remain a priestess of the Sun.

High-Priestess. Vain resolution!—Death only can release you from his service.

Cora. But you say that I am criminal—Well, then, I am no longer worthy to serve the Sun. If however I devote to him in my place, an innocent creature, pure and free from in, will not this be pleasing to him?—shall I not then have discharged my duty, and be released from my oath?

High-Priestess. I do not understand you.

Cora. The innocent creature which I bear within me, shall be devoted to the sun. (*the High-Priestess starts back, attempts to speak, but is unable; she totters, and*

is obliged to support herself against a chair) What is the matter?—have you misunderstood me?—The innocent creature which I bear within me shall be devoted to the sun.

High-Priestess. (running about in a phrenzy) Idali—Amazili—Runa!—ye daughters of the Sun, hasten hither!—Ah, I cannot support myself!—*(she sinks down upon a chair.)*

SCENE IV.

Enter IDALI, AMAZILI, and several other VIGINS OF THE SUN from different Parts.

All talking together. What is the matter?—What has happened?—She is in a swoon!—Cora, tell us what is the matter!—What has thrown her into this agitation?

Cora. (with great composure) I do not know.

High-Priestess. (recovering) Hasten, ye daughters of the sun, shut up the sacrilegious creature in our darkest dungeon, that the rays of our God may not be profaned by falling upon one so contaminated. You Runa, and Odili, must answer with your lives for the prisoner, till she be brought to judgment. The rest of you veil yourselves in the deepest mourning, and follow me to the royal palace. The Sun is incensed against us!—The wrath of the gods has lighted upon us!—heavy sins are to be answered! curses must fall upon Peru, and the avenging arm of the powers above will pursue us into the most secret places!—Hasten! extinguish the sacred light in the temple, tear down the wreaths of flowers, no festival can now be solemnized, this day is changed into a day of mourning!—Let us repair to the foot of the throne to demand vengeance, dreadful vengeance against the criminal. *(she rushes out, a confused noise and murmuring is made by all present, who question Cora.)*

All. What have you done, Cora?—Tell us!—Tell us!

Cora. I have done nothing wrong. *(Exit, with composure)*

All. (as they follow her) Look well to her!—Take care that she does not escape!—Your lives must answer it!—Away—away!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.

A large Hall in the King's Palace, with Guards ranged on each Side.

Enter the KING'S CHAMBERLAIN.

Chamberlain. (To the Guards) Throw open the doors! —Let all enter, who come hither on this solemn festival to salute their sovereign the first-born of the sun, and conduct him to the temple. As soon as he shall be arrayed in his Inca's robes he will appear.

SCENE VI.

The doors are thrown open. Enter the HIGH-PRIEST, XAIRA, DON ALONZO, DON JUAN, with a long Train of Priests and Courtiers. Many Compliments are exchanged on all Sides; they walk about, and all converse in different Groupes. Several of the Courtiers assemble round the CHAMBERLAIN.

Xaira. (To the High-Priest) Why are these strangers admitted here?

High-Priest. They come to attend the king to the sacrifice.

Xaira. Oh impious, to permit the presence of strangers at the celebration of our solemnities, who perhaps will make them the subject of their mockery.

High-Priest. Mockery!—that were folly—and I can rely upon these brave youths for not being guilty of any folly. Have you forgotten that our king owes his life to this Alonzo—and that the people of Quito are become the terror of their enemies, since he taught them to fight in close ranks.—That he has also instructed us in many useful arts of peace—

Xaira. Mere deception. He has only increased our wants.—We were much happier without him.

High Priest. Discontented man!

Chamberlain. Gentlemen do you know any news to entertain the king?

One of the Company. None, excepting that old Telasco arrived here yesterday evening from his province.

Another. And has brought his son Zorai to present him to the Inca.

Chamberlain. How long is it since the venerable old man visited the capital?

First Speaker. Two years. He has not been here since he brought his daughter Cora to be consecrated as a Priestess.

Alonzo. (*Starting and speaking aside to Juan*) Velasquez, do you hear that Cora's father is in Quito?

Juan. Yes, I hear it.

Alonzo. And her brother?

Juan. I hear that too.

Alonzo. This alone was wanting to make my misery complete!—How will their unsuspecting looks harrow my conscience. (*Martial instruments are heard behind the scene playing a march*)

All. The king approaches.

SCENE VII.

Enter ATALIBA with his Train. All present, prostrate themselves before the King.

Ataliba. (*Addressing the High-Priest*) I rejoice, good old man to see how much your strength bears up beneath the weight of years.

High-Priest. Under such a sovereign we defy age.

Ataliba. For what I am, I am indebted solely to you; this I can never forget. (*To Xaira.*) It is a charming day, Xaira, the gods are favourable to us.

Xaira. (*With hesitation*) Yet—inauspicious omens, have disquieted my bosom.

Ataliba. How so?

Xaira. The lamb I was about to sacrifice at midnight, struggled beneath the sacred knife.

Ataliba. Most natural.

Xaira. And the lungs, which, when they tremble and quiver after they are torn out, promise happiness for the ensuing year, lay still and motionless.

Ataliba. I thank you for the information but I desire it

may not spread among the people. (*To the High-Priest, smiling and speaking in a half whisper.*) We have tygers enough to annoy us, why should we tremble before a lamb?

High-Priest. To the people such a lamb is more formidable than a tyger, and the king owes respect to popular faith.

Ataliba. True, good old man, for it was upon that foundation that Manco-Capac erected his dominion.—(*Turning to Alonzo.*) I rejoice, my beloved friend, to see you still contented to live among us.

Alonzo. I cannot be otherwise, royal Inca, while I am entertained thus hospitably.

Ataliba. Which will be ever, while you continue so worthy of our love. (*To Velasquez.*) Well, Don Juan, do the troops you are training make a rapid progress?

Juan. They are brave fellows—they have arms of iron, and hearts of wax,

Ataliba. Oh that we could enjoy continual peace! then should those nervous arms be devoted to agriculture alone. (*Turning to the High-Priest*) Is it not time to repair to the Temple?

High-Priest. We are all ready.

Chamberlain. (*Approaching the king*) Sire, the old Telasco, governor of the castle of Antis, is arrived, and wishes to pay his homage to the first-born of the Sun.

Ataliba. My worthy Telasco!—Let him come in.

Alonzo. (*Aside to Velasquez*) Oh Velasquez!—my heart! my heart!

Juan. Do not betray yourself.

SCENE VIII.

On a Signal from the CHAMBERLAIN, the Guards open the Door, and TELASCO and ZORAI enter.

Ataliba. (*Meeting and embracing Telasco*) Welcome, venerable old man!—What brings you from your enviable solitude into the bustle of a court? (*Calling to the Attendants*) Let a seat be brought.

Telasco. Suffer me to stand, good Inca—that posture best becomes a petitioner.

Ataliba. Has Telasco any request to make?—Speak then.

Telasco. Two years ago I brought my daughter hither, by her own desire, to devote her to the service of the gods. I cannot deny that the parting with her was a severe trial to me: for I had long been accustomed to enjoy her innocent society, and ever since the death of my wife, when I fell into ill health, had been nursed and attended by her with the tenderest care and affection. It may be supposed therefore, that we did not separate without many tears on both sides. My son, at that time a youth, was then my only treasure—he is now grown up to manhood, and as his sister is devoted to the gods, I devote him to the service of his country. To you, great king, I present him—be you his father, when I am gone!—He will conduct himself worthily, I have no fear—he will never forget that the blood of the Incas flows through his veins. Accept my present with favour!—I bring you the greatest treasure I possess upon earth!—I bring you my all!

Atal. He shall be my own son!—Come hither, young man. (*Zorai kneels to him*) Inherit thy father's virtues, and thou shalt be heir to thy father's honours.

Zor. Pardon my silence. Time only can decide on my pretensions to such favour.

Atal. Rise!—Alonzo, I consign him to thy care.—Let him be enrolled among my life-guards, and learn of thee to fight and conquer.

Alon. (*embarrassed*) Oh king! I will endeavor to gain his confidence.

Tel. (*to Alonzo*) Art thou the man in whom the people bless the saviour of their Inca? Permit these old arms to embrace thee. (*he embraces Alonzo*) Thy fame has reached the remotest parts of this nation—thy name is repeated with transport by our children's children!—Happy is my son in being placed under such a leader.

Alon. (*extremely embarrassed and affected*) He shall be my brother.

Tel. (*to Ataliba*) Through thee, gracious Inca, my last hour will be made an hour of bliss. Accept my grateful thanks!

(*A solemn march is heard playing at a distance.*)

H

Atal. Now, my children, let us repair to the temple !
Come, Telasco, walk on my right hand, and should you
be fatigued, let me be your support !—Ah, how often
have you supported me !

Tel. Blessings on thee, worthy Inca !

*(As they are preparing to go, the music, which had con-
tinued gradually to advance nearer, suddenly stops)*

Atal. *(starting)* What means this ?

Chamberlain. *(rushing in trembling, and almost breath-
less)* Sire, the High-Priestess of the Sun approaches, with
along train of Priestesses, all clad in mourning, and ut-
tering dreadful lamentations. Their cries pierce the very
soul, the people gather round them trembling and looked
on with silent awe and terror. *(The whole assembly ap-
pear in great confusion—the king alone preserves his com-
posure)*

Atal. Conduct them hither.

Alon. *(aside to Juan)* Oh God, Velasquez, what can
this portend ?

Juan. You tremble, and look pale—for shame—rouse
yourself—show yourself a man.

SCENE IX.

*Enter the HIGH-PRIESTESS, followed by a long train of VIRGINS
OF THE SUN. They are clad in thick mourning veils, and march
in slow and solemn procession towards the King. An awful si-
lence is observed by the Assembly, who wait the sequel of the
scene, with anxious expectation.*

H. Priestess. *(throwing back her veil)* Oh woe !—
woe !—woe !

Atal. On whom dost thou imprecate woe ?

H. Priestess. The Temple is polluted !—the al-
tars are profaned !—the holy lamp is extinguished !—Oh
woe ! woe ! woe !

Atal. Name the criminal, that the gods may be avenged
for these heavy offences.

H. Priestess. First born of the Sun, command the
stringed instruments, the festal song to cease !—Let the
Temple be divested of its ornaments, and the garlands ta-

ken from the beasts prepared for sacrifice!—To-day can no festival be solemnized!—Lamentations be our songs, and mourning-veils our ornaments!—A serpent has with his poison, polluted the house of the Stars!—A Virgin of the Sun has broken her vow of chastity!—*(she pauses a few moments; the whole assembly shudder; Alonzo appears like one thunderstruck—At length the H. Priestess proceeds)* Woe! woe! upon CORA!

(At the mention of this name, the KING utters a cry of agony—TELASCO, trembling, supports himself upon his staff—ZORAI, full of confusion, conceals his face in his garments—ALONZO is sinking to the ground, but is supported by Velasquez—A confused murmur is heard among the rest of the Assembly.)

H. Priestess. Vengeance! vengeance! upon the murderer of virtue! upon the wretch who could abuse the hospitality of a peaceable people, and violate the sacred asylum of the Wives of the Sun!—Woe! woe! upon Alonzo!

(ATALIBA utters a more piercing cry than before—ALONZO stands with downcast eyes, while a death-like paleness overspreads his countenance—The attention of the whole Assembly is immediately turned towards him—TELASCO looks around with a vacant stare.)

H. Priestess. First-born of the Sun!—Image of our God upon earth!—I stand here, and require an awful atonement for this sacrilege!

Atal. *(with deep gloom)* Which thou shalt have.

H. Priestess. Be death and shame the lot of the seducer!—Be death and shame the lot of Cora, and her whole family!

(TELASCO starts, murmurs to himself the word "Shame!" and falls to the ground—ZORAI throws himself by him.)

Atal. All-merciful God! *(calls to the attendants)*—Come to the assistance of this poor old man. *(Telasco is raised up—the H. Priestess is about to proceed, but the King makes her a sign to be silent)* Enough, ye pious women!—I know my duty, and will perform what is required by the laws of Manco Capac. To question thee, Alonzo, were needless—thy death-like countenance, thy downcast eyes, confess thy fault too plainly, and thou art lost!—Hadst thou excited my provinces to rebel against me, had thy sword deprived me of half my kingdom, I would have given thee my hand, and said,

thou didst save my life, all that I have, I share willingly with thee!——But now the king alone must speak, the friend must be silent——Alonzo, thou art lost!—Unhappy youth, what hast thou done!

Alon. Let me die!——Death is no more than I justly deserve, for repaying with base ingratitude the unmixed happiness I have enjoyed in this kingdom! Yes, let me die, oh king (*falling upon his knees*) But save, save the hapless Cora!——She is innocent!—her seducer only is guilty!

Atal. Rise!—My power has limits, and in no respect is so rigidly circumscribed as in what concerns religion. (*He stands for some moments wrapt in mournful musing, and apparently struggling with himself, then says with averted countenance*) Guards, put him in irons! (*to the H. Priest*) Assemble your priests in the court of the Temple, to judge the culprits according to our holy laws and customs—And ere the Sun sink into the ocean, let me be summoned to confirm the sentence. (*Going.*)

Xaira. Sire, it is necessary the father and brother should also be put in irons.

Atal. Poor old man!—he will not run away from you!

Xaira. The brother at least.

Atal. Well, if it must be! (*Zorai is put in irons*)—Oh, what misery is it to be king, when it is necessary to punish! (*Exit.*)

H. Priestess. (*to the H. Priest*) Hasten, thou first servant of our gods, hasten to avenge thy masters, that this very evening the last rays of the declining sun may beam upon the grave which encloses Cora——Go, ye daughters of the sun, bow yourselves down in prayer, wash the altar with your tears, and conceal your blushing cheeks beneath seven-fold veils, till the disgrace, that profligate stranger, has brought upon our order, be wholly effaced. (*exit, followed by the Virgins of the sun.*)

H. Priest. (*aside*) Poor Rolla. (*Exit.*)

Xaira. (*to some of the other priests*) Go out at the northern gate, to that waste and desolate spot which is distinguished by numerous heaps of stones—there prepare a grave.

Tel. And let me be the first laid within it!

(*Exeunt priests.*)

Xaira. (*to the guards*) Lead the prisoners away.

Alon. (to *Juan*) Farewell, Velasquez, when you return to our native country, bear my tenderest greetings to my poor mother—but be careful to conceal from her my unhappy story.

Tel. (as he is seized by the guards) Whither would you drag me, old as I am?

Alon. Oh, Velasquez, this old man—this unfortunate old man.

Tel. Give me my daughter—restore me my daughter!

Xaira. Away with them all.

Tel. (as he is led off) Give me my daughter—Oh! restore my daughter to me? (Exeunt omnes.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A barren spot on the outside of the Walls of the Temple.

Four PRIESTS are employed in making a Grave—several other PRIESTS are dispersed about. While they sing the first Chorus, ROLLA appears upon the Stage.

(Solemn Chorus of Priests.)

HASTE!—dig with eager hands a grave,
 Our guiltless heads from death to save?
 A grave, to turn from us aside
 The darts destruction's dæmon's guide!
 For hark!—both justice and compassion cry,
 "To save the guiltless—let the guilty die!"

Rolla. (starting) What do I hear?—Say!—What is the meaning of this?

(Chorus of Priests.)

Haste!—dig a grave t'avenge the gods!
 A grave, that in death's dark abodes,
 Lost Cora's crime, of deepest die,
 May soon forever buried lie!

Rolla. Cora's crime!—speak!—answer me?

A Priest. Away from this spot!—It is cursed for Cora's sake.

Rol. Curses upon thyself, thou damned babbler!—But say!—Why these solemn preparations?—For what miserable victim is this grave designed?

(*Chorus of Priests.*)

Brethren!—the grave's prepar'd!—away!
Bring Cora hither!—hence!—obey!—
That perishing in earth's dark womb
Which must her living form entomb,
She a sin-offering may become, for sin,
And by her sufferings heaven's compassion win.—

Rol. Ye gods!—what sounds are these!—they fall like a mountain upon my breast! (*The priests collect their tools, and prepare to depart.*) Speak, ye flinty-hearted men!—speak!—speak!—'tis Rolla entreats you!—Rolla!—One not accustomed to entreat, yet implores you to tell him the meaning of what he sees!—What has happened here?—for what purpose is this grave prepared?—and why do you sing that ill-omened song? (*The Priests are going, Rolla stamps on the ground.*) Stop, and speak, or dread the violence you will provoke! (*Exeunt the priests, Rolla is following them.*)

SCENE II,

DIEGO enters in great haste, and extreme agitation.
ROLLA stops on seeing him.

Rol. Ha!—Surely I recollect thee!—Wert not thou also present at my late interview with Alonzo?—Tell me then what has happened since he departed hence?—speak!—instantly speak?

Die. See, I tremble in every limb. My poor unfortunate master!—Ah, he languishes in chains?

Rol. And Cora?—Cora?

Die. Doubtless shares his fate.—Don Juan knows more, for he was present during the whole scene.

Rol. Don Juan!—I thank you for mentioning his name!—Where is he?—hasten, hasten to seek him!—Conduct him hither instantly!—I will wait here to receive him.—Begone!—the moments are precious! (*Exit Diego.*) My agony is intolerable!—I am impatient, yet dread, to know all!—I can scarcely breath for anguish!—Uncle, uncle, where are you? (*Going.*)

SCENE III.

Enter the HIGH-PRIEST.

Rol. Ha!---here he is!---Oh tell me instantly! is this true or false?

H. Priest. Though I can scarcely understand thy words, I understand those wild looks but too well!—Alas! it is true!

Rol. (*Pointing to the grave.*) And here?

H. Priest. (*With a deep sigh, and turning away his face.*) Yes!

Rol. Tremble then, ye mighty rocks!—Groan! groan! ye hills!—thou fire, burst forth in the valleys and consume the fruits of the soil!—let the plains be no longer crowned with verdure, but the whole earth appear as one vast scene of conflagration!—Rise ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breath more freely amid your conflicts,—that the voice of my agony may contend with your roarings?—that my arm may slay more rapidly than the lightning itself!

H. Priest. Rolla, for the sake of all the gods!—

Rol. No, she shall not die!—sooner shall the sacred lamp be extinguished, and the temple itself become a desert!—Believe me, uncle, she shall not die—you may tell me that the grave is already prepared—that her fate is certain!—Yes, the grave is prepared, but Rolla still lives!

H. Priest. How dreadful are your words.

Rol. Sooner shall it be Rolla's grave!---sooner shall he be stretched a corpse upon the earth!---Yet let him not even then be trusted hastily!---see that every spark of life be gone, if only one be left, it will burst into a flame, and

consume the persecutors of Cora. Oh, while this hand can wield a sword, let no one venture to touch Cora!---the blood of him who harbours such a thought, shall answer for his rashness!---the priests---the king---even thou thyself-----

H. Priest. Madman, rage on!--dare in thy phrenzy to raise thine arm against the gods!-------

Rol. Against the gods!--No, the gods are on my side, their lightning is in my hand their shield before my breast!--Short-sighted mortals!--What are the brightest, warmest rays of our god but pure effusions of that benign love which alike unfolds the rose-bud, and expands the human heart. Woe to the miserable wretch who remains insensible to its genial influence, and pining in a cold damp corner of the earth, lives the life of a senseless oyster!--Cora even excels her former self, since she has yielded to the impulse of love---and how could she fail to do so, for the gods would never leave their master-piece unfinished, and what is the heart without love, but a lamp without light, an eye without the power of vision?-----These are things, uncle, which however *you* cannot understand.

H. Priest. You do me injustice, Rolla.

Rol. Injustice!--You cannot have been yourself susceptible of the exquisite, the heavenly feeling of love, when your lips condemned Cora.

H. Priest. You are right now---it was my *lips* condemned her.

Rol. But not your heart?

H. Priest. Not my heart.

Rol. Come then to my arms---I rejoice to find that you are a man!--But why stand here so cold and inactive?---fly and save her!

H. Priest. That is impossible.

Rol. Courage, dear uncle, courage!--Your grey hairs, your mild eloquence, my sword, and the arm of God!--all these united---Yes, yes, we will save her!

H. Priest. Alas, young man, zeal blinds thee to the steep rocks which lie in our way.

Rol. I feel sufficient energy to surmount them.

H. Priest. Ancient popular opinions---the customs of whole centuries-----

Rol. Nature is older than these.

H. Priest. But not more powerful.

Rol. Mere evasion !

H. Priest. Could I, by sacrificing the few short years remaining of my life, redeem the hapless Cora's, I would instantly with firm and resolute step descend into this vault.

Rol. Babble !

H. Priest. Are these tears also babble ?

Rol. Hypocrisy !—do not talk, but act.

H. Priest. What can I do ?

Rol. (*Raising his hands towards Heaven.*) Oh Father above, do thou then interpose !—suffer not the most perfect work upon which thy rays ever shone to be destroyed !—but save her, to the confusion of these unfeeling priests !—Oh, how could I expect to find sensibility within that bosom !—the heart that beats beneath those garments never can have any feeling, except for vain and senseless customs—it dissembles towards its god, and is blood-thirsty, ~~like~~ a tyger's.

H. Priest. Oh Rolla, you know not how much you wrong me !

Rol. Carefully instructed by your fathers and mothers to tear up every flower around you—to ring the neck of every bird you can catch—your hearts are from your infancy steeled against humanity, while he who can do these things with most composure, bears in his bosom the germs of a future High-Priest.

H. Priest. This from you, Rolla ?

Rol. Belovéd and pampered self is the sole object of your attention !—Beauty is to you as a blunted arrow—and love appears an absurd romance. A shake of the head is the only tribute you can afford to the sufferings of a brother, nor does the tear of sympathy ever start into your eyes, it only quivers there by compulsion. No emotion would assail your breast, though the world itself were laid in ruins, provided you were spared and could live in ease and affluence.

H. Priest. Rolla, you torture me—you break my heart !—I must speak out and shame you.

Rol. Yes, speak !—that also you can do *sometimes*—not *always*.

H. Priest. Learn to be silent when an old man would

be heard, and if you cannot respect my age, at least respect my misfortunes. Is the station in which I am placed, my own free choice?—are not the nearest relations of the king priests by birth?—am I to blame because the caprice of chance destined me to the altar, to immolate turtle-doves, to draw omens from the entrails of lambs, and to interpret dreams?—Oh had you known me in my youth, you would have seen me full of ardour and energy,—more eager to brandish the sword, than to wield the knife of sacrifice!—Believe me, few persons in the world are placed in the situations for which they are most suited, least of all those who hold offices by descent.

Rol. (*In a cold and constrained manner.*) If I have said too much, pardon me. Overpowered as I am with rage and anguish, scarcely do I know myself.

H. Priest. Had it been equally possible to throw aside this dignity with which I am reproached, as to cast off a tight and uneasy garment, I had spurned it a thousand and a thousand times, for it has occasioned me forty years of the bitterest suffering.—Rolla, Rolla, I cannot endure the chilling frown upon thy countenance, the eye of contempt with which I am regarded!—Thou only being on whom my heart still hangs!—whose affections I still wish to attract!—listen to my tragic story—alas, too nearly resembling thine own!—My sorrows, like thine, proceeded from the heart—my sufferings arose from an ill-fated passion—I too once loved a Virgin of the Sun!

Rol. How!!!

H. Priest. By virtue of my office as High-Priest, I had at all times free access to the house of the Stars. Daily did my eyes rove about among the expanding blossoms there confined, and I was pleased with contemplating their varied charms, though this was long a mere amusement to the eye, my heart took no share in the glances I cast around me. At length I beheld Zulma as a meteor among meteors—beheld her shining in the midst of her sisters a brilliant image of the god she served. I saw her often, and each time but wished more ardently to see her again; yet I continued insensible to the danger of my situation, till accident one day led me into a strict examination of my heart, when I was terrified at the result. My conduct was instantly changed, I was no longer unrestrained in

Zulma's presence, I scarcely dared to raise my eyes to hers, and my whole frame trembled as I approached her. I was soon convinced that her heart beat responsively to mine, since, as if too sensible of my meaning, she immediately began to avoid me. I saw that the effort was painful, that love and duty were at war within her bosom, and desirous to render the conflict less severe, I determined equally to avoid her. Many months lingered on in this miserable situation, while both endured the keenest torments of hopeless passion—our cheeks grew pale—our eyes became hollow and sunk—despair reigned in every feature—till at length Zulma's weaker frame could no longer support such complicated sorrow---she was attacked with a violent illness, and lay at the point of death---while I——Rolla, you seem affected!

Rol. (Holding out his hand to him with averted eyes.) Oh, how unjust have I been!---I am ashamed!---pardon me!---and---proceed, uncle---tell me she died!

H. Priest. I hastened to her assistance---day and night I climbed the most rugged rocks, or ranged the forests, to seek medicinal herbs for her restoration. I summoned together the oldest priests in the kingdom who were celebrated for their skill in the medical science, and at length, by our unwearied exertions, the lovely Zulma was saved. She sunk in my arms overpowered with gratitude---not a word was spoken by either, we explained ourselves only by the expressive language of tears—(*He appears extremely affected.*) Oh, Rolla! I am now grown old, yet see how the recollection still shakes me.

Rol. (Clasping his hand eagerly.) Beloved, excellent uncle!

H. Priest. Stop and hear the conclusion of my story!---The flame long smothering in both our hearts, now burst out with uncontrollable wildness—the voices of reason and duty were listened to no longer---passion had gained the sole ascendancy in our bosoms---and——(*Rollu starts, and fixes his eyes on the High-Priest, who spreads out his arms towards him.*) Rolla, you are my son!

Rol. (With eager emotion.) Old man, you mock me!

H. Priest. You are indeed my son.

Rol. (Throws himself into the High-Priest's arms--- after a few moments, he breaks from him again hastily.) And my mother?——

H. Priest. She looks down upon us from above, and blesses this scene! (*Rolla stands with his arms folded, his head sunk upon his bosom, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, endeavoring to restrain his tears*) Think then, how my paternal heart has been tortured by thy bitter revilings!—Understand why I have always clung to thee with such ardent fondness—Why I have followed thee every where, and interested myself so eagerly in thy fate—The anxiety I expressed when I saw thee depart to head the armies of thy sovereign, is now solved—solved equally are the transports that overpowered me when I beheld thee return as a victor.

Rolla. (falling on his neck) Have I then ever communicated the throb of transport to any human breast?—My father!—Oh, this name is so new to my tongue!—filial feelings are so new to my heart!—How often, when at the head of the army I have knelt to receive thy priestly blessing, have I felt thy hand tremble as it was laid upon me!—Oh, why did I not guess the cause of such agitation!—Why did I not know that it was a father's blessing I knelt to receive!—My father!—my father!—why hast thou concealed thyself so long from thy son?—why didst thou not sooner communicate joy to a bosom where it has hitherto been a stranger?

H. Priest. Was it possible to trust the wildness and ardour of thy youth?

Rol. But all is not yet clear to me. Oh, unveil the sequel of your story!—Tell me—could you escape discovery.

H. Priest. What would have been impossible to another, was possible to me from my situation as High-Priest. Our hapless adventure was never known, and as soon as you were born, I sent you to the frontiers of the kingdom, among the people of Ibara, where my brother was governor. You were educated as his son, but as he died while you were still a child, his death furnished me with a pretence for removing you to Quito, that I, as a near relation, might take you under my protection. I then paid as much attention to your education myself, as was possible, without exciting suspicion. Your mother was taken from me some months before your arrival, and for

a long series of years I have dragged about a miserable existence——

Rol. Miserable !—when you had a son !—I have indeed hitherto considered my existence as miserable, because I thought myself single and solitary in the world, but never shall I complain of solitude again, now I know I have a father living——a father who loves me, whose heart will sympathise with mine. Yes, I am reconciled to the world !—It is true my father, that neither of us can be perfectly happy, yet a life supportable enough, nay, mingled with real enjoyment, I dare promise you. Hear what golden visions my fancy has formed !——Cora and Alonzo shall fly, we will accompany them, and I will conduct you to one who, for my sake, will be a friend to us all. There we will live—there pass the remainder of our days quietly, contentedly, and free from cares. And, my father, when I witness Cora's and Alonzo's caresses, and the transports they mutually experience——if sometimes pierced to the heart with the idea that Alonzo's happiness might have been mine, I cannot bear to be a spectator of the scene any longer, I will make you a signal to leave the lovers alone. Then we will retire under the shade of some neighboring tree, and you shall soothe my tortured breast, by talking to me of my mother.

H. Priest. You do not consider, my son, that flight is impossible. Cora and Alonzo are both in chains, and both vigilantly guarded, nor will many hours elapse before sentence is passed upon them by the assembled priests. Deceive not yourself with vain hopes !——Cora is irretrievably lost.

Rol. Oh, do not tell me so !——I cannot bear to hear it——She must, she must be saved.——Are you not High-Priest ? the first among her judges ?

H. Priest. What can the voice of one avail against so many ?——Against the storm of Xaira's zeal ?——We may cry to the roaring winds till we are hoarse, yet we cannot hinder them from tearing up the young trees by the roots.

Rol. You will at least have done your part——God and my sword shall achieve the rest. Think, my father, when Cora shall meet your Zulma in the regions of peace,

and tell her I am a Virgin of the Sun, condemned to death because I loved——

H. Priest. No more !——All that lies within my power shall be done. I will harangue, entreat, exert every effort the infirmities of age will permit——Alas, the hour of judgment approaches.

Rol. Oh, fail not in your word——Do all that you can for Cora, and remember that my life hangs upon hers : But should your endeavors prove vain, you shall find that in the mean time I have not been idle.

H. Priest. (*taking his hand mournfully*) May we meet again, happier than we now part. Farewell——

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

ROLLA alone. He pauses and looks after the High-Priest ; then strikes his hands on his forehead.

Oh, my father, you know not what thoughts are brooding here !—A matter of this importance must not rest upon the chance of your eloquence alone—force !—force !—that is the only effectual method of persuasion——Where can Velasquez be ?—I would fain clasp him in my arms, and endeavor to communicate to his breast, a portion of that ardour which glows in mine. Yes, I will save her !—I must save her—My mother was a Virgin of the Sun, and to rescue Cora, is a sacrifice due to her memory. Thus it is that the gods wonderfully entwine together every link in the chain of fate—Ye powers of heaven—you cannot be arraigned if Rolla should die poor in heroic deeds, since you have not withheld glorious opportunities for their performance—To give freedom to her he loves, and to present a grateful offering to his mother's memory, are objects of such grandeur, that a bosom in which they could not raise a flame, must be moulded from the eternal snow on the summits of the Cordilleras.

SCENE V.

Enter DON JUAN.

Rol. Welcome, Velasquez——I have waited for you here—I have occasion for your assistance.

Juan. In what way ?

Rol. Have you sufficient magnanimity to hazard your life for a friend ?

Juan. Most certainly, if it can be of any avail.

Rol. Then give me your hand.

Juan. Take it.

Rol. Cora and Alonzo are lost.

Juan. Alas !

Rol. We must save them.

Juan. If it be possible.

Rol. Only strike a bold stroke.

Juan. With all my heart—provided it be not a criminal one.

Rol. Criminal!—ha ! you have touched me indeed !
—Yes, I am afraid it too nearly resembles a crime !

Juan. Then seek some other assistant in the attempt.

Rol. Yet state the question thus.—Say, which is most criminal, to institute, or to abolish, an inhuman law ?

Juan. The latter is an act of virtue.

Rol. Which we will practice.

Juan. That is not in our power, it can be done by the king alone.

Rol. Let us then counsel the king.

Juan. To that I have no objection.

Rol. But with arms in our hands.

Juan. Such counsel were rebellion.

Rol. What signifies a name when good is to be effected ?

Juan. Consider how much I am indebted to Ataliba, he has received me with hospitality, has been my benefactor.

Rol. Your friend is in danger.

Juan. I will not commit a crime even to save *him*.

Rol. How, if I engage my honour, that not a hair of the king's head, or the heads of any of his servants, shall be injured,—that we will conquer by fear alone ?—You know that I was once general of the army—by that army I am still beloved, for the brave fellows have not forgotten how often they triumphed under my command, nor that when we were in the field together the lowest among them was treated as my brother. You also, Velasquez have the conduct of a valiant band. On the least signal given,

all who have born arms under my standard, will assemble round me—we will ask nothing for ourselves,—sacred shall be the throne—sacred the life and property of every individual—nothing shall be required but freedom for Cora and Alonzo.

Juan. Noble Rolla, you are blinded by love. Search your heart, you will there detect, probably for the first time in your life, evil designs.

Rol. I have no ears to listen to your morality. Virtue is but an empty name, if it has never been opposed by passion.

Juan. And then the stronger the opposition the more noble is the victory.

Rol. It may be so, yet I can feel nothing but Cora's danger,—I can hear nothing but Cora's voice crying for help!—Look, here is Cora's grave!—Icy-hearted man, behold Cora's grave!—Yet why waste time thus ineffectually?—what does Cora concern you?—Well then, (*He seizes Juan's hand in haste and agitation*) come with me, I will lead you to the pile prepared for your friend!—If at the sight of so dreadful an object your heart can suffer your head to reason?—If on that spot I cannot inspire you with rage and anguish equal to my own? then farewell—I must resign you wholly to your own apathy, and fly to my mother's grave—there, as I behold the wind waving the blades of grass, and think whose form is mouldering beneath, all your precepts will in a moment be dispersed, and my soul be armed with new resolution. Come!—away!

(*Exeunt, drawing Juan after him.*)

SCENE IV.

The Court before the Temple.

XAIRA in conversation with other PRIESTS.

Xaira. He stays a long time.

A Priest. Very long.

Another. The time is almost elapsed.

A third. 'Tis now past noon.

Xaira. What could the king want with him ?

A Priest. That the messenger knew not.

Another. He was only sent to require the High-Priest's presence in the palace before sentence should be passed on Cora.

Xaira. 'Tis very extraordinary.

A Priest.—The messenger was in great haste.

Xaira. Probably the king wished to talk with him about the sentence—perhaps to consult with him on the possibility of mitigating the punishment. Ah, my friends, I fear that this Inca is not eager in promoting the vengeance due to our offended gods. Did you not remark with what reluctance he consented to Zorai's being put in irons? with what compassion he looked upon the stranger?—nay, that even degraded his dignity, so far as to speak to him!—His father was a very different man!

A Priest. He was indeed.

Another. He never omitted attendance at any sacrifice.

A third. And trembled whenever he entered the Temple.

Xaira. Nor ever failed in showing due respect to our sacred office.

A Priest. And our near intercourse with the gods.

Xaira. He cast down his eyes with awe, where his son looks up and smiles with thoughtless levity—exacted the strictest justice, where his son would show mercy. But who is to be blamed for this?—Who, but his tutor?—the man to whom his education was entrusted!—in short, the High-Priest—I will not say more now, this is neither the place nor the time for long harangues—however, I know his principles.—Take heed!—Be on your guard!

A Priest. (*interrupting him*) He comes.

Xaira. At last.

SCENE VII.

Enter the HIGH-PRIEST.

Xaira. We have expected you impatiently.

H. Priest. I was summoned to attend the Inca.

K

Xaira. Is the subject of your interview a secret ?

H. Priest. By no means. Ataliba requires of the judges of Cora and Alonzo, that they strictly examine whether both be equally guilty, or whether the one has not seduced the other—has not thrown out improper lures to lead astray the imagination.

Xaira. Well, and supposing this should be the case—

H. Priest. Then he ordains that the seducer only shall suffer, the seduced be released.

Xaira. Do I hear rightly ?—Could the king say this ? and dares the High-Priest of the Sun repeat it after him ?

H. Priest. Why should he not ?

Xaira. “ *The transgressors of the law shall die* ”—Thus spake our God himself.

H. Priest. Did you hear the god say this ?—or was it not rather spoken by the first Inca, as the ordinance of our God ?

Xaira. 'Tis the same thing.

H. Priest. That I readily allow—The Inca is the image of God upon earth, and the interpreter of his will—but the last Inca equally so with the first. The severe laws which necessity might compel our legislator to institute among a wild and uncivilized people, may be ameliorated at the discretion of his descendants.

Xaira. (*sarcastically*) Why then not abolish them entirely ?

H. Priest. The king is strongly inclined to do so.—Yet he still thinks that the repose of his people claims an example.

Xaira. One example only ?—And on which then shall the sentence fall ?—He says that the guilty only shall die—but what earthly wisdom shall decide which is the guilty ?—Will not both assert their innocence ?—Will not each endeavour to throw the blame of seduction upon the other ?

H. Priest. 'Tis possible.

Xaira. What then is to direct our judgment ?

H. Priest. Of that hereafter.—At present, duty requires that we obey the Inca's mandate. Let Cora and Alonzo be brought hither. (*Exit one of the Priests.*)

Xaira. No, I will not violate my principle even to

gratify the Inca !—Both are guilty, and whether seducing or seduced, is to me indifferent. To his own face, I will tell the king the same—I will sound it in the ears of the people—and if Ataliba no longer trembles before the gods, he shall at least tremble before his own subjects.

H. Priest. Conscience is his law, and it ought equally to be ours. We are to judge Cora and Alonzo, but let us not forget that we ourselves are one day to be judged by a superior power. Now take your places.

SCENE VIII.

The HIGH-PRIEST stands in the centre, with XAIRA at his right hand, and the rest of the PRIESTS ranged in a semi-circle round the stage. CORA and ALONZO both in chains, are brought in on different sides—CORRA is divested of the Sun upon her breast, and the flame-coloured girale.

Cora. My Alonzo !

Alon. Oh God !—Cora in chains !

Cora. Mourn not my fate !—I shall die with you !

Alon. With your murderer.

Xaira. Silence !

H. Priest. (with mild solemnity) We, the servants of the gods, appointed to execute their holy will, are here assembled to pass judgment upon Cora, the daughter of Telasco, and Alonzo, the stranger, Oh thou, our Father above, who surveyest the whole world with one glance, diffuse thy rays into our hearts !—thou hast appointed us to decide upon the honour and shame, upon life and death !—let thy wisdom then enlighten our minds, that no partiality may bias them, that they may alike be free from weakness and revenge. (*he kneels, accompanied by all the other Priests*) We swear, oh, Sun, to judge according to thy laws communicated by Manco Capac—We swear to show mercy, if the profanation of thy temple will permit mercy to be shown—or if strict justice be required to exact strict justice ;—We swear finally, so to conduct ourselves, that should we be called into thy pre-

sence to-morrow, we may not be ashamed of rendering a faithful account of this awful hour!

All the Priests. We swear this, oh Sun! *(They rise.*

H. Priest. Cora, have you broken thy vow?

Cora. I have.

H. Priest. Do you know this young man?

Cora. He is my husband.

H. Priest. Alonzo, do you know this woman?

Alon. She is my wife.

Xaira. You are both guilty—both must die.

H. Priest. Before we pass sentence upon you, an important duty remains to be discharged. In the name of our king, I am to announce mercy to the party, who was solely the victim of seduction. Ataliba, the first born of the Sun, under whose dominion the kingdom of Quito flourishes, requires a free and candid confession, which of you was the seducer, and which the seduced?

Cora. It was I seduced him. } *(Both speaking toge-*

Alon. It was I seduced her. } *ther.*

Cora. Do not believe him, he speaks falsely.

Alon. Do not believe her, she would deceive you.

Cora. I alone am guilty.

Alon. On me must your sentence be pronounced.

Cora. Release him, he is innocent.

Alon. Shall the weakness of women be punished—No! let the man make atonement.

Cora. Oh, no!—for the love of heaven! *(The High-Priest turns away his face to conceal his emotions)*

Xaira. Silence!—Who can extract the truth, amid this confusion? Let one only speak.

H. Priest. Cora, begin!—Alonzo, do you remain silent!

Cora. The first time I saw this young man was in the Temple. I instantly employed every artifice to attract his attention. I made the longest pause where he was standing, and contrived various means to continue near him, I drew aside my veil whenever I passed him, and endeavored, by expressive glances, to excite his passions.

Alon. 'Tis false!—Her eyes were always cast downwards.

Xairo. Silence, stranger! till you are required to speak!

Cora. My advances inspired him with boldness—he sprang over the ruins of our sacred walls, yet scarcely had he done so, when, affrighted at his own rashness, he was about to retreat without seeing me. But as I was walking at a distance I espied him—I called—I made signs to him—I ought to have fled—Intercourse with him was forbidden to me—intercourse with me was forbidden to him. He stood trembling and irresolute, while I ran towards him, threw my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his. Still he was anxious to depart, but I detained him—he would not have returned, but I entreated him—he described to me the danger of my situation, but I refused to listen to him—On me, on me, pass sentence, holy judges, —I am the seducer.

Alon. Nature herself convicts you of falsehood.—Modesty is the sister of beauty—the man declares love, the woman only returns it. Who then can believe your story?—No, ye priests!—when I first saw her in the temple, I threw forbidden glances upon her, and disturbed the sweet serenity of her mind. Disregarding the laws both of God and man, with thoughtless confidence I overleaped the sacred walls, and when at sight of me she started back and would have fled, I cast myself at her feet, and holding her by her garments, forcibly detained her, to poison her mind with flattery and deceit. But why urge all this?—Ye judges, ye know the character of man, and must be assured by your own feelings, that I was the seducer. Pronounce your sentence then on me!

Cora. Recollect that he saved the Inca's life!—Spare him!—he is guiltless!

Alon. She raves!—she knows not what she says!—I alone am guilty.

Cora. Can you have a more convincing proof that I am the sole criminal, when you see me wholly unconcerned—unmoved by any emotions of repentance, while this stranger is bowed down with remorse. I glory in my guilt, and here in the presence of the gods, in the presence of all these spectators, do I embrace him as my husband! (She rushes up to Alonzo, and clasps him in her arms.)

Now observe his tremor—he breaks from me, while I would still hang about him!—Can you then doubt any longer?—'Tis I,—I only am guilty.

Alon. Cora! Cora! Think what you are doing!

Cora. Hear him, how he reproves, how he admonishes me!—Thus has he ever done, yet I would not listen to him, but regardless of his admonitions drew him with me into this abyss of misery.

Xaira. Shameless woman?—Tear her from him!

Cora. (*Returning to her former station.*) Now pronounce sentence.

Xaira. I shudder.

H. Priest. Lead her away.

Alon. (*Spreading out his arms towards Cora.*) Farewell!

Cora. We shall soon meet again.

Xaira. In the hour of death.

Cora. When a mightier power begins to spin the web of a more blest existence!

Xaira. Lead her away.

Alon. Farewell.

Cora. We part on this side of the grave with bitter tears, to meet with smiles in the realms above. *Cora and Alonzo are guarded out on different sides.*)

Xaira. Need we any farther proof?—my voice is for death!—death to both!

H. Priest. (*Addressing the assembly with a mournful voice.*) Follow me into the temple, and let us sacrifice to the gods. Meantime, weigh well in your hearts what you have seen and heard, and then as mortals, let us proceed to pass our judgment upon mortals. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The inside of the Temple of the Sun—at the back, the Image, of the Sun upon an Altar raised some Steps above the ground.

The HIGH-PRIEST, XAIRA, and several other PRIESTS, the latter of whom are occupied in the back ground in burning Incense, and preparing the Sacrifices. The HIGH-PRIEST advances to the front of the Stage with XAIRA.

High-Priest.

YET one word more, Xaira, ere by pronouncing a hasty sentence, we profane the sacred name we bear. Are we not ministers of the divine favour?

Xaira. And of the divine vengeance.

H. Priest. Vengeance!—Can we suppose that the merciful God seeks vengeance on his creatures?—No, if this principle has been encouraged to awe the vulgar, we who are initiated into the mysteries of a purer doctrine, may speak to each other without reserve.

Xaira. For what purpose?—and why at this moment?

H. Priest. Because an error committed at this moment, may bring ages of misery on both.

Xaira. My conduct proceeds from conviction.

H. Priest. That cannot be. God created man weak and sinful, a truth from which your conviction should be drawn as well as mine. This earth is imperfect, so is every thing that lives and moves in it, and will not the God who endures the tyger when he mangles the harmless lamb, look down with an eye of forbearance on a frail mortal, when he obeys the voice of nature.

Xaira. But we men slay the tyger, and we do right,—we punish the weakness of mortals, and we do right.

H. Priest. Yes, if his weakness should produce disorder in the state.

Xaira. And is not that the case with the affair in question ?

H. Priest. No !

Xaira, No ?

H. Priest. You have yourself only spoken of avenging the gods.

Xaira. And would you sanction the licentious conduct that must ensue, should indulgence be shewn in the present instance !

H. Priest. At the source of a clear stream, we do not think of the mud by which it may be contaminated in its course. I entreat you, let us be true to our vocation, let us resemble the gods whom we serve, whose rays diffuse light and heat over all !—let us acquit Cora !—It will then lie in the king's bosom to confirm or reverse our sentence—and should it be reversed, we shall at least have done our duty, in shewing a disposition to clemency, while the hapless victim will breathe her last sighs in gratitude for our intended mercy.

Xaira. What would you require of me ?—You speak as if the decision of this point rested upon me alone. Are not you High-Priest ?—do not the duties of your office demand that you lay the case before the whole assembly of the Priests, in which I have but a single voice.

H. Priest. You know well, that in representing this affair to the assembly, I am forbidden by our laws to employ any persuasions of eloquence,—what I am to say, must be expressed in the fewest and the simplest words, and I am thus precluded from the power of influencing the auditors. You, it is true, have only one voice, but you are the oldest of our order, next to me, and successor to the high-priesthood at my death. To you therefore all the young Priests look up, and will follow which way soever they shall see you inclined.

Xaira. This case may be rightly stated as to what concerns yourself ; but it is otherwise with the Inca, who has power to grant a pardon.

H. Priest. But when has this power been exercised ?—Has not the sentence of the Priests been hitherto uniformly confirmed by the Inca ?—and will Ataliba, think you, venture to deviate from the practice of his ancestors ?

Xaira. No more !——'Tis equally inconsistent with your duty to extort a sentence from me, as with mine to listen to your entreaties. (*turns away from him.*)

H. Priest. Well then, their blood be upon thee !

Xaira. (*coldly*) Yes, their blood be upon me !

H. Priest. Hither, ye Priests ! (*the Priests assemble round him*) I already read in their gloomy countenances the sentence I am to expect ! (*Aside, after a few moments pause, in which he endeavors to assume resolution, he proceeds*) You know the criminals and the crime——we wait your decision.

Xaira. What say the laws ? (*the H. Priest remains silent*) I ask you, what say the laws ?

H. Priest. (*after a conflict with himself, with a suffocated voice*) Death ! !

Xaira. (*solemnly and audibly*) The laws pronounce sentence of death upon Cora and Alonzo ;

All. Death !

H. Priest. (*after a pause, and in a tone of resolution*) I cannot give my sanction to this sentence——my opinion inclines to mercy——I feel myself a mortal liable to error. Search your bosoms, my brethren, prove well your hearts, and if they in a low and gentle voice whisper mercy,——then join with me and cry aloud mercy !——mercy !

Xaira. What say the laws ?——Death to Cora and Alonzo.

All. Death !

H. Priest. Then be it so !———Oh thou unknown God, look down upon us, observe that none of this blood stains my hands !——Bring hither the unfortunate victims of your blind zeal. (*exeunt two priests on different sides*) The rest of you lay the sword and a fresh branch of palm upon the altar. (*They do as he directs*) Now, *Xaira*, follow me to the king. (*Exit, accompanied by Xaira.*)

SCENE II.

*CORA and ALONZO are brought in on different sides—
During this and the following scene, the priests walk
backwards and forwards, and are busied about the altar.
ALONZO appears sooner than CORA.*

Alon. I am struck with awe!—'Tis true that this is but an idol's Temple, yet God is every where, even in this place, where he is adored in the image of what he himself created. And this temple I have profaned!—I am brought hither as the murderer of an artless woman—as the murderer of a venerable old man who never wronged me—as the murderer of a gallant youth, one of the destined supports of his country—as one who has disturbed the peace of a liberal nation, among whom he was received with unbounded hospitality!—Oh, earth! earth! open wide, and swallow at once this monster with all his crimes!—may no grass ever grow upon his grave!—may it never be moistened with the dew of Heaven! May no wanderer ever repose his wearied limbs upon the sods, and may they never be trodden by the innocent feet of children, in their harmless sports. (*Cora enters*) Ah, Cora, how blest did the sight of thee once make me!—how miserable does it make me now!

Cora. Alonzo, this comes not from your heart!—Have you not oft declared, that if you could not live with Cora, you would die with her?—and Cora has always thought the same respecting Alonzo. Yes, we will die together, that we may live together hereafter!

Alon. Oh, that hereafter!—'Tis the haven of rest to the virtuous, but for me—an evil conscience accompanies me to the grave.

Cora. Do not think so!—We have neither of us done wrong!—We loved each other—we could not avoid loving!—For, say, was it in the power of either to repress our mutual feelings?—Can either of us then be criminal? Chance, or perhaps our God himself, first brought us together—All is of his appointment, and I am resigned to my fate. Even man is kind to us, since he forwards our

union.—As a Virgin of the Sun, I could not have become your wife, but in death we shall be united. Resume your fortitude then, oh, Alonzo!—How often have I sprung with you over the rugged stones at the breach? Death is no more than a spring over a few rugged stones, and these once passed, we shall find love and freedom waiting to receive us on the other side.

Alon. Amiable creature!—Thy guiltless soul can look with composure both towards the past and future—
But for me—

Cora. How, if I can prove that you may more justly look with composure towards futurity, than Cora?—Your mother is far hence, and should she hear of you no more, will believe that your days are ended by shipwreck, sickness, or some common disaster, and this will console her for your loss, while her maternal fancy will see in her son nothing but what was fair and good, will frequently recur with transport to the noble actions he has performed, and form to itself a thousand charming images of what he would have achieved had his life been spared.—But I!—I have a father!—At present, indeed, in a remote province, but who will soon learn for what offence, and in what manner, his daughter died. That thought alone makes death dreadful to me!—He is so good, so venerable, and loves me so tenderly!—Were he to witness this scene, it would break his heart.

Alon. (*aside*) Oh heaven, then she knows not—

Cora. Within the last hour I fell upon my knees and prayed most fervently, that some calm and easy death might snatch my father from the world, before his daughter's fate could reach his ears. Suddenly a sweet serenity was diffused over my soul, as if the mild rays of a new sun had fallen upon me, and I hoped it was an assurance that my prayer was heard. My last remaining wish is that what I must suffer may be over quickly, lest solemn and protracted preparations should excite my rebel senses to mutiny, and shake my fortitude.

Alon. Oh, 'tis the thought of what you have already endured, and must still endure, that alone oppresses my soul.

Cora. Let not my sufferings oppress you!—believe me, I am resigned.

SCENE III.

Enter TELASCO, with ZORAI in chains.

Cora. (uttering a loud and piercing shriek) Ha! I am heard!—Behold my father's spirit!—Yet his features are full of indignation!—his countenance is terrible!—Alonzo, waken me from this dream!

Alon. Would to God it were only your father's shade!—but alas! 'tis he himself!—Oh, hour of horror!

Cora. (casting a look of awe towards Telasco) My father!

Tel. (to Zorai) Why was I brought hither at this moment?—Do not the important services I have rendered my native country, through so long a course of years, give me a just claim to some forbearance? Go and demand of the priests, if I must be compelled to stay with her—I will, meanwhile, support myself against this pillar.

Cora. (approaching him with trembling steps) My father!

Tel. (with agony) Save me, Zorai!—save me!

Zorai. (thrusting Cora away) Hence, serpent!—spare the old man at least in his last moments. (*Telasco turns away his face*)

Cora. (falling upon her knees, and clasping her hands in agony) Brother!

Zorai. I thy brother?—Alas, yes!—these chains speak too plainly that I am thy brother.

Cora. Father!

Tel. (with still averted eyes) Who calls me by that name? I do not know that voice!

Cora. Father! brother!—Oh, these are the only agonies of death: (*wringing her hands.*)

Telasco. (Turning his eyes towards Cora) Oh Zorai, my paternal feelings will not be suppressed!—It is the voice of her mother!—Cora!—Cora—I have passed through life with honour, and now you cover my grave with shame!—Away, away! nor hope to experience my compassion!—Do you deserve it?—Did I constrain you

to devote your service to the sun!—Did I not, on the contrary, frequently admonish you to consider well what you intended? Did I not represent to you, that the world afforded many pleasures of which you were then ignorant—which you would first think desirable when their enjoyment would be criminal, and when the impossibility of their attainment would render your life miserable?—Even on the very last evening before your irrevocable oath was taken—(God only knows how I assumed courage for the task)—did I not again entreat you to reflect upon these things while it was yet possible to retract?—Dark and gloomy then appeared the future to my soul, as the ocean on a cloudy day. Even you wept—you, Cora, you wept—your heart was overpowered—It was the warning voice of a guardian spirit within you, but you resisted the impulse, adhered to your enthusiastic resolution, and would think of nothing but a nearer intercourse with the gods!—Behold us now standing here—I a poor old man with my grey hairs, mourning the honour of my house destroyed forever—this youth, full of energy and love for his native country, cut off even in the prime of life, guiltless himself, yet involved in your destiny—both, both, murdered by the hand of a daughter—of a sister—and worse than murdered—hurled to the grave with shame as our companion! Oh that I should have lived to see this day!—Blest, blest, was thy mother's lot, that she died before the dawn of so fatal a morning! (*Cora, overpowered with her father's reproaches, sinks to the ground with a sigh—Telasco exclaims with an emotion of tenderness*) Zorai, support her!

Zorai. (*Raising up his sister, in which Alonzo makes an effort to assist, but is thrust back by him.*) Hence, thou murderer of innocence!—Oh that a hero should thus sink to nothing when we behold him near!—How did I reverence this man at a distance!—how admire him when I listened to the detail of his noble actions!—I felt my young heart elevated, and wished for nothing so ardently as that I were myself in his place!—Fool that I was!—His heroism was the effect of chance, not principle!—he is still but a man, and weak as the rest of mankind!—Look here, and exult at this scene, it is thy work, and

thou mayest thank these chains, that even in the midst of the temple, and in the presence of our God himself, thou art not made the victim of my vengeance.

Alonzo. Did you know how my heart is tortured!—how inexpressibly I love? you would be more compassionate to my sorrows!

Telasco. Say no more my son!—his fate is much more deplorable than ours!—we have one treasure left, which we shall carry to another world, a pure conscience—that treasure he has lost—he is poorer than ourselves.

Cora. Oh, my father do not let me die in despair!—Can you refuse me your blessing in the hour of death!—*(She falls at his feet)* I will cling round your knees, my anguish shall move you!—have pity on your kneeling daughter!—bless me, my father!—forgive me, my brother! *(Telasco and Zorai appear much affected)* See how I humble myself, how I twine myself about you—Oh, my agony is inconceivable!—Have compassion upon me, or my heart will break!

Telasco. Son! son!—let us not aggravate the bitter stroke of death—the wretched easily forgive!—Raise her up to my arms. *(Zorai raises up his sister, Telasco clasps her to his breast)* Die in peace?—I forgive thee!

Cora. *(In a faint voice)* My brother!

Telasco. Yes, yes, Zorai!—no resentment!—forgive the penitent!—call her sister!

Zorai. *(Embracing her)* Unhappy—sister?

Cora. Ye gods, I thank you!—the bitterness of death is past.

Alonzo. Your hearts are softened!—Might Alonzo venture!—Zorai, you call me a weak man. Yes, I am weak, but not a villain!—Misery soon unites the sufferers to each other—let us not die in enmity.

Telasco. Stranger I harbour no resentment against you!—Can I leave the world in a better state of mind, than in speaking pardon to those by whom I have been injured.—Have you any parents living?

Alonzo. An aged mother.

Telasco. For her sake come hither, that I may bless thee in her place *(He embraces him)*

Alonzo. From what a grievous burden is my heart relieved!—And you too Zorai! *(Offering him his hand)*

Zorai. Away! I admire my father's conduct—but I cannot follow his example.

Alonzo. Not to give peace to a dying man.

Telasco. I cannot!—Would you have me dissemble reconciliation?—You are hateful to me!—leave me!—I will endeavour to subdue this bitter feeling—and should I succeed, I will reach out my hand as our last moments approach, and you will understand my meaning.

Alonzo. Accept my thanks even for this concession.—I acknowledge that it be more than I deserve. *Cora leans against a pillar, and endeavours to recover herself)*

SCENE IV.

Enter the HIGH-PRIEST, XAIRA, and several other PRIESTS,

Xaira. The king approaches!

The Priests range themselves on the steps of the altar; CORA, TELASCO, and ZORAI, remain in the front of the stage on one side—ALONZO stands opposite to them. ATALIBA, attended by his suite, enters with slow and solemn steps, and with a countenance marked with deep anxiety: he kneels before the Image of the Sun, and remains for some time in an attitude of devotion, while a solemn silence is observed by all present. When his prayer is finished, he rises, and turns towards ALONZO, to whom he speaks hastily, and in a low voice.)

Ataliba. Save yourself, Alonzo!—Urge that you are a foreigner, and were unacquainted with our laws and customs!—urge your services to the state, to me, to the people!—urge, in short, whatever your danger may suggest!—Your judge is your friend, let it be possible for him to shew mercy without incurring the suspicion of partiality. *(Alonzo bows silently, with a countenance expressive of ardent gratitude. Ataliba turns to Telasco)* Good old man, you are free!—He who has hazarded his life a thousand times in the service of his native country, has sacrificed it already to the gods. I dare not proceed against you!

Telasco. How, Inca!—Can you be so cruel as to deprive the aged tree of its branches, and yet leave the trunk standing?

Ataliba. (To Zorai) Young man, you are also free! (*Turning to the assembly*) For it is the will of my father, that henceforward the guilty only shall suffer. (*A murmuring is heard among the Priests—Ataliba casts a look of displeasure upon them, and again addresses Zorai*) Comfort your aged father, nurse him and attend upon him as long as he lives, then come to me, as to your elder brother. (*Zorai attempts to throw himself at the king's feet, who prevents him, and turns to Cora*) For you, Cora.—I can do nothing.

Cora. Oh, you have done all I could wish!—more than I dared to hope.

Ataliba. Your offence comes immediately within the laws, and to the laws the king himself is subject. (*He ascends to the upper step of the altar, prostrates himself once more before the Image of the Sun, and then turns towards the assembly*) High-Priest, execute your office!

H. Priest. Pardon me, good Inca!—spare my age!—my infirm state of health!—my throbbing heart!—Permit Xaira on this occasion to take my place!

Ataliba. Be it as you desire!

Xaira. (Approaching him with solemnity) First born of the Sun, a virgin, devoted to the gods, has broken her sacred vow!—Cora, come forward!—A stranger who sojourns in this land is the associate of her crime!—Alonzo, come forward!—We, the priests of the incensed gods, and servants of the Temple which has been profaned, faithful to the ordinances of thy great ancestor, have sat in judgment upon their crime, and pronounced sentence upon both—This sentence is DEATH!!!

Ataliba. (After a pause, addressing Cora and Alonzo) Have you any thing to say in your defence? (*Cora and Alonzo remain silent*) I ask you, Cora, and you, Alonzo, if you have any thing to urge in your defence?

Cora. Nothing

Alon. Nothing.

Atal. How, Alonzo, have you nothing to urge in extenuation of your conduct?

Alon. Nothing.

Atal. Do not speak rashly———I give you time for recollection———Consider well,——STRANGER.

Alon. I have deserved death, and submit to it willingly.

Atal. Once more I admonish you to consider well what you are about——A few moments longer and it will be too late. Oh, ye assembled judges, know that I regard it as a sacred duty to grant this indulgence, since this man is a stranger, and could not be impressed with that sacred reverence for our faith, which the wisdom of our priests instils from their earliest infancy into the breast of every Peruvian. Unacquainted with our laws, he could not see with our eyes, could not know the magnitude of his transgression. Once more, Alonzo, you are at liberty to speak. Our gods are just, reasonable, merciful !

Alon. I have deserved death.

Atal. Is that your last word ?

Alon. My last.

Atal. (*rests his elbow upon the altar, and conceals his face in his hands for some moments, then, recovering himself, proceeds*) Priests perform your duty !

(*Two priests ascend to the altar, one on each side of the king. One takes the sword, the other the palm-branch from the altar, which, on descending again, they deliver to Xaira.*)

Xaira. (*presenting the sword to the king*) First born of the Sun, receive from my hands the symbol of justice ! (*presenting the palm branch*) First born of the Sun, receive from my hands the symbol of mercy !—The gods direct your judgment !

Atal. (*kneels*) Oh God, thou seest how my heart is racked at this awful hour !—Grant that I may never again be compelled to the performance of so mournful a duty ! Ye shades of my forefathers, hover over me !—let me be enlightened by your wisdom, and since I exact no more than justice demands, let my soul find rest in that reflection.

(*The king rises ; CORA, ALONZO, TELASCO, and ZORAI kneel, with their heads bowed down—After a few minutes struggle with himself, he raises the sword, and is about to speak.*)

SCENE V.

Enter the CHAMBERLAIN in great haste, and with a strong impression of terror upon his countenance.

Cham. Pardon, royal Inca, that I must be the messenger of evil tidings. The flame of insurrection rages among the people—they run wildly hither and thither about the streets—the troops assemble on all sides, crying, to arms! to arms!—Drums beat, trumpets sound, weapons clash, and a forest of lances are collected together.—No answer is to be obtained to a single question; all that is to be heard, is the name of Rolla, shouted by ten thousand voices. The troop belonging to the foreigner Velasquez, was drawn up in the meadow—I saw him run hastily from one soldier to another—and could plainly perceive by his gestures, that he entreated, threatened, expostulated, and employed every effort to restrain them within their duty, but all in vain, all by turns deserted to Rolla. *(The whole assembly, except the king, manifest great consternation and alarm.)*

Atal. What can this mean?—Rolla, did you say, at the head of the army?—That cannot be insurrection—Rolla's name can never be united with insurrection—this must be a mistake.—Did you see him yourself?

Cham. Only at a distance. The officers had made a little circle round him, he harangued them eagerly, and with a loud voice—his eyes flashed fire, which seemed to communicate to those about him, who frequently interrupted his harangue with impetuous shouts, then brandishing their swords and shaking their lances, they began to throng towards the temple, the whole multitude following them, while I hastened on before, to prepare you for their reception.

Atal. *(without changing countenance)* Well, all will soon be explained! *(he looks around)* I see terror portrayed on every countenance—Why are you dismayed? He who only studies to promote his people's happiness, has no reason to fear his people—in that conviction my heart finds repose. Let them come. *(A noise is heard behind the scenes)*

All present cry with confusion. They come! they are here already!

SCENE VI.

ROLLA rushes in with a drawn sword in his right hand, a javelin in his left, and a bow and a quiver at his back. He is followed by a considerable number of Officers and soldiers.

Rol. Be guided by me, my friends.

Xaira. A profanation of the Temple!

Rol. You have profaned it by a sanguinary sentence.

Xaira (to the assembled Priests) Avenge your gods!
(*A confused murmuring is heard among them*)

Atal. (to Xaira) Silence! (*He makes a motion with his hand, signifying that he is about to speak, and a general silence is observed. He then turns to Rolla and addresses him*)

Who are you?

Rol. Do you not know me?

Atal. I had once a chieftain, who much resembled you in features—his name was Rolla, and he was a noble-minded man—But who are you?

Rol. No mockery, Inca—for the love of God, no mockery—Yet you may be right—I am no longer Rolla—I no longer know myself—A storm drives me on—a rapid stream hurries me forwards—but have compassion upon me—I honour you, Inca—I love and honour you truly.

Atal. You honour me?—Once indeed I indulged in such glorious visions, I said within myself, as long as I have Rolla for a chieftain, the monarch of Cuzco may rage, may try to seduce my provinces from their obedience, yet Rolla's heroic courage is a tree, under whose shade I shall always repose in peace.

Rol. But answer me, I entreat?—Is the tree under whose shade you repose, responsible if a whirlwind come, tear it up by the roots, and throw it down upon you?

Atal. What whirlwind is tearing you?—what is it you desire?—speak, and thank your former services, that you are now indulged with the liberty of speaking. I have never sufficiently rewarded your heroic achievements—I do it now in granting this permission.

Rol. I have only a plain story to urge—let it suffice for my vindication, if you partake more of the human, than of the divine nature—I love to excess—While I was still a boy, this passion stole into my heart so sweetly, so pleasantly, so devoid of all uneasiness, that I felt de-

light in cherishing and indulging it. Love was at that time like a serenity to my soul, and remained so, till the period of youth intervened, when my passion became a raging storm, when nothing could restrain the impetuosity of my feelings. To love and be beloved, were the highest objects to which I aspired—I thought of nothing but enjoying my sweet intoxication in Cora's arms, regardless alike of honour and of the services due to my country, and to the noble race of our Incas, of which tree I am a branch. My good uncle sought to stem this torrent, or to turn it into another channel, and sent me to serve my king in battle, trusting that the fever, which burned within me, might thus in time be wholly exhausted. But vain was the hope, that in urging my steps to climb the lofty heights of honour, I might be enabled, when I had gained their summit, to look down with calmness on the passion I had left below. This passion would not be shaken off—It accompanied me up the steep, and by that alone were all my heroic actions prompted.—Yes, Inca, whatever great or good actions I have performed in your service, is to be ascribed solely to love—It was my companion in the field of battle, and in my most adventurous moments, I thought not of my king nor his throne, nor of the welfare of my country—I only thought of Cora—that I should become the object of Cora's admiration. You owe nothing to me; all to my love for that matchless woman, and that love you must this day pardon. I am past the days of youth indeed, but my heart remains the same—it retains all the impetuosity of my earlier years—I still cherish the lovely visions of childhood—my passion is become like a tree, whose root is so deeply entwined with my life, that the one cannot be plucked up without destroying the other. Oh, Inca, shew that you have the feelings of a man—extend your mercy to Cora—on my knees I entreat for her life (*he kneels*) Since she has called the forsaken Rolla, brother, he is become proud, yet he still condescends on his knees, to beg his sister's life.

Atal. (*endeavoring to conceal his emotions and preserve his dignity*) Rise.

Rol. Mercy!

Atal. Rise!—lay thy arms at my feet, dismiss thy followers, and then wait silently, and submissively, the judgment of thy king.

Rol. Mercy!—Mercy!—Uncle, Sister, aid me to entreat!—I have been so little accustomed to intreaty, that I scarcely know in what garb it should be clothed.

Atal. A petitioner in arms!—would you mock your sovereign?

Rol. (*Rising up*) Oh no!—but you require impossibilities—you expect a man in a burning fever to sleep. Can Rolla behold Cora in chains, and lay down his arms?—by Heaven that cannot be!

Ataliba. I command you to deposit them at my feet.

Rol. Pronounce her pardon Inca!—declare her absolved from her detested vow and you shall instantly be obeyed.

Atal. No conditions—your arms must instantly be resigned.

Rol. Impossible!—Come to my heart, Cora!—be my breast your shield, and let my sword hew asunder those chains!

Ataliba. Rebel, do whatever you please,—whatever the gods will permit—but know that Ataliba will not pronounce sentence till he beholds you kneeling disarmed at his feet. Never shall it be said, that you *extorted* mercy from the king. (*In a pathetic tone*) Ye people of Quito, listen to the voice of your sovereign!—I stand here at this moment, in the temple, in the presence of our God himself!—For seven years have I now reigned over you, I ask if any one can charge me with a wilful injustice?—if any can, let him speak! Has any one been dismissed from before my throne without assistance, where assistance was possible?—if any has let him speak!—I have conquered other countries, I can triumph over other kings, but that is little.—When a few years ago the anger of the gods cursed the country with unfruitfulness, I threw open the doors of my full barns, fed the hungry, and revived the sick, while many a night I lay sleepless on my own bed, because your misery oppressed my soul, and I had not power to relieve all. Ye people of Quito your present conduct is undeserved by me!—Seize that man, chain him, or I lay down my sceptre at this moment. (*A confused murmuring is heard among the crowd.*)

Rol. (*Turning to his followers*) You seize me!—you put me in chains?—which among you will do this?

—You perhaps my old companion in battle, with whom I once shared my last morsel when famine stared us in the face?—or you whose life I have saved in the field of Tumibamba?—or you, whose son I rescued from the enemy's hands, even at the moment when the lance was pointed against his breast?—Which among you will seize me?—Speak?

H. Priest. Rolla, my adopted son, how am I bowed down by this scene. Would you see me, miserable old man, that I am, prostrate at your feet?

Rolla. Forbear!—I honour you as a father, but do not spread out your hands to the stormy winds—it is in vain! (*The High-Priest is about to proceed in his entreaties, but Rolla prevents him impatiently*) Uncle, no more!—the lots are cast, and whatever may be the consequence I am resolved to save Cora.

Cora. (*Goes up to Rolla, embraces and kisses him*) Brother take this kiss from your sister, and let these tears speak my gratitude for love so ardent. Your soul is truly noble,—this day for the first time in my life, have I really known you. But one so great, so good, must be his sovereign's friend. Cora has been guilty of a crime, and would you seek to shelter her by the commission of another? Oh, what an added weight of remorse would that reflection heap upon my already overburdened conscience?—No, Rolla, do not act thus beneath yourself!—do not seek to snatch the reins from the hands of God, who assuredly directs my fate!—Suffer me to die!—I have received my father's and my brother's forgiveness, Alonzo dies with me, and I die contentedly. Our spirits shall hover around you, and will rejoice when they behold you true to your king, and devoting all your powers to the service of your country—Resolve to endure the remainder of your life without me!—it is my last request, and I know that Rolla will yield to Cora's entreaty—Then will she have performed a good action at her departure from the world, and will be indebted to her brother for that grateful reflection. Yes, Rolla, I see the clouds upon your brow dispersing, I see the tears start upon your eyes—do not repress them—give them free scope—they are no disgrace even to the eyes of a warrior.—And now, my brother, give me your sword, your javelin!—(*She takes his sword and javelin gently out of his hands, and lays them at Ata-*

liba's feet) Behold now a hero indeed!—With those tears that are trembling on his cheeks, has he washed away this trifling stain upon his fame and virtue—now Rolla, I am indeed proud of your love!—One only effort still remains, throw yourself at the feet of our good king—kneel to him, and let virtue remain sole victor!—*(She draws him gently towards Ataliba, at whose feet she throws herself.—Rolla, after a few moments struggle with himself, kneels by her—Cora addresses the king)* Sovereign of Quito, I bring you back your hero!—pardon him!—he deserves pardon! *(She rises and returns to her former station.)* Now Inca proceed to judgment! *(Rolla remains kneeling before the king)*

Tel. (embracing Cora) My daughter—for as such I may now embrace thee without shame.

Atal. Does Rolla submit to his king?

Rol. Entirely,

Ataliba. Your life is forfeited.

Rol. I acknowledge it!

Atal. You have my free pardon.

Rol. (Raising up his eyes to the king with haste and anxiety) And Cora?

Ataliba. You are pardoned.

Rolla. (Casting his eyes again to the ground.) Oh God!

Ataliba. Rise!

Rol. No, let me hear the sentence upon my knees, for in pronouncing Cora's doom you pronounce mine.

Atal. Well then! *(He takes again into his hands the sword and palm-branch, which at the beginning of the tumult he had laid upon the altar.)*

H. Priest. (Throwing himself suddenly at the king's feet) Oh Inca, pardon them!

Atal. (Raising him up with mildness) Do you also ask this, my father?—have the gods manifested their will to you?

H. Priest. Mercy, is the will of the gods!—Those rude times when your illustrious ancestor first established the worship of the sun are no more. Naked as the beasts of the forest, our race then lived under the open canopy of Heaven alone, while their women were considered like the dates upon the palm-tree, as fruit which every one might pluck according to his fancy. At that time they had no subsistence but what they could snatch precau-

ously from day to day—they were without religion, without laws, without property. Then Manco-Capac, endowed with supernatural powers, appeared among them—he built a temple of the sun, and consecrated virgins to his service, instituting the vow of chastity, because vice reigned so triumphantly throughout the kingdom, and reason was so much in its infancy, that the temple had else on the solemn days of festival become a theatre of debauchery. But a long series of years has changed a forced obedience to the laws of order, into an inward feeling of their beauty, and where this rules, compulsive institutions are no longer necessary. Therefore, Inca, I stand here in the name of the gods, and call upon you, as the benefactor of your people, to crown all your noble deeds with a sacrifice due to reason, and through her to the gods themselves. Shrink not from the trial!—be eager to do what is right, and if any thing still be wanting to your conviction, let the supplication of an old man move you!—the supplication of one by whom you were educated, who loves you as his own son, who has anxiously watched your infant slumbers, and who now asks this mercy as the recompence of all his cares! (*He takes the fillet from his head and shows his grey hairs.*) Grant this request, oh Inca, for the sake of these grey hairs, become thus silvery in your service!

Atal. Enough!—Come forward, Cora!—and you Alonzo!

H. Priest. Ye gods, direct his noble heart!

(*CORA, and ALONZO come forward trembling.*)

Telasco, (To Zorai) Support me, my son,—support me!

(*ATALIBA after a solemn pause, with his right hand strikes the sword against the ground and breaks it, then with his left presents the palm-branch to CORA.*)

Ataliba. Be the law abolished, and Cora released!

(*CORA sinks down in a swoon—ALONZO throws himself by her—ROLLA springs up and presses the king wildly to his breast.—The HIGH-PRIEST raises his hands gratefully towards Heaven—TELASCO supported by ZORAI totters towards his daughter,—The people shout repeatedly.*)

All. Long live the Inca !!

(*The curtain falls.*)

F I N I S.

THE
HAPPY FAMILY;
A DRAMA,
IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM
THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.

New-York :

PRINTED FOR C. SMITH AND S. STEPHENS.

1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WELLING, *a rich Farmer.*
MRS. WELLING, *his Wife.*
FREDERICK, }
PAULINA, } *their Children.*
ROSA, }
LEWIS, *their adopted Child.*
REHBERG, *a poor Clergyman.*
DALNER, *chief Forester.*
ERNORF, *Under-Secretary of the District.*
COUNT LOHRSTEIN.
BRAVE, *Lieutenant of Hussars.*
ZAHN, *a Courtier.*
FRANCIS, }
JACOB, } *Count Lohrstein's Servants.*

*The scene lies in a village on the borders of a German principality,
and an adjoining wood.*

THE
HAPPY FAMILY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE,

A room in Welling's house, from which are various doors to a dining-room, a study, his daughters' chambers, &c. On one side is a large closet. The furniture is strong. Taste and elegance every where prevail, unmingled with ostentation, but evidently shewing the owner of the house to be in good circumstances.—Paulina and Rosa are discovered spinning; Frederick and Lewis are engaged in making a large net. The clock strikes five.

Lew. **F**IVE o'clock.

Pau. They'll soon rise, now.

Fre. I heard my father cough.

Ros. And I saw my mother throw barley out of the window to the pigeons.

Fre. Have you all your presents ready?

Pau. Mine is in my pocket.

Ros. [*Pointing at the table.*] Mine is under that white cloth.

Fre. And mine is in the court.

Lew. [*Aside, with a sigh.*] I alone have nothing to offer.

Pau. [*To Fre.*] May one ask what it is?

Fre. [*Foefully.*] Can you keep a secret?

Pau. Oh yes.

Fre. So can I.

Pau. Well, I am not so cruel. I have woven some handkerchiefs for my mother ; and for my father—guess.

Fre. It will not be worth while.

Pau. Ha ! ha ! ha ! do you hear, Lewis ? What think you ?

Lew. He is probably right.

Pau. How modest ! But, Frederick, I'll tell you—Lewis has made some verses for me : they are so sweet and affecting—

Fre. I don't understand verses.

Lew. Paulina is so kind as to think them tolerable.

Pau. Mr. Ernorf makes verses too, but nobody can understand them.

Fre. Hark ! They are coming.

[*All rise, and stand in anxious suspense.*]

Ros. No—it was the servant below.

[*They return to their work.*]

Fre. My father and mother must be very happy to-day.

Pau. That they always are.

Fre. Yes ; but only consider, they have been married twenty-five years to-day.

Ros. And did you hear what my father said when they went to bed last night ? They had not quarrelled, during all that time, for twenty-five minutes.

Pau. He had tears in his eyes when he mentioned it.

Ros. My mother pressed his hand, too.

Fre. And looked as affectionate as a bride.

Lew. [*Sighing.*] It is a singular happiness.

Pau. They are singular people.

Ros. God bless them !

Fre. And soon send me a wife !

Pau. [*Archly.*] You have made a choice, I think ?

Fre. Perhaps I have.

Ros. The Forester's daughter ?

Fre. She is a good girl.

Lew. Brother, I wish you joy.

Pau. I wish her father may not have higher views.

Fre. Well! who knows what may happen?

Ros. Hark! Now they are coming.

[All again rise and look anxiously around.]

Enter ERNORF.

Ros. Oh no—It is Mr. Ernorf.

Pau. *[In a disappointed tone.]* Only Mr. Ernorf.

Fre. *[The same.]* Good morning to you, Mr. Ernorf. How happens it that you are abroad so early?

Ern. The Muses and Graces awoke me.

Pau. The cock awoke us by crowing.

Ern. This is Mr. Welling's wedding-day.

Ros. Do you mean that for news?

Ern. The news is to come. As Miss Paulina yesterday signified that she wished to celebrate the happy event by an ode, I have prepared one.

[Draws a paper from his pocket, and delivers it with self-satisfaction.]

Pau. I am much obliged to you, but it is too late.

Ern. Too late!

Pau. I am already provided with one.

Ern. *[Consequentially.]* I should like to know where a poet could be found within many miles, who ——

Pau. You need not go so far to find him.

Ros. *[Laughing.]* Not many steps.

Fre. Lewis—

Ern. *[With a smile of contempt and derision.]* This young man? —Ha! ha! —May one be allowed a sight of the attempt?

Pau. Here it is.

Ern. *[Muttering as he reads.]* Happy pair—knows no care—domestic joy—never cloy—very tolerable, if they had a little energy in them. I always say, that when one reads a solemn poem, the breast ought to be contracted, the breath to fail, the eye to start from the head, and every vein to swell.

Fre. Heaven forbid!

Pau. I like the poetry which inspires gentle sensibility.

Ern. Oh, that was the fashion thirty years ago, when your Yoricks used to take their sentimental trips, but in our days nothing will do but hexameters.

Fre. What are those ?

Ern. You shall hear directly. [*To Lewis.*] Don't be ashamed, young man. Rome was not built in a day. [*Coughs, and prepares to read.*]

Pau. I thank you, Mr. Ernorf, but if your verses be the best that were ever written, they can't now be of any use to me.

Ern. Oh, I beg pardon. Only listen. [*Scans.*] "Rise with | splendor a | bove the | rizon | hot sweating | Phœbus."

Fre. Who is that poor fellow ?

Ern. Pst !—"Look on thy | humble bard | and smile | from thy e | therial coach-box." |

Pau. Far too high, Mr. Ernorf.

Ern. Be patient. We shall soon descend. "Here see a | couple with | love's wrinkles | like | Phi | lemon and | Baucis." |

Lew. Love has no wrinkles.

Ern. I almost believe you mean to criticise, sir.

Lew. [*Apologizing.*] By no means. I beg pardon.

Ern. There ! You can't support the character you assume, for a critic never begs pardon. You will, therefore, do better if you employ yourself in procuring a certificate of your birth. The times are dangerous, and our prince will not harbor any—

Lew. Speak it boldly—vagrants.

Ern. Exactly.

Fre. [*Gravely.*] Enough, Mr. Ernorf.

Pau. [*Exasperated.*] Too much, I think. He, who is treated by my father as his own son, must be a good man, though he may not be able to write hexameters.

Lew. I thank you, dear Paulina.

Ern. Your father is not in office as I am. He has not such heavy duties upon him. But—I fear—

Pau. What?

Ern. That some investigation must be made.

Pau. Into what?

Ern. Into the rank, age, name, origin and employment of this young man—this votary of the muses.

Pau. Oh Lewis! It would have been better if you had suffered love to be covered with wrinkles.

Lew. He who makes use of his office to revenge a fancied insult—

Fre. Is a—

Ros. An under-secretary.

Pau. My father and mother are coming. [*All rise. The girls collect their presents.*]

Ern. [*Aside.*] How provoking! Why could they not sleep another hour?

Enter WELLING, and Mrs. WELLING.

[*They are immediately surrounded by their children, who call:*]

Good morning, dear father! Many more happy years to you, dear mother!

Wel. and Mrs. W. Thank you—thank you, good children.

Pau. Mother, I have—

Ros. Father, here is—

Fre. Stop! I am the oldest.

Pau. In filial affection age has no claim.

Ros. Look here, father.

Fre. Come to the window, father.

Pau. Read this, father.

Wel. Children, one after another. What have you there, Rosa?

Ros. A pair of gloves made by myself.

Wel. I thank you, my dear girl.

Pau. And here are some handkerchiefs for you, mother, spun and made by myself—and a poem for my father.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Wel. [*Reads it.*] The sentiments are beautifully expressed. I guess who is the author. Lewis, why do you stand in that corner?

Lew. [*Distressed.*] I have nothing to give you.

Wel. A kind word, at least, I hope—a sincere congratulation?

Lew. God sees my heart.

Wel. Come nearer, then, that I may see it too.

Lew. Oh my benefactor! How I wish you could!

Wel. I do. [*Shakes his hand.*] It is swimming in your eye.—Well, Frederick?

Fre. To the window, father.

Wel. Why? [*Goes to it.*]

Fre. Do you see what the man is leading across the court?

Wel. A handsome horse.

Fre. You don't remember it?

Wel. No.

Fre. Don't you recollect, about three years ago, that you admired our neighbor's foal?

Wel. I did, and afterwards heard that it was dead.

Fre. That was a deception, for I bought it with my pocket money, and was resolved, when it was in condition, to surprise you agreeably with the sight of it.

Wel. I thank you, my son.

Pau. Dear, good parents, give us your blessing.

Ros. Your blessing. [*The children kneel.*]

Wel. and Mrs. W. [*Bending with emotion over them.*] God bless you!

Wel. [*To Lewis, who wipes his eyes.*] You too, good Lewis!

Lew. [*Seizes his hand, and eagerly kisses it.*] Then have I again found a father?

Wel. As long as I live. [*The children rise.*]

Wel. Good morning, Mr. Ernorf. Don't take it amiss that I did not welcome you sooner. The heart has its privileges.

Ern. "See, I | come to your | hospita | ble board | con-
gratu | lating."

Wel. At which I shall be glad to see you.

Ern. I will have that pleasure. It is a family jubilee ;
and perhaps—

Fre. Father !

Ern. Perhaps, I say—

Fre. All our people are assembled in the court.

Ern. Perhaps, I say—

Fre. They want to congratulate you.

Pau. They have all made garlands and wreaths.

Wel. Come then, such wreaths are more valuable than
crowns, for affection twined them together.

[*Exeunt Wel. Mrs. Wel. Fre. Pau. and Lew.*]

Ern. Perhaps, I say — — very civil conduct indeed !

Lew. You must make some allowances for the bustle of
the day.

Ern. So it seems your fine verses are liked ?

Lew. These good people consider my good intention.

Ern. You have been at school, then, as you think your-
self capable of writing poetry ?

Lew. I seldom write poetry.

Ern. In that you are perfectly right, for your muse would
not repay the many obligations which this family—

Lew. I often remind myself of those obligations, and
should be ashamed if it were necessary for another to do it.

Ern. It certainly was a lucky circumstance for you, that
Mr. Welling should just happen to enter the inn, as the re-
cruiting party was going to take you away.

Lew. I acknowledge it.

Ern. And that he should be so generous or *weak* as to pay
forty dollars for your discharge.

Lew. You, sir, I suppose, only do this in poetry.

Ern. What do you mean by that ?

Lew. It is said that poets are, from the nature of their pro-
fession, only capable of *describing* good actions.

Ern. [*Offended.*] I am much inclined to prove the contrary this very day, by ridding the neighborhood of a conceited fellow.

Lew. In that you would be perfectly right.

Ern. And this conceited fellow is yourself. *Dixi.*

Lew. I do not regard your scornful language, for it cannot disgrace me : but I should like to know by what right—

Ern. [*Enraged.*] What ! I no right ! I, under-secretary to his serene highness, own cousin to the cabinet-president's house-keeper—joint editor of a critical journal !—

Enter PAULINA.

Pau. For Heaven's sake, what is the cause of all this noise.

Lew. [*Smiling.*] Mr. under-secretary Ernorf is just demonstrating to me that he has a right to be rude.

Pau. I think no one has that right ; especially in a stranger's house.

Ern. [*Suddenly assuming a look of friendly complacency.*] Can I consider this as a stranger's house ?

Pau. As far as I know, you may.

Ern. Not a word, then, of the confidential connection between us ?

Pau. Between us !—But yes. We stood as godfather and godmother together, about two years ago.

Ern. Oh, that is only a spiritual connection.

Pau. We will let it rest there, then.

Ern. You are joking, fair Paulina ; but when I have spoken a serious word to your parents, you will joke no more.

Pau. That I believe.

Ern. Who knows what may happen to-day ?

Pau. Oh !

Ern. This timid sigh assures me that my happiness is not far distant.

Pau. I think, Mr. Ernorf, you should have a wife, who understands hexameters better than I do.

Ern. Had I but been allowed to proceed—

Pau. We had but just left our beds—[*Yawning.*]—were we so soon again—

Ern. [*Offended.*] Miss Paulina is very witty and sarcastic. The melodious lines of this Arcadian swain probably pleased her better.

Pau. Most certainly they did.

Ern. But they will probably be the last which he will make in this country.

Pau. Well, we can live without verses.

Ern. And without the poet, for he will to-morrow be cited to appear, and if he cannot produce the necessary credentials, will be transported beyond the confines. *Dixi.*

[*Exit.*

Pau. He threatens.

Lew. To give satisfaction to his vanity.

Pau. But he may involve you in difficulties. It would be better to declare who you are.

Lew. Does Paulina wish to know it?

Pau. It makes no difference to me. I know you are a good man.

Lew. Is not that the best title?

Pau. In our house it is.

Lew. Your house is my world.

Pau. But should my father be compelled to send you away?

Lew. Then I'll go.

Pau. And will you distress us thus by obstinacy?

Lew. You wrong me.

Pau. We are all so fond of you.

Lew. Paulina too?

Pau. I am indeed, and was before you drew the poor child out of the pond, and—

Lew. I shall then take your good wishes with me into banishment.

Pau. Rather stay and be happy with us.

Lew. That I am.

Pau. Yet sometimes you seem to forget yourself, and your eyes are full of tears.

Lew. I do not complain.

Pau. So much the worse, for, if you did, one might relieve you.

Lew. Alas, no.

Pau. But at least console you.

Lew. No.

Pau. Have you then no hope on earth?

Lew. None.

Pau. [*Seriously.*] Lewis—you have not committed any crime?

Lew. [*Lays his hand on his breast.*] That have I not.

Pau. None but the guilty can be quite devoid of hope.

Lew. That is a pious falshood.

Pau. A good man every where inspires confidence.

Lew. I have found it.

Pau. And friendship—

Lew. Sustains my life.

Pau. [*With timid uncertainty.*] And love—

Lew. Alas! love I must renounce.

Pau. Why?

Lew. Poor, without a name—

Pau. Who falls in love with names?

Lew. Without parents, without—

Pau. Any more?

Lew. Perhaps I have too long remained in a house, where captivating innocence, united with sisterly affection have deceived my heart with lovely visions—where the danger of appearing ungrateful increases every hour, and the pleasure of daily beholding Paulina may at last rob me of my only treasure—a good conscience. [*Exit hastily.*]

Pau. What does he mean?—Is it a sin to love me?—When there was a great fire in our village, and he carried the old man on his back through the flames, did not my father himself allow him to call me sister? “Love him as

your brother," he said to us all, "for he deserves it." I have loved him as my brother, and what is the consequence? Mysterious man!

Enter FREDERICK hastily.

Fre. Away, sister!

Pau. Why?

Fre. My father and mother are coming.

Pau. Why should I run away from them?

Fre. I have been talking to my mother, about my dear Louisa, and she is going to mention it to my father.

Pau. I wish you success, brother.

Fre. And Mr. Dalner will soon be here too.

Pau. Hark! They are coming.

Fre. Go, then, and tell Rosa not to disturb them, while I run to the dove-cot, and watch when Mr. Dalner comes.

[Runs away.]

Pau. Now will he be so violent that he'll spoil a nest or two. The poor pigeons! *[Sighing.]* Poor Paulina!

[Exit into her room.]

Enter WELLING and Mrs. WELLING, arm in arm.

Mrs. W. I hope you approve of my having sent to invite my poor relations.

Wel. Approve! I do indeed, and am angry with myself that it did not occur to me.

Mrs. W. The good people come so seldom, and are so reserved on account of their poverty.

Wel. For that reason we must give them a more hearty welcome, that they may not reckon us among the creatures, who find delight in ostentatiously exhibiting their wealth to poor relations, and making every morsel nauseous by humiliating arrogance.

Mrs. W. I may place my old uncle at the top of the table—may I not?

Wel. Certainly.

Mrs. W. Mr. Dalner won't be offended?

Wel. Not he—nor Rehberg.

Mrs. W. Oh, I am not afraid of his being so; for he had rather himself belong to the family.

Wel. How so?

Mrs. W. Have not you perceived that he is fond of Rosa?

Wel. The mother is always quicker in discoveries of this kind than the father, but I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. W. Yet I don't altogether like it.

Wel. Why not? Rehberg is a worthy young man.

Mrs. W. The world says a great deal against him.

Wel. Scandal.

Mrs. W. It is said that he does not strictly conform to the orthodox belief.

Wel. His conduct is upright, and I have often before remarked, that calumny does not attack a man's *opinions* till his *conduct* is found to be irreproachable.

Mrs. W. His intercourse with the Secretary's daughters appears to many of a suspicious nature.

Wel. Because many feel what many would do in Rehberg's situation.

Mrs. W. It is said, too, that he squanders his small fortune away at cards, when at the Secretary's house.

Wel. Ann, you know I hate that term, "It is said," when an honest man's character is concerned. Is he in debt?

Mrs. W. Not exactly that, but he had a good library, which he lately sold for a trifle to an antiquarian, who was passing through the place.

Wel. What is that to us?

Mrs. W. I am sorry for it. The school-master says that when the man took the books away, Rehberg looked out of the window after him, and tears stood in his eyes.

Wel. Pshaw! If you will give the school-master a pint of beer, and his wife a cup of coffee, you may hear a hundred such stories. I cannot bear that any one's good name should be destroyed to afford conversation at a tea-table, that the gosling should catch it from the goose, and learn to hiss at every one, who is quietly passing by.

Mrs. W. [*Surveying him calmly and affectionately.*] I know this censure was not intended for me.

Wel. [*Gives her his hand.*] Heaven forbid ! You are a good woman, and I dare be sworn you will receive Rehberg kindly.

Mrs. W. That I will.

Wel. I would willingly see none but smiling countenances to-day.

Mrs. W. Then I fear Frederick must not come to table.

Wel. Why not ?

Mrs. W. He has something on his mind.

Wel. Nothing wrong, I hope ?

Mrs. W. Oh no—he thinks of marrying.

Wel. If his choice be proper—

Mrs. W. It is.

Wel. And the girl likes him—

Mrs. W. She does—but her rank is rather above his—Dalner's daughter.

Wel. H-m—with all my heart—if the father will give his consent.

Mrs. W. There lies the difficulty. He shook his head.

Wel. He is a sensible man, and my friend.

Mrs. W. He is coming hither to converse with you on the subject.

Wel. I am glad of it. Such men as he and I shall soon understand each other.

Mrs. W. May I give Frederick any encouragement ? I see the poor fellow's stationed at the door.

Wel. [*Turns round.*] Frederick, what are you doing there ? Do you avoid your father ?

Enter FREDERICK fearfully.

Fre. Father, Mr. Dalner will be here directly.

Wel. Are you afraid of him ?

Fre. I don't know. I am not timorous in general ; but for several weeks I have felt all day, as if there was a storm in the air, and all night as if a fire would break out in the village.

Wel. [*Smiling.*] Yes, yes.—But are you thoroughly convinced that you will be happy with the girl?

Fre. [*Strikes his breast with both hands.*] I am indeed.

Wel. As happy as your parents?

Fre. We love each other as sincerely as they do.

Wel. We are not speaking of days but years.

Fre. So will I by God's assistance, speak to my son in five and twenty years.

Wel. 'Tis well. Go with your mother, while I speak to Dalner.

Fre. [*Kisses his hand in great emotion.*] Father—yes, father—you must speak—for I—I can't speak.

[*Exeunt Mrs. W. and Frederick.*]

Wel. [*Alone.*] Yes. From my heart I wish to bind him to his present rank in life for ever. A good wife will complete what habit and education have founded.—Then I shall die in peace, and he may pry into the secrets of yon closet. What he finds there will not cause him a sleepless night.

Enter DALNER.

Dal. Joy be with you neighbor! Your hand! [*Shakes it.*] Understood?

Wel. It is the congratulation of an honest man.

Dal. Right, by my soul. It comes from the heart. I walked hither, and stumbled so often that I nearly broke my neck two or three times, for I was calling to mind those happy days, when my Maria was alive, and we so often used to spend our Sundays together like good neighbors—

Wel. Talking of peace and war—

Dal. While our wives talked of pies and puddings—

Wel. And our children were playing round us.

Dal. Then we used to wander to the tall oak. Neighbor, when I passed that oak to-day, I felt an odd sensation. I could see the church-yard from it—Understood? The trees which I planted there—you know where—are grown large and handsome. I saw them peering above the wall, and my eyes—Understood?

Wel. You would have been married almost as long as myself.

Dal. True.—When I espied your house, I was well again. In the house, thought I, of a man, whom I have known for twenty-seven years. I have two things on which I can still rely—my gun and my friend Welling.

Wel. [*Kindly offers his hand.*] Your sincere friend, Welling.

Dal. Well, we may perhaps be united still closer, if we do as two young people seem to wish. Understood?

Wel. Almost.

Dal. Your son has taken a liking to my daughter, and she by no means seems cruel.

Wel. So much the better.

Dal. Perhaps it may be so, but allow me, neighbor, to ask what your intentions are respecting the young man.

Wel. He is my only son, and my heir.

Dal. What do you mean to make of him.

Wel. A countryman, like his father.

Dal. To that I have no objection. Heaven bless all honest countrymen! They are the trees, and all other people the caterpillars, who feast upon their leaves.

Wel. 'Tis well. If such be your sentiments—

Dal. Such are *my* sentiments, but I have still to ask another question. Were we not old friends I should be ashamed of doing it—but you know me. You know I never was tormented by that demon—*pride*. We have lived on the terms of brothers. I have never asked where you came from, who you are, and so forth.

Wel. I have often felt the obligation you conferred upon me by this silence.

Dal. Nor should I have ever said a word on that subject, had not this affair of the children—understand me properly, neighbor—not that I have any scruples. No. An honest man is a nobleman. But I have two brothers who are as proud as Lucifer. They are both rich, and my daughter

• will inherit their property—*nota bene*, if she marries with their consent.

Wel. Poor Frederick !

Dal. Why so ? You are rich and that goes a great way. But *one* stone lies in the way—your origin. [*With sincere good humor.*] Don't be offended.

Wel. By no means.

Dal. People are fond of talking, and some account of you has reached the ears of my brothers. When you arrived here twenty-seven years ago, and your late father-in-law farmer Wiedeman treated you so kindly, it was said you were a foundling, and when the magistracy insisted on your producing a certificate of your birth—

Wel. I appealed to the Prince in person.

Dal. Very true. And as the secretary here dropped the subject, nay was afterwards seen to take off his hat as he passed you, it was rumored that he had received orders from court not to molest you.

Wel. He probably had.

Dal. The wise folks then maintained, that you were certainly the natural son of some distinguished personage.—Understood ?

Wel. Perfectly.

Dal. One of my brothers was then tutor to the pages at court, and stated that your audience with the Prince exceeded an hour.

Wel. It did.

Dal. The world, therefore, not knowing what to make of the matter—

Wel. Made something bad of it. That is natural.

Dal. But you see if I could retain the family property for my daughter—but without a mean action—Understood ?

Wel. Certainly, you would be glad to do it.

Dal. You would therefore oblige me, if you would entrust me with a few particulars of your descent.

Wel. My dear friend, I will do it with pleasure, for I am sure you will not make a bad use of my confidence. The time too, when this discovery might be attended with danger is past, for my enemies have forgotten me.—I am, by birth, a nobleman—

Dal. A nobleman!

Wel. The last branch of the old house of Wellingrode. I was fortunate enough in my youth to become the favorite of a Prince, and unfortunate enough to have none but honest intentions towards him.

Dal. I understand. You wanted to introduce truth at court.

Wel. The intrigues of an ambitious woman (who wished to raise her husband to the rank of prime-minister in order to govern through him) hurled me from my eminence. I was accused of treason, my property was confiscated and bestowed upon the new favorite. I escaped imprisonment by flight. How I was pursued and what I endured I will relate at another time. At present I will merely confine myself to the lucky turn of my fortunes.

Dal. Right—how you were metamorphosed from a nobleman into a peasant?

Wel. My late father-in-law had rented a farm on my mother's estate, and I had always heard him mentioned as an upright man.

Dal. He was one.

Wel. No longer knowing where I could be secure from the spies of my victorious rival, I suddenly remembered this old faithful servant. I clothed myself as a peasant, cut my hair, and on a summer's evening arrived at the house of Hans Wiedeman.

Dal. I'll bet a wager you were received with open arms.

Wel. Gently rest the ashes of that worthy man!—At first I merely meant to stay with him till the storm was blown over, and I forgotten. That I might not, in the mean time, be without employment, I began to cultivate a part of the

garden. My Ann was then but fourteen years of age, and assisted me.

Dal. Yes, yes—I understand.

Wel. You are mistaken. Much as I admired her, I little thought that we should celebrate a day like this. But the garden soon became too confined for me, and I began to accompany good Wiedeman to the field. I acquired a love of agriculture. I daily felt fresh air and industry enliven both my body and the mind. I was healthier than before, and I was happier than before.

Dal. I can easily conceive it.

Wel. One evening, as I was walking alone across the meadows, the idea suddenly struck me—Oh I could shew you the very spot—to forget the distressing vision of my younger days, to renounce the airy phantoms of ambition, and become a quiet peasant.

Dal. What thought honest old Wiedeman to this?

Wel. He shook his head.

Dal. I should have done so, too.

Wel. He thought my intention a mere whim, and that, when the times altered, I should repent my resolution. In vain did I represent to him that he was old, that he wanted a hale son-in-law—

Dal. He shook his head again, I suppose?

Wel. He smiled, wished to convince me I was wrong, and when he found his arguments were ineffectual, he said he would try my resolution for two years. Finding, after the expiration of them, that I thought no more of court, and that his daughter sincerely loved me, he said: “God bless you!”—and God has blessed us.

Dal. H-m! — — Do your children know—

Wel. No.

Dal. But your wife—?

Wel. Nor she. Her father carried the secret with him to the grave. She is happy in her present situation.

Dal. Well, I will say no more to my brothers than is absolutely necessary—Understood? But—

Wel. Another But!

Dal. You injure your son by this connexion.

Wel. How so?

Dal. My daughter has no ancestors.

Wel. And my son is a farmer.

Dal. Well, then—if you be so inclined—

Wel. I am from my heart.

Dal. Let me embrace you, then.—I may call you, as hitherto *friend and neighbor?*

Wel. Most certainly.

Dal. If my good Maria had lived to see this day—or if those above know what passes here below—Understood?

Enter Mrs. WELLING and FREDERICK.

Mrs. W. I can restrain him no longer.

Fre. [*With eager anxiety.*] Well, Father! You look kind—so does Mr. Dalner.

Dal. We are agreed.

Fre. Huzza!

[*Running away.*]

Wel. Frederick, where are you going?

Fre. To Louisa.

Wel. Hold! Has your mother consented?

Dal. If you have no objection—

Mrs. W. Objection! It makes me shed tears of joy.

Fre. Now I may—

[*Is again going.*]

Dal. Stop! Such intelligence as this ought to be conveyed by the father.

Fre. But I may go with you.

Dal. Go you may, but instead of *going* you'll *run*, and I am not in a hurry to provoke the asthma. No, be patient till evening—then I'll bring my daughter hither. Till then, good bye, neighbors.

[*Exit.*]

Fre. [*Following him.*] Afternoon, instead of evening. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. W. He is in love indeed!

Wel. He will be so.

Mrs. W. He is so.

Wcl. Impossible, for real love never exists till after marriage. The passion of the youth is only smoke—but the husband's affection is the pure flame, with which he is warmed even in old age.

Mrs. W. As is our case.

Wcl. Yes, good Ann, as is our case. In spite of all our Frederick's warmth, I dare be sworn that I shall be, when sixty years of age, still more in love than he.

Mrs. W. [*Smiling.*] You in love! With whom?

Wcl. Can you ask? [*Affectionately giving his hand.*] With you, who have for a quarter of a century been my faithful companion—with you, who have so cheerfully, so excellently adhered to the duties of a wife and mother.

Mrs. W. I have but done my duty.

Wcl. And always did it cheerfully.

Mrs. W. God has rewarded me.

Wcl. God bless you! Come into my arms!

Mrs. W. Good William!

[*Wcl. presses her with emotion in his arms.*]

The curtain falls.

End of the First Act.

ACT THE SECOND.

Enter Ernors, in full dress. His pockets are full of papers. He surveys himself in the glass, and arranges his cravat.

Ern. Now she may decide. If she likes the under-secretary, the man of business—[*Laying his hand on his right coat-*

pocket.] here he is. If she likes the poet, the author—[*Pointing to his left coat-pocket.*] here he is. The right pocket will suit the father and mother—the left the daughters—both will, I think, overpower the Arcadian shepherd, Mr. Lewis.—To-day will I bestow this hand, which has written so many a folio—so many a quarto, on — — Paulina or Rosa? Immaterial.—

Enter FREDERICK *and* REHBERG.

Fre. Come in, sir—we are all happy.

Reh. It is your father's wedding-day.

Fre. Oh yes, but other weddings will soon take place.

Ern. [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, no doubt.

Fre. You shall perform the ceremony—

Reh. For whom?

Fre. [*Jocosely.*] Guess.

Reh. Perhaps Miss Paulina.

Ern. [*Aside.*] Perhaps.

Fre. You are wrong.

Reh. [*In great agitation.*] Or perhaps Miss Rosa?

Ern. [*Aside.*] Perhaps.

Fre. Wrong again.

Reh. [*Recovering.*] Then I know nobody—

Fre. How! Am I nobody?

Reh. You yourself, dear Frederick?

Fre. Yes, I myself, and somebody else too—Louisa Dalner—eh?—What say you now?

Reh. I am really glad to hear it, and as all the family is so happy, I cannot suppose that Miss Rosa will attend to her harpsichord to-day.

Fre. I don't know, but I'll call her. [*Exit.*

Reh. Happy man!

Ern. Under the rose, Mr. Rehberg, you will, ere long, have to read the marriage-ceremony for one of his sisters.

Reh. Which?

Ern. That is not yet determined. Cupid gropes in the dark, as at the rape of the Sabines.

Reh. Perhaps you yourself are Cupid.

Ern. [*With self-satisfaction.*] At your service.

Reh. You are about to marry, then?

Ern. Prosaically answered: Yes.

Reh. Marry without affection!

Ern. Who said that? I love—I burn!

Reh. Yet you said you had not made a choice.

Ern. My heart certainly inclines rather towards Paulina—

Reh. Obey the impulse, I beseech you.

Ern. But she wants taste. Her sister is, I think, in many respects superior—and she has so poetical a name—*Rosa!*

Reh. — — You have spoken to Mr. Welling, I presume?

Ern. Not yet. He is a good honest kind of man.—But—
[*Looking at his watch.*] it grows late, and I must attend to the duties of my office. [*Exit.*

Reh. This fellow is a silly coxcomb—but can I, for that reason, feel at ease? He is rich, and oh, how many fools, how many villains have I known, who have obtained the most amiable wives, because they were rich! I have hitherto been silent, but my intentions are upright—why, therefore, should I be ashamed of declaring them?

Enter ROSA.

Ros. Good morning, Mr. Rehberg, I was almost afraid you would come.

Reh. Afraid!

Ros. Because I have been idle. Look, only, what a quantity of dust there is upon the harpsichord.

Reh. That is indeed unusual.

Ros. I have been making a present for my father and mother, on their wedding-day—

Reh. You have, then, certainly been far better employed than in attending to music.

Ros. Yet I have often been singing; for when I am alone I always sing—and you know my favorite words:

“ Why, fate, dost thou thine ear thus shut,

“ And why my supplications mock?—

Reh.

" AH I require is but a hut,
" And friend, and little humble flock.

Ros.

" Blest with such gifts, I still should know
" Peace and contentment felt by few—

Reh.

" Yet how much more my breast would glow,
" If I might share those joys with you."

Ros. You repeat the last lines as if you were the author of them.

Reh. How if I were ?

Ros. [*Jocously.*] Why, then I would ask who it is for whom your breast would glow ?

Reh. And I would answer, a cheerful, good, pretty girl.

Ros. Do I know her ?

Reh. Perhaps you do.

Ros. She must live in our village, then, for I have scarcely been half a mile from it.

Reh. Will you say a good word for me ?

Ros. Why don't you speak to her yourself ?

Reh. I am afraid of displeasing her.

Ros. Well, that is odd. Mr. Ernorf, whom nobody likes, torments every girl in the village with his nonsense, and you, whom we all like—

Reh. Mr. Ernorf is rich—I am poor.

Ros. But a good man without a dollar is preferable to him and all his riches.

Reh. Poverty is oppressive.—

Ros. Without affection it is.

Reh. Are you in earnest, dear Rosa ? Would a good man's poverty not deter you from marrying him ?

Ros. If I liked him, certainly not.

Reh. You are accustomed to affluence.

Ros. There you are mistaken. My father is, to be sure, reckoned rich—

Reh. He certainly is rich.

Ros. Then he has acted very properly in not letting us discover it. We are as industrious and economical as any peasant's family in the village.

Reh. What you say makes me truly happy.

Ros. Indeed! Why so?

Reh. Because it seems not so difficult to gain your affections as I supposed.

Ros. Does any one wish to gain them?

Reh. [After a pause.]

"Blest with such gifts I still should know

"Peace and contentment felt by few,

"Yet how much more my breast would glow,

"Might I but share the joys with you."

Ros. [Confused.] What do you mean—am I the You?

Reh. Ask your heart.

Ros. My heart is a flatterer.

Reh. Will you share my fate?

Ros. Does that depend on me?

Reh. Will you make me happy?

Ros. Can I?

Reh. A poor mother is my only property.

Ros. I should then have two good mothers.

Reh. I live in a small hut.

Ros. Content is not a friend of palaces.

Reh. I live on scanty fare.

Ros. And are healthy with it.

Reh. May I speak to your father?

Ros. [With downcast eyes.] My mother must know it, too.

Reh. And if they both consent—

Ros. I must obey.

Reh. Must!

Ros. I will most cheerfully.

Reh. Thanks, good Rosa, you shall not repent it.

Ros. [Much confused.] Shall we go to the harpsichord?

Reh. You would learn nothing of me to-day.

Ros. I'll fetch my notes. [*Runs away to conceal her confusion.*]

Reh. Sweet lovely being! What a friendly look will every thing assume, when you come to inhabit my hut? The coughing old servant will no longer awake me, but Rosa's simple song.—And my mother—my good mother!—On her too I shall bestow comfort in her latter days.—Oh God! bend the hearts of the parents, that when they find I am honest, they may not ask whether I am rich.

Enter WELLING.

Wel. Welcome, Mr. Rehberg. I thank you for your well-meant congratulation.

Reh. It is indeed well-meant, though you have not allowed me time to offer it.

Wel. Sincerity is sparing in words. I hope, therefore, you will be silent, and celebrate this happy day by drinking a glass of wine with me.

Reh. With great pleasure.

Wel. You must play us a good tune—Rosa shall sing, and we will join in chorus. We will pass the bottle round to the health of every honest man, with a wish that after days of toil he may enjoy such happiness as ours.

Reh. Alas, Mr. Welling! Such happiness is seldom found.

Wel. True, and most seldom among those who are bred to a profession. You waste your best years in study, and are often at last obliged to be satisfied with a single dish upon your table.

Reh. But the professional man can also feel the charms of love, and sometimes find a girl, who is willing to share his poverty.

Wel. Oh yes, but the girl is, with your permission, a very silly one.

Reh. [*Starts.*] Such sentiments astonish me from your lips.

Wel. Love is a pretty flower, but it must grow in the shade of a fruitful tree.

Reh. You think, then, that riches only can make the married state happy.

Wel. Heaven forbid that I should have such an idea! There is a pleasant easy track, between the high-road of wealth and the thorny path of penury. I only mean that a man who marries with no other prospect than care and poverty is either very unwise—or very much in love.

Reh. [*Aside.*] Oh misery! [*Aloud.*] You would, therefore, not bestow your daughters upon any but men of tolerable means?

Wel. I think, at least, that no man of honor would wish to be supported entirely by his wife's means.

Reh. [*Checking his sensibility.*] Such a declaration would silence any one.

Enter ERNORF and Mrs. WELLING.

Ern. Have I at last found you, worthy Mr. Welling.

Mrs. W. Mr. Ernorf wishes to have some conversation with you.

Ern. Wishes to unburden his over-loaded heart.

Wel. How happens it that your heart is over-loaded?

Ern. Through the sly manœuvres of the little god, who tames the lion—through a wanton frolic of the little urchin, who put into the hands of Hercules the distaff of fair Deianira.

Wel. Mr. Ernorf, your mode of explaining is original, but unintelligible.

Reh. I will assist him, sir. He is in love.

Wel. With one of my daughters?

Reh. [*Laughing.*] With both.

Mrs. W. [*Shaking her head.*] With both?

Ern. Yes. This is a privilege which belongs exclusively to us poets. We may be in love with two or three women at the same time.

Wel. And you wish to marry both?

Ern. My wishes are more limited. If either of the ladies—

Reh. My presence may be unpleasant. Allow me to withdraw.

Wel. For what reason?

Reh. [*With a degree of sensibility but without asperity.*] To make room for a man of property. [*Exit.*]

Wel. [*Aside.*] So, so!—Understood, as my friend Dalner would say.

Ern. [*Calling after him.*] Stay! Stay! We shall want a black coat at the wedding.

Wel. Are matters advanced so far?

Ern. They very soon will be. In the first place it is proper that I should ascertain my pedigree. [*Presents a large scroll.*] Here is the testimonial of my matriculations at the university. Here his highness's appointment of me to my present office.

Wel. We read that in the newspapers.

Ern. Here are some bonds, and—

Wel. Enough, enough, Mr. Ernorf!

Ern. Yes, enough indeed. I flatter myself there are few sons-in-law, who could produce so much.

Wel. The choice of my daughters depends upon their hearts.

Mrs. W. Is it to Paulina or to Rosa that your intentions are directed?

Ern. That I leave entirely to the decision of the lovely creatures, themselves.

Enter PAULINA and ROSA.

Wel. 'Tis well. Here come the lovely creatures. Talk to them, yourself; for if I know their dispositions, I may quietly remain a silent spectator.

Mrs. W. Children, Mr. Ernorf wishes to marry one of you.

Pau. and Ros. [*Make low curtsies.*] He does us great honor.
[*Ernorf returns their compliments by two low bows.*]

Wel. He thinks you both so amiable, that he finds it impossible to make a choice.

Pau. and Ros. [*As above.*] He does us great honor.

Mrs. W. And leaves you, therefore, to decide.

Ros. My sister is the oldest, and has a right to the preference.

Pau. But Rosa excels me in accomplishments.

Ros. Such modesty deserves to be rewarded.

Pau. It is only your modesty, which makes you not feel superior to me.

Ern. Ha ! ha ! ha ! What a noble contest !—I perceive I must advance to the aid of their reserve.—[*Solemnly.*] Accept, beautiful Paulina, a heart, which—

Pau. I beg your pardon, Mr. Ernorf, but I accept no present, which I cannot return.

Ern. [*Somewhat confused, but suppressing his mortification.*] Indeed !—Well then, do accept it, fair Rosa—

Ros. Indeed, Mr. Ernorf, I cannot.

Ern. What !—How !—Both !—How am I to understand this ?

Mrs. W. My daughters are grateful for the honor you wish to confer upon them.

Pau. and *Ros.* [*Curtysying.*] Yes, we are grateful for the honor.

Mrs. W. But do not as yet feel inclined to marry.

Ern. [*Whose mortification begins to appear, and soon after increases to rage.*] Such may be your opinion, Mrs. Welling, but you are much mistaken. The ladies had rather be married to-day than to-morrow—yes, rather to-day than to-morrow, I say.

Pau. How do you know that ?

Ern. The girls are in love—yes, they are in love, I say.

Ros. You seem to be an interpreter of hearts.

Ern. And a certain stripling in this house, a shallow poetaster is a conqueror of hearts.

Wcl. [*Seriously.*] What do you mean, sir ?

Ern. A fellow, of whom we know no more than we do of the wind, where he comes from, or is going to ?

Wcl. [*Emphatically.*] Mr. Ernorf, I request an explanation.

Ern. You shall have it. I came here to make an explanation. The dapper spark, Lewis, whose release you thought

proper to buy of a recruiting party, has in return enlisted your daughters.

Mrs. W. Mr. Ernorf, my daughters are virtuous women.

Ern. Virtuous they may be; but they are in love. The whole village, the whole neighborhood, the whole country talks of it. They are in love with a vagrant, who will be cited to appear before the magistracy, to-morrow, and be sent over the boundaries next day.

Wel. Sir, can you prove your accusation?

Ern. Pshaw! The world seldom requires proofs. The worse any thing appears to be, the readier it is believed.

Wel. Alas! True.

Ern. I, therefore, advise you as a friend, Mr. Welling, and I advise you, Mrs. Welling, to keep a watchful eye upon these two love-sick damsels, and as to the gentle rhymer—to-morrow before the magistracy!—*Exit.* [Exit.]

[Paulina and Rosa burst into a fit of laughter.]

Wel. I am not pleased at seeing you laugh.

Pau. Dear father, he is only a fool.

Wel. How often have I told you that fools do more mischief in the world than villains! A villain is generally possessed of sense, and does not deal in defamation, unless he can thereby attain some end, but a fool is continually prating. I, therefore, merely go out of a rascal's road, but I conceal myself from a blockhead. As to what Ernorf said, it cannot be his own invention.

Pau. It is indeed. The whole secret is, that Lewis writes better poetry than he does.

Wel. Perhaps I have too much relied upon the idea that fraternal intercourse is seldom dangerous to the heart. Perhaps the young man has really made some impression upon you. [Surveys them attentively.] How!—Silent!—Have your parents lost your confidence?

Ros. Oh no!—I really like Lewis very much—but I don't love him.

Wel. And Paulina?—You cast down your eyes.

Pau. [*Stammering.*] I own, father—that I think Lewis—the most amiable man I ever saw.

Wel. You mean, in other words—

Pau. I can't express it by words; but I feel that if I were allowed to love him—[*With a sigh.*] I should love him most ardently.

Wel. How long have you known this sensation?

Pau. I almost feel as if I had been born with it.

Wel. Did he himself endeavor to gain your affections?

Pau. Never. You know how reserved and bashful he is.

Mrs. W. So much the more dangerous is he to a woman's heart.

Pau. [*Sighing.*] True, dear mother.

Ros. [*The same.*] Yes, true indeed.

Wel. Do you believe your affection is returned?

Pau. I do.

Mrs. W. Perhaps because you wish it?

Pau. Perhaps.

Wel. I see but two modes of settling this. Lewis must either marry you, or leave the house.

Pau. [*Fearfully.*] Which shall you embrace?

Wel. Let us hear your mother's opinion.

Mrs. W. Well—Lewis is a good young man—

Wel. But poor.

Mrs. W. So were you, my dear William.

Wel. We don't know who he is.

Mrs. W. Nor did we know who you were.

Wel. Yes, yes. Your father knew it.

Mrs. W. I don't know it to this very hour.

Pau. Oh! If I were in twenty-five years to know Lewis as well as you know my father—

Wel. Paulina, I can explain no further, but before Lewis can become my son-in-law, I must learn his fortunes, and must be convinced his conduct has always been as praiseworthy as since he lived with us. Go, Rosa, and call him.

[*Exit Rosa.*]

Mrs. W. Would you just to-day—?

Wd. Instantly, or I should not enjoy the pleasures of to-day.

Mrs. W. Go, then, Paulina, it is not proper that you should be present on this occasion.

Paul. Oh! If it were proper, I am sure I could not stay.

[*Exit.*]

Wd. Lewis is become dear to me by his honesty and diligence—perhaps still more so, by a certain similarity in our fates. If, therefore, I find every thing accordant to my wishes, and you have no objection—

Mrs. W. It would certainly be the best means of silencing the world.

Enter LEWIS.

Lew. I understand you want me.

Wd. Did Rosa tell you for what purpose?

Lew. No.

Mrs. W. The under-secretary dislikes you.

Lew. Because my verses are liked.

Wd. He insists upon knowing who you are.

Lew. That he will not learn.

Wd. If the secretary unites with him—

Lew. And you cannot protect me, I will go.

Wd. Will that be so easy to you?

Lew. No. Very difficult.

Wd. You may avoid it.

Lew. How?

Wd. Tell us your story.

Lew. I cannot.

Wd. You have lived with us two years. I have observed you narrowly, and am sure you are incapable of a crime.—If you have been guilty of any juvenile indiscretion, avow it. You know my sentiments.

Lew. My conscience does not accuse me of a crime, or even levity. I am only unfortunate.

Mrs. W. We will assist you in sustaining your misfortunes.

Lew. I must sustain them alone; for if I confess them, I shall be acting against a sacred duty.

Wel. Enough! Let us drop the subject.

Mrs. W. Our intentions were good.

Lew. Oh, you have not confined yourselves to intentions. Your house was my asylum, and the small measure of enjoyment, of which my heart was susceptible, you have bestowed on me.

Wel. We would willingly double it by reconciling you to your fate.

Lew. Let me then dwell in private as hitherto. Do not, do not rob me of the bliss I feel in calling you my parents.

Wel. I would not do it for my own sake, were I not compelled to it. When you entered my house, my daughters were still almost children, and we thought not that your presence would ever injure their reputation.

Lew. You alarm me.

Mrs. W. Do you now perceive why it was necessary we should speak to you.

Lew. Oh God! yes.

Wel. If you be such a man as I have fancied you, I may at once declare, that not only the reputation, but the peace of one of my daughters depends on your departure.

Lew. [*After a pause.*] I will go.

Wel. I acted imprudently in having desired Paulina to consider you as her brother, and in having been silent, while her attachment increased.

Lew. Oh! I would fall at your feet, and say—"Consider not my poverty, but look at my heart, and let me marry your Paulina,"—but—

Wel. You do not love her?

Lew. I love her from my soul.

Wel. And yet—?

Lew. [*After a pause.*] I am already married.

Mrs. W. Married!

Wel. And have forsaken your wife ?

Lew. Condemn me not.

Mrs. W. [*Shaking her head.*] Such conduct, Lewis—

Wel. Do not reproach him, Ann. If he be guilty, he bears a judge within himself, before whom he cannot be a hypocrite.

Lew. Oh ! you will send me away far poorer than I was when I came, if my confession has robbed me of your regard.

Wel. I do not decide upon it. Two years of upright conduct are to be placed in competition with this apparently bad action and—I do not decide. But my duty as a father, commands me seriously to repeat that your presence disturbs the tranquility of my family.

Lew. Shall I depart to-day—immediately ?

Wel. [*After a moment's consideration.*] It will hurt me not to see you sitting to-night among my children—but—act as you think I have deserved. [*Exit.*

Lew. Oh ! Allow me to remain one hour.

Mrs. W. Yes, Lewis, he did not mean it in that light. Stay 'till morning.

Lew. I will creep into some corner, and not disturb your happiness—

Mrs. W. Oh that this should just happen to-day !

Lew. Let me but wander once more through the house and garden. When the guests come, I will steal away.

Mrs. W. Not without taking leave ?

Lew. I cannot take leave of you.

Mrs. W. Lewis, do you think we wish to turn you out of doors like a dishonest servant ? Despair shall not force you to enlist again. I know my husband. He parts with you because he feels he *must* ; but he will not abandon you—I will not abandon you. What he will do for you I don't know, but—[*Secretly draws from her pocket a small leather purse.*]—for my part, my love and blessing shall be a substitute for what is wanting—in the amount. [*Puts the purse into his hand, wipes her eyes, and exit hastily.*]

Lew. [After a pause, during which he mournfully surveys the purse.] Wretched outcast that I am! Have I at length found a mother, only to be doomed doubly to feel the loss of her? Have I gained a lovely girl's affections, only to make my chains the heavier? [He stands in an attitude of deep reflection and despondency.]

Enter PAULINA.

Pau. [Softly steals behind him, and puts her hands upon his eyes.] Guess who it is. [Draws her hands back with sudden alarm, and looks at them.] What does this mean? Your eyes are full of tears.

Lew. You should not have seen them.

Pau. Why are you in tears?

Lew. They are the lot of humanity.

Pau. What is the matter? What has happened? What have you to do with my mother's purse?

Lew. [After a pause.] It contains money to defray the expenses of my journey.

Pau. [Terrified.] Are you going to leave us?

Lew. I must.

Pau. Where are you going?

Lew. Any where. The farther, the better.

Pau. Have you, then, staid too long with us?

Lew. Much too long.

Pau. [With a sigh.] I almost think so, myself.

Lew. [Gives her his hand.] You have always been kind and affectionate towards me.

Pau. [With innocence and fervor.] I am so still. [Somewhat confused.] My father—wanted to speak to you.

Lew. He has done it.

Pau. And does he approve of your intention?

Lew. I go by his desire.

Pau. Your answers are enigmas.

Lew. My whole being is an enigma, which death alone can solve.—Farewell, Paulina—do not forget me. I have loved all this family—but you particularly.—Wherever I go,

your image will accompany me. When you sit under the great lime-tree—think sometimes of me.

Pau. Lewis!

Lew. Remember me to the old woman, who used to receive your charities through me.

Pau. [*Bursts into tears.*] Lewis, what does this mean? If you love me—

Lew. My affection for you is a crime—my heart is sinning against a hateful duty.

Pau. Oh! Speak more plainly, I beseech you.

Lew. Yes, good Paulina, you shall not learn from another what separates us. It is hard to tell you—but tell you I *must*, that—I am married.

Pau. [*Almost shrieking.*] Married!—That is not true.

Lew. Would to God it were not!

Pau. Married!—Oh Lewis! Why did you conceal it?

Lew. Do not hate me.

Pau. Go, go to your wife, and tell her you have robbed Paulina of her peace for ever. [*Covers her face with both hands, and rushes out.*]

Lew. Paulina! Is that your farewell? [*Strikes his forehead, and rests his head against the wall.*]

The curtain falls.

End of the Second Act.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE—A WOOD.

Count Lohrstein is discovered in the back ground, sleeping under a tree—at his head lies a casket. Francis and Jacob are in conversation towards the front of the stage.

Fra. He is asleep. What think you, Jacob? Do you chuse to follow him through woods and bogs any longer? It's a strange kind of inclination.

Jac. [*Scratching his head.*] It's not exactly inclination.

Fra. Why, a dog leads a better life.

Jac. But our master himself fares no better.

Fra. The cook was the wisest of us, for he ran away, when he had only travelled one stage.

Jac. The count smiled at that; but last night when his valet disappeared, on whom he placed such firm reliance—

Fra. Yes, yes—no doubt he took some valuable effects with him. My advice is, Jacob, that we do the same.

Jac. What! Leave the old gentleman quite alone!

Fra. Why, he must dismiss us in a day or two, for how can he support us?

Jac. That's true, to be sure.

Fra. And how long shall we be able to endure such a life as this? We have passed six nights in the open air. If we espy a chimney, we leave it a quarter of a mile on one side. We buy our coarse bread at solitary shepherd's huts, and have nothing to drink but water from the springs we meet with.

Jac. But we have known better days in his service.

Fra. Was it our fault that there was an end to those days? Who knows what crime he has committed? The prince would scarcely send huzzars in pursuit of him for nothing.

Jac. Damn those fellows ! They nearly caught us once or twice.

Fra. And if they should catch us, we may perhaps be doomed to keep our master company in prison.

Jac. But we must be near the borders now.

Fra. Well—can't the huzzars ride over the borders ?— Besides we are now in a worse situation than ever. Our horses are so tired that we shall be obliged to leave them, and if we be seen creeping through the thickets, we may be mistaken for robbers, and shot.

Jac. Hang it, Francis, you frighten me.

Fra. Therefore, I say, let us be off before he awakes. Believe me, we shall be doing him a kindness.

Jac. If I thought so—

Fra. He won't dismiss us, and he can't pay us. But if, when he awakes, he finds we have decamped, he'll be heartily glad to have got rid of us.

Jac. [*Casting a glance towards the Count.*] See ! He begins to move.

Fra. Let us lose no more time. Does he owe you any wages ?

Jac. Yes, for a couple of months.

Fra. And me for a quarter of a year. We can't afford to make him a present of that. In the casket, there, he has several trinkets, rings, and so forth.

Jac. Surely you would not take them ?

Fra. Blockhead ! Why not ?

Jac. What ! Rob him ?

Fra. Doesn't he owe us money ?

Jac. But not so much.

Fra. Pshaw ! Who knows what the baubles are worth ? We can sell them at the first place we come to, and if they produce more than is due to us, we can send it to him by the post.

Jac. Why, yes, if that can be done—

Fra. Follow that foot-path. I'll be with you in a minute.

Jac. Good old master ! I pity him, nevertheless. [*Exit.*]

Fra. [*Walks gently to the count, takes the casket, and then returns on tip-toe. When arrived at some yards distance, he bows sarcastically.*] Good bye to your excellency ! Your lordship will now not be over-burdened. [*Exit.*]

Loh. [*Tormented by frightful dreams.*] Oh ! not into this subterraneous dungeon.—Give me air !—Give me air !— [*Awakes.*] Where am I ?— [*Raises himself.*] Heaven be praised, not yet in the hands of my persecutors—not yet in the power of the most abandoned of women.—Alas ! My sleep has not refreshed me.—The rain has drenched my clothes.—I must hasten towards the borders, that I may at least find a house, where I may die. [*Raises himself with difficulty.*] Perhaps my people have, meanwhile, discovered a safe path. [*Calls.*] Francis ! Jacob ! The honest fellows are endeavouring to find the shortest road through the thickets.—Francis ! Jacob !—Yet I ordered them not to go far.—Where can they be ? My strength is exhausted, and I am no longer able to call. [*Exerting himself.*] Francis ! Jacob !—What can this mean ?—No answer !—Can they—impossible !— [*Draws out a little whistle, gives a signal towards different quarters, and listens for a reply.*] Not yet ?—Can they too have forsaken me ?—Must I then despair of finding honesty among mankind ?— [*His casket suddenly occurs to him—he looks at the place where it lay, and strikes his forehead.*] Yes. 'Tis true.—Forsaken and robbed !—They have deprived me of my last resource.— [*Rivets his eyes on the earth—a pause.*]—Here do I stand—I, who but ten days ago possessed half a million—and have not now a morsel of bread to share with my dog— [*Looks hastily around.*] Sultan ! Sultan !—Alas ! My dog too has forsaken me. [*A pause of dreadful anguish.*] — — God protect me from insanity ! I'll tear a bough from yonder tree, and wander through the wood—then, if I hunger, I must gnaw the bark from my staff. — — — Yes, they have plundered me, and stolen from my heart all confidence in God or man.— [*Feels his pockets.*] Nothing, nothing have

they left me.—[*Stops suddenly.*] Yes, yes—they have. One friend I still possess.—[*Draws out a pistol.*] Welcome thou friend in need, thou last resource of a despairing man! [*A pause.*] Answer me, philosophy, thou sweet companion of my better days, thou phantom of my brain—I am now in earnest—answer me. May that man, who has been hurled from the pinnacle of greatness into the gulph of misery, who has been sold by a faithless wife, and whom each step conducts to an eternal prison.—May that man, who has no child, no friend, no hope—[*Puts the pistol to his forehead.*]

Enter DALNER.

Dal. [*As he is passing, hears part of the above soliloquy, rushes towards the Count, and wrenches the pistol from his hand.*] Hold!—Zounds! That must not be.—An old man, too! How short a time will it be ere death of his own accord will summon you?

Loh. Oh that he would!

Dal. This trigger is soon pulled, but how do you expect to be received above?—Understood?

Loh. Oh, my friend! Your intentions are, doubtless good, but a man in despair has no ear for your cool precepts.

Dal. Why, you are right there, to be sure. But can I help you, eh?

Loh. I am a wretched fugitive, pursued by enemies, and forsaken by every friend.

Dal. H-m!—I could ask why, but there is no time for that just now. If, therefore, I can be of any assistance to you, I will with all my heart.

Loh. Are we far from the borders?

Dal. A hundred yards, perhaps.

Loh. Oh tell me instantly—to the right or left?

Dal. Where you see a little bridge over the stream yonder. But which way are you going?

Loh. Any way. I only wish to find a hovel or barn where I can rest 'till morning, for I have slept six nights beneath the canopy of heaven.

Dal. Do you suppose, then, we have no beds, eh?

Loh. I have been robbed and can only pay with gratitude.

Dal. I'll take you to a house where that coin is always current. At night you shall come home with me, but at present we'll go to a cottage hard by, for you seem in want of refreshment.

Loh. Generous man, who are you?

Dal. Henry Dalner, chief forester of this district—but that's of no consequence—Understood?—I'll take you to an old farmer, who is celebrating his twenty-sixth wedding-day.

Loh. [*Uneasy.*] I wish we were beyond the borders.

Dal. Farmer Welling lives just on the other side of them. Oh? there comes his son. He'll soon be *my* son too.—Understood?

Enter FREDERICK.

Fre. Well, father, where's Louisa.

Dal. She is staying to nurse her old aunt, and can't come 'till evening.

Fre. But couldn't the maid have nursed the old aunt?

Dal. That old aunt acted as a mother to Louisa, and never entrusted her education to the maid.

Fre. I came to meet you in such spirits—

Dal. You shall not have come in vain, for though you don't find Louisa, you find an opportunity of doing good. Here is a poor man, whom I have promised to take with me, and I hope you will receive my guest kindly.

Fre. Of course. If he be unfortunate, he needs no commendation.

Dal. Look in good humor, then.

Fre. How can I, when Louisa is not at home? [*To the Count.*] Don't mind my countenance, sir. At night, when Louisa is with me, you'll see me in spirits.

Dal. Come, then—

Loh. [*Exhausted.*] Good man lend me your stick.

Dal. Pshaw! As long as I have an why should I lend my stick. Understood? [*Exit.*]

SCENE—WELLING'S HOUSE.

Mrs. Welling is discovered at her needle-work. Welling brings Lewis in.

Wel. I have brought a man, whom I surprised, as he was endeavoring to escape through the back door, without having taken leave.

Mrs. W. Indeed! would he not even accept this linen which I have been selecting for him?

Lew. You have already given me so much—

Mrs. W. Pst!

Lew. And my father has been so generous.

Wel. Silence! I did not bring you hither to hear myself praised.

Lew. Oh! how painful do I find it to bid you farewell!—I had rather forsake the world than this house.

Wel. We are travellers, whose journey has hitherto been the same way; but we have now reached the cross road, and must part.

Lew. Adieu, then, father—adieu, good mother. Wherever my road may conduct me, it will never lead to ingratitude.—Words fail me at this bitter hour—God sees my heart—and you my tears.

Wel. [*Much affected.*] A father's benediction be upon thee, youth! May'st thou, like me, at length enjoy the blessings of affection, industry and health, and thank Providence for having, by early sufferings, enhanced the value of your later bliss.

Mrs. W. Let us often hear where you are, and how you do.

Wel. And, Lewis, if you should ever be in want of any thing—you have given me your promise?

Lew. You have taught me to work.

Mrs. W. But you may fall sick.

Lew. [*With a look towards Heaven, expressive of his wishes.*] And die.

Mrs. W. break my heart.

Wel. Go, my son. It is time that we should part.

[*Lewis is going.*]

Mrs. W. [*Follows and embraces him.*] Alas! It was thus I felt when my eldest boy died—His name was Lewis, too—I have lost him—who knows whether I shall ever see you again?

Wel. Let him go, good Ann. He has enough to bear.

Lew. [*Scarcely able to speak.*] Father, grant me my last request.

Wel. Willingly, my son.

Lew. Let me see Paulina once again.

Wel. Would you add to the horrors of the separation?

Lew. Oh, let me see her once again.

Wel. [*To Mrs. W.*] Where is she?

Mrs. W. In her own room.

Wel. Let her come.

Mrs. W. [*Goes to the door and opens it.*] Paulina! Lewis is here, and wishes to bid you farewell.

Enter PAULINA.

[*Her eyes are red with weeping—She gives Lewis her hand.—They stand opposite each other silent and trembling.—A long pause.*]

Wel. [*With great emotion.*] Embrace each other, children.

[*Lewis and Paulina embrace. Paulina walks sobbing to her chamber, and Lewis rushes out.*]

Mrs. W. [*Following him.*] Lewis—the linen! [*Exit.*]

Wel. Short-sighted mortals! Thus you often do harm, while striving to do good. Had I left this poor youth to his fate, perhaps, ere now, some cannon-ball might have swept him from the world. He would then have been happy.—*Well*, be this as it may, I will not cease to do what conviction tells me is right.

Enter ROSA.

Ros. Father, Lewis is gone.

Wel. I know it.

Ros. I heard him sob, as he disappeared behind the hedge.

Wel. God be with him!

Ros. My mother is in tears. daughter's happiness?

Wel. Go, and console her. abilities in you which

Ros. I shall only weep with her.

Wel. Go, then, to your sister. res my ambition,

Ros. Father, you are, in general, so good—
may not Paulina marry him? is give me a

Wel. Because he is already married.

Ros. Already married!—Then, she must submit ask
fate.

Wel. She will, I am sure.

Ros. And is that the only reason why Lewis is obliged
leave us?

Wel. It is.

Ros. Not because he is poor?

Wel. By no means.

Ros. [*Timidly advancing towards her object.*] You would have
let him marry Paulina, in spite of his poverty?

Wel. I would!

Ros. And if I were—to like a man—who was not married
—but poor—

Wel. If he were honest and industrious—

Ros. [*Eagerly.*] That he is.

Wel. Who?

Ros. [*Much confused.*] I mean—but you are not angry, dear
father?

Wel. At what?

Ros. I would have told you it sooner—but I only learnt it
myself an hour or two ago.

Wel. What?

Ros. That I—that I love Mr. Rehberg.

Wel. Indeed! And how did you learn it?

Ros. He asked me about it.

Wel. And you, with your usual openness—

Ros. I referred him to you.

Wel. He has not mentioned the subject to me.

Ros. Oh, he durst not. You frightened him.

Wel. Go, my son.

Mrs. W. [Foll] against the poverty of professional men.
then, the sensibility which I remarked.
felt when my eld certain he misunderstood you. Honesty
have lost him re all the qualifications my father requires.
again? as I told him, the industry of a professional man

Wel. Let's always support a family. You are but sixteen years

Low. and can wait.

quest. For Rehberg!

Wel. Why not? If in a few years he should obtain a moderate living, and his sentiments, as well as your's, remain the same—

Ros. Oh! There is no doubt of that.

Wel. Why, then, we can talk further on the subject.

Ros. But now? What shall I say to him?

Wel. Nothing.

Ros. But he is walking so sorrowfully in the garden.

Wel. Go, then, and send him hither.

Ros. [Stroking his cheek.] Dear father!

Wel. What now?

Ros. Talk kindly to him.

Wel. I almost think I see a tear in your eye.

Ros. I love him so sincerely.

[Exit.

Wel. [Alone.] Rehberg is a sensible man, and that is all I know of him.—But who can decide whether poverty or affection be the mother of his wishes?—Wretched indeed would be my Rosa, if she borrowed charms from her father's coffers.

Enter REHBERG.

Reh. [With reserve.] Rosa has just told me—

Wel. [Half smiling, half in earnest.] My dear sir, she has told you many things too soon, and I must own I had rather have heard from you, what she has just confessed to me.

Reh. Appearances are against me.

Wel. Yet good news is welcome from any one.

Reh. How happy should I be, if I could think you serious!

Wel. Can I make a joke of my daughter's happiness? When I tell you that I have observed qualities in you which claim my respect, I speak the truth.

Reh. The respect of a worthy man satisfies my ambition, but not my heart.

Wel. [After a pause.] Our relative situations give me a right to be candid with you.

Reh. I shall evade no question you may please to ask.

Wel. You have enemies.

Reh. That is a compliment to me.

Wel. How so?

Reh. He who injures no man, and yet has enemies, cannot be a common kind of man.

Wel. The secretary's house is not in the best repute. You are often there.

Reh. Because I give lessons in music there, as well as here.

Wel. It is said you admire one of his daughters.

Reh. I have heard as much.

Wel. And do not cease your visits?

Reh. No. Because there no regard is paid to so absurd a report, and I myself cannot afford to renounce the profits of my attendance.

Wel. Why not?—Forgive me if I seem too forward.—You are a single man.

Reh. I have a poor mother.— [A pause.]

Wel. But it is said you play—and play for large sums.

Reh. To this assertion I shall answer with a mere No.

Wel. You do not play?

Reh. I have once or twice taken the cards of another, when called away—I myself never play.

Wel. You had, as I am told, a good library?

Reh. I had.

Wel. You sold it?

Reh. [With a sigh.] I did.

Wel. I have heard that the money you obtained for it was lost at the secretary's card-table.

Reh. That is an infamous falsehood.

Wel. I guess—your poor mother—

Reh. [*Confused.*] No. [*After a pause.*] 'Tis well. I will not conceal from you even this circumstance, but I beg you to believe that nothing but my present situation should induce me to disclose it. I am of low origin, and my father was seized with the pious whim of making me a clergyman, without being able to bestow any thing on my education. My humble talents, however, procured me a patron, who was in easy circumstances, and who defrayed the expenses of my studies. To him I was obliged for every thing; and the library you have mentioned, was his present. About a year ago, this worthy man was plundered by the French, and obliged in his age to become a beggar. It was then I sold my books.

Wel. And sent him the money?

Reh. I could do no more for him.

Wel. I know enough, and as you are not satisfied with my respect [*Offers his hand.*] accept my admiration—regard—affection—

Reh. [*With warmth.*] Will you be my father?

Wel. Good Rehberg! You consider not what weighty duties already rest on you. A poor mother—a poor benefactor—and a wife too—children — — or do you calculate on my daughter's fortune?

Reh. No.

Wel. Perhaps you have prospects at our vicar's death?

Reh. None.—I had prospects elsewhere, but within an hour my hopes from that quarter have been destroyed, and had I sooner received the intelligence I would have been silent.

Wel. Explain yourself.

Reh. I had succeeded in interesting some men of consequence for me at the neighboring court.

Wel. [*Starts.*] At the neighboring court!

Reh. A pamphlet, in which at least my patriotic zeal was evident, excited the attention of the minister.

Wel. [*Confused and agitated.*] The minister, Oh, I know him.

Reh. He is a man of great influence—

Wel. Certainly.

Reh. He has large estates—

Wel. True—he has—confiscated estates.

Reh. Among others, the living of Birkendorf is in his gift.

Wel. [*Aside.*] Birkendorf! Oh God!

Reh. This living was described to me as a very profitable one, and the place as comfortable and retired.

Wel. [*Suppressing his agitation.*] Oh! 'Tis a sweet place—I was once there. — Well? You received a promise—?

Reh. I was almost certain of success.

Wel. And were, nevertheless, disappointed? By what means?

Reh. Of that I am ignorant. A letter, which I received about an hour ago, briefly states that unexpected circumstances have taken place, which deprive me of all hope at present.

Wel. I am sorry, good Rehberg, I am sorry that I cannot make you vicar of Birkendorf, but it really is not in my power.

Reh. [*Somewhat surprised.*] That I know.

Wel. Yet—if you have resolution enough to wait—you shall have Rosa.

Reh. [*Enraptured.*] Thanks, dearest sir! I care not how rough the path, if *she* be the object to which it leads.

Wel. I should have liked to have visited you at Birkendorf very much—oh, very much.

Enter Mrs. WELLING.

Mrs. W. My dear William, our neighbor Dalner is bringing another guest with him.

Wel. Whom?

Mrs. W. Frederick says, he found him in the wood.

Wel. I don't like strangers.

Mrs. W. A poor man in distress—

Wel. Then he is welcome. I should ill deserve my present happiness, were I on such a day as this to send a fellow-creature in distress from my door.

Mrs. W. Poor Lewis!

Wel. We have lost a son in him—but here stands a man who will supply his place.

Mrs. W. [*With formal civility.*] Indeed!

Wel. Come, come, Ann. I have proved him, and will be surety for him.

Mrs. W. You!

Wel. The reports you heard are false.

Mrs. W. I am glad they are.

Wel. Pshaw, wife! You don't speak from your heart.

Mrs. W. [*With warmth.*] Indeed I am glad.

Wel. He is a good son, and a grateful man.

Reh. [*With diffidence.*] Dear Mr. Welling!

Wel. You know, Ann, that I only give this title to those who remain so longer than the kindness itself endures, and whose gratitude is not like a crayon picture, which every year loses a portion of its colours. Such men are rare, and he is one of them.

Mrs. W. I am ashamed of having done him an injustice.

Wel. Embrace him, then, as your future son-in-law.

Mrs. W. With all my heart!

[*She does it.*]

Reh. That is, as soon as he obtains a living, which will banish all cares for subsistence. Instil this idea in Rosa's mind, and tell her to be patient.

Mrs. W. But, my dear husband, why delay their happiness? With our fortune—

Wel. You know my sentiments. A good wife is so great a treasure, that I am not at all surprised when I read of nations who receive money from the bridegroom, when they bestow a dowry upon him. A girl ought to have no dowry but beauty and virtue. Thus thought your father—thus think I.—

Reh. Who would not think such a dowry sufficient ?

Enter Mr. DALNER, Count LÖHRSTEIN, and FREDERICK.

Fre. Father, Louisa is not come.

Dal. With your permission, neighbor, I'll introduce a stranger.

[*Welling gazes full at the Count.*]

Loh. Encouraged by this worthy man, I have ventured to intrude upon you.

[*Welling, without making any reply, surveys him with close attention.*]

Mrs. W. You are sincerely welcome.

Loh. If misfortunes give me any claim on your compassion—

Dal. [*Whispering to Welling, who stands like a statue.*] Speak a kind word, or two. He is a poor fellow, whom fate seems to have dealt hardly by. I found him in the wood just when he was going—[*Imitates the action of holding the pistol to his head.*] Understood ?

Wel. [*Recovering.*] I—sir—I rejoice—consider my house as your own—and, if you are in search of an asylum—you have found it.

Loh. I thank you. That is the first word of consolation I have heard after six days of horror. Am I over the borders, here ?

Wel. [*Always agitated.*] You are.

Loh. In safety, then ?

Wel. Perfectly.

Loh. And if my pursuers were even to force their way li-
ther—

Wel. Here dwells no traitor.

Loh. Your hand, honest old man !—[*Welling gives it.*] The trembling of it might make me suspicious—

Dal. Never fear, sir. This man's promise, with a shake of the hand, is as safe as a bond with a dozen seals to it.

Wel. [*In a broken voice.*] My wife—and my children—will take care—that you want nothing.—I myself—forgive me— I must leave you for a few moments.

Mrs. W. [*Alarmed.*] What is the matter, dear William ?

Dal. Neighbor, you grow pale.

Wcl. I am not well. [*Frederick and Mrs. W. run to him.*]

Fre. Father!

Mrs. W. For Heaven's sake—

Wcl. Let me go—it will soon be over—I'll step into my chamber—stay—stay—I wish to be alone. [*Reels a few steps—then supports himself on a chair, which stands near him.*] I cannot—Frederick—assist me.—[*Frederick runs and conducts him to the chamber.*]

Mrs. W. Heavens! What is this?

Dal. A serious accident. [*To Rehberg.*] Something like an apoplectic fit.

[*Welling having reached the door, is unable any longer to keep his feet, and sinks into the arms of his son.*]

Mrs. W. [*Shrieks.*] He is dying! He is dying!

[*Dalner and Rehberg hasten to his assistance.*]

Reh. Heaven forbid!

Dal. Put him to bed directly. [*They carry him in.*]

Loh. [*Alone.*] Of all my followers none has remained with me but misery. Am I then doomed to bring sorrow into this peaceful hut too?

Mrs. W. [*Rushes from her chamber.*] Paulina! Rosa! Your father— [*Runs back.*]

Pau. [*Without.*] What is the matter?

Fre. [*Meeting her.*] My father is ill. We must send for a surgeon directly. [*Runs out.*]

Pau. [*Without paying any attention to the stranger.*] Heavens! So suddenly! [*Runs into the chamber.*]

Ros. [*Without.*] My father! My father!

[*Rushes shrieking across the stage into the chamber.*]

Fre. [*Returning—as he crosses the stage.*] Oh God! Help us! Help us! [*Runs in.*]

Loh. [*Alone.*] Oh that I could die thus! Oh that I had children, who thus loved me!

Mrs. W. [*With Paulina.*] There's the key—in the little

cupboard—on the right—a brown vial—or on the left—or right—oh, I don't know. [*Returns.*] Paulina runs out.

Loh. [*Alone, and deeply moved.*] I thank thee, God!—I still can feel for other's woes.

[*Paulina crosses the stage with the vial in her hand, and sobbing violently.*

Loh. [*Alone.*] What was my rank—my splendid station? What has my life been, compared with this man's death?

Dal. [*Gently pushing Mrs. W. and her daughters out of the chamber.*] Pshaw! Your groans and cries only make the evil the greater. Pray stay here. Nothing shall be neglected.

[*Returns.*

Mrs. W. [*Transported beyond herself.*] Heavens! After living twenty-five years with him, must I leave him at his dying hour?

Pau. Mother, he will not die.

Ros. Oh no, no! He will not die.

Mrs. W. Let me go to fulfil my duty. When you were born, Paulina, and I was dangerously ill, your father never left my side.—Shall I then leave him in the hands of strangers?

Rel. [*Opens the door.*] Be quiet. He recovers.

Ros. Did you hear that, mother? He recovers.

Pau. [*Falling on Mrs. Welling's neck.*] Mother! Mother! Rejoice! Heaven will restore him to us.

Mrs. W. Is it, then true? Oh yes! It must be true. God will not separate two such loving hearts.—Come, children, kneel, and pray with me for your father's recovery. [*Sinks on her knees. Paulina and Rosa kneel on each side of her. All raise their hands towards Heaven, and pray.*

Rel. [*From the chamber.*] Joy! Mother! My father is come to himself again.

Mrs. W. [*Stretches her arms towards him—He raises her.*] Frederick, I thought I had blessed you as far as I was able—I was mistaken—Heaven bless you a thousand times for this intelligence!

Pau. [*Hanging on him.*] Are you sure of it, brother?

Ros. [*The same.*] Is all the danger over?

Fre. I believe it is. He can stand again. He is only rather weak, and has just drank a glass of wine.

Mrs. W. May I, then, go to him? [*In a tone of intreaty.*] Yes, yes. Let me go to him.

Fre. Good mother, this has affected you very much. Come! I'll support you.

Mrs. W. I have him again.—Oh God! Forgive me—as yet I cannot thank thee. [*Goes slowly towards the chamber supported by Frederick. The door opens.*]

Fre. See! There he is!

[*Welling appears at the door, leaning on Dalner and Rehberg.*]

Mrs. W. [*Flies into his arms.*] My husband!

[*The three children kneel round him, the Count stands in a corner, and casts a look of bitter sorrow on the group.*]

The curtain falls.

End of the Third Act.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Welling is discovered, sitting in the middle of the stage, surrounded by his wife and children. On each side of him stand Dalner and Rehberg—the Count is more towards the front of the stage.

Wel. Good Ann, be at ease. It is over.

Mrs. W. Won't you put on your bed-gown?

Pau. I'll go for it.

Ros. I'll fetch your slippers.

Wel. Will you, then, make me ill by compulsion? I tell you I am well. Give me a glass of wine. That is all I want.

[*Mrs. W. and her daughters run to the door.*]

Wel. Hold! Why you need not all go for it.

Pau. I was the first.

Ros. No—I was.

Pau. No—I was.

Mrs. W. And I am your mother. Where are the keys?

Wel. You know, Ann, I don't like you any longer to fatigue yourself by going into the cellar.

Pau. There—you hear mother—I am to go.

Ros. No, it is my week.

Pau. You have nothing to do with the cellar. Your week only relates to the kitchen.

Ros. But I love my father as much as you do.

Wel. Children at this rate, I shall not have any thing. I love you both. Go, both of you. [They run out.]

Dad. Neighbor, I am thinking that what is passing round you must revive you more than wine. Understood?

Wel. True. If there be any medicine, which can promote long life, it must be affection.

Re-enter PAULINA and ROSA.

One brings a bottle—the other a silver goblet.

Pau. Number 4.

Ros. With a black seal.

Pau. There is Hochheim upon it.

Ros. And 1776.

Wel. [*Drinks and says to Rosa.*] Fill it. [*She obeys—he turns to the Count.*] Sir, I am sorry that, added to your own misfortunes, you have been obliged to witness the distress of others.—[*Raises the goblet.*]—According to the ancient custom of our country I sincerely bid you welcome.

[*Paulina takes the goblet and delivers it to the Count with a courtesy.*]

Loh. [*Empties it.*] To the health of my worthy host!—Now, sir, if you really remain true to the customs of our

forefathers, I am secure in your house, for we have drank from the same goblet.

Wel. Here lurks no traitor.

Dal. Spies gain nothing here.

Fre. But a drubbing.

Reh. And contempt.

Mrs. W. If you be weary, sir, I'll conduct you to a re-tired chamber.

Pau. You shall sleep on linen which we wove ourselves.

Ros. And feathers of our own geese.

Loh. Heaven be praised that I again find myself among men! All I see and hear inspires confidence. I should like, good old man, to have a little conversation with you in private.

Wel. With all my heart! My friends, and children, you will find employment enough, if you will go into the court, and assist in the preparations for our little country feast.

Dal. I sent you a few poles for the occasion, from the forest.

Pau. And I made the garlands for them.

[*Exeunt Dal. and Pau.*]

Ros. Mr. Rehberg will teach us a chorus, in the mean time.

Reh. With all my heart. [Exeunt *Ros. and Reh.*]

Fre. I can't sing, but I can join with my violin. [Exit.]

Mrs. W. You'll not be long before you follow us?

Wel. As soon as possible. [Exit *Mrs. W.*]

Loh. Generous man, it is my duty to make a discovery of my rank and situation to you, that you may know you are not harboring a criminal.

Wel. Of a crime I hold Count Lohrstein to be incapable.

Loh. [*Alarmed.*] How! You know me.

Wel. [*Stedfastly.*] Yes, Count, business has sometimes carried me to your Prince's residence, where I have seen you.

Loh. Then you are probably not ignorant what rank and honors I possessed but a few days since?

Wel. You were your Prince's all-powerful minister.

Loh. In reality an office, but ill adapted to my inclination. Alas ! There was a time, when domestic felicity in the arms of my first consort left me no other wish.—She died.—I forsook my solitary country dwelling, rushed into the whirlpool of the city to dissipate my grief and to seek another affectionate heart ; instead of which I found a deceitful and ambitious woman, who from an admirer of a country life transformed me into a courtier, and used me as the tool of her designs.

Wel. I know the Countess, too.

Loh. By situations for ever new and intricate she kept me remote from nature and affection. By inexhaustible intrigues and plots she, for a train of years, bound to our house the favor of the court, 'till the old Prince, feeling the approach of death—

Wel. [*In involuntary agitation.*] He died ?

Loh. Some months previous to his dissolution, my wife, in combination with an abandoned daughter-in-law, engendered new plans. She knew the hereditary Prince disliked me, and that his father's death would be the signal for my dismissal ; but she also knew the connection which subsisted between the young Prince and my daughter-in-law. With her, therefore, she began to cabal, finding she could no longer maintain her station by her own devices. Two furies suppressed the hatred which had endured for years, and the snakes from their hair were intertwined. [*Overpowered with agony.*] Oh !

Wel. It is to your praise, my lord, that you were not invited to share in this coalition.

Loh. I was. I had been persuaded to so many things—had so often despotically forced my heart to silence, that, on this occasion too, they thought their game an easy one. Yet although I had breathed none but court-air for seven-and-twenty years, I found it impossible to cringe to a woman, who had plunged my son into misery, and branded my

name with infamy. I was not even able to suppress some severe remarks occasioned by the abandoned life of my daughter-in-law. She thirsted for revenge, and my wife prudently took the strongest side. The Prince died—

Wel. [*With an involuntary sigh.*] He was a good man, and not formed for the intrigues of a court.

Loh. [*Astonished.*] Your opinion is just. How happens it that you—

Wel. [*Interrupting him.*] It was not exactly *my* opinion. Proceed, my lord.

Loh. I was prepared to receive my dismissal, but not to give account of every weakness, which might be laid to my charge during the twenty-seven years of my administration, of every injustice perhaps, to which at the pressing instigation of my wife and her adherents, I had now and then been led. I was not prepared against proofs, which my wife had stolen from my cabinet, and lodged in the hands of my enemies.—Her reward was the permission to remain at court, and wander like the ghost of her former greatness, while I was doomed to perpetual imprisonment.

Wel. Which you escaped by flight ?

Loh. Forsaken by all, who had been obliged to me for their situations, I was apprized of the impending danger by an old man, for whom I had done nothing—whom I had always considered as a cypher. Heaven's blessings be shed on honest Zahn !

Wel. [*Starts.*] Zahn !

Loh. At the peril of losing his scanty subsistence, he forced his way at midnight to my chamber. "My Lord," said he, "I am under no obligation to you, and I do not like you ; but you are about to be ill-treated. Fly, or at break of day you will be imprisoned in the castle."

Wel. [*Aside.*] Such conduct is what I should expect of honest Zahn.

Loh. I fled—and was pursued with such alacrity and fury as none but female vengeance could devise. Twice have

I been surrounded by hussars. My escape was almost a miracle, and who knows whether even here—

Wel. Be at ease, my Lord. No force shall intrude upon you here. You are on the borders of a just Prince, and in the house of a man, who honors hospitality.

Loh. You engage I am secure?

Wel. I do.

Loh. And will you allow me to remain with you, 'till a trusty friend, informed of my situation, can assist me in proceeding further?

Wel. As long as you please.

Loh. For I must confess to you that my sudden flight allowed me to rescue but little, and even this little has been stolen by people, on whose fidelity I relied.

Wel. Command my purse.

Loh. Good man, you carry your generosity too far.

Wel. Not so, my lord. I merely pay an old debt.

Loh. To me!

Wel. I too was once a wretched fugitive, and therefore consider every unfortunate man as a creditor sent by God.

Enter Mrs. WELLING.

Mrs. W. Dear William, I beg pardon for disturbing you, but the people below are talking about soldiers.

Loh. [*Alarmed.*] What kind of soldiers?

Mrs. W. They are listening and looking among the bushes in the wood—they certainly are on no good errand.

Wel. Who can know that; for we live peaceably? They are, perhaps, looking for strawberries.

Enter PAULINA.

Pau. Father, there are hussars belonging to the neighboring Prince in the village.

Loh. Oh God!

Wel. Well, what is that to us?

Pau. They go from house to house, and break open every room that is locked, like robbers.

Wel. Then they must be taken into custody, like robbers.

Pau. They are in search of somebody.

Wel. They have no right to search here.

Enter ROSA.

Ros. Father, there are hussars at the gate.

Wel. Let the gate be locked.

Ros. They have been asking our men whether there was not a stranger in the house.

Wel. And what answer was returned ?

Ros. As you had not forbidden it, the men told the truth.

Wel. The truth is never forbidden in my house.

Loh. I am lost.

Wel. Be at ease. I am surety for your safety.

Enter REHBERG.

Reh. The whole court is full of hussars.

Wel. My dear Ann, these people have had a great deal of trouble to no purpose. Give them a little beer.

Reh. They insist with violence on your delivering up a prisoner.

Wel. They will be more civil, when they learn my determination.

Reh. They threaten.

Wel. How many of them are there ?

Reh. About twenty.

Wel. Then their threats are ridiculous.

Loh. Oh, rather deliver me into their hands. Shall I plunge you too, worthy man, and your whole family into ruin ?

Wel. Well, my Lord, I have pledged to you my word, that you are in safety. I will abide by it.

Enter DALNER.

Dal. The devil has let loose a set of rascals, who act as if they were in an enemy's country.

Wel. Paulina, send some one by the back way into the village, and ask a dozen young fellows to come hither.

[*Exit. Pau.*

Loh. How ! Would you oppose them ?

Wel. Be patient. We shall not be obliged to have recourse to extremities.

Dal. Hark ye, Rosa. Send a man to my house with orders that all the foresters come hither directly with their guns, and hangers. Do you hear? [*Exit. Ros.*]

Loh. Oh, sir! Return me the friend, of whom you robbed me in the wood.

Dal. Be quiet. Not a hair of your head shall be touched, by God. Understood?

Fre. [*Without.*] Back!

Brave. [*The same.*] Out of my way, boy!

Fre. This is not a pot-house.

Wel. Let him come, my son.

Enter FREDERICK and BRAVE.

Bra. [*Sees the Count.*] Ha! Ha! Have I found you at last? Follow me, my Lord, without opposition.

Loh. Sir, the person, in whose hands you are an instrument—

Bra. I am not an instrument, but a servant of my Prince. Come with me instantly. The carriage waits.

Dal. [*Suppressing his anger.*] But you must know, sir, that in this country it is not usual for people to break into a house, like a hawk into a lark's nest—understood?—You must know, sir, that we understand a little law, if you do not.

Fre. [*Attacking him on the other side.*] And you must know that the carriage may perhaps wait some time.

Mrs. W. [*Pulling him away.*] Frederick!

Bra. Who are you, and what do you mean?

Dal. We are people who belong to this place—understood?

Fre. Yes, and the word of command is: To the right about face, and ride home again.

Mrs. M. [*Pulling him away.*] Frederick! Frederick!

Bra. What! Dare you attempt by abusive language—

Wel. Hold, hold! Your pardon, sir. My friend and son are rather incensed at the illegal way in which you have entered this house.

Bra. Illegal! How do you know that?

Wel. How! I am the master of this house, and know my privileges.

Bra. I want nothing of you.

Wel. But you want to take away one, who is enjoying the rights of hospitality here. You want to do it by compulsion.

Bra. I hope you will be rational, and not oblige me to do so.

Wel. I beg you will produce your orders.

Bra. My orders! I don't know that I am answerable to you for my conduct—but that is of no consequence. Here are my orders.

Wel. [*Opens the paper.*] You are surely joking, lieutenant. These orders are not from my Prince.

Bra. But they are from mine.

Wel. To whom I owe no obedience.

Bra. But I do, and by my soul I have neglected it too long.

Wel. I do not perceive one syllable in these orders, which justifies you in disturbing the dominions of a neighboring Prince.

Bra. Enough! I know how far I dare proceed.

Wel. Has your Prince commanded this?

Bra. I am not bound to answer that question.

Wel. And will *mine* submit to it?

Bra. With that I have nothing to do. In a word, the Count will please to come with me.

Wel. In a word, lieutenant, he shall not.

Bra. [*Starts.*] Shall not!

Wel. [*Emphatically.*] No.

Bra. Sir, I advise you to retract this declaration, or it will be the cause of blood-shed.

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. Father, there are not twelve, but forty of the villagers assembled in the court, and armed with forks.

Wel. Do you hear, lieutenant?

Bra. We are not afraid of such rabble.

Enter ROSA.

Ros. Mr. Dalner, the foresters are running down the hill.

Dal. These, sir, are my lads, armed with guns and hang-ers.—Marksmen, sir, who can hit a button. Understood?

Bra. You surely do not mean to oppose my orders. Be-ware what you do. The Count is a criminal.

Loh. That am I not.

Wel. Lieutenant, you and I are no longer young. Let us have a little conversation together, in private. Strange will it be, if men like us, cannot part with each other on friendly terms.

Bra. With all my heart.

Wel. My dear Ann, take your daughters into another room.

Mrs. W. [*In a tone of apprehension.*] But, dearest husband—

Pau. and Ros. Dear father!

Wel. Be at ease. There is no danger. Mr. Rehberg, be kind enough to accompany them. Your assurances of my safety may make them less afraid.

[*Exeunt Mrs. W. Pau. Ros. and Reh.*]

Wel. [*To Dalner.*] Go you, my friend, with Frederick into the court, and see that our peasants do not begin a quarrel with the hussars.

Dal. I will. Not one of them shall move. [*Exit.*]

Fre. But if the hussars behave improperly, I'll not an-swer for them. [*Exit.*]

Wel. [*Calls after him in a serious tone.*] I command you to keep them quiet. You, my Lord, will be kind enough to step into the next room.

Bra. Hold! I shall not allow my prisoner to be out of sight.

Wel. [*After a pause.*] Well, then, he may remain here.—I did not indeed wish—but circumstances make it necessary. He must, however, promise not to interrupt our conversa-tion.

Loh. You know that here I must obey, and you, generous man, I willingly obey.

Bra. Wave all further preface, for my time is short.

Wel. Enough!—Lieutenant, you seem determined rigidly to follow your instructions.

Bra. I have been thirty years in service, and must know what I have to do.

Wel. But I well know, that in the execution of *severe* orders, you have not always been so exact.

Bra. Mr. Farmer, or whatever else you may be, this is very presumptuous language to an old officer.

Wel. Had you never before any orders of a similar nature?

Bra. None that I recollect.

Wel. It is, I own, a long time ago, and the circumstances may have escaped your memory. About twenty-seven years since, when Baron Wellingrode fled—[*Brave starts.*] were not you sent in pursuit of him?

Bra. [*Somewhat confused.*] How do you know ~~that~~?

Wel. I know still more. You overtook him; made him a prisoner in your own Prince's territories, and yet—allowed him to escape.

Bra. H-m—yes—I remember—he escaped.

Wel. With your consent.

Bra. Who says that?

Wel. You ventured it at the risk of being cashiered.

Bra. Who can prove that?

Wel. You even shared your purse with him.—You were then a youth, whose heart could feel for the misfortunes of another. Has age made it callous?

Bra. Well—I own this account is true, but the case was quite different. Baron Wellingrode was rewarded by his Prince with ingratitude, and the people loved him as their father, whereas Count Lohrstein—

Wel. Are you appointed his judge, or were you then the Baron's judge?

Bra. You strike home to me.—You are right—I ought not to have connived at his escape, but I was under material obligations to him. He was my benefactor. When I was but a poor orphan, he procured me a situation in the

military academy. Through his recommendation I was made a cornet, and had he not fallen, I should long since have had a troop. Never, never can I think of that man without being affected. Gently rest his ashes!

Wel. [*Aside.*] Oh! what a blissful moment!

Bra. I undertook to go in pursuit of him only that I might escort him to a place of safety. Sooner should my hand have withered than I would have laid it on my benefactor.

Wel. If the memory of this man be so dear to you, give liberty to the Count for his sake.

Bra. [*To the Count.*] Why, he it was, who ruined Baron Wellingrode.

Loh. Not I—my wife—

Wel. Immaterial. If Wellingrode has pardoned him, and taken him under his protection—

Bra. Let him go, and throw himself upon his grave. That place of refuge will be more sacred to me than the altar.

Wel. Why upon his grave? Let him throw himself into his arms [*Goes towards the Count with open arms.*] and find safety on the bosom of a reconciled enemy.

Loh. Heavens! What is this?

Wel. [*Presses him to his heart.*] Now, Brave, tear him from your old patron's arms.

Bra. [*In the utmost astonishment.*] What! Can you—you be—

Wel. I am Baron Wellingrode. [*The Count sinks on his knee. Welling raises him and gently seats him on a chair.*]

Bra. [*After a pause, during which he endeavors to compose himself, presses Welling's hand between both his own, and gazes intently at him for several moments.*] Yes, it is he—it is my benefactor.—Alas! Have I then found him in *this* situation?

Wel. Content has no peculiar situation; but whether clad in ermine or the peasant's frock, dwells only with affection and domestic comfort. Good Brave, I am truly happy.

Bra. That declaration will console me, at my dying hour. Oh thou, whose ashes I so oft have blessed, whom I a thousand times have wished back to our world that I might be

able to evince my gratitude, tell me, can old Brave do nothing for you?—I'll inform the Prince you are alive. I'll summon all your friends to appear in your behalf. Oh, how many still remember you, and bless you!

Wel. Not so, honest Brave. If I merit any recompence, bestow on me the liberty of this old man, whom the inscrutable ways of Providence have directed to *my* house—perhaps to try whether I was worthy of my present happiness.

Bra. Will you protect this man?

Wel. As long as I am able.

Bra. You have forgotten—

Wel. Every thing.

Bra. Revenge is sweet.

Wel. Forgiveness sweeter.

Bra. [*Deeply affected.*] Yes. Could I not have called to mind those venerable features, I should have known you by these noble sentiments.—Feel, Count Lohrstein, feel how this man acts.—You are free. My people shall depart immediately. [*Wipes his eye, shakes Welling's hand, and goes.*]

Loh. [*Quite abashed.*] My Lord—

Wel. Dear Count, I am no longer accustomed to hear that title.

Loh. Your revenge is sweet to your own sensations, but to mine, bitter.

Wel. He, who can feel thus deserves no other vengeance to be practised towards him.

Loh. To be confounded and ashamed before an enemy is insupportable sensation.

Wel. Am I your enemy?

Loh. My wife's ambition robbed you of every thing.

Wel. And my heart restored to me every thing.

Loh. Your estates—

Wel. Those you mean I but inherited—those I now possess I have earned. Oh, my Lord, a tree raised by ourselves affords more pleasure than a whole wood planted by chance.

Loh. You were deprived of your rank—

Wel. I am loved here for my own sake.

Loh. The favor of the Prince—

Wel. Favor I never aimed at. I only sought friendship in a soil, where it does not grow.

Loh. The power of doing good.

Wel. That dwells in every one, and may, like air, be compressed into a narrow compass. Even the beggar can purchase, with his farthing, this happy conviction.

Loh. You will, perhaps, at last even convince me that I am *your* benefactor, and—

Wel. [*Hastily interrupting him.*] That you are Count. By the Almighty, that you are, for, had not your power been directed against me, I never should have gained this pleasing harmony of all my feelings, this perfect satisfaction, this peace, which neither passion nor reproach can disturb. I am healthy, in easy circumstances, and possessed of an affectionate wife, and three good children—I am never peevish, never tormented by that demon, *ennui*—I am familiar with nature, and surrounded by uncorrupted people. I find sincerity in every hut, affection in every eye, and peace in my own breast.—Point out to me the man at court, who, while basking in the sun-shine of favor, can say as much—Yes, Count, you are indeed my benefactor.

Loh. Is it not enough to have abashed me? Would you excite my envy too?

Wel. Share my happiness by remaining with us.

Loh. Alas! it is too late. The art of being happy must, like other arts, be learnt in youth. When old, it can no longer be comprehended.

Wel. You are mistaken. The art of being happy, consists in seriously wishing to be so.

Loh. Yes, if you could raise my first wife from the dead, if you could restore my unhappy son to me—

PAULINA rushes breathless into the room.

Pau. Father! Father!

Wel. What now, my child? Is your mother ill?

Pau. No. Lewis—Lewis—

Wel. Well?

Pau. [*Scarcely able to articulate.*] He is dead.

[*Sinks upon a chair.*]

Wel. God forbid ! Has he killed himself ?

Pau. No—the hussars—

[*Wel. is going.*]

Enter ERNORF.

Ern. [*In a tone of triumph.*] Such are the consequences—

Wel. What is the matter, Mr. Ernorf ? Speak ! My poor girl cannot.

Ern. Thus it is, when all sorts of people are admitted into a family.

Wel. I beseech you, for Heaven's sake to wave your comments, and relate what has happened.

Ern. Well, then—Mr. Lewis, with his usual forwardness, has thought proper to attack the hussars, who, in return, have struck off his nose and ears, and split his scull completely asunder.

Wel. Is he dead ?

Ern. He is struggling, as yet—but that will soon be over.

Wel. Where is he ?

Ern. He was carried into the room, where your laborers sit. [*Exit. Wel. hastily.*] He'll not make any more verses now, but I will be so generous as to sketch an elegy for him. [*Exit.*

[*Paulina sheds not a tear, but looks around her with wild despair.*]

Loh. [*Approaching her compassionately.*] Good lady, who is this Lewis ?

Pau. [*With a convulsive smile.*] Don't you know him ?

Loh. Perhaps your brother ?

Pau. [*With heartfelt sorrow.*] Yes—my brother.

Loh. Compose yourself. He may still recover.

Pau. May he ? Are you a surgeon ? Oh, save him !

Loh. No, dear lady, I am not a surgeon.

Pau. [*Sinks on her knees before the chair.*] Then save him, thou, oh God !

Loh. [*Looks at her with sympathy.*] Good father ! Where is thy peace and happiness now ?

The curtain falls.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Enter Mrs. WELLING, quite exhausted.

Mrs. W. [*Seats herself.*] I can no more.—Weary as I am, I can find no rest.

Enter DALNER.

Dal. [*Wiping his forehead.*] A hot day this, good neighbor—understood?

Mrs. W. Alas, Mr. Dalner! What an intermixture of joy and sorrow!

Dal. All's well that ends well.

Mrs. W. They won't admit me to my Lewis.

Dal. He must be kept quite composed.

Mrs. W. Have you seen him?

Dal. No—nor do I wish it. I don't like even to be present when a stag is dying.

Mrs. W. Oh Heavens! Then you really think he will die?

Enter PAULINA.

Pau. I can stay no longer with the stranger.

Mrs. W. Who sent you to him?

Pau. My father wished it. He thought it might dissipate my anxiety, but his conduct is so strange, that he quite alarms me. He walks up and down the room, talking to himself. When I speak to him he smiles, and if he makes any reply, it is quite unintelligible.

Dal. His misfortunes may perhaps have—[*Pointing to his head.*] Understood?

Pau. And no one was compassionate enough to bring me any tidings of Lewis. Is he still alive?

Mrs. W. Yes, he is.

Pau. Will he recover?

Mrs. W. The surgeon and your father are with him, but they will not allow any other person to enter the room.

Pau. Oh! You won't tell me—but I am sure he is dead.

Dal. He is not indeed. A couple of wounds seldom kill a man.

Enter FREDERICK hastily.

Fre. [*In ill-humor.*] The infernal scoundrels have better horses than our's.

Mrs. W. Where have you been? You seem quite heated.

Fre. Your foresters, Mr. Dalner, and I, and a dozen of the villagers, followed the hussars as long as we could see the dust, but we couldn't keep pace with them.

Dal. Well, and suppose you had overtaken them?

Fre. Then, as I hope to be saved, they should have paid dearly for every drop of blood, which Lewis has shed.

Pau. I thank you, brother.

Mrs. W. And if they had wounded you in the same way?

Dal. What a hot-headed stripling! How do you know whether Lewis was not guilty of the first provocation?

Pau. I am sure he was not.

Fre. If he attacked them, I am sure he had good reason for it.

Mrs. W. Does nobody yet know how the quarrel arose?

Fre. How can any body know it? Lewis is unable to speak, and the hussars have run away.

Mrs. W. Were none of our people concerned, then?

Fre. Not one.

Enter WELLING.

[*All surround him.*]

Pau. Well, father?

Dal. How go matters on?

Mrs. W. Is Lewis better?

Fre. Will he recover?

Wel. He is out of danger.

Mrs. W. and Pau. Heaven be praised!

Dal. I am glad to hear it.

Fre. I must go to him.

Wel. Hold, Frederick! The surgeon has prescribed quiet as the most effectual medicine. His wounds have been ex-

amined. That in the head is of no consequence—the one in his arm is larger, but not dangerous. It was only the loss of blood which overpowered him, and he is come to himself again.

Mrs. W. You know, then, what has happened?

Wel. No. He was going to tell me, but the surgeon would not allow him to speak, and desired us to leave the room, as repose was absolutely necessary. Nobody but Mr. Rehberg remained with him.

Mrs. W. He is not in want of any thing, I hope?

Wel. I have provided every thing necessary.

Pau. Are you sure of that, father? If you would allow me—if I might—

Wel. [*In a tone of admonition.*] Paulina?

Pau. You are right. It is improper.

Enter REHBERG.

Reh. Lewis insists on speaking to you.

Wel. I will come to him, when he has slept awhile.

Reh. He says he cannot sleep, be easy, or recover, 'till he has had some conversation with you.

Wel. If the surgeon will allow it—

Reh. The surgeon thinks composure of mind still more necessary than sleep, and I too am of opinion, that if his soul be wounded, you may effect more than the whole faculty.

Wel. Enough! I hasten to him.

[*Going.*]

Pau. [*Shrieks.*] Oh! There he is.

Enter LEWIS,

Pale and rather weak, with his head bound, and his arm in a sling.

Mrs. W. [*Runs to him, and embraces him.*] Lewis!

Fre. [*Shakes him by the hand.*] Brave lad!

Wel. Lewis, can you, when scarcely recovering from a swoon, thus creep up stairs again?

Lew. Oh, I am not ill—I was only stunned.

Wel. I was just coming to you.

Lew. My impatience and anxiety have driven me hither. Allow me a few words without a witness.

Wel. Be seated, then. Go, friends. Neighbor, I know you will not take it amiss.

Dal. Not another word. Come, neighbor Rehberg.

[*Exeunt Dal. and Reh.*]

Fre. Lewis, I have such a regard for you, that I have not thought of Louisa before. I'll away to meet her.

Pau. Oh Lewis! How pale you look!

[*Hides her face, and exit into her chamber.*]

Mrs. W. Don't let him talk too much, good William, lest he should irritate his wounds.

Lew. Be not afraid, dear mother. He will heal my deepest wound.

[*Exit. Mrs. W.*]

Wel. Now, Lewis, we are alone.

Lew. Father, I am obliged to you for inestimable kindnesses, and beg to-day a greater than any of them.

Wel. You know me. Speak.

Lew. You must have been surprised on hearing that I attacked the hussars.

Wel. I was, indeed, for I have always thought you of a peaceable disposition.

Lew. When I left you, I intended to travel a few miles before sun-set, but my heart was so heavy, that my feet could not support me. I went to the little inn, which was full of hussars. I left them—wandered into the garden, and seated myself under an elm, where I indulged myself in a flood of tears. Ere long two of the hussars joined me. They laughed at me for my effeminacy—as they called it—but I paid no regard to them. At length they ceased their taunts, and began to converse about their own concerns—in which, alas, I was too nearly concerned.

Wel. You!

Lew. They spoke in opprobrious terms of my father.

Wel. Your father!

Lew. They called him a villain, and by the Almighty that he is not.

Wel. Who is your father?

Lew. A weak, but a good man. He was high in office—Heaven knows what has lately happened to him! He must have fled, and these hussars, as far as I can learn, are in pursuit of him.—The two I mentioned, having spoken of him in terms the most abusive, I could no longer refrain—I considered not that I alone was opposing twenty—I considered nothing but my father's honor, and struck the villain, whose language had been most opprobrious, to the earth. Of course, I immediately became the victim of my rashness.

Wel. Lewis!—Is it possible?—Who are you?

Lew. Oh!

Wel. You are in search of one Count Lohrstein?

Lew. He it is.

Wel. He is your father!

Lew. Yes.

Wel. [*Aside.*] Oh God, what bliss hast thou reserved for me on this day! [*Aloud.*] Speak, worthy youth! Let me have all your confidence. Let not two fathers be too many for you. Relate to me the mysterious particulars of your fate.

Lew. My first education and my heart destined me to act a happy, but not a brilliant part in the world. My mother was formed for domestic comfort, and formed me for the enjoyment of domestic comfort. She died. An ambitious deceitful woman succeeded to my father's affections. Through her, he became minister—through her I too was to make my fortune (as it is called) at court. I was married to a woman, whom I knew not, but whom I discovered, when too late, to be the Prince's mistress. Yes. Then I might have raised myself, from step to step, in splendid infamy, and bending under the load of turpitude, might have climbed to the summit of courtly favor. But, thanks to Heaven, the sentiments, which she, who now enjoys celestial bliss, had graven in my mind, could not be eradicated by my step-mother. Soon as I discovered the labyrinth, in which they had involved my inexperience, my resolution was irrevocably

formed. I fled. From a delicacy, which was, perhaps carried to too great an excess, I took nothing with me. Beg I could not—I knew not how to work, so that at last, driven by hunger and despair, I accepted the offers of the recruiting party, with which you found me.

Wel. Now, all is plain—and how do I rejoice to find it thus! How willingly do I request your pardon for the suspicion, which to-day I could not quite suppress!

Lew. My character must have appeared dubious to you, and alas! that alone made my separation from you so painful.

Wel. Why did you not sooner discover yourself?

Lew. Could I accuse my father—or could I assist him? Even now, I would not have broken my silence, had not anxiety for his safety compelled me to do it. He is pursued and suspected to be in this neighborhood. I am, at present incapable of assisting him; for my arm is maimed, and the loss of blood has so much reduced me, that I cannot even go in search of him, to give him notice that he is pursued. Oh, I beseech you, kind, benevolent, generous man, I beseech you, send all your people through the wood, the roads, the hills, and if they find him—have compassion on his age—on his misfortunes.

Wel. I engage that he shall find beneath my roof a safe retreat. But at present attend to the wounds, which reflect so much honor upon you, and quietly await the issue. Will you do this?

Lew. Quietly! Oh!

Wel. Go into my study. Throw yourself upon the couch, and sleep if you can.

Lew. Bring me some account of my father. 'Till then I cannot sleep. [Exit.

Wel. [Looking after him in great emotion.] Indeed! — — — God has been pleased to place in my hands the means of rewarding thy virtue, noble youth. To release thee from bondage so unworthy of thy heart is my lot. [Goes to a chamber door.] Paulina!

Enter PAULINA.

Pau. My father!

Wel. Lewis is in my study.

Pau. [*Alarmed.*] Not ill again?

Wel. Not ill, but alone, and that he dislikes. Go, and keep him company.

Pau. [*Astonished.*] How, my father?

Wel. Have you not understood me? I wish you to keep Lewis company. Is that so difficult to you?

Pau. Oh no—I do not understand it—but I obey most willingly. [*Exit to Lewis.*]

Wel. What extatic moments now await me!—Yes, good Brave, you are right: *Such* revenge is sweet — — But they are both weak, and exausted.—How shall I prepare them for the interview? I must consult my Ann. [*Going.*]

Enter ZAHN.

Zah. Unannounced, but not I hope unwelcome—

Wel. Heavens! What do I see? Zahn! My honest Zahn!

Zah. Will your Excellency allow a faithful old servant—

Wel. Silence! Silence! No Excellency dwells here. Come into my arms, thou honest man, thou only friend, from whom misfortune has not severed me. [*Clasps him with fervor in his arms.*]

Zah. [*Returning his embrace with reserve.*] An honor—as well as a pleasure — — Oh that I should live to enjoy this hour in my old age!

Wel. What, for Heaven's sake, has brought you to my peaceful retreat?

Zah. [*Somewhat ceremoniously.*] His Serene Highness has been pleased to command—had he been pleased to appoint me one of his Privy Council, he would not have so highly honored me—

Wel. What is your business, then, dear Zahn? I see tears in your eyes.

Zah. I humbly beg pardon—but just at this moment I cannot suppress them. [*Turns away, and wipes his eyes.*]

Wel. [*Surveys him, and turns aside, much affected.*] Fifty years has he lived at court, yet has it had no influence but on his manners. [*Aside.*] I hear the old Prince is dead ?

Zah. [*Composing himself.*] Yes, it has pleased the Highest to take him home, and what I prophesied twenty-seven years ago has happened. The prayers of the poor and forsaken, whose father you always were, have been heard, and his Serene Highness restores to you all your former offices, estates, and dignities.

Wel. How could the Prince learn—

Zah. Pardon me, my Lord. When his Highness was pleased to manifest his sentiments, I found it impossible to keep silence any longer. I therefore announced myself, obtained an audience, and reported what I knew.

Wel. Your intentions were good, but—

Zah. His Highness was highly delighted. “Such a man,” he was pleased to observe, “is wanting both for me and my subjects. Haste, and invite him to court.”

Wel. I again appear at court !

Zah. Yes, I, old as I am, shall have the honor of again serving in the administration of your Excellency. I own I cannot proceed with the same facility as twenty-seven years ago, but the pleasure of doing my duty under my old worthy director, will make me young again.

Wel. No, dear Zahn. To court I shall not return. I am not disposed again to encounter the cabals of Countess Lohrstein.

Zah. No, my Lord. The Countess has finished her cabals, and at present is a prisoner in the castle.

Wel. How ! Was she not closely allied to the Prince's *female friend* ?

Zah. Ladies, who are allied in that way, seldom hold their post *ad dies vitæ*. The order of the privy council was indeed issued at the instigation of the Countess Lohrstein's late daughter-in-law.

Wel. Late !—How so ?

Zak. His Serene Highness has been pleased to declare the marriage null and void.

Wel. Indeed!

Zak. On account of her having been shamefully forsaken by her husband.

Wel. [*Embracing him with fervor.*] Oh, my friend! This intelligence is more welcome to me than the restoration of my estates and rank.

Zak. I do not exactly comprehend—

Wel. You soon will. You soon shall share with me the enjoyment of this evening.

Zak. It is his Highness's wish that you should return with me immediately.

Wel. No, dear Zahn, I shall not return with you.

Zak. This most gracious invitation is written by his own hand.

Wel. [*Breaks the seal, and reads it.*] Most kind, most gracious, and I could almost say, most sincere—but I shall not go.

Zak. I am astonished.

Wel. Sit but one evening at my frugal board, and you will no longer be astonished. [*Draws out a small key.*] Look, dear Zahn, this key is rusty. [*Opens the closet with much difficulty.*] It will scarcely do its duty. [*Takes a packet out of the closet.*] Here are the insignia of the order to which I belonged—my diploma—and all the remains of my former greatness. I pledge to you my word, that this closet has not been opened during five-and-twenty years.

Zak. Your Excellency opens it to-day for the good of your country.

Wel. Can my country be so devoid of honest men, as to make this necessary? No. Virtue will appear at court, as soon as the court will respect her.

Zak. For the good of your family—

Wel. Enough, my family shall decide the matter. 'Till then, good Zahn, I claim your secrecy.

Zak. I know how to obey.

Wel. Let me but have time to recollect myself; occurrences have followed each other so rapidly to-day, that I feel I am appointed by Heaven to make many people happy, yet know not how to begin. Come, honest Zahn! [*Takes his hand.*] Walk into this room—we shall soon see each other again. [*Opens the door, and calls.*] Neighbor, I send another friend to you, and put him under your protection, 'till I have finished some business, which just now engages me.

Dal. [*Within.*] Understood. Come in. [*Zahn goes in.*]

Wel. Mr. Rehberg, I wish to have a little conversation with you.

Enter REHBERG.

Reh. Here I am.

Wel. You wish to marry my daughter Rosa, I presume?

Reh. What a question!

Wel. She is your's.

Reh. Mr. Welling!—Why this sudden alteration in your sentiments? I am as poor as I was!

Wel. But I am not so pertinacious as I was.

Reh. If you be not in earnest—this is cruel.

Wel. If you any longer doubt it, you will hurt me.

Reh. [*Falls on his neck.*] Oh, worthy mysterious man!

Wel. As to the mysterious part of my character, it will soon be explained. Have the goodness, my son, to assemble my whole family, and all my friends in this room immediately. You will find Paulina there. I wish to converse on a subject, which relates to us all, and on the decision of which, each shall have a vote. [*Takes the packet from the table and is going.* Rosa meets him.

Wpl. Ha!—Just at the right time. [*Takes her hand, leads her to Rehberg, joins their hands, and embraces them.*] God bless you!

[*Exit.*]

Ros. What does this mean?

Reh. That Rosa is mine.

Ros. How!— I must rub my eyes to be certain that I am not dreaming.—Have you obtained a living?

Reh. No.

Ros. Oh, I don't ask on my own account, for I am really glad you are poor. I always think one can't convince a rich man, how much one loves him.

Reh. Whom do you call a rich man? Oh, I am rich indeed. *[Clasps her in his arms.]*

Enter Mrs. WELLING.

Mrs. W. Rosa, remember that you are still a great distance from the altar.

Reh. No. We have reached it, if your blessing be our conductor.

Mrs. W. How am I to understand this?

Ros. My father has consented.

Mrs. W. Indeed!

Reh. And if his parental blessing be echoed from your lips—

Mrs. W. With all my heart—although I do not comprehend—

Reh. He will soon be here again. My transport had almost made me forget what he desired. All, who are united to him by affection or by friendship are to assemble in this room. *[Goes to the door of the dining-room.]* Mr. Dalner—sir—we request your company here.

Enter DALNER, ZAHN, and FREDERICK.

Fre. Mother, this gentleman is one of my father's friends.

Mrs. W. You are welcome, sir.

Dal. Mr. Zahn, this is the lady of the house.

Zah. Accept, madam, the assurances of my respect and—

Mrs. W. No more, I beg sir. You are among simple country people.

Reh. *[Who has in the mean time opened the door of the study.]* By order of your father, dear Paulina, I invite you hither—as well as Lewis, if his strength will allow it.

Enter PAULINA and LEWIS.

Mrs. W. *[Astonished.]* How, Paulina!—You in that room!

Pau. My father himself sent me to keep Lewis company.

Mrs. W. Well, for the first time in my life I cannot discover the motives for your father's conduct.

Zah. [*Attentively observing Lewis—aside.*] I should know that young man.

Lew. [*Aside.*] Heavens! What can this man want here?

Enter WELLING,

With a star upon his coat, and the ribband of the order. He holds in his hand the Prince's letter. On his appearance all speak confusedly among each other.

Mrs. W. Dear husband, what means this?

Pau. Father, is it you?

Dal. Neighbor, are we going to have a masquerade?

Reh. I suspect a secret, here.

Ros. Brother, what is all this?

Fre. Don't you see I am as much astonished as yourself?

Lew. [*Aside.*] That is the order to which my father belonged.

Zah. [*Aside.*] I alone have the key to this enigma.

Wel. You seem as if you think me little better than a lunatic?—Be patient. In one moment the mystery will be solved—but let me not be interrupted. Lewis, how do you feel? Have you sufficient strength to receive from me a present, which your filial affection has obtained from fate?

Lew. [*Starts.*] Father, I do not comprehend you.

Wel. Has your heart no presages?

Lew. [*With tremulous utterance.*] Were it so—if my heart deceive me not—oh, do not keep me in suspense.

Wel. Paulina, go for our guest. [*Exit. Pau.*]

Lew. [*In great agitation.*] Guest!—And these mysterious words—may I accompany Paulina?

Wel. Stay where you are. I have said enough. Doubt—hope—think of your wounds—and moderate your rapture. [*Lewis breathes with difficulty and rivets his eye upon the door, no longer observing what passes around him. Welling points to Rehberg.*] I have given this man my promise, dear wife, that he shall have Rosa.

Mrs. W. I could scarcely believe it, for according to our conversation yesterday—

Wel. He was first to obtain a benefice—and he has obtained one.—My son, I congratulate you on your appointment to the living of Birkendorf.

Reh. [*Quite astonished.*] Birkendorf!—Dear sir—how can you—

Wel. Be so forward as to promise what—

Zah. [*Smiling.*] The gentleman may be at ease.

Mrs. W. But explain to us—

Dal. In truth, neighbor—

Lew. [*Distracted with anxiety.*] I hear footsteps.

Wel. Make room for him, children. He has been long enough deprived of his father.

All. His father!

Enter LOHRSTEIN and PAULINA.

Lewis stands at a short distance from the Count, and in great agitation stretches out the arm which is at liberty.

Loh. [*Violently terrified.*] What phantom do I behold?—Wert thou slain, bloody form, and comest thou to demand revenge?

Lew. [*Kneeling.*] Forgive your son.

Loh. Forgive!—I, thee!—Oh, if I be not wrong in thinking thee a spirit—come into my arms. [*Lewis rushes into his arms.*]—What is this?—I again feel a heart beating against mine—I feel a warm tear upon my cheek.—Am I, then, still beloved by any one on earth? Lewis, dost thou still love me?

[*Lewis kneels, and covers his father's hand with tears and kisses.*

Wel. Spare him, my Lord. That he loves you these wounds declare, which he received to-day in defence of your honor.

Loh. And thou kneel'st to me!—Let me—let me kneel.

[*Is sinking.*

Lew. [*Hinders it, and presses him with fervor to his heart.*] Father!

Loh. What have I lost? I hear a voice, which calls me father.

Lew. Wealth and dignity divided us—poverty and lowliness restore us to each other.

Loh. Where was I? What apathy had crept around my heart?—Forgive me, Lewis, for thy mother's sake.

Lew. I have not been in distress—thanks to this worthy man, who received me as his son.

Loh. How! Has he been *thy* benefactor too?—Could you consider the son of your enemy as your own son?

All. His enemy!

Dal. I guess how this is.

Loh. Oh my Lord!

All. Lord!

Loh. What revenge is this!

Wel. The only revenge, which becomes me.

Lew. What means this?

Wel. My friends, it is time that I solve this enigma. Will you pardon me, my dearest Ann, if I have concealed this only secret from you? You will, I am certain, when I tell you I was obliged to promise inviolable secrecy to your father on his death-bed.

Mrs. W. [*Confused and astonished.*] Are you really a Lord, then?

Wel. I am Baron Wellingrode, formerly the favorite of a Prince and not happy—now an honest farmer, and the happiest man on earth. [*All shew signs of astonishment.*] This letter from a good Prince, restores me to my rank, estates, and former office. This man is come to conduct me to court.

Mrs. W. Fre. Pau. and Ros. [*Alarmed.*] To court!

Wel. The hand, which has here so long held the plough, has forgotten how to guide the rudder of a state. Nevertheless, if you, my dear wife and children, think this alteration in our fortunes enviable, I will comply with your wishes.

Mrs. W. Oh no!

Fre. Pau. and Ros. No, no.

Wel. Consider well. What thousands sigh for, in vain, is offered you by chance.

Prin. What do we want ?

Fre. We are accustomed to our present situation.

Ros. What can we do at court ?

Wel. You may hereafter repent—

Fre. Pau. and Ros. Never! Never!

Wel. Is this your firm desire ?

Fre. Pau. and Ros. It is ! It is !

Wel. [*Opens his arms.*] Come, then, to my heart.

[*The children approach with a degree of timidity.*]

Wel. What now ? Are you afraid of me ?

Fre. Oh no—but the star—

Pau. The ribband—

Ros. You are grown a Baron so suddenly—

Wel. My dear Ann, you seem to keep at a distance, too.

Mrs. W. My dear William, I am sorry to do it—but you appear almost a stranger to me—

Wel. And shall I return to a situation, which causes a distance between me and my family ? Shall I wear a star, which withholds my wife and children from my bosom ?—
[*Throws the ribband away with violence.*] Take it—take it—release me from this gew-gaw.

[*The children run to him with delight, take the star from his breast, and lay it aside with the ribband.*]

Fre. There !—Now, you are our father again.

Pau. Now we know you.

Ros. Now we love you.

Wel. And you, good Ann ?

Mrs. W. Thus you offered me your hand twenty-five years ago.

Wel. You see, dear Zahn—

Zah. [*Wiping his eyes.*] I do, and wish his Serene Highness had seen it also.

Wel. To court I'll go, but only to thank the Prince, and petition for the pardon of this man.

Loh. You destroy me.

Wel. How ! By acting a self-interested part ? I shall only be promoting the happiness of our son.—Lewis, the Prince has declared your marriage void.

[*Lewis gazes at him in silent astonishment.*]

Wel. Count, the young people like each other. Will you seal our reconciliation ?

Loh. Will I ! How can you ask ? [*Lewis clasps Paulina with ardor in his arms.*] Oh God !

Ros. [*Giving her hand to Rehberg.*] Now we are all happy.

Fre. All.

Mrs. W. [*Much affected.*] All.

Wel. And through me.—My children I have doubled, and I have found a brother. [*Pointing to the Count.*]

Dal. Two brothers, neighbor—understood ?

Wel. Come then to me, all. Come into the arms of the happiest man on earth. Are you still afraid of me ? No star now hides my heart. Let me press you all to it.

[*Mrs. Welling sinks on his bosom, while the surrounding children hang on him and caress him.*]

The curtain falls.

THE END.

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THE
FORCE OF CALUMNY:
A PLAY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF
KOTZEBUE.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED FOR C. SMITH AND S. STEPHENS,
BY JOHN FURMAN.

1800

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SYNDICUS MORLAND.*

EMILIA, *his Wife.*

JENNY, *his Sister.*

EDWARD SMITH, *an Englishman, his Clerk.*

COUNT SCHARFENECK, *Prime Minister to the Prince.*

YOUNG SCHARFENECK, *his Nephew, a Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber.*

PRUNK, *Valet of the Privy-Chamber.*

ALLBRAND, *Private Secretary to the Prime Minister.*

CAPTAIN ELLFIELD, *an Old Officer.*

MRS. ELLFIELD, *his Wife.*

BENJAMIN KROLL, *a Goaler.*

EVE, *his Wife.*

PILZ, *an Officer of the Police.*

THOMAS, *an old Servant to Morland.*

GUARDS.

* *Syndicus*, is the title of an officer in the Law Department in some parts of Germany. *Translator.*

Jenny. I make excuses for you!—by no means!—that you have, for a long time, sat in your study whole days together, and lately even slept there, that you might be up earlier in the morning to renew your labours, I well know;—But what you are about——

Morland. You cannot tell.

Jenny. Even so!—Often, when we have questioned you upon this subject, you have answered with the air of an ancient Roman; “My dear girls, the welfare of the whole state rests upon my shoulders!”—Well, then, hasten to complete the important task in which you are engaged, that you may be restored to our society.

Morland. To accomplish that restoration, I must still work. Never was it more necessary to take example from the watchful crane, whose figure crowns the arms over our city gates. On one side, too much is required, on the other too much refused!—The prince is distrustful, the people presuming, and neither party can enjoy a moment's repose.

Jenny. But with us, God be thanked, all is quiet!—Ætna sends forth torrents of fire—the earth trembles—and we calmly read the dread tidings in the news-papers.

Morland. When the earth shakes in Sicily, a new island is sometimes thrown up in the sea of Iceland. Heaven be praised! we are quiet at present, and my nightly watchings will, I hope, contribute towards increasing our security. It is no light task, to search the archives of a town for a succession of six centuries, to separate rights from customs, and claims from laws, and then to compress the result into such a form that the Prince may know enough, without the people knowing too much.

Emilia. Will not your talk be soon finished? We have enjoyed so little of your company for a month past——

Morland. This very day I shall transcribe the last sheet.

Jenny. Away then! write hard, and do not let us see you any more till you can throw aside that countenance of thought.

Morland. This happy news has so distracted my attention, that I know not, whether I shall be able any longer to form a letter.

Jenny. Or at every word you write, some apostrophe to the future heir of your family will be intruding itself, and whenever the letter P occurs, "*he says Papa,*" will be ready to follow.

Morland. Give as free scope to your wit as you please, my good sister; but unless I am much mistaken, the aunt feels no small degree of happiness.

Jenny. She does not deny the charge.

Morland. Well, go to breakfast, my dear—I will be with you presently. (*Exit into his Study*)

SCENE IV. EMILIA and JENNY.

Emilia. What an excellent man!

Jenny. Not one of the worst of human beings, indeed! a true honest Swiss!—his ancestors fought at Morgarten.

Emilia. How happy is it for me that I obeyed the dictates of my reason, instead of yielding to the ambitious views of my aunt, with her numerous line of ancestors?

Jenny. 'Tis happy, indeed, since all has fallen out so well! yet I must own, dear sister, that I was strongly averse to this match; as it did not, in my opinion, wear an auspicious aspect,

Emilia. Had you fully known the principles that decided my resolution—

Jenny. I had earnestly wished the union!—I had shewn that I was not insensible to the value of a woman whose innocence was so lightly estimated by a base aunt, yet who had virtue enough to prefer becoming the wife of a worthy citizen, to being the mistress of a prince.

Emilia. Silence!—not so loud!

Jenny. But then, indeed, my expectations would have been

raised to such a pitch, that I should not, as now, have seen you, for two years soaring so far above them.

Emilia. This testimony, dearest sister, is my pride, and my joy; and, believe me, I would, this day, do from enthusiastic affection, what was then only the result of reason.

Jenny. Singular enough for a woman to fall in love with her own husband.

Emilia. Not *singular* surely;—and is it not far better than to idolize the lover at the expence of the husband? I would seriously advise you, Jenny, to follow my example, not to wait for the witchery of love, but to be content with reason and friendship.

Jenny. Again casting a reflection upon my respectable spinster state? any one would suppose me as much surrounded with suitors, as formerly the rich princess of Burgundy.

Emilia. There is the gentleman of the Privy-Chamber——

Jenny. A Spring zephyr, that plays with every flower—a blighting insect that destroys every leaf he comes near. His tongue levels with the dust every respectable name, as the scythe mows down every blade of grass. I lately, however, very coolly and drily, told him such plain truths, that his hopes must now be entirely at an end.

Emilia. I know not whether you may have observed the new enemy that seems advancing to the siege from another quarter.

Jenny. As how?

Emilia. That our clerk——

Jenny. The Englishman? you dream!

Emilia. Women are seldom mistaken in such conjectures.

Jenny. A true English caprice! and moreover——

Emilia. I know what you would say—a clerk——

Jenny. Not so. A clerk wears a coat, to the button-hole of which chance may, some time or other, fasten an order.—
But——

Emilia. He has a good understanding, well cultivated—

Jenny. But, nothing wherewith to make the pot boil.

Emilia. I am not so certain of that—I suspect him to be richer than he appears.

Jenny. Why so?

Emilia. Do not laugh, and I will tell you a truly feminine observation I have made. He wears very fine linen.

Jenny. To which I can add another equally curious. Not long since a man came to this town, who gives himself out as an English master of languages. Smith calls him his friend and fellow countryman. But I, one day saw them together upon the stairs, when Smith had his hat on, and the other, with his in his hand was bowing to him very respectfully. This struck me, and I stopped to observe them; but they immediately perceived me, appeared embarrassed, and the tone of equality was instantly resumed, though evidently with some degree of restraint; soon after which they shook hands and parted.

Emilia. What if this clerk should be a Prince in disguise?

Jenny. An Arcadian shepherd come to assist me in tending my flocks?

Emilia. He is certainly no ordinary man.

Jenny. So my brother says.

SCENE V. *Enter THOMAS.*

Thomas. Secretary Allbrand to wait upon you, Madam.

Jenny. The odious wretch! I will not see him. *(She runs out through a side door.)*

Emilia. Alas! must I be obliged to receive him? Shew him up Thomas. *(Exit Thomas)* Oh God! how often in this world are we compelled to stoop to dissimulation!

SCENE VI.—*Enter ALLBRAND.*

Allbrand. Pardon, Madam, my troubling you thus early.

Emilia. You are my husband's friend. A friend cannot come unseasonably.

Allbrand. Would to heaven that this were spoken as from yourself.

Emilia. Morland is not yet at leisure; will you condescend to loose a few minutes with a female?

Allbrand. You are sportive, Madam. You know but too well what a gain I consider this loss.

Emilia. Possibly your business may be urgent? I will call my husband.

Allbrand. Urgent! Ah Madam, I have no business so urgent as to tell you, that in your presence every thing else is forgotten.

Emilia. The air of the court has infected you.

Allbrand. It has only emboldened me to declare my feelings.

Emilia. (*Embarrassed, and endeavoring to turn the conversation*) I understand that a new play is to come out at the theatre this evening.

Allbrand. At which I would indulge a hope that you may be present.

Emilia. 'Tis possible.

Allbrand. Then I may look forward to spending some hours of transport.

Emilia. Of that you scarcely can fail, since the piece is Schröder's.

Allbrand. The theatre is the only place where I may be allowed to contemplate those charms, without offending your rigid notions. There leaning against a pillar, alone in the midst of a surrounding croud, my eyes remain immovably fixed upon your box;—you see me not, while I see only you;—sometimes, indeed, your fan or muff are alone to be seen;—but even to behold them is soothing to me.

Emilia. Secretary Allbrand, you forget your engagement.—Solely on the condition, that in future I should hear no more such language, did I consent to conceal from my husband, whom you call your friend, a passion, which to view in the most favorable light, is the height of imprudence.

Allbrand. Could a mind like yours harbor the idea of sowing the seeds of discord between two friends, who so long since, even as youths at the university, swore eternal fidelity to each other?

Emilia. Have you observed your oath?

Allbrand. Can it be perjury towards friendship to admire what my friend has found so lovely? to adore the being who makes him happy?

Emilia. Think as you please, in silence; but never forget that the wife of Morland can only admit your friendship and esteem; but will steadily reject all pretensions to your admiration or love.

Allbrand. Happy Morland! yet at least permit me to complain of the injustice of fate; that I who have never loved but once in my life, whose constancy might be entitled to some recompence, am compelled in silence to cherish a hopeless passion; while he, who, for years, only roved from flower to flower, is repaid by an ardor and steadiness of attachment which such levity ill deserves;—that I, to whom innocence was ever sacred, am now scorned, rejected, while he, who at Strasburgh—

Emilia. No more!—I will not hear you!

Allbrand. Far be from me the malignant wish to derogate from the merits of my worthy friend! particularly to injure him in the esteem of one in whom his whole happiness is centered! If at the time I reproved him severely for deceiving an innocent girl with false promises—

Emilia. 'Tis false!—Morland never deceived any one!

Allbrand. I do not mention this lapse, as a thing wholly unpardonable. He was young—a perfect Adonis among the wo-

men,—was it surprising that such admiration should make him vain? and we all know to what lengths vanity will lead a man; perhaps the want of opportunity alone, protected me from doing the like. But, what excites my indignation is, that partial fate should give him a reward due only to the purity of a first passion.

Emilia. Secretary Allbrand, even if this story, in the disclosure of which you seem to find so much gratification, were true, why relate it to me? how does it concern me? what purpose do you hope to make it answer to yourself? For two years, I have been united to Morland; he has studied incessantly to promote my happiness; I have no wish unsatisfied; and what passed prior to our union, is indifferent to me; If my husband was once wild, I esteem myself the more fortunate that such courses are now entirely abandoned by him. Above all things, I detest the malignity that would trace back the life of a man even to his cradle, to enumerate how many times in his childhood his mother was constrained to use the rod. In short, Sir, I will hear no more! To preserve domestic harmony, and spare my husband some hours of painful chagrin, I have hitherto been silent; but be assured, the next time that a similar expression shall escape your lips, all shall be revealed, whatever may be the consequence.

Allbrand. If you suppose that an unhappy passion is to be repressed by menaces, you know little of the human heart.

Emilia. To deal with you sincerely, Mr. Secretary, I consider you as ready to grant any passion free ingress into your heart; but I believe none will ever gain a permanent establishment there.

Allbrand. I know not in what way to answer such a compliment.

Emilia. Do with my compliment, as I have always done with your's—given them to the wind.

Allbrand. (with suppressed irritation) Madam—

SCENE VII.—*Enter MORLAND.*

Morland. (*as he enters*) I heard right then!—I thought I recognized your voice; (*he gives him his hand*) whether upon business, or as a friend, most welcome!

Allbrand. I come in both relations.

Emilia. I will not interrupt you, gentlemen. (*Exit*)

Morland. Sit down, my friend!—Have you breakfasted?

Allbrand. Two hours ago.

Morland. I waited till I had finished my business—I thought that breakfast would then have a better relish.—Has the minister asked—

Allbrand. I came hither upon that account. He expects to see you to-day.

Morland. He shall not be disappointed.

Allbrand. The abstract—

Morland. Is ready; and I have exceeded in it beyond my hopes. I have endeavoured to be as clear, as a work of such important public utility demands.

Allbrand. The minister expects implicit submission.

Morland. Say rather temperate truths; and then his expectations will not be deceived.

Allbrand. Indeed, in taking such ground, you will oppose many courtly ideas. But so much the better;—only be upon your guard; and should he, in consequence, receive you with a haughty coldness, do not shew any resentment.

Morland. I never swerve from the strict line of my duty.

Allbrand. He is no friend to the rights of citizens.

Morland. They are clearly defined.

Allbrand. Yet I fear, that a decision—

Morland. Who can withstand that power?

Allbrand. But I know the mind of a courtier;—only oppose manly steadiness to his *ipse dixit*.

Morland. I say no more than may be said with propriety by a subject, and what I am bound to say as advocate for the citizens.

Allbrand. (*with a secret malicious joy*) So much the better!—But indeed the minister has very contracted ideas of what a man ought to say.

Morland. The citizens have not reposed their confidence in me, that I should fashion my ideas after those of the minister.

Allbrand. There I recognize the true Swiss manliness.

Morland. Honesty is at home every where.

Allbrand. (*rubbing his hands*) I am delighted with the idea of this audience.

Morland. I cannot say that I feel any delight; but I go to it, with perfect composure. The minister would have a hard task indeed to ruffle my temper to-day; for I am so tuned to happiness!—Dear Allbrand, participate my transports;—I am likely to become a father.

Allbrand. (*starting*) Indeed!

Morland. What, for two years, I have ardently wished, but had almost ceased to hope, is at length granted me. God be thanked for so great a blessing!

Allbrand. (*in a constrained manner*) You give me a most unexpected pleasure!—Believe me, I take the warmest interest—

Morland. Without many words—friendship is not wordy.

Allbrand. It is but right, that Emilia should pay you in one way what she deprives you of in another.

Morland. What she deprives me of!—I do not understand you.

Allbrand. I mean that you are an object of hatred to the courtiers. You know the old Latin saying, "*regis ad exemplum totius componitur orbis.*"

Morland. Because she gave her hand to a citizen.

Allbrand. Not so.—That was the subject of their sneers and sarcasms for three days; and then was wholly forgotten.

Morland. What then?

Allbrand. My God!—you know very well—

Morland. What do I know?

Allbrand. The Prince is young and vain;—he will never pardon you for having superseded him.

Morland. The Prince?

Allbrand. Why that question?—as if I told you something new.

Morland. New indeed!

Allbrand. You cannot be ignorant, that the prince was formerly a suitor of Emilia's,

Morland. The prince a suitor of Emilia's?—What am I to understand by this insinuation?

Allbrand. What is commonly understood, when we talk of a Prince's being a suitor.

Morland. Allbrand, I consider this as an affront.

Allbrand. Good God! how can you consider it as an affront, to hear from the mouth of a friend, what has long served as an amusement for all the gossips in town.

Morland. That the Prince had made proposals to Emilia?

Allbrand. Very brilliant proposals, and very urgently offered.

Morland. And Emilia?—

Allbrand. Did what honour and virtue required of her.

Morland. She never mentioned a word of this to me!

Allbrand. I am astonished at that.

Morland. It was known to all the gossips in town, yet was to be concealed from me!

Allbrand. Doubtless to avoid giving you uneasiness.

Morland. I am made more uneasy by hearing it thus.

Allbrand. I am not surprised at that, and, viewed in this light, Emilia has certainly been wrong in the secrecy she has observed. She ought to have told you the story herself, lest it might perchance reach your ears from some other quarter, when it would be served up, adorned with all the pretty circumstances, with which rumour delights to garnish such dishes.

Morland. And are such stories indeed whispered about?—
Such stories of my wife?

Allbrand. Heavens! can you be astonished at that? You know the world,—know how much it is the aim of every scoundrel to run down all merit.

Morland. But the particulars of this history?

Allbrand. Why, what would you—

Morland. I require them as an act of friendship.

Allbrand. Then I must obey. It is said that your wife—but, pray, excuse me!

Morland. No, no—say on! they will make no kind of impression upon me.

Allbrand. It is said, that your wife and the Prince were once upon very good terms—extremely good terms.

Morland. What mean you?—

Allbrand. It is no wonder if the Prince's fine person and amiable qualities should, at the first moment, dazzle the imagination of a young girl; but the rest, I have no doubt, are malicious additions.

Morland. Most certainly!—yet that people should dare to say such things of Morland's wife.—

Allbrand. The affair is very little talked of, now.

Morland. But still sometimes hinted at?

Allbrand. Must I remind a man who knows the world so well, that a good action is often forgotten in twenty-four hours, while a tale of calumny is scarcely ever wholly laid asleep, even when its victim rests in the grave.

Morland. In truth, my friend, you have found the means of embittering the happiest hour of my life.

Allbrand. For shame! Why do you suffer such a foolish business to torment you? follow my example and laugh at the tale. It was but yesterday that I absolutely laughed in the face of an old lady, who positively asserted that the intercourse between the Prince and Mrs. Morland still continued.

Morland. Still continued!

Allbrand. Had been maintained with intermission for four years. As if a Prince's love could last out an Olympiad! Ha! ha! ha!

Morland. Mere malice!

Allbrand. Neither more or less.

Morland. Pitiful envy!

Allbrand. And no reasonable man, therefore, would gratify the babblers by suffering the affair to give him the least un-
casiness.

Morland. Yet I must own myself hurt at Emilia's never mentioning the subject.

Allbrand. It astonishes me. But the more virtuous the woman, the less does she like talking of such conquests.

Morland. She had doubtless sufficient reasons for her silence.

Allbrand. Emilia could not act but upon sufficient reasons.—
But, it grows late—*(He rises)* Farwell, my friend—we shall meet again at the minister's.

Morland. *(Rising)* That four years ago the Prince had intentions?—You know this for certain?

Allbrand. I cannot say, that I was ever present at an interview;—I only give you common report.

Morland. At an interview!

Allbrand. And if she did stray a few steps out of the right path; why concern yourself with an affair that happened two years before the commencement of your acquaintance with her. In a very few weeks the error was seen and relinquished—and—ah Morland!—were the women to keep so strict a reckoning with us, what husband would dare to look a wife in the face?

(Exit.)

SCENE VIII. MORLAND *alone.*

Strange!—what hateful ideas are floating in my brain?—But it cannot be true!—and were it so; is Emilia to be condemned because she is lovely and amiable?—She is certainly guiltless!—She must be, by heaven!—Yet, she should have imparted the circumstance to me!—her concealment of it was not right!—

SCENE IX.—*Enter SMITH.*

Smith. (*Giving Morland a paper*) Sir, here is the copy.

Morland. What copy?—Oh, I recollect!—You have finished it most expeditiously.—But, I forgot to tell you, that, somewhere in the paper, an erroneous quotation from Montesquieu, has crept in, which should be corrected.

Smith. I perceived, and have corrected it.

Morland. Indeed!

Smith. Perhaps I have been guilty of impertinence?

Morland. On the contrary, you have conferred an obligation.—You are then acquainted with Montesquieu's works?

Smith. He is one of my favourite authors.

Morland. It seems very extraordinary, that a man so accomplished as yourself, possessing not only a perfect knowledge of your own language, but also of the French and German; and to whom many other branches of learning are familiar, should be condemned to so low a situation as that of a clerk.

Smith. (*Sbrugging his shoulders*) Fate—

Morland. Excuse me if I cannot help saying, that I have frequently suspected your birth to be above your present circumstances.

Smith. Then why concern yourself with my origin?

Morland. If you are following your own caprice, it is matter of indifference to me?—but should misfortune be the cause of your degradation, were I made the confidant of your troubles, I might be enabled to procure you some amendment in your situation.

Smith. Have none but the unfortunate, need of confidants? I am not unhappy, yet I might be much happier.

Morland. Can I assist you?

Smith. Will you?

Morland. With the truest pleasure.

Smith. Your hand upon it? (*Morland gives him his hand*) Have I obtained your good opinion?

Morland. Entirely;—nor will you ever lose it again, if you always remain what you have been for the last two months.

Smith. I am always the same.

Morland. I consider you as a man of abilities and integrity.

Smith. Your wishes are gratified.

Morland. Then speak without reserve.

Smith. I will.—I love your sister.

Morland. (*Starting back*) Indeed! this was not what I expected to hear.

Smith. And what you are not pleased at hearing?

Morland. Why do you suppose so?—if—

Smith. Let it remain between ourselves alone.

Morland. Rely upon that—~~but~~ these are circumstances—

Smith. I am rich.

Morland. That is in your favor.

Smith. Not much. I am a Lord also; but, that is of still less account.

Morland. How?—explain this romance?

Smith. Does what I say appear like romance?

Morland. What is your name?

Smith. Sulney.

Morland. And you have assumed this extraordinary disguise ?

Smith. For your sisters' sake.

Morland. But—

Smith. To speak in plain terms ;—for as you could not possibly unravel this enigma, yourself, I must, for once, allow myself to say more than I usually do. In my early years I was a courtier, but the court is not my element ; fortunately for me I became acquainted with John Howard, who taught me to be a man. Peace to his ashes ! Many an infirmary, many a prison have we examined together ; and by this intercourse my mind was gradually strengthened and enlightened. When he quitted England for the laudable purpose of extending his benevolence to the whole race of mankind, I attached myself to his company. With him I have explored the interior of Africa, and visited Abyssinia, though not, like Bruce, drank to the health of a Prince whose dominions lay somewhere about the source of the Nile. My concern was rather with the sources of good and ill in the heart of man—the sources whence might flow happiness in life, and composure in death.

Morland. And you have succeeded ?

Smith. Thus much I have ascertained—That under the palm-tree of Negroland, as under the oak of Germany, domestic peace, and domestic comforts, are, if not the only, at least the prime sources, of mortal happiness.

Morland. (*Smiling*) And were you obliged to explore the interior of Africa to ascertain that ?

Smith. What lies directly before our eyes, is often sought at the greatest distance. Every spreading tree that we behold, invites us to enjoy peace and serenity beneath its shade ; but we pass it by, and only hope to taste repose beyond the grave.

Morland. And the experience you have collected in your travels, you wish to reduce into practice ?

Smith. You are right. This has long been my wish, and at length I hope the object is attainable. For four years past, I have been in search of a good wife.

Morland. So long, and not yet found one? your researches must have been conducted very negligently; many good wives are to be found.

Smith. 'Tis possible;—but I have seen so much of the world, that I have become suspicious—this is the worst effect of experience. My feelings are like those of a connoisseur in painting, who, amid a magnificent groupe of figures, should pass over the most prominent with contempt, and gaze with delight and astonishment at one, which to the eyes of common observers, appeared lost in the superior grandeur of the rest. Believe me, Mr. Morland, it is a true, but melancholly observation, that our sensibilities to the joys of life, evaporate as the transient dew-drops upon the rose.

Morland. Then, a prudent man should endeavor the more ardently to cherish them, while a last fleeting drop still remains.

Smith. Such is my determination. My pilgrimage is at an end; I am arrived at my goal.—Jenny has won my whole soul, she is the single drop I wish to cherish. Her form is lovely—her mind far superior—her understanding is cultivated, while her heart remains true to nature;—She is charitable and benevolent, without knowing it—witty, without intending it. She never concerns herself with the affairs of others, nor scans the fashion of her neighbor's new gown or cap, to turn them into ridicule. She endeavours to exculpate all who are guilty only of weaknesses, and never condemns in severe terms even the most palpable criminality. Above all things, she possesses that richest of all treasures, an equanimity of temper which is the same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, and forever. Oh! what an infinite source of happiness is included in that one quality!

Morland. (Smiling) How came you so intimately acquainted with this phoenix?

Smith. First at the theatre.

Morland. I did not know that you had ever accompanied her into our box.

Smith. I was not in your box—I was in the pit.

Morland. An opera-glass acquaintance then ?

Smith. Nor can there be a better medium for forming an acquaintance ; provided the mind will use it,—nor merely the eye. I will venture to assest, that a tolerably accurate opinion may always be formed of a woman, only by attentively observing her behaviour at the theatre.

Morland. Truly visionary.

Smith. I mean, supposing the piece to be such as affords sufficient ground for observation. For instance, if a woman be looking around at the company, when Philip is engaged in conversation with Posa, I can immediately measure the extent of her understanding. If at the lamentations of the mother in Iffland's *Foresters*, or at the story of Just's spaniel,—a woman's eyes remain dry ; it gives me an immediate insight into her heart.

Morland. And Jenny was accidentally so fortunate—

Smith. Accidentally !—Jenny, was still Jenny. She never came to see and be seen, but always sat in the corner of her box absorbed in attention to the piece. Her smiles and tears were not ostentatiously displayed, but lost in her muff ; she never clapped, but appeared uneasy when any fine passage was interrupted by the clapping of others. This made me observant—I continued my observations for some months—I found that these were not the mere impulses of the moment, but the settled feelings of her heart ; and I resolved to become acquainted with her.—Where, and in what manner to procure an introduction to this fair inmate, then became the question?—Should I seek to dazzle the imagination of my future wife with the prospect of rank and fortune?—No ! never ! never !—If the humble Edward Smith could not win her affections ; I resolved that her hand should never be given to the rich Lord Sidney. I heard that you were in want of a clerk ; I offered my services,—my plan succeeded—they were accepted. Under this disguise I have for two

months secretly watched every thought, every action, of the beloved object—I have observed her, under circumstances when even the slightest veil that conceals the feelings of the soul, is thrown aside; and my reason is now satisfied;—it has permitted my heart to speak.

Morland. Does my sister know this?

Smith. Heaven forbid!—You are her brother, a man of sense and discernment, and stand in the place of her father—have you any thing to say against it?

Morland. My lord, how can I—

Smith. Pshaw!—Has a single word escaped me that might be supposed to come from the mouth of a lord?—To go farther, I will also own, that I have no less accurately observed you—I am convinced you are an honest man;—I as little throw away my friendship lightly, as my love. Will you be my friend?

Morland. With my whole heart!

Smith. Enough!—Give me your hand!—no more at present, and let what has passed, remain a profound secret.

Morland. But I cannot possibly retain you any longer as my clerk.

Smith. I request it as a favor.

Morland. The women will observe my embarrassment.

Smith. Why should you be embarrassed?

Morland. Jenny is a nice observer.

Smith. Most certainly.

Morland. And a man-hater.

Smith. I rejoice to hear it. A reconciled enemy is always the warmest friend.

Morland. When will you declare yourself?

Smith. I know not.—When courage and opportunity suit.

Morland. A man who has traversed Abyssinia, cannot want courage.

Smith. A fool alone has courage in love—the Abyssinians have as little courage in this respect as ourselves. Have you farther employment for me?

Morland. I must go now to the Minister.

Smith. In the afternoon I will bring you documents to prove my rank and fortune.

Morland. I can trust you.

Smith. That would be folly. I may be an adventurer, and deceive you through impudence—never trust any one. (*Exit.*)

SCENE X.—MORLAND *alone.* *He makes a long pause, looking after SMITH.*

Never trust any one!—not even a wife!—Alas! is this all that can be learnt by travelling the world over—that no man is to be trusted!—better be sometimes deceived, than live in constant suspicion!—I cannot do that—my heart revolts against it!—Emilia, it is well that the Briton has somewhat dissipated my thoughts!—yet they will recur to one fatal subject—Oh Allbrand! Allbrand! thou hast placed a worm in my bosom which gnaws my very vitals!—Shall I, without reserve, impart all my torments to Emilia?—that perhaps were best!—A husband or wife cannot guard too cautiously against suffering aught to smother within their bosoms, that may at least burst forth into an unquenchable flame. Yet, to-day, I never can assume sufficient fortitude to mention the subject—at least not now—in the evening, perhaps, when all business is over, and the twilight of domestic peace may succeed a day of storms—

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SCENE XI.—*Enter EMILIA.*

Emilia. (*throwing her arm affectionately round him*) Are you at last alone, dearest Morland?

Morland. (*withdrawing himself from her in confusion*) Yes—I am alone—and—I wish to be alone!—(*Exit into his study.*)

Emilia. (*overpowered with astonishment*) What can this mean!—(*she stands fixed in thought*) My God! what can this mean!!!

(*the Curtain falls.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

 A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Minister's Audience Chamber.* Young SCHARFENECK *Sitting and Playing caressly with his Snuff-Box, Ring, and Watch-Chain.* PRUNK *standing by him.* Captain ELLFIELD *leaning against a pillar at a little distance.*

SCHARFENECK (*yawning.*)

FOR God's sake, talk, Prunk.

Prunk. What can I say?

Scharfeneck. Any thing.

Prunk. His Excellency has an assembly and card party, this evening.

Scharfeneck. I know that already.

Prunk. His Excellency does not dine at home to-day.

Scharfeneck. I know that too.

Prunk. I don't know what to say, then—you know every thing beforehand.—To-day is Monday,

Scharfeneck. Ha! ha! ha!—Prunk, can you guess why I laugh?—'Tis because you really at last have told me news; for the devil fetch me, if ever I know either the day of the week, or the day of the month.

Prunk. Except you should chance to write a draft.

Scharfeneck. Bravo!—well said, Prunk!—you come on—the idea was not bad,—Come, again—

Prunk. I am quite exhausted.

Scharfeneck. What?—served so long in the anti-chamber, and not yet learned to talk a greatdeal about nothing?

Prunk. My duty is to say nothing about a great deal.

Scharfeneck. You play very prettily with an antithesis. But, seriously, have you much to keep yourself?

Prunk. At least, frequenting the court, has taught me to appear as if I had.

Scharfeneck. You certainly have talents.

Prunk. That is my misfortune; else I had not remained so long, only valet of the Privy-Chamber.

Scharfeneck. How so?

Prunk. Great people love to consider themselves as creators. Now a clever fellow is something ready formed to their hands, and no creation of theirs; a stupid fellow, on the contrary, is a mere block; and if a Prince form him into a Privy-Counsellor the manufacture is all his own.

Scharfeneck. You think the stupidest fellows, rise the most rapidly?

Prunk. They do not rise, they are pushed up.

Scharfeneck. And by whom? by the women. Believe, me

Prunk. Court favor is commonly the effect of female caprice.

Prunk. That cannot be, when your honor has never risen beyond gentleman of the Privy-Chamber.

Scharfeneck. My own fault. Could I have cringed to the ugly painted creatures about the court I might have been Chamberlain long ago. But my devotion to the fair sex, has never been a matter of interest—if I see a lovely Madona countenance, I never concern myself with enquiring whether she be a fag-end of quality or not.

Prunk. (*With a significant wink*) Miss Jenny Morland for that.

Scharfeneck. You mistake—I am quite off with her,

Prunk. Off! again?

Scharfeneck. The girl can find no place in the creation good enough for her little pert turned-up nose. She would fain have seduced me into committing the greatest folly of which a man can be guilty, matrimony—or, possibly her prudery was only intended as a varnish to conceal the blemishes of her former intrigues.

Prunk. Intrigues! she has always been considered as extremely modest and reserved.

Scharfeneck. Modest! But remember we are not alone.—
(*Makes a sign towards Ellfield, and then speaks in a half whisper to Prunk*) Prunk, who is that statue up in the corner?

Prunk. One captain Ellfield.

Scharfeneck. What does he want?

Prunk. A pension, no doubt—that's the cry of all these people.

Scharfeneck. Send him away.

Prunk. I have told him, twenty times, already, that his excellency would not be spoken with to day, but he will not stir.

Prunk. A truly comic figure, faith! he drags one foot like a crane, when it stands stretching out its neck upon some lofty pinnacle.

Prunk. He is lame from a shot in the leg.

Scharfeneck. He seems good for nothing but to be shot at.—
Look at his hand crammed so stiffly into his waistcoat.

Prunk. He has only a false arm.

Scharfeneck. False?

Prunk. His own arm was carried away by a cannon ball.

Scharfeneck. You excite my curiosity. I'll amuse myself with him for a while. (*to Ellfield*) Will you be seated, Sir?

Ellfield. I thank you.

Scharfeneck. Pray do not stand at that distance!

Ellfield. I thank you, sincerely.

Scharfeneck. For what?

Ellfield. For a few civil words. If such were not to be acknowledged, the art of making acknowledgements might soon be forgotten here.

Scharfeneck. (*aside*) Upon my word, this fellow is not an absolute fool! (*to Ellfield*) I am afraid my uncle will not be seen to day.

Ellfield. Then I must be content to do once more, as I have done every day for the last month.

Scharfeneck. That was?—

Ellfield. You come again the next day.

Scharfeneck. Captain, you must not consider it as a particular affront to you, if amid the croud of supplicants who daily throng around my uncle, he have not always the power of distinguishing between the man of real merit and the mere pretender.

Ellfield. Ministers are appointed for the purpose of learning those distinctions.

Scharfeneck. What have you done for your native country?

Ellfield. My duty.

Scharfeneck. Then he will perform his,

Ellfield. I trust so.

Scharfeneck. You have suffered much in the service.

Ellfield. I am an absolute cripple.

Scharfeneck. And your dismissal is the only recompence you have received ?

Ellfield. By which I am left without bread.

Scharfeneck. It is expensive to live where the prince resides.

Ellfield. I am surprised at that.

Scharfeneck. Why surprised ?

Ellfield. Because the population is so thin.

Scharfeneck. What do you mean ?—this city contains fifty thousand inhabitants.

Ellfield. So I have been informed.

Scharfeneck. And with truth.

Ellfield. I can scarcely believe it. I brought at least twenty recommendations from the army, to people who were said to be resident here ; but, not one of them can I find ; and if my visits to this house are to be continued in vain for some weeks longer—

Scharfeneck. You would swear through thick and thin, that my uncle did not live here ?

Ellfield. You are perfectly right.

Scharfeneck. Ha ! ha ! ha !—It is very obvious that the court is not your element.

Ellfield. Thank God, it is not !

Scharfeneck. Three things are indispensably necessary to all who would make their way there ;—sound legs, a flexible back, and a smooth tongue.

Ellfield. With not one of which I am blessed.

Scharfeneck. Then you are on the high road to starvation.

Ellfield. Both my poor sick wife, and myself, have been very near the end of our journey.

Scharfeneck. Married, too ?

Ellfield. Yes,

Scharfeneck. Poor man !—And how did you help yourself ?

Ellfield. I have no power of helping myself, as you see.

Scharfeneck. And foreign aid must not be expected within the atmosphere you now breathe.

Ellfield. Philanthropy is to be found, even in the purlieus of a court.

Scharfeneck. By the help of Diogenes' lantern.

Ellfield. No, there are benevolent beings who can even seek out misery, and unsolicited, afford it consolation, and assistance ;—yet nobly keep their names in concealment.

Scharfeneck. Indeed !—I thought, I was tolerably well acquainted with the character of every one near the court ; yet I confess myself at a loss to divine who this may be ?

Ellfield. She will not be known.

Scharfeneck. A *she* too !—Oh hasten, dear Captain, to satisfy my curiosity !

Ellfield. I have told you all that I know myself ; perhaps I have been to blame in saying so much—the bare mention of the circumstance may be a transgression against that benevolent creature's wish of secrecy. But, so few happy moments fall to my lot, that I can scarcely command myself, when I think of those she has afforded me.

Scharfeneck. Humph !—a lady !—Was she young ?—handsome ?—

Ellfield. An angel !—Yet I am almost ashamed of applying to her, a term so often misused by poets and romance-writers.

Scharfeneck. And this unknown angel ?—

Ellfield. By accident learned our distresses, and has ever since, even at midnight, brought consolation to my garret.

Scharfeneck. At midnight !—

Ellfield. Virtues and crimes, alike, shun day-light ;—the former from modesty, the latter from fear.

Scharfeneck. I wish you joy, Captain—a cripple, I perceive, may make conquests.

Ellfield. For shame, Sir.

Scharfeneck. Female virtue in the streets at midnight!—Ha! ha! ha!—I know what to think of that.

Ellfield. Fool!—why did I give vent to my feelings in such a place?

Scharfeneck. In the great world, one soon loses all belief in exalted virtue.

Ellfield. Then, for the first time, I feel my poverty a blessing!

SCENE II. *The MINISTER enters from his closet. SCHARFENECK springs up from his seat, and bows very respectfully.*

Minister. Good morrow, Nephew! (*he looks at Ellfield, who bows—be then turns angrily to Prunk*) I ordered that nobody should be admitted to day.

Prunk. The strange gentleman would not take a refusal.— (*Prunk retires into the anti-chamber.*)

Ellfield. (*approaching the Minister*) For a month past I have daily sought access to your Excellency.

Minister. Who are you?

Ellfield. Ellfield, of the regiment of Braunstein.

Minister. Ellfield! of the regiment of Braunstein! right! right! I recollect your name.

Ellfield. And your excellency will probably also recollect, that I have twice lost my baggage, and am reduced to a cripple in the service.

Minister. What do you want?

Ellfield. Bread.

Minister. Your opinions are not very consistent with our necessitous situation.

Ellfield. My opinions can hardly be known to your Excellency.

Minister. Yet——

Ellfield. Yet, granted they were, I should then feel the greater confidence in my petition's being granted.

Minister. What do you mean?

Ellfield. That I suppose principles of strict integrity to be the most powerful recommendation by which any petition can be enforced.

Minister. Your colonel was dissatisfied with you.

Ellfield. My colonel! I hope—

Minister. You have disseminated principles—

Ellfield. I desire to be judged by my actions: my crippled limbs bear ample testimony, that I have fulfilled my duty.— Yet, I would not shrink from an investigation of my principles. May I ask your excellency of what I am accused?

Minister. Of making improper remarks upon the war.

Ellfield. Could my colonel be guilty of conduct so dishonorable as to make a private conversation the subject of an official report?

Minister. Recollect, that one indiscreet word will often do more mischief, than a thousand brave arms can repair.

Ellfield. My remarks were such as might be made with the strictest propriety, among a circle of friends over a bottle.

Minister. What reliance was to be placed upon that friendship?

Ellfield. Experience informs me—alas! too late.

Minister. You would have acted more prudently in times like the present, when all the bonds that unite society are relaxed, not to trust too implicitly to those of friendship. I wish you a good morning, Sir.

Ellfield. Your excellency has at least laid down a doctrine, whence, bitter as it is, I might draw an inference that would furnish me some consolation, amid the agonies of disappointed hope; for when all other bonds are relaxed, why is that to be regarded which would force us to live? and, of what value is

life to one bowed to the earth by corporeal and mental suffering? Yes, with my one remaining arm I should certainly discharge a pistol through that head which has been the undersigned cause of my misfortune; did not an unfortunate being, who in my happier days united her fate with mine, look to me alone for solace and support.—But I dare not leave a helpless wife, a prey to hunger and despair!—However reluctant I may be therefore to solicit farther; I must still entreat your excellency to grant me some trifling pension, that may preserve us from the extremity of want. Do not suppose this hat, shot through in so many places, is worn from ostentation—believe me, I have no other. My sword, and a heart glowing with love for my native country, is all the wealth fate has left me.

Minister. I will take some opportunity of laying your case before the Prince.

Ellfeld. When may I hope?—

Minister. At present, we are so overpowered with state affairs; and besides, the Prince has not, of late, been in a particularly good humour:—call again, in a few weeks.

Ellfeld. In a few weeks!—Good God!—Your Excellency must surely be aware, that every hour is an age to the miserable.

Minister. Perhaps it may be sooner—I will send for you.—
(*Ellfeld bows and retires with slow and sorrowful steps*) These people grow every day more numerous and importunate.

Scharfeneck. He is not so wretched as he appears.

Minister. Do you know him?

Scharfeneck. Not much. I only know that the poor afflicted cripple, even now occasions many a sleepless night, to many a kind-hearted lady.

Minister. Indeed!—Aye, it will certainly be right to keep a watchful eye over the man. He is a philosopher; and they are always a dangerous set of people—even without arms or legs.

SCENE III.—Enter ALLBRAND.

Allbrand. Your Excellency's orders are obeyed; the letters are ready for signature.

Minister. And may I expect soon to receive the elucidations necessary for imposing the new duties?

Allbrand. Morland promised them to-day.

Minister. The old book-worm has had a glorious rummage among dusty parchments.

Allbrand. He enters very warmly into the citizens' cause.

Scharfeneck. A fanatic, who is always talking about his beloved Grecians.

Minister. Let him take heed to himself.

Allbrand. I have advised him to that effect. We are old friends; but the welfare of the state must supersede all private friendships.

Scharfeneck. He endeavours to instil his Swiss principles into the people.

Allbrand. It is always dangerous to trust such kind of men in any post.

Minister. Woe to him, if his influence over the citizens be misused!

Scharfeneck. He degrades the dignity of his office—talks with the meanest mechanic, as if he were his brother.

Minister. Cannot his wife inspire him with better notions?—She is of a genteel family.

Scharfeneck. He ridicules all such ideas—he is always yawning in the audience-chamber—and goes into the first circles with a cropped head.

Allbrand. I have known him for eighteen years—even from his childhood, he was rash and headstrong.

Minister. Enough. The Prince shall know all; he must be narrowly watched.

Allbrand. I tremble for my friend!—yet, were he my brother, I feel sufficient resolution to become a second Timoleon, for the sake of my country.

Prunk. (enters) Syndicus Morland, Sir.

Minister. Shew him in.

SCENE IV.—*Enter MORLAND.*

Minister. What brings the good Syndicus hither?—

Morland. I hope your Excellency will find these representations on the part of the citizens to be just.

Minister. Representations!—I only required such information from various old documents, as might assist in establishing the new duties.

Morland. It is from those old documents, that the matter contained in these representations, is derived;—I have compressed it to the utmost of my power.—(*Gives him a large parcel of papers.*)

Minister. Do you suppose, that the Prince will read all these sheets?

Morland. Most certainly;—for I know him to be the upright Father of his people.

Minister. But uprightness cannot ensure a man against fatigue.

Morland. If the happiness of a nation can be purchased at the expence only of one fatigue to its ruler; it is cheaply obtained.

Minister. What do you mean?

Morland. That I am confident, a Prince, like ours, will not think any business fatiguing, which may ultimately promote the happiness of his subjects.

Minister. And the result of these representations?—

Morland. Is an humble hope on the part of the citizens, that the imposition of the intended duties will be relinquished.

Minister. The pretext for which hope is?—

Morland. Necessity.—Your Excellency well knows, how small is the productive, how great is the consuming trade about a court. Our inland manufactures are little encouraged; they are almost entirely superseded by the English.—A thousand rapid streams flow out of this city,—one little rivulet alone flows into it. What is saved by industry, and diligence in trade, is swallowed up by duties on every thing we eat and drink, on our stock, our property—

Minister. My God! why this enumeration?—I regret the citizens' distresses as much as you; but the necessities of the State—

Morland. I know, must be considered;—nor are the citizens insensible to the convulsion that shakes all Europe; but they know also that we inhabit a happy corner of the earth, which nature, united with the wisdom of its rulers, have preserved from these convulsions; and they hope—

Minister. These are things, Mr. Syndicus, of which, those only who preside in the Cabinet, can be proper judges.

Morland. I have done my duty.

Minister. Less of duty I desire; and more consideration for the State.

Morland. He who seeks the people's happiness, manifests the greatest love for the State.

Minister. Insolent!—But I warn you Mr. Syndicus, that we live in times, when the banishment of turbulent spirits, is, perhaps, one of the most sacred duties of those who guide the helm of affairs.

(Exit.)

SCENE V.—*Manent* SCHARFENECK, MORLAND; and ALLBRAND. MORLAND *sbrugs his shoulders in silence, as the MINISTER goes out.*

Scharfeneck. Ha! ha! ha!—You, literati, are always running your heads against a post;—you laugh at the courtiers, and call them insignificant beings; but I would venture any wager, that a gentleman of the Privy-Chamber, in your situation would have conducted himself in a very different manner.

Morland. I don't doubt it.

Scharfeneck. This is always the case among people unaccustomed to courtly manners. Observe the Pagods that ornament the chimney-piece in the Anti-Chamber;—the Court is the benignant region, whence proceeds all genial warmth; but whoever would share its smiles, must nod their heads, like those Pagods, and be careful not to stand in any body's way.

Morland. You forget that the citizens prepare the wood which enables them and their resemblances to nod.

Scharfeneck. Bravo!—Ha! ha! ha! (*Takes a pinch of snuff*)
Apropos,—how does the lady your wife!

Morland. Perfectly well.

Scharfeneck. Indeed!—Perfectly well!

Morland. What do you mean by that sneer?

Scharfeneck. You know the world.—What indeed could be more natural than that a Swiss girl should wish, for some refreshing Alpine breezes.—But people about the Court have no idea of such natural wishes.—In short, town prattle is like a bottle of Champagne; and the purest motives are only a cork, which it throws up suddenly into the air.

Morland. What such people say or think, is to me, matter of perfect indifference.

Scharfeneck. Don't plume yourself too highly upon your stoicism—the hardest stone may, in time, be worn away, only by

the drippings of the rain. Trust the warning of a friend—be a little less zealous in the citizens' cause, and somewhat more attentive to your domestic concerns—else it may fare with you as with Cato and Marcus Aurelius. *(Exit affectedly.)*

SCENE VI.—*Mancut* ALLBRAND and MORLAND.

Morland. Allbrand, what does he mean?—am I become a common talk to the whole town?—Am I so fallen, that every fool is to jingle his cap and bells in my ears?

Allbrand. The coxcomb serves every body in the same way.

Morland. Let him divert himself at my expence, as much as he pleases; but by Heaven, he shall not sport with the characters of my wife and sister!—I will break the rascal's head if he dare——

Allbrand. Dear Morland, how many heads will you break, if——

Morland. How!—What!—Name the carrion progeny who are so ready to caw and scratch where they suppose they have discovered a fallen deer!—I will make an example of them!—These right honorable gossips, though related to the Abyssinian monarch himself, shall——

Allbrand. Morland, Morland, you forget yourself.

Morland. No!—when my wife's virtue is called in question——

Allbrand. You do not recollect where we are.

Morland. I would tear the very priest from the altar, who should dare to cast aspersions on Emilia!

Allbrand. The Minister's displeasure has put you out of temper.

SCENE VII.—*Enter the MINISTER from his closet.*

Minister. I thought, I heard altercation.

Allbrand. Heaven forbid!

Minister. (to *Morland*) Have you any farther business with me, Mr. Syndicus?

Morland. None, please your Excellency.

Minister. You would do well to govern your hasty temper, in my house.

Morland. I acknowledge my fault, and intreat your pardon—there are moments when powerful feeling will overcome good manners.

Minister. Probably, important business may await you at home.

Morland. To intrude on the great, never was my failing.

Minister. Some people have strange ideas of behaviour.

Morland. Indeed the air of the audience-chamber, is not salutary to the inhabitant of the Alps!—he sickens in it, both in body and mind.

Minister. The air of a prison is a sovereign remedy for such diseases.

Morland. Such was the opinion of the Austrian governor, four centuries ago. I am your Excellency's most humble servant.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE VIII.—*The MINISTER and ALLBRAND.*

Minister. The Austrian governors!—what does he mean?—who were those governors?

Allbrand. An insolent allusion to the history of the Swiss confederacy.

Minister. The pedant assumes it as a certainty, that every body must be as conversant with the history of his rugged countrymen, as himself. But, what was passing here?

Allbrand. Your excellency is irritated; and I would by no means increase your anger. Morland *is*, or at least *was*, my friend.

Minister. I cannot suffer my questions to be evaded. Whom does this matter concern so much as myself?

Allbrand. Your Excellency is undoubtedly my benefactor, my patron—

Minister. And as such I command you to speak.

Allbrand. The whole affair originated in an unmeaning joke made by your excellency's nephew, which occasioned Morland immediately to cast reflections upon all nobility, calling them *car- rion progeny*.

Minister. The tongue is the citizen's favourite weapon.

Allbrand. And, when I admonished him gently, to consider where we were; he scoffed at the reproof, and assured me, he would not spare even the priest at the altar.

Minister. The man is ripe for destruction—a little puff of wind, and he falls.

Allbrand. Alas! my poor friend! (*affects to wipe tears from his eyes.*)

Minister. You weep?

Allbrand. So wept Brutus, when obliged to condemn his sons.

Minister. Friendship must yield to duty. Allbrand, I have great confidence in you; your admirable "*Patriotic reflections*" are safe in my port-folio; the prince shall see, and will doubtless reward them. In the mean time, an opportunity is presented to you, of acquiring new merit with the State; continue to maintain an appearance of friendship with Morland—observe him narrowly, and every evening, impart your observations to me—it is of importance that I should know this man thoroughly.

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(*Exit.*)

SCENE IX.—ALLBRAND *alone.*

Be it so—you shall find, that you have not mistaken your man. Morland hastens fast into the snare which he has himself afforded the means of spreading for his destruction. I could easily, at this very moment, drive him into quitting his post, even into leaving the town, but then Emilia would be the companion of his flight; and I should be no gainer; my only prospect of attaining the object to which I aspire, is, by the removal of himself alone. That once accomplished—even if I cannot overcome Emilia's prudery, I shall at least be revenged upon it; and revenge would be enjoyment, though but of a secondary nature. But first, I must by some means procure the sketch of the "*Patriotic Reflections*"—that must not be left in his hands, as a witness against me—then will I awaken the distrust of the citizens, and all is over with the Syndicus.

SCENE X.—*Enter* PILZ.

Pilz. (peeping in) Hist! hist!—Mr. Secretary?

Allbrand. Well, what news?

Pilz. Are we alone?

Allbrand. Quite alone.

Pilz. I have made a great discovery.

Allbrand. Tell it quickly, then.

Pilz. Last night, as I was upon duty, patrolling about the streets, I saw a well dressed woman, followed by a maid, with a bundle under her arm, steal softly across the castle square.—She looked anxiously round her, several times, while I thought within myself, who can this be?—when she came to the well, she stopped and hemmed three or four times; and in a few

moments the house door, at No. 312, was opened, and she entered. I remained wandering about the square for more than an hour,—to be sure the time seemed a little tedious, but at last the door opened again, and the lady came out;—she was attended to the door by a man, of whom she took leave very kindly, promising to visit him again the next night.—With that she tripped hastily away; and I stole softly after her, till she reached her own house.—And now, whom do you think she might be?

Allbrand. Some kind-hearted lady, I suppose.

Pilz. Mrs. Morland, as I live.

Allbrand. You are mad!

Pilz. Mad! Not a bit of it! I'll consent to live upon bread and water, for a month, if it was any body else. She attempted to unlock the garden-door, and as it was dark put aside her veil, to find the key-hole more readily. I took the opportunity of throwing the light of my dark-lantern directly in her face, and saw her too plainly to be mistaken.

Allbrand. And do you know whom she had been visiting?

Pilz. I fetched the constable immediately, and he says, that the house belongs to an old woman, and up in the garret lives one captain Ellfield, who I suppose was the person that let her in and attended her out.

Allbrand. Impossible!

Pilz. Nay, very certain; for he is the only man in the house.

Allbrand. Do you know him?

Pilz. No, but I know that he is very poor.

Allbrand. Are you certain of the truth of this story?

Pilz. Give me a box on the ear every day, for the rest of my life if I did not last night see Mrs. Morland go to visit captain Ellfield.

Allbrand. But what the devil could she want with him?

Pilz. That's more than I know.

Allbrand. (*In a murmur to himself*) Humph! I can scarcely

suspect any thing amiss here ! but no matter ! it has that appearance at least ; and I can make it of important use in forwarding my plans. It may be employed as an engine for betraying the husband into the commission of some rash action, and of intimidating the wife into compliance with my wishes. Yes, it is a most fortunate accident !—(*To Pilz*) The Captain, you say, is poor ?

Pilz. So the constable asserts.

Albrand. Very poor ?

Pilz. In want even of bread !

Albrand. So much the better !

Pilz. Have you never seen him ?—He has attended daily at his Excellency's, for some weeks past, to solicit a pension.

Albrand. Ha !—the same !—excellent !—conduct me to him.

Pilz. Now ?—at this instant ?

Albrand. At this very instant.

Pilz. We have not far to go.—No. 312, in the Castle Square. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE XI.—ELLFIELD'S Lodgings.

Mrs. ELLFIELD, alone, in a white morning habit, which she surveys several times.

'Tis too fine, too expensive for my present situation !—Admirable woman !—Now, I am once more out of bed, and clothed again ; I could fancy myself in perfect health !—Had I a little more colour, no one would imagine that I had so lately, for ten days together, been on the very brink of the grave. My hands, my strength, are restored ; I can walk and stand without the assistance of a stick, or supporting myself against the wall !—thanks !—eternal thanks ! to my benefactress, and my

dear Charles's love, for this restoration !—But my husband does not return ! (*She goes to the window*) I dressed myself only for him—I know he will rejoice to see me thus !—but— (*She draws out a broken pocket looking-glass*) There was a time, when I was accustomed to a splendid toilette, with a glass in which I could see myself from head to foot !—fye ! fye !—I ought not to bestow one thought upon such follies !—My Charles is still spared, and all other losses are scarcely worth a sigh !—He is a cripple, alas !—but his heart beats with equal warmth for me, as in his prosperous days ; and my hands shall labour for his support !—When he was borne wounded from the field of battle, and I knelt in despair beside his almost lifeless body ; had I another wish, or could I breathe another prayer, save for his recovery ?—My prayers were heard !—he did recover !—and I am happy !

SCENE XII.—*Enter* CAPTAIN ELLFIELD.

Mrs. Ellfield. Are you at last returned, my Charles !

Ellfield. My dearest Caroline ! (*he observes her with looks of satisfaction.*)

Mrs. Ellfield. Are you pleased to see me thus ?

Ellfield. (*Embracing her*) Let this be my answer ! You surely understand it ?

Mrs. Ellfield. My heart is its interpreter.

Ellfield. But have you not ventured up too soon !

Mrs. Ellfield. No, I feel perfectly recovered.

Ellfield. You look pale still.

Mrs. Ellfield. I mean to take a short walk, to day—I think, the air will revive me.

Ellfield. Do not run any hazards ; a relapse might cost you your life.

Mrs. Ellfield. Oh, you need not fear a relapse.

Ellfield. Remember that I cannot live without you.

Mrs. Ellfield. Have you again been disappointed?

Ellfield. I have at length seen the Minister.

Mrs. Ellfield. Indeed! Well?

Ellfield. Alas!

Mrs. Ellfield. Speak, I entreat.

Ellfield. May heaven bless you, my Caroline!

Mrs. Ellfield. I am blessed!

Ellfield. Alas! how?

Mrs. Ellfield. In your face!

Ellfield. (*Taking her hand, much affected*) Dearest wife! you understand making even a cripple worthy of envy.

SCENE XIII.—*Enter ALLBRAND.*

Allbrand. (*As he enters*) I hope I do not mistake the house.

Ellfield. Whom seek you, Sir?

Allbrand. Captain Ellfield.

Ellfield. I am that person.

Allbrand. (*Seeing Mrs. Ellfield, starts*) And this lady?—

Ellfield. Is my wife.

Allbrand. You are married then?

Ellfield. You seem surprised at that? May I ask with whom I have the honor of speaking?

Allbrand. As a man can scarcely be allowed at a first visit to assume the name of FRIEND, I beg leave to conceal mine.

Ellfield. This is most extraordinary!—While those on whom I have some claim for friendship forsake me, I am indebted to strangers for consolation and support.

Allbrand. I know your story—I consider your fate as hard—and my situation may enable me to improve it. I enjoy a considerable share of the minister's favour.

Ellfield. You will find your patronage not bestowed upon ungrateful hearts.

Allbrand. I will engage to procure you a competent pension——if——

Ellfield. That *if*, seems to imply some condition. Is it one that I am in a station to fulfil ?

Allbrand. Silence and confidence are all that I require.

Ellfield. Both which, are in the power even of a beggar.

Allbrand. You often receive visits from Mrs. Morland.

Ellfield. Mrs. Morland !

Mrs. Ellfield. Mrs. Morland ?

Allbrand. I surely do not mistake ?

Mrs. Ellfield. Is Mrs. Morland, the lady to whom we are so much indebted ?

Allbrand. How ! Do you not know her ?

Ellfield. Till this moment, we only knew her heart.

Allbrand. Yes, she has often, at midnight——

Mrs. Ellfield. Often, indeed ! and, like an angel, has rescued me from death.

Allbrand. Yet never told her name ?

Ellfield. Never !

Allbrand. It was like herself !—Her soul is truly noble !

Mrs. Ellfield. It is indeed !

Ellfield. Most truly so !

Allbrand. And she has promised this night——

Mrs. Ellfield. To see us again.

Ellfield. And enjoy the fruit of her benevolence.

Allbrand. Would you render this lady an essential service ?

Ellfield. I would sacrifice my life for her !

Allbrand. This encourages me to inform you, in confidence that I am so blest as to enjoy her love.

Mrs. Ellfield. She is then unmarried ?

Allbrand. No, she is married, but, alas, unhappily !

Mrs. Ellfield. Yet, if she be unhappy, to such a woman, her duty must be sacred.

Allbrand. That is the very point. Upon this subject she entertains very strong prejudices.

Ellfield. Prejudices, Sir!

Allbrand. Which time would banish, could she be persuaded—

Ellfield. Of what?

Allbrand. Permit me to meet her at these nightly visits?—Your lodging is perfectly private—perfectly retired.—If I might see her, here, alone?—Or perhaps you would lend your assistance in combating some childish notions—

Ellfield. (*Trembling with indignation*) Oh, Poverty! Poverty! to what humiliation dost thou reduce a man!

Mrs. Ellfield. (*Sinking down on a chair*) This is too much.

Allbrand. I hope you do not misunderstand me? I pledge my honour that every thing relative to the pension, shall be finished to-morrow! and do not suppose my gratitude shall be confined to that alone—(*He draws out a purse*) Be this an earnest—

Ellfield. (*Enraged*) Sir, I know you not,—I am ignorant of your rank and name; but whatever they may be, unless you quit my room peaceably, this instant, you shall find, that a cripple, when his honour is insulted, has strength sufficient to kick a scoundrel down stairs.

Allbrand. This—to me?

Ellfield. Yes,—though you were next heir to the throne!—Begone, or I shall make use of the rights my own house gives me.

Allbrand. Very well, captain Ellfield—But remember that the pension is forfeited by your own indiscretion; you are yourself alone responsible for whatever consequences may ensue.

(*Exit*)

Ellfield. Scoundrel! did he hope to make me his pimp!—me!

Mrs. Ellfield. Who can the villain be ?

Ellfield. Some Courtier, no doubt, who judges of us by himself.

Mrs. Ellfield. We must conceal this circumstance from our benefactress.

Ellfield. Most certainly. Innocence, like her's, would be shocked at hearing that it was suspected capable of corruption. But I will not suffer her to go home, again, alone.

Mrs. Ellfield. Charles, we have only potatoes for dinner ; yet how much happier are our lots than his !

Ellfield. (*Clasping her to his bosom*) Our hearts are pure, though our fare is homely.

Mrs. Ellfield. He would shame poverty.

Ellfield. For the sake of mankind, heaven guard such villains from poverty !—(*Curtain falls*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*The MINISTER'S Audience Chamber*.—PRUNK, sitting and reading—Enter ALLBRAND hastily.

ALLBRAND.

IS the Minister at home ?

Prunk. Yes.

Allbrand, I must speak with him directly, upon urgent business.

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Prunk. He will not see you.

Allbrand. Why not ?

Prunk. He is at cards.

Allbrand. So much the better !—Has he ill-luck ?

Prunk. I believe so.

Allbrand. So much the better again !

Prunk. So much the worse, I think.

Allbrand. Go and whisper in his ear——

Prunk. He will bid me go to the devil !

Allbrand. My business is of the utmost importance.

Prunk. At Court, many things are very important in the morning, that become very insignificant in the evening over the card table.

Allbrand. I must positively——

Prunk. You will damn your own cause.

Allbrand. With all my heart !

Prunk. Well, if you chuse to run the hazard !—(*Exit*)

Allbrand. (alone) If he have lost, he will be so much the more petulant and ill-temper'd—his ears here, his heart at the card-table, eager to retrieve his losses. Then he will not stay long, but say at once,—“you know what had best be done, follow your own judgment,”—and thus will my point be completely carried. Summon up all thy confidence, Allbrand !—chance smiles upon thee—thy good genius beckons thee forward !—How fortunate that I should meet young Scharfeneck at such a moment, and learn from him so many circumstances, to make my story appear the more probable !—But, Prunk returns—

SCENE II.—*Re-Enter PRUNK and soon after, Enter the MINISTER.*

Prunk. He is coming.

Allbrand. In what sort of humour?

Prunk. So cross and snappish, that I have no desire to be one of his auditors. *(Exit into the anti-chamber)*

Allbrand. Go, and welcome!—your company is not wanted.

Minister. *(Entering)* Well, what's the matter?

Allbrand. A melancholy discovery!

Minister. Hasten to tell it, then.

Allbrand. Morland is a traitor!

Minister. You have fresh proofs against him?

Allbrand. The most undoubted!—He holds a secret intercourse—

Minister. With whom?

Allbrand. One Captain Ellfield.

Minister. I know the fellow.

Allbrand. They meet at dead of night—

Minister. Where?

Allbrand. At the Captain's lodgings.

Minister. Are you certain of this?

Allbrand. I know from eye-witnesses that Morland steals by night to the house of this man; though by day he denies any knowledge of him.

Minister. Enough to create suspicion!—But what is to be done?

Allbrand. If we could catch him in the very fact—

Minister. True!—he might be sent at once to prison.

Allbrand. His papers might also be seized.

Minister. And he himself brought to a speedy trial.

Allbrand. If your Excellency would invest me with full powers for such a procedure——

Minister. By all means!—but supposing his papers should prove nothing against him?—the Prince, you know, requires the utmost forbearance and circumspection in these matters.

Allbrand. The fact is beyond a doubt.

Minister. Well, then——

Allbrand. May I desire a written order?—

Minister. (*impatiently*) Now, directly?

Allbrand. Or if your Excellency would give directions to the police-officer who waits without——

Minister. Let him come in.

Allbrand. (*opens the door and calls*) Pilz!

SCENE III.—*Enter PILZ.*

Minister. (*to Pilz*) I have charged my secretary with an important commission;—follow his directions implicitly. (*Pilz bows obedience. The Minister addresses Allbrand*)—Have you any thing else to mention?

Allbrand. Nothing!—Does your Excellency recollect any further orders?

Minister. Only a strict injunction to proceed cautiously—I shall expect your report early to-morrow morning.—(*Exit*)

Allbrand. (*rubbing his hands*) All succeeds admirably!—(*to Pilz*) Come to my apartment; there you shall receive your instructions. No; first seek the Gentleman of the Privy Chamber; and say that I request to see him for a few moments—tell him of his Excellency's and Highness's commands!—away!—instantly!—(*Exit Pilz.*) That was an admirable thought!—

Scharfeneck shall seize and seal up the papers. The sketch of the "*Patriotic Reflections*" I must have!—much depends upon that!—much!—very much!—(*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—MORLAND'S *house.* JENNY is discovered at work; SMITH standing and leaning over the back of a chair at a little distance, with his eyes fixed upon her.—They remain silent, some minutes.

Jenny. My brother is very late!—he keeps the dinner waiting a long time.

Smith. It must be my fault, if the time appear so very tedious.

Jenny. How so?

Smith. I do not understand how to talk.

Jenny. On the contrary, I have often, at table, admired your talents for conversation.

Smith. I ought rather to be silent there and talk here.

Jenny. The reverse is the most natural; since in the company of a woman only, the subjects for conversation are so much more confined.

Smith. But what they loose in variety, they gain in interest.

Jenny. You have, I perceive, been so far initiated into the mysteries of the fashionable world, that you are an adept at making compliments.

Smith. I never make compliments,—I always speak truth.

Jenny. (*confused, after a pause*) Is it long since you left England?

Smith. Many months.

Jenny. And have you never, like a Swiss, experienced the *mal-du-pays*?

Smith. Sometimes.

Jenny. Why, then, do you not return?—A man of your talents might find employment any where.

Smith. Do you wish to get rid of me?

Jenny. Heaven forbid!

Smith. I cannot return, *alone*, to my native country.

Jenny. Then why not marry?

Smith. 'Tis my ardent wish!

Jenny. Not that it is a step I would recommend.

Smith. Why not?

Jenny. Because, if you suppose all married people to be as my brother and sister, you mistake.

Smith. I shall not easily be brought to think so.

Jenny. Most matches are unhappy.

Smith. Of that I very much doubt.

Jenny. I can plead frequent observations of the fact, in support of my assertion. Two young people fall desperately in love with each other, and think they never can exist asunder;—a head-strong father, or a cross guardian interposes, and thwarts their wishes:—the young people sigh and pine—and pine and sigh—till at length the old people's hearts are melted. Then the lovers fancy they stand upon the highest pinnacle of fortune's temple, and clasped in each other's arms, look down with indifference on every object, in the busy world around them; they rush forward into wedlock, as the night-walker to the lowest edge of the sloping roof, when suddenly some one calls, they start, they wake, and down they fall.

Smith. A very ingenious simile; but the position on which it is founded, is not fact.

Jenny. And there lie the poor souls, stretched in the mire of *ennui*, exchanging looks of discontent with each other. If, indeed, they be at bottom, people of sense and worth; powerful habit, after a while, will come to their assistance; till at length,

they will learn to endure each other's foibles with patience ;— and each will jog on contentedly along the paved foot-path, to which his steps must be confined ; thankful if no thorns spring up to obstruct and wound him as he proceeds.

Smith. But if esteem be the mother of love ?—

Jenny. She is, at best, no more than a step-mother.

Smith. Those who can reason upon love, have indeed never loved.

Jenny. And are to be envied.

Smith. To be pitied.

Jenny. An unknown happiness can have no charms.

Smith. A false axiom. Do you suppose that miners, condemned to grovel at an immense depth under ground, never long to behold the sun ?

Jenny. You have high ideas of love.

Smith. And still higher of wedlock. (*he pushes the chair on which he leans, somewhat nearer to Jenny, but without altering his position*) Love ties two beings together ;—wedlock makes them only one. Love drinks down large draughts from the cup of joy ;—wedlock sips up the sweets, a drop at a time ; nor finishes them till arrived at the very brink of the grave. Love is a caterpillar, devouring dainties ;—wedlock, the same caterpillar, transformed into a butterfly, when it feeds only upon the purer nourishment of the fragrance exhaled by flowers. Years roll on ; but a good wife never becomes old ;—winter succeeds to summer ; but wedded happiness never chills. The kiss of a chaste wife, is the stamp with which nature seals her choicest blessings ;—storms roar above ; lightning flashes around ; but where domestic love dwells, every trouble, every sorrow, is but half felt—every joy, every pleasure, is doubled.

Jenny. You grow animated.

Smith. (*sitting down and drawing the chair nearer to her*)
 Woe to that man who would remain cold and insensible, while
 descanting on female beauty and virtue!—who would drink out
 of the same cup with him?—Woe to the man who pays no more
 respect to a good wife, than to his night gown; but because
 she administers daily, nay hourly, to his comfort, receives her at-
 tentions without one grateful feeling; and only learns to prize
 domestic happiness, when lost forever!—Let thy crowns, ☉
 Chance! be scattered about like flakes of snow; I would not
 catch at one;—I only ask thee to bestow upon me, the
 simple garland of love! (*he draws his chair still nearer*)—
 Should I at length find what I have, so many years sought—find
 my hopes, my wishes, realized—then farewel, ye petty tyrants
 of the mind, ambition, thirst of fame, ardour to obtain the palm
 of wit!—my heart shall have no room for any guest but love.
 The sweet calm of domestic peace, firm union of souls, a taste
 for the joys of nature, love for the unempoisoned air of the coun-
 try, for rural pastimes, for the pleasures of retirement, where we
 may live remote from envy and calumny—from—

Jenny. (*working very eagerly, and continually breaking her
 thread*) Our finest dreams are seldom realized.

Smith. (*drawing his chair by degrees, quite close to her*) That
 I love, is no dream;—but that I flatter myself with my love
 being returned, in equal portion, may perhaps be the mere effect
 of a presumptuous vision. For the first time in my life, I feel
 my happiness dependent upon the favour of others; and, for the
 first time in my life, I tremble. Words are but poor interpreters
 of our thoughts; let this tremor vouch the truth of my feel-
 ings?

Jenny. Smith, whence these emotions?

Smith. (*taking her hand, eagerly*) When a man feels to his
 inmost soul—feels so that he can scarcely speak;—when his

voice falter—through the tears—that would force a passage—
to his eyes—Oh, can his sincerity be doubted!

Jenny. Smith! for heaven's sake!

Smith. This moment decides the happiness or misery of my
future life!—an honest man solicits your hand—an ardent lover
solicits your heart.

Jenny. The agitation that I witness, speaks in a language
that cannot be mistaken—but—

Smith. My birth indeed is humble.

Jenny. That was not what I was going to observe.

Smith. My possessions are small, but sufficient to satisfy
moderate wishes.

Jenny. I do not intend to sell my heart.

Smith. Be it then the reward of honorable love!

Jenny. Allow me time for consideration, dear Smith!

Smith. I thank you sincerely! (*Kisses her hand with trans-
port.*) What can be more grateful to an honest heart, than the
assurance that it shall be proved?

SCÈNE V. *Enter EMILIA, leading MORLAND by the hand.*

Emilia. Here he is at last, but in a terribly serious humour.

Jenny. What is the matter, brother?

Morland. Nothing! overpowered with business.

Emilia. You have usually been, at least, cheerful at dinner.

Morland. Because I was not oppressèd with care—But do
not mind me—this will pass away in time.

Emilia. We have expected you with great anxiety; you
were always accustomed to send, when you could not dine at
home.

Morland. Forgive me—I forgot—the minister—

Jenny. The minister? what of him?

Morland, (*Laying his hand upon his forehead*) Excuse

me—I am not well—my head aches— I feel, as if I were intoxicated—let me retire.

Jenny. What can you have been about, this whole day?

Morland. Walking—no, no, only—

Jenny. First it was business, now it is walking—Oh brother! brother!

Morland. Forgive me!—I really know not what I say.

Jenny. (*Aside to Smith*) A dark shade in the picture of wedded happiness.

Smith. What were light without shade?

Emilia. Will you go in, dearest Morland? dinner waits.

Morland. Yes!—I am ready!

SCENE VI.—*Enter ALLBRAND.*

Allbrand. Pardon me, that I come thus unexpectedly!—a very unexpected piece of business brings me hither, my friend.

Jenny. Pshaw! again business?

Morland, Go, my love—Go Jenny, sit down to dinner—we will be with you presently.

Emilia. My dear Henry, I have provided your favorite dish.

Morland. (*With constrained affection*) Thanks, dearest Emilia! go, depend on seeing us in a few minutes.

Emilia. (*Aside, as she goes out slowly, and sorrowfully*) All is not right! What can have altered him thus!

Jenny. (*Following her with Smith.*) Smith! Smith! if this example cannot deter!—

Smith. No over-hasty judgement, I entreat! (*Exeunt*)

Remain ALLBRAND and MORLAND.

Morland. Allbrand, you seem disordered.

Allbrand. Oh, deeply,

Morland. New torments for me ?

Allbrand. Alas !

Morland. Speak out !

Allbrand. At this moment I feel, for the first time in my life, that friendship may impose upon us most painful duties.

Morland. Truth is the first.

Allbrand. And most sacred of all duties—I fulfil it with tears in my eyes, with a bleeding heart !—Morland, are you a man ? a heavy blow awaits you—the more severe as coming from a beloved hand.

Morland. From my wives' ?

Allbrand. She is unworthy that name.

Morland. Prove her so !

Allbrand. She holds nightly meetings with the Prince.

Morland. 'Tis false !

Allbrand. Who has felt more implicit confidence in her virtue than myself ? Who has defended her more eagerly against all defamers, than myself ? My heart revolted at the idea of finding her guilty of infidelity towards her husband—but

Morland. I tell you 'tis false !

Allbrand. So I asserted, as long as possibility of doubt remained ; but when incontrovertible facts—

Morland. (*Stamping eagerly on the ground*). By heaven 'tis false ! Come to her now, immediately—

Allbrand. Her tears, her denial of guilt, will be no proofs of her innocence. Would you deprive yourself of the power of ascertaining the truth ?

Morland. And what proofs have you against her ?

Allbrand. Emilia has, for some time past quitted your house every night.

Morland. (*Seizing him by the arm*) Allbrand !

Allbrand. (*Proceeding calmly*) Stolen secretly across the Castle-square—

Morland. (*Seizing hold of him with both hands, and fixing*



THE FORCE OF CALUMNY.

his eyes upon him) I ask for proofs!

Allbrand. Into a very notorious house.

Morland. *With his voice almost suffocated*) But, proofs! proofs!

Allbrand. And there met the Prince.

Morland. *(Seizing him by the breast)* Villian! thou liest!

Allbrand. Any thing may be excused to a friend in your situation.

Morland. Once more, I say, your proofs?

Allbrand. Will you believe your own eyes?

Morland. And only my eyes!

Allbrand. I will remain with you until midnight: we will go together to the place; and you shall yourself be witness of her shame!

Morland. I take you at your word.

Allbrand. But unarmed.

Morland. What time is it now?

Allbrand. Just nine o'clock.

Morland. Oh, God! so early!—so early!

Allbrand. Employ the interval in endeavoring to recollect yourself; a moment neglected never returns. Emilia's disavowal of the fact could not remove suspicion from your soul; and without the conviction I offer, you must lead a life of torment with a wife, whom you wish, yet dare not presume to consider, as innocent.

Morland. I am recovered.

Allbrand. It were better not to see her again before midnight; should her suspicion be excited, she will not go.

Morland. I swear she will not go!

Allbrand. I wish she may not.

Morland. The slanderer shall answer this calumny with his life!

Allbrand. If Emilia be innocent?

Morland. She is innocent.

Allbrand. At least was so once.

Morland. Come with me, look her in the face, and be ashamed!

Allbrand. Lavater cannot decide in such a case.

Morland. Name the person who has dared to calumniate her.

Allbrand. She is coming. For heaven's sake do not betray yourself.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter EMILIA.*

Emilia. Dear Morland, you have been absent from home all day, let the evening be devoted to us!—We could not dine without you, we had no relish for a single morsel! Is not your business yet concluded?—Mr. Secretary, will you partake of our humble fare?

Allbrand. I beg to be excused.

Emilia. If you will not encrease our little family circle, I hope at least, you will not, by detaining my husband, contract it.

Allbrand. I do it reluctantly.

Emilia. Of what nature, can be that business which robs my dear Morland of his unaccustomed serenity?—my God, Henry, how you fix your eyes upon me!—dearest husband what can thus oppress you!

Morland. Do you wish to know?

Allbrand. 'Tis merely an unpleasant circumstance that has occurred in his office—nothing more.

Emilia. If it be nothing in which I can advise or assist him, yet tender participation in trouble is seldom unwelcome.

Morland. Do you interest yourself in my sorrows?

Emilia. My God!—what a question!

Morland. You look at me, so affectionately!

Emilia. And you look so wildly, at me.

Morland. Oh, you have not deserved it !—I know you have not !

Emilia. Indeed, I have not !

Morland. By heaven, I am sure of it ! (*He clasps her to his breast.*)

Allbrand. You forget our business.

Emilia. Your behaviour is so extraordinary !

Morland. My heart is unchanged !

Emilia. I hope so.

Morland. As your's !

Emilia. Then I will be content.

Allbrand. You will do better to separate. Repose cannot be enjoyed, till our business be completed. I would advise locking ourselves together into your study for to-night, and then by to-morrow's dawn, all may be finished.

Emilia. The whole night, did you say ?

Morland. Are you not pleased at it ?

Emilia. I fear, lest your health should be injured !—you have slept so little for several weeks !

Morland. And you wish, that I should sleep ?

Emilia. Oh, most sincerely !

Morland. Indeed !

Emilia. Can you doubt it ?

Allbrand. My friend, midnight approaches.

Morland. Midnight !—ha !—farewell Emilia !

Emilia. Shall we not see each other again, this evening ?

Morland. I hope not.

Emilia. You *hope* not ?

Morland. Forgive me !—I am absent !—Come, Allbrand—good night, Emilia !

Emilia. Not one kiss at parting ?

Morland. (*Morland clasps her in his arms, violently agitated.*)
I hope it is not the last !

Emilia. God forbid !

Morland. (*Tearing himself from her*) No, it is not possible !
(*He rushes into his study.*)

Allbrand. (*To Emilia, as he follows Morland*) You will be so obliging, Madam, as to give orders that nobody interrupt us.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE IX.—EMILIA, *alone.*

Something very extraordinary must have occurred ; yet he will not impart it to me !—some heavy calamity overpowers him ; and he will not let me share it !—What can I have done to offend him ?—Why am I, on a sudden, thought unworthy of his confidence ?

SCENE X.—*Enter* JENNY.

Jenny. Are you alone, dear sister ?—where is my brother ?

Emilia. In his study.—Allbrand and he have business together which will occupy them for the whole night.

Jenny. You have been weeping ?

Emilia. Alas, yes !

Jenny. What has happened ?

Emilia. Oh, I do not know !

Jenny. Has my brother been unkind to you ?

Emilia. Not unkind !—Yet he is so unlike himself, that I scarcely know him.

Jenny. What can be the matter ?

Emilia. Allbrand says, that it is merely some vexation of business.

Jenny. If so, you may be perfectly easy, and may rest assured that all will soon be right again.

Emilia. I hope so !—I do not doubt it !—yet, 'tis impossible

to describe the anxiety I feel !—I would forbear to weep, but it is not in my power !

Jenny. (Half aside) This is one of the happiest unions I ever witnessed !—yet, these sorrows !—these tears !—

Emilia. Think you, I would exchange these sorrows, these tears, for your boasted freedom ?—No, Jenny !—Shall I have experienced unbounded happiness for two years, and now shrink at the least reverse ?—Ah, it is but a momentary reverse, and these tears will soon be wiped away by the hand of love !

SCENE XI.—*Enter SMITH.*

Smith. Dear ladies, am I to dine by myself to-day ?

Jenny. Yes !—for once !

Emilia. Alas !—I have no appetite for dinner.

Jenny. Nor I, neither.

Smith. And Mr. Morland ?

Jenny. Is occupied with business.

Smith. You seem both very uneasy—has any thing unpleasant happened ?

Emilia. Nothing !

Jenny. Nothing at all !

Smith. I will not be intrusive.

(Exit.)

Jenny. Shall I stay and keep you company ?

Emilia. I had rather be alone.

Jenny. I have no inclination myself for company.—It is true that I have much to say to you ; but the present is not a propitious moment for the communication. Good-night sister.

Emilia. Good-night, dear Jenny.

Jenny. Will my harpsichord disturb you ?

Emilia. Oh, by no means.

Jenny. Mozart shall drive away the vapours.

(Exit.)

SCENE XII.—EMILIA *alone.*

Music will charm your mind to peace—I will endeavour to soothe mine by benevolence ;—at poor Ellfield's I may perhaps forget, what occasions me so much anxiety. And shall I go again without Morland's knowledge ?—better at once tell him all !—but then, the pleasure of presenting my patients to him, on his birth day, would be lost !—besides, at the present moment, it might appear obtrusive.—Hist ! I thought I heard my name mentioned in the study !—Yet, what concern can my name have with business ?—Shall I ?—No ! shame on the idea !—far be from me the meanness of listening. But now, I dare not attempt speaking to my husband, since it will immediately appear as if I *had* listened. And why should I be so desirous of communicating the affair at this moment ?—I shall not be missed,—and if I am, he knows me !—yet the discovery shall not be delayed beyond to-morrow !—all secrecy is pernicious ; and I blame myself for having given way to it. I must take a short time to recover myself ; and then I will go.—Heaven grant, that when I see Morland, to-morrow, he may be more composed !

(Exit.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

I

A C T. IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street at Midnight.**Enter PILZ and a CORPORAL with GUARDS.*

PILZ.

MAKE no noise, Corporal! conceal yourself with your people; and when I give the alarm, be ready to come forth.—*(The Corporal and Guards conceal themselves—Pilz draws aside the shade from his dark lantern, and looks at his watch)* Wants only a quarter of twelve—we shan't have long to wait!—For my part, I don't understand this business:—the wife plays false, and the husband is to answer for it—I can't see much justice in that!—Well, well, 'tis no concern of mine; and good order must be preserved!—Hist! I hear somebody coming!
(he conceals himself near the door of a house)

SCENE II.—*Enter SCHARFENECK, disguised in a large cloak.*

It must be hereabouts!—My direction is—near the dooor of the Court Apothecary's. *(he pants)* How I totter under the weight of this thick heavy cloak!—or is it the adventure that makes me quake?—I cannot say, I like it much; suspect Allbrand to be over-reaching my uncle—and me into the bargain. I have no objection at all to a frolic; but an act of deliberate

villainy, goes against my conscience!—For that, however, my employers must be responsible. (*he steps aside*) I am to conceal myself here; but should it be necessary to continue this game at hide and seek, longer than ten minutes, my patience will be exhausted; and I shall take the liberty of returning home, and going quietly to bed.

SCENE III.—*Enter ALLBRAND and MORLAND.*

Allbrand. This is the place.

Morland. And that the house?

Allbrand. Yes, where you see a light in the upper room.

Morland. Oh, God! how my heart beats!

Allbrand. 'Tis an awful moment to an affectionate husband.

Morland. The most awful that ever I experienced!— (*The clock strikes twelve*)

Allbrand. The clock strikes.

Morland. Each stroke is to me like the knell of death.

Allbrand. Promise me once more to command thyself?

Morland. I cannot promise any thing.

Allbrand. Do not forget, that the Prince is at hand.

Morland. You pour oil upon the flame.

Allbrand. How easily, in the midst of the confusion, might he accomplish any thing that suggested itself to his tyrannical mind.

Morland. Oh! that he would command his guards to dispatch me, at the moment!—that were mercy indeed!

Allbrand. Do not speak so loud!

Morland. Of what are you afraid?—Do you suppose that Emilia will hear us?—No! no!—Emilia will not come!

Allbrand. Heaven grant, she may not.

Morland. Then, to-morrow, I throw myself at her feet, and confess all!—No! this very night!—I will hasten to her bedside, awaken her gently, and, with my tears and kisses, call forth a blush into those cheeks which were never flushed by conscious guilt.

Allbrand. Hark! I hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

Morland. (*trembling with agitation*) The steps of a female?

Allbrand. I should think so.—But, for God's sake be more calm!—how your teeth chatter!

Morland. Oh! my blood freezes. (*he steps aside, trembling*)

SCENE IV.—EMILIA crosses the stage softly, and bends when she comes to the door of a small house. Captain ELLFIELD opens the door.

Ellfield. We have been expecting you for some time, Madam.

Emilia. How is my good friend above?

Ellfield. I thank you, perfectly well. (*they go into the house, and shut the door*)

Allbrand. Did you see?

Morland. Almighty God!—It was she herself.

Allbrand. Are you now convinced?

Morland. Scarcely, even now!

Allbrand. Whither will you go?

Morland. Can that be made a question? (*he throws himself violently against the door of the house, into which he had seen Emilia enter.*)

Allbrand. Yes, break in there!

Pitz. (*coming forward*) Stop!—I arrest you in the Prince's name!

Morland. (*thunder-struck*) How!

Pilz. Guards come hither! (*the Guards surround Morland—
Allbrand gradually draws away from him*)

Morland. Do you know, who I am!

Pilz. The very person we seek.

Morland. This is too much!

Pilz. Follow me.

Morland. Whither?

Pilz. Whither I am ordered to conduct you.

Morland. I must go into this house.

Pilz. Don't compel me to use force!

Morland. Oh, God of mercy! annihilate me at this moment!
(*he looks up towards the window where he sees the light*) Infernal woman, hear me!—hear me, Emilia!—be thou accursed for ever!—may some heavy judgment overtake thee, even in the arms of thy paramour!—may ye both be accursed, both thou and thy seducer!—O-h-h—(*the guards drag him out; his last words and groans are heard, after he disappears*)

Allbrand. (*coming forwards again*) Good heavens! how he raves!—Oh, that Pilz had but sense enough to stop his mouth!—his clamours are sufficient to alarm the whole street!

Scharfeneck. (*coming from his concealment*) Allbrand!

Allbrand. I thank you for your punctuality.

Scharfeneck. I almost repent my engagement!

Allbrand. For what reason?

Scharfeneck. Who was the woman that stole in here?

Allbrand. Probably one of their associates.

Scharfeneck. Why are not the whole crew apprehended?

Allbrand. All are not equally ripe for imprisonment.

Scharfeneck. What occasioned Morland to curse his wife so bitterly?

Allbrand. 'Twas temporary phrenzy.

Scharfeneck. I wish I were in my bed!—What more is to be done?

Allbrand. We must follow the guards at a distance :—when Morland is delivered into safe custody, Pilz shall accompany you to his house.

Scharfeneck. And then ?

Allbrand. You know what—the papers—

Scharfeneck. Why not seize them yourself ?

Allbrand. Because I cannot be in different places at the same moment : and my presence is more necessary elsewhere. Come along, now—I will give you farther instructions by the way.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.—*A room in the State Prison.* KROLL sitting at a table, with his spectacles on, reading in a large folio volume. EVE spinning, and nodding her head frequently, over-powered with sleep.

Kroll. “Chapter the seventh,”—“How Sultan Bajazet was confined by Tamerlane in an iron cage.”—It happened in the year one thousand four hundred and two, that a bloody battle”——
Why, Eve ! you are asleep.

Eve. No, no—read on—I hear you.

Kroll. What was I reading about ?

Eve. Something or other of the lame and blind.

Kroll. Right !—Bajazet was blind of one eye, and Tamerlane limped. But you are nodding again.

Eve. My eye-lids will fall down.

Kroll. I can't think, where the prisoner can be !—'Tis now past midnight.

Eve. I cannot think who he can be ?

Kroll. Neighbour Pilz was very secret ; I could not get a word out of him.

Eve. Well, we shall know in time.

Kroll. Truly, we shall, by virtue of our office. (*a knocking is heard; Kroll lays down his book, and takes off his spectacles*)
Do you hear? they must be come! (*he goes out with the light*)

Eve. He has left me alone in the dark. For three whole years, have I now lived in this prison; yet never with my own good will was left so many minutes together, without a light. It has entirely scared away my drowsiness—Hark!—how every step they take, sounds through the long passages!—The great hinges of the gate, creak dismally!—the chains rattle—the gate bangs—terrible music for the poor man they are bringing amongst us!—He certainly must be some great gentleman;—for neighbour Pilz ordered the large room, with the tapestry hangings, to be prepared for him.

SCENE VI. *Re-enter KROLL with PILZ and MORLAND.*

Kroll. Heaven defend me, Mr. Syndicus! is it you?

Eve. Merciful powers, Mr. Syndicus! who could have thought of this?

Pilz. Come, come, neighbours; not so many words, (*Morland stands motionless, with his arms folded, and appears totally insensible to what passes*)

Kroll. Humph! Humph! I should as soon have expected the skies to fall.

Eve. I am so terrified, that I cannot move a limb.

Pilz. Ah? 'Tis a motely world.

Eve. This is not motely neighbour; 'tis as black as a coal. Such a man as the Syndicus, the friend of all the poor in the town.

Kroll. Who endeavoured to procure every body their rights

Eve. And always took notice of every child he met.

Pilz. But it is his Highness' command.

Kroll. Well to be sure if it is his Highness—

Eve. Who knows what lies wicked people may have told of the worthy gentleman.

Pilz. Neighbour Eve, take care of your tongue.

Eve. Why to be sure, God knows the Prince is only a man.

Pilz. But a man favoured by God.

Kroll. That's for certain.

Pilz. Therefore neighbour Kroll, in virtue of your office, here is a prisoner, for whom you are answerable.

Kroll. Locks and bars shall answer for him.

Pilz. And nobody must be admitted to see him.

Kroll. Very well.

Pilz. Good-night, neighbour.

Kroll. Good-night, Mr. Pilz. (*He conducts Pilz out.*)

Eve. I should like to know, how the good night is to come, when he has shut an honest man up in prison?—For my part I hav'n't had any concern in it,—but what does that signify?—I know for certain, that I shan't close my eyes all night. Poor dear gentleman! how terribly he looks!—Take heart, noble Syndicus, bad weather will overtake those that are going to church as well as them that are running to the alehouse, but where the heart and conscience are warm, the clothes are soon dried.—Alack-a-day! he neither sees nor hears me!—Truly, I am only the simple wife of a poor citizen, and I don't know how to comfort such a learned gentleman. (*Re-enter Kroll*) Look there, Benjamin,—our prisoner seems to have neither life nor motion,—he stares at the door, as if he saw something.—Certainly no good will happen to us, if we dont look a little after him.

Kroll. Come, Mr. Syndicus, there's no occasion to take this so much at heart!—many a great gentleman has been kept up here for a long time, and yet come off with honour at last.

Eve. We don't behave unkind to any body—they've commonly enough to bear, before they come to us; and we are glad to comfort them, if we can.

Kroll. This state prison is not an iron cage.

Eve. Ah, Benjamin! 'tis just like talking to the wind!—

Kroll. (*Takes Morland respectfully by the arm*) Good Mr. Syndicus!

Morland. (*starting wildly*) Who are you?—Where am I?—What would you have?

Kroll. Dear heaven! don't your honour know me?

Morland. (*examining him from head to foot with an unmeaning stare*) I know nobody!—I know nobody!—

Eve. What!—has your honour forgotten—

Morland. Forgotten! (*striking his hands on his forehead*) No! no!—I have not forgotten—

Kroll. Would not a glass of wine be of service to you?—you shall have the best we can get.

Morland. Oh, a whole bottle!—a whole bottle!—Yes, yes, wine, good man!—wine!—wine!—happy he who can drown his feelings in wine!—

Eve. Leave him alone Benjamin;—he is not in his right mind.

Kroll. Won't you please to go to rest?—Eve has prepared you a very good bed.

Morland. Ha! ha! ha!—Rest!—Ha! ha! ha!—

Eve. To be sure, your honour won't rest so well as at home.

Morland. At home?

Eve. Ah, God!—how will poor Madam grieve!

Morland. (*going up to her hastily*) Woman! do you mean to knock me?

Eve. Oh, terrible!—to be sure, he is out of his senses!

Morland. Would to God!

(*A knocking is heard again at the gate*)

Kroll. More knocking!—who can this be! (*going*)

K

Eve. Take me with you, husband!—I am afraid of being left alone with him! (*Exeunt Kroll and Eve*)

(*Morland stands motionless for some moments, then clasps his hands in agony;—he feels upon his finger a ring made of Emilia's hair; he looks at it wildly, then snatches it off, and throws it away indignantly, seizes himself by the breast, and exclaims*)

Morland. Oh, that I could thus easily tear her from my heart!

SCENE VII.—*Re-Enter KROLL and EVE, with ALLBRAND.*

Kroll. (*as he enters*) If your Excellency have such an order—

Allbrand. I take the responsibility solely upon myself!—leave us alone. (*Exeunt Kroll and Eve. Allbrand approaches Morland, who does not observe him: after a pause, he exclaims*) Is this the reward of love and patriotism?

Morland. What voice was that!—Allbrand!—you here?—you too in prison?

Allbrand. In the cause of friendship, I even condescended to have recourse to falshood;—I used the minister's name, and the doors were opened to me.

Morland. Not a prisoner, then?—But, why should you be confined?—she is not your wife!

Allbrand. Oh, my injured friend!

Morland. What seek you here?

Allbrand. To console you.

Morland. Is my house burnt down?—my whole property destroyed?—A beggar might be capable of receiving consolation—but not a fond and injured husband!

Allbrand. I would give you advice, as a friend.

Morland. Give advice to a helpless wretch plunged into a whirlpool!—perhaps throw him a straw at which to catch!

Allbrand. I might afford you some assistance.

Morland. Can the ruined honour of a wife be propped up like a mouldering building?—Can faith and truth be relumed, like an extinguished light?

Allbrand. No!—but the man who has cherished a serpent in his bosom, may throw it away; and then pursue his career with renovated powers.

Morland. Even though it had struck its fangs into his heart, and the venom were poisoning the very sources of life!

Allbrand. Shall the infidelity of a perjured wife have power to deprive a Morland of every comfort, every satisfaction?—has not nature endowed you, my friend, with eminent talents for advancing the welfare of your fellow citizens?—Does not the noble mind often recover lost repose in seeking to promote that happiness in others, of which it is itself deprived?—May not dissipation, activity—

Morland. In a prison?—in chains?—Ha! ha! ha!

Allbrand. Does the sun shine only upon this little spot?—Shall this soil alone experience the beneficial effects of your ardour and industry?—Will not your native country receive back with transport, into her bosom, a man she herself nourished and cherished?

Morland. Oh, why did I ever quit so blessed a spot!

Allbrand. Away then, my friend; and at your pure Alpine springs drink oblivion to all your wrongs. Forget a wife who is unworthy of your love!—forget a country which repays your attachment with the basest ingratitude, but forget not a friend who loses all recollection of himself, when he urges you to this separation!

Morland. Shall innocence seek its safety in flight?—in concealment?

Allbrand. Was not Socrates, though guiltless, condemned?— and did he not suffer because he refused to shake off his chains.

Morland. Oh, my friend! you cherish the wildest visions!— What means are left me for escape?

Allbrand. Be that my care.

Morland. Are you sensible, what you hazard?

Allbrand. Yes, I know what hazards I run, and for whom they are incurred.

Morland. Allbrand! Allbrand! thou hast twined yet one more bond to fasten me to life!—thou hast almost reconciled me again to the human race!—yet I cannot have recourse to flight, and leave my honour a prey to all the gossips and scandalous chronicles in the town. “*Morland is absconded*” it will be said—“*On what charge was he apprehended? and why did he fly? why should he wish to escape from justice?*”—Do you suppose a single mouth would be stopped by hearing, that I was guilty of no other crime than having a lovely wife?

Allbrand. Alas! no!—for the colours that are to varnish over this injustice, are already prepared.

Morland. Indeed!—

Allbrand. You are accused of being a Jacobin.

Morland. Ha! and the proofs?—

Allbrand. Not even your wife, as 'tis reported, could furnish any thing like proofs.

Morland. Could not—but would have furnished them willingly! (*Allbrand shrugs his shoulders*) Conceal nothing, Allbrand—one stab more or less is of little consequence.

Allbrand. When I had somewhat recovered from my first astonishment at your apprehension—

Morland. Where were you at that moment?

Allbrand. Close by you; and when I saw you borne away, I was about to follow you down the street; but it soon occurred to me, that I might possibly render you more important service,



by seeking intelligence at the fountain-head. I was like one thunderstruck :—of the true motives for this proceeding, I could not entertain a doubt ; but I had no conception of the pretext that would be urged to sanction it.

Morland. Well !—but my wife !—my wife !

Allbrand. I hastened back to the square, where I found the Prince's Valet-de-Chambre wrapped in a large cloak, and in waiting for his master's return——

Morland. Oh God !—Oh God !—the honour of my wife placed at the mercy of a Valet-de-Chambre !

Allbrand. We had long known each other——

Morland. And he confided to you ?——

Allbrand. The whole progress of the affair. Emilia withstood his solicitations for a long time——

Morland. (with an indignant sneer) Virtuous woman !

Allbrand. She wept, knelt——

Morland. Extremely affecting !

Allbrand. But the Prince is young, handsome, engaging——

Morland. Perfectly natural !

Allbrand. And, perhaps, the idea of rank was too dazzling for the female imagination to resist ; since the Prince promised a patent of nobility for you.

Morland. He did me great honour.

Allbrand. And promotion at Court.

Morland. Indeed !—that certainly was irresistible.

Allbrand. But by your own impetuosity, you have stumbled upon the very threshold.

Morland. Oh, I am a headstrong fool !

Allbrand. You have done the Prince's work for him. It was impossible, that he could seriously intend to permit your remaining so near ; he has long watched his opportunity, had his spies about in all parts——

Morland. And at last caught me trespassing upon his Prince-ly territories !—damn him !—damn him !——

Allbrand. Nor are his apprehensions yet removed; though a prisoner, he considers you as still a formidable obstacle to his views; and the Valet doubts whether you will be permitted to remain here. A removal to some more secure fortress, upon the frontiers, is talked of.

Morland. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

Allbrand. Morland! Morland! my heart bleeds for you!—Should his threat be executed, you were lost indeed!—Remote from every friend to console you, unknown, unpitied, branded by the mandate of the Prince himself, as a criminal—without even the possibility of communication by letter, with those who might pour a balm into your wounded mind——

Morland. The same God is every where!

Allbrand. No miracle will interpose to thwart the triumph of wickedness. Fly then, while it is yet in your power—my influence, my connections, may be of some service in screening you from pursuit—they can avail nothing, in case of your removal to a distant prison.

Morland. I will appeal to the laws!—a hearing cannot be refused me!

Allbrand. To the laws!—Are you the first person who has been buried alive?—whose cries have in vain sought to force their way to the ear of justice?—And what purpose would be answered, supposing you could obtain a hearing?—Is it not notorious to all the world, that you are innocent, but who will venture to pronounce you so, when the Prince's honour is involved in the establishment of your guilt?—You are a foreigner; you have no relations, no connections, here, to concern themselves in your fate.

Morland. Forsaken wretch that I am!—Oh, Emilia!—Emilia!—Yes, Allbrand, I can readily conceive that the mind, even of a virtuous woman may be seduced by the allurements of ambition, by the blandishments of a voluptuary, till her honour be-

comes their sacrifice—yet still, she has a heart!—Shame may, for a while, be silenced and put to flight; but, at length, it will return, strew the bed of roses with thorns, and change the smile of passion into convulsive distortions. Then will busy recollection reproach her, that for two years her love had been my all—that my heart, my life, had been devoted to the promotion of her happiness—that I had sacrificed every thing to my love—had known no joy without her—no sorrow when she was by my side!—Oh-h-h!

Allbrand. Morland, you rend my heart.

Morland. And can this wife wish my destruction!—

Allbrand. Whatever she may do now, terror must soon compel her to wish it!—the dread lest all her misdeeds should become known, and your just vengeance overtake her.

Morland. Oh, she was so affectionate!—could she see these cold drops that stand upon my forehead!—

Allbrand. She would hide the blush of shame in the bosom of her seducer.

Morland. Ha! For the love of heaven, Allbrand, shake me! rouse me!—that I may be awakened from this terrible dream!

Allbrand. Would to God, it were but a dream!—Did you see his Highness give her his hand at the house-door?

Morland. Was it indeed the Prince?

Allbrand. Nay, you must yourself have seen him.

Morland. I saw the figure of a man.

Allbrand. Of the Prince?

Morland. Damn him?—damn him!

Allbrand. And did you not hear?—

Morland. I heard nothing!

Allbrand. Not the flutteries with which he received her—nor the burst of laughter behind the door, when you were arrested?

Morland. Laughter!—But it could be only the Prince who laughed!—I swear, by heaven, it could not be Emilia!

Allbrand. I might be mistaken.

Morland. No, Allbrand, a beloved wife may be so lost as to become a criminal; she may disgrace the name, and wring the heart of her injured husband: but could I suppose her capable of laughing, when she beheld innocence and virtue trampled under foot—when she saw that injured, deceived husband, thus made the victim.—O God!—O God!—See Allbrand! (*he draws his hand out from his bosom, and shews it all bloody*) fool!—fool!—I have torn my own flesh through indignation.

Allbrand. Horrible, but just wrath!

Morland. Could she see these bloody fingers—

Allbrand. Rouse thyself, Morland!—Sue out a bill of divorce against the Syren!

Morland. No, death alone shall separate us!—Yes, yes, she is dead!—See there she lies!—I wring my hands over her corpse!—Oh, God! assist me to believe in this illusion!—Emilia dead, I can love her again;—How that thought consoles me!—I can weep again!—(*bursts into tears*)

Allbrand. One day will be sufficient to prepare all things for your escape.

Morland. Allbrand, bespeak me a suit of mourning.

Allbrand. Hasten to the arms of your aged father!

Morland. A mourning suit, Allbrand!

Allbrand. Let your sister be the companion of your flight.

Morland. A mourning suit for my deceased Emilia!

Allbrand. Morland, this is unmanly!—Will you waste yourself to a shadow with fruitless sorrow, while the sorceress makes you her sport in the arms of her paramour?

Morland. Her sport!—No, Allbrand!—Emilia, though fallen, cannot make me her sport.

Allbrand. Well, well, no matter!—In twenty-four hours, you will be upon the road to Basil—then, and not till then, when the traitress finds that she is not to enjoy her triumph in security,

Will she be fully unmasked. Write her a letter, Morland—a letter full of coldness and contempt—a mandate of external separation.

Morland. Do you suppose that the Prince's guards will convey a letter from me to Emilia?

Allbrand. I will carry it to her—will give it to her in the presence of the Prince himself—strike her with a look—

Morland. Will you, indeed?—

Allbrand. I give you my word of honour.

Morland. Well, then!

Allbrand. (calls) Without there! *(enter Kroll with Eve)*
Bring pen and ink.

Kroll. I did not know that it was permitted—

Allbrand. I will be responsible.

Kroll. The next room is prepared for the Syndicus; and there you will find all conveniences—

Morland. I will be with you again directly. *(Kroll lights him to his room and returns)*

Allbrand. (aside) I have managed it at last, but with infinite trouble.

Eve. Poor gentleman!—for certain, he must be innocent.

Allbrand. 'Tis possible.

Eve. May one be allowed to ask what crime he has committed?

Allbrand. That cannot be known for certain, it is a State secret; various reports are circulated.

Eve. Heaven will bring his innocence to light.

Allbrand. That might be possible, if heaven and he were upon better terms.

Eve. I don't understand what your honour means.

Allbrand. Strange things are reported of him—I cannot say positively, that they are true; but certain it is, that I never saw him at church.

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Eve. But still, I am sure he would not——

Allbrand. 'Tis impossible to say !—bad company is contagious !—wicked books, and evil examples, have great influence.

Eve. Heaven forbid !

Allbrand. Thus far I know from his own mouth, that he does not believe in a devil.

Kroll. Not believe in a devil !—Eve, what d'ye think now ?

Allbrand. And the Prince is extremely pious.

Kroll. To be sure he is. Well, well, his Highness has done quite right.

Allbrand. You see, my friends, that your compassion is misplaced.

Eve. Compassion, indeed !—I say compassion to a man who does not believe in a devil !

Kroll. 'Tis hard enough, that we are obliged to be under the same roof with him.

Allbrand. Should he attempt to converse with you, I would advise you to be short in your answers.

Kroll. You need not make yourself uneasy about that.

Allbrand. No one, beside myself, must be allowed to speak with him.

Kroll. Nobody but Satan. God forgive me the word.

Allbrand. Least of all, his wife. And, do you hear ?—I again caution you against throwing yourselves too much in his way—a smooth tongue might conjoin you.

Eve. He could not shake my faith. But the children, Benjamin—he might do them a mischief.—We had best take care and keep the children out of his way.

Kroll. I will put a padlock upon his door.

Eve. No, no, I cannot pity him any longer. I thought he might have committed some offence against his Highness such as embezzling money entrusted to him, or some such matter ; for such things will happen, even to the most pious. But not to believe in a devil ! ! !——

SCENE VIII.—MORLAND returns with a letter in his hand,
which he gives to ALLBRAND.

Morland. Take it!

Allbrand. (makes a sign to Kroll and Eve, who retire, when he unfolds the letter, and reads it to himself) 'Tis too wild!—too impassioned!—colder contempt had been better!—this anger will gratify her. However, (putting the letter in his pocket, and speaking aside) what the writer has omitted, the messenger will supply.

Morland. (seizing his arm eagerly) Allbrand, should we at last be mistaken?—should she be innocent?—she might not survive the receipt of such a letter.

Allbrand. Innocent!

Morland. Yes, yes, I am a fool!—I am indeed a fool!—Did we not both see?—Ah, no!—*I* saw only her.

Allbrand. I saw, and heard, the Prince.

Morland. Are you very sure that you were not mistaken?—Our senses will sometimes deceive us—instances have occurred.

Allbrand. I was a cool spectator—

Morland. But in the darkness of night, you might be misled—

Allbrand. The moon shone bright.

Morland. Oh, too true!—too true!—and to attempt to explain away the whole affair by supposing it accident?—

Allbrand. Appears to me perfectly ridiculous.

Morland. So it is!—so it is!—Take the letter then!—yet hold!—No! no!—Allbrand, I think Emilia cannot possibly be innocent!

Allbrand. Certainly not.

Morland. Might not the Prince by chance?—No, that could scarcely be!—and what then could Emilia want?—to whom

could she go?—Oh, she is guilty!—she is guilty!—every bond between us is broken—Take the letter, Allbrand; take it to her, paint to her my sufferings!—carry her my everlasting curse!—Yet! no! no! no!—for God's sake—she is pregnant!—Allbrand, she is pregnant!—give me back the letter!

Allbrand. You astonish me, Morland!—But since you are incapable of acting for yourself, I must think, and act for you—I must, and will save you. Recollect, that for four years past, a dishonourable tie has chained Emilia to the Prince!—do you suppose that she would have forsaken the father of her child?

Morland. You suggest horrors.

Allbrand. Will you submit to be reputed the father of a child not your own?

Morland. Oh God!—you drain the last drop of blood from my heart!

Allbrand. Will you condescend to be made the laughing-stock of the whole country?

Morland. Ha!—revenge!—revenge!

Allbrand. Rather shew contempt. It is the part of injured worth to despise,—revenge must be left to conscience.

Morland. Do you expect to find a conscience where virtue and love have been so long dissembled?

Allbrand. It cannot be enveloped in so thick a shell, but that the worm of remorse will gnaw through to it at last.

Morland. And when that moment shall arrive—when the couch of voluptuousness shall be exchanged for the bed of death, when the criminal shall seek in vain for rest, upon the softest pillow of down—when the windows of her chamber must be darkened, that no ray of light may strike her languid eyes—when her taste shall be insensible, even to the choicest wines from the Prince's cellar—when no cooling medicine shall have power to assuage the fever burning in her veins—when hired murderers shall be snoring by her bed-side, insensible to her faint

poans, to the scene of wretchedness before them!—then shall my form, just visible by the dusky glimmering of the midnight lamp, undraw her curtain—grip horribly at her with a ghastly smile, nod, menace, and vanish!—away!—away, with the letter!

Allbrand. Recover yourself, my friend; I go. The Prince shall hear harsh truths from me!—truth is the severest chastisement that can be given to a Prince. *(he is going, when Kroll enters, takes a light and accompanies him out.)*

SCENE IX.—MORLAND *alone.* *He pauses, looking after*
ALLBRAND,

He is gone!—and what now am I?—Thus are all bonds that held me to the world, torn asunder, the bond of life alone excepted, and that can only be dissolved by a tedious series of excruciating torments!—yet, why await this lingering process?—down, down, with thee instantly to the grave, Morland, since thou hast no more to hope from man, save a handful of earth to cover thy bones!

SCENE X.—*Re-enter* KROLL *with* EVE.

Kroll. Will the gentleman be so good as to take himself to his chamber—this here is mine.

Eve. We have been kept up almost the whole night, entirely upon the gentleman's account.

Morland. Pardon me, good people!

Kroll. Nay, the Lord pardon thee!

Eve. *(with a pious sigh)* And lead every one who is going astray, into the right road!

Morland. *(half aside)* When only straying out of the right road, it is possible to be rescued; but when fallen into the

abyss, nothing remains but to look down, and drop a tear upon the poor wretch who lies dashed to pieces below. But you don't understand me!—Good night! (*Exit into his room*)

Kroll. (*locking and barring the door of Morland's chamber*)
Yes, yes, we understand you very well!

Eve. Did you hear how he talked about the Abyss?

Kroll. Of hell, I suppose.

Eve. Ah dear heaven!

Kroll. Come wife, come to bed.

Eve. He who does not believe in a devil, most likely does not believe in the good angels!—how can he ever sleep quietly in his bed! (*Exeunt*)

SCENE XI.—*A room in MORLAND'S house. THOMAS sitting asleep in a chair—a table standing by him, on which is a candle almost burnt out, and a watch. He starts from his sleep, rubs his eyes, and then rises.*

Three o'clock!—I don't know what to make of this!—he never used to be out so late!—I am afraid some misfortune has happened!—I would fain have gone with him, he looked so troubled in mind, but he ordered me to remain here. I am never quite easy at being alone; when two people are left together they can have a little chat, and that passes time away. Our good lady must not be told of this—for she'd fret herself to death; but I think I might wake Miss Jenny; and perhaps she knows more about the matter than I do.—I wonder, whether she would take it amiss?—I watched many a night upon her account, when she had the small-pox; and surely she can't think much of coming for once to comfort poor old Thomas?—Yes, I'll—I'll e'en venture it—and if she should be angry, I must tell her that "*necessity has no law.*" (*he taps at the door*) Madam!—Miss Jenny!—She is young and sleeps sound!—(*he taps again*) Miss Jenny!

Jenny. (*within*) Who knocks?

Thomas. Only old Thomas.

Jenny. What do you want?

Thomas. I want to know what is become of my master?—
Pray, don't be angry Madam, it is now three o'clock; and I
could not any longer restrain my uneasiness! (*a violent knock-
ing is heard at the door*) Zounds!—there he comes!—well,
thank God!—thank God!—I might as well have let the young
lady sleep on quietly. (*Exit*)

SCENE XII.—*JENNY enters from her room in a morning dress
bastily slipped on.*

What can this mean?—why was I waked?—is there a fire in
the neighbourhood?—The old man first frightened me from my
sleep, and then ran away!—What a noise there is upon the stair-
case!—Who can be coming hither at this time of night?

SCENE XIII.—*Enter SCHARFNECK, PILZ, and THOMAS.*

Scharfneck. (*to Thomas*) Away fool!—you will soon learn
what we want! (*seeing Jenny*) Fair lady, reluctantly as I under-
took a commission which might disturb your rest, yet the sight
of you banishes repentance.

Jenny. I do not understand you, Sir.

Scharfneck. By command of his Highness, I come to seize your
brother's papers.

Jenny. You cannot be serious.

Scharfneck. (*pointing to Pilz*) The solemn severity of my
companion's countenance, must preclude all idea of joking.

Jenny. My God! what can this mean?

Scharfeneck. A trifle!—only a little conspiracy!—a snug piece of treason against the State; no feminine concern, for there is not any love in the case. But I forget that my company was always disagreeable to you;—permit me therefore, to proceed with all expedition, in the fulfilment of his Highness's commands.

Jenny. Still, I do not understand you, Sir; and it were better that I awaken my brother.

Scharfeneck. I should think he can hardly be asleep, since it is he who has awakened us; and a prison does not furnish very propitious quarters for the enjoyment of repose.

Jenny. What do you mean?—my brother—

Scharfeneck. Has spent the last hour in the State prison.

Thomas. (*clapping his hands together*) My God!

Jenny. Heavens!—on what charge?

Scharfeneck. That he wanted to introduce into the State, what is only admissible in love,—liberty—and equality.

Jenny. Infamous slander!

Scharfeneck. Then you have the less to apprehend from the examination of his papers. Come, Pilz, to your business.

Jenny. Sir, I cannot suffer—

Scharfeneck. I am heartily sorry, Madam, that I must now for the first time in my life, disregard the interdict of a fair lady.

Thomas. (*half aside to Jenny, scarcely able to restrain his indignation*) Madam, shall I call the coachman and groom?

Jenny. Be quiet, Thomas. (*to Scharfeneck*) Sir, I require a written order.

Scharfeneck. You know, Madam, that I have the honour of being in the Prince's service; this officer of the police, and the guards below in the hall, must sufficiently prove that I obey the highest commands. How much rather had I come hither without this formidable train, only upon an adventure of gallantry?—But your severity—

Jenny. Matchless impudence !

Thomas. (*muttering to himself*) Impudence indeed !

Scharfeneck. (*to Jenny*) You were speaking of your servant, I suppose ?

Thomas. He never was impudent.

Scharfeneck. Fellow !——

Thomas. Sir, I would have you to know that I am a Swiss, a free man.

Scharfeneck. Ha ! ha ! ha !——And so you also are playing that part.

Jenny. Be silent, Thomas ;——Go and call my sister-in-law.

Thomas. (*going reluctantly, and muttering to himself*) When people break into the house at dead of night, I know in my country——(*Exit*)

Scharfeneck. I have waited too long.—As far as I remember, this is Mr. Morland's study—Pilz, follow me.

Jenny. For your own justification, Sir——

Scharfeneck. May I request the key of your brother's desk ?

Jenny. He always carries that about with him.

Scharfeneck. Then we must manage without a key.

Jenny. Sir, I warn you that the Prince shall know by day-break——

Scharfeneck. Unfortunate that I am, to be compelled to give the warnings of a fair lady to the wind. (*he goes into Morland's study, followed by Pilz, carrying a lantern*)

SCENE XIV.—JENNY, *alone.* Afterwards, THOMAS,

Jenny. I tremble !——I know not what to do !——How will my poor sister-in-law be shocked and terrified !——What fatal consequences may not be apprehended !

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Thomas. (*entering in haste and terror*) New troubles!—new sorrows!—

Jenny. Good Heavens!—what?—

Thomas. Our good lady is gone too!

Jenny. Impossible!

Thomas. Has never been in bed. Mary stole into her room, just opened her curtains, and called softly, “Madam,”—No answer!—She tapped with her hand upon the bed—all cold!—At last, she fetched the lamp and looked—nothing to be seen!—nothing to be heard!

Jenny. Oh, God! what can be the meaning of this!

Thomas. She is most likely with my master.

Jenny. How can she have learned,—

Thomas. Who knows?—She had perhaps a kind of a mis-giving.—Such things often happen among people that love each other so very dearly.

Jenny. Then I am left quite alone!

Thomas. Don't be frightened, Madam,—old Thomas is here, and the good God is here; and if you would but let me call the Coachman and the Groom, we'd soon clear the house.

Jenny. Go, Thomas, and call Mr. Smith.

Thomas. Zounds! if I had not forgotten Mr. Smith!—

(*Exit*)

Jenny. Proper, or improper, I must send for him;—in times of distress, we concern ourselves little about propriety.

SCENE XV.—*Enter SCHARFENECK and PILZ with the papers.*

Scharfeneck. My errand is accomplished:—once more I entreat your pardon, Madam, and heartily wish you pleasant morning slumbers.

Jenny. Yet another moment, Sir!—My brother's clerk will be here instantly, and I must request of you to tell him what papers——

Scharfeneck. All, Madam!—every scrap!—I am not fond of selections.

Jenny. He is a man of business, and will know what should be granted, what refused.

Scharfeneck. As to what concerns the papers, Madam, there is nothing either to grant, or to refuse; I must take them all. What else the clerk may grant or refuse here, I am too modest to enquire.

Jenny. At least, I think you might respect misfortune.

Scharfeneck. I respect the rights of beauty, and should be perfectly inconsolable were a longer interruption of your rest to endanger the making of those lovely cheeks pale.—Come, Pilz, I fear we are intruders here. (*Exit with a low sarcastic bow, followed by Pilz*)

Jenny. (*bursting into tears*) Why do I weep?—Why at such a moment, bestow one thought upon an insult that concerns myself alone?—This is not a time to waste in fruitless lamentations!—My poor brother!—my poor Emilia!—Oh that I were not a woman!—but my sex shall not withhold me!—I will go directly to the Prince.

SCENE XVI.—*Enter SMITH.*

Smith. Thomas tells me strange things.

Jenny. Give me your advice, your assistance, dear Smith.

Smith. Mr. Morland, a prisoner—his papers seized—your sister-in-law not to be found!

Jenny. 'Tis all but too true.

Smith. This is a cursed country.

Jenny. What shall we do?

Smith. Go to England, and live in freedom.

Jenny. But, at present—

Smith. We must patiently wait the approach of day.

Jenny. And then?—

Smith. I do not doubt of being able to procure your brother's release.

Jenny. But how?

Smith. (*After considering for a few minutes*) Yes, I must speak.—My dearest Madam, many a book may be found in the world, which, though shabby to the eye from being uncut and unbound, will by its innate worth attract attention from the man of understanding, though it may be scorned by the coxcomb on account of its homely garb. Such a book is Honesty in the heart of a citizen, and Innocence in a plain coat; both are the jest of the valets in the anti-chamber.

Jenny. Is that, any source of consolation to me?

Smith. By no means—I rather made the observation, to prove that your brother is lost, because, though his virtue is of sterling worth, the buckles in his shoes are not of equal value.—With Courtiers, the case is the very reverse.

Jenny. How could!—Is this a moment for such remarks?

Smith. The precise moment for them. You think me, perhaps, cold, unfeeling to your distress—but you mistake—I am only composed through habit—because I have witnessed the like an hundred times. Man possesses the noble faculty of being able to habituate himself to any thing, save excess of happiness.

Jenny. And whither do these observations tend?

Smith. To confessing that I feel myself reduced to the unpleasant necessity of using baser coin, where nobility of soul will not pass as currency. I will go to the Minister, announce myself as Lord Sidney—

Jenny. Smith, are you awake?

Smith. I will present him with a letter of recommendation from our Minister; nor do I doubt that the Lord will obtain a hearing, when the humble clerk would be spurned.

Jenny. Smith, do you speak seriously?

Smith. Most seriously, dearest Madam. Influenced by love, the eccentric being you behold, laid aside his rank, till he could fully assure himself, whether a Lord was of more account in your estimation, than an honest man.

Jenny. I am astonished!

Smith. Why astonished?—Love and caprice have frequently wrought changes even more extraordinary.

Jenny. My Lord—

Smith. Oh, no!—My Lord will go to rescue your brother; but Edward Smith will return hither to solicit your hand. I have a fine estate in Warwickshire, a true Swiss country, which wants nothing to render it a complete Paradise, but those delightful inhabitants Love and Liberty. What think you, Madam?—I now rejoice, that I am rich; since I have enough for us all—enough to support us all happily together.

Jenny. I am incapable at present of making any reply to offers so generous.

Smith. You will never meet with offers whose conditions are more honorable.

Jenny. Shall necessity grant what love asks?

Smith. Nobly urged!—I will therefore be silent, nor solicit you farther. Repentance is every where an evil guest; and if it enter the abode of Love, is too apt to destroy the host.—But the day begins to dawn—I will hasten to the Minister.

Jenny. And I, to my poor brother's prison.

Smith. Allow me to take your hand, Madam! (*He presses her hand most tenderly to his lips*)—I am not accustomed to use many words; but God, who knows my heart, knows that I love you! (*Exit.*)

Jenny. I am quite overpowered!—I could weep like a child! Fye! fye! Jenny,—lay aside the woman, and think only of thy brother!—Gold will procure thee access to him, sooner than tears. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XVII.—Captain ELLFIELD'S Lodging. *The Captain, Mrs. ELLFIELD. and EMILIA discovered.*

Emilia. I rejoice indeed, Madam, to find you thus. Appetite and sleep, are the most infallible symptoms of returning health; and, thanks be to God, for some days past, you seem to have amended very rapidly;—but you must still be careful.

Ellfield. I urge the same to her every day.

Mrs. Ellfield. The weather was so fine—

Emilia. But the air was cool.

Mrs. Ellfield. Indeed, the walk has been of great service to me. The fresh air, the benign rays of the sun, gave me new life.—I seemed to inhale strength with every breeze.

Emilia. But you should have gone early to bed.

Ellfield. I would have persuaded her to that.

Mrs. Ellfield. I sat for some hours, upon the Sopha; and I could not resist the pleasure of receiving my benefactress.

Emilia. If I have deserved this name, I am richly repaid. I leave you for the first time, with satisfaction;—it grows late. (*she puts on her cloak*) I cannot now determine, when we shall meet again.

Ellfield. Will you not allow two grateful hearts to pay their respects to you in your own house?

Emilia. Then, I must tell you who I am, and where I live.

Ellfield. Is it not cruel, to conceal it from us any longer?

Emilia. Dear Captain, allow me to follow my own humour. In a week, I will receive you, when I shall introduce another person to your acquaintance.

Ellfield. But how, if the veil of this amiable modesty have not proved sufficiently thick, to conceal you from the penetrating eyes of gratitude?—How, if your name be already known to us?

Mrs. Ellfield. Our faith has been inviolably observed.

Emilia. You surely cannot have watched me home?

Ellfield. No, upon my honour.

Emilia. Then you cannot know my name.

Ellfield. The name of Morland can never be erased from our hearts.

Emilia. (*with astonishment*) Ha!—indeed you do know me!—Oh, say how has this happened?—by what means have you guessed my secret?

Ellfield. If you will trust to any word of honour, that the information was unsought by us; I would rather bury in oblivion a hateful circumstance——

Emilia. You but increase my curiosity; I am certain that my secret is not known to any one in my house.

Ellfield. Are you equally certain that you have never been watched?

Emilia. How!

SCENE XVIII.—*Enter ALLBRAND.*

Ellfield. Ha!—you here again!

Emilia. Secretary Allbrand!—I am astonished!—What can bring you hither?

Ellfield. Yes, Sir!—I desire to know your errand?

Allbrand. I can scarcely recover breath. Pardon this unreasonable visit!—(*to Emilia*) I must entreat, Madam, for a few minutes, private conversation with you.

Emilia. With me?

Allbrand. (to *Ellfield*) Sir, I conjure you, if you possess the feelings of humanity, to allow me a few minutes alone with this lady.

Ellfield. Not, unless it be her desire.

Emilia. What can you have to say in private with me?

Allbrand. Oh, for heaven's sake, do not delay a moment!—time is precious.

Emilia. If I alone am concerned, I have no secrets from these good people.

Allbrand. My business concerns your husband.

Emilia. (with a look of suspicion) Indeed!—Well a lie can avail you little—a few moments, my friends—but do not go far.

Ellfield. We shall remain in the next room. (Exit with *Mr. Ellfield*)

SCENE XIX.—ALLBRAND and EMILIA.

Emilia. What is your business?

Allbrand. Alas! that I must be the messenger of ill news!

Emilia. Alas!—but go on!—we know each other already!—What news?

Allbrand. My friend, your husband—

Emilia. Do you seek to lead my senses astray through terror?

Allbrand. What mortifying distrust!

Emilia. Speak out at once!—What has happened to your friend, as you are pleased to call him?

Allbrand. You seem extremely composed, Madam.

Emilia. My nerves are not weak, Mr. Secretary;—I do not flint away, at a spider's crawling about my neck.

Allbrand. Do I deserve to be treated with such scorn?

Emilia. Ask that question of yourself.

Allbrand. I only entreat you to forget at this moment, the errors of love, and to listen solely to the voice of friendship!

Emilia. I am all attention.

Allbrand. Your husband is at this moment in close confinement in the State Prison.

Emilia. (*disdainfully*) Indeed!

Allbrand. He is accused of exciting sedition.

Emilia. Really?

Allbrand. His papers are seized.

Emilia. And of what use do you suppose this story can be to you?

Allbrand. You do not then believe it?

Emilia. I certainly do not.

Allbrand. Would to God that this were the worst part of my information.

Emilia. The worst part!—What more have you to relate? Let me hear all.

Allbrand. Whether Morland be guiltless or not of the State crimes imputed to him, I shall not now enquire—but—

Emilia. No enquiry is necessary.

Allbrand. But that he is criminal the world will not admit of a doubt.

Emilia. Towards me!—well, to what extent?

Allbrand. Must he believe you accessory to his arrest, only because you prudently concealed from him some former transactions—

Emilia. (*Starting*) Former transactions!

Allbrand. Could not he who knows you so well, give you credit for the purity of your motives?

Emilia. Morland knows then—

Allbrand. That you once received certain offers from the Prince—

Emilia. Well?

Allbrand. And he asserts, that he has positive evidence of this connection.

Emilia. (*With dignity*) Sir, there never was any connection between me and the Prince.

Allbrand. Who is more convinced of that than myself?—
But Morland—

Emilia. Has some evil daemon possessed him?

Allbrand. Unworthy of your tender and faithful affection, he even threatens a separation.

Emilia. A separation!—from me!

Allbrand. He forgets, that the indignation of a virtuous woman, who feels herself injured, burns most fiercely amid the ashes of extinguished love.

Emilia. Secretary Allbrand, I desire you to forbear breathing forth your poisonous exhalations, and to speak more plainly—for by Heaven, I do not understand you.

Allbrand. He has discovered your nightly visits to this house.

Emilia. Dishonour light upon the head of him who betrayed them.

Allbrand. And he believes his honour injured—

Emilia. He loves me!—

Allbrand. He ought to know you!—his suspicions therefore, are the more unpardonable: his determination never to see you again the more horrible.

Emilia. Hence from my sight, liar!

Allbrand. Would to heaven I were a liar!

Emilia. Allbrand, if there be any thing in the world that you esteem sacred, swear by it!—

Allbrand. I swear by your virtue.

Emilia. Villain! dare not thus to profane my virtue!—Fool that I am!—Why do I stand here patiently listening to that

haleful tongue, when in a few moments I might be in Morland's arms, and then would this whole scene of villainy be exposed.

(going)

Allbrand. Whither would you go, unhappy woman? Morland languishes in prison—he cannot see you—and if he could he will not.

Emilia. Allbrand, what can be your aim in all this?—Do you seek to lead my senses astray by these horrible falsehoods?

Allbrand. What end could I propose in uttering falsehoods which must be detected the moment you entered your own house?

Emilia. Must I then indeed believe Morland to be a prisoner?

Allbrand. Yet be composed, and do not therefore consider yourself as deserted—A friend still remains to you, one who can forget unmerited humiliations—

Emilia. And must I also believe that Morland intends to separate himself from me? Oh God! Oh God!

Allbrand. Insulted Virtue, summon thy elder brother, Pride, to thy support!

Emilia. Man, what hast thou done!

Allbrand. What have I done?

Emilia. Thou alone wert capable of spinning such an infernal web!—Daemon, what hast thou done?

Allbrand. These injurious suspicions, Madam—

Emilia. But do not exult too soon! The Prince shall give back a citizen to the state—love shall restore a husband to my arms.

Allbrand. What dependence is to be placed on that love, this letter will inform you.

Emilia. God of heaven!—my husband's hand! *(She snatches open the letter—reads it—drops it from her hand—sighs—sinks on her knees—utters a loud shriek, and faints.)*

Allbrand. Have I subdued thy spirit at last !—Oh, sweet, sweet revenge—(exit hastily, casting a malignant look upon Emilia as he goes out.)

SCENE XX.—CAPTAIN and MRS. ELLFIELD re-ent in.

Ellfield. What is the matter !

Mrs. Ellfield. Merciful heaven ! what do I see ?

Ellfield. Our benefactress ! (they raise Emilia up and place her in a chair) what can have become of the villain ? (he supports Emilia)

Mrs. Ellfield. (seeing the letter upon the ground, takes it up and reads it) May I believe my eyes ? Can this be possible ?—read !—

Ellfield. (after reading the letter) Is this the result of her benevolent visits to us ?

Mrs. Ellfield. That she should incur such a horrible suspicion !

Ellfield. That she should be supposed here—

Mrs. Ellfield. In a house of such a description—

Ellfield. Oh God ! my honour !—

Mrs. Ellfield. Think, dear Charles, on all her kindness ; to her alone are we indebted that you have still a wife—hasten, hasten then, to Morland's prison—a single word may develop this scandalous imposition !—No, I will go myself—where is my cloak—

Ellfield. Dearest Caroline, you would not—

Mrs. Ellfield. Shall we repay her angelic benevolence by remaining cold spectators of misery endured for our sakes ?

Ellfield. But should admittance be refused ?—

Mrs. Ellfield. I will hasten to the minister—his palace shall resound with my cries and lamentations, till they reach his ears ; My countenance of anguish will awaken the compassion even of

courtiers, my convulsive agonies irresistibly seize their attention. I am certain I shall gain admittance.

Ellfield. But you are ill and weak.

Mrs. Ellfield. Oh no—never did I feel myself stronger.

Ellfield. Let me go, I entreat.

Mrs. Ellfield. No, remain here to console her—of that I am incapable.

Ellfield. Dear Caroline, you will be too much agitated—

Mrs. Ellfield. To see her agonies, when she first recovered would agitate me still more;—and to bring back a misguided husband into the arms of a faithful wife, would be the most powerful cordial I could experience. *(she puts on her cloak)*—console our unfortunate friend, my Charles, I shall soon return. Heaven prosper my efforts! *(Exit hastily)*

Ellfield. *(still supporting Emilia)* Where will this end!—Oh fate! fate!—in what various ways hast thou strewed my path of life with thorns! *(Emilia sighs deeply and opens her eyes)* Her senses seem returning—Madam!—*(Emilia fixes her eyes upon him, then thrusts him gently from her, and looks round the room with a vacant stare. By degrees her recollection seems to return, when she strikes both hands upon her forehead, and bursts into tears. Ellfield again addresses her)* Recover yourself, Madam,—all will soon be well!—*(Emilia makes signs to him to be silent, she clasps her hands together, sinks upon her knees, and raises her eyes towards Heaven in silent prayer—Ellfield kneels by her)* Oh, God, to thee I address my supplications!—save,—in mercy save,—our benefactress!

(The Curtain falls.)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The room in which the Minister receives company. Several Card-Tables set out, with Cards strewn upon them, and Candles standing nearly burnt out. The Time is early in the Morning. PRUNK is busied in collecting the Cards and Card-Money.*

PRUNK.

TO the honour of the Spaniards, two inventions are to be ascribed to them, the Inquisition and the Cards;—both powerful bulwarks, against heresy and languor, and in many respects bearing a strong resemblance to each other. The Inquisition prevents philosophical investigation,—so do Cards.—Cards occasion pale cheeks and hollow eyes,—so does the Inquisition.—The Inquisition stifles all the natural affections,—so do Cards.—The rage for Cards brings many a sacrifice to the gallows,—the Inquisition carries an equal number to the blazing pile. But the influence of Cards is still more extensive than that of the Inquisition—for the latter, only seizes upon Jews and Hereticks, whereas Cards do not spare any sect or age, not even the most pious female devotees.—Peace to the ashes of him who invented Card-Money!—may his bones be cut into dice, and his portrait stamped on every king of diamonds!

SCENE II.—*Enter SCHARFENECK and PILZ.*

Prunk. Your honour's most obedient.—Why so late?—~~or~~
whither so early?

Scharfeneck. Is my uncle risen?

Prunk. He is ill with a head-ach.

Scharfeneck. Has he any company?

Prunk. Yes, the Mastiff.

Scharfeneck. I must speak with him.

Prunk. I do not know whether——

Scharfeneck. Pilz, leave the papers here.

Pilz. Mr. Secretary Allbrand ordered me——

Scharfeneck. Allbrand ordered you!—What?—

Pilz. To carry them to his room.

Scharfeneck. There's no occasion for that.

Pilz. He charged, me upon my conscience——

Scharfeneck. Your conscience!—a pretty kind of charge,
truly.

Pilz. But, it seemed to be of great importance to the Secre-
tary.

Scharfeneck. Enough Pilz,—I have my reasons;—and that's
more than I can always say.

Pilz. If you will take upon yourself, to be answerable—
(*he lays the papers upon the table, bows, and withdraws*)

SCENE III.—*SCHARFENECK and PRUNK.*

Scharfeneck. Prunk, I have struck a grand stroke.

Prunk. Met with a girl?—

Scharfeneck. No, no,—rendered a service to the State.

Prunk. To the State?—that means, in this country, to the Prince;—therefore I repeat my question?

Scharfeneck. Thou art a wise one. No, Prunk, the service is not quite so important; I have only caught a Jacobin.

Prunk. By name?

Scharfeneck. Syndicus Morland.

Prunk. Morland a Jacobin?—No, no, that won't do!—

Scharfeneck. Why do you doubt it?

Prunk. He looks every body in the face.

Scharfeneck. What can be more suspicious? He shows a want of diffidence, very unbecoming in a subject.

Prunk. And he always says what he thinks.

Scharfeneck. A sign that he thinks too much.

Prunk. A new species of crime.

Scharfeneck. Far from it!—It has always been thought prudent to keep fools, and wise-men, coiners, and thinkers, in confinement.

Prunk. But, if you have no other proofs—

Scharfeneck. These papers contain the proofs. Now, my uncle will no longer have reason to complain, that I do not apply to any thing. I have forsaken both a Card-Table and a rendezvous—sacrificed a whole night—

Prunk. To plunge a worthy man into distress.

Scharfeneck. An impertinent remark, Prunk.

Prunk. Truth always sounds to Coiners, like an ill-tuned violin.

SCENE IV.—Enter SMITH.

Smith. I have followed you closely, Sir.

Scharfeneck. (to Prunk) Is the Porter ill?

Smith. No, he snarled very properly at me,—but I know these people very well.

Scharfeneck. Probably, you had a great deal of conversation with each other?

Smith. I understand you.—His rank would have been no objection to me,—but his profession——

Scharfeneck. Indeed!—had he then fortunately been a shoemaker?

Smith. You are right—for then he had probably been an industrious and useful man. But a Porter, and a Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber, are commonly good for nothing.

Scharfeneck. Fellow, are you mad?

Smith. I have rather proved the contrary.

Scharfeneck. Prunk, lend me your brawny hands to chastise his impertinence.

Smith. Do not give yourselves that trouble—I shall not stir from this place, till I have spoken with the minister;—then—you will find me any where.

Scharfeneck. (*somewhat embarrassed*) Prunk!—

Prunk. No noise must be made here.

Scharfeneck. (*to Smith*) This to me in my uncle's house!—

Smith. Young man, I pity you from my soul!—It is a great misfortune to you, that your uncle is minister.

Scharfeneck. Your language——

Smith. Was once not unfamiliar to you.

Scharfeneck. Indeed—it appears to me—as if——

Smith. Can we have a little private conversation?

Scharfeneck. Prunk. (*he gives Prunk a nod, who retires*)

SCENE V.—SMITH and SCHARFENECK.

Scharfeneck. Now eccentric Sir?

Smith. To justify that appellation, I will begin with relating a story. In the course of my rambles, I once came to a small town, the romantic situation of which charmed me, and I re-

O

remained for several weeks fixed to the spot. It was surrounded by a chain of hills, at whose foot meandered a beautiful stream ; and these were my daily haunt. One evening I had stayed out very late, and was wandering solitarily homewards, by twilight, along the water-side, when suddenly I saw and heard, among the trees, a female form, wringing her hands violently, and uttering deep sighs and groans, as she staggered backwards and forwards, to the brink of the river. Curiosity induced me to conceal myself that I might observe her farther ; and, in a few moments, I saw her plunge into the stream. I am a good swimmer ; I sprung in after her, and was fortunate enough so save her life : yet she did not thank me for———What think you, young gentleman, of the privy chamber?—what reason do you suppose she gave for this attempt at self-destruction ?

Scharfeneck. (extremely confused) How can I guess ?

Smith. You tremble.

Scharfeneck. Well, well, go on.

Smith. “ I am, said she, the daughter of an humble citizen, and possessed no other wealth, but my honour and innocence. Of these, a young man, a student here, sought to beguile me : but failing in his attempt, he had recourse to a most cruel revenge. He traduced my character in all companies ; till at length, wherever I went, the neighbors pointed at me with their fingers ; my former friends looked askance at me ; and worse than all, my lover, an honest mechanic—oh, terrible to think on ! deserted me.” I could not support myself against such undeserved ignominy, I was driven to despair, and I resolved to put an end to my life.” You do not seem well, sir ?

Scharfeneck. (with downcast eyes, and twirling his fingers) Sir ?

Smith. At first I supposed the slanderer to be wholly worthless ; but I was mistaken ; he was only thoughtless. I went to him with the firmness of an honest man, painted to him in forci-

ble colours, the poor girl's misery, and the disastrous consequences of his chattering vanity : he was shocked at the story ; I saw tears of remorse rush into his eyes ; the blush of shame suffuse his cheeks.

Scharfeneck. (*stretching out his arms*) Edward Smith !

Smith. He had sufficient magnanimity instantly to recant his former errors, and to proclaim aloud the maiden's innocence, and his own criminality. Repentance, and assiduous kindness, washed out the stains that calumny had made, and on my bosom he thanked heaven, that I had saved him, before it was too late to repair his fault.

Scharfeneck. (*throwing himself upon his neck*) Edward Smith !

Smith. You now recollect my name.

Scharfeneck. With shame, that I could forget your person. Edward, we then exchanged promises of perpetual friendship.

Smith. Which you are not ashamed to own ?

Scharfeneck. Do not suppose me sunk quite so low !

Smith. I am only Morland's clerk.

Scharfeneck. I am only a man.

Smith. (*shaking his head warmly*) Right ! and like that unfortunate girl you have plunged into a rushing stream, whence I may perhaps equally succeed in rescuing you. Young man, that dreadful example ought to have served you as a warning ; under its influence you made me a solemn promise to subdue your fatal propensity to calumny : but ask your heart how faithfully that promise has been kept. Though all who have become sacrifices to your tongue, may not have made like attempts upon their lives, yet who can tell how many a bitter tear has been shed in secret, of which you only were the cause : how much domestic happiness may have been destroyed by one word alone, perhaps carelessly uttered by you. The ears of mankind are

always open for the reception of slander, but are often inflexibly closed against all attempts at its refutation : a hint is easily given, but its effects cannot easily be calculated : a thoughtless word trips lightly over the tongue ; but it cannot be recalled by the Almighty himself.

Scharfeneck. You have a right to reproach me thus : yet at present I do not deserve——

Smith. What had Morland done to thee ?

Scharfeneck. He was considered as dangerous.

Smith. Calumny !

Scharfeneck. He espoused the citizens' cause with great warmth.

Smith. It was his duty.

Scharfeneck. He is a thorn in the eyes of some persons.

Smith. There is the thing, Allbrand——

Scharfeneck. Even so !

Smith. And can you suffer yourself to be made the tool of such a man ?

Scharfeneck. I consider myself as performing my duty to my uncle.

Smith. Young man, your head and heart received from nature a proper bias. Rouse yourself then from this unworthy intoxication : Let an Allbrand cringe as he pleases : but do not suffer yourself to be infected with the poison. You might be splendid by virtue : and you only glitter by rank : You might enlighten from merit, and you only dazzle with wit. Your heart would gain you friends, but they are repulsed by your head : you might attract love, and you only coquet with fear. To slander a worthy man, who is peaceably following his own pursuits, is no less base, than to murder one who sleeps : and to re-establish the character of the undeserved victim of calumny, is a task scarcely less difficult, than to smooth over scars of the small-pox.

Scharfeneck. Here is my hand : never will I give you cause of complaint in future.

Smith. As an earnest of your sincerity, save Morland.

Scharfeneck. I give you my honour, that whatever is in my power shall be done.

Smith. Where are his papers ?

Scharfeneck. Upon this table.

Smith. Will you deliver them into your uncle's hands ?

Scharfeneck. No !

Smith. What will you say to him ?

Scharfeneck. That they are lost—burnt——

SCENE VI.—*Enter the MINISTER from his Chamber.*

Minister. (*calls*) Prunk !

Prunk. (*entering from the anti-chamber*) Your Excellency.

Smith. (*aside to Scharfeneck*) Now is your time.

Minister. What a noise has there been here this morning : 'tis a shameful breach of decorum.

Prunk. This stranger——

Minister. What does he want ?

Smith. I beg your Excellency's pardon for coming so late.

Minister. (*looking at his watch and smiling*) So late ?

Smith. Too late for one in whose house justice never slumbers : too late when the question is to vindicate an innocent man whom calumny has unjustly thrown into prison.

Minister. Who are you ?

Smith. One who will esteem himself most happy, most worthy of envy, should he succeed in rescuing innocence from undeserved odium—and in saving your Excellency's fame from incurring the stain of injustice.

Minister. (*contemptuously*) You !

Smith. So looked the snared lion upon the mouse, till she had gnawed the net in pieces.

Minister. In whose behalf do you speak?

Smith. In behalf of the worthiest man in the town—Syndicus Morland.

Minister. Ha! where is he?

Smith. In a place of all others the least proper for him—in prison.

Minister. And where was the bird caught?

Scharfeneck. (*confused*) Secretary Allbrand will inform you.

Smith. Relate all that you know, but let truth alone guide the narrative: before her, my friend will never blush, nor I grow mute.

Minister. The truth, young sir!

Scharfeneck. Mr. Morland stole at midnight——

Smith. 'Tis false, he never stole.

Minister. No interruption, sir!

Scharfeneck. The Syndicus was going at midnight, to visit one Captain Ellfield, who lives in the Castle Square——

Smith. Impossible, he does not know any body of that name.

Minister. Yes, the Captain is well known both to the Syndicus and ourselves. But, proceed.

Scharfeneck. When, just as he entered the house he was arrested.

Smith. At whose command?

Minister. At mine.

Scharfeneck. Secretary Allbrand immediately dispatched me to seize his papers.

Minister. And where are they?

Scharfeneck. By an unlucky accident——(*he stops extremely embarrassed*)

Minister. Well?

Smith. Here they lie!—the property of a citizen, under the protection of the first officer of the State.

Minister. They must be examined.

Smith. By what authority ?

Minister. (*starting indignantly*) Sir !

Smith. Justice would not shrink from the question, and he who stands in the Prince's place, ought not to be offended at it.

Minister. Once more, who are you ?

Smith. An Englishman, and at present clerk to Mr. Morland.

Minister. Esteem for your nation, could alone induce me to pardon such boldness.

Smith. Speak pardon to the criminal !—undisguised truth may not suit the mass of mankind ; but from the noble-minded Minister of Justice, it will be received with transport.

Minister. The man in whose behalf you speak with such treacherous English licence, lies under strong suspicion of holding dangerous principles.

Smith. By whom is he accused ?

SCENE VII.—*Enter* ALLBRAND.

Minister. 'Tis well that you are come—your prudence keeps you watchful—now complete your work, unmask a suspicious character, and justify measures which appear despotic in the eyes of this Englishman.

Smith. This man, his accuser !—My Lord Count, before one word shall pass those impure lips, I entreat you to hear me !—Secretary Allbrand was a daily guest at Morland's, and was considered as his bosom friend. He has shared those moments when wine increases the circulation of the blood, and when an ardent feeling will often burst out in unguarded words. He was always courteous, always pliant, had always a complacent nod of the head ready for every opinion which was thrown out— a smile at command for every sally of wit. Possessing in an eminent degree the faculty of drawing forth whatever he wish-

ed to know, he has availed himself of the unreserved moments of social mirth, to ruin the man he pretended to love,—he has watched every turn of conversation at table, and dipping his pen in gall, noted down any innocent piece of humour uttered by his honest host, to make use of it as opportunity should offer for trampling him under foot, and ingratiating himself with the court. Count Scharfeneck surely will not listen to such an accuser.—When a man of honor is called to account, a man of honor alone should be heard against him.

Minister. (To Allbrand) You stir not hence, till you have proved all your accusations.

Allbrand. Am I to guess at the question before you?

Smith. Oh, the innocent hesitation!

Minister. Morland is arrested.

Allbrand. Of that I can inform your Excellency.

Minister. Declare before this gentleman, why he is arrested.

Allbrand. For arrogant assumptions, indiscreet conversation, and suspicious intercourse.

Smith. And where are your proofs?

Allbrand. With respect to his arrogance, I need only remind your Excellency of the manner in which he has defended the rights of the citizens, as he is pleased to term them.

Smith. A man who would perform his duty, must speak with firmness.

Allbrand. Of his indiscreet conversation, your Excellency's nephew, the Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, has often been witness.

Smith. (Scharfeneck.) Is this true?

Scharfeneck.. (With firmness) No.

Minister. How, nephew,—have you not yourself—

Scharfeneck. Yes uncle, I confess it, with shame;—but God be my witness, I was then a slanderer; nor reflected upon the consequences!—Thoughtlessness and bad example misled me; but the happiness of a worthy man is concerned, and I am re-

called to myself. Morland's house is a school of morals, his table the rendezvous of innocent cheerfulness—his jokes never wound—his serious conversation is full of instruction, and no captious expression ever escapes his lips. Love for the town he inhabits, affection for the Prince, and respect for my uncle, reign in his bosom. As such I know him : and whoever represents him otherwise, were it my uncle himself, I would say that he misrepresents him and deserves correction.

Smith. Worthily spoken, young man ! Can any thing more be wanting to establish Mr. Morland's innocence, than this unsuspecting testimony ?—Oh, Count ! let your ears be closed against the voice of calumny ! The slanderer is the most dangerous of all the traitors to the state, for he unites all crimes in one. He is a thief who steals into men's houses, and robs them of more precious treasures than gold and silver—he is a murderer who attacks the inoffensive and unarmed, and deprives them of even more than life. Restore to the State a citizen, to whom his duty was ever sacred, and who has too dearly atoned for his only weakness—placing confidence in this man.

Allbrand. The true declamation of an associate in his crimes.

Smith. Base soul !—is that thy last resource ?

Allbrand. Justice remains cool !—it is fortunate for me, that my patriotic zeal is fully known to his Excellency.

Minister. Why this altercation ?—Morland's papers will elucidate the whole affair.

Allbrand. They are in my apartment, and shall be laid before your Excellency this very day.

Minister. They are here ; they may be examined instantly.

Allbrand. (*starting, and appearing to be extremely confounded*) How !—What !—I ordered——

Smith. Once more, my Lord Count, let me entreat your forbearance towards these papers !—I am unacquainted with their contents : I never was in Morland's confidence : yet I

would venture to pledge my life that they contain nothing improper. But Mr. Morland is a philosopher, and a poet : and in the course of philosophical investigation, or in the composition of poetry, things are often hastily written, which were never intended for any other eye than the writer's. A random line may condemn a man, only for want of being considered in connexion with the context—the writing-desk is a friend to whom we confide every effusion of the heart, or imagination—has any one a right to put this friend to the rack ? or if he possessed it, would he avail himself of the right ?

Minister. These observations may be just : but they only increase my curiosity.

Smith. Curiosity is a feeling that a Judge must suppress.

Allbrand. There is such a variety of other business awaiting your Excellency this morning, that I had better previously examine the papers in my own apartment.

Minister. They shall remain here.

Allbrand. Indeed, that gentleman is perfectly in the right—Many things may have escaped the pen of a philosopher and poet, never intended to see day-light. I would select only such papers as can in any way interest the state : and thus save your Excellency much trouble, and many precious moments.

Minister. This, when you believe—

Smith. I beg your Excellency's pardon, but I must now recal my former request, and entreat no less earnestly, that the papers may be opened. The Secretary is embarrassed—he seeks to prevent it—this cannot be without *good* reasons—*Good* reasons, my Lord Count—*good* you know is a relative term.

Allbrand. Sir, you are abusive—I know you not—I have never offended you : but I will not forget who I am. I refer myself to his Excellency for satisfaction—for my own part, I find that I had better retire : since not even the presence of the first minister can secure me against affronts. (*he snatches up the papers hastily and is going.*)

Smith. (*stepping before the door*) Hold !—You stir not hence !

Minister. Mr. Clerk, your impertinence exceeds even my patience—Prunk call the guards. (*exit Prunk.*)

Smith. (*taking out his pocket-book*) My Lord Count, it is with reluctance, that I am obliged to avail myself of a letter of recommendation, which I have reserved only for a case of extreme exigence. (*he gives the Minister a letter.*)

Minister. (*contemptuously*) You a letter of recommendation to me !

Smith. I beg you to break it open.

Minister. (*opens the letter, looks at the signature, starts and exclaims*) WILLIAM PITT ! (*He reads the letter to himself, astonishment and confusion appear alternately in his countenance when he has finished, he turns with great courtesy to Smith*)—I—if I do not immediately—if I do not understand—Prunk, a chair !—My Lord, so earnest a recommendation was wholly superfluous for a man who has distinguished himself so nobly—Prunk, why don't you bring a chair !

Smith. Your Excellency will excuse me, if I defer to a future opportunity, of acquainting you with the motives which occasioned my appearing thus *incognito*.

Minister. No one has any right to question your Lordship upon that subject.

Smith. National honour may perhaps be offered as the principal cause.

Minister. (*presenting his Nephew with great solemnity*)—My Lord, the Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber, Von Scharfeneck—Nephew, my Lord Sidney.

Smith. (*giving his hand to Scharfeneck with a smile*) We are already known to each other.

Prunk. (*entering*) Please your Excellency, the guards are ready in the anti-chamber.

Minister. Silence !—My Lord, I hope you will give his Highness the pleasure——

(Allbrand, during this scene, has been watching an opportunity to escape : but Smith, who has still kept his eye fixed upon him, seeing him attempt to slide to the door, seizes him somewhat roughly by the arm)

Smith. This gentleman appears so extremely anxious to escape with these papers, that I must once more request they may be opened in my presence.

Minister. They shall be examined instantly. Yet let me assure your Lordship, that you have mistaken my secretary, of whose fidelity and activity I have the most convincing proofs.

Smith. Then I pity the honourable man, that nature has bestowed on him a countenance which seems destined to the gallows.

Minister. Come Allbrand, unseal the papers ! Why this hesitation ?

Allbrand. I obey. His Lordship must himself acknowledge the truth of what is alledged : provided nothing be suppressed which may tend to inculcate the accused.

Smith. His Excellency has forbidden any preface.

(The Minister, Smith, and Allbrand, range themselves round the table, the papers are unsealed, and the Minister examines them.)

Minister. Accounts settled—Acquittances——Letters——*(he opens the letters)* From his father in Switzerland—Philosophical reflections upon the immortality of the soul—Letters and verses to my wife—Secret benefactions—“ In case of my death, my wife is requested to continue this list exactly as they are here noted down.—Ode to spring.—Sketch of a poem for the children of Count von Scharfeneck, for their father’s birth-day.

Prunk. Their young excellencies lately begged that of him very earnestly. Your Excellency’s birth-day happens in the course of next week.

Minister. Indeed !—Ah, I have made an ill return for this !
(*he proceeds in his examination*) Drawings,—A Song, with music—Actions which appear to be well-grounded—Deductions—

Smith. (*hastily to Allbrand*) What are you hiding there ?

Allbrand. (*looking extremely confused*) Nothing.

Smith. Produce it.

Minister. Instantly ! (*Allbrand lays the paper on the table with a trembling hand, the Minister takes it up and reads*)
“PATRIOTIC REFLECTIONS thrown together, at the REQUEST of my friend ALLBRAND.”—How !—I hope this is not !—(*he runs over the paper hastily*) It is so indeed—the very work—*verbatim et literatim*—Mr. Secretary, this is the treatise which first recommended you to my favour.

Allbrand. I beg your Excellency's pardon—

Minister. Oh, shame ! shame !—You have pressed all the juice of the ripened fruit, and now would trample the rind into the dust—Misguided wretch that I have been !—But Morland's innocence is sufficiently established ; hasten, Nephew, to release him from his shameful bondage. Order that my carriage be made ready ; it shall follow you and bring you the Syndicus hither from the prison. I owe a public atonement to the worthy man ; and it shall be made in the presence of you all.

Scharfeneck. I hasten to execute the most glorious commission with which I was ever entrusted. (*exit.*)

Allbrand. I see the whole extent of my misfortune—Morland's enlargement includes with it my condemnation. Heaven grant that your Excellency may not have proceeded rashly !—I acknowledge that I was indebted to the Syndicus for this treatise : but with my principles I could not suffer a private obligation to interfere with my prior duty to my country. I rejoice that nothing suspicious has been found in those papers ; yet the falsehood of the charges brought against the accused, is by

no means proved. Your Excellency will recollect, that a very important circumstance yet remains uninvestigated—the secret intercourse that has long subsisted between Mr. Morland and Captain Ellfield—his stolen visits at midnight—

Smith. Is not the serpent's venom yet exhausted?

A female voice without, in a tone of great anxiety. I must speak with him!

A servant without. His Excellency cannot spare time.

The female voice approaching the door. I will go in.

The servant. Go back!—Go back!

Minister. (to Prunk) See what is the matter.

Prunk. (opening the door) Some strange lady—

SCENE VIII.—*MRS. ELLFIELD rushes in wildly. Her countenance is pale and ghastly—she staggers and looks eagerly round on all present.*

Mrs. Ellfield. Which is the Minister?

Minister. I am he, Madam—Whom do I behold?

Mrs. Ellfield. The wife of Captain Ellfield.

Minister. Come hither, I imagine, to support your husband's petition for a pension.

Mrs. Ellfield. No, my Lord, want would never have induced me to enter the Chamber of a Prime Minister: I was born in the great world, and well know what kind of reception a beggar meets with about a Court. *(she supports herself against the back of a chair.)*

Smith. (reaching her a seat) You seem ill, madam—sit down.

Mrs. Ellfield. I thank you, sir. Yet you remind me of my illness at an unseasonable moment. *(she sees Allbrand)* Ha! Villain! You here!

Minister. What mean you by that, Madam?

Smith. Oh, welcome, auxiliary!

Allbrand. I have not the honour of knowing the lady, who accosts me so familiarly.

Minister. Explain yourself, Madam!

Mrs. Ellfield. I will, my Lord: yet not to waste the little strength possessed by one scarcely restored to life, upon a villain, but to save the guiltless, to vindicate the aspersed character of an angel.—How my husband fought for his native country: how he was crippled in her service: and what recompense his valour has received, you already know.—The long and painful confinement he underwent, in recovering from his wounds, exhausted at once our slender means, and my health: and scarcely was he able to rise from the bed of sickness, when I was seized with a dreadful fever. The delirium attendant upon my disorder, deprived me for two months of all sense of our sorrows: and I had sunk unknown, unnoticed, into the grave, had not an accident conducted a lady, a total stranger to us, into our garret. To her benevolence alone, am I indebted for my recovery: she attended me with the affection of a sister: her purse, her heart, were ours: yet she kept her name in concealment: nor knew we till yesterday, when a villainous accident revealed it to us.—*(casting a pointed look at Allbrand)* that Mrs. Morland was our benefactress.

Smith. Excellent woman!

Mrs. Ellfield. She came to us only by night: and at the approach of morning, returned again! nor was any one, even in her own house, acquainted with her benevolence.

Smith. No one, Madam?

Mrs. Ellfield. Alas, no!—not even her husband; and by this means villainy has succeeded, in transforming a benignant angel, into a daemon of darkness. This man—oh, to what humiliation does not poverty subject human nature!—came to us,

and with insidious promises and persuasions, endeavored to purchase our assistance to his base designs upon her virtue—We spurned his proposals with indignation ; but he is no half villain ; and last night, as she was administering her usual consolation to our sufferings, he again entered our lodging, and solicited a private interview with our guest, on pretence of some important business that concerned her husband. This, after some hesitation, she granted. I know not the whole of what passed between them : but a probable conjecture may be formed from this letter which had dropped from the hands of the unfortunate woman, as she fell senseless upon the floor.

Smith. (takes the letter and reads) ‘From the State Prison.—
 ‘ Dissembling woman ! enjoy thy triumph !—thou art free !
 ‘ thou may’st now, without restraint, revel in the Prince’s
 ‘ arms !—laugh at me, if you please ; I know, myself, that my
 ‘ rage is impotent. I know that I cannot interrupt thy voluptu-
 ‘ tuous hours. I am here in chains, and powerless to revenge
 ‘ my wrongs !—yes, in chains through thee !—such is the reward
 ‘ of my faithful love !—Yet, hope not that I can be blinded by
 ‘ the flimsy pretence, on which I am imprisoned—I know well
 ‘ the true reason of my being here—with my own eyes I beheld
 ‘ you steal into the house of wantonness, thanks to the friend
 ‘ who enabled me to detect your falshood !—I am fully sensible,
 ‘ that on earth I cannot hope for redress, that you will secure
 ‘ my perpetual detention in this confinement, while you dishonor
 ‘ my name with impunity—yet tremble at the vengeance that
 ‘ awaits you, when the righteous God shall have freed me by
 ‘ death from these ignominious chains, and have summoned you
 ‘ from the arms of voluptuousness into the cold bosom of the
 ‘ grave !

‘ MORLAND.’

(Smith having read the letter, seizes Allbrand eagerly) Ha ! fiend !—this is thy work !—confess it !—Oh, what daggers dost thou not plunge into the hearts of the unfortunate !

Allbrand. Sir, you forget yourself!—of what concern can Morland's domestic quarrels be to me?—it is well known, that his wife was formerly in a certain predicament with the Prince—this he has perhaps now first discovered—perhaps he supposes that the connection still continues—for my part, I neither do, nor will, know any thing of the matter.

Mrs. Ellfield. He himself sought to obtain her favours—and would have influenced our poverty to promote his suit. A pension for my husband was the promised reward of our infamy:—but failing in his attempt, his mean soul was resolved on vengeance.

Minister. I am astonished past expression, at all that I see and hear!—Tell me, sincerely, Madam—has Morland ever had any intercourse with your husband?

Mrs. Ellfield. He never even saw him.

Minister. How is this? My secretary informed me, that suspicious meetings were held at your house, in which Morland was principally concerned.

Allbrand. I may have been deceived by my informer.

Mrs. Ellfield. Suspicious meetings at our house!—Oh, my Lord! my husband's limbs indeed are crippled, but his heart is sound.

Minister. I have been imposed upon most shamefully!—What a man have I taken into my confidence!

Smith. My part is over, your's is now to come, my Lord Count.

Minister. Prunk, are the guards still in the anti-chamber?

Prunk. They are, my Lord.

Minister. Consign the villain into their custody.

Allbrand. I have so firm a reliance upon your Excellency's justice, that I do not fear being condemned without sufficient proof of guilt. Nothing has hitherto appeared against me but

Q

empty words—I have only been talked down : yet I doubt not of my innocence triumphing at last over such malice.

(Exit, with Prank)

Smith. Hypocrite to the end !

Mrs. Ellfield. May I request permission of your Excellency to hasten instantly, and inform Mr. Morland, whose freedom you have pronounced as a citizen, of what alone can render his enlargement acceptable—the innocence of his beloved wife ?

Smith. You are right, Madam ; and allow me to be your companion ; my arm shall support you.

Mrs. Ellfield. Joy will be my sufficient support.

SCENE IX.—*As they are going, the door is opened, and EMILIA rushes in, followed by CAPTAIN ELLFIELD.*

Emilia. *(throwing herself at the Minister's feet)* Justice, oh Count ! justice for my guiltless husband ! Compassion for his disconsolate wife !

Minister. Rise, Madam ! *(reaches her a chair)* Recover yourself !

Emilia. First pronounce Morland's acquittal ! Oh ! this misery is insupportable ! Awakened from a swoon, I learnt that a noble-minded woman was gone to procure my husband's enlargement : but she did not return : my impatience could not be restrained : anguish lent me wings, and I flew hither !—Oh ! I can no more !

Minister. Be composed, Madam. Mr. Morland's acquittal is already pronounced—we expect him here, every moment—I am convinced both of his and your innocence.

Emilia. My husband at liberty !—my honour vindicated ? Great God ! *(She takes the Minister's hand, and presses it silently to her heart)*

Prunk. (entering) Your Excellency's carriage is returned.

Minister. With my welcome guest! Hasten to conduct him in. (*to Emilia*) It is Mr. Morland, Madam.

SCENE X.—*Enter SCHARFENECK, MORLAND and JENNY.*

Emilia. Morland! (*she rushes into his arms, he turns away, she sinks almost fainting into the arms of Smith and Jenny*)

Morland. (looking at her with constrained coldness and contempt) Why am I brought hither?

Mrs. Ellfield. Unfortunate, misguided man! Oh, cast from thee the poison of unjust suspicion—thy Emilia is innocent—listen to me!

Morland. Who are you, Madam? I know you not! by what means can you be concerned in our fate?

Mrs. Ellfield. I owe my life to Mrs. Morland.

Morland. Still I do not understand you, speak more plainly.

Mrs. Ellfield. I lay upon my death-bed, she visited me, administered to my wants, sacrificed whole nights to me—

Morland. Whole nights!—Oh! repeat that again!

Mrs. Ellfield. Yes, whole nights—Believe me, your suspicions have fallen upon a benevolent angel.

Morland. But it was to meet the Prince?

Mrs. Ellfield. He never entered our garret.

Morland. Yet I saw a man receive Emilia at your door.

Mrs. Ellfield. It was my husband.

Morland. But my imprisonment—

Minister. Was the work of villainy.

Morland. I know it was of Emilia's villainy.

Minister. No, of my Secretary's—of Allbrand's.

Morland. Of Allbrand's! of my bosom friend's—impossible!

Mrs. Ellfield. Most true ! he loved your wife.

Morland. Oh, horrible ! but how know you that ?

Mrs. Ellfield. Would that I were not compelled to repeat it once more ! he would have purchased our assistance to his base designs !

Morland. And this Emilia concealed from me ?

Smith. Through an unfortunate forbearance.

Jenny. Have I not repeatedly assured you of that ?

Morland. And was this his motive for persuading me to escape ?

Smith. Most assuredly ! he wished at any rate to get the husband out of the way.

Morland. For this did he persuade me to write her such letter ?

Mrs. Ellfield. A letter that deprived her of her senses.

Minister. We have all been deceived by a villain, who now expiates his crimes in a dungeon.

Morland. Great God ! What have I done ? *(he throws himself at Emilia's feet)* Pardon injured innocence !

Emilia. (bending over him) Yes, I am indeed, innocent !

Morland. (rising and clasping her in his arms) My wife ! my wife ! *(Emilia hides her face in his bosom—a long pause)*

Jenny. (giving her hand to Smith) Edward, I am yours.

(The Curtain falls.)

THE END.

PIZARRO;
OR THE
SPANIARDS IN PERU.

A
TRAGEDY
IN
FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

KOTZEBUE.

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1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ATALIBA, *King of Quito.*
ROLLA, } *Commanders of his army.*
ALONZO, }
CORR, *Alonzo's Wife.*
PIZARRO, *Leader of the Spaniards.*
ELVIRA, *Pizarro's Mistress.*
ALMAGRO,
GONZALO, } *Pizarro's Associates.*
DAVILLA, }
GOMEZ, }
VALVERDE, *Pizarro's Secretary.*
LAS CASAS *a Spanish Ecclesiastic.*
An old blind Man.
OROZEMBO, *an old Cacique.*
A Boy.
A Centinel,
Attendant.
Peruvian Officer.
Soldiers.

PIZARRO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A magnificent Pavilion near PIZARRO'S Tent—a View of the Spanish Camp in the back Ground—ELVIRA is discover'd sleeping under a canopy on one side of the Pavilion—VALVERDE enters, gazes on ELVIRA, kneels and attempts to kiss her hand; ELVIRA, awakened, rises and looks at him with indignation.

Elvira.

AUDACIOUS! Whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repose my harrassed mind can snatch amid the tumults of this noisy camp? Shall I inform your master of this presumptuous treachery? Shall I disclose thee to Pizarro? Hey!

Val. I am his servant, it is true—trusted by him—and I know him well; and therefore 'tis I ask, by what magic could Pizarro gain your heart, by what fatality still holds he your affection?

Elv. Hold! thou trusty SECRETARY!

Val. Ignobly born! In mind and manners rude, ferocious and unpolished, though cool and crafty if occasion need—in youth audacious—ill his first manhood—a licenced pirate—treating men as brutes; the world as booty; yet now the Spanish hero he is styled—the first of Spanish conquerors! and for a warrior so accomplished 'tis fit Elvira should leave her noble family, her fame, her home, to share the dangers, humours and the crimes of such a lover as Pizarro!

Elv. What! Valverde moralizing! But grant I am in error, what is my incentive?—Passion, infatuation, call it as you will; but what attaches *thee* to this despised, unworthy leader?—Base lucre is thy object, mean fraud thy means. Could you gain me, you only hope to win a higher interest in Pizarro—I know you.

A

rious!—When I say of these things I spoke, the youth, Alonzo, with tears of wonder and delight, would throw him on my neck, and swear his soul's ambition owned no other leader.

Val. What could subdue attachment so begun?

Piz. Las-Casas—he it was, with fascinating craft and canting precepts of humanity, raised in Alonzo's mind a new enthusiasm, which forced him, as the stripling termed it, to forego his country's claims for those of human nature.

Val. Yes, the traitor left you, joined the Peruvians, and became thy enemy and Spain's

Piz. But first with weariless remonstrance he sued to win me from my purpose, and untwine the sword from my determined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice, of humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

Val. They!—Obdurate heathens!—They our brethren!

Piz. But when he found that the soft folly of the pleading tears he dropt upon my bosom fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe: then, profiting by the lessons he had gain'd in wrong'd Pizarro's School, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forc'd me—Ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it! in base retreat and foul discomfiture to quit the shore.

Val. But the hour of revenge is come.

Piz. It is; I am returned—my force is strengthened, and the audacious Boy shall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

Val. 'Tis doubted whether still Alonzo lives.

Piz. 'Tis certain he does; one of his armour-bearers is just made prisoner: twelve thousand are his force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian Rolla. This day they make a solemn sacrifice on their ungodly altars. We must profit by their security, and attack them unprepared—the sacrificers shall become the victims.

Elv. (*Aside*) Wretched innocents! And their own blood shall bedew their altars!

Piz. Right! (*Trumpets without.*) Elvira, retire!

Elv. Why should I retire?

Piz. Because men are to meet here, and on manly business.

Elv. O, men! men! ungrateful and perverse! O, woman! still affectionate though wrong'd! The beings to whose eyes you turn for animation, hope and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry; and on whose bosoms in the hour of sore calamity you seek for rest and consolation; THEM, when pompous follies of your mean ambition are the question, you treat as playthings or as slaves!—I shall not retire.

Piz. Remain then—and, if thou canst, be silent.

Elv. They only babble who practice not reflection. I shall think—and thought is silence.

Piz. Ha! there's somewhat in her manner lately—
(PIZARRO looks sternly and suspiciously towards ELVIRA, who meets him with a commanding and unaltered eye.)

Enter LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILLA, Officers and Soldiers—Trumpets without.

Las-C. Pizarro we attend your summons.

Piz. Welcome, venerable father—my friends, most welcome. Friends and fellow-soldiers, at length the hour is arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprize and long-enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice if with bold surprize we strike on their solemnity—trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

Alm. Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast—our stores exhausted, and our soldiers murmuring—Battle! Battle!—then death to the arm'd, and chains to the defenceless.

Dav. Death to the whole Peruvian race!

Las-C. Merciful Heaven!

Alm. Yes, General, the attack, and instantly! Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our suffering and scorn our force.

Las-C. Alonzo!—scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

Alm. 'Tis fit Las-Casas should defend his pupil.

Piz. Speak not of the traitor—or hear his name but as the bloody summons of assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed?

Alm. and Dav. We are.

Gon. All!—Battle! Battle!

Las-C. Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet compleat?—Battle?—gracious heaven! Against whom?—Against a king in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people who never wronged the living being their creator formed; a people, who, children of innocence! received you as cherish'd guests with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonor. These eyes have witnessed all I speak—as gods you were received; as fiends have you acted.

Piz. Las-Casas!

Las-C. Pizarro, hear me!—Hear me, chieftains!—And thou, all powerful! whose thunder can shiver into sand the adamantine rock—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—Oh! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! do not I implore you, chieftains—countrymen—do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race!—But hush, my sighs—fall not, drops of useless sorrow!—heart-breaking anguish, choak not my utterance—All I entreat is, send me once more to those you *call* your enemies—Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence from you, I shall return with blessings and with peace from them.—Elvira you weep!—Alas! and does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?

Alm. Because there are no women here but she and thou.

Piz. Close this idle war of words: time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, are ye for instant battle?

All. We are.

Las-C. Oh, men of blood!—(*Kneels.*) God! thou hast anointed me thy servant—not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy against thy goodness.—(*Rises.*) No! I curse your purpose, homicides! I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes: on you and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and forever! No longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with tygers and with savage beasts will I commune: and when at length we meet again before the blest tribunal of that deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall YOU feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accusers now! (*Going.*)

Elv. Las-Casas! Oh! take me with thee, Las-Casas.

Las-C. Stay! lost, abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow-creatures if thou canst: then shall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest. (*Exit.*)

Piz. How, Elvira! wouldst thou leave me?

Elv. I am bewildered, grown terrified!——Your inhumanity—and that good Las-Casas—oh! he appeared to me just now something more than heavenly: and you! ye all looked worse than earthly.

Piz. Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.

Elv. Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

Alm. Well! heaven be praised, we are rid of the old moralist.

Gon. I hope he'll join his preaching pupil. Alonzo.

Piz. Now to prepare our muster and our march. At mid-day is the hour of the sacrifice. Consulting with our guides, the rout of your divisions shall be given to each commander. If we surprize, we conquer; and if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

Alm. And Pizarro then be monarch of Peru.

Piz. Not so fast—ambition for a time must take counsel from discretion. Ataliba still must hold the shadow

of a sceptre in his hand—Pizarro still appear dependant upon Spain: while the pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, secures the proud succession to the crown I seek.

Alm. This is best. In Pizarro's plans observe, the statesman's wisdom guides the warrior's valor.

Val. (*Aside to Elvira.*) You mark, Elvira?

Elv. O, yes,—this is best—this is excellent.

Piz. You seem offended. Elvira still retains my heart. Think—a sceptre waves me on.

Elv. Offended?—No!—Thou know'st thy glory is my idol; and this will be most glorious, most just and honorable.

Piz. What mean you?

Elv. Oh! nothing—mere woman's prattle—a jealous whim, perhaps: but let it not impede the royal hero's course.—(*Trumpets without.*) The call of arms invites you—Away! away! you, his brave, his worthy fellow-warriors.

Piz. And go you with me?

Elv. Undoubtedly! I needs must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

Enter GOMEZ.

Alm. How, Gomez! what bringst thou?

Gom. On yonder hill among the palm-trees we have surprised an old cacique; escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting; yet his lips breath nought but bitterness and scorn.

Piz. Drag him before us.

(*GOMEZ leaves the tent, and returns conducting OROZEMBO and Attendant, in chains, guarded.*)

What art thou stranger?

Oro. First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Ha!

Alm. Madman!—Tear out his tongue, or else——

Oro. Thou wilt hear some truth.

Dav. (*Shewing his poniard.*) Shall I not plunge this into his heart.

Oro. (To Pizarro.) Does your army boast many such heroes as this?

Piz. Audacious!—This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die

Piz. Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree—it is not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong-hold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha! ha! ha ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Thee and thy offer!—Wealth!—I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons—I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will; for it never can be thine—the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost!

Gon. (aside.) Obdurate Pagan!—How numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It has no weak part—on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him!—Alonzo!—Know him!—Our nation's benefactor!—The guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

B

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war a tyger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace as gentle as the unweaned lamb. CORA was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to CORA's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage!—I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have trembled before God—why should I tremble before man?—why before thee, thou less than man!

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian!

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee! *(Stabs him.)*

Piz. Hold!

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured?

Oro. True! Observe, young man—your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson; you might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments, and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Elv. *(supporting Orozembo's head upon her bosom.)* Oh! ye are monsters all. Look up thou martyr'd innocent—look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. God! how I pity thee!

Oro. Pity me!—Me! so near my happiness! Bless thee, lady!—Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do. *(Orozembo is borne off dying.)*

Piz. Away!—Davilla! If thus rash a second time—

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which—

Piz. No more—unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart; 'tis well he should report the mercy which we

shew to insolent defiance—Hark!—our troops are moving.

Attendant. (on passing *Elvira*) If through your gentle means my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult.---

Elv. I understand you.

Att. His sons may yet thank your charity, if not revenge their father's fate. (Exit.)

Piz. What says the slave?

Elv. A parting word to thank you for your mercy.

Piz. Our guard and guides approach. (*soldiers march through the tents*) Follow me, friends—each shall have his post assigned, and ere *Peruvia's* God shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished *Quito*. (Exit.)

Val. Is it now presumption that my hopes gain strength with the increasing horrors which I see appal *Elvira's* soul?

Elv. I am mad with terror and remorse! Would I could fly these dreadful scenes!

Val. Might not *Valverde's* true attachment be thy refuge?

Elv. What wouldst thou do to save or to revenge me?

Val. I dare do all thy injuries may demand—a word—and he lies bleeding at your feet.

Elv. Perhaps we will speak again of this. Now leave me. (Exit *Valverde*.)

Elv. (*alone*) No! not this revenge—no! not this instrument. Fie, *Elvira*! even for a moment to council with this unworthy traitor!—Can a wretch false to a confiding master, be true to any pledge of love or honor?—*Pizarro* will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his sake, have sacrificed—Oh, God!—What have I not sacrificed for him; yet curbing the avenging pride that swells this bosom; I still will further try him. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the wanton's flattery a new delight, oh, ye may insult and leave the hearts to which your faith was pledged, and stifling self-reproach, may fear no other peril; because such hearts, however you injure and desert them, have yet the proud retreat of an unspotted fame—of unrepublishing

conscience. But beware the desperate libertine who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection—of all self-consolation ! What has he left her ?—Despair and vengeance ! *(Exit.)*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

A bank surrounded by a wild wood, and rocks.—CORA, sitting at the foot of a tree, is playing with her child.—ALONZO looks over them with delight and cheerfulness.

Cora.

NOW confess, does he resemble thee or not ?

Al. Indeed he is liker thee—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But his auburn hair, the color of his eyes, Alonzo.—O ! my lord's image, and my hearts's adored ! *(Pressing the child to her bosom)*

Al. The little darling urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. At least he shares caresses, which till his birth were only mine.

Cora. Oh, no, Alonzo ! a mother's love for her dear babe is not a stealth, or taken from the father's store ; it is a new delight that turns with quickened gratitude to HIM, the author of her augmented bliss.

Al. Could Cora think me serious ?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon : then will be the last of the three holydays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

Al. What are those three ?

Cora. The ecstasy of his birth I pass ; that in part is selfish : but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did encase them ; that is a day of joy : next when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee ; that is the mother's heart's

next holyday : and sweeter still the third, whenever his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of, Father, Mother !—O ! that is the dearest joy of all.

Al. Beloved Cora!

Cora. Oh ! my Alonzo ! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to Heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

Al. To Heaven and Rolla.

Cora. Yes, to Heaven and Rolla : and art thou not grateful to them too, Alonzo ? art thou not happy ?

Al. Can Cora ask that question ?

Cora. Why then of late so restless on thy couch ?—Why to my waking watching ear so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs ?

Al. Must I not fight against my country, against my brethren ?

Cora. Do they not seek our destruction, and are not all men brethren ?

Al. Should they prove victorious ?

Cora. I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

Al. Fly, with thy infant, Cora ?

Cora. What ! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child ?

Al. Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest ?

Cora. Oh, yes, yes, yes !

Al. Hasten then now to the concealment in the mountains ; there dwells your father, and there all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to wait the issue of the war. Cora will not alone resist her husband's, her sister's, and her monarch's wish.

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot leave you : Oh ! how in every moment's absence would my fancy pain you, wounded, alone, abandon'd ! No, no, I cannot leave you.

Al. Rolla will be with me.

Cora. Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger he will leave even thee. But I have sworn never to forsake thee but with life. Dear, dear, Alonzo ! can you wish that I should break my vow.

Al. Then be it so. Oh ! excellence in all that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and truth ; my pride,

my content, my all! Can there on earth be fools who seek for happiness, and pass by love in the pursuit?

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot thank you: silence is the gratitude of true affection: who seeks to follow it by sound will miss the track. (*shout without*) Does the king approach?

Al. No 'tis the general placing the guard that will surround the temple during the sacrifice. 'Tis Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes. (*Trumpets sound*)

ROLLA.

Rol. (*as entering*) Then place them on the hill fronting the Spanish camp. (*Enters.*)

Cora. Rolla my friend my brother!

Al. Rolla! my friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations we owe you?

Rol. Pass them in peace and bliss.—Let Rolla witness it, and he is overpaid.

Cora. Look on this child—He is the life-blood of my heart; but if ever he loves or reveres thee less than his own father his mother's hate fall on him!

Rol. Oh, no more!—What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness.—I see her happy.—Is not my object gain'd and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, listen to a friend's advice. You must away; you must seek the sacred caverns, the unprophaned recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, and even the virgins of the Sun, retire.

Cora. Not secure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

Rol. We have heard Pizarro's plan is to surround us. Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

Cora. Impede!

Rol. Yes, yes. Thou knowest how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us? our thoughts, our valour—vengeance will not be our own.—No advantage will be pursued that leads us from the spot where thou art placed; no succour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is absent from the peril of the fight.

Al. Thanks to my friend ! 'tis this I would have urged.

Cora. This timid excess of love, producing fear instead of valor, flatters, but does not convince me : the wife is incredulous.

Rol. And is the mother unbelieving too ?

Cora. No more—Do with me as you please. My friend, my husband ! place me where you will.

Al. My adored ! we thank you both. (*march without*). Hark ! the King approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise.—A servant of mine, I hear, is missing ; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

Rol. It matters not. We are every where prepared. Come, Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks, thou wilt implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife, and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

The Temple of the Sun : it represents the magnificence of Peruvian idolatry : in the centre is the altar.—A solemn march.—The Warriors and King enter on the side of the Temple.—ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA, on the other.

Ata. Welcome Alonzo !—(*To Rolla.*) Kinsman, thy hand.—(*To Cora.*) Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora. May the sun bless the father of his people !

Ata. In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers ?

Rol. Such as becomes the cause which they support ; their cry is, victory or death ! our King ! our Country ! and our God !

Ata. Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valour knows so well to guard.

Rol. Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed. My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No—YOU have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you—Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate their minds, and ours.—THEY, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—WE, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—THEY follow an adventurer whom they fear—and obey a power which they hate—WE serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore.—Wherever they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Wherever they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—THEY will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride—They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this; The throne WE honour is the PEOPLE'S CHOICE—the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy.—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

(*Trumpets sound.*)

Ata. (*embracing Rolla.*) Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice. A solemn procession commences from the recess of the Temple above the altar.—The priests and virgins of the Sun arrange themselves on either side—the High-Priest approaches the altar, and the solemnity begins—The invocation of the High Priest is followed by the Chorusses of the priests and virgins—Fire from above lights upon the altar.—The whole assembly rise and join in the thanksgiving.) Our offering is accepted.—Now to arms, my friends prepare for battle.

Enter ORANO,

Ora. The enemy!

Ata. How near?

Ora. From the hill's brow, e'en now as I o'erlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

Rol. They must be met before they reach it.

Ata. And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

Cora. Oh, Alonzo! (*Embracing him.*)

Al. We shall meet again.

Cora. Bless us once more, ere you leave us.

Al. Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved, and thee my innocent!

Ata. Haste, Haste!—each moment is precious!

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

Rol. Not one farewell to Rolla?

Cora. (*Giving him her hand.*) Farewell! the God of war be with you: but, bring me back Alonzo. (*Exit with the child.*)

Ata. (*Draws his sword.*) Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valor.—Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts.—If successful, let mercy be the first. Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me, strait forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their monarch fall. Be the word of battle—God and our native land.
(*A march. Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The Wood between the Temple and the Camp.

Enter ROLLA and ALONZO.

Rol. Here, my friend, we separate—soon, I trust, to meet again in triumph.

C

Al. Or, perhaps, we part to meet no more. Rolla, a moment's pause; we are yet before our army's strength; one earnest word at parting.

Rol. There is in language now no word but battle.

Al. Yes, one word more—Cora!

Rol. Cora! Speak!

Al. The next hour brings us—

Rol. Death or victory!

Al. It may be victory to one—death to the other.

Rol. Or both may fall.

Al. If so, my wife and child I bequeath to the protection of heaven and my king. But should I only fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

Rol. How?

Al. Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my child.

Rol. Rouse thee, Alonzo! Banish these timid fancies.

Al. Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppresses me: thou know'st it will not shake me in the fight; but give me your promise.

Rol. If it be Cora's will—Yes—I promise—(*Gives his hand.*)

Al. Tell her it was my last wish! and bear to her and to my son, my last blessing.

Rol. I will.—Now then to our posts, and our swords speak for us. (*They draw their swords.*)

Al. For the king and Cora!

Rol. For Cora and the king!

(*Exeunt different ways. Alarms without.*)

SCENE IV.

A view of the Peruvian Camp, with a distant View of a Peruvian Village. Trees growing from a rocky Eminence on one side. Alarms continue.

Enter an Old blind Man and a Boy,

O. Man. Have none returned to the camp?

Boy. One messenger alone, From the temple they all march to meet the foe.

O. Man. Hark! I hear the din of battle. O! had I still retained my sight. I might now have grasp'd a sword, and died a soldier's death! Are we quite alone?

Boy. Yes!—I hope my father will be safe!

O. Man. He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee my child.

Boy. I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

O. Man. But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy,

Boy. Impossible. grandfather! for they will see at once that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me.

O. Man. Poor child! you little know the hearts of these inhuman men.—(*Discharge of cannon is heard.*) Hark! the noise is near—I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers.—(*Shouts at a distance.*) At every shout with involuntary Haste I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword! Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. Heaven preserve the Inca and his gallant soldiers!

Boy. O father! there are soldiers running—

O. Man. Spaniards, Boy?

Boy. No, Peruvians!

O. Man. How! and flying from the field!—It cannot be.

Enter two Peruvian Soldiers.

O speak to them, boy!—Whence come you? how goes the battle?

Sol. We cannot stop; we are sent for the reserve behind the hill. The day's against us. (*Exit Soldiers.*)

O. Man. Quick, then, quick!

Boy. I see the points of lances glittering in the light.

O. Man. Those are Peruvians. Do they bend this way.

Enter a Peruvian Soldier.

Boy. Soldier, speak to my blind father.

Sol. I am sent to tell the helpless father to retreat

among the rocks; all will be lost, I fear. The king is wounded.

O. Man. Quick, boy! lead me to the hill, where thou may'st view the plain. (*Alarms.*)

Enter ATALIBA wounded, with ORANO, Officers, and Soldiers.

Atal. My wound is bound; believe me, the hurt is nothing: I may return to the fight.

Ora. Pardon your servant; but the allotted priest who attends the sacred banner has pronounced that the Inca's blood once shed, no blessing can await the day until he leaves the field.

Ata. Hard restraint! O! my poor brave soldiers! Hard that I may no longer be a witness of their valour. But haste you; return to your comrades: I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren.—(*Exeunt Orano officers and soldiers.*) I will not repine; my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you my people, that I feel and fear.

Old Man and Boy advance.

O. Man. Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate?—Who is it complains thus?

Ata. One almost by hope forsaken.

O. Man. Is the king alive?

Ata. The king still lives.

O. Man. Then thou art not forsaken! Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

Ata. And who shall protect Ataliba.

O. Man. The immortal powers, that protect the just. The virtues of our monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people and the benign regard of heaven.

Ata. How impious had I murmured! How wondrous, thou supreme disposer, are thy acts! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life—it is the assurance of my people's love.

Boy. (*Turning forward.*) O, father!—Stranger, see those hideous men that rush upon us yonder!

Ata. Ha! Spaniards!—And I—Ataliba—ill-fated fugitive, without a sword even to try the ransom of a monarch's life.

Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Spanish Soldiers.

Dav. 'Tis he—our hopes are answered—I know him well—it is the king!

Alm. Away! Follow with your royal prize. Avoid those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

(*Exeunt Davilla, Almagro, and soldiers with Ataliba, prisoner.*)

O. Man. The king! wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form!—Boy, wouldst thou had'st led me to the reach of those ruffians' swords!

Boy. Father! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

O. Man. No.—to the rescue of their king—they never will desert him. (*Alarms without.*)

Enter Peruvian officers and soldiers, flying across the Stage; ORANO following.

Ora. Hold, I charge you! Rolla calls you.

Officer. We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Hold, recreants! cowards!—What fear ye death, and fear not, shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stirs, or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the king?

Ora. From this old man and boy I learn that the detachment of the enemy which you observed so suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him; they are yet in sight.

Rol. And bear the Inca' off a prisoner?—Hear this

ye base, disloyal rout! Look there! The dust you see hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging with ruffian taunts your king, your father!—Ataliba in bondage, Now fly, and seek your own safety, if you can.

O. Man. Bless the voice of Rolla—and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale trembling wretches who dare not follow Rolla though to save their king!

Rol. Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe—and fall ye not at this rebuke? Oh! had ye each but one drop of the loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this sightless veteran! Eternal shame pursue, if ye desert me now!—But do—alone I go—alone—to die with glory by my monarch's side!

Soldiers. Rolla! we'll follow thee. (*Trumpets sound; Rollo rushes out, followed by Orano, officers and soldiers.*)

O. Man. O godlike Rolla!—And thou sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid!—Haste, my boy; ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest.

Boy. I can climb this rock, and the tree above. (*Ascends the rock, and from thence into the tree.*) O—now I see them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

O. Man. Rolla follows them?

Boy. He does—he does—he moves like an arrow!—now he waves his arm to our soldiers—(*report of cannon heard.*) Now there is fire and smoke.

O. Man. Yes, fire is the weapon of those fiends.

Boy. The wind blows off the smoke: they are all mixed together.

O. Man. Seest thou the king?

Boy. Yes—Rolla is near him! His sword sheds fire as he strikes!

O. Man. Bless thee, Rolla! Spare not the monsters,

Boy. Father, father! the Spaniards fly!—O—now I see the king embracing Rolla. (*Waving his cap for joy. Shouts of victory, flourish of trumpets, &c.*)

O. Man. (*falls on his knees.*) Fountain of life! how can my exhausted breath, bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life! My boy come down and let me kiss

thee—My strength is gone! (*the boy having run to the old man*).

Boy. Let me help you, father—You tremble so—

O. Mad. 'Tis with transport, boy!

(*Boy leads the old man off.*)

Shouts, Flourish, &c.

Enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, and Peruvian Officers, and Soldiers.

Ata. In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude. (*giving Rolla his sun of diamonds.*) The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

Rol. It was the hand of Heaven, not mine, that saved my king.

Enter ORANO, and Soldiers.

Rol. Now, soldier, from Alonzo?

Ora. Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic which early broke our ranks; but I fear we have to mourn Alonzo's loss; his eager spirit urged him too far in the pursuit!

Ata. How! Alonzo slain?

1st Sol. I saw him fall.

2d Sol. Trust me I beheld him up again, and fighting—he was then surrounded and disarmed.

Ata. O! victory, dearly purchased!

Rol. O Cora! who shall tell thee this!

Ata. Rolla, our friend is lost—our native country saved! Our private sorrows must yield to the public claim for triumph. Now go we to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which belongs to victory—to dry the widowed and the orphaned tear of those whose brave protectors have perished in their country's cause.

(*Triumphant march, and exeunt.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE. I.

A wild retreat among stupendous Rocks.—CORA and her child, with other Wives and Children of the Peruvian Warriors, are scattered about the scene in groups.—They sing alternately, stanzas expressive of their situation, with a CHORUS, in which all join.

First Peruvian Woman.

ZULUGA, seest thou nothing yet?

Zul. Yes, two Peruvian soldiers, one on the hill; the other entering the thicket in the vale.

2d. Per. Woman. One more has pass'd—He comes—but pale and terrified.

Cora. My heart will start from my bosom.

Enter a Peruvian soldier, panting for breath.

Wom. Well! joy or death?

Sold. The battle is against us! The king is wounded, and a prisoner.

Wom. Despair and misery!

Cora. *(In a faint voice.)* And Alonzo?

Sold. I have not seen him.

1st Wom. O whither must we fly?

2d Wom. Deeper into the forest.

Cora. I shall not move.

Another Peruvian Soldier, (without.) Victory! victory!

He enters hastily.

Rejoice! Rejoice! We are victorious!

Wom. *(Springing up.)* Welcome! Welcome! thou messenger of joy: but the king!

Sold. He leads the brave warriors, who approach.

(The triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance.—The Women and Children join in a strain expressive of anxiety and exultation.—The Warriors

enter singing the Song of Victory, in which all join.— The King and ROLLA follow, and are met with rapturous and affectionate respect. CORA during this scene, with her Child in her arms, runs through the ranks, searching and enquiring for ALONZO.)

Ata. Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well: believe it; the blood once stop'd, my wound was nothing. (*Cora at length approaches Rolla, who appears to have been mournfully avoiding her.*) Where is Alonzo?

(*Rolla turns away in silence.*)

Cora. (*Falling at the king's feet.*) Give me my husband, give this child his father.

Ata. I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

Cora. Hop'd you to find him?

Ata. Most anxiously,

Cora. Ataliba! is he not dead?

Ata. No! the Gods will have heard our prayers.

Cora. Is he not dead, Ataliba?

Ata. He lives—in my heart.

Cora. Oh king! torture me not thus! Speak out, is this child fatherless?

Ata. Dearest Cora! do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

Cora. The little hope! yet still there is hope! Speak to me, Rolla, you are the friend of truth.

Rol. Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. Not found! what mean you? will not you Rolla, tell the truth? Oh! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance; let the bolt fall and crush my brain at once.—Say not that he is not found: say at once that he is dead.

Rol. Then should I say false.

Cora. False! Blessing on thee for that word! But snatch me from this terrible suspense. Lift up thy little hands, my child; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony.

Rol. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner! and by the Spaniards? Pizarro's prisoner? Then is he dead?

D

Ata. Hope better—the richest ransom which our realm can yield, a herald shall this instant bear.

Per. Women. Oh! For Alonzo's ransom—our gold, our gems!—all! all!—Here, dear Cora,—here! here!

(The Peruvian Women eagerly tear off their ornaments, and run and take them from their Children, to offer them to CORA.)

Ata. Yes, for Alonzo's ransom they would give all!—I thank thee, father, who hast given me such hearts to rule over!

Cora. Now one boon more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

Atal. Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother too: hazard not your own honour, and the safety of your infant. Among these barbarians the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster your Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee.—Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

Cora. Teach me how to live till then.

Ata. Now we go to offer to the gods, thanks for our victory, and prayers for our Alonzo's safety.

(March and procession. Exeunt omnes.)

SCENE II.

The Wood.

Enter CORA and Child.

Cora. Mild innocence, what will become of thee?

Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Cora, I attend thy summons at the appointed spot.

Cora. Oh my child, my boy!—hast thou still a father?

Rol. Cora can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives.

Cora. Will he not soon want a mother too?—For-
canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss?

Rol. Yes! for his child's sake!—Yes, as thou didst
love Alonzo, Cora, listen to Alonzo's friend!

Cora. You bid me listen to the world.—Who was not
Alonzo's friend?

Rol. His parting words——

Cora. His parting words! (*Wildly*) Oh, speak!

Rol. Consign'd to me too precious trusts—his blessing
to his son, and a last request to thee.

Cora. His last request! his last!—Oh, name it!

Rol. If I fall said he—(and sad forebodings shook him
while he spoke)—promise to take my Cora for thy wife;
be thou a father to my child.—I pledged my word to him,
and we parted.—Observe me, Cora, I repeat this only,
as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo—for myself, I
neither cherish claim nor hope.

Cora. Ha! does my reason fail me, or what is this hor-
rid light that presses on my brain? Oh, Alonzo! It may
be thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart—
hadst thou been silent, hadst thou not made a fatal legacy
of these wretched charms——

Rol. Cora! what hateful suspicion has possessed thy
mind?

Cora. Yes, yes, 'tis clear—his spirit was ensnar'd; he
was led to the fatal spot; where mortal valour could not
front a host of murderers—He fell—in vain did he exclaim
for help to Rolla. At a distance you look'd on and smil'd
—You could have saved him—could—but did not.

Rol. Oh, glorious sun! can I have deserved this? Co-
ra, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart.

Cora. No! live! live for love! for that love thou seek-
est; whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave
of thy betray'd and slaughter'd friend! But thou hast borne
to me the last words of my Alonzo! Now hear mine—
Sooner shall this boy draw poison from this tortured breast
—sooner would I sink me to the pallid corpse of the mean-
est wretch that perish'd with Alonzo, than he call Rolla
father—than I call Rolla husband!

Rol. Yet call me what I am—thy friend, thy protector!

Cora. (*Distractedly.*) Away! I have no protector but
my God!—With this child in my arms will I hasten to

the field of slaughter—There with these hands will I turn up to the light every mangled body—seeking, however by death disfigur'd, the sweet smile of my Alonzo:—with fearful cries I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the smallest spark of life remains, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look; But if we find him not—Oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp—that look of thine will win me passage through a thousand swords—They too are men.—Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprison'd father? No, no, my child, every where we shall be safe.—A wretched mother bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has nature's passport through the world. Yes, yes, my son, we'll go and seek thy father.

[Exit with the child.

Rol. (After a pause of agitation.) Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, Cora, I should be the wretch—I think I was not formed to be.—HER safety must be my present purpose—then to convince her she has wronged me!

[Exit:

SCENE III.

Pizarro's Tent.

PIZARRO, *traversing the scene in gloomy and furious agitation.*

Well, capricious idol, fortune, be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true.—Yet e'er I fall; grant me one smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

Enter ELVIRA.

Who's there? who dares intrude? Why does my guard neglect their duty?

Elv. Your guard did what they could—but thy knew

their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

Piz. And what is it you desire ?

Elv. To see how a hero bears misfortune.—Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—not thyself.

Piz. Would'st thou I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by accurs'd Alonzo, have pierc'd the bravest hearts of my followers ?

Elv. No !—I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm ; still and sullen as the awful pause that precedes nature's convulsion : yet I would have thee feel assured that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth—nor fear the future nor lament the past.

Piz. Woman ! Elvira !—Why had not all my men hearts like thine ?

Elv. Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito.

Piz. Oh ! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

Elv. Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther : not now his courage but his magnanimity—Alonzo is your prisoner.

Piz. How !

Elv. 'Tis certain ; Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

Piz. Bless thee, Elvira, for the news !—Alonzo in my power !—then I am the conqueror—the victory is MINE !

Elv. Pizarro this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man whose valour, and whose genius, awe Pizarro ; whose misfortunes are Pizarro's triumph ; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

Piz. Guard !—(*Enter Guard.*)—Drag here the Spanish prisoner Alonzo !—Quick bring the traitor here.

(*Exit Guard.*)

Elv. What shall be his fate ?

Piz. Death ! death ! in lingering torments ! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

Elv. Shame on thee! Wilt thou have it said that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder?

Piz. Be it said—I care not. His fate is sealed.

Elv. Follow then thy will: but mark me; if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's lost to thee for ever.

Piz. Why this interest for a stranger? What is Alonzo's fate to thee?

Elv. His fate!—nothing!—thy glory, every thing!—Think'st thou I could love thee stript of fame, of honor, and a just renown?—Know me better.

Piz. Thou shouldst have known ME better. Thou shouldst have known, that, once provok'd to hate, I am for ever fixed in vengeance.—(Alonzo is brought in, in chains guarded. Elvira observes him with attention and admiration.)—Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina; 'tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it that amid the toils and cares of war thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

Al. Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace is here. (Putting his hand to his heart.)

Piz. Sarcastic boy!

Elv. Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

Piz. And thou art wedded too, I hear; aye; and the father of a lovely boy—the heir no doubt, of all his father's loyalty; and all his mother's faith.

Al. The heir I trust to all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy—the heir I hope to all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth—the heir, I am sure to all Pizarro's hate

Piz. Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherless to-morrow's sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

Elv. Pizarro—no!

Piz. Hence—or dread my anger.

Elv. I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

Al. Generous loveliness! spare thy unavailing pity.

Seek not to thwart the tiger with his prey beneath his fangs.

Piz. Audacious rebel! Thou renegado from thy monarch and thy God!

Al. 'Tis false.

Piz. Art thou not, tell me, a deserter from thy country's legions—and with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land?

Al. No! Deserter I am none! I was not born among robbers! pirates! murderers!—When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honor of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, THEY deserted ME. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were Justice, Faith and Mercy. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot—I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

Piz. The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

Al. Where are my judges.

Piz. Thou wouldst appeal to the war council?

Al. If the good Las-Casas have yet a seat there, yes; if not, I appeal to Heaven!

Piz. And to impose upon the folly of Las-Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason?

Alv. The folly of Las-Casas!—Such doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom!—O! would I might have lived as I will die, a sharer in the follies of Las-Casas!

Al. To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito; there in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would shew him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their incense to the ripening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, *is my work!* Next I should tell how hurtful customs, and superstitions strange and sullen, would often scatter and dismay the credulous minds of these deluded innocents; and then would I point out to him where now, in

clustered villages, they live like brethren, social and confiding, through the burning day Content sits basking on the cheek of Toil, till laughing Pastime leads them to the hour of rest—this too is mine!—And prouder yet—at that still pause betwixt exertion and repose, belonging not to pastime, labor, or to rest, but unto him who sanctions and ordains them all, I would show him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God!—this too I could tell him *is Alonzo's work!*—Then would Las-Casas clasp me in his aged arms; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head, and that one blessed drop would be to me at once *this world's best proof*, that I had acted rightly *here*, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward *hereafter*.

Elv. Happy, virtuous Alonzo! And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death a man who thinks and acts as he does!

Piz. Daring, obstinate enthusiast! But know the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here: he has fled like thee—like thee no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope, is nearer than perhaps you've thought; for, by my country's, wrongs and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death.

Elv. Hold!—Pizarro—hear me!—If not always *justly*, at least act always *greatly*. Name not thy country's wrongs—'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury 'gainst this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so—and even now thy detected conscience in that look avows it—profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

Piz. Officious advocate for treason—peace!—Bear him hence—he knows his sentence.

Al. Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it—tame thy haste is mercy. For thee, sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. The camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon *savages* as they are called, thoud'st find companions more congenial to thy heart.

Piz. Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

Al. Inhuman man! that pang at least might have been spared me; but thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death—many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—Pizarro.

(Exit guarded.)

Elv. Now by the indignant scorn that burns upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and sickened at the meanness of thy vengeance.

Piz. What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

Elv. He is in your power, and therefore is no more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue—I ask not from thee nobleness of mind—I require only just dealing to the fame thou hast acquired; be not the assassin of thine own renown. How often have you sworn, that the sacrifice which thy wondrous valour's high report had won you from subdued Elvira, was the proudest triumph of your fame? Thou knowest I bear a mind not cast in the common mould—not formed for tame sequestered love—content 'mid household cares, to prattle to an idle offspring, and wait the dull delight of an obscure lover's kindness—no! my heart was framed to look up with awe and homage to the object it adored: my ears to own no music but the thrilling records of his praise; my lips to scorn all babbling but the tales of his achievements; my brain to turn giddy with delight, reading the applauding tributes of his monarch's and his country's gratitude; my every faculty to throb with transport, while I heard the shouts of acclamation which announced the coming of my Hero; my whole soul to love him with devotion! with enthusiasm! to see no other object—to own no other tie—but to make HIM my WORLD! Thus to love is at least no common weakness.—Pizarro!—was not such my love for thee?

Piz. It was, Elvira!

Elv. Then do not make me hateful to myself, by tearing off the mask at once—bearing the hedious imposture that has undone me! Do not an act which, how'ever thy present power may gloss it to the world, will make thee

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hateful to all future ages—accursed and scorned by posterity.

Piz. And should posterity applaud my deeds, think'st thou my mouldering bones would rattle then with transport in my tomb?—This is renown for visionary boys to dream of— I understand it not. The fame I value shall uplift my living estimation—overbear with popular support, the envy of my foes—advance my purposes, and aid my power.

Elv. Each word thou speakest—each moment that I hear thee—dispels the fatal mist through which I've judged thee. Thou man of mighty name but little soul. I see thou wert not born to feel what genuine fame and glory are—yes, prefer the flattery of thy own fleeting day to the bright circle of a deathless name—yes, prefer to stare upon the grain of sand on which you trample, to musing on the starred canopy above thee. Fame, the sovereign deity of proud ambition, is not to be worshipped so : who seeks alone for living homage, stands a mean canvasser in her temple's porch, wooing promiscuously from the fickle breath of every wretch that passes, the brittle tribute of his praise. He dares not approach the sacred altar—no noble sacrifice of his is placed there, nor ever shall his worshipped image, fixed above, claim for his memory a glorious immortality.

Piz. Elvira, leave me.

Elv. Pizarro, you no longer love me.

Piz. It is not so, Elvira. But what might I not suspect—this wondrous interest for a stranger!—Take back thy reproach.

Elv. No, Pizarro ; as yet I am not lost to you—one string still remains, and binds me to your fate. Do not, I conjure you—do not for thine own sake, tear it asunder, shed not Alonzo's blood !

Piz. My resolution's fixed.

Elv. Even though that moment lost you Elvira forever ?

Piz. Even so.

Elv. Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection ; bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land ? When escaping, did I not risk in rushing to thy arms to bury my-

self in the bosom of the deep? have I not shared in all thy perils, heavy storms at sea, and frightful 'scapes on shore? Even on this dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

Piz. 'Tis truly spoken all. In love thou art thy sex's miracle—in war the soldier's pattern—and therefore my whole heart and half my acquisitions are thy right.

Elv. Convince me I possess the first—I exchange all title to the latter, for—mercy to Alonzo.

Piz. No more!—Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate.

Elv. Alonzo then at morn will die?

Piz. Think'st thou yon sun will set?—As surely at his rising shall Alonzo die.

Elv. Then be it done—the string is crack'd—sundered forever. But mark me—thou hast heretofore had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my resolution howe'er offended—but mark me now—the lips which cold and jeering, barbing revenge with rancourous mockery, can insult a fallen enemy, shall never more receive the pledge of love: the arm unshaken by its bloody purpose, which shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his heart, never more shall press the hand of faith!—Pizarro, scorn not my words—beware you slight them not!—I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts—who *could* not feel as I do, I condemn—who, feeling so, yet *would* not act as I SHALL, I despise!

Piz. (*After a pause, looking at her with a smile of contempt.*) I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the noble motives which inspire thee—fit advocate in Virtue's cause!—Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the youth Alonzo!—He dies at sun-rise! (*Exit.*)

Elv. 'Tis well! 'tis just I should be humbled—I had forgot myself, and in the cause of innocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit I should be rebuked—and by Pizarro. Fall, fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakness—the last these eyes shall ever shed. How a woman can love Pizarro, thou hast known too well—how she can hate thou hast yet to learn. Yes, thou undaunted!—Thou, whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled!—Thou who on Panama's brow didst make alliance with the rav-

ing elements, that tore the silence of that horrid night—when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift, and stalking o'er the trembling earth, did plant thy banner by the red vulcano's mouth! Thou, who when battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters, wast seen—as thou didst bestride a fragment of the smoking wreck—to wave thy glittering sword above thy head—as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity! Come fearless man—now meet the last and fellest peril of thy life—meet! and survive—an injured woman's fury, if thou canst. *(Exit.)*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

*A Dungeon in the Rock, near the Spanish camp.—
ALONZO in Chains.—A Centinel walking near the
Entrance.*

Alonzo.

FOR the last time, I have beheld the shadow'd ocean
close upon the light.—For the last time, thro' my cleft
dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the
stars.—For the last time, O sun! (and soon the hour) I
shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the
pale mists of morn to glittering dew drops.—Then comes
my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall, which—
No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run, by the
mean reck'ning of hours and days, which thou hast
breath'd : a life spent worthily should be measured by a
noble line—by deeds—not years—Then wouldst thou
murmur not—but bless the Providence, which in so
short a span, made **THEE** the instrument of wide and
spreading blessings, to the helpless and oppress'd!—Tho'
sinking in decrepid age—**HE** prematurely falls, whose
memory records no benefit conferred by him on man :
they only have lived long, who have lived virtuously.

*Enter a Soldier—shews the Centinel a Passport, who
withdraws.*

Alonzo. What bear you there ?

Sol. These refreshments I was order'd to leave in your
dungeon.

Al. By whom order'd ?

Sol. By the Lady Elvira ; she will be here herself be-
fore the dawn.

Al. Bear back to her my humblest thanks ; and take
thou the refreshments, friend—I need them not.

Sol. I have served under you, Don Alonzo—Pardon
my saying, that my heart pities you. *(Exit.*

Al. In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt
requires forgiveness—*(Looking out)* Surely even now,
thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of

the East.—If so, my life is but one hour more.—I will not watch the coming dawn; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme! shall be for my wife and child!—Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless. *(Enters the cavern.)*

Cent. Who's there? answer quickly! who's there?

Rol. A Friar, come to visit your prisoner.

ROLLA enters, disguised as a Monk.

Rol. Inform me, friend—Is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Cent. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Cent. You must not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Cent. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Cent. He dies at sun-rise.

Rol. Ha!—then I am come in time.

Cent. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier—I must speak with him.

Cent. Back,—back.—It is impossible!—

Rol. I do intreat you, but for one moment!

Cent. You intreat in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Cent. He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems.—In thy own hand they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish, take them—they are thine.—Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Cent. Away!—wouldst thou corrupt me?—Me an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier!—hast thou a wife?

Cent. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children?

Cent. Four—honest, lively boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them?

Cent. In my native village—even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

Cent. I do love them!—God knows my heart,—I do.

Rol. Soldier! imagine thou wert doom'd to die a cruel death in this strange land—What would be thy last request?

Cent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate—and should there be told—thy fellow soldier dies at sun-rise,—yet thou shalt not for a moment see him—nor shall thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife,—what would'st thou think of him, who thus cou'd drive thy comrade from the door?

Cent. How!

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child—I am come but to receive for *her*, and for her *babe*, the last blessing of my friend.

Cent. Go in.—(*Retires.*)

Rol. Oh! holy nature! thou dost never plead in vain.—There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or savage—native of the forest wild, or giddy air—around whose parent bosom, thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pennons borne—the blood-stain'd vulture cleaves the storm—yet, is the plumage closest to her heart, soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshell'd brood, the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently!—Yes!—now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate!—Alonzo!—Alonzo!—my friend! Ha!—in gentle sleep!—Alonzo—rise!

Al. How! Is my hour elaps'd?—Well, (*returning from the recess.*) I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo,—know me.

Al. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's.

Al. Rolla!—my friend!—(*Embracing him.*) Heavens! how could'st thou pass the guard? Did this habit—

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words:—this disguise I tore from the dead body of a Friar, as I pass'd

our field of battle—it has gain'd me entrance to thy dungeon—now take it thou, and fly.

Al. And Rolla—

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And die for me!—No!—Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die Alonzo.—It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's—and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me;—or, should it be otherwise—I am as a blighted plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert—Nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter—Thou art a husband, and a father—The being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hang upon thy life—Go!—Go!—Alonzo!—Go—to save—not thyself—but Cora, and thy child!—

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend—I am prepar'd to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace!—devoting her you've sworn to live for,—to madness, misery, and death!—For, be assured,—the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Al. Oh! God!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo—now heed me well.—I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledg'd his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment.—And, by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee,—no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence;—and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph, of seeing Rolla perish by thy side,—with the assur'd conviction, that Cora, and thy child, are lost for ever.

Al. Oh! Rolla!—you distract me!

Rol. A moment's further pause, and all is lost—The dawn approaches—Fear not for me—I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission;—I shall gain time, doubt not—while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, may'st at night return—release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph.—Yes hasten—dear Alonzo!—Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee!—Haste!—Haste!—Haste!

Al. Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honor, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend?

Al. Oh my preserver!—(*Embracing him.*)

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek—
Go!—I am rewarded—(*Throws the Friars garment over Alonzo.*)—There!—conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains—Now—God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again.—Then,—so aid me Heaven! I return to save—or—perish with thee! (*Exit.*)

Rol. (*Alone.*) He has pass'd the outer porch—He is safe!—He will soon embrace his wife and child!—Now, Cora, did'st thou not wrong me? This is the first time throughout my life, I ever deceived man—Forgive me, God of truth! if I am wrong—Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again—Yes—There! (*lifting his hand to heaven*) assuredly we shall meet again:—there possess in peace, the joys of everlasting love, and friendship—on earth imperfect, and embitter'd.—I am an interested man; for do I not die, that, when Cora ascends to her father, her first question may be, "Where is Rolla." I will retire,—lest the guard return before Alonzo may have pass'd their lines. (*Retires into the recess.*)

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. No—not Pizarro's brutal taunts—not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in this harass'd bosom which honour would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance, my heart has sworn against the tyrant, whose death alone can save this land—yet, shall the delight be mine to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom his virtues guide, and valour guards.—Alonzo, come forth!

Re-enter ROLLA.

Elv. Ha!—who art thou?—Where is Alonzo?

Rol. Alonzo's fled.

Elv. Fled!

Rol. Yes—and he must not be pursued—Pardon this roughness, (*seizing her hand*)—but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

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Elv. What if I call the guard?

Rol. Do so—Alonzo still gains time.

Elv. What if I thus free myself? (*Shews a dagger.*)

Rol. Strike it to my heart—Still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold thee fast.

Elv. Release me—I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard, nor cause pursuit.

Rol. At once, I trust thy word—A feeling boldness in those eyes assure me that thy soul is noble.

Elv. What is thy name? Speak freely—By my order the guard is removed beyond the outer porch.

Rol. My name is Rolla.

Elv. The Peruvian leader?

Rol. I was so yesterday—To-day, the Spaniards' captive.

Elv. And friendship to Alonzo moved thee to this act?

Rol. Alonzo is my friend—I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

Elv. One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

Rol. And that is—

Elv. Love?

Rol. True!

Elv. Gallant!—ingenious Rolla!—Know that my purpose here was thine; and were I to save thy friend—

Rol. How!—a woman bless'd with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

Elv. Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

Rol. Not so—you are worse and better than we are!

Elv. To save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance—restore thee to thy native land—and thy native land to peace—would'st thou not fank Elvira with the good?

Rol. To judge the action, I must know the means.

Elv. Take this dagger.

Rol. How to be used?

Elv. I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps—That scourge of innocence—the terror of thy race—the fiend, that desolates thy afflicted country.

Rol. Have you not been injured by Pizarro?

Elv. Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

Rol. And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep!

Elv. Would he not have murder'd Alonzo in chains? he that sleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla—so may I prosper in this perilous act as, searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

Rol. The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

Elv. Then, Peruvian! since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, tho' it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

Rol. Then is thy destruction certain, and for Peru thou perishest!—Give me the dagger!

Elv. Now follow me:—but first—and dreadful is the hard necessity—you must strike down the guard.

Rol. The soldier who was on duty here?

Elv. Yes, him—else, seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

Rol. And I must stab that soldier as I pass? Take back thy dagger.

Elv. Rolla!

Rol. That soldier, mark me; is a man.—All are not men that bear the human form. He refus'd my prayers—refus'd my gold—denying to admit—till his own feelings brib'd him. For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man!

Elv. Then he must be with us—I will answer for his safety.

Rol. Be that plainly understood between us;—for whate'er betide our enterprize, I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heartstrings from consuming fire.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

The inside of Pizarro's Tent.—Pizarro on a Couch, in disturbed sleep.

Piz. (in his sleep) No mercy, traitor.—Now at his heart!—Stand off there, you—Let me see him bleed!—Ha! ha! ha!—Let me hear that groan again.

Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA,

Elv. There!—Now, lose not a moment.

Rol. You must leave me now. This scene of blood fits not a woman's presence.

Elv. But a moment's pause may—

Rol. Go!—Retire to your own tent—and return not here—I will come to you—Be thou not known in this business, I implore you!

Elv. I will withdraw the guard that waits,

(Exit Elvira.)

Rol. Now have I in my power the accurs'd destroyer of my country's peace: yet tranquilly he rests.—God—can this man sleep?

Piz. (In his sleep.) Away! Away!—Hideous fiends!—Tear not my bosom thus!

Rol. No:—I was in error—the balm of sweet repose he never more can know. Look here ambitious fools!—Ye, by whose inhuman pride, the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing—behold the rest of the guilty! He is at my mercy—and one blow!—No!—my heart and hand refuse the act: Rolla cannot be an assassin!—Yet Elvira must be saved! (*Approaches the Couch.*) Pizarro! awake!—

Piz. (Starts up) Who?—Guard!—

Rol. Speak not—another word is thy death—Call, not for aid!—this arm will be swifter than thy guard.

Piz. What art thou? and what is thy will?

Rol. I am thine enemy! Peruvian Rolla! Thy death is not my will, or I could have slain thee sleeping.

Piz. Speak, what else?

Rol. Now thou art at my mercy—answer me!—Did

a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation: didst thou, or any of thy nation, ever yet shew mercy to a Peruvian in your power? Now shalt thou feel—and if thou hast a heart, thou'lt feel it keenly!—a Peruvian's vengeance! (*Drops the dagger at his feet*) There!

Piz. Is it possible! (*Walks aside confounded.*)

Rol. Can Pizarro be surpris'd at this? I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept—Thou seest, at least it is the Peruvian's practice.

Piz. Rolla—thou hast indeed surpris'd subdu'd me. (*Walks again aside as in irresolute thought.*)

Re-enter ELVIRA, (not seeing Pizarro.)

Elv. Is it done? Is he dead? (*Sees Pizarro.*) How!—still living! Then I am lost! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more!—Oh! Rolla! treacherous, or cowardly?—

Piz. How can it be, that—

Rol, Away! Elvira speaks she knows not what! Leave me (*to Elvira*) I conjure you, with Pizarro.

Elv. How!—Rolla, do'st thou think I shall retract—or that I meanly will deny, that in thy hand I plac'd a poignard to be plung'd into that tyrant's heart? No:—my sole regret is, that I trusted to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself.—Too soon thou'lt learn that mercy to that man is direct cruelty to thy race!

Piz. Guard! Quick! a guard, to seize this frantic woman.

Elv. Yes, a guard! I call them too! And soon I know they lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment!—Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injur'd heart, prompted me to this design—No! Had I been only influenc'd so—thus failing, shame and remorse would weigh me down. But tho' defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall speak the proud avowal of my purpose—to have rescued millions of innocents from the blood-

thirsty tyranny of ONE—by ridding the insulted world of
THEE.

Rol. Had the act been noble as the motive—Rolla would not have shrunk from its performance.

Enter Guards.

Piz. Seize this discover'd fiend, who sought to kill your leader.

Elv. Touch me not, at the peril of your souls ;—I am your prisoner, and will follow you.—But thou, their triumphant leader, shalt hear me. Yet, first—for thee Rolla, accept my forgiveness : even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admired thee for it—But 'twas myself provok'd my doom—thou would'st have shielded me.—Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didst thou but know the spell-like arts, by which this hypocrite first undermin'd the virtue of a guileless heart ! how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and fraud, he practis'd upon those in whom I most confided—'till my distemper'd fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of guilt—

Piz. Why am I not obey'd ?—Tear her hence !

Elv. 'Tis past—but didst thou know my story, Rolla, thou would'st pity me.

Rol. From my soul I pity thee !

Piz. Villains ! drag her to the dungeon !—prepare the torture instantly.

Elv. Soldiers—but a moment more—'Tis to applaud your general—It is to tell the astonish'd world, that, for once, Pizarro's sentence is an act of justice : yes, rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agoniz'd the human frame ; It will be justice. Yes—bid the minions—wrench forth the sinews of those arms that have caress'd and—even have defended thee ! Bid them, pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of those eyes, that so oft, oh God !—have hung with love and homage on thy looks—then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel—there glut thy savage eyes with the convuls'd spasms of that dishonor'd bosom, which was once thy pillow !—Yet, will I bear it all ! And when thou shalt bid them tear me to death, hoping that thy unshrinking

ears may at last be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek or groan—but to the last gasp, my body's patience shall deride vengeance, as my soul defies thy power.

Piz. (*Endeavouring to conceal his agitation.*) Hear'st thou the wretch whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

Rol. Yes! And if her accusation's false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her: if true, thy barbarity cannot make *her* suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on *thee*.

Elv. And now, farewell, world!—Rolla farewell!—Farewell thou condemn'd of heaven!—(*To Pizarro*)—for repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart.—We shall meet again.—Ha! be it thy horror *here*, to know that we shall meet hereafter!—And when thy parting hour approaches—hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul. Then, will vibrate to thy ear the curses of the cloister'd saint from whom you stole me. Then the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murder'd brother—murdered by thee, fell monster!—seeking atonement for his sisters ruin'd honour.—I hear them now. To me, the recollection's madness!—At such an hour,—what will it be to thee?

Piz. A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives—

Elv. I have spoken—and the last mortal frailty of my heart is past.—And now, with an undaunted spirit, and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not *live* nobly, has been PIZARRO'S ACT. That I will *die* nobly, shall be my OWN (*Exit guarded.*)

Piz. Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior valiant and renown'd, should credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury—O! a wanton passion for the rebel youth Alonzo, now my prisoner.

Rol. Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

Piz. How!

Rol. I came to rescue him—to deceive his guard—I have succeeded; I remain thy prisoner.

Piz. Alonzo fled!—Is then the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

Rol. Dismiss such passions from thy heart; then thou'lt consult its peace.

Piz. I can face all enemies that dare confront me—I cannot war against my nature.

Rol. Then Pizarro, ask not to be deem'd a hero—to triumph o'er ourselves is the only conquest, where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow—but in a contest with yourself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.

Piz. Peruvian! thou shalt not find me to thee ungrateful, or ungenerous—return to your countrymen—you are at liberty.

Rol. Thou do'st act in this as honor and duty bid thee.

Piz. I cannot but admire thee, Rolla; I would we might be friends.

Rol. Farewell.—Pity Elvira!—become the friend of virtue—and thou wilt be mine. *(Exit.)*

Piz. Ambition! tell me what is the phantom I have followed? where is the one delight which it has made my own? my fame is the mark of envy—my love the dupe of treachery—my glory eclips'd by the boy I taught—my revenge defeated and rebuked by the rude honor of a savage foe—before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk confounded and subdued—and I have suffered him to escape! The enemy's strength was in my power.—Guards! *(going)* hold, Pizarro, hast thou not pledged thy faith: damnation!—yet he is but a heathen, and our priests—away, away! damned sophistry!—the faith of heroes ever was the same. *(Exit.)*

SCENE III.

An open place near the Peruvian camp.

ATALIBA, *Reposing under a Tree.*

Ata. Every thing around me is dreary and silent.—The sensations which succeed a victory resemble those which succeed a fever. We have scarcely strength enough to rejoice. Our smiles swim in tears—the triumph is expressed in sighs. Conquest is always dearly bought. Historians tell us how many are slain, but never let us know how many are made wretched. The arrow, which hits one heart, sometimes inflicts a hundred wounds. Oh! I would give all my conquests for one harvest festival.

Enter a Courtier.

Court. The herald has returned without consolation.

Ata. Is Alonza dead?

Court. No, but the Spaniards have refused the ransom. Your treasures, said the haughty robbers, belong to us, and soon we shall be your masters. Justice dwells in our strength.

Ata. What! not humbled yet. Do these adders, then, which are hissing round my throne, for ever grow again? where is Cora?

Court. She fled with her child but none knows whither. The army is alarmed, for Rolla too has disappeared.

Ata. Rolla! Impossible! He forsake me, when surrounded by misfortune and danger! oh, heavens! Is there no one who wishes to obtain my dignity! I will exchange my situation for that of the meanest of my realm.

Enter ALONZO, in the Monk's habit.

Al. Do I behold my king again?

Ata. Alonzo, is it you?

Al. Where is my wife?

Ata. How did you escape?

G

Al. By half a miracle.

Ata. Speak!—tell me all.

Al. Who but Rolla could, by friendship urged, make so great a sacrifice? who but Rolla could muffle himself in this mantle, and force his way even to my prison? He it was, that broke my chains to hang them on himself.

Ata. Rolla in our enemy's power! alas! you wound me again.

Al. (*Throwing off the monks habit.*) Give me a sword, and five hundred of your boldest warriors, that I may hasten to release him.

Ata. Shall I risk in you my last support?

Alon. The enemy is dismayed; and the camp on the right side but ill defended. Pizarro has made himself detested by his cruelties. His soldiers murmur; let them not have time to reflect. Another victory, and we drive them into the ocean.

Ata. Accompany me, I will myself examine where it will be most proper to attack them.

Al. Do not expose yourself to danger, you are our king.

Ata. When the children are surrounded with danger, the father should exert himself.

Al. Let me first embrace my dearest Cora.

Ata. (*with confusion.*) Cora!

Al. Her sufferings must have been great.

Ata. They have indeed.

Al. I will return to you in a few moments.

Ata. Where will you seek her?

Al. (*alarmed*) Is she not here?

Ata. Her anxiety drove her from us.

Al. Whither?

Ata. I know not. To the mountains, perhaps where her father dwells.

Al. Heavens! what a chillness runs through my veins!

Court. She was seen running about the field of battle, calling for Alonzo till it was dark.

Al. And ——

Court. Then she disappeared in the woods.

Al. The woods! where Spanish soldiers are continually

—Cora! Cora! (*Going.*)

Ata. Alonzo! whither are you going!

Al. Wherever terror and despair may lead me. Good Inca, you are in safety. The vanquished foe dare not attack you. Oh you, who does protect the rights of all your subjects, respect the rights of nature, my wife, my child, my all is lost. Release me from my duty as a leader, that I may fulfil the duties of a husband, and go in search of Cora.

Ata. I deeply feel your agony, go, but forget not Rolla.

Al. Cora!—Rolla!—what guardian angel will direct my steps. (*Exit.*)

Ata. (*to the Courtier.*) Give me your sword, (*the Courtier presents it*) Ataliba (*tries to raise it but his arm sinks*) I cannot, poor monarch! what avail reason and courage, if the limbs refuse their office. (*Exit.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE. I.

A thick Forest—in the back ground, a Hut almost covered by Boughs of Trees—A dreadful Storm, with Thunder and Lightning—CORA has covered her Child on a Bed of Leaves and Moss—Her whole appearance is wild and distracted.

Cora,

O NATURE! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march—my wearied, shivering frame, sinks under it. And, for thee, my boy—when faint beneath thy lovely burthen, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest! O my child! were I assured thy father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side; but down—down for ever. *(Thunder and lightning).* I ask thee not, un pitying storm! to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's misery; nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers will I disturb my sleeping cherub. Tho' Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reason holds. *(Thunder and lightning.)* Still, still, implacable! unfeeling elements! yet still dost thou sleep, my smiling innocent! O, death! when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose? Sure I may shield thee better from the storm; my veil may——

While she is wrapping her mantle and her veil over him, ALONZO's voice is heard at a great distance.

Al. Cora!

Cora. Hah!!! (Rises.)

Al. (Again) Cora!

Cora. O, my heart! Sweet Heaven deceive me not!—
Is it not Alonzo's voice?

Al. (Nearer) Cora!

Cora. It is—it is Alonzo!

Al. (Nearer still) Cora! my beloved!——

Cora. Alonzo!!—Here!—Here!—Alonzo!

(Runs out)

Enter two Spanish Soldiers.

1st Sol. I tell you we are near our out-posts, and the word we heard just now was the countersign.

2d Sol. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to have discovered their secret passage thro' the rocks, will prove a lucky chance to us—Pizarro will reward us.

1st Sol. This way—The sun, though clouded, is on our left. (*Perceives the Child.*) What have we here?—A child!—as I'm a soldier.

2d Sol. 'Tis a sweet little babe. Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

1st Sol. It would so.—I have one at home shall play with it.—Come along. (*Takes the Child. Exeunt.*)

Re-enter CORA with ALONZO.

Cora. (Speaking without) This way, dear Alonzo. Now I am right—there—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot! Now will you look at him as he sleeps, or shall I bring him waking with his full blue laughing eyes to welcome you at once—Yes—yes.—Stand thou there—I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the perfum'd morn.

She runs up to the spot, and, finding only the mantle and veil, which she tears from the ground, and the child gone, (shrieks) and stands in speechless agony.

Al. (Running to her) Cora!—my heart's beloved!

Cora. He is gone!

Al. Eternal God!

Cora. He is gone!—my child! my child!

Al. Where did you leave him?

Cora. (Dashing herself on the spot) Here!

Al. Be calm, beloved Cora—he has wak'd, and crept to a little distance—we shall find him—are you assured this was the spot you left him in?

Cora. Did not these hands make that bed, and shelter for him?—and is not this the veil that covered him?

Al. Here is a hut yet unobserved.

Cora. Ha! Yes, yes! there lives the savage that has rob'd me of my child—(*Beats at the door exclaiming*) Give me back my child—restore to me my boy!

Enter LAS CASSAS from the Hut.

Las-C. Who calls me from my wretched solitude?

Cora. Give me back my child! (*Goes into the hut and calls*) Fernando!

Al. Almighty powers! do my eyes deceive me! Las Casas!!!

Las-C. Alonzo,—my belov'd young friend!

Al. My rever'd instructor. (*Embracing.*)

Cora. (*Returned.*) Will you embrace this man before he restores my boy?

Al. Alas, my friend—in what a moment of misery do we meet!

Cora. Yet his look is goodness and humanity.—Good old man, have compassion on a wretched mother—and I will be your servant while I live.—But do not, for pity's sake—do not say, you have him not—do not say you have not seen him. (*Runs into the Wood.*)

Las C. What can this mean?

Al. She is my wife.—Just rescued from the Spanish prison, I learn'd she had fled to this wild forest—hearing my voice, she left the child, and flew to meet me—he was left sleeping under yonder tree.

Las-C. How! did you leave him?—(*Cora returns.*)

Cora. O, you are right!—right!—unnatural mother, that I was—I left my child—I forsook my innocent—but I will fly to the earth's brink, but I will find him. I have left my darling infant, and the vengeance of the gods pursue me.

Las-C. Oh that I could console you!

Al. Help me to bear this load of grief.

Cora. (*Raving*) Look at that speckled snake!—look how it twines round the child's body!—now it hisses!—now it stings his heart!

Al. Dearest Cora, compose yourself.

Cora. Do you see that cruel condor hovering in the air. Now it shoots down—darts its talons into the defenceless infant. There a blood thirsty tyger lies in

ambush, waiting for its prey!—now it springs from the thicket!—see how it tears him to pieces! (*Falls*) Help! help!

Al. (*Kneeling by her side.*) My wife! my son!

Las-C. Images of misery pursue me even to this solitude!

Al. Console us, Oh, Las-Casas, my instructor, my benefactor, do not forsake us at this sorrowful hour.

Las-C. I will remain with you, but we are near the Spanish camp, fly to your friends. I will accompany you.

Al. But how shall we convey this wretched being?

Las-C. Raise her.

Al. Come, dearest Cora—let us go.

Cora. Go! whither?

Al. To our friends.

Cora. I quit this place—this place where my Fernando died?

Al. We are so near the enemy's camp.

Cora. How cruel thou art! shall I even not collect my infant's bones?

Al. Your father and brother are arrived.

Cora. I have neither father nor brother. I only had a child.

Al. We will go in search of it.

Cora. (*Suddenly springing up*) Go in search of it? where! where!

Al. This old man will assist us.

Cora. Yes, yes, good old man! assist us to seek our child.

Las-C. Willingly dear Cora, if you will collect yourself.

Cora. Have you any children?

Las-C. No.

Cora. Then I may forgive the expression. Give me back my child—then you will learn to know the composition of a mother. (*Runs out.*)

Al. Forgive me, Las-Casas, I must follow her: for at night, I attempt brave Rolla's rescue.

Las-C. I will not leave you, Alonzo—you must try to lead her to the right—that way lies your camp—Wait not my infirm steps,—I follow you, my friend.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

The Out Post of the Spanish Camp.—The back ground wild and rocky, with a Torrent falling down the Precipice, over which a Bridge is formed by a felled Tree. Trumpets sound without.

Almagro. (Without.) Bear him along—his story must be false. *(Entering.)*

ROLLA (in Chains) brought in by Soldiers.

Rol. False!—Rolla, utter falsehood!—I would I had thee in a desert with thy troop around thee;—and I, but with my sword in this unshackled hand!—*(Trumpets without.)*

Alm. Is it to be credited that Rolla, the renown'd Peruvian hero—should be detected like a spy, skulking thro' our camp?

Rol. Skulking!

Alm. But answer to the general—he is here.

Enter PIZARRO.

Piz. What do I see! Rolla!

Rol. O! to your surprise, no doubt.

Piz. And bound too!

Rol. So fast, you need'st not fear approaching me.

Alm. The guards surpris'd him, passing our out-post.

Piz. Release him instantly.—Believe me, I regret this insult.

Rol. You feel then as you ought.

Piz. Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarm'd—Accept this, tho' it has been thy enemy's. *(Gives a sword.)* The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valour.

Rol. And the Peruvian, how to forget offence.

Piz. May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes?

Rol. When the sea divides us!—

Piz. How if we were to be united by mutual interest?

My claim to Quito's throne I will renounce. Submit to the Spanish sceptre, acknowledge the christian faith, and I am satisfied.

Rol. Generous indeed!

Piz. The protection of a mighty monarch depends on Pizarro's friendship, and this Pizarro makes thee an offer of his hand.

Rol. Rolla never was a traitor.

Piz. Thou wilt alone avert misfortune from thy native land.

Rol. I owe my life but not my honor, to my native land.

Piz. It is only removing a weak king from a station for which he was not formed.

Rol. Ataliba weak!—but were he weak, a king who makes his people happy, is, through their affection, strong.

Piz. Follow thy own counsel.

Rol. My conscience has long since decided.

Piz. Rejected friendship rages as fiercely as rejected love.

Rol. Ha! that is the point at which I see you aim. Take off the mask.

Piz. (*Subduing his fury.*) Rolla, thou mistak'st me.

Rol. May I now depart?

Piz. (*After a struggle*) Freely.

Rol. Will nothing intercept my way.

Piz. Nothing unless repentance bring thee back.

Rol. Thanks to the gods, I have never yet repented any thing.

Enter DAVILLA and Soldiers, with the Child.

Dav. Here are two soldiers, captived yesterday, who have escap'd from the Peruvian hold,—and by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover.

Piz. Silence,—imprudent!—Seest thou not?—(*Pointing to Rolla*)

Dav. In their way they found a Peruvian child, who seems—

Piz. What is the imp to me?—Bid them toss it into the sea.

Rol. Gracious heaven! it is Alonzo's child!—give it to me.

Piz. Ha! Alonzo's child!—Welcome, thou pretty hostage.—Now Alonzo is again my prisoner!

Rol. Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother?

Piz. Will I not!—What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight—think'st thou I shall not have a check upon the valour of his heart, when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

Rol. I do not understand you.

Piz. My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo!—and this pledge may help to settle the account,

Rol. Man! Man!—Art thou a man?—Could'st thou hurt that innocent!—By Heaven! it is smiling in thy face.

Piz. Figure to thyself this little head stuck on a lance's point—then fancy Alonzo, with uplifted sword, running against us, bearing all before him like a rapid stream, which nothing can arrest but a—child's head. Ha! I see him there standing petrified.—Down sinks his sword, and with horror in his countenance, he surveys the bloody banner, from which the drops are still trickling down the lance. Ha! ha! ha!

Rol. Dost thou call thyself a human being?

Piz. And then at his arrival at home, when his anxious wife throws her white arms around his neck, and with her silken hair wipes off the drops of blood—"Stop," he will say "you think this to be the enemy's blood."—Ha! ha! ha! it's the blood of your infant."

Rol. Look at the boy's sweet smiles. Could'st thou murder this innocent?

Piz. Could'st thou kill a pigeon?

Rol. Be contented with a ransom, I will send this infant's weight in silver.

Piz. Convert it into a monument, to be erected on his grave.

Rol. Pizarro, I have spared your life. Grant me in return this infant's life.

Piz. Tell me, does it resemble Cora?

Rol. Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire—If thou dost harm that child—think not his blood will sink into

the barren sand—No!—faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in his indignant heart—'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on it's accurs'd destroyer's head.

Piz. Be that peril mine.

Rol. (*Throwing himself at his feet*) Behold me at thy feet—Me, Rolla!—Me, the preserver of thy life!—Me, that have never yet bent or bow'd before created man!—In humble agony I sue to you—prostrate I implore you—but spare that child, and I will be your slave.

Piz. Rolla! still art thou free to go—this boy remains with me.

Rol. Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine! (*Seizes the Child*)—Who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot.

[*Exit, with the Child.*]

Piz. Pursue him instantly—but spare his life. (*Exeunt Almagro and soldiers.*) With what fury he defends himself!—Ha!—he fells them to the ground—and now——

Enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. Three of your brave soldiers are already victims to your command to spare this madman's life; and if he once gains the thicket——

Piz. Spare him no longer. (*Exit Almagro.*) Their guns must reach him—he'll yet escape—holloa to those horse—the Peruvian sees them—and now he turns among the rocks—then is his retreat cut off.

(*Rolla crosses the wooden bridge over the cataract, pursued by the soldiers—they fire at him—a shot strikes him—Pizarro exclaims——*

Piz. Now! quick! quick! seize the child!—

(*Rolla tears from the rock the tree which supports the bridge, and retreats by the back ground, bearing off the child.*)

Re-enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. By hell! he has escap'd!—and with the child unhurt.

Dav. No—he bears his death with him—Believe me, I saw him struck upon the side.

Piz. Shot!—Brave man—worthy of a nobler death!—I might have won thy friendship—yes, by heaven! I admire him—yet I am his murderer! away!—give me a thousand men like him, and I will conquer the world!

SCENE III.

An open place near the Peruvian Camp.

Enter ATALIBA in deep Meditation.

Ata. The storm is over, the enemy quiet, and my troops are buried in profound sleep. Not a breath of air is murmuring in the trees. All is silent around me—but not here—(*pointing to his heart.*) And why not here?—Did I not draw the sword for God and my country? why am I to be pursued by the spectres of the slain? why am I to be tormented by the groans of the dying?

Enter CORA, raving.

Cora. Whither am I going? where is my child's grave (*Seeing the king*) ha! thou son of the sun, restore to me my child.

Ata. Cora, whence come you?

Cora. From my infants grave—there under the earth—there it is cold and damp. (*shudders*) I shiver!

Ata. Horrible!

Enter ALONZO and LAS-CASAS, in search of CORA.

Al. Wretched Cora! whether does thy phrenzy lead thee?

Cora. Peace Alonzo. There stands the sun of the gods. The sun is his father. Let him but say a word, and the grave will open, and throw out its prey (*Embraces*

his knees) oh my king, speak this one powerful word! have pity on a distracted mother's anguish.

Ata. Ye gods! what means this?

Al. She has lost her infant.

Ata. Poor mother, I cannot relieve you. Alas! I am but a king.

Cora. You cannot! who can help me then? To whom have the gods entrusted our existence? it was thee who led the Peruvians to battle—it was my Alonzo that fought for thee—dost thou refuse me the only reward for all his courage—the life of a child, who will hereafter fight for thee?

Ata. Annihilate me ye gods! I cannot bear this.

Cora. (*Hastily rising*) Tyrant who cannot be moved either by my prayers or by my anguish, has not yet blood enough been spilt to satisfy thy rank ambition? Behold on each of thy diamonds hangs a drop of blood. Art thou not yet satisfied—must an infant be torn from a mother's breast, to cast it to the beasts of prey?—What is thy diadem to me? what cares a mother for Quito's throne? Come hither all ye, whom victory has robbed of children! assist me to curse this barbarian, and let the cries of our misery rise with his shouts of joy to heaven. Oh, if he does but feel for ever the distresses of one wretched mother, his punishment will be great. (*Sinks breathless to the ground.*)

Al. (*Clasping her in his arms*)—*To Ataliba.*) Excuse the phrenzy of a mother.

Ata. (*Wiping away a tear*) Alas! my throne can bestow no compensation for this tear.

Cora. (*Smiling*) Alonzo, my breast is painful. Reach me the child. (*Exhausted*) Oh, cruel Alonzo; you see me dying, and will not let me feel once more the rapture of embracing my child.

Al. Alas! this is more horrid than her phrenzy. Continue raging, poor helpless mother! thou no longer hast a child.

Cora. (*Smiling*) Thou no longer hast a child.

Enter a Peruvian.

Peruvian Rolla comes.

Ata. and Alon. Rolla! Rolla!

Enter ROLLA Wounded, in his right hand the bloody sword, on his left arm CORA's Child.

Ata. Heavens!

Rol. (*Sinks on his knees before Cora exclaiming*) Cora, thy infant!

Cora. My child—covered with blood!

Rol. It is my blood (*Giving her the child.*)

Cora. (*Pressing it to her breast*) My infant! Rolla!

Rol. I loved thee! thou hast done me injustice! I can do no more—(*Sinking.*)

Alon. (*Kneeling down by him*) Rolla! thou diest!—

Rol. For Cora—and thee!—(*Dies.*)

Cora. (*Throwing herself down by the body*) O! has ever mortal loved like this man? (*To the child*) Boy, thou art dearly purchased!

Al. (*Starting up*) Las-Casas! help me to believe in God.

Las-C. His ways are obscure. Pray and be humble.

THE END.

THE
EAST INDIAN:

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.

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1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir JOHN SMITH, *a gouty gentleman, formerly a rich merchant.*

Lady SMITH, *his wife, of German extraction.*

SAMUEL, *a surveyor of the customs,* } *his sons.*

ROBERT, *captain of a ship,*

LIDDY, *his daughter.*

KABERDAR, *exiled Nabob of Mysore.*

GURLI, *his daughter.*

MUSAFFERY, *his old companion.*

FAZIR, *a young Indian.*

A custom-house tidewaiter.

JACK, *a boatswain.*

STRUSSEL and STAFF, *two notaries.*

TOM.

The scene lies in Sir JOHN'S house, in one of the sea-port towns of England.

THE
EAST INDIAN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A HALL.

[*The gouty Sir JOHN, upon a chair with wheels—His leg wrapt up, and stretched out before him—LIDDY sitting beside him, and reading the newspaper to him.*]

S. John. AH, woe!

Liddy. More pains yet?

S. John. No less than if a nest of serpents were stinging every one of my toes.

Liddy. Poor father.

S. John. Good Liddy.

Liddy. Oh, that any one could relieve you!

S. John. That very wish is medicine; you are the only one in the house, that takes care of my sick body, and revives my soul with your good wishes.

Liddy. Not so.

S. John. Yes indeed, yes indeed. I bear witness before God, you are the only comfort of my infirm old age.

Liddy. You forget that you have sons.

S. John. Sons! and what then? Fool that I was, to murmur against Providence, eighteen years ago, for sending me a daughter. I wanted sons. Wild, careless fellows. I thought they would be more easily provided for, and make their way better through the world. Yes, yes, they make their way through it, and leave their poor father in the lurch. There is Samuel—

Liddy. His many occupations.

S. John. Fie, fie, gratitude towards father and mother, ought to be the first occupation of a child. Samuel is a sneaking fellow—and as for Robert—

Liddy. [*With much emotion.*] But surely Robert, dear father —

S. John. Your eye glistens whenever he is named. Robert, indeed, is better than his brother; but he is a rattle-scall.

Liddy. He loves you so tenderly.

S. John. At the distance of more than a thousand miles, I would not give a fig for his love. There he cruizes upon unknown oceans, from one quarter of the world to another; while the gout is cruizing through all my limbs.

Liddy. Indeed, it is only for your sake he exposes himself to so many hardships. Perhaps he will now soon be back again. I look every morning how the wind blows; and, should he return with a rich cargo? Should he change our present poverty into opulence? Look only, dear father, this is in the power of a son to do; while the daughter must sit at home, and can do nothing but take care of her sick father.

S. John. Oh! that is more than if Robert should bring me the luxuries of both Indies. Good Liddy, when the gentle eye converses so tenderly with me; I cannot describe to you, how much it does me good. You will think often that your father slumbers, when I sit upon my chair with my eyes closed! No, Liddy, your father then prays for you.

Liddy. What a sweet reward is in this moment. [*Kisses his hand.*] Your blessing, father. [*Kneels down before his chair.*]

S. John. [*Laying his hand on her.*] God bless you, and may nature only spare my life so long as to see this my paternal blessing, which I give so cordially, completely fulfilled. God bless you.

Liddy. And my brother Robert.

S. John. Him too.

Liddy. And my brother Samuel.

S. John. I curse him not.

Liddy. But your blessing.

S. John. He has his mother's blessing.

Liddy. Dear father.

S. John. Well then, well then, I bless him ! But not as a father ; only as a christian. Stand up.

Biddy. Unhappy party-spirit, in so small a family.

S. John. Who is to blame ? Is it not your mother ? Who torments me from breakfast-time to the hour of supper ? Who is it, that throws my unmerited bankruptcy in my teeth, with every scanty morsel that I eat ? Who despises my good burgher's blood, and talks so big of her German ancestors ? Who is it that suffers me to starve ? Who talks our tenants out of their money, and squanders so idly the slender rents which the possession of these houses has still left me ? Did you not hear how I petitioned last night for a pipe of tobacco, and a pot of porter ? Samuel carried your mother to the play-house ; and I was obliged to send my appetite to sleep.

Liddy. Dear father, you shall want for nothing to-day.

S. John. Kind Liddy ! Would but some brave, opulent fellow, see you, and know you as I know you ; would he but make you an offer of his hand ; then I would remove along with you, and trust myself to your fostering care till death. [*In a softer tone, and pointing to the opposite door.*] The foreigner seems to have taken a liking for you.

Liddy. [*Confused.*] To me ?

S. John. I think so. Now, he is no longer young, but he is an honest man, and your heart is yet free.

Liddy. [*In confusion.*] My heart is free.

S. John. See, this would be a provision for your old father. Well, we must commit it to time and fortune. Ah, woe ! there it pulls again, from the sole of my foot, up to my thigh.

Liddy. Too much conversation may hurt you. [*Taking up the newspaper.*] Shall I proceed ?

S. John. Do so : perhaps I may be able to catch a nap.

Liddy. But would it not then be much better to suffer me to carry you to your own chamber? Here there is a continual running about, and a continual knocking at the doors; sometimes people coming to us, and sometimes people coming to the foreigner.

S. John. No, Liddy, I will stay here in the parlour; for yonder the scolding tongue of your mother would drive all sleep from my eyes; besides, of what consequence is it? Let them run about and knock at the doors as much as they chuse; one may get accustomed to every thing 'except the voice of a scolding wife.

Liddy. [*Reading.*] "Paris, the 16th January."

S. John. Or, still better, my dear Liddy, set you down to your harpsichord, and play or sing to me. It lulls one so sweetly asleep.

Liddy. Very willingly. [*Sits down to the harpsichord, and plays or sings, till she sees that the old man is asleep, then she rises.*] He sleeps. Soft be thy repose, and cheerful the moment of thy awaking. Now, let me be quick. Tom must have been long upon the watch. [*Slips to the window, and beckons and whistles.*] He understands me already. [*Comes back, and seeks out of her work-bag a pair of sewed ruffles.*] If only my mother does not surprise me; or Samuel, that suspicious, inquisitive fellow. [*Giving a side glance at her father.*] Or, if my father should awake. Oh, I should then be in a pretty perplexity.

SCENE II.

TOM and LIDDY.

Liddy. [*Slipping towards him upon tiptoe.*] Softly, the old gentleman is asleep.

Tom. You have made me wait cursedly long, Miss.

Liddy. Well, well, you shall have some more half-pence for it. There, take this pair of ruffles.

Tom. For sale again ?

Liddy. Certainly.

Tom. At what price ?

Liddy. Three crowns at the least—I have wrought five nights on them.

Tom. That is no business of the purchaser's : if they only look fine in his eyes, whether you have wrought at them five nights, or only five minutes, will be a matter of perfect indifference to him.

Liddy. Don't chatter so much. The old gentleman may awake.

Tom. Well, I am going.

Liddy. Stop—I have something more to say to you ; when you have got the ruffles disposed of, go with the money to our neighbor Williams the grocer, and buy a pound of his best tobacco.

Tom. Well.

Liddy. Then bring from the tavern below, in the corner, a pot of good porter ; and when you have got every thing together, then place yourself again upon the watch, till I beckon to you.

Tom. I understand you.

Liddy. Run then.

Tom. God preserve you pretty Miss.

Liddy. Good father ! thy wishes are so sober and moderate—quick, let me fall to work again. [*Takes up her work bag.*] It is so sweet to work for a father, and goes so easily through one's fingers.

SCENE III.

LIDDY and SAMUEL, with his hat and stick.

Liddy. Good morning brother.

Samuel. Good morning. [*Aside.*] Have I remembered to lock up every thing ? I must see. Here is the key of the

desk, here is that of the coffer, and here is that of the cupboard : all right. [*About to go.*]

Liddy. The key of most consequence, I am afraid, you have forgotten.

Samuel. Of most consequence ! I ! What can this be ? Your answer.

Liddy. Your heart, my dear, I have some idea that the young Indian, who stays here, has already filched the key of it from you.

Samuel. Give yourself no uneasiness.—It is indeed true, that I feel somewhat ; but I stand on my guard—I know in every possible case, what precautions ought to be taken.

Liddy. Precautions against love ? Do, let me hear them.

Samuel. [*In a significant tone.*] You perhaps find it necessary to make use of them ?

Liddy. [*In confusion.*]. I ?

Samuel. Aye, you—do you think I did not discover you ? That young fool of an Indian, whom our brother Robert carries about with him over the seas, and whose fate he so mysteriously conceals—to tell you a secret, that young puppy carried along with him the heart of my sister Liddy.

Liddy. You call him both a fool and a puppy, and yet suppose that Liddy is enamored with him ?

Samuel. Yes, indeed, she has suffered herself to be blinded by the devil. See only, sister, when one runs twenty times a day to the window, to see if the poor fellow has got a fair wind —

Liddy. Well, I do so on brother Robert's account.

Samuel. Brother Robert made several voyages before, but sister Liddy never shewed herself so deeply affected as the last time. But don't interrupt me—when one turns of a scarlet colour, whenever a certain name is mentioned ; when one carries about with them in their pocket-book, a certain trinket—then I ask, is this love ? answer : yes.

Liddy. And I ask, when any one without permission, rummages in their sister's pocket-book, is not one a rogue ? answer : yes.

Samuel. Who can help it, if other people do not think it necessary to take as much care of their pocket-books as I do of mine.

SCENE IV.

LADY SMITH, LIDDY, SAMUEL, and SIR JOHN.

L. Smith. Very noble this truly ! Whenever dinner is set upon the table, then they all flock together like as many wasps—but when I take up a prayer-book in the morning, in order to converse a little with my Creator, then one runs off here, and another off there.

Samuel. The duties of my employment, gracious mamma.

L. Smith. [To Liddy.] And you ?

Liddy. I have been reading the newspaper to my father.

L. Smith. Yet I heard you a long while prattling to one another—what was the subject of your discourse ?

Liddy. I was jesting with my brother.

Samuel. And I was talking very seriously with my sister.

L. Smith. But about what ?

Liddy. About the wild young girl who has now lodged four months in our house.

Samuel. About the wild young fellow, who has now wandered for more than a twelvemonth round the world with Robert.

Liddy. She has caught him, in spite of his caution.

Samuel. He has fettered her in spite of her levity.

L. Smith. You seem both to be in the right, for both of you seem to have lost your understandings.

Samuel. I ! I am very well satisfied with mine.

L. Smith. That very circumstance proves that you have not much of it. Man is content with nothing in the world, except only with his own understanding ; the less of it he

has, the more is he content—*Sans badinage*. I will not suppose that either of you are capable of thinking seriously of such a thing; for although on your father's side, you are only of burgher extraction, yet as ancient and honorable blood flows in the veins of your mother—[*Looks at Samuel and Liddy alternately, as if she was expecting an answer: both are silent: Liddy sews, and Samuel plays with his cravat: Lady Smith raising her voice, and fixing her hands in her sides.*] How? what? no response? Must I survive the shame of seeing my eldest son Samuel married to the daughter of a vagabond?

Samuel. Have a care gracious mamma! Have a care! Our tenant the foreigner can hear every word.

L. Smith. [*To Liddy.*] And could you so far forget both what you owe to God and to yourself, as to allow your heart to be attached to a heathen, and a plebian heathen too?

Liddy. [*In a tone of intreaty.*] Softly, dearest mother; my father is asleep.

L. Smith. See now! I believe she is attempting to force me to be silent; [*Turning to the old man and crying still louder.*] he must not sleep: he must awake: he must assist in preventing the follies of his children. Hola, Sir John.

S. John. [*Starting from sleep.*] Ah, woe!

L. Smith. Well, what's the matter?

S. John. My leg.

L. Smith. Forget your leg: the question here is about things quite different; things which concern you much nearer.

S. John. Much nearer? I should like to know what can possibly concern me nearer than my own leg?

L. Smith. Aye, truly, I thought there were many things in the world, which must interest you much more than your swaddled foot.

S. John. [*Yielding to her.*] Well, that may perhaps be the case.

L. Smith. A leg at best is only a leg; and a gouty leg is of no value.

S. John. Very true.

L. Smith. One ought entirely to forget that one has one.

S. John. One should indeed—ah, woe ! ah, woe !

L. Smith. If you had but a little learning, you would then know that the ancient stoics held pain to be no evil.

S. John. The devil ! They surely never had the gout !

L. Smith. My good Sir John ; it is inexcusable in you, that you should have so little knowledge of life : you had a wife of family, and consequently every opportunity of acquiring it. How often have I told you already, and how often must I yet tell it you, that nothing gives more *ennui* to a person in health, than an invalid eternally talking of his complaints.

S. John. Well, let us then for God's sake, talk always of something else.

L. Smith. That was what I wished long ago to do ; but you would never suffer me to begin.—Here stands your son Mr. Samuel Smith, and here is your daughter Miss Liddy Smith.

S. John. God be praised ! I see so.

L. Smith. They have both lost their senses.

S. John. Both !

L. Smith. Your dearest son, on whom I have taken so much pains to bring him up in honorable principles, has taken a fancy to marry a female adventurer, to contaminate his blood with an Indian harlot.

Samuel. Who said so ? Is there then at present any mention of marriage ? Indeed if I were asked if I liked the girl, then, the answer would be, yes—but before it actually comes the length of an union, there are a hundred thousand circumstances to consider, a million of obstacles to put out of the way, and an infinite number of trifles to ascertain.

S. John. Yes, my love, I will be your surety ! Samuel will not do any thing rashly.

Samuel. That indeed I will not.

S. John. But if he should do it, he will then perform the first prudent action of his life. The girl is most amiable ; her flat nose is bewitching, and the *naivete* of her humor enchanting.

L. Smith. Very pretty again ! Any one to hear you speak, might suppose that your whole understanding was sunk down into your swollen foot. The whole litany which you repeated over to me, is scarcely sufficient for the happiness of a fool. The most important points, the very axle-pins on which the whole moral world turns round, these my wise husband has forgotten.

S. John. And these are ?

L. Smith. Birth and fortune.

Samuel. Very true.

S. John. With regard to fortune, you are, alas ! in the right.

Samuel. Quite right.

S. John. I hope, however, that in this respect the young Indian will be able to satisfy your demands. Her father keeps every thing very snug, but it looks as if he had something in his coffers. He lives well, and is indebted to nobody ; he pays us his weekly rent to the very hour.

Liddy. He is also very bountiful to the poor.

L. Smith. *Mon Dieu !* Give over your nauseous calculations ! One may know always from your stile of conversation, that you were once in your life a merchant ; who ever esteemed it a symptom of opulence, when one was punctual in paying their debts ! The richest people, sir, are in debt to the whole world—yet, *passé pour cela*, though this point be granted you, the one of most importance still remains undecided.—Or, perhaps you may reckon punctuality in payment, to be likewise the proof of an illustrious descent ?

S. John. No, truly not ! but I hold that point superfluous. The girl is born, and well born too ; by which I understand that she is sound and healthy, and has all her limbs standing

where they should be ; a hunch-back girl, had she a hundred ancestors, would always in my opinion be very ill born.

L. Smith. *Mon Fils*, have you not a smelling bottle about you ?

Samuel. Oh yes, gracious mamma. [*Presents one to her.*]

L. Smith. Support me, Liddy ; I shall fall into a swoon.

S. John. Don't make yourself uneasy, we know what to think of such farces as these.

L. Smith. It would be no wonder, if the spirits of all my illustrious ancestors should assemble around me with contumelious smiles. It would be but a proper treatment for the German young lady, who degraded herself so far as to become the wife of an English merchant ; while her hand was solicited by dukes and lords, to all of whom she preferred a man without education, without *savoir vivre*, without one noble principle : a bankrupt ! a cripple ! a beggar !

S. John. Liddy, carry me to my chamber.

L. Smith. Do you think I can't follow you thither ? Only have a little patience—I will be after you immediately.

S. John. Well, Liddy, carry me then to my grave.

L. Smith. But first a few words with you, my son. [*Liddy carries off the old man.*]

SCENE V.

SAMUEL and LADY SMITH.

L. Smith. It is true, that you are now come to that age in which it is proper to be thinking of matrimony.

Samuel. And so I am thinking of it.

L. Smith. Very well, my son—very praise-worthy ; but you have thought already five years on it, and it never comes any further than thinking.

Samuel. Prudence is the mother of wisdom.

L. Smith. Your prudence is an *ignis fatuus*, which one day or other will lead you into the mire.

Samuel. What a simile, gracious mamma ! Can prudence ever be an *ignis fatuus* ? answer : no.—Is Gurli a mire ? answer : no.—She is rather a flower garden, or a flowery meadow, or a flower enamelled field.

L. Smith. Ay, ay, there are flowers that grow behind the hedge.

Samuel. But they smell not therefore the less sweetly.

L. Smith. Fie, my son, dishonor not my blood.—A girl of no family ; an Indian, and of consequence a heathen ; a *self-witted*, capricious thing ; whose father is a poor ape, whom nobody knows, and who probably has not a shilling in his possession.

Samuel. As for family, gracious mamma, you know well that here in England, we are not accustomed to think it of much importance.

L. Smith. Alas, no ! The carter and the lord enjoy here the very same rights.

Samuel. As to her being a heathen —

L. Smith. That indeed is not a matter of so much consequence.

Samuel. Conceited and capricious—she is still young. A reasonable man, I am very sure will make a reasonable woman of her. Her father an ape—here I ask, is Samuel to marry the father or the daughter ? Answer, the daughter—so that does not concern me. But the most important point which my gracious mamma has touched upon, is the cash.—There prudence commands us to go cautiously to work ; and, accordingly, I have appointed to their posts, my spies, and lurkers, and my grey-hounds.

L. Smith. And although you should learn that he had indeed a fortune, could you entertain so ignoble an idea, as to adopt a resolution—

Samuel. A resolution ! Gracious mamma ! now indeed you terrify me. I think that though I were persuaded at

this moment, that the girl was a princess, and her father a prince, with whole chestfulls of gold in his possession; I would still shudder at the thought, the formidable thought of taking a resolution.

L. Smith. You are a fool. [Exit.]

Samuel. [*Alone.*] A fool? a fool? [*Stepping up to a glass and looking proudly.*] Do I look at all like a fool? answer: no.

SCENE VI.

GURLI and SAMUEL.

Gurli. [*In a negligee, drest after the English taste - her locks without any kind of ornaments, hang a little loosely about her shoulders; and her whole dress very clean, but here and there a little negligently put on - she enters talking to somebody behind her.*] No, I will not; ha, ha, ha, that is excellent—here have the people, without asking my leave, hung up a clock upon a high tower, and when the thing tinkles so many times, then Gurli must breakfast: But Gurli will not breakfast—Gurli is not hungry.

Samuel. [*Aside, while turning about.*] Quite alone! Excellent! The best opportunity to sound her with caution. [*Aloud.*] Fair Gurli, I wish you a good morning.

Gurli. Good morning, thou foolish man.

Samuel. [*Confused.*] Foolish man! How must I understand that? You are impolite, Miss.

Gurli. Don't be peevish! Gurli means not to offend thee: but Gurli cannot help laughing when she sees thee.

Samuel. Laugh at me! Then I must ask wherefore? answer:

Gurli. That I know not myself; I think it is because thou look'st always as if the welfare of all Bengal rested entirely upon thy shoulders; and because thou mak'st as many preparations before stepping over a small puddle, as if thou had'st the river Ganges before thee.

Samuel. I observe that the education in Bengal is yet very much neglected. Children talk of things which they do not understand.

Gurli. My pretty gentleman, Gurli is no longer a child. Gurli is very soon to be married.

Samuel. [*With surprise.*] Married, indeed!

Gurli. Yes, yes : my father says so.

Samuel. To whom then?

Gurli. That I don't know.

Samuel. And so your father has chosen a husband for you?

Gurli. Not at all : Gurli will chuse one for herself.

Samuel. Indeed ! Is the choice left entirely to you ? May I then ask you, fair Miss, have you already cast your eye upon any one ? answer.

Gurli. I turn my eye, indeed, here and there, but my heart rests as little as a quail in its nest.

Samuel. Admirable ! Excellent ! May I then ask you, most amiable Gurli, how do you like me ? answer.

Gurli. Thee ! Not remarkably.

Samuel. You are always by far too precipitate : must one tell a man directly to his face, that one sees nothing agreeable in him ?

Gurli. Thou put'st the question to me.

Samuel. What though I did ? And then, that boorish *thou* of your's : I advise you as a friend, Miss, to give over that custom.

Gurli. My father has often forbid me to do so ; but Gurli must always laugh, if Gurli must talk with a single person, as if there were half a dozen of them.

Samuel. It is however the custom with us.

Gurli. Well then, I can call thee likewise *you*, if thou wilt absolutely have it so.

Samuel. If, perhaps, sweeter bands should unite us, then it will always be time enough.

Gurli. Ay, time enough.

Samuel. [*Aside.*] I must approach nearer.

Gurli. [*Yawning.*] I have not slept enough.

Samuel. [*Aside.*] But cautiously, cautiously.

Gurli. Oh, what a tiresome man !

Samuel. [*Aloud.*] Happy ! thrice happy ! will be the fortunate man who is destined to pluck the fairest flower that ever the breath of the sweet zephyr drew forth from its modest bud.

Gurli. [*Laughing.*] My good friend, this language is Sanscrit to me ; and is understood only by our Bramins.

Samuel. [*Peevishly.*] I spoke in the oriental stile ; but I see that one must converse with you so plainly, that it may be felt with the hand.

Gurli. Ay ; *Gurli* listens then with most pleasure.

Samuel. It is only a pity that true prudence absolutely forbids the use of such a language.

Gurli. But prudence does not forbid *Gurli* to run away from it, and leave thee standing here, for she is now heartily tired of thee. [*Going.*]

Samuel. Only a moment, fair *Gurli*—I would talk quite plainly with you—declare myself more plainly—express myself most plainly—if—if I knew only—whether your father stood in need of support.

Gurli. Troublesome man ! My father is not old : my father walks nimbly without a staff ; yes, thou may'st cause the finest palanquin to be placed immediately before his door, and yet he will prefer going on foot.

Samuel. Not so : that is not what I mean. I meant to say that I wished to help him, if he were any way unfortunate.

Gurli. [*Suddenly and with seriousness.*] Unfortunate !

Samuel. [*With great curiosity.*] Ay, ay, unfortunate : May I ask how it is with him in that respect ? answer.

Gurli. [*Weeping.*] Ah ! yes : my poor father is unfortunate.

Samuel. [*Aside.*] Now we have it.

Gurli. And it is thy wish to help him : For that I must kiss thee. [*Kisses him.*]

Samuel. [*Much confused.*] Yes, I mean to do so, only if it did not exceed my abilities. Such assistance is very good; but one cannot know how soon they may need it themselves.

Gurli. Ah! Thou can'st not help him, neither can the poor Gurli help him.

Samuel. [*Aside.*] Heaven be praised! How soon might I have buckled myself to a beggar? [*Aloud.*] I hope, however, that matters are not yet so bad with him, but what he will be able to pay, as usual, the house-rent for the month that is past.—Not on my own account—but my father—he is a little too severe.

Gurli. The house-rent?

Samuel. Yes, yes, the house-rent.

Gurli. Art thou dreaming?

Samuel. I should not think so.

Gurli. Dost thou know what it is, my good friend? If thou giv'st my father a good word, he will pay thee not only the rent, but the whole house too; and a dozen such fools as thou to the bargain. [*Skips off laughing.*]

Samuel. This is already the second time to-day that I have been branded with the title of fool. It was only by female tongues, however, both times, and it would not be seemly for a reasonable man, to take any offence at it.

SCENE VII.

SAMUEL and the CUSTOMHOUSE TIDEWAITER.

Tidewaiter. Good, good, that I have found you. I have run till I can scarcely draw my breath—Uph.

Samuel. Well, my dear Tidewaiter, did you remember my commission? Have you sounded with the necessary prudence and precaution?

Tidewaiter. To a wish: I have crept about after him, like a reptile—followed him from the coffee-house to the opera,

and from the quay to the exchange ; and there, in all haste, I have caught a great deal of information.

Samuel. In the first place, then, in respect to his rank ?

Tidewater. Ay, as to that, I know almost nothing. Nobody knows him, nobody wishes to know him. An East-Indian—on that point the voices are unanimous, because they had it from his own mouth : but whether he be from the coast of Malabar, or the coast of Coromandel, or the coast of Orixá, I have not, in all haste, been able to learn. This much is, however, certain, that he did not come over in one of our vessels. He must, in all probability, have travelled hither from Portsmouth by land.

Samuel. Secondly, as to what concerns his fortune ?

Tidewater. There, indeed, I can have the honor to oblige you, as soon as possible, with compleater information. In spite of the plain and simple habit of this man and of all his domestics ; in spite of the single dish of meat, which is served up daily at his table ; in spite of the clear fountain-water which he drinks ; I yet hold him (with your permission) for one of the richest and most opulent persons in this illustrious commercial city.

Samuel. Query : Wherefore ? answer :

Tidewater. Answer : Therefore, because, in all haste, he throws handfuls of his money out at the window.

Samuel. How so ?

Tidewater. Permit me, my worthy Mr. Surveyor, to tell you without loss of time. The commercial house of Brown and Belton was, last week, upon the point of failing : it was already talked of openly upon Change ; and, as it is customary, the one pitied them ; another shrugged up his shoulders ; and a third spoke of rain and sunshine. Kaberdar, whom I sneaked after in all haste, went from one merchant to another, and procured full information of the circumstances. He heard every where, that Brown and Belton were men of fine honest characters ; who, by means of several unmerited misfortunes, had fallen into this desperate situation.

What does he ? He sets himself down with the greatest precipitation, and writes immediately to Brown and Belton, a card to the following purpose : “ If ten thousand pounds sterling would be sufficient to extricate ye from your present perplexity, ye are welcome to the loan of that sum, without interest for six months.”—Brown and Belton, who had never set eyes upon the man in their lives, are almost beside themselves with astonishment and rapture, honor their bills, and carry on their business with all their former promptness and expedition ; and venerate an East Indian as much as a saint.

Samuel. My God ! What imprudence ! The sooner ~~this~~ man seeks a son-in-law, the better : a rational, prudent, considerate man, who may serve him instead of a curator to his fortune. But go on, my dear Officer—you have indeed proved to me, that this Kaberdar had once ten thousand pounds in his possession ; but you have demonstrated to me at the same time, that the fool has thrown them out of the window. The question is then——

Tidewaiter. Whether he has still so much remaining, as to excite the attention of a prudent man ? There too, in all haste, I shall have the honor of satisfying you. You know the fine manor of Rogers-hall, so rich in fish and wild fowl and in field and garden fruits : and which, besides all this, enjoys the advantage of being only two miles from the city, so that one may repair thither with the greatest expedition. This pretty piece of land has been squandered away by the heir in dissipation, and purchased in all haste by our East Indian.

Samuel. How ! Is this certain ?

Tidewaiter. Say, quickly purchased and promptly paid.

Samuel. Hem ! ay ! But still I must see to procure information a little more positive and circumstantial. If this agreeable intelligence be confirmed, then Gurli has a dowry to produce, which will throw a veil over the manifold defects of her manners. I will immediately repair to the Ex-

change. Have you any thing more to impart to me on this subject ?

Tidewaiter. Nothing of consequence—He speaks very little : he chews betel : he has a great veneration for cows ; and whenever our town herd is driven out, he receives them with the deepest marks of adoration : he bathes every day : and at the entrance of every new and full moon, he distributes alms to the poor.

Samuel. Were I but once his son-in-law, the mist of these foolish fancies should soon give place to the sun of reason. I will soon prove to him that a cow has no more claim to his veneration than an ass : I will prove to him, that neither at new nor full moon, neither in the first nor last quarter, is it permitted by prudence to give alms. In short, if the purchase of Rogers-hall be clear, then will my marriage with Gurli be clear also. Farewel, in the mean time, my dear Officer. Be indefatigable, zealous and active : but above all things be cautious : keep your five senses at all times upon the watch. My grateful disposition is well known to you ; and if ever the question should be, Whether I would return your services with pleasure ? then would the answer be always, Yes. [*Makes a gracious obeisance to the Officer, and exits.*]

SCENE VIII.

The TIDEWAITER alone.

If the question were to be, Whether I had an inclination, with the greatest precipitation, to break your neck ? then would the answer be always, Yes.—After so much trouble, and so many exertions, to put me off with a few empty words. Such, however, is the way of the world. There is scarcely one honest man in employment, who has not one over him worse than himself. If any one wishes speedily and quickly to eat their morsel with ease and comfort, he

must submit to bow with so much deference to empty heads, and full paunches, as old Kaberdar to cows and oxen.— [*Shrugging up his shoulders.*] He is my superior—he often winks when I am filling my pockets ; and so let us be alert and do him some service. [*Creeeps to Sir John's door, and lays his ear to the key-hole.*] I hear a great noise at a distance, like hail beating upon a decayed roof.—No, no, it is the voice of our mistress.—These damned Canary birds cry so loud, that one cannot make out one syllable plainly.—Quickly, quickly. [*Runs over to Kaberdar's door.*] Here all is silent as the grave.—No : Gurli hums a song.—Her singing may be exceedingly good, but it does not satisfy my curiosity. [*Runs back to the other door.*] Here all is now quiet as a mouse.—Now Miss Liddy begins to speak.—Now the devil has stirred up these damned Canary birds again—I cannot endure the vermin : as soon as she speaks one word aloud, then they all cry along with her. [*Runs back to the other side, but has scarcely laid his ear to the key-hole, when Musaffery opens the door ; and in coming out almost runs him down.*]

SCENE IX.

MUSAFFERY and the TIDEWAITER.

Musaffery. (*Always very bluntly and drily*) What dost thou want good friend ? To whom is thy visit ? To me ?

Tidewaiter. Not properly.

Musaffery. Or to my master ?

Tidewaiter. That too, is what I would not assert.

Musaffery. Or to my master's daughter ?

Tidewaiter. If I said so, I should tell a lie.

Musaffery. Then it was to the wooden door : for in this apartment, there are but three persons : my master, my master's daughter, and I.

Tidewater. [*Recovering gradually from his confusion.*] My real design was to wish you in all haste a good morning.

Musaffery. Good morrow.

Tidewater. And to inform myself with all precipitation of your welfare.

Musaffery. Thanks.

Tidewater. Quite well ?

Musaffery. Quite.

Tidewater. Soul and body ?

Musaffery. Soul and body.

Tidewater. Understand me right, my most worthy friend : one may be in perfect health, but what, for example, avails an inclination to sleep, if the care of providing sustenance press upon the heart with the weight of a millstone ? What avails the keenest appetite, to the poor devil who has nothing to eat ? but neither of these is your case.

Musaffery. No.

Tidewater. You have more than you require ?

Musaffery. Oh, yes.

Tidewater. Your master is very rich ?

Musaffery. Brama has been very liberal to him.

Tidewater. [*With great curiosity.*] Brama ! Who is that good gentleman ? I never remember to have heard him named. Is he so liberal ?

Musaffery. Brama is liberal to all good men.

Tidewater. Indeed ! Where then does Mr. Brama live ? That I may hasten to him with all precipitation.

Musaffery. He lives on the banks of the Ganges.

Tidewater. That is too far for me. Your master is probably a relation of his ?

Musaffery. My master is descended from his shoulder.

Tidewater. A very curious sort of relationship.

SCENE X.

KABERDAR, MUSAFFERY, and the OFFICER.

Kaberdar. [To the Officer somewhat roughly.] What is your demand ?

Tidewaiter. Nothing in the world, most venerable sir. I was passing here in haste, and came up with precipitation to inform myself of the welfare of Mr. Musaffery.

Musaffery. [Very drily.] He had laid his ear close to the door, in order to hear about my welfare.

Kaberdar. Perhaps you take me, or my daughter, or my old friend Musaffery, for contraband goods ?

Tidewaiter. Good now, most venerable sir, if you would not in all haste take it ill of me, I would say, that it is almost the case : for we know not exactly who you are ? what are you ? whence you are ? why you are here ? In short, you possess in a great degree, all the qualities of a contraband commodity.

Kaberdar. Had I gone to Spain, I should have taken this speech for the speech of one of the ministers of the inquisition ! but in England I know my rights.—Pack off to the door.

Tidewaiter. Ay, ay, most worthy sir ! by what right ?

Kaberdar. This apartment I have rented with my own money.

Tidewaiter. But this hall is common property. I may as often, as quickly, and as speedily as I chuse, come hither to meet my most worthy principal, Mr. Samuel Smith, surveyor of the customs ; and talk, and speak, and consider, and report, and hear, and ask, and answer, and advise ; and no person in the world can hinder me, even were he ten times more nearly related than you are to Mr. Brama.

Kaberdar. Be gone, if you do not wish to be turned out.

Tidewaiter. [Retreating gradually to the door.] How ! what ! turn me out ! Me, who am by far the alertest, the busiest, and most active man in the whole city ! A man who has sa-

crificed his restless life to haste and expedition, for the service of old England! and such a man to be turned out! What do you mean by turning out? whether do you mean to turn me, sir?

Kaberdar. Either out at the door, or the window [*Pulling his watch out of his pocket.*] and that before three minutes are elapsed.

Tidewater. Hem, hem, in the greatest precipitation;—what a pity, that the duties of my occupation, that business of importance, and indispensable avocations, should require my presence in all haste; and prevent me from profiting by your kind offer; else we should see Mr. Brama's relation; else we should see—[*Kaberdar going up to him, the Tidewater takes to his heels.*]

SCENE XI.

KABERDAR and MUSAFFERY.

Musaffery. Thou, once the governor over thousands!—Fruitful tree, under whose shadow the tribes of India pitched their tents; what is become of thee? Does a miserable mortal of the race of *Schutre* venture now to insult thee? alas, alas!

Kaberdar. Insult me? thou art mistaken, good Musaffery. Dost thou perceive indignation or anger upon my brow?

Musaffery. Because impotent anger does not become thee. Thou art no longer Nabob of Mysore.—Ah!

Kaberdar. Always the old tale again. No, I am no longer Nabob of Mysore; nor would I wish to be so again.

Musaffery. [*Astonished.*] Thou would'st not?

Kaberdar. Say, my old faithful servant, didst thou then consider me as happy, when both French and English were soliciting my friendship and alliance? when I was entang-

led against my will, in their senseless disputes? when I now assisted the one from inclination; and now served the other by constraint? when I was every other moment in want of money, to satisfy the rapacity of my murmuring soldiers? when the court of Delhi was weaving plots against me; and I was obliged, in order to maintain my dignity, to descend with reluctance to mean artifices? armies both of Europeans and Indians were laying waste my flourishing province, and profaning sacrilegiously my holy pagods? when at last the rebellion of my brother broke out against me, and I spent so many sleepless nights, tossing on my anxious and restless couch? say, was I then happy?

Musaffery. No: but the sweet flower of hope still shed its fragrance around thee: what was lost might have been recovered.

Kaberdar. And can this no longer be the case?

Musaffery. No—unless Brama should work a miracle, thou canst never again be the Nabob of Mysore.

Kaberdar. And does Musaffery think there is no happiness for me, in this extensive and beautiful earth, without the sceptre of Mysore?

Musaffery. And what is it? art thou able to reanimate with the breath of life, the bodies of thy murdered wives and children?

Kaberdar. Alas! no.

Musaffery. Art thou even able to find their bodies, that thou mightest sacrifice a cow decked with garlands at their graves?

Kaberdar. Ah, no! woe, woe, upon my brother's head! not one son has he left me;—perhaps he destroys under nameless tortures, all the miserable branches of my race! or still more barbarous than death, deprives my valiant sons of their sight! away, away, let me draw a veil over this horrid picture of my fancy—the sun set on that day; and here I stand awaiting its arising.

Musaffery. For us it will never arise again——

Kaberdar. Why not ? if not on the banks of the Ganges ; why not on the banks of the Thames ? I have indeed lost much : but still much remains for me to gain.—Repose and contentment, were not the ornaments of the royal turban of Mysore ; for these are jewels which the justice of the Gods has not reserved for the race of the Rajahs. I now follow, at your invitation, ye sweet pleasures of unenvied mediocrity : to you I now willingly descend ; or to speak more properly, ascend. Am I either old or impotent ? May I not still be the father of sons, to constitute the joys of my future days ? Faithful Musaffery, I will take a wife ; I will purchase more property with the treasures I have saved ; and exchange with pleasure, that throne, where ten thousand mutinous slaves paid me homage, for the calm and unenvied lordship over a hundred peaceful Europeans.

Musaffery. Take a wife ? Where wilt thou find in England a wife descended from thy race ?

Kaberdar. Miserable prejudice ! my country has renounced me ; and I am therefore released from an observation of its customs. Mine eyes have chosen ; my heart is in unison, and waits only for the consent of my reason.—Miss Liddy : [*With animation.*] her glance is a sunbeam, upon which the souls enter into Wischenu's paradise ! The mild wisdom of the goddess Sawasuadi rests at all times upon her lips ; and virtue created from the right breast of the god of gods, has fixed her dearest throne within her heart ! Oh, Mamnaddin, god of love, creep thou also into it.

Musaffery. Thou art bewitched ! but have a care ; thy heart is now turned a boy, and will wantonly run away from thy reason, which creeps after him in the shape of an old man !

Kaberdar. Right, old friend ; we will do nothing rashly. With thy unimpassioned looks will I spy, and with thy cold caution will I prove—but how ? If the event should accord with the wishes of my heart, wilt thou then consider me again as happy ?

Musaffery. [After a pause.] No. Ah! there, where the Ganges serpentises through flourishing fields of rice; there alone dwells happiness. Here, in a foreign land, where I never meet with a single person to whom I can say, "Dost thou still remember, twenty years ago, that day when we were so happy together?" Here, where nobody speaks my language, and nobody worships my gods:—alas! alas!

Kaberdar. And dost thou know, Musaffery, that thou hast often afflicted me by these unavailing complaints of thine, whose inexhaustible fountain breaks forth continually? Dost thou repent of having shown so much love and fidelity to me? Dost thou repent being the only one who did not abandon his master, when the lightnings of adversity hissed around him? [Seizing his hand.] I cannot indeed recompense thee as I ought—love is the only return for love! In my heart alone thou must seek for thy reward.

Musaffery. And there I have richly found it.—Pardon, I beseech thee, my indiscreet complaint.—No, I will not part with thee till death.

Kaberdar. Hush! hush! I hear Gurli coming.

SCENE XII.

GURLI, KABERDAR, and MUSAFFERY.

Gurli. [Yawning.] Father, the time hangs heavy on Gurli.

Kaberdar. Have I not pointed out to thee many ways, by which thou may'st lessen the tediousness of time? sewing—embroidering—reading.

Gurli. Yes, father, Gurli does these things—but Gurli is so awkward, that she mars every thing. When I sew, my thread cracks; and next minute my needle breaks:—when I embroider, I drop the bodkin; and whenever I read, I fall asleep.

Kaberdar. Well then, kill the time in prattle.

Gurli. Prattle ! with whom should Gurli prattle ? My father is seldom at home : Musaffery is dumb : the old nasty mother yonder is always scolding : Samuel is a fool : and Liddy —

Kaberdar. [*Hastily interrupting her.*] Well Liddy—

Gurli. Ah ! I love Liddy, as if she were my sister. She is so good, so very good—she is much better than Gurli—but she dares not talk much with Gurli.

Kaberdar. Why not ?

Gurli. That nasty woman, the mother, has forbidden her : but though Gurli could be all day beside Liddy—still Gurli would want something.

Kaberdar. What then ?

Gurli. That Gurli knows not herself.

Kaberdar. You may describe it at least.

Gurli. Father, it is not, it cannot be described. I think sometimes I want a parrot or a cat.

Kaberdar. Thou hast both of them already.

Gurli. Gurli has indeed both ; and yet a longing often seizes me : then I take up first the cat, and then the parrot, and kiss them by turns, and press them to my breast, and am so fond of them—and yet I feel always as if I still wanted something :—my father must purchase another cat for Gurli.

Kaberdar. [*Smiling.*] Indeed !

Gurli. Then I went yesterday to walk in the little wood, which the people call the park ; there a bird sung so sweetly, so touchingly—only think, father—Gurli was obliged to weep at it :—I felt so sorrowful, so afflicted : it rose and fell so strangely here ; I felt so warm, and looked always around, as if I had been looking for something ; and at last—at last, I could not help plucking a rose, and kissing it a thousand, and a thousand times, and wetting it all with my foolish tears. This was very droll, was it not, father ?

Kaberdar. Very.

Gurli. My father must buy such a bird for his Gurli.

Kaberdar. Yes, indeed.

Gurli. Ah ! Gurli knows not herself rightly what is the matter with her.

Kaberdar. Be easy ; thy father has more experience : he sees already where this will end :—but let us talk of something else. Hast thou reflected on the proposal which I made to thee lately ?

Gurli. Thou knowest very well, father, that Gurli is not much given to reflection. But, if my father thinks it proper, then Gurli will marry.

Kaberdar. Yes, Gurli, thy father is of opinion, that the sooner Gurli takes a husband, the better. Hast thou met with nobody, that has pleased thee particularly ?

Gurli. No : There is that Samuel, he is always prattling and chattering about his love ; and yet his love is not of my liking. But why then must it be a man ? I will marry his sister Liddy —

Kaberdar. [*With astonishment.*] Whom ? his sister ?

Gurli. Yes.

Kaberdar. Liddy ?

Gurli. Yes, yes.

Kaberdar. But she is a woman.

Gurli. Well, what's the matter !

Kaberdar. [*Smiling.*] No, Gurli, that won't do ; that is not permitted by Brama.—Thou art a girl, and must marry a man—Liddy is a girl too, and must also marry a man.

Gurli. Well then, I will marry Musaffery.

Musaffery. [*Who had till now stood sunk in deep meditation on the subject of his late conversation, comes to himself, and answers in some confusion, but with his accustomed dryness.*] Me ! fair Gurli ! that won't do !

Gurli. Won't do, again ! why not—thou art a man surely ?

Musaffery. I am so.

Gurli. Well then ?

Musaffery. I am an old man.

Gurli. What matters that ?

Musaffery. Fair Gurli, an old man must not marry a young girl.

Gurli. Why not ?

Musaffery. Because that would be most unmerciful, burying a rose bud in the midst of the snow.—

L. Smith. [*Within.*] You think, let me tell you, very ignobly.—Because you have been a fishmonger yourself, you would have your children to be so too.

Kaberdar. God protect us ! the dragon approaches.—I am so fond of this hall [*pointing to the window.*] I like the view of the open sea ; but this evil spirit always drives me back to my solitary apartments—come away.

Gurli. Father, Gurli will stay here : Gurli will laugh at the old woman.

Kaberdar. As thou wilt : but she is inquisitive.—Do not discover to her the secret of our rank : I wish neither to be an object of curiosity, nor compassion.

[*Exit with Musaffery into his apartment.*]

Gurli. Ah, no ! Gurli likes only to hear the old woman ; she talks such a deal of stupid stuff.

SCENE XIII.

LADY SMITH and GURLI.

L. Smith. [*Still roaring to somebody behind while she enters.*] What is the gout ? A noble spirit scorns the gout, and despises the palsy : though all my ancestors, in their twenty-fifth year, were always sure of having the gout ; none of them ever behaved like you.—[*Perceiving Gurli.*] Ah ! Miss Gurli. [*Making her a low curtsey, Gurli laughing in her face.*] Well, upon my honor, such impertinence I have never met with.

Gurli. Be not offended, old motherkin.

L. Smith. Old motherkin ! Better and better !

Gurli. Gurli is very fond of laughing : thou must not take it ill of Gurli.

L. Smith. Always *thou* at every word. My God ! how, and where can this *paovre creature* have had her first education ?

Gurli. Can'st thou not then suffer the *thou* ? Well, then, I will call thee, *you*.

L. Smith. Call me whatever you please. A woman of a family such as mine, is beyond the reach of every affront.

Gurli. Of what family art *you* then ?

L. Smith. Of the Quirliquitsch Family.

Gurli. Ay ! Gurli never heard it mentioned—it must be a new family.

L. Smith. [*With contempt.*] New ! my good Miss Gurli. Run over, whole centuries in your thoughts, and still you will not be at the root of it. I know not indeed, where you could have an opportunity of getting acquainted with old families.

Gurli. I ! I myself am descended from one of the oldest families in the world.

L. Smith. [*With contempt.*] You ! Ha, ha, ha !

Gurli. Yes, yes, I.—Gurli is of the family of the Rajahs.

L. Smith. [*Tossing up her nose.*] Rajah ! Rajah ! I will, for my amusement, as soon as I come home, turn over Rупner's book of heraldry, and see whether these Lords of Rajah ever have existed—the family is totally unknown to me.

Gurli. The family of the Rajahs is many thousand years old.

L. Smith. Many thousand years ! Ha, ha, ha ! My good child, you have forgotten that the world itself is only 1789 years old.—Ha, ha, ha ! I have always thought you a little silly ; but I now find that you are perfectly crazy. [*Makes her another low, but disdainful curtsy, and then exit by the middle door.*]

SCENE XIV.

GURLI *alone.*

Ha, ha, ha! the old foolish Beldame! How she bends and distorts her body, and looks as bold as a Bayadere.— Hold, Gurli must ape her, for a little pastime. [*Steps to the glass, and practises curtsies.*] Oh! one might die laughing at this. Gurli must let her father see it.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

KABERDAR *alone.*

My feet carry me always involuntarily towards this hall; and when I am here, my eyes fix involuntarily upon that door. I must unload my heart, for the burden oppresses me. But alas! alas! if the experiment should fail. Bethink thyself, Kaberdar, that thou art not in India, where thou could'st lock thy wife up if she ventured to vex thee; and where she durst never, without thy permission, have presumed to swallow her dinner beside thee. Thou art in Europe, where the women are not degraded into puppets; where they are allowed to have a will of their own, and may think for themselves, provided they are able. To this girl, however, has been liberally given by the gods, a body, and by virtue a soul. But hold! I am getting into raptures again. Do I then know her? Have I observed her for a sufficient length of time? Is not her mother one of those women, who are educated by Nivudi, the king of the Devils? And do roses ever grow upon a nettle? Musaffery is in the right. Her mild eye may be deceitful: I must endeavour to get a peep at her heart.

SCENE II.

KABERDAR and TOM, with the ruffles in his hand.

Tom. I will run about no longer, to wear the soles off my shoes. This has been an unlucky day. I shall not get quit of these cursed things to-day. [*Perceiving Kaberdar.*] One trial more. Noble Sir, do you want any ruffles?

Kaberdar. No.

Tom. Sewed by fair hands.

Kaberdar. I don't want them.

Tom. Very cheap, three crowns a pair.

Kaberdar. Let me alone : I wear no ruffles.

Tom. [*Throwing down the ruffles reluctantly on the table.*] Well then, let any one wear them that chuses. [*About to go.*] You stay here : give them back to Miss Liddy, when she comes.

Kaberdar. Miss Liddy ! Stop : what has Miss Liddy to do with thy ruffles ?

Tom. They belong to her.

Kaberdar. [*With astonishment.*] To her ?

Tom. [*Coming back.*] Yes, Sir, they are of her making. Look at them only : are they not handsome ? Buy them ! Cheap, very cheap ; only three crowns ; and if you will not betray me, then you shall know that the pretty young lady wrought five nights upon them.

Kaberdar. Why then does she wish to sell them ?

Tom. Ah, noble Sir, you ask strange questions ; why, but because she has no money.

Kaberdar. [*Feeling quickly for his pocket.*] How dear did'st thou say ?

Tom. Three crowns, noble Sir ; for which you shall have a pair of ruffles, such as none but the Prince of Wales can parallel ; and, over and above, you shall have a blessing to the bargain.

Kaberdar. Here are three guineas.

Tom. Three crowns, noble Sir !

Kaberdar. Three guineas, I tell you : carry them to Miss Liddy. And here is a crown to thyself upon this condition, that thou shalt not blab out the purchaser of the ruffles. If she asks, you may tell her, that you sold them upon Change to a foreign gentleman, whom you saw for the first time in your life.

Tom. [*Looking at the money on both sides with great pleasure.*] I understand you, noble Sir, I understand, and thank you.

Kaberdar. [*Aside.*] This is noble of the girl, that she is not ashamed to work for her daily bread ! this is noble !

Tom. I never saw so much money at once in my life. Farewel, noble Sir. May God reward you.

Kaberdar. Whither art thou going ?

Tom. Out.

Kaberdar. But the money ?

Tom. I have it in my pocket.

Kaberdar. And will you not carry it to Miss Liddy ?

Tom. No, noble Sir. Miss Liddy commanded me to bring a pound of tobacco from neighbour Williams, and a pot of porter from the nearest tavern.

Kaberdar. What ! does Miss Liddy smoke ?

Tom. Lord ! no Sir, I suppose it is for her father. The poor old man wishes sometimes to indulge himself a little ; but his wife and son will not give him any thing.

Kaberdar. [*Aside.*] Excellent girl ! excellent girl ! [*to Tom.*] Go now ; go. [*exit Tom.*] This is decisive. Such a heart must command happiness ; were she even not beautiful, filial love would lend her celestial charms. At present she is poor ; and yet she grudges not to labour five whole nights for her father. I am determined.

SCENE III.

LIDDY and KABERDAR.

Kaberdar. [*Perceiving Liddy.*] Ah! she herself! Good morning Miss.

Liddy. [*Passing him with a curtsey.*] Good morning, Sir. [*Goes to the door, looks out, comes back, steps to the window, and seems to look on all sides for something.*]

Kaberdar. Miss Liddy probably expects somebody.

Liddy. [*Turning about.*] Yes, Sir, a boy, to whom I had given a small commission. I thought a minute ago, that I saw him come into the house here: I must however have been mistaken. [*She suddenly spies her ruffles in Kaberdar's hand, and draws back a little.*]

Kaberdar. [*Seeming not to observe it.*] There was a boy here; but most probably not the one that Miss Liddy expected. Look, Miss, I have just now bought a pair of ruffles. We men, are commonly cheated in such commodities. What think you of them?

Liddy. [*In confusion.*] They are very pretty.

Kaberdar. What would you value them at?

Liddy. They will always be worth a couple of crowns.

Kaberdar. Yes, Miss, they are worth crowns to any one who had them to place upon the head of that excellent young woman. These ruffles, Miss, if the boy tells me true, were wrought by the fingers of an affectionate daughter, at the expense of her nightly rest, to procure some refreshment for her sick father.

Liddy. [*In great confusion.*] So!

Kaberdar. How much do you now think that these ruffles are worth?

Liddy. As much as the performance of the duty of a child.

Kaberdar. Miss Liddy [*Seizing her hand.*] I am an honest man. Will you marry me?

Liddy. [*With great surprise.*] Sir! My God!

Kaberdar. [*Letting go her hand, in a gentle tone.*] Recover yourself: Why are you terrified? I wished not to terrify you. Perhaps your heart is engaged already. Speak frankly. I shall be sorry for it; but I shall still be your friend. Indeed, indeed, I will still be your friend.

Liddy. [*Not knowing what to say.*] Sir, I have a father and a mother.

Kaberdar. First with you, and then with your father.—Dear Liddy, I have put you in perplexity; and that was what I did not wish to do. Suppose only, that two friends wished to concert about taking a journey together; the one asks, and the other answers: hast thou room for me too? Art thou neither peevish nor capricious? Art thou not apt to lose thy temper, whenever it happens to rain or thunder? Wilt thou not, till the end of our journey, wish for any other companion?—You know me, Miss. You have observed my behaviour and my manners. I am the same to-day that I was yesterday; and what I was yesterday, I shall be to-morrow.

Liddy. But I, sir, cannot be so. The few charms, which, perhaps, you may look upon with pleasure to-day, may not improbably be withered by to-morrow.

Kaberdar. The hand, Miss, that sewed these ruffles, will be still worth kissing, even at the time when it is meagre and wrinkled, and scarcely able to hold a crutch.

Liddy. You have not yet been long enough acquainted with me; and, permit me to make use of the same frank and honest language with yourself. I, too, have not been long enough acquainted with you.

Kaberdar. Well, then, put me to the trial; observe me as long and as often as you please; I will not shrink from the observation of virtue.

Liddy. In the first place, I do not yet know who you are?

Kaberdar. I thank you, Miss, for deigning to enquire. Such condescension proves at least that your answer to my declaration is yet doubtful. You shall be told immediately

who I am. Not a heart in England has yet participated with me in the secret of my rank and sufferings. I was born on the banks of the Ganges, and in the bosom of felicity; brought up by my uncle the sovereign of Mysore, a man of honor, whose throne and whose enemies I fell heir to. I was then scarcely sixteen years of age. They gave me wives, because custom would have it so; and by the time I was twenty, I saw myself already the father of five sons and a daughter. I was happy, for I was beloved by my people, and esteemed both by the French and English; and dreaded by all my enemies and neighbours; peace reigned in my kingdom and in my palace. I was happy then—thanks be to Providence. Man is ever blind to futurity. That I was cherishing serpents in my bosom; that my own brothers were conspiring against my crown and my life; and scattering the seeds of rebellion among my subjects, was never once suspected by my credulous heart. At last the conspiracy broke out; the sceptre of Mysore was torn in one unhappy night from my hand; and also, my wives and my sons became the prey of the sanguinary victor. Only I with my daughter, and an old faithful servant, were so fortunate, after a thousand dangers, to reach at last the sea-coast. There lay two English ships just ready to set sail; one of which received us, weighed anchor, and brought us to Liddy's native land. If Liddy will restore to me what I have lost, then shall this be the last sigh which I will ever send after the happiness that is gone.

Liddy. [*Holding down her head after a pause.*] You are not then a Christian?

Kaberdar. [*Starting after a pause.*] There is but one path to Heaven, the path of virtue.

Liddy. But this path leads through the Christian church.

Kaberdar. Our Bramins say, through the pagods: but be that as it may, when led by your hand, I shall never be in danger of departing from it. Well, Miss, any more objections? I will readily hear them, and as readily answer them.

Liddy. [*Still with maiden bashfulness.*] Your wives, you said, became a prey to the conqueror; they are then dead?

Kaberdar. In all probability.

Liddy. You have no certain intelligence of it?

Kaberdar. No.

Liddy. But should they yet live?

Kaberdar. If it were so, they are dead to me.

Liddy. How? they may —

Kaberdar. Dear Liddy, do not judge of me by the maxims of Europe. My wives were only my slaves, whom I could turn off whenever I had a mind. But even, upon the supposition that I loved them as well—as I love you—what would my love and fidelity avail them, at the distance of so many thousand miles?—To me, my native country is lost for ever: I shall never again wander in the fertile fields of India.

Liddy. Do you know, sir, what conclusion I might easily draw from this assertion of your's?

Kaberdar. Well?

Liddy. If you should ever leave England, you might again marry some other girl, under the pretence that your love and fidelity could be no longer of advantage to me.

Kaberdar. You are right, Miss; but you forget one circumstance. I will swear eternal constancy to you; nor will I ever quit England again.

Liddy. What will hinder you?

Kaberdar. Love.

Liddy. Oh! the poor feeble child!

Kaberdar. In our religion, that child is a god.

Liddy. You speak well, but you have not convinced me.

Kaberdar. I could wish you to draw that conviction only from the bottom of my heart.

Liddy. Can this eye penetrate so far?

Kaberdar. It swims in every one of my glances.—Well, then, perhaps adventitious circumstances may be more effectual in persuading you to believe, that my resolution to

remain in England, is my serious, unalterable intention.—All that I was able, at that unlucky moment, to save out of my royal treasures, were my diamonds—only baubles to a prince; but a considerable treasure to a private man. These I have turned into money, and purchased English estates with it.—Do you know Roger's-hall?

Liddy. Roger's-hall was one of my favorite rides [*With a half sigh.*] when we had horses and a carriage.

Kaberdar. It will only depend upon yourself in future, to stay there as often and as long as you please. You are henceforth unlimited mistress of Roger's-hall; I make it over to you for a jointure-house.

Liddy. No Sir, I meant it not so.—Provided even that matters between us should go much farther than they have at present; you never should persuade me to do injury to your daughter.

Kaberdar. Set your mind at ease upon that subject: my daughter will still have a considerable fortune. I am not ignorant of the duties of a father; but I know also what I owe to myself.—Well, Miss, have I now removed all your objections? May I now venture to place before your eyes a picture of the happiness of a private life, with the full enjoyment of every domestic pleasure? In such a charming place as Roger's-hall; by the side of your husband, who, if he cannot look for your love, may at least reckon upon your friendship and attachment; by the side of my good, lively Gurli; [*Casting down his eyes.*] in the circle of your children; and what you will perhaps value more than all, in the arms of your old father, whom I will take care of; whose latter days you will have the pleasure of sweetening; and who will renew his age at the sight of our happiness.—[*Breaks off abruptly, and looks at her steadily.*]

Liddy. [*In great emotion: tears stand in her eyes, she turns away from Kaberdar; clasps her hands; looks up to Heaven, and continues some moments in that attitude. Afterwards she turns to him, gives him her hand, and says*] Well then——

Kaberdar. [Seizing her hand with transport, puts his arm about her neck, and kisses her.] Best of daughters! Heaven bless our union! It was concluded with a faithful and honest heart.

Liddy. It was so, indeed.

Kaberdar. [Putting his ring on her hand.] Farewel, dear Liddy—soon, very soon, my dear wife—my heart overflows with joy—I must seek out my old comrade Musaffery. He shared with me the burden of affliction; to-day he must drink with me from the cup of joy—farewel—these ruffles I will wear on my wedding day. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

LIDDY *alone.*

Thus have I offered myself as a sacrifice upon the altar of filial love: but can I so soon forget poor Fazir? [wiping her eyes.] Yes, Liddy may give one tear to Fazir; let this one, however, be the last. Fie, fie, no romantic weakness—Kaberdar is a generous man—to reject him for the sake of a youth, whose heart I know only from his eyes, would be as absurd, as in the voyage of life, to part with my compass, in exchange for a butterfly.—Among all the follies which a young woman commits, her first love is always one of the greatest.

SCENE V.

LIDDY and SAMUEL, *returning home.*

Liddy. Dear brother, you must wish me joy.

Samuel. Query: wherefore?

Liddy. Answer: I am a bride.

Samuel. Thou!

Liddy. Yes, yes, I.—If you will not give credit to my words, believe at least your own eyes. [Holds the ring before his face.]

Samuel. [*Seizing her hand with great eagerness.*] Deuce take it : let us see—to judge from this ring, your bridegroom must be first lord of the treasury.—The ring, sister, is devilishly pretty : I must absolutely kiss your hand.

Liddy. Well, it will be the first time in your life—Mark the effect of a pretty ring.

Samuel. But are you perfectly convinced, that your bridegroom did not—that this ring—

Liddy. You mean, I suppose, that he did not steal it ? the ring seems to be nearer your heart ; much nearer, than the bridegroom himself—you have not yet once asked his name.

Samuel. It is impossible that his name can be of so much value as this ring. But I will now ask you what name he goes by ? answer.

Liddy. Kaberdar.

Samuel. [*Eagerly.*] Gurli's father !

Liddy. Answer : yes.

Samuel. The fool ; whose only endeavour should be directed to procure a prudent and rational husband, for his giddy capricious daughter.

Liddy. In the first place, in the name of my future spouse, I prohibit all such titles of honor ; and in the second place, as to what concerns your benevolent anxiety for Gurli, you have only to speak a good word to her step mother, if you should incline to make any advances.

Samuel. Ah ! I shall incline to make no advances, till matters be first fully investigated—

Liddy. I have no patience with thy eternal precautions ; the girl is good, handsome, and rich : what would you have more ?—if you were only worthy of her.

Samuel. Good ? this query at the first, must of necessity remain unanswered.—Handsome ? answer : yes.—Rich ? there I must naturally ask : how came you to know that ? answer.

Liddy. Troublesome man ! I know it from his own confession, and from the generosity of his behaviour to me.—

Apropos. Thou art a lover of hunting : next autumn, you may course hares, at my house of Roger's-hall.

Samuel. At your house of Roger's-hall !

Liddy. Which, brother, is much at your service. Let this be a proof to you of Kaberdar's riches. He who makes over to his future wife, such an estate for her jointure-house, will not undoubtedly leave his daughter, without giving her something for her portion.

Samuel. Well, then, now we have it.—I go up and down with the greatest caution ; collect every where authentic information, stand perpetually on my guard, endeavour to secure myself on all sides, screen myself here, and screen myself there—come home and find my improvident sister, who exposes herself, like a goose, to the penetration of every one—legal possessor, and lady of Roger's-hall. Now I would naturally ask ; tell me, fortune, is this justice ?

Liddy. Oh ! thou peevish man. Kaberdar has brought with him such a treasure in diamonds, that Roger's-hall in comparison is only a pebble.

Samuel. This asseveration, if it be confirmed by a nearer and closer investigation of the matter, may lend Gurli new charms.

Liddy. Surely brother, we shall be so happy in restoring opulence into the house of our poor parents ! How will brother Robert rejoice, when he returns from the West-Indies to-day or to-morrow !

Samuel. Not quite so hasty, sister ; we are not yet come so far.

Liddy. Not you indeed—if Gurli should reject you——

Samuel. [*With scorn.*] Reject me ! Hum—well might I ask, is Liddy in her senses ? answer : scarcely.

Liddy. Hist ; she comes. Now you may venture to make immediately an attack upon her heart—shall I assist you ?

Samuel. I have no occasion for auxiliary troops.

SCENE VI.

GURLI, LIDDY, and SAMUEL.

Gurli. My father says that my dear Liddy wishes to speak with Gurli—good morning dear Liddy. [*Kisses her.*]

Liddy. Did your father say nothing else ?

Gurli. Nothing at all.

Liddy. Nothing about my brother ?

Gurli. About that foolish man there ! not a syllable.—Had he told me that your brother was here too, then Gurli would not have come hither.

Samuel. Ay, ay ! query, wherefore ? answer.

Gurli. Let me alone : Gurli wishes to prattle with Liddy.

Liddy. [*To Samuel.*] Shall the auxiliary troops be drawn out ?

Samuel. But with caution.

Liddy. [*To Gurli.*] Your father says you wish to be married.

Samuel. My God ! You are by far too precipitate.

Gurli. [*Yawning.*] Yes, I will marry.

Liddy. Whom then ?

Samuel. Ay, ay ! whom then ? answer.

Gurli. Ah ! dear Liddy ! that Gurli knows not yet. Believe me, it is a very stupid business—my father thinks yes, and Gurli thinks yes too ; but it seems to me, as if Gurli wanted to pluck a pisang fruit ; and there grows not a pisang in all England. What then avails the desire of Gurli, or even her father's wishes and commands ? Gurli wanted to marry Liddy ; but her father says, that will not do—Gurli wanted to marry Musaffery ; but Musaffery says, that it will not do.

Liddy. Musaffery is too old for you.

Gurli. Yes, yes, he says so himself.

Liddy. But there are enough of young active fellows in the world. [*Samuel endeavoring to show himself to the best advantage.*]

Gurli. Yes, dear Liddy : there is another awkward circumstance, my father says that when one is married, it is

then their duty to stay with their husband. For example, if my husband stays in Bengal, and my father in the Maratta country, then must Gurli stay in Bengal with her husband.

Liddy. Certainly.

Gurli. No, that can never do—Gurli loves her father so dearly. [*Weeping.*] No, Gurli cannot leave her father—Gurli will rather not marry at all.

Liddy. Charming girl !

Samuel. But here a question naturally arises ; if a prudent, reasonable husband could be found, who would be willing to live with your father, in one town, or in one country ?—

Gurli. Ha, ha, ha ! yes, that would be charming.

Samuel. What think you then, Miss, could you, for example, be persuaded to love and to marry me ?

Gurli. To love you ? no.—But I will readily marry you, if it will be doing any pleasure to Liddy.

Liddy. Wonderful creature ! will you then marry without loving ?

Gurli. Why not ? is love a necessary ingredient in marriage.

Liddy. I think, at least, that esteem is.

Gurli. I must tell thee plainly, dear Liddy, that Gurli does not yet know properly, what sort of a thing marriage is.

Samuel. That is a matter easily found out. I shall afterwards have an opportunity of giving you some information upon that subject. Before hand, every thing depends upon a plain and explicit answer to my question : will you marry me, Miss ?

Gurli. [*To Liddy.*] Dost thou wish it so ?

Liddy. Why—surely—it is my brother.

Gurli. Then—I will marry thee, foolish man : but it is only upon this condition, that thou must always stay where my father stays.

Samuel. [*Aside.*] Shall I then promise this ? why not ? before hand one may agree boldly to every condition. [*Aloud.*] The love, by which thou, charming creature, art soon to be

united to Mr. Samuel Smith, is more powerful than filial tenderness. There remains only one question to be answered : when shall our wedding be, fair Gurli ?

Gurli. When thou wilt—[*to Liddy.*] Would it please thee if it were to be soon ?

Liddy. I should be very happy.

Gurli. Well then I will marry thee immediately.

Samuel. [*Astonished.*] Immediately ! no, for that I am nowise prepared—[*to Liddy.*] The good girl easily takes fire ; but we must go cautiously to work.

Liddy. I should have thought, brother, that for this time at least, you might have kept your caution to yourself, and taken her at her word, before she had leisure to form another opinion upon the subject.

Samuel. All that I can possibly do, is as follows : I will go to one notary, and then to another ; and appoint them both to come hither this afternoon.

Liddy. Both ! why then must there be two ?

Samuel. One of them might turn sick, or break a leg, or drink too much at dinner, or some other obstacle occur. [*Liddy laughs.*] Laugh as you please ; I have only one question to ask : can such matters be too prudently managed ? answer : no. I shall go, and appoint them both, cause them both to draw up a contract, compare them both, correct them both, and chuse with proper caution one from them both. In the mean while, fair bride ! I will beg for a kiss.—

Gurli. Fie !

Samuel. [*Surprised.*] How !

Gurli. [*To Liddy.*] Must I kiss him ?

Liddy. Surely you must.

Gurli. Well then. [*Kisses him, wipes her mouth, and calls after him.*] Remember, I tell thee, if the notaries are handsomer than thee, I will then marry them, and not thee.

[*Exit Samuel.*]

SCENE VII.

LIDDY and GURLI.

Liddy. Now, dear Gurli, whether would thou like better to be my sister, or my daughter ?

Gurli. Gurli understands thee not.

Liddy. If you marry my brother, then are we sisters.

Gurli. Right. Gurli rejoices at it.

Liddy. But supposing Liddy were to marry thy father, then would Gurli be Liddy's daughter.

Gurli. [*Looking for some moments doubtfully in her face.*] Liddy jokes.

Liddy. Who knows but I might perhaps be in earnest, if I could only find out who your father really is ? What think you ? You may perhaps be able to give me some light.

Gurli. Hush—Gurli dare not tell.

Liddy. Why not ? only to me.

Gurli. Not to my parrot ; not to my kitten ; not even to the rosebush in my chamber.

Liddy. But the cause ?

Gurli. My father forbade me.

Liddy. Do you hold your father's prohibition so sacred ?

Gurli. He never forbade me any thing else in his life—this is the very first time.

Liddy. [*Embracing her with emotion.*] Excellent girl !

Gurli. Foolish Liddy !

Liddy. Since you are so very mysterious, I must call my guardian angel to my assistance.

Gurli. [*Eagerly.*] Thy guardian angel ! Hast thou one ? Ah, Liddy, I am so vexed.

Liddy. Be easy ; he is the friend of all good men.

Gurli. Is he so ? But is Gurli sufficiently good ?

Liddy. Yes, yes, Gurli is sufficiently good.

Gurli. Well, what says thy guardian angel ?

Liddy. [*Seeming to listen to something.*] He says that thy father was once Nabob of Mysore.

Gurli. [*Creeching close to Liddy with apparent terror.*] Ah, Liddy ! he is very right.

Liddy. [*As before.*] He says, Gurli will tell me of the rest.

Gurli. Says he so ! Then Gurli must tell it.

Liddy. But without dread, dear girl.

Gurli. Send him away, then.

Liddy. [*Making a motion with her hand.*] He is gone.

Gurli. Are you sure ?

Liddy. Quite sure.

Gurli. But Gurli is a very poor relater ; she neither knows how to begin, nor how to end.—My father was Nabob of Mysore : he was just and good : they called him the fountain of justice ; for he punished the Derdar, as much as the water-bearer ;—with him there was no respect of caste [*Weeping.*] and yet they have driven him from his native country ; and murdered his wives and his children, and me they have suffered to live.

Liddy. Who drove him out, and for what reason ?

Gurli. See, my father has two brothers, a couple of odious ugly men.—Ha, ha, ha ! the one squints, and has a nose so long—and the other a head like a hollowed Kurbis, into which our Jugglers put their snakes—ha, ha, ha ! well, his head was full of snakes too. The wicked man !—Liddy, there are sad wicked men in the world. [*Clenching her fist, and stamping with her foot.*] If I had him here, I would fix these nails firmly enough in his bristly locks.—He wished also to be Nabob of Mysore ; and the other with the long nose too. Well, they plotted a sad villainy together, and got all the Nairs upon their side, and in one night they attacked our house. Ah ! dear Liddy, what a fright ; and a shrieking, and a wailing, and a terrible alarm. Ah ! I shudder still when I think of that night. I sprung out of bed, and was quite out of my wits—Ha, ha, ha ! my gold necklace I tied about my arm, and wrapt my apron about my head. [*Weeping.*] My poor father was obliged to fly through thick and thin in the dark night, and Gurli fled with him.

Gurli sat in a palanquin ; old Musaffery assisted to carry it ; [*Laughing.*] and, because it was a labour he had not been used to, he was falling every moment into the mire. At length we came to the sea shore. My father was calm and gloomy, and spoke not a word. [*Weeping.*] Gurli wept sadly for her poor mother, and for her poor brothers and sisters. We went on board an English ship ; the Captain was a foolish merry fellow ; [*Laughing.*] he made Gurli laugh very much. We sailed many days through the sea, and many weeks after one another ; at last Gurli began to tire ; and at last, and at last we came hither.—Now I have told you all.

Liddy. I thank you, and will immediately return your confidence ; but you have not yet answered my first question : whether you had rather be my sister or my daughter ?

Gurli. Well, Gurli would rather be thy sister.

Liddy. Why ?

Gurli. Because Gurli had a mother already—a good, good mother ! Gurli cannot wish to have a better one. But Gurli never yet had a sister.

Liddy. Well Gurli, we will live together as sisters. I am to marry your father.

Gurli. No, Liddy, jest not with Gurli.

Liddy. I do not jest. He left me just now ; and God was the witness of our mutual engagement.

Gurli. Indeed ! ha, ha, ha ! [*Leaping about, snapping her fingers, and singing to it in a tune of her own.*] That is charming ! that is charming ! how I rejoice ! Liddy, I must kiss thee ! [*Takes hold of her head with both hands, and gives her a hearty smack.*]

Liddy. Happy girl ! teach me to continue a child like thee.

Gurli. Does then my father know already, that thou art willing to marry him ?

Liddy. [*Smiling.*] Certainly he knows.

Gurli. What a pity ! I wish he had not yet known it. Gurli would have been so happy to have told him.

Liddy. But he knows not yet, that you are 'to marry my brother.

Gurli. Well, he will know that in time enough.

SCENE VIII.

JACK, LIDDY, and GURLI.

Liddy. [*As soon as she perceives him, with a cry of surprise and joy.*] Ah, Jack! where is your master?

Jack. [*Always in a frank blunt manner.*] We have just now anchored in the harbour.

Liddy. [*Beside herself.*] Gurli! Gurli! Rejoice with me! Brother Robert is come! Father! Mother! Brother Robert is come! [*Runs out.*]

Gurli. [*Jumping about.*] Charming! Charming! Brother Robert is come! Hark you! Who is Brother Robert?

Jack. Mr. Robert and Miss Liddy were both taken from one store-house—he is her brother.

Gurli. He is her brother! Charming; and Liddy is so very glad! and Gurli so glad too, whenever she sees Liddy glad. Come hither, thou dirty man; I must give thee a kiss for thy good news. * [*Kisses the astonished Boatswain, turns about, and skips into her own chamber, crying out*] Brother Robert is come! Brother Robert is come! [*Exit.*]

Jack. I'll be damn'd, if she is not wrong in the upper works! She seems not to be very deeply laden with understanding. All these smooth female faces, I value as little as a rotten rope. I wish we were at sea again. What the devil are we to do here among these cursed land rats! The old fellow is well enough—only his timbers are a little decayed. God knows how long he may be able to drive before the wind. As for the mother, she is a hurricane; never blows from one quarter, but veers about to every point in the compass.

SCENE IX.

Sir JOHN, rolled in upon his Chair by LIDDY and JACK.

S. John. Welcome ashore ! old faithful Jack.

Jack. God bless you, Sir ! how goes it ?

S. John. Not very well, dear Jack.

Jack. Ay, ay, the old Timber begins to crack. Your bowsprit, I see, is the worse for the wear.

S. John. But for this once, joy has got the better of pain. Where is my son ?

Jack. He is sailing up after me ; I think he must be here before one could reckon the cross-beams upon the mainmast.

S. John. Well, honest fellow, tell me, in the mean while somewhat about your voyage ? I will order them afterwards, to bring up for yourself and your comrades, a cask of strong beer.

Jack. Thank you Sir. We weighed anchor in fine weather, and a fair south south east wind. It shifted about once or twice, and yet (praised be God for it) we never got out of deep water.

S. John. But you have not defied wind and waves to no purpose ? Have you brought home any thing for yourselves ? Are your bags well filled ?

Jack. Lord ! No : Our bags are so empty, that one might use them instead of pendants.

S. John. Alas ! Alas ! And yet you took a fine cargo with you ?

Jack. So I think ; a fine cargo ! We might easily have made five thousand pounds of it, but I'll be damn'd if there is a shilling of it in our pockets.

S. John. Impossible ! Could Robert have squandered it all away again, unmindful of the poverty of his old father ?

Jack. Wrong not your son, sir, a nobler fellow never broke biscuit, that I'll maintain. You must know, that as we were on our return, and steering about two hundred

leagues to the westward of the Canary Islands, early one morning, we perceived at a distance something in the sea, which we were not able to make out. Soon after, we heard a couple of guns fired, and saw a piece of sailcloth flying. Holla, cried the Captain, these must certainly be signals of distress; and by my poor soul, so they were. We took in the topsail, and lay till the thing came nearer. I am but a rough fellow, sir [*Wiping his eyes.*] but I'll be damn'd if my upper bowsprit is not always wet with spray-water, whenever I think of it. A small rotten boat, and twenty-three famished men in it, who had not, for five whole days, had one morsel of biscuit between their teeth. Their ship had taken fire in the middle of the sea; they had with much labour and difficulty escaped into the boat, and were now driving at the mercy of the wind. Twenty-four hours longer, and all would have been over with the poor devils. The Captain, a fine fellow of a Dutchman, had lost every thing but his life and the honor of a sailor; and at home sat his young wife, and three small children, who had not a morsel to put into their mouths. Whenever he spoke of them, he pumped clear water from both his eyes. This my master could not stand. Comrade, said he to him, I have neither wife nor child, here are five thousand pounds, take the purse, and God bless you; and soon after he put him ashore along with his people at the first port.

S. John. Did he so? Then, for that, God will bless him: and I am glad that he has brought home nothing, and will willingly divide with him my last morsel.

Liddy. Oh, my generous, my noble brother! Did I not always tell you, father, that Robert would be the pride of your old age.

S. John. The pride and joy of my old age!

Liddy. Ah! Here he is!

SCENE X.

ROBERT, Sir JOHN, LIDDY, and JACK.

[Liddy flies into his arms.]

Robert. [Pressing her to his breast.] My good Liddy.

S. John. [Endeavouring to move forward with his chair.] Damn this gout! Help me Jack. Heyday! Rascal! Your father is here too.

Robert. [Embracing him rather roughly.] Dearest father.

S. John. Ah, woe! You Jackanapes, don't you know I have the gout? Now, now, it is over again; come, come, let this kiss, and this squeeze, be the tokens of my joy at your arrival; and this blessing [Laying his hand upon him.] the recompence of your generous action.

Robert. What action, father?

Liddy. Oh! we know all already.

Robert. [Looking displeas'd at Jack.] Has Jack been letting his tongue loose again, and blabbing old wives stories?

Jack. My God! Sir, be not offended; my mouth only got a-float.

S. John. In with ye! in with ye! jolly dogs. Your mother is within in her chamber, and at prayers. But she will surely look upon you kindly for once. [Moving forward with his chair.] Come, come, help the poor old sinner forwards.

Jack. I will take post myself in the rear. [He pushes forwards.]

[Exeunt all three.]

SCENE XI.

LIDDY alone.

How is it with me? Ah, my resolution is wonderful! I had not the courage to enquire after him. Is he come back? or, have they left him in the West-Indies? or, is he sick? or, dead? Alas! what matters it to me! What business

have I to ask after him ? Fate seems desirous to put me to the trial, whether I am truly in earnest, in sacrificing the first attachment of my heart to filial duty, and filial love. It appeared so easy to me ; but, alas ! it is not so easy as I thought. Well, but the victory is the more glorious. But I may still continue his friend. I may still know what has become of him. The wish surely is not criminal. When Jack comes out I will ask at him.

SCENE XII.

FAZIR and LIDDY.

Fazir. [*Running to Liddy, and seizing her hand.*] Here she is ! here she is ! Ah ! dear Miss ! Fazir is here again, and is so happy, so happy ; good, dear Miss, Fazir cannot express it in words, nearly so well as he would wish to do. Have you been always well ? have you been always cheerful ? have you thought sometimes on poor Fazir ?

Liddy. [*In great confusion.*] Very often—but not to-day.

Fazir. Well did my good angel know it, and blew with all his might upon our sails—whizz, whizz ! and we were here ; and now dear Liddy, you must think upon me. But you are not glad to see me again—you should not be quite so glad as I am, but yet a little, a very little, since I am so fond of you.

Liddy. [*With emotion giving him her hand.*] Indeed I am glad.

Fazir. [*Kissing her hand with ardour.*] I deserve surely, that you should like me a little ; for I have ever and ever thought so much upon you ; and thought upon nothing—nothing but you. When the sun arose out of the sea, then I stretched out my arms, and prayed—I intended to pray for myself, but I soon found that I was praying for Liddy. When the sea was calm and smooth as glass, then I sought Liddy's image in it—and found it too—for I found it every where

that I sought it—ah ! and I found it often without seeking for it.

Liddy. [*Turns about, and wipes away a tear from her eyes.*] Image of my poor sick father, support me in this hour of trial!

Fazir. And when at last the coast of England lay in blue prospect before us—ah ! Liddy, had you then seen the foolish Fazir, how happy he was—it was yesterday evening. The whole night I could not do any thing but jump about upon the deck, and when morning dawned, there came a bird, flying from the land, and perched upon our mast ; I called to it ; I whistled to it, and could have kissed it ! perhaps, thought I, Liddy has gone a walking yesterday, and this bird has been singing her a song.

Liddy. [*Aside.*] No, I must put an end to this, it grows too much for my poor heart. [*With hesitation.*] Don't you know, Fazir—that I am a bride.

Fazir. [*In great surprise, answers with a long*] So ! [*A long pause—Liddy holds down her eyes—Fazir stretches out his hand, to her very mournful.*] Farewel, dear Miss.

Liddy. Where are you going ?

Fazir. I—I am going—upon the sea—into the sea—farewel, dear Miss—[*He holds her hand : she is silent : a pause.*] Yes, I will go—but I cannot—indeed I cannot—[*Another pause.*] Is Miss Liddy really a bride ?

Liddy. Really.

Fazir. And will the good Liddy be happy ?

Liddy. She hopes so.

Fazir. Well, Fazir will not be happy ; but what matters that, if Liddy be happy ? May I ask who is the man that has gained Liddy's heart ? No, no, I wish not to know him ; I hate no body ; he has not done me any harm. Ah ! yes, he has done me a great deal of harm.

Liddy. [*Much affected.*] Continue my friend.

Fazir. Yes, dear Miss, Fazir would suffer death for your sake.—Ah ! it is only about six weeks ago, that we had a severe storm ; I was very vexed at the thoughts of dying ;

for I wanted to see Liddy again.—I was a fool to be afraid of death ; it would have been better if I had not seen Liddy again.

Liddy. Won't you visit my father and mother ?

Fazir. Oh yes, Miss, if you command it.—I will do every thing that you command.

Liddy. [*Seizing his hand.*] Come, come, it is good for neither of us to remain here together, and talk about matters which cannot be altered. [*She is about to lead him out.*]

SCENE XIII.

LADY SMITH, ROBERT, JACK, FAZIR, and LIDDY.

L. Smith. But, my son, this was not pretty of you, after gaining your property so hardly, so wantonly to squander it away.

Robert. I ask your pardon, dear mother, it was the prettiest thing I ever did in my life.

L. Smith. Which way can you now do proper honor to your rank ?

Robert. By my sentiments.

L. Smith. Right, my son, that phrase was noble : [*perceiving Fazir.*] Bon jour, Monsieur Fazir ; I am charmed to see you in good health : [*continuing her speech to Robert*] externals, however, must not be neglected ; the sun indeed is always the same sun, though he conceals himself behind a veil of clouds ; but he then only dazzles the eye with blindness, when he appears decorated with all his beams. What think you of that allegory ?

Robert. Very pretty, dear mother ; but I am no sun, and wish not to blind any body.

L. Smith. I could have wished at least, that you had condescended to borrow some warmth from his beams. You are not ignorant that this house is now under the dominion

of want, and that we waited with anxiety for your fortunate return.

Robert. [*Shrugging up his shoulders.*] My God! I am sorry for that; but had I at that moment been master of a million, the last shilling would have escaped my pocket.

Liddy. Dear mother, our poverty will quickly disappear, if you do not refuse me your consent and your blessing.

L. Smith. Blessings as many as you will; but my consent—to what? If it is only compatible with honor.

Liddy. I think it is. Our tenant has solicited my hand.

L. Smith. [*In a lofty satirical tone.*] So?

Liddy. He is a generous man.

L. Smith. So?

Liddy. Rich.

L. Smith. So?

Robert. [*Holding out his hand to Liddy.*] I wish you joy with all my heart.

Fair. [*With a sigh.*] And I too, dear Miss.

Jack. [*With a scrape.*] May you always have fair weather, and a good wind to your voyage.

L. Smith. Not so very hastily, I pray you.—Liddy, you know my sentiments.

Liddy. I know them; but if I can convince you, dear mother, that his birth is unexceptionable—

L. Smith. That would give quite another turn to the matter.

Liddy. You may soon hear it from his own mouth: he promised to pay his respects to you in a few minutes.

L. Smith. Did he so? Then we must prepare ourselves a little for his reception.—Quick, Liddy, lest he catch us in the anti-chamber—but I tell you this: your mother is a connoisseur—by his mode of conducting himself, in so delicate an affair, I shall immediately distinguish the man of quality. Follow me.

[*Exit with Liddy.*]

SCENE XIV.

ROBERT, FAZIR, and JACK.

Robert. She did not leave me any time to ask my sister the name of her bridegroom.

Jack. He need not be ashamed of showing his flag.

Fazir. He must be a good man since he is beloved by Liddy.

Robert. My brother Samuel too is to venture his cautious neck in the matrimonial noose.—Hem, must I then sail through the world alone? what think you Jack?

Jack. I think, Sir, you should let marriage alone.—He that casts anchor on a wife, lies on a damn'd bad bottom, and cannot, at last, shift his cable, even although it should cost him his life. Let no man, setting out on the voyage of life, venture to take a wife aboard; else he will founder in the first storm.

Robert. Do you think so too, Fazir?

Fazir. I think it is best to die.

Robert. To die! Are you mad?—Jack, what is it that vexes our young comrade?

Jack. I think, he has taken too heavy a cargo of love aboard.

Robert. Has he hit it, Fazir?

Fazir. Good Robert, yes, I am in love.

Robert. What the devil! we have scarcely been two hours ashore—you catch fire damned quickly.

Fazir. Oh! I was in love before we sailed.

Robert. And never told me a syllable about it.

Fazir. My love was so silent and secret, that you would not have understood me.

Robert. Hark you, my dear, that was stupid. When frequently in the calm weather, we lay upon the deck in the warm sunshine, and the ship stood as if nailed to one spot; then would have been the time to tell me how the storm raged in your heart. Or how, has not Robert deserved your confidence? Am I not the only person that is acquainted with the secret of your birth? and have I betrayed you?

Fazir. [*Falling upon his neck.*] Forgive me, brother : it is not ingratitude : truly it is not : thou hast delivered me from death, and at the risk of thy own life, rescued me from the cruelty of my pursuers. I will never forget it—indeed I am not ungrateful.

Robert. Very well, very well : it was not my intention to extort acknowledgments from you : the confidence of friendship is all that I require. But who is this girl of your's ?

Fazir. My girl ! alas, no ! The girl that I love—her name is—Liddy.

Robert. Liddy ! what the devil ! my sister ?

Fazir. Yes, it is she.

Robert. Poor youth : now I understand for what reason you wished to die—you had been transported with the idea of seeing her again, and now you find she is a bride—fie, this is a bad business. I see that the matrimonial wind is not favorable to either of us—let us then cruise about a while longer, and instead of love, take friendship for our compass—you shall be my foremast, and Jack here my mizenmast. I hope yet to weather many a rough blast in your company ; but if you were to forsake me, all my tackle would immediately be useless.

Jack. If ever I forsake you, may I be keelhauled.

Robert. [*To Fazir.*] Courage, brave youth—cleanse your bowsprit from spray-water, and hoist up all your resolution—come, comrades. The weather has turned out stormy here at home ; we will dine together at the next tavern, and empty our glasses to Liddy's health.

Fazir. Yes, yes, to Liddy's health—come.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The two Lawyers, Mr. STRUSSEL and Mr. STAFF, complimenting one another at the door.

Strussel. Unexpected pleasure !

Staff. Agreeable surprise !

Strussel. To meet Mr. Staff in my way !

Staff. To find Mr. Strussel here !

Strussel. Please to walk in.

Staff. Cannot do it.

Strussel. Must do it, must do it.

Staff. I am not so impolite. I know very well, that the first place among the learned in law belongs to my worthy friend, Mr. Strussel.

Strussel. Nonsense ! nonsense ! But wherefore any ceremony between two such cordial friends ? [*Hauls him in with him.*

Staff. Yes, indeed, cordial friends ! [*They shake one another's hands, and both aside at the same time say*] Devil fetch you !

Strussel. How goes all at home ? All well I hope ?

Staff. At your service. Whenever I come home, they ask me whether I have not seen my excellent friend, Mr. Strussel ? And how goes it with your family ? How is Jammey my little godson ?

Strussel. A funney rogue. I am preaching to him daily, that he should form himself entirely after the model of his excellent godfather, Mr. Staff. [*Both making bows to each other—Strussel aside.*] What an ass !

Staff. [*Aside.*] What an ox !

Strussel. [*Aside.*] What wants he here ?

Staff. [*Aside.*] What the devil brings him hither ?

Strussel. My dear colleague has probably business here.

Staff. Well guessed : and my worthy colleague may perhaps be in the same predicament.

Strussel. At your service. May one be so bold as to ask what sort of business ?

Staff. A trifle—only a marriage contract.

Strussel. [*Whose choler begins to rise.*] So ! a marriage contract ! ay, ay ! a mere trifle ! I am here on the same account.

Staff. Ay, ay ! Then there is a blessing fallen on this house : Mr. Samuel Smith, surveyor of the customs, appointed me to come hither.

Strussel. Ay, ay ! the same gentleman sent for me.

Staff. Ay, ay ! curious enough ; and scarcely credible.

Strussel. [*In a passion*] Credible or not credible, it is yet true, Mr. Staff.

Staff. You must be mistaken, Mr. Colleague.

Strussel. I am never mistaken, Mr. Colleague, and once for all, Mr. Staff, you are a person without conscience, who lays himself out for nothing else but to snatch away the bread from his neighbour's mouth.

Staff. How, Colleague, have you the boldness?

Strussel. Yes, Colleague, I have the boldness.

Staff. You will repent of this, Colleague.

Strussel. We shall see that just now, Colleague.

Staff. The best thing you can do, Colleague, is to return to the place from which you came.

Strussel. And the best thing you can do, is to go to the devil.

Staff. Now I must insist upon seeing you home.

Strussel. I shall be ashamed to walk the streets with you.

Staff. People might indeed wonder to see you once more in honest company——

Strussel. I am always in honest company, unless when I am in your's.

Staff. Sir, you grow impertinent——

Strussel. And you are so already.

Staff. If you do not quickly talk in a softer tone, I will let you feel the weight of my fist.

Strussel. So much the better——come away; it is long since I wished for one boxing bout with such a sad dog as you.

Staff. Excellent! Though it will not be much honor to tread under foot such a hog as you. [*Both of them throw off their coats and wigs, and put themselves in the attitude of boxers.*]

SCENE II.

TIDEWAITER, STRUSSEL, and STAFF.

Tidewaiter. [*Running instantly betwixt them.*] How! how! what the devil! Gentlemen, I believe you mean, in all haste, to have a little bout at boxing.

Strussel. [*Pointing to Staff.*] You are the guardian angel of that fellow.

Staff. [*Pointing to Strussel.*] He is obliged to you for his life. [*They put on their coats and wigs again.*]

Strussel. But we shall meet again, Mr. Staff.

Staff. Yes, yes, we shall meet, Mr. Strussel.

Tidewaiter. Will ye not have the goodness to tell me how it came into your heads here, to fall foul of each other with all precipitation?

Strussel. [*Crying as loud as he can bawl.*] He asserts, that Mr. Samuel Smith sent for him on account of a marriage contract, which he committed to me alone to make out, with all its necessary points and clauses.

Staff. [*In the same tone.*] He is so audacious as to assert, that his unpractised quill was intrusted with a contract, the heads of which, but a few hours ago, Mr. Samuel Smith dictated to me.

Tidewaiter. [*Stopping both his ears.*] Have mercy, gentlemen, have mercy upon me: the drum of my ears must infallibly crack.

SCENE III.

SAMUEL, STAFF, STRUSSEL, and the TIDEWAIGER.

[*Both Lawyers rushing upon Samuel.*] Here is the contract, sir.

Samuel. Cautiously, gentlemen! cautiously! you had almost run me down.

Strussel. Am I not here by your command?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Staff. Did you not appoint me to come hither?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Strussel. Did you not order me to make a marriage-contract for you?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Staff. Was not I to bring a marriage-contract for you?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Strussel. Well, Mr. Staff.

Staff. Well, Mr. Strussel.

Strussel. But, may I ask, Sir, why you have thought proper to trouble two of the most eminent lawyers in a matter, in which, at all events, even half a one would have been sufficient?

Samuel. Why! might not one of you have met with an accident, which might have prevented his appearing at the time appointed?

Staff. Rashly done, Sir, rashly done! By this means you had well nigh been the cause of a very bloody combat betwixt me and my worthy colleague, Mr. Strussel.

Strussel. Very imprudent in you, Sir, thus, for nothing, or less than nothing, to make a couple of old cordial friends fall to logger heads with one another.

Staff. If we did not love one another so dearly.

Strussel. And esteem one another so highly. [*Both holding out their hands.*] Ha, ha, ha! we are the old thing again.

Staff. Our friendship is as firm as a rock.

Tidewater. Quickly provoked, and speedily reconciled. Such precipitation is praise-worthy.

Samuel. Where are the contracts?

Both. Here.

Samuel. I intreat ye to read slowly and distinctly.

Strussel. Read, Mr. Staff.

Staff. I beg you would read, Mr. Strussel.

Strussel. God forbid. I know my duty.

Staff. And I know mine.

Strussel. Wherefore so much ceremony? A couple of eminent men like us, must make out a marriage-contract in the same way, it is then the same thing which of us reads.

Staff. Quite the same.

Strussel. Well, if you absolutely command me to do it. [*Takes out his spectacles and reads.*] "Be it known hereby, to all to whom the knowledge may be necessary."

Staff. [*Consulting his own manuscript.*] With your leave,

Colleague, it ought to be : " Be it known hereby to all whom it may concern."

Strussel. [*In a rage.*] Why so, Colleague ?

Staff. Because it is possible that a case may occur, in which the knowledge may be necessary to many, who yet may not have any concern to know. Nobody, on the contrary, can be concerned to know, to whom that knowledge will not be necessary.

Strussel. A very nice distinction.

Staff. [*In a passion.*] Not indeed for the brain of every one.

Strussel. You are an ignoramus, Mr. Colleague.

Staff. How ! what ! I an ignoramus ? If I were to divide my learning among ninety-nine men, they would all be as learned as Mr. Strussel.

Strussel. Ay, provided they were so before-hand.

Samuel. Pardon me, Mr. Strussel, I think Mr. Staff is right.

Strussel. How ! Is he right ?

Samuel. Prudence always commands us to chase those expressions which are the most appropriated.

Strussel. You are a fool with your prudence.

Staff, Samuel, and the Tidewaiter. [*All at once.*] A fool ! - a fool ! You rude fellow—pack off—march down stairs.—[*All three fall upon him together, and push him towards the door.*]

Strussel. [*While he is turned out.*] And I say it ought to be : " Be it known hereby, to all to whom the knowledge may be necessary."

Samuel. Well, Mr. Staff, we shall now be in quiet, and may examine the contract with proper caution. Do you read.

Staff. [*Putting on his spectacles and reading.*] " Be it known hereby, to all whom it may concern."

Strussel. [*Shewing his head at the door.*] " To all to whom the knowledge may be necessary."

Tidewaiter. [*Driving him off.*] Begone, begone ; off, off, off.

SCENE IV.

KABERDAR, SAMUEL, TIDEWAITER, and STAFF.

Kaberdar. No, I cannot endure it any longer. May I ask, Sir, what evil spirits have been amusing themselves before my door.

Tidewaiter. We have just now turned him out with the greatest precipitation.

Kaberdar. Whom? the evil spirit!

Staff. Yes, indeed, an evil spirit! a demon! a cacodemon—a spiritus infernalis—

Samuel. We are assembled here, Sir, to deliberate together concerning the happiness of your daughter.

Kaberdar. What concern have you with my daughter's happiness?

Samuel. Answer: a great deal: Miss Gurli felt that she stood in need of a prudent companion, who weighed his words, and measured his steps, along the slippery path of this life. Her rational, laudable, and unexceptionable choice fell upon me; and now, the only question that remains is, whether Gurli's father has any objection to make to our union? Answer.

Kaberdar. [*Stares at him, shakes his head, then turns about, opens the door of his chamber, and calls*] Gurli.

Gurli. [*Within.*] Father?

Kaberdar. Come forth.

SCENE V.

GURLI, KABERDAR, SAMUEL, STAFF, and TIDEWAITER.

Gurli. What would'st thou, father? [*Perceiving the Lawyer.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Kaberdar. Be serious, Gurli.

Gurli. [*Striking his check.*] What does my father command?

Kaberdar. [*Pointing to Samuel.*] Art thou willing to marry that man ?

Gurli. I promised it to Liddy.

Kaberdar. Dost thou love him ?

Gurli. I love Liddy.

Kaberdar. But it is he, not Liddy, who is to be thy husband.

Gurli. But he is Liddy's brother.

Kaberdar. [*Aside.*] That is his greatest merit.

Gurli. And he is always to stay where thou stayest, father—*Gurli will never forsake thee*—and Liddy is to stay there too. Is it not true, foolish Samuel ?

Samuel. Answer : yes.

Kaberdar. Thou hop'st then to be happy with him.

Gurli. Not with him alone, but with him, with thee, and with Liddy.

Kaberdar. Well, God bless ye ! I have nothing to object against it. [*He embraces his daughter, and then Samuel, who receives it with great solemnity.*] Sir, you will at once be my son and my brother.

Samuel. Double honor—double pleasure—double satisfaction.

Kaberdar. Yes, if it should doubly succeed.

Samuel. No doubt—Will you please now to hear the contract read over !

Kaberdar. I am quite indifferent ; as there is but one article in which I can have any concern : the article of the dowry.

Staff. Here we have left room for it. [*Shewing him the paper.*

Kaberdar. So much, indeed, that one might insert in it the title of a large kingdom, with all the provinces, which it either possesses or does not possess. Did you think, Sir, that I was so very rich ?

Samuel. I thought you was very rich, and very generous.

Kaberdar. Indeed ! then I must be a wonderful man ; for wealth and generosity I have never yet found together. Every virtue may however degenerate ; and so likewise may generosity. You know, Sir, that I am on 'the eve of taking another wife to myself, and it is not impossible that

a dozen of children may hereafter lay claim to my paternal generosity.

Samuel. [*Perplexed.*] Ay, ay!

Tidewater. Ay, ay!

Staff. Umph, umph!

Kaberdar. How much do you then reckon necessary to enable you and my daughter to live neither in indigence, nor in superfluity: neither penuriously, nor yet with prodigality.

Samuel. Well then, in such cases, one had better reckon too much than too little.

Kaberdar. What if we were to strike the medium, and fix upon a sum of ten thousand pounds?

Samuel. [*In a tone of satisfaction.*] Ah, we should not suffer them to rust.

Tidewater. [*In a whisper to Samuel.*] Get the matter concluded quickly.

Staff. Let us insert the payment of that sum in this empty space.

Samuel. Moreover, I flatter myself with a favorable answer to the following query: If Heaven should bless our union with children—

Gurli. Ha, ha, ha! Hark you, shall we then have children?

Samuel. I hope so.

Gurli. Then will Gurli laugh terribly.—Gurli never yet had any children.

Staff. *Hora, ruit*: that is, the precious time is passing away. May it please you to impart to this contract, by means of the subscription of the contracting parties, the proper formality, steadfastness, and indissolubility?

Samuel. Well said. Go, my dear Tidewater, and summon hither my family—they must all of them be present at this solemnity.—[*Exit Tidewater.*]—Will you have the goodness to answer me one question more: The fruits which may be expected from this union, in what religion are they to be educated? answer.

Kaberdar. [*With some warmth.*] Bring you them up to be honest men, and make what else of them you please.

SCENE VI.

SIR JOHN, LADY SMITH, LIDDY, KABERDAR, GURLI, SAMUEL, STAFF, and TIDEWAITER.

Tidewaiter. They come ! they come !

L. Smith. [*After making a careless curtsey to the company, walks hastily up to her son.*] My son, you behold your mother in despair : will you then be so barbarous as to graft crab-apples upon a peach-tree ?

Samuel. [*Taking her aside.*] No rose without thorns. [*They begin a secret conversation.*]

Gurli. [*To Liddy.*] Well, sweet sister, art thou satisfied with Gurli ?

Liddy. Gurli is a good girl.

S. John. [*To Kaberdar.*] Sir, you have confounded an old man, and made him doubt the philosophy of his whole life. Had any one told me to go out to the highway, where so many thousands pass every day, and that there I should find a treasure, truly I would sooner have believed it, than that I could have found a rich man who generously wishes to be allied to a family in reduced circumstances, without rank or fortune——

Kaberdar. Alas, Sir, what a country is your Europe, if you mean seriously what you now say ! The warm sun with us, hatches no such folly.

S. John. Your hand, Sir. It is now so long since I have squeezed the hand of an honest man.—You are my physician—you have poured new life and vigour into the veins of an old man.

Kaberdar. I do nothing gratis—my recompense is a pearl : [*Looking tenderly at Liddy.*] such as neither Ceylon, nor Arabia Felix, nor the Pearl Islands themselves contain. [*Talks apart with Liddy.*]

Tidewaiter. [*To Staff.*] All is well hitherto ; but matters like these ought to be quickly and speedily concluded.

Staff. Yes, indeed ; but before all, the due formalities ought to be observed.—Love, gratitude, and felicity, and

all such nonsense as that, will come of itself, after matters are concluded.

Samuel. But, dear mother, although you were to cause a ragout to be made of your genealogical tree, we must still go every night hungry to bed.

L. Smith. Fie, fie, my son, I give thee up; for I see that the noble maternal milk, which I instilled into thee, was lavished in vain.

Gurli. [*Slipping behind them, and pushing her head in betwixt them.*] What are you chattering about so secretly together?

L. Smith. A pretty behaviour! I shall never adventure to carry this creature into a brilliant circle.

Kaberdar. [*With some sensibility.*] I hope, Madam, she will hereafter cut a better figure, in the domestic circle of her children.

L. Smith. [*Scornfully.*] A good mother of a family has indeed some merit.

S. John. That she has, and in every station—of which our queen is an illustrious example.

Samuel. We are prattling away the precious time.

Footwaiter. Yes, indeed—yes, indeed.

Gurli. Well then, be quick.

Staff. The contract is ready for subscription.

Samuel. Come then, here is pen and ink: [*Laying the paper right.*] on this little space Miss Gurli will write her name.

Gurli. Dost thou think, foolish man, that Gurli has not learned to write? Give it me here—[*Taking the pen.*]

Kaberdar. [*With anxiety.*] Yet once more, my daughter, bethink thyself well: the happiness of thy whole future life hangs upon one single word. When once thou hast written, thy promise is irrevocable.

Gurli. Dear father, Gurli will write at all events—see, only, how Liddy looks at me so mournfully, and the old man there seems also to wish it. I like the old man, he looks so honest.

Kaberdar. In God's name, it is thy free will—thy father's

blessing—and, if God will, some good angel be with thee.—
 [*Gurli about to write.*]

Samuel. Stop, fair Gurli, stop one moment. I have turned at once so uneasy.—Is there then nothing omitted? no rule of prudence? no clause of consequence?

Staff. Nothing, nothing. Mr. Staff has taken care of every thing.

S. John. My son, the coolness of your behaviour betrays very little tender feeling.

L. Smith. Perhaps it may be the spirits of your ancestors whispering to you at this decisive moment.

Samuel. Not so, my dear mother.—[*To Kaberdar.*] The ten thousand pounds, Sir, which you was so good as to make mention of, will they be paid directly after the wedding?

Kaberdar. [*With great coldness.*] On the wedding day, Sir.

Samuel. [*To Gurli.*] Well, write now, fair Gurli.—[*Gurli about to write.*] But yet, hold one moment.—I really find myself in an uncommon situation. One cannot go too cautiously to work.—One question more, Sir: will the ten thousand pounds be paid in bank-notes, or in hard cash? answer:

Kaberdar. [*Displeas'd.*] As you please, Sir; as you chuse yourself.

Samuel. In hard cash, then, if it is wholly the same to you.

Kaberdar. Very well.

Samuel. Now you may write.

Gurli. [*About to write.*] Foolish man! thou art so tiresome.

Samuel. Stop, stop, for one moment.

Liddy. Brother, you are insufferable.

Kaberdar. [*To Liddy.*] You are his guardian angel.

Samuel. There still remains one reasonable and important question to determine. If the father of my fair Gurli should decease, and leave behind him no other heirs of his body, then—

Kaberdar. Then Gurli will be the heiress of my whole fortune.

Samuel. [*In a very friendly tone.*] Your most obedient, humble servant—all doubts are removed, Mr. Samuel Smith

now embraces boldly, and courageously, a hasty resolution—write Gurli.

Gurli. Well, I will write; but if thou criest “stop,” once more, I will throw the pen and ink at your head.

S. John. And very deservedly.

Samuel. Write, write. [*While Gurli dips her pen into the ink-horn, to sign her name, Enter.*]

SCENE VII.

ROBERT, JACK, SIR JOHN, LADY SMITH, LIDDY, KABERDAR, GURLI, SAMUEL, STAFF, and TIDEWAITER.

[*Gurli immediately drops the pen, and stands gaping on Robert.*]

Robert. The devil and the Dutch! what a large company!

Jack. And plenty of the sivers—turn about your ship, sir.

Robert. You fool, I am no woman-hater.

Samuel. You come, just in time, brother, to sign your name, as witness to my contract of marriage.

Robert. With all my heart—much happiness to your voyage.

S. John. Robert, here is an honest man, who will in future make a part of our family.

Robert. I am glad of it: Sir, I am no man for compliments—your hand, Sir [*Shakes Kaberdar by the hand.*] I am your servant; and if it be true that you are an honest man, I am your friend.

Kaberdar. Friendship is the blossom of a moment, but the fruit of time.

Robert. True! very true! what ripens before its time, is blown down by the first wind.

Gurli. [*To Liddy with eagerness.*] Who is that man?

Liddy. That is brother Robert.

Gurli. Brother Robert! ay—I like brother Robert.

Robert. Is this the bride? I am happy of your acquaintance: [*going up to her*] favor me with a kiss.

Gurli. Ten, if you will. [*Kisses him.*]

Samuel. Now, Miss, I beg you will write.

Staff. The formalities have been drawn into length.

Samuel. [*Urging Gurli.*] Will you be pleased? [*Gurli shakes her head.*]

L. Smith. [*Half aside.*] These are the most tedious espousals, that ever I was a witness of.

Gurli. [*To Liddy.*] Hark you, now Liddy, I like brother Robert better than brother Samuel.

Liddy. Foolish girl.

Kaberdar. Gurli, thou art childish.

Gurli. Be not angry, dear father, Gurli has her free will.

Kaberdar. That she has.

Gurli. Well, Liddy, is it the same to thee, whether Gurli marries thy brother Samuel, or thy brother Robert?

Liddy. [*Smiling.*] The same to me, dear Gurli; but not to Samuel.

Gurli. Ah! what! the foolish man! who will ask his leave? [*Goes up to Robert.*] Dear brother Robert, wilt thou be so good as to marry Gurli?

Robert. [*Much astonished.*] How! what!

Staff. An uncommon *casus*.

L. Smith. It is *unique*.

Tidewaiter. Inconceivably rapid.

Samuel. I am petrified.

S. John. [*Smiling to Kaberdar.*] One of my sons is the happy man, and it is equal to me which.

Kaberdar. [*Significantly.*] To me it is not equal.

Gurli. Well, thou dost not give me any answer.

Robert. What the devil can I answer?

Gurli. Don't you like me?

Robert. Oh, yes!

Gurli. Well, I like thee. Thou art such a merry man, that I am fond of looking at thee. Thine eyes speak so well, that one wishes always to answer, although they know not what.—Well?

Robert. Miss, I am not acquainted with you: I see you to-day for the first time in my life.

Gurli. Yes, indeed, and I thee too. But Gurli would wish to see thee for ever.

Liddy. At my risk, brother.

Robert. Damn me, if the girl is not charming ! but I cannot deceive you, Miss—I am a poor devil, and have nothing but a ship of 1200 tons burden ; with which I must scour the wide ocean to-morrow, and perhaps go to the bottom next day.

Gurli. Thou must not go to sea, thou must stay at home with Gurli.

Robert. And starve with Gurli.

Kaberdar. Sir, this incident is singular of its kind ; and must naturally surprize you very much. She is my daughter ; a good girl ; a child of nature ; her dowry is ten thousand pounds sterling.—I have nothing farther to say on the subject.

Robert. Sir, I care as much for ten thousand pounds, as I do for a rotten plank ; and I should not be willing to suffer myself to be crammed to death by my wife.

Gurli. Fool, I will feed thee, and not cram thee.—Marry me, however, and thou shalt not repent it. [*Striking his cheeks.*] I will be so fond of thee, so fond—

Robert. [*Smiling.*] A foolish business.—Well then, in God's name, I am content.

Gurli. [*Joyfully.*] Art thou ? Give me a kiss.

Samuel. Robert, is this done like a brother, to snatch my good fortune from my mouth ?

Robert. Devil take it. No, no, Miss, I cannot marry you.

Gurli. [*Mournfully.*] No ! why not then ?

Robert. My brother has prior claims upon you.

Gurli. Thy brother is a fool.

Samuel. Softly, Miss. Have you not promised a hundred times to marry me ? answer.

Gurli. Whether it was exactly a hundred times, that Gurli does not know ; but I have promised it.

Samuel. Well, were you not upon the point of signing the contract ? answer.

Gurli. Indeed I was ; but now I will not.

Samuel. Brother, you have heard how matters stand.

Robert. I have so.—No, Miss, it won't do.

Gurli. But I won't have him—I won't have him—I won't



have him.—Thou foolish Samuel! what hast thou to do with Gurli? Gurli will not have thee.

Robert. It is the same thing to me; you may do as you please; but I am his brother; and, devil take me, if I can marry you.

Gurli. Tell me truly and sincerely; dost thou like me?

Robert. By my poor soul, I like you.

Gurli. Then thou must marry me. Liddy, tell him so.

Liddy. A sister can only advise and intreat; she cannot command.

Gurli. Who then can command him? [*To Sir John.*] Thou art his father; command him.

S. John. Does not Gurli know, from her own father, that parents usually, in such cases, leave children to their own wills?

Gurli. Well, then, intreat him. When my father intreats me, I then do every thing he would have me. Yes, yes, papa, intreat him, intreat him, [*While she is skipping about him, and stroking his cheeks, she stumbles accidentally upon his gouty foot.*]

S. John. [*Crying out.*] Oh, woe! oh woe! my leg! my leg! plague confound—oh, woe! woe!

Gurli. [*Shocked and uneasy.*] Be not angry, Gurli did not do it willingly.

S. John. Help me! Liddy, help me out of this crowd. Here, there are so many people about me; and after all nothing is accomplished.—Off, off.

Kaberdar. [*To Liddy.*] Permit me to attend you.

Liddy. Willingly. [*They both carry off the old man.*]

SCENE VIII.

LADY SMITH, GURLI, ROBERT, SAMUEL, JACK, STAFF,
and TIDEWAITER.

Gurli. [*Much vexed.*] I have trode on the poor old man's sick foot. Indeed Gurli did not do it intentionally.

L. Smith. Ha, ha, ha! the *dénouement* of the scene amuses me not a little.

Staff. I have never yet met with *spensalia*, any thing like these in the whole course of my practice.

Tidewater. If other methods of thinking and of acting, are not quickly and speedily hit upon——

Robert. The whole matter will turn to nothing.

Jack. [To *Robert.*] You have come across him, and spoilt his voyage.

Samuel. The blood curdles in my veins. In what a labyrinth have I entangled myself by mere prudence !

Gurli. [To *Robert.*] Well, saucebox, hast thou considered whether or not thou wilt marry Gurli ?

Robert. You seem to me to be a good girl. Don't you love Liddy as well as a sister ?

Gurli. Yes, that Gurli does.

Robert. Then put only the case : that Liddy was desirous of marrying some honest fellow ; and you carried off, without rhyme or reason, this man before her very nose—could you do so ?

Gurli. Fie, Gurli could never do that.

Robert. And yet you would have me to play such another trick to my brother——

Gurli. Dost thou then love the foolish Samuel as much as I love the good Liddy ?

Robert. [With some hesitation.] He is my loving brother.

Gurli. Ah, God : that is dismal.—Gurli must cry. [*Weeps.*]

Jack. The weather begins to grow gloomy—the sea is high.

Staff. From what has happened, I am apt both to conclude and opine, that my office is unnecessary here at present. I hasten hence——

Samuel. Wait, wait, Mr. Staff.

Staff. Ay, wherefore ? each hour of mine must bring gold into my pockets. To-day's hinderance I shall put down to your account, and in the mean time I have the honor of recommending myself humbly to the whole company. [*Exit.*]

L. Smith. Ha, ha, ha ! This is then the end of the song. Thus it happens, when noble sentiments are forgotten.

[*Exit into her chamber.*]

Samuel. [*After a pause.*] Now the question naturally occurs : what is to be done ? answer : I know not.

[*Follows his mother.*

Jack. The sky grows clear, Sir. [*Pointing to the Tidewaiter, who had remained from curiosity.*] But there still stands a water-spout.

Robert. Point your guns at it.

Jack. [*To the Tidewaiter.*] My good friend, hoist your tack-ling, and sail out of the room.

Tidewaiter. My good friend, be pleased to hold your tongue : I am here on the duties of my office.

Robert. Duties of your office ! When did my father's house become a customhouse ?

Tidewaiter. Apprehend me right, Sir : it constitutes a part of the duties of my office, to serve and attend my worthy principal, Mr. Samuel Smith, with activity and celerity. As often as I can steal away from the customhouse, for a quarter of an hour, or even for a minute, or if it were only for a second, so often do I hasten hither with all possible precipitation.

Robert. And now, Sir, I would intreat you to hasten hence with all precipitation.

Tidewaiter. If I could only learn wherefore ?

Jack. Because, at this very moment, I feel my fists itch and prickle, as if I had on the point of every finger, a wound just about being healed.

Tidewaiter. Perhaps, then, you will not take it amiss, if I take my leave of you with the greatest celerity and speed.

Robert. Not at all, Sir ; the more speedily, the better.

[*Exit Tidewaiter.*

SCENE IX.

GURLI, ROBERT, and JACK.

Jack. What think you, Sir ? must old Jack too lie at anchor without, and wait till you give him a signal ?

Robert. No : you may stay. [*Garli during this time had stood in a corner and sobbed.*] What do you want, Miss.

Gurli. A husband.

Robert. Then marry my brother Samuel.

Gurli. I cannot marry him : I will have thee.

Robert. Why then only me ?

Gurli. That Gurli knows not herself. Thou art a wicked man : thou makest me weep : and yet I love thee. Look only, brother Robert, for some weeks past I have always felt as if I wanted something ; and then my father said, Gurli must take a husband. Well, Gurli was very willing to do so : and then my father asked, what husband I would have ? that was all one to Gurli—but since Gurli has seen thee, it is no longer all one to her.

Robert. And hardly so to me.

Gurli. Marry me, however—I will love thee more than my parrot and my kitten—I will stroke thee like my kitten, and feed thee like my parrot.

Robert. To be fed and stroked by you, dear Gurli, is indeed no bad prospect for futurity.

Gurli. Oh, we will live so happily together ! thou and I, my father and my parrot, Liddy and my kitten.

Robert. Yes, yes, if only—damn it—it seems to me, as if I was not acting honorably—thy sweet prattle has sung my conscience asleep. Hark you, Gurli, can you lie ?

Gurli. Lie ! What is that ?

Robert. Speaking otherwise than you think.

Gurli. Ha, ha, ha ! no, that Gurli cannot do : but if it will give thee pleasure, I will learn it.

Robert. God forbid ! tell me sincerely, if brother Robert absolutely refuses to marry you, will you not then take brother Samuel.

Gurli. Never ! never will Gurli marry the foolish Samuel : Gurli can now no longer suffer him.

Robert. But—but—the devil take it—it is rather knavish to supplant one's brother.—What think you, Jack ? may an honest man carry off this prize with a safe conscience ?

Jack. You must know best how much water your frigate draws—but as to your brother, Sir, I would make no more ado with him, than I would with a mouldy biscuit. He struts about on the shore, indeed, with a painted bowsprit, and plenty of palaver; but I would not advise any smart wench ever to suffer him to come aboard.

Robert. I think so too, Jack; the poor innocent wench would have a very disagreeable voyage.—Come Gurli, I'll marry you.

Gurli. [*Falling about his neck.*] Now thou art my dear brother Robert.—Now will Gurli laugh again, and jump and skip and dance again.

Robert. Stay: now thou art my bride; and I must give you a ring. It is not, indeed, of much value, only of gold; but it signifies as much as the famous Pitt in our King's Treasury. Here, take it.

Gurli. What must I make of it?

Robert. Put it on your finger—so—that is a token that I love you.

Gurli. Ha, ha, ha! Thou funny man; I will fetch thee also a ring, and that shall be a token of my love to thee—won't it do? [*She skips into her chamber.*]

SCENE X.

ROBERT and JACK.

Robert. What think you, Jack? am I upon good anchor ground, or am I got between rocks?

Jack. To obtain an answer to this question, you must let down the lead into your own heart.

Robert. But is she not a smart-wench? Tell me only, Jack, how the little mermaid has contrived to bring me so soon under her influence?

Jack. I don't know: I neither stood at the helm, nor yet steered the course of the vessel.

Robert. I would willingly, however, honest comrade, know

the longitude and latitude of your opinion. We have been in so many holes and corners together, that you know me, both inside and out, as well as your own hammock—you have carried me in your arms before I was able to splice a rope : tell me, then, frankly and freely, what you think of this matter ? The wench is handsome and good humoured, and has ten thousand pounds sterling.

Jack. Yes, yes, she is a neat, well built wench ; understands her compass ; well rigged above, and good planks below—but——

Robert. But ! What ? out with it !

Jack. Dear heart ! the wives are—such as they are—there is no bottom to be found in any of them—if I were in your place, then I would tell her—I see well how the land lies, but I'll be damn'd if I don't clear the point.

Robert. I cannot, Jack, I have lost my tackle.

Jack. That's bad.

Robert. I am almost afraid, that I shall be forced to turn my keel above water.

Jack. That is very bad—then you must go to the bottom, without one chance for your life.

Robert. I cannot think so, Jack ; I hope still to come into calm, navigable water—see only what a fine wench ! She carries her soul in her eyes : and in those eyes there is no deceit. Her very heart flutters on her tongue, and her words are as fine as old wine, and as sweet as the juice of the cocoa-nut.

Jack. But a wife is as little to be trusted as the most dangerous whirlpool upon the sea. At first it is a life full of jubilee and huzzas—but if you once sail against the stream of her inclinations, the storm immediately begins to roar, from south and north, from east and west. And then, only think, Sir ; you now manage your own vessel as you please ; you weigh anchor whenever you have a mind ; you steer whithersoever you chuse ; do you think, when you have taken a wife aboard, that your cable will be as long, and as free, as it has hitherto been ?

Robert. Hold your tongue, honest Jack : I now find that I was not in earnest when I asked your advice ; for, in spite of all that you have alledged, I am resolved to tack about, and continue in the track, should I only have six points of the wind.

Jack. Then I wish you a good voyage.

SCENE XI.

FAZIR, ROBERT, and JACK.

Robert. Do we, at last, comrade, behold you once more ? Where the devil have you been hid, since we emptied the last mug of porter at dinner together ?

Fazir. I was at the ship—I resolved never to enter this house again, and yet I am now here again, and know not myself how it has happened.

Robert. At the ship, was you ! is our crew well and hearty ?

Fazir. Only too hearty—their mirth drove me out again, for I could not be merry with them.

Robert. Why not ?

Fazir. How can you ask ? See, Robert, it is a folly to tell it.—I went into my cabin, and lay down in my hammock, and looked up to the roof, as I had been accustomed to do during our voyage, every morning when I awaked. There the rope, with which the hammock is fastened to the roof—~~but~~ but you must not laugh at me.

Robert. No, no—only go on.

Fazir. Well, the loop of the rope had formed an L ; it looks just like an L.

Robert. Ay, ay ! love is able to make the whole alphabet out of it.

Fazir. Whenever I awaked in the morning, and looked up to this L, then I was delighted ; my thoughts ranged farther than my eyes, and this L kept me many an hour in bed.—Alas ! to day, for the first time, this L drove me out of it.

Robert. Poor youth ! what think you, Jack ? can we not help him ?

Jack. He is deeply laden—he must throw his love overboard, else he will sink.

Fazir. Dear Robert, will you weigh anchor soon again?

Robert. You fool! I have not yet unloaded; and then I must first look for another cargo.

Fazir. How long may all that take?

Robert. Six weeks at least.

Fazir. Six weeks! ah! Robert! the poor Fazir will be dead long before that.—Why did not I stay in my own country? I should then have died along with my brothers—here I must die alone. There some good souls would have wept over me—but here nobody will weep for me at all.

Robert. Young man, you make my heart feeble. If it can comfort you—Liddy, to all appearance, marries a very brave fellow.

Fazir. That indeed ought to comfort me—but it comforts me not. I am brave too, am I not?

Robert. But not rich.

Fazir. Fie, Robert, have I not often heard you say, that honesty is better than riches?

Robert. To be sure it is; and yet honesty gets nothing but the bones to gnaw, which pampered riches throw under the table.

Fazir. And what though? It seems to me that I never could have wanted at Liddy's side. Do you recollect the poor negro, as we were once walking together in Jamaica? He was at work upon a sugar plantation; the sweat ran down his forehead; a pitcher of water stood by him, and yet he sang cheerily a Moorish song. My good friend, said you to him, this is a hard piece of work. That it is, gave he for answer, and wiped off the sweat with the palm of his hand. One question produced another. We asked him, how he was able to smile so contentedly at his hard fortune? He then pointed to a thicket a few paces off; under the thicket sat a black woman, with three little, half naked children, the youngest of whom was upon her breast. And while the negro was pointing with his finger, he looked so delighted with

himself—no—such another smile never adorned the countenance of a king. Ah! if Liddy had but been willing, Fazir would have laboured like that slave—and smiled like him.

Robert. [*Whose heart is quite melted.*] Come, come, we will empty a couple of bottles of wine together.

Fazir. I cannot.—I can neither eat nor drink—I will starve myself.

SCENE XII.

GURLI, FAZIR, ROBERT, and JACK.

Gurli. [*With a diamond ring in her hand.*] Well, here I am. [*She perceives Fazir, stands petrified, and looks him in the face without speaking.*

Fazir. [*Starts back at the sight of her, and in his wild eyes fixed upon her, both terror and astonishment are painted.*

Robert. What! has a thunderbolt transfixed you both?

Gurli. [*Trembling.*] Brother Robert, dost thou see any thing yonder?

Robert. Yes, truly.

Gurli. Dost thou really see it?

Robert. Surely I do—I am not blind.

Fazir. Robert, do you see the spirit?

Robert. I see a fool, and you are he.

Fazir. Dear Robert, that body once belonged to my sister Gurli; ask it, will you, what soul has entered into it, since her death.

Robert. Your sister!

Gurli. Yes, yes, Robert, that spirit was once called Fazir, and was my brother—ah! my dear brother!

Robert. I understand.—Children, keep your five senses together! First such a fright, and now such an extacy! ye are not spirits. Children, I beseech you, be not foolish! Embrace one another! Brother Fazir and sister Gurli.

Fazir and Gurli. [*At once.*] Not spirits! [*Approaching to each other with outstretched arms.*

Gurli. & } [At once.] Do you really live, Gurli ?

Fazir. } Dost thou live, my Fazir ?

Robert. [Much affected.] What think you, Jack ?

Jack. [Wiping a tear from his eye.] Land ! land !

Robert. Right, Jack ! Never did I feel so, when I unexpectedly beheld land, after a long and dangerous voyage.

Fazir. and Gurli. [Suddenly passing into extravagant joy.] He lives ! she lives ! sister Gurli ! brother Fazir !

[Here the poet can prescribe nothing to the player : they skip, dance, leap, sing, laugh, and weep alternately.—Joy is always difficult to imitate ; but more especially the joy of uncorrupted nature. Robert and Jack stand by, enjoying in silence the delightful spectacle.]

SCENE XIII.

MUSAFFERY, GURLI, FAZIR, ROBERT, and JACK.

Musaffery. I hear thy voice, Gurli—but—what—

Fazir. Musaffery too.

Musaffery. Fazir ! thou livest ! [Pressing him passionately to his breast.] How is it with me ? where am I ? my old brain—yes, yes, he lives !—[Beside himself with rapture.] We will celebrate a pongol ! we will boil rice with milk ! [Raising his hands aloft, and bowing himself thrice to the ground.] Praised be Brama ! praised be Brama ! Where is my master ? where is Kaberdar ? We will paint a cow's horns—we will crown her with a garland of flowers.

Fazir. Kaberdar ! what does he say ?—Gurli, does my father too live ?

Gurli. Hale and hearty ! hale and hearty ! Father ! father !

Fazir. [Beside himself.] Where ? where ? father ! father !

SCENE XIV.

Lady SMITH, KABERDAR, Sir JOHN, brought out by SAMUEL :

MUSAFFERY, GURLI, FAZIR, ROBERT, and JACK.

L. Smith. [Entering.] Ciel ! what a rude plebeian tumult !

Kaberdar. [*Perceiving his son.*] Oh God! what is this?

Fazir. [*Embracing his knees.*] My father!

Gurli. and Musaffery. [*Skipping around him.*] He lives, he lives!

Kaberdar. [*Embracing his son passionately.*] Thou livest! Oh, Brama! canst thou forgive all my doubts and murmurs? my first born son lives—I have him in my arms! I have again my son! What is the wealth or the diadem of royalty, in comparison of this moment?

Musaffery. [*Bowing himself almost to the ground.*] We thank thee, Brama! we thank thee!

Kaberdar. [*Raising his hands and eyes to Heaven.*] Yes, we thank thee in silent prayer.

S. John. A sweet, delicious moment! A sovereign cordial for disease and pain.

L. Smith. A romance! a true romance!

Samuel. So it appears to me too.—I am yet very doubtful of its truth.

Robert. Give yourself no trouble, brother, I'll vouch for it.

Kaberdar. Speak, my son! By what miracle didst thou escape from our murderers?

Fazir. I wandered about a long while, but a good angel conducted my steps. I knew not whither I went, nor what was to become of me. I was pursued every where without knowing it; and, without knowing it, every where I escaped.—Brama preserved me.

Musaffery. [*Bowing himself.*] Praised be Brama!

Fazir. On the tenth day of my flight, when hunger and fatigue had almost overcome me, I mounted a hill with great difficulty, and suddenly the boundless ocean lay before my sight. A foreign vessel had just sailed, and was scarcely a cannon-shot from the shore. Ah! thought I, had I only arrived an hour sooner, this ship would have taken me up, and at once delivered me from all danger. I hastily untied my turban, and made the muslin flutter in the air, and beckoned and cried as loud as I could, but in vain: the ship sailed away with a fresh wind. I was almost in despair; and hunger drove me along the untrodden path, where I had hi-

They wandered, down to the shore. There I was carelessly looking for cockles, indifferent whether I was discovered or not; when, all of a sudden, with what pleasure I beheld, behind the point of a rock, another ship lying at anchor; whose captain was this generous man [*Pointing to Robert.*] to whom I owe my deliverance and my life, and my preservation till this moment.

Musaffery. [*Bowing himself.*] Praised be Brama!

Gurli. [*Running up to Robert, and falling about his neck.*] Oh, thou good man!

Robert. Pshaw!

Kaberdar. [*Shaking Robert's hand.*] Sir, when once you become a father, then will you feel, that for such a benefit, the gratitude of a father has no words.

Robert. By-God, Sir, you make me ashamed. When I took up the young man, I thought neither of gratitude nor reward. I obeyed my heart, and see now, I have preserved a friend to myself.

S. John. Embrace me, my son! May God bless you.

L. Smith. [*Reaching out her hand to kiss.*] *Mon Fils*, thy noble way of thinking, has, I assure you, quite enchanted me.

Robert. Dear mother! my way of thinking was, at that moment, so far from noble, that I was even afraid that there ran through it, a stream of envy and jealousy concealed. Three unhappy fugitives had, the evening before, also taken refuge in the ship which lay at anchor beside me; and by my poor soul, I was vexed that chance had carried them aboard of my neighbour.

Kaberdar. These three fugitives were we. That generous man saved the father, the daughter, and the friend; and this generous man has restored me my son.

Gurli. Well, father, may not Gurli marry this good man?

Kaberdar. If he will have you, with all my heart.

Gurli. If he will have me! oh! yes, he will—is it not so, good Robert?

Robert. [*To Samuel.*] Brother, you must not take it amiss

of me ; my generous resignation would not avail you ; for even then she would not take you.

Gurli. No, no, indeed, foolish Samuel ; Gurli will never marry thee.

Samuel. The question naturally occurs here : what will Mr. Samuel Smith do ? answer : hang himself—if prudence would permit him :—who knows but as fair a felicity may yet bloom for him elsewhere. [*Exit.*

Kaberdar. Every thing seems united to prove to me, that I gained nothing when the hand of chance bound a diadem around my brow ; and that I lost nothing when it was torn away.—Good children, and tried friends, what is wanting to my felicity ? A good wife—and that also I have found.—Madam, your consent is now only wanting : I love your daughter Liddy. I know indeed your principles, and your respect for ancient families ; but I hope to satisfy all your demands, when I assure you, that I was once monarch of Mysore, and that my ancestors bore arms with honor at the time when Alexander desolated India.

L. Smith. I am astonished !—A family so ancient ! I shall reckon it a great honor, Sir, to receive you, with open arms, into our's.

Fazir. Ah ! father !

Kaberdar. Well ?

Fazir. Ah ! dear father !

Kaberdar. What's the matter, my dear son ?

Fazir. You have given me life, and would you now take it from me ?

Kaberdar. I understand you not.

Fazir. I love Liddy so much——

Kaberdar. So ! and Liddy——

Fazir. I can neither rest night nor day.

Kaberdar. Hark you, dear youth, this is a matter which Liddy herself can alone determine.—You indeed are scarce twenty ; and the freshness of youth blooms upon your cheek. I, on the other hand, carry the burden of five and thirty years upon my back.—However, so far as I know Liddy,

this will scarcely influence her decision. Let us see, we will call her. If her heart declares in your favor, I will then cheerfully submit to my fate.

Robert. Bestir yourself; Jack, and weigh anchor, and steer towards Liddy's chamber; and tell her, we intreat her to direct her course hither.

Jack. That I will. [Exit.]

Gurli. Father, I will tell thee, which of you two Liddy will marry.

Kaberdar. Well?

Gurli. My brother Fazir.

Kaberdar. How know you that?

Gurli. He is handsomer than thee.

Kaberdar. Ah! dear girl! Liddy is not a child like you.

Robert. I fear, that in regard to this point, women will always continue children.

S. John. Be it as it will; I shall still, before my death, have the pleasure of seeing two happy pairs.

L. Smith. Right, my dear: this day has reconciled me again to fortune, and I shall lay myself down softly to slumber with my ancestors. Samuel's fate alone gives me uneasiness.

Gurli. The poor foolish Samuel: I am sorry for him too. — What thinkest thou, Robert? I will marry him too.

Robert. Two husbands at once! no Gurli, that I forbid.

Gurli. Well, as thou wilt: Gurli is very indifferent about it.

SCENE XV.

LIDDY, JACK, LADY SMITH, KABERDAR, SIR JOHN, MUSAFFERY GURLI, FAZIR, and ROBERT.

Robert. Hey day, sister! I wish you joy! you are a bride.

Liddy. [Looking down.] Yes, I am a bride.

Robert. But with whom? that is still the question.

Liddy. With whom! with that gentleman.

[Pointing to Kaberdar.]

Robert. Hold, hold ! not so hasty.

Kaberdar. Miss, I now release you from your promise.—
Father and son stand here before you.

Liddy. [*In astonishment.*] Father and son !

Kaberdar. Yes, this youth is my son.—He loves you—I love
you too.—Make your choice freely.

Gurli. [*To Liddy.*] Take the son ; he is handsomer than
the father.

Kaberdar. Your heart must pronounce the sentence.

Liddy. [*In great perplexity.*] My heart ! alas !

Fazir. [*With downcast eyes.*] Dear Miss !

Robert. Well, sister, will you not decide ?

Liddy. How can I ? I have already given my promise.

Kaberdar. If you had not then given your promise, would
you not ? [*Liddy is silent.*] I understand you. [*Puts her hand
into Fazir's.*] God bless you, my children !

Fazir. [*Embracing Liddy.*] Ah, dear Miss !

Musaffery. [*Bowing to the ground.*] Praised be Brama !

Kaberdar. [*Wiping a tear from his eyes.*] One single drop of
bitterness ! quite right : the cup of pleasure was too sweet.

Robert. Well, Jack, what think you now ?

Jack. I think that I shall now be obliged to cruise about
the world by myself, with this old ruinous vessel. All my
powder and lead is spent ; my provisions are exhausted ;
and what will become of me ?

Robert. You shall stay with me ; and so long as I have a
biscuit to myself, I shall always make you welcome to the
half of it, till you finish your voyage happily at last, and
cast anchor in the latitude of Heaven.

Jack. I thank you, Sir, I thank you : and I wish all of
you, fair wind and weather for your voyage.

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