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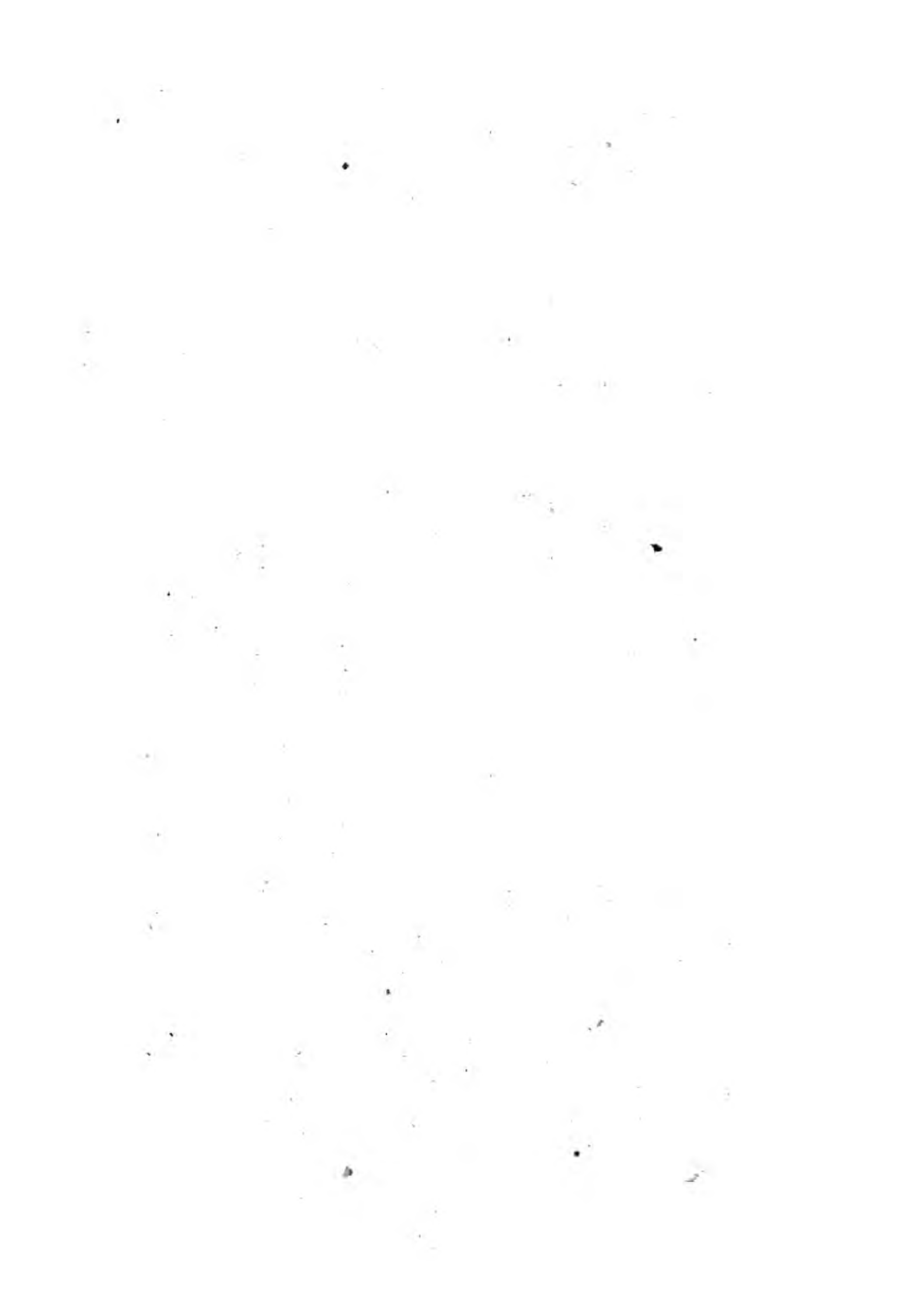
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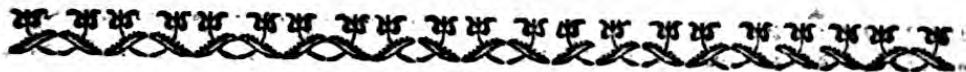


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THE  
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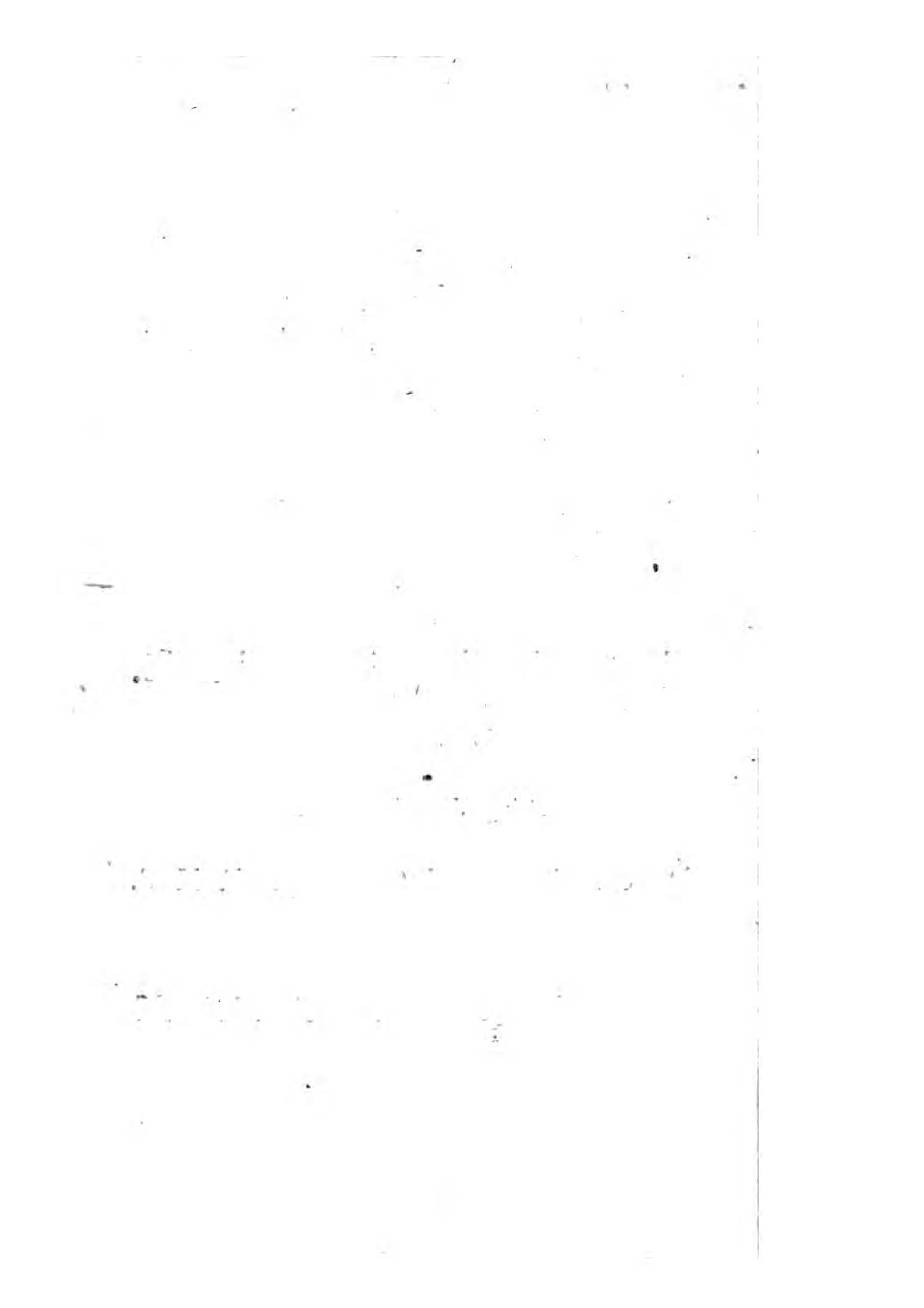
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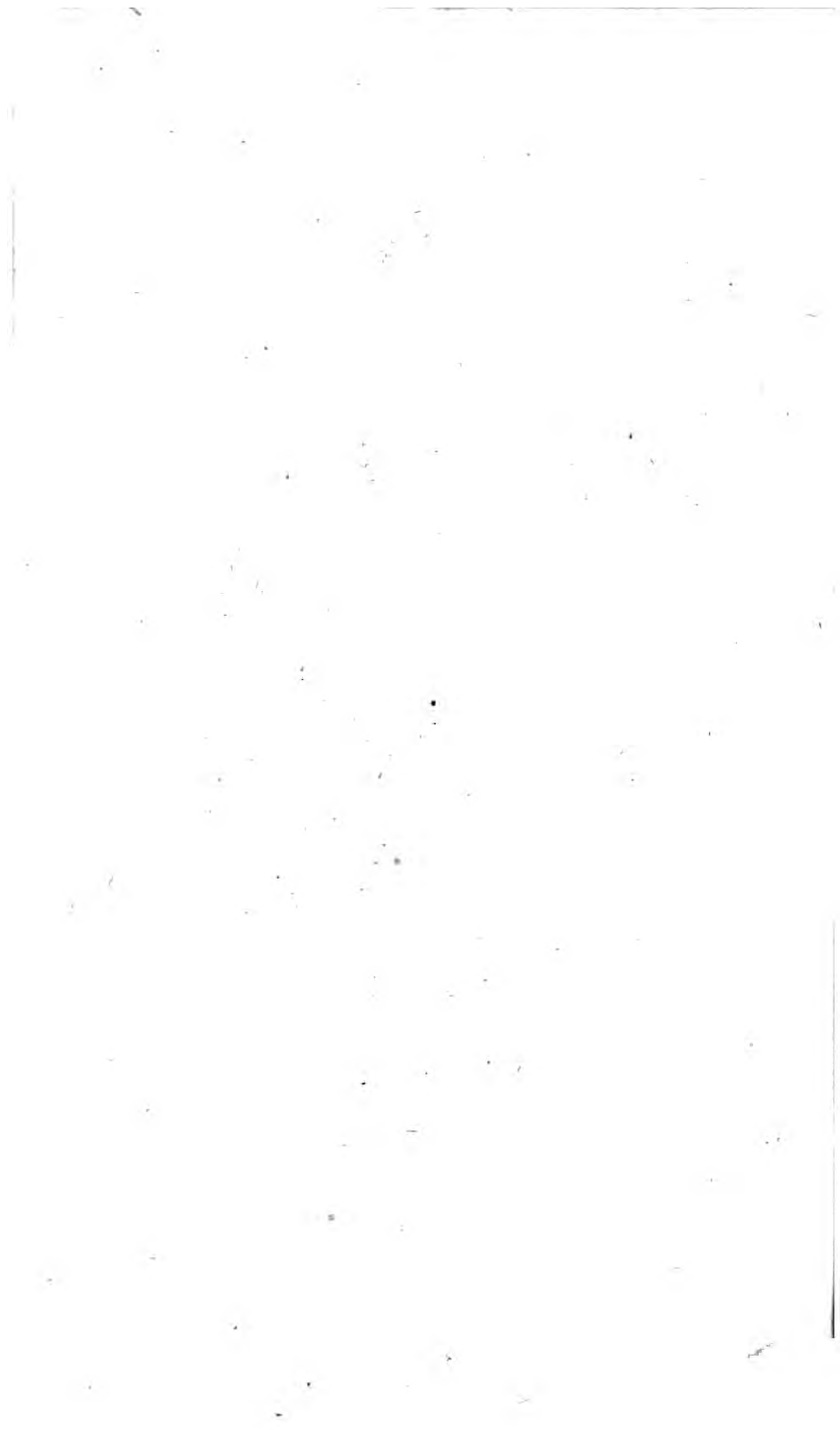
Being VOL. VII. of his

DRAMATIC WORKS.













*J. Hall sculp.*

PETER THE GREAT,  
CZAR OF MOSCOVY.

THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

MR. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated by the Rev. Mr. FRANCKLIN.

V O L. VII.



● O N D O N :

Printed for J. NEWBERRY, R. BALDWIN, S. CROWDER  
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This VOLUME contains,

ADVERTISEMENT.

PREFACE to CATILINE.

CATILINE. A Tragedy.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY, from the Translator of the  
SCOTCH WOMAN to Count L'AURAGAIS.

A LETTER to the GENTLEMEN of PARIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PREFACE to the SCOTCH WOMAN.

The COFFEE-HOUSE : or, The SCOTCH WOMAN,  
A Comedy.

A LETTER to the Duke of RICHLIEU.

A LETTER to T. I. R. C. D. G.

The ORPHAN OF CHINA. A Tragedy.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HIS tragedy differs in many respects from that which appear'd at *Paris* under the same title in the year 1752, when it was transcribed from the representation by some vile copyists, who most shamefully disfigur'd it: the parts then omitted were fill'd up by other hands, and above an hundred verses interpolated not written by the author of *Catiline*. From this imperfect copy was publish'd a surreptitious edition, full of errors from beginning to end, which was follow'd by another in *Holland*, still more faulty. The present edition was carefully inspected by the author himself, who even alter'd several whole scenes in it. It is certainly a most flagrant abuse, which calls every day for redress, that the works of authors shou'd be printed in spite of themselves. A bookseller is in a hurry to publish a bad edition of a work that falls into his hands, and this very bookseller shall afterwards complain most bitterly, when the author, whom he has injur'd, gives us the performance as it really is. Such is the miserable condition of modern literature.

the whole universe, in spite of the envy and malice of so many Patricians, who at that time bore sway in *Rome* !

What we have still more reason to be astonish'd at is, that amidst a thousand cares and disquietudes, and during a whole tempestuous life, burthen'd as he was both by public and private affairs, this wonderful man cou'd yet find leisure to acquaint himself with all the various sects of religion in *Greece*, and shine forth one of the greatest philosophers, as well as orators, of his age. Are there many ministers, magistrates, or lawyers, now in *Europe*, of any eminence, who are able, I will not say to explain the discoveries of *Newton*, or the ideas of *Leibnitz*, in the same manner as *Cicero* illustrated the principles of *Zeno*, *Plato*, and *Epicurus*, but even to solve any difficult problem in philosophy ?

*Cicero*, a circumstance which very few are acquainted with, was withal one of the best poets of the age he liv'd in, when poetry was yet in its infant state: he even rivall'd *Lucretius*. Can any thing be more beautiful than these verses yet remaining of his poem on *Marius*, which makes us still regret the loss of that excellent performance ?

Hic *Jovis* altisoni subito pinnata satelles

Arboris è trunco, serpentis faucia morfu,

Ipsa feris subigit transfigens unguibus anguem

Semi-

Semianimum, & varia graviter cervice micantem :  
 Quem se intorquentem lanians, rostroque cruen-  
 tans,

Jam fatiata animos, jam duros ultra dolores  
 Abjacet efflantem, & laceratum affligit in undas  
 Seque obitu a solis nitidos convertit ad ortus.

I am thoroughly persuaded, that our language is incapable of expressing the harmonious energy of *Greek* and *Latin* verses : I will, however, venture to give a slight sketch from this little picture, painted by the great man whom I have characterised in my *Rome preserv'd*, and whose *Catilines* I have imitated in some parts of the tragedy.

Thus wounded by an earth-born serpent flies  
 The bird of *Jove*, and in his talons bears  
 His struggling foe ; the dying reptile wreaths  
 His tortur'd scales that glitter in the sun :  
 Till the fierce eagle drops his bleeding prey,  
 Soars to the skies, and seeks his native heav'n.

Those who have the least spark of taste will perceive, even in this imperfect copy, the force of the original : whence comes it then that *Cicero* shou'd pass for a bad

poet? only because *Juvenal* has thought fit to say so, and imputed to him that ridiculous verse,

O fortunatam natam me consule *Roman!*

So ridiculous that the *French* poet, who was desirous of pointing out the absurdity of it in a translation, cou'd not succeed in it:

O Rome fortunée sous mon consulat nèce

does not express half the nonsense of the *Latin*.

Is it possible the author of those fine verses I just now quoted cou'd ever write any thing so ridiculous! there are follies which a man of sense and genius can never be guilty of: but the real truth is, that prejudice, which will never allow two species of excellency to one man, deny'd *Cicero's* ability to make verses, because he himself thought fit to renounce it. Some low buffoon, who envy'd the reputation of this great man, wrote that foolish verse, and attributed it to the orator, the philosopher, the father of *Rome*. *Juvenal*, in the succeeding age, adopted this popular error, and handed it down to posterity in his satirical declamations: I believe many a reputation both good and bad is establish'd in the same manner. These two verses, for instance, are imputed to *Mallebranche*.



Il fait en ce beau jour le plus beau tems du monde  
 Pour aller à cheval sur la terre & sur l'onde.

To which it is added, that he made them on purpose to shew that a philosopher cou'd be a poet whenever he had a mind to it. What man, with common sense, cou'd ever be persuaded that *Mallebranche* was capable of writing any thing so absurd? and yet let but a retailer of anecdotes, or a literary compiler, transmit this idle tale to posterity, and in process of time it shall gain credit; and tho' *Mallebranche* was one of the greatest of men, it will be said one day or other, that this great man turn'd fool when he got out of his sphere.

*Cicero* has been reproach'd for too much sensibility, and too much dejection in adversity: he imparts his well-grounded complaints to his wife and friends, and his frankness is imputed to cowardice: but let who will blame him for pouring into the bosom of friendship that grief which he conceal'd from his persecutors, I love him the more for it: the virtuous soul alone is capable of feeling. *Cicero*, fond as he was of glory, had no ambition of appearing to be what he was not. We have seen men in our own times dying with grief at the loss of very trifling emoluments, after a ridiculous pretence of not regretting them at all. What is there then so mean or cowardly, in acknowledging to a wife or

friend, that a man was unhappy at being banish'd from his country, which he had serv'd, or at being persecuted by a set of ungrateful and perfidious villains? surely we ought to shut our hearts against the tyrants who oppress us, and open them to those we love.

*Cicero* was free and ingenuous throughout his whole conduct; he spoke of his afflictions without shame, and of his thirst after true glory without disguise: this character is natural, at the same time that it is great: shall we prefer to this the policy of *Cæsar*, who tells us in his commentaries, that he offered peace to *Pompey*, and yet in his private letters vows that he never had any such intention? *Cæsar* was a great, but *Cicero* was an honest man: but his having been a good poet, and philosopher, an excellent governor, or an able general, that he had a feeling and a good heart, are not points that concern our present purpose: he saved *Rome* in spite of the senate; one half of which at least oppos'd him, from motives of the most inveterate envy and malice; even those whose oracle, whose deliverer and avenger he was, were amongst his worst of foes: he laid the foundation of his own ruin by the most signal service that man ever performed for his country: to represent this is the principal design of the tragedy:

it

it is not so much the ferocious spirit of *Catiline*, as the generous and noble soul of *Cicero*, which I have there endeavor'd to describe.

It has always been asserted, and the opinion gains ground amongst us, that *Cicero* is one of those characters which shou'd never be brought upon the stage.

The *English*, who hazard every thing without knowing what they hazard, have given us a tragedy on the conspiracy of *Catiline*, wherein *Ben Johnson* has made no scruple of translating seven or eight pages of *Tully's* oration; he has even translated them into prose, not imagining it possible to make *Cicero* speak in verse. The consul's prose, to say the truth, mingled with the verse of the other characters, form a contrast worthy of the barbarous age of *Ben Johnson*: but to treat a subject so grave, and withal so totally void of those passions which generally captivate the heart, we must have to do with a serious and cultivated people, worthy in some measure of having the manners of antient *Rome* exhibited before them. I acknowledge at the same time that this subject is not well adapted to our stage: we have much more taste, decorum, and knowledge of the theatre than the *English*, but our manners for the most part are not so strong. We are only pleas'd with the struggle of those passions which we ourselves experience;

those amongst us who are best acquainted with the works of *Cicero*, and the *Roman* republic, are not frequenters of a play-house, they do not in this respect follow the example of *Tully* himself, who we know was constantly there : it is astonishing they shou'd pretend to more gravity than him : they have only less taste for the fine arts, or they are withheld by a ridiculous prejudice : what progress soever those arts may have made in *France*, those gentlemen of distinguish'd genius and abilities who have cultivated them amongst us, have not yet imparted true taste to the whole nation : we are not born so happy as the *Greeks* and *Romans*, but frequent the theatre more out of idleness than from any real regard to literature.

This tragedy seems rather to be made for the closet than the stage ; it met with applause indeed, and even more than *Zara*, but it is not of such a species as to support itself on the stage like *Zara* : it is written, notwithstanding, with more strength : the single scene between *Cæsar* and *Catiline* was executed with more difficulty than half those pieces which are fill'd with nothing but love : but to these the heart returns with pleasure, whilst our admiration of the antient *Roman's* is quickly exhausted. In our times nobody enters into conspiracies, but every body is in love. The representation

tation of *Catiline* requires withal a large company of actors, and a magnificent apparatus.

The learned will not here meet with a faithful narrative of *Catiline's* conspiracy: a tragedy, they very well know, is not a history, but they will see a true picture of the manners of those times: all that *Cicero*, *Catiline*, *Cato* and *Cæsar* do in this piece is not true, but their genius and character are faithfully represented: if we do not there discover the eloquence of *Cicero*, we shall at least find display'd all that courage and virtue which he shew'd in the hour of danger. In *Catiline* is described that contrast of fierceness and dissimulation which form'd his real character; *Cæsar* is represented as growing into power, factious, and brave; that *Cæsar* who was born at once to be the glory and the scourge of *Rome*.

I have not brought on the stage the deputies of the *Allobroges*, who were not the ambassadors of *Gaul*, but agents of a pretty province of *Italy*, subject to the *Romans*, who only appear'd in the low character of informers, and were therefore not proper persons to appear in company with *Cicero*, *Cæsar*, and *Cato*.

If this performance shou'd appear tolerably well written, and to give us some idea of antient *Rome*, it is all that he author pretends to, and all the reward which he expects from it.

D R A-



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CICERO,  
CÆSAR,  
CATILINE,  
AURELIA,  
CATO,  
LUCULLUS,

CRASSUS,  
CLODIUS,  
CETHEGUS,  
LENTULUS—SURA,  
Conspirators,  
Licitors.

The SCENE represents on one side, the palace of Aurelia ; on the other, the temple of Tellus, where the senate assembled : At a distance, a gallery communicating to some private passages that lead from the palace of Aurelia to the vestibule of the temple.

---

C A T A L I N E:  
O R,  
R O M E P R E S E R V E D.  
A  
T R A G E D Y.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

CATILINE.

[Soldiers at the bottom of the stage.]

**Y**ES, thou proud talker, thou vile instrument  
Of a deluded people, soon thy pow'r  
Shall be no more ; and thou whose savage virtue,  
Inflexibly severe, destroys the nation  
It means to save, imperious Cato, know  
Thy doom is pass'd, thou and the tyrant senate  
Must fall together ; they who keep the world  
In bondage shall themselves be slaves ; their chains  
Are forg'd already, and usurping Pompey

Shall

Shall pay for dear bought honours with his blood:

Cæsar, his haughty rival, shall oppose him,

His equal Cæsar: he who, like myself,

Was ever factious, shall assist my cause;

The snare is laid, and Cæsar shall prepare:

The throne for Catiline; I'll make them all

Subservient to my purpose: Cic'ro's self,

The man whom most I hate, shall be my friend:

My wife too may be useful, and may prove:

A step to greatness: fathers, husbands, all

Those empty names mistaken mortals call

Most sacred, hence, I give you to the winds:

Ambition, I am thine.

## S C E N E II.

C A T I L I N E, C E T H E G U S.

C A T I L I N E.

Well, my Cethegus,

Whilst Rome and our designs are hid in night,

Say, hast thou call'd together our brave chiefs?

C E T H E G U S.

Ev'n here, my lord, beneath this portico,

Safe from the consul's prying eyes, and near

That impious scene where our proud tyrants sit,

Thy

Thy friends shall meet — already they have sign'd  
The solémn compact, and are sworn to serve thee.  
But how stands Cæsar, will he second us?

CATILINE.

He is a turbulent unruly spirit,  
And acts but for himself.

CETHEGUS.

And yet without him  
We never shall succeed.

CATILINE.

I've laid a snare  
He cannot 'scape : my soldiers, in his name,  
Shall seize Preneste — he's been long suspected.  
This will confirm his guilt — the furious consul  
Shall soon accuse him to the senate — Cæsar  
Will hazard all to satiate his revenge.  
I'll rouse this sleeping lion from his den,  
And make him roar for me.

CETHEGUS.

But Nonnius still  
Rules in Preneste ; he's a friend to Rome.  
In vain already thou hast try'd to tempt  
His stubborn virtue — what must be his fate ?

C A T I -

## CATILINE.

Thou know'st I love his daughter, tho' I hate  
 Her surly father: long he strove in vain  
 To thwart our mutual passion, and prevent  
 Our private marriage, which at last the churl  
 Unwillingly consented to: he fear'd  
 T' incur his angry party's high displeasure,  
 And the proud consul's — but I've made his pride  
 Subservient to our purpose — he is bound  
 By solemn oaths to keep our marriage still  
 A secret: Sura only and Cethegus  
 Are privy to it: this perhaps may serve  
 More purposes than one: Aurelia's palace  
 Conducts us to the temple; there I've plac'd  
 My instruments of ruin, arms, and firebrands,  
 To execute our great design: thy zeal  
 To friendship much I owe, but own to love  
 Hath been most useful, and I thank thee for it:  
 Beneath the senate's sacred vault, beneath  
 The roof of Nonnius will we sacrifice  
 These tyrants — you, my friends, must to Preneste;  
 You to the capitol; remember whom  
 You serve, the oath that binds you, and the cause  
 Ye are engag'd in — thou, my lov'd Cethegus,  
 Must watch o'er all, and guide the great machine.

S C E N E



## S C E N E III.

AURELIA, CATILINE.

AURELIA.

O Catiline, my lord, my husband, ease  
My troubled heart, remove my doubts, my fears,  
My horror, my despair — alas ! what means  
This dreadful preparation ? — ev'ry step  
I tread alarms me ; why these foldiers, why  
With arms and torches is my palace fill'd ?  
The days of Marius and of Sylla sure  
Are now return'd, and discord reigns amongst us :  
Explain, my lord, this dreadful mystery:  
Do not turn from me — by the sacred tye  
That joins our hearts, by the dear babe thou lov'ft,  
I talk not to thee of its mother's danger,  
For thee alone I tremble: pity me,  
Pity a wretched wife, and tell me all.

CATILINE.

Know then, my life, my fortune, and my fame,  
Thy safety, and my own, the common cause,  
Demand a conduct which thy fears condemn :  
But if thou lov'ft me, let whate'er thou seeft  
Be bury'd in thy breast : I mean to save  
Rome's better part ; the senate and the people  
Are difunited — danger threatens the ftate

On

On ev'ry side ; I've taken the best means  
To make all well again.

AURELIA.

I hope thou hast ;  
But can we hide our hearts from those we love ?  
Can'st thou deceive me ? yet what thou hast said  
Double my fears. Alas ! thy looks are wild,  
And full of horror. What will Nonnius say  
When he shall see these dreadful preparations ?  
The voice of nature, and the tender names  
Of father and brother oft have pass'd  
Unheard and unregarded when the cause  
Of Rome requir'd it — well thou know'st our marriage  
Gave much offence, and when my angry father  
Returning shall behold these sad effects  
Of our unhappy union, what, my lord,  
Must I expect ? O why wilt thou abuse  
The pow'r which love has giv'n thee o'er a heart  
Devoted to thy service ? — thou hast gain'd  
A party, but consider well my father,  
Cato, and Cicero, and Rome, and heav'n,  
Are all thy foes : Nonnius perhaps may come  
This very day on purpose to destroy thee.

CATILINE.

Be not afraid, I know he cannot.

AURE-

AURELIA.

How!

CATILINE.

Whene'er he comes he must approve our purpose:  
 I am not left at liberty to tell thee  
 What we design, suffice it that his int'rest  
 And mine are one: I know when he shall find  
 The fair result, he then will join with me  
 To pull down the proud tyrants he obeys:  
 Trust me, Aurelia, what I do shall prove  
 The fertile spring of everlasting glory  
 And honour to you both —

AURELIA.

Alas! the honour

I fear is doubtful, and the danger certain:  
 What seek'st thou? wherefore woud'st thou urge thy  
 fate?  
 Is't not enough to rank among the first  
 Of human kind, and rule the subject world?  
 Why woud'st thou mount the giddy heights of pow'r  
 And court destruction? my foreboding heart  
 Already sees, and trembles at thy danger.  
 Are these the promis'd joys of flatt'ring love?  
 The peace I hop'd for? I have lost it now  
 For ever: O, my lord, when last these eyes

Were

Were in a short and broken slumber clos'd,  
 Methought I saw in flames imperial Rome ;  
 Saw murders, deaths, and rivers stain'd with blood,  
 My father massacred in open senate,  
 And thee, my Cajline, amidst a band  
 Of vile assassins, breathing forth thy soul  
 In dreadful agonies : I rose, and fled  
 From these sad images to find my lord,  
 My guardian, my protector — thou art here,  
 And I, alas ! am but the more unhappy.

## C A T I L I N E.

Away — your omens fright not Catiline ;  
 Complain not, but be resolute : I want  
 Your courage, not your tears, when I am serving  
 You and my country.

## A U R E L I A.

Is it thus you mean  
 To serve her ? O, my lord, I know not what  
 Your purpose is, but were it fair and just  
 Perhaps I might long since have been consulted ;  
 Our mutual int'rest claim'd it from a husband :  
 If you dissemble with me, I have cause  
 To doubt, and to be wretched — Cicero  
 Has long suspected thee, and Rome thou know'st  
 Adores him.

C A T I -

CATILINE.

Whom? my hated rival?

## S C E N E IV.

CATILINE AURELIA, MARTIAN, one  
of the Conspirators.

MARTIAN.

Sir,

The consul comes this way — by his command  
The senate meet; he wishes first to see  
And speak with you.

AURELIA.

I tremble at his name.

CATILINE.

Why tremble at the name of Cicero?  
Let Nonnius fear and reverence him, disgrace  
His rank and character by mean submission;  
I pity the weak senator, but hop'd  
To find in thee a nobler soul: not thus,  
Remember, acted your brave ancestors:  
Gods! that a woman, and a Roman, sprung  
From Nero's blood, shou'd thus be void of pride  
Or of ambition! noble minds are ne'er  
Without them.

AURELIA.

Mine perhaps thou think'st is mean  
And timid; cruelty alone with thee

Is



Is courage ; thy reproach is most unkind ;  
 But know me better ; know that this fond wife,  
 Whom thou contemn'st, who has not pow'r to change  
 Or soften thee, has more of Roman in her  
 Than thou can'st boast ; and, coward as she is,  
 Can teach thee how to die.

CATILINE.

How many cares  
 At once surround me ! — Cicero comes — but him  
 I fear not : this Aurelia. -----

S C E N E V.

CICERO, CATILINE, Chief of the Lictors.

CICERO. [To the chief Lictor.

Do as I

Commanded you — i'll try if I can found  
 This faithless heart ; leave me alone with him :  
 Sometimes a villain may be wrought by fear  
 To better council, and renounce his purpose.  
 Who's there ? the proud Plebeian, chos'n by Rome  
 To be her master ?

CICERO.

E'er the senate meet,  
 Cat'line, I come for the last time to hold  
 The friendly torch, and save thy wand'ring steps  
 From the dread precipice of guilt and ruin.

C A T I-

CATILINE.

Who, thou?

CICERO.

Yes, I.

CATILINE.

And is it thus thy hate

Pursues me?

CICERO.

Call it pity — but observe me,

The capitol is weary of thy plaints,

Thy factious cries, and bold impertinence;

Rome, and the senate have, it seems, debas'd

The consul's dignity by choosing me:

Thy pride we know expected it, but how

Had'st thou deserv'd it? was it by the name,

Or family, thy valour, or the pride

Of a loose prodigal in shews and feasts

And idle pomp; cou'd these entitle thee

To such exalted honours? cou'd'st thou hope

To be the great dispenser of the laws,

To guide the mistress of the world who rules

O'er prostrate kings? had Catiline been what

He ought to be, I might perhaps to him

Have yielded the contested palm.—Hereafter

Thou may'st support the state, but to be consul

'Tis fit thou first shoud'st be --- a citizen.

Think'st thou by vile reflections on my birth,

My fortune, and my fame, to taint my honour,

Or

Or weaken the firm basis of my pow'r?  
 In our corrupted days it is not name,  
 Or family, that Rome has need of: no:  
 'Tis virtue; and the pride of Cicero  
 Hath ever been, that he shou'd nothing owe  
 To his forefather's --- my nobility  
 Springs from myself, and thine may end in thee.

## CATILINE.

It ill becomes a temporary pow'r,  
 Like thine, to boast of its authority.

## CICERO.

Had Cic'ro us'd that pow'r as thou deserv'ft,  
 Thou woudst not have been here to question it:  
 Thou who hast stain'd our altars with pollution  
 And sacrilegious rage, thy days are number'd  
 But by thy crimes: thy merit is to dare,  
 To strike at all, dissemble, and betray:  
 Thou hast abus'd the precious gifts that heav'n  
 Bestow'd on thee for other purposes:  
 Sense, beauty, courage, and heroic warmth,  
 All the fair ornaments of human nature,  
 Are but in thee the instruments of ill.  
 My voice, which still is rais'd to scourge the wicked,  
 And plead for the oppress'd, hath spar'd thee yet;  
 Nor with the odious Verres rank'd the name

Of Catiline ; but long impunity  
 Hath made thee shameless, and insensible  
 Of all reproof --- thou hast betray'd the state :  
 At Rome, and in Etruria all is discord,  
 And foul confusion ; Umbria is revolted ;  
 Preneste staggars in her faith ; the soldiers  
 Of barb'rous Sylla, drench'd in blood, come forth  
 From their dark caves prepar'd for slaughter, arm'd  
 By cruel Mallius ; all are leagu'd with thee ;  
 Thy partizans declar'd, or secret friends,  
 All are united in one guilty bond,  
 And sworn to the destruction of their country :  
 I know thee for their chief, for I have eyes  
 On ev'ry side, and hands too, thou shalt find,  
 That, spite of thee, shall vindicate the cause  
 Of injur'd Rome ; thy guilty friends shall feel  
 My justice too : thou hast beheld me long  
 But as thy rival, now behold thy judge,  
 And thy accuser, who will force thee soon  
 To answer for thy actions by those laws  
 Which thou so oft hast trampled on unpunish'd,  
 Those laws which thou contemn'st, and I revenge.

## C A T I L I N E.

I've told you, sir, already, that your office  
 But ill excuses this indecent freedom :

But for that country's sake, whom both are bound  
 To serve, I pardon your unjust suspicions ;  
 Nay, I do more, I honour your warm zeal ;  
 Blind tho' it be, in such a cause 'tis just :  
 But do not thus reproach me for past errors,  
 For the wild fallies of impetuous youth,  
 That soon are o'er ; your senate is to blame,  
 I follow'd their example ; pomp and pride,  
 Excess and luxury, the fruits of conquest,  
 Are the times vices, not the native bent  
 Of Cat'line's heart : I serv'd the common-weal  
 In Asia as a soldier, as a judge  
 In Afric : spite of our domestic feuds,  
 Did I not make the name of Rome rever'd  
 Among the nations ? I who have defended  
 Shall ne'er betray her.

## CICERO.

Sylla too and Marius  
 Both serv'd their country well, and then destroy'd her.  
 Tyrants have all some specious show of virtue,  
 And e'er they break their country's laws support them.

## CATILINE.

If you suspect each brave and gallant soldier,  
 Let Cæsar, Pompey, Crassus be accus'd :  
 Why fix on me amongst so many ? why

Am



Am I the only object of your fears ?  
Have I deserv'd it ?

CICERO.

That you best can tell.  
But wherefore deign I thus to answer you ?

CATILINE.

The more I plead in my defence, the more  
Will Cicero condemn me : if as friend  
Thou talk'st to me, thou but deceiv'st thyself,  
I am thy foe ; if as a citizen,  
So too is Catiline ; if as a consul,  
A consul's not a master, he presides  
But in the senate, I defy him there.

CICERO.

Thou durst not ; for I there can punish guilt :  
If thou art innocent, I will protect thee ;  
If not, I charge thee, be not seen in Rome.

CATILINE.

This is too much : I will no longer bear  
Thy insults, tho' I scorn thy vague suspicions :  
Yet know I think the worst affront that thou  
Cou'd put on Cat'line, wou'd be to protect him.

CICERO.

[Alone.

Insolent traitor ! means he thus to prove  
His innocence by false affected pride ?

Perfidious wretch, I'm not to be deceiv'd,  
Nor shalt thou thus escape the watchful eye  
Of vengeance.

## S C E N E VI.

CICERO, CATO.

CICERO.

Well, my friend, hast thou prepar'd  
For Rome's defence?

CATO.

Your orders are obey'd;  
I have dispos'd the chiefs, and all are ready  
To march as you direct them; but I fear  
The people, nay the senate.

CICERO.

Ha! the senate?

CATO.

Ay—they are swol'n with pride—and foul division  
Will soon enslave them.

CICERO.

Much indeed I fear  
Our vices will revenge the conquer'd world;  
Our liberty and virtue are no more;  
But Rome may still have hope whilst Cato lives.

CATO.

Alas! who serves his country often serves

A most ungrateful mistress — ev'n thy merit  
 Offends the senate ; with a jealous eye  
 It views thy greatness.

CICERO.

Cato's approbation  
 Is recompence enough ; thy honest praise  
 Will more than ballance their ingratitude ;  
 On that and on posterity alone  
 I shall rely ; let us perform our duty,  
 And leave the rest to heav'n.

CATO.

How shall we stem  
 The torrent of corruption ? when I see,  
 Ev'n in this sacred temple, rais'd to virtue,  
 Infamous treason rise with shameless front :  
 Can we suppose that Manlius, that proud rebel,  
 Wou'd dare advance his standard, and blow up  
 The flames of civil war, if greater pow'rs  
 Did not support him, if some secret foe  
 Abetted not their vile conspiracy ?  
 The leaders of the senate may betray us ;  
 From Sylla's ashes may new tyrants rise :  
 My just suspicions light on Cæsar.

C 3

CICERO.

CICERO.

Mine

On Catiline ; perfidious, fordid, rash,  
 And bold ; he loves rebellion, and delights  
 In novelty ; more dangerous than Cæsar ;  
 I know him well ; ev'n now I parted from him :  
 What pass'd between us but confirms me more  
 In my suspicions ; on his face I read  
 Rage and resentment, the determin'd pride  
 Of his fierce spirit, that no longer deign'd  
 To hide its purpose, but stood forth, and own'd  
 Its enmity to Rome.---I must discover  
 His bold compeers, perhaps I may prevent  
 His future crimes, and save my falling country.

C A T O.

Cat'line has friends, and much I fear the pow'r  
 Of these united tyrants may prove fatal :  
 Our forces are in Asia, and at Rome  
 We are corrupted ; but one upright man  
 May save the state.

CICERO.

If we unite, our country  
 Has nought to fear---in factions discord soon  
 Dissolves the tye : Cæsar perhaps may join them ;  
 But, if I know him right, his noble soul  
 Will never stoop to serve a worthless tyrant ;

He

He loves his country still, and hates a master ;  
 Tho' soon the time will come when he shall strive  
 To be one ; both are eager for applause,  
 And both ambitious : both are rais'd too high  
 To meet in friendship long ; by their division  
 Rome may be sav'd ; let us not tamely wait  
 To see our country's ruin, or behold  
 In shameful chains the masters of mankind.

END of the FIRST ACT.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS.

CETHEGUS.

**A**T Length the torch is lit to set on fire  
 Rome and the subject world ; our army's night,  
 And all is ready for the great event.

Know'st thou mean time, my friend, what passes here ?

CATILINE.

I know the consul's prudence, so he calls  
 His cowardice, which deeply ruminates



On future ills : like an unskilful pilot  
 He sets up ev'ry sail for ev'ry wind,  
 But knows not or which way the tempest comes,  
 Or whither it may drive him --- for the senate,  
 I fear it not ; that many-headed monster,  
 So proud of conquest and nobility,  
 Looks with an evil eye on Cicero ;  
 I know it hates him, so does Cæsar ; Crassus  
 Wou'd gladly yield him up a sacrifice  
 To our resentment ; on their jealousy  
 Depend my hopes ----- he's like a dying man,  
 With feeble arm he struggles for a while,  
 But soon shall sink beneath us and expire.

## C E T H E G U S.

Envy I know attacks him, but his tongue  
 Can soften all ; he leads the captive senate.

## C A T I L I N E.

I brave him ev'ry where ; despise his clamours,  
 And smile at his resentment : let him rail  
 To his last hour, and triumph in the shouts  
 Of his admirers, I have other cares  
 That fit more heavy on me.

C E T H E G U S.

What should stop  
Thy rapid progress in the paths of glory  
And happiness? Canst thou have ought to fear?

C A T I L I N E.

My num'rous foes I heed not, 'tis my friends  
I have most cause to dread; the jealousy  
Of Lentulus, th'aspiring soul of Cæsar,  
And, above all, my wife.

C E T H E G U S.

Shall Catiline  
Be frighten'd at a woman's tears?---for shame,  
Leave her t' indulge her visionary fears:  
I thought thou lov'st her as a master shou'd,  
And mad'st her but the servile instrument  
Of thy ambition.

C A T I L I N E.

'Tis a dang'rous one:  
Rome and her child divide with me her love.  
Curse on the Name of Rome, that ev'n beneath  
The roof of Cat'line those shou'd dwell who love  
Their country! But before th' important hour  
That must decide our fate, she shall be mov'd,  
She and her son---be that thy care, Cethegus:

Our wives and children must not trouble us  
In those distressful moments---but for Cæsar---

C E T H E G U S.

What's to be done ? if he refuse to join  
Our cause, shall we proscribe him ; shall the names  
Of Cic'ro and of Cæsar be united ?

C A T I L I N E.

Let me consider --- to cut Cæsar off ---  
That were a dreadful sacrifice ; methinks  
I cannot but admire him, and revere  
In him the honor of the Roman name :  
But where is Lentulus ?

C E T H E G U S.

O fear not him ;  
His pride we know will prompt him to believe  
That thou with him wilt share the sov'reign pow'r.

C A T I L I N E.

Let him believe it still ; the cred'lous fool !  
Thou seest, Cethegus, with what subtilty  
I'm forc'd to manage these imperious spirits ;  
Their rage, resentment, pride and jealousy :  
Know'st thou he dares ev'n to be Cæsar's rival ?  
To keep my friends within the pale of prudence  
Will cost me much more trouble than the ruin

Of

Of Cicero and Rome --- to guide a party  
Is of all tasks the hardest. -----

CETHEGUS.

Lentulus

Is here, my lord.

S C E N E II.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

SURA.

In spite of my remonstance  
You will rely on Cæsar, and confide  
In him alone; Preneste's in his pow'r,  
And I must yield to him; but know I scorn it,  
The blood of Scipio was not made to yield.

CATILINE.

I've join'd with Cæsar, but depend not on him;  
He may support our cause, or he may hurt it;  
I use his name, but 'tis for your advantage.

SURA.

And what is there in Cæsar's name superior  
To yours or mine? why must we meanly court  
His favor? but because he's Pompey's rival  
Rome makes a God of him. --- I am thy friend;  
Sura and Cat'line may defy them all,  
And without Cæsar make the world their own.

C A T I-

## CATILINE.

We may --- thy conduct and approved valour  
 Have ever been my best and surest hope ;  
 But Cæsar is belov'd, respected, fear'd ;  
 The senate and the people all admire  
 And court him ; statesman, gen'ral, magistrate ;  
 In peace rever'd, and terrible in war ;  
 A thousand ways he charms the multitude ;  
 In short he will be necessary. ---

## SURA.

Say

Destructive rather --- if to day he shines  
 Our equal, by to-morrow he will prove  
 Our rival, and e'er long perhaps our master ;  
 Trust me, I know him well, and therefore think  
 Our party has not a more dang'rous foe :  
 Perhaps his haughty soul may yield to thee,  
 But play the tyrant o'er the rest ; for me,  
 I cannot, will not brook it --- I've devoted  
 My honour and my fortunes to thy service ;  
 But I renounce my plighted faith, renounce  
 Thee and thy cause, if Cæsar is preferr'd.

## CATILINE.

And so thou shalt — I'd sacrifice my life  
 Rather than e'er permit a haughty rival

To



To soar above us — Cæsar is our tool,  
 Our instrument; to day I flatter him,  
 To-morrow can bring down his pride, perhaps  
 Do more — thou know'st our mutual happiness  
 And int'rest are my first and dearest care.

[ To Cethegus.

Away, and let Aurelia be prepar'd:  
 Go; or her fond intruding love may ruin  
 Our deep laid schemes, and marr the great design:  
 Return some private way and meet me here,  
 I wait for Cæsar.

S U R A.

Nothing's to be done,  
 I find without him — but I'll wait th' event.

C A T I L I N E.

Farewell: remember I rely on thee  
 More than on Cæsar. —

C E T H E G U S.

I shall execute  
 Your high command, and gather all our friends  
 Before the standard of great Catiline.

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

CATILINE, CÆSAR.

CATILINE.

Hail, Godlike Cæsar, thou whom from the days  
 Of Sylla I have rank'd amongst my best  
 And dearest friends, whose fortunes I foretold :  
 Born as thou art to be the first of Romans,  
 How suits it with thy pride to be the slave  
 Of a Plebeian, who for ever thwarts  
 And braves thee to thy face? I know thou hat'st him ;  
 Thy piercing eye observes impatient Rome  
 Contending for her freedom, will not Cæsar  
 Assist his country to shake off her chains ?  
 The cause is noble, and the fate of millions  
 Depends on this important crisis ; thou  
 Wilt join us — look'st thou not with jealous eye  
 On Pompey still ? dost thou not still abhor  
 The surly Cato ? can'st thou serve the gods  
 With half thy wonted zeal when the proud consul  
 Presides at th' altar ? will thy noble spirit  
 Bear these imperious rulers ; soft Lucullus,  
 Sunk in the arms of luxury and sloth ;  
 The greedy Crassus, grasping his large heaps  
 Of ill-got wealth, enough to purchase Rome

And

And all her venal sons ? on ev'ry side  
 Or faction or corruption reigns ; the world  
 Calls out on Cæsar ; wilt thou hear her voice ?  
 Wilt thou redress and save thy falling country ?  
 Will Cæsar listen to his friend ?

CÆSAR.

He will ;  
 And if the senate do thee wrong, step forth  
 To plead thy cause ; I never will betray thee ;  
 But ask no more.

CATILINE.

Are these the utmost bounds  
 Of Cæsar's friendship, but to talk for him ?

CÆSAR.

I've weigh'd thy projects, and shall not oppose them ;  
 I may approve, but wou'd not execute.

CATILINE.

I understand you, you are on that side  
 Which fortune favors, and wou'd stand aloof  
 To mark the progress of our civil wars,  
 And raise your fortunes on the common ruin.

CÆSAR.

No — I have nobler views ; my hate of Cato,  
 My jealousy of Pompey, the renown  
 Of Cicero, conspire to make me wish

I might surpass 'em all; fair glory calls,  
The banks of Seine, the Tagus, and the Rhine;  
I pant for honour, and for victory.

CATILINE.

If conquest is thy aim, begin with Rome;  
To-morrow we may reign the masters of her.

CÆSAR.

The enterprize is great, perhaps too bold;  
But, to be open with you, tho' 'tis worthy  
Of Catiline, it suits not Cæsar.

CATILINE.

How!

CÆSAR.

I do not chuse to serve.

CATILINE.

To share with Cæsar  
Were no dishonour to the most ambitious.

CÆSAR.

But pow'r supreme is not to be divided:  
I'll not be dragg'd at Cat'line's chariot wheels  
To grace his triumph: as a friend I love thee;  
But know that friend shall never be—my master:  
Ev'n Pompey shall not—Sylla, whom thy valour  
Hath nobly follow'd in the race of glory;

Whose

Whose courage I admire; whose lawless rage  
 I ever shall abhor, enslav'd proud Rome:  
 But he deserv'd the glorious prize, subdued  
 The Hellespont, and made Euphrates tremble:  
 Asia was conquer'd: Mithridates own'd  
 His martial genius—but what noble deeds  
 Hast thou to boast? what kings hast thou subdued?  
 What seas has Cat'line pass'd, what lands explor'd?  
 Thou hast the seeds of greatness in thy nature;  
 But to enslave thy country is above  
 Thy present pow'rs, above the pow'rs of Cæsar:  
 We have not strength, authority or name  
 For such an enterprize. Rome soon must fall:  
 But e're I will attempt to be her master,  
 I will extend her empire and her glory;  
 And if I forge my country's chains, at least  
 Will cover them with laurels.

## C A T I L I N E.

Mine, perhaps,  
 Is, after all, the shortest path to glory:  
 How did your boasted Sylla rise to empire?  
 He had an army, so has Catiline;  
 Rais'd by myself alone, and not, like his,  
 The gift of fortune: he observ'd with care

The



The favourable hour, and well improv'd it :  
 I have done more ; have made the times and seasons  
 Subservient to me. Sylla was a king.  
 Wou'dst thou be one ? wilt thou be Cic'ro's slave,  
 Or rule with Cat'line ?

CÆSAR.

Neither. To be free,  
 For I no longer will dissemble with you,  
 I esteem Cicero ; but love him not,  
 Nor fear him : tho' I love, I dread not thee.  
 Divide the senate if thou can'st, pull down  
 The proud oppressors ; you have my consent ;  
 But hope no more, nor dare to think that Cæsar  
 Will ever be thy slave : I'll keep thy secret,  
 And be thy friend or foe, as thou deserv'st it.

S C E N E IV.

CATILINE.

If he supports us not, e'en let him fall  
 The victim of his folly : Sylla knew  
 And wou'd have cut him off, but Sylla durst not :  
 I know he is my secret enemy,  
 As such I shall be 'ware of him.

S C E N E

## S C E N E V.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

SURA.

What says

The mighty Cæsar? is he friend or foe?

CATILINE.

His barren friendship only offers me  
 A feeble aid; but we can do without him:  
 Perhaps he may repent it; and meantime  
 We've better pillars to support the fabrick.  
 Behold, the heroes come.

## S C E N E VI.

CATILINE, the Conspirators.

CATILINE.

Hail, bold Statilius,  
 Valiant Autronius, noble Piso, hail,  
 Vargontes, and the rest of my brave friends,  
 The first of men, the conquerors of kings,  
 The great avengers of a world oppress'd,  
 This seat of empire soon shall be your own:  
 The vanquish'd nations, which your valour gain'd,  
 Were ravish'd from you by usurping tyrants;  
 For the proud senate still your blood hath flow'd;

For

For them Tigranes, Mithridates fell ;  
For them alone ; and all your poor reward  
Was but to stand at distance, and adore  
Your haughty masters ; but at length the hour  
Of vengeance is approaching : be prepar'd  
For no inglorious enterprize : I know  
Your souls wou'd scorn a vict'ry cheaply bought ;  
But I will bring you noble conquests, full  
Of danger and of glory : seize, my friends,  
The golden opportunity : already  
I see your foes expiring at your feet.  
Rush on your prey, burn, plunder, and destroy ;  
But, above all, let union guide your councils :  
Even now Preneste falls : the brave remains  
Of Sylla's scatter'd forces march towards us :  
I shall command them, and Rome must be yours.  
Petreius vanquish'd, I shall clear my way  
Even to the capitol : then you, my friends,  
Shall rise to empire, to a throne disgrac'd  
By worthless Romans, and by you restor'd  
To its true lustre : Curius and his band  
Will open me the gates ; but tell me, friend,  
The Gladiatorian cohorts, where are they ?  
Will those brave vet'rans join our cause ?

LENTULUS.

They will :

Myself shall lead them in the dead of night,  
And arm them in this secret place.

CATILINE.

Mount Cælius—

Is that secured?

STATILIUS.

I've bribed the centinels,

And all is safe.

CATILINE.

You to mount Aventine

Repair, and soon as Mallius shall display  
His colours, light your torches, spread destruction  
On ev'ry side; let the proscribed perish.  
Let Cic'ro (ye have sworn it) be my first  
My darling victim: Cæsar too must die,  
And Cato; these remov'd, the senate soon  
Will tremble and obey: already fortune  
Declares for us, and blinds them to their ruin:  
Within their walls, and almost in their sight  
We lay the snares of death, and mark them out  
For sacrifice: remember not to take up arms  
Before th' appointed time: we must surprize

E're

E're we destroy : let Cicero and Rome  
 Perish together, and the light'ning blast  
 Before the thunder's threat'ning voice alarms them.  
 Call not this deed a foul conspiracy ;  
 'Tis a just war declar'd against the foes  
 Of Rome and all mankind ; reclaim your rights,  
 The empire of the world, which base usurpers  
 Had ravish'd from you.

[To Cethegus and Lentulus-Sura.

Haste, ye gallant leaders,  
 Haste to the senate ; see your victims there :  
 Hear your proud consul roar ; 'tis the last time  
 That he shall triumph there—now, worthy Romans,  
 Swear by this sword, that with the blood of tyrants  
 Shall soon be stain'd, to perish, or to conquer,  
 With Catiline.

MARTIAN.

By thee and by this sword  
 We swear with thee to perish or to conquer.

Another Conspirator.

Perish the senate ! perish all who serve,  
 All who defend them ! if there be amongst us  
 A traitor, let him die.

CATI-

CATILINE.

Away, this night  
Will finish all, and Rome shall be our own.

END of the SECOND ACT.

---

A C T III. S C E N E I.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, MARCIAN,  
SEPTIMUS.

CATILINE.

**A**RE all things ready? do our troops advance?

MARTIAN.

They are, my lord; the faithful Mallius comes  
Prepar'd to circle these devoted walls;  
Our friends impatient brook not dull delay,  
But urge each other to the bloody scene;  
We wait but thy command; appoint the hour  
When Rome must fall.

C A-



## CATILINE.

Soon as I quit the senate  
 Begin the sacrifice: let this great day  
 Be sacred to destruction: but mean time  
 Take special care the consul's busy friends  
 Do not observe our motions.

## CETHEGUS.

Were it not  
 Most prudent to destroy him in the senate?  
 He has alarm'd the people, and foresees  
 Our ev'ry action.

## CATILINE.

Knows he the revolt  
 Of Mallius? knows he Cat'line's deep designs?  
 Knows he an army is approaching for me?  
 Fear not, my friends, ours is no common cause,  
 'Tis fit the means shou'd be proportion'd to it:  
 When vulgar mortals, grov'ling and obscure,  
 Form ill-digested schemes, and idle plans  
 Of future greatness, if one slender wheel  
 Is broke, it overthrows the whole machine:  
 But souls like ours, a firm and chosen band,  
 Plans deeply laid, the conquerors of kings,  
 The sons of Mars, united to support

And

And raise each other, these must be superior  
 To Cic'ro's art, or Cic'ro's vigilance :  
 We've nought to fear.

CETHEGUS.

But is Preneste ours  
 In Cæsar's name ?

CATILINE.

Ay; that was my first stroke  
 Of policy : the unsuspecting senate  
 Will be deceiv'd : I've whisper'd it abroad,  
 That Nonnius hath conspir'd against the state,  
 And half our credulous fools believe the tale.  
 E'er he can clear his innocence, my army  
 Will be in Rome, and all secur'd : away,  
 Remove Aurelia : let no little cares  
 Intrude to stop or hurt the great design.

S C E N E II.

AURELIA, CATILINE, CETHEGUS, &c.

AURELIA. [A letter in her hand.

There, Cat'line, read Aurelia's fate and thine,  
 Thy crime and thy just sentence.

CATILINE.

What rash hand —

Ha! 'tis thy father's.

AURELIA.

Read it.

CATILINE. [Reads the letter.

“ Death too long

“ Hath spar'd me, and the child I lov'd too well

“ Must finish my sad days : at length I suffer

“ For my own follies, and that hapless marriage

“ Which I consented to; I know the plots

“ Of thy vile husband : Cæsar has betray'd us,

“ And wou'd have seiz'd Preneste : thou partak'ft

“ The treason : but repent, or perish with them.”

But how cou'd Nonnius e'er discover that

Which ev'n the consul knows not ?

CETHEGUS.

This may prove

Our ruin.

CATILINE. [To Cethegus.

It may turn to our advantage.

Aurelia, I must tell thee all : this day

The world is arm'd in Catiline's defence :

Say

Say, in the hour of danger wilt thou serve  
A father or a husband?

AURELIA.

To be silent,  
And trouble you no more, were the commands  
Which Cat'line laid on his neglected wife,  
Spite of her fond intreaties, pray'rs, and tears:  
What hast thou further to desire?

CATILINE.

Away:

This moment, send that letter to the consul;  
I have my reasons; I wou'd have him know,  
That Cæsar is as much to be suspected  
As I am: he's accus'd, and Cat'line not  
So much as nam'd: it is as I cou'd wish.  
Take with thee our lov'd infant, and return not  
To bleeding Rome, till I am master there:  
Then thou shalt reign with me: our marriage yet  
Is kept a secret: I'll not have it known,  
'Till at the head of our victorious army  
I shall proclaim it loud to Italy,  
And to the world: then shall thy haughty father,  
As our first subject, humbly bend before thee,  
And sue to be forgiv'n: begone, Aurelia,  
And leave me to my fate. I wou'd not wish

Thou shou'dst partake my dangers or my cares :  
This night prepare to meet a conqueror.

AURELIA.

O Cat'line, mean'st thou to destroy thy country ?  
Is this the day appointed for destruction ?

CATILINE.

To day I purpose to chastise my foes ;  
All is prepar'd.

AURELIA.

Begin then with Aurelia ;  
For I had rather perish by thy hand,  
Than live to share thy guilt.

CATILINE.

O let the tye  
That binds us—

CETHEGUS.

Drive not thus to desperation  
A husband and a friend, who trusts his all  
To thee thou'rt enter'd in the paths of glory,  
And to retreat were fatal.

AURELIA.

Misery  
And sure destruction were Aurelia's fate :

From

From that unhappy moment, when by thee  
And thy vile councils led, I gave my hand  
To Catiline; despis'd, neglected, long  
Have I beheld, with eyes of detestation,  
Your horrid plots: spite of myself you made me  
A vile accomplice; but you know I lov'd,  
And basely have impos'd upon my weakness:  
I blush to think how grossly you abus'd  
A woman's fond credulity; but know  
I'll no longer be guilty of a crime  
Which I abhor: no longer serve a tyrant:  
No, I renounce my vows, my faith to thee;  
These hands shall rise against thee, thou vile traitor:  
Henceforth I am thy foe. Strike, Cat'line, strike;  
Destroy me; carry into burning Rome,  
For thy first victim, an expiring wife  
Slain by thy hand; destroy the hapless infant,  
Sad pledge of our detested nuptials: then,  
Barbarian as thou art, complete thy guilt,  
And in the blood of millions glut thy vengeance!

## C A T I L I N E.

And is the gentle kind Aurelia then  
Amongst my foes? thus in the noblest war,  
That e'er was waged for freedom and for empire,



When Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, are subdued,  
 My worst of enemies at last are found  
 In my own house; I am deserted there  
 For an unworthy father: threaten'd too.

AURELIA.

I threaten guilt, and tremble for—a husband:  
 Ev'n in my rage thou see'st my tenderness;  
 Abuse it not, it is my only weakness:  
 But I wou'd have thee fear—

CATILINE.

That word, Aurelia,  
 Was never made for Catiline—but hear me:  
 I love thee; yet presume not on thy pow'r,  
 Nor think I e'er will sacrifice my friends,  
 My noble cause, my interest, and my fame,  
 Glory and empire: no, it is enough  
 If I forgive and pity thee, but know—

AURELIA.

The crown thy pride looks up to I despise:  
 I shou'd behold it as the shameful mark  
 Of infamy: thou shew'st thy love for me  
 By pity and forgiveness; and I mine,  
 By holding back, if possible, thy hand  
 From guilt and error—therefore will I go—

SCENE

S C E N E III.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA,  
AURELIA, &c.

LENTULUS-SURA.

We are discover'd, lost, undone; our friends  
Betray'd, our plots unravell'd all; Preneste  
Not yielded to us; Nonnius is in Rome;  
One of our spies is seiz'd, and has confess'd;  
Nonnius in open senate will accuse  
His son-in-law; he's gone to Cicero,  
Who knows too much already.

AURELIA.

Now behold  
The fruits of guilt, and all thy great designs,  
Thy boasted fortunes, empire, and the throne,  
Which I despis'd: are thy eyes open'd yet?

CATILINE. [After a long pause.]

This is a blow I thought not of; but say,  
Wilt thou betray me?

AURELIA.

'Tis what thou deserv'st:  
My country claims, and heav'n demands it of me;  
But I'll do more, I'll save both Rome and thee;

And tho' I have not all thy rage, may boast  
Some of thy courage ; love will make me brave :  
Long since I saw thy danger, Catiline :  
'Tis come, and now I will partake it with thee ;  
I'll see my father, and obtain thy life,  
Or lose my own ; I know he is forgiving,  
Gentle, and mild : I know he loves Aurelia,  
And will not urge too far a foe like thee,  
Desp'rate and brave ; I'll talk to Cicero  
Who fears, and to the senate who adores thee ;  
They will be glad to think thee innocent ;  
Those whom we fear we readily forgive :  
But let sincerest penitence atone  
For thy past crimes : convicted guilt by that,  
And that alone, can hope for pardon ; tho'  
I know it hurts thy pride, it must be done :  
At least I hope I shall procure thee time,  
Or to quit Rome, or to defend thyself :  
I'll not reproach thee ; even when most guilty  
I lov'd, and in misfortune will not leave thee ;  
But rather die to save thy life and glory.  
Farewell ; let Cat'line learn henceforth to trust me ;  
I have deserv'd it.

## CATILINE.

Sad alternative ;

It is most dreadful — but I yield to thee :  
Remember that a husband's plea is stronger,  
Much stronger than a father's : if I err,  
The crime is thine.

AURELIA.

I'll take it all upon me ;  
Nay, ev'n thy hatred, if it must be so ;  
I act for thee, and I'm satisfy'd.  
Daughter, and wife, and Roman, ev'ry duty  
Shall be perform'd ; remember thine, and keep  
Thy heart as pure and spotless as Aurelia's.

## S C E N E IV.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-

SURA, Freed-men.

SURA.

Is this the bold and fearless Catiline,  
Or Nonnius' timid son ; a woman's slave ;  
Appall'd by phantoms ? how thy great soul shrunk  
Soon as Aurelia spoke !

CETHEGUS.

It cannot be ;  
Cat'line will never change ; his noble soul  
By opposition grows but more resolv'd :

Preneſte loſt, the ſenate our accuſers,  
 We may be conqu'rors ſtill, and make 'em tremble  
 Whilſt they condemn us; we have noble friends,  
 And will deſerve them.

S U R A.

E'er the ſignal's giv'n  
 We may be ſeiz'd; thou know'ſt at dead of night,  
 Juſt as the ſenate part, we had agreed  
 To execute our purpoſe: what, my friends,  
 Muſt be reſolv'd on?

C E T H E G U S. [ To Catiline.

Cat'line, thou art ſilent,  
 And trembleſt too.

C A T I L I N E.

I tremble at the blow  
 Which I ſhall ſtrike; my fate demands it of me.

S U R A.

I've no dependance on Aurelia: all  
 That we can hope for is, to ſell our lives  
 As dearly as we can.

C A T I L I N E.

I count the moments,  
 And weigh each circumſtance; Aurelia's tears  
 And flatt'ry will a while ſuſpend our fate;

Cic'ro

Cic'ro on other business is detain'd,  
 And all is safe; let me have arms and men,  
 No matter who they are, or slaves or free,  
 Assassins, robbers, if they will but fight,  
 Well have 'em: thou brave Septimus, and thou  
 My dearest Martian, whose approved zeal  
 I shall depend on, must observe Aurelia;  
 And Nonnius; when they're parted, talk to him  
 About his daughter; tell him of her danger,  
 Draw him by artful means to the dark path  
 That leads to th' Tibur, seize the lucky moment,  
 And hurl him — ha! who's this?

S C E N E V.

CICERO, CATILINE, CETHEGUS, &c.

CICERO.

Audacious traitor,  
 Where art thou going? speak, Cethegus, who  
 Assembled you?

CATILINE.

We'll tell thee in the senate.

CETHEGUS.

There we shall see if thou art authoris'd  
 Thus to pursue us.

S U R A.





SURA.

Or what right

The son of Tullius has to question us.

CICERO.

At least I have a right to ask of these,  
 Who brought 'em here : these are not like yourselves,  
 Of senatorial rank ; away with them  
 To prison.

CATILINE.

Dar'ft thou thus on mere suspicion  
 Confine a Roman ; where's our liberty ?

CICERO.

They're of thy council, that's sufficient cause ;  
 Tremble, thyself ; lictors, obey.

[ The lictors carry off Septimus and Martius.

CATILINE.

'Tis well :

Go on, proud consul, and abuse thy pow'r,  
 The time will come when thou shalt answer for it.

CICERO.

Instant I will examine them, hereafter  
 Thus may I treat their masters ; Nonnius knows  
 All thy designs, Preneste's mine, and Rome  
 Prepar'd for her defence ; we soon shall see  
 Which most prevails, or Cat'line's artifice

Or Cic'ro's vigilance : I do not preach  
 Repentance and forgiveness to thee ; no,  
 I talk of punishment, thou may'st expect it :  
 Come to the senate, follow if thou dar'st.

S C E N E VI.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

CETHEGUS.

Must we at last then bend to Cicero,  
 And own his hated pow'r ?

CATILINE.

To the last hour

I will defy him : still his curious soul  
 Pries into all, but can discover nothing :  
 Our friends will only lead him more astray,  
 By holding out false lights that will misguide  
 His wand'ring footsteps : in that fatal scroll  
 Cæsar's accus'd ; the senate is divided,  
 And Manlius with his army's at the gate :  
 You think that all is lost, but follow me,  
 And mark th' event ; we shall be conqu'rors still.

SURA.

Nonnius, I fear, will make it all too plain.

C A T I-

CATILINE.

But he and Cicero shall never meet;  
Depend on that; away, address the senate  
With confidence, and leave the rest to me:  
But whither am I going?

CETHEGUS.

Ha!

CATILINE.

Aurelia!

O gods! what shall I do with that proud heart?  
Remove her from me: if I see my wife,  
Bold as I am, I shall relapse: away.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Scene represents the place prepared for the reception of the Senate, with part of the gallery leading from Aurelia's palace to the temple of Tellus; a double row of benches in a circular form, with a seat for Cicero rais'd up in the middle of it.

C E T H E G U S, L E N T U L U S - S U R A.

S U R A.

These rev'rend fathers are exceeding slow,  
I thought e'er this they wou'd have met; perhaps  
Uncertain yet, and trembling for their fate,  
They know not how to act.

C E T H E G U S.

The oracle

Of Rome, for so he deems himself, engag'd  
In a continued round of toil, is busy'd  
In questioning his pris'ner Septimus,  
Who will perplex him more; 'tis that retards  
Their meeting.

S U R A.

Wou'd to heav'n that we already  
Had ta'en up arms! I own I dread the senate,  
That rev'rence and attachment to the state,  
That sacred name of country, which awakes

The

The sense of honour in each patriot breast;  
I like it not.

C E T H E G U S.

'Tis nothing but a name,  
A word without a meaning; in the days  
Of our forefathers men respected it;  
Save a few stubborn stoics, none retain  
The mem'ry of it; Cicero has rais'd  
Suspicious only; Cato's credit's lost;  
Cæsar is for us, what have we to fear?  
Defend yourselves, and Rome will be your own.

S U R A.

But what if Cat'line, by an artful wife  
Seduc'd, at last shou'd leave us; we have all  
Our weakneses, and well thou know'st Aurelia  
Can lead him as she lists; he loves, esteems,  
And may be rul'd by her.

C E T H E G U S.

His love will yield  
To his ambition.

L E N T U L U S.

Thou beheld'st him tremble.  
In short, my friend, when tender ties like these —

C E T H E.

C A T I L I N E. 65

CETHEGUS. [ Taking him aside.

Cato approaches, let us listen to him.

[ Lentulus and Cethegus set down at one corner of the Senate-house.

S C E N E II.

CATO enters to the Senate with LUCULLUS, CRASSUS, FAVONIUS, CLODIUS, MURENA, CÆSAR, CATULLUS, MARCELLUS, &c.

CATO. [ Observing the two conspirators.

Lucullus, mark those dang'rous men ; behold 'em  
In secret conf'rence ; see, the blush of guilt  
Glow on their cheeks at sight of me ; already  
Treason with bold and shameless front stalks forth  
Amongst us, and the senate still dissemble  
Their knowledge of it ; Sylla's dæmon sure  
Hath breath'd its baneful influence o'er the souls  
Of our blind rulers.

CETHEGUS.

Cato, thy rash censure  
May cost thee dear.

CATO. [ Sits down, the other senators  
take their places.

The gods of Rome sometimes  
Permit a traitor's crimes to pass unpunish'd ;  
They crush'd our ancestors beneath the yoke

Of



Of cruel tyrants; shall imperial Rome,  
The mistress of the world, again submit  
To slav'ry? no: the guilt she spar'd in Sylla,  
In Cat'line and Cethegus she may punish.

CÆSAR.

Cato, what mean'st thou? thy outrageous virtue  
Can serve no purpose but to make thee foes.

CATO.

[ To Cæsar.

Cæsar is still the factious leader's friend,  
The patron of corruption, and preserves  
A soul unmov'd whate'er his country suffers.

CÆSAR.

When danger calls, my country will not say  
I am too calm, therefore complain not, Cato.

CATO.

I must complain, must weep the fate of Rome,  
Deserted and betray'd: now where is Pompey?  
Wou'd he were here to save us!

CÆSAR.

Why not call  
On Cæsar?

CATO.

Pompey loves his country.

CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

That

Wou'd I dispute with him.

## S C E N E III.

CICERO. [Entering with precipitation,  
the senators rise.

Why waste ye thus in idle altercation,  
The precious time when Rome is on the brink  
Of ruin, whilst on you she calls for succour,  
When the dread signal is already giv'n ?  
Already is this land of freedom stain'd  
With senatorial blood.

LUCULLUS.

O heav'n's !

CATO.

What say'st thou ?

CICERO.

Th' equestrian cohort, form'd by my command,  
Were posted where they best might quell the foe ;  
Nonnius, my friend, that generous old man,  
Who, 'midst the crimes of this degen'rate age,  
Still uncorrupted, from Preneste came,  
To guide us thro' this labyrinth of treason,  
And lead our wand'ring steps to peace and safety,

When

When lo! two bloody ruffians rush'd upon him,  
 And plung'd their daggers in his faithful heart:  
 He fell: confusion follow'd, and wild uproar  
 Amongst the people: we pursued the traitors,  
 Spite of the multitude that throng'd around them,  
 And night's dark shade to favour their escape:  
 One I have seiz'd, and bound in chains; already  
 He has confess'd that Cat'line set him on.

## S C E N E IV.

CATILINE. [Standing up between Cato and Cæsar,  
 Cethegus next to Cæsar, the Senate seated.]

Yes, rev'rend fathers, know, the deed was mine;  
 I slew your foe; 'twas Cat'line who reveng'd  
 His injur'd country, and destroy'd a traitor.

CICERO.

Barbarian, thou?

CATO.

And dar'st thou boast of it?

CÆSAR,

Remember, fathers, we've no right to punish  
 Before we hear him.

CETHEGUS.

Speak, defend thyself,  
 And triumph o'er the malice of thy foes.

CICERO.

Romans, where are we ?

CATILINE.

Amid'ft evil days

And evil men, the horrors of foul difcord  
And civil war ; amidft determin'd foes,  
Whom I alone muft conquer ; Sylla's fpirit  
Inspires once more the haughty fons of Rome :  
With grief I fee expiring liberty,  
With grief behold this rev'rend fenate torn  
By difcord, horrors fpread on ev'ry fide,  
And Cic'ro pouring in the fenate's ear  
Unjuft fufpicions : Cic'ro talks for Rome,  
But I revenge her : I have fhewn her caufe  
Is dearer far to me than e'er it was  
To your proud conful. Nonnius was the foul,  
The leader of this foul confpiracy :  
It was a dang'rous crisis ; I ftepp'd forth  
And fav'd you all : thus by a foldier fell  
The daring Spurius ; thus was Gracchus flain  
By the brave Scipio : who fhall punifh me  
For acting like a Roman ? which of you  
Will dare accufe me ?

C I-

CICERO.

I, who know thy crime ;  
 I, who can prove it — bring those freed men here,  
 Let them be heard. Fathers, behold the man  
 Who has destroy'd a senator of Rome :  
 Will ye permit him thus to speak, to boast  
 Of his foul deed, and call his crime a virtue ?

CATILINE.

And will ye, Romans, let this vile accuser  
 Thus persecute your fellow-citizens,  
 Your best, your noblest friends ? but know from me  
 What Cic'ro cou'd not tell you, and improve  
 Th' important secret to your best advantage :  
 In his own palace, know, this impious man,  
 This vile betrayer, Nonnius, had conceal'd  
 Arms, torches, all the instruments of death  
 Design'd for our destruction : if Rome lives,  
 She lives by me, and to this arm you owe  
 Your safety : send and seize them, and then say  
 What's due to Cat'line from his thankless country.

CICERO.

[ To the listors.

Go you to the palace, bring with you the daughter  
 Of Nonnius — ha ! thou tremblest.

C A T I-

## CATILINE.

I ? 'tis false :

Know, I despise this mean this last resour  
 Of disappointed malice—fathers, say,  
 Have I not clear'd myself? are you convinc'd!

## CICERO.

I am, that thou art guilty : can ye think  
 That good old man was ever capable  
 Of such detested fraud? it was thy art,  
 Thy cunning, miscreant, to conceal from me  
 Thy treach'ry ; therefore did'st thou chuse the palace  
 Of Nonnius to secrete thy instruments  
 Of vengeance ; there thou woud'st have hid thy guilt :  
 Perhaps thou hast seduc'd his wretched daughter :  
 Alas ! his family is not the first  
 Where thou hast carry'd sorrows, crimes, and death ;  
 And now thou woud'st destroy thy country too ;  
 Yet boldly dar'st, instead of punishment,  
 To call for approbation and reward.  
 O thou abandon'd traitor, murtherer,  
 Reviler, hppocrite ; such titles suit  
 Thy boasted services. O you, who once  
 Stood forth the happy patrons of mankind,  
 The sov'reign judges of the world, at length  
 Will ye submit, to let a tyrant hold

Dominion



Dominion o'er you, will ye shut your eyes  
 And rush into the precipice? awake,  
 Revenge yourselves, or you partake his guilt:  
 This day or Rome or Catiline must perish:  
 Lose not a moment therefore, but determine:

CÆSAR.

Judgments too quickly made are oft unjust:  
 This is the cause of Rome, and therefore merits  
 Our strict attention: when our equals lag  
 Beneath the stroke of censure, we shou'd act  
 With caution, and in them respect ourselves:  
 Too much severity suits none but tyrants.

CATO.

Too much indulgence here suits none but traitors.  
 What! ballance 'twixt a murtherer and Rome!  
 Is it not Cic'ro speaks, and shall we doubt?

CÆSAR.

These are suspicions only; give us proof:  
 The arms once found, and Nonnius' guilt confirm'd,  
 Cat'line deserves our praise.

[Turning to Cat'line.

Thou know'ft I'll keep

My word with thee in all things.

C I-

CICERO.

O my country !

O Rome ! O gods ! thus shall a hero plead  
 A traitor's cause ; art thou the senate's friend,  
 And can't be Cat'line's ? henceforth Rome has nought  
 To fear but from her own ungrateful sons.

CLODIUS.

Rome is in safety ; Cæsar loves his country,  
 And we shou'd think with him.

CICERO.

It well becomes

A man like Clodius to unite with those  
 Who plan destruction, and delight in ruin :  
 But wheresoe'er I turn my eyes, they meet  
 With bold conspirators, or citizens  
 Cold and inactive in the cause of Rome :  
 Cat'line, without or fear or danger, drives  
 The storm upon us ; he proscribes the senate ;  
 Already reaps in thought the bloody harvest ;  
 Marks out his victims, threatens, and commands ;  
 And when I point out the dread consequence,  
 Then Cæsar talks of senatorial rights,  
 And Clodius joins him : Cic'ro must be dumb :  
 Cat'line has murder'd Nonnius ; he who takes  
 Another's life shou'd lose his own ; no rights,

No laws shou'd plead for him : the first great care  
Is to defend our country ; but, alas !  
That country is no more.

## S C E N E V.

The SENATE, AURELIA.

AURELIA.

Ye great avengers  
Of innocence oppress'd, my only hope,  
And thou, O consul, virtue's kind protector,  
To thee my murder'd father calls for vengeance :  
O let me wash thy feet with tears—assist,

[She falls at Cicero's feet ; he raises her up.]

Revenge me : tell me, if thou canst, who slew  
My father.

CICERO.

There he stands.

[Pointing to Catiline.]

AURELIA.

O gods !

CICERO.

'Twas he

Who did the deed, and boasts of it.

AURELIA.

Good heav'n !

Can it be Catline ? did I hear aright ?

O bloody monster, did'st thou murder him?

[The Lictors support her.

CATILINE. [Turning to Cethegus, and fainting in his arms.

This is a dreadful fight—support me—this  
Is punishment enough.

CETHEGUS.

Why droops my friend?

Aurelia calls for vengeance: but if Cat'line  
Has serv'd his country, what has he to fear?

CATILINE. [Turning to Aurelia.

Aurelia, 'tis too true—my cruel duty—  
My country—think me not so base; Aurelia  
Thou know'st my love, my tenderness—but ties  
Of a more sacred nature, ties—

S C E N E VI.

The SENATE, AURELIA, Chief of the Lictors.

Chief of the Lictors.

My Lord,

We've seiz'd these arms.

CICERO.

At Nonnius's?

Chief Licitor.

His house

Was the receptacle of all : our prisoners,  
Accuse him as the chief conspirator.

AURELIA.

Malice and calumny ! the lying slaves  
First take his life, and then destroy his fame :  
The wretch whose murth'rous hand—

CICERO.

Go on—

AURELIA.

Just gods,

For what have ye reserv'd me ?

CICERO.

Speak : let truth

In open day appear : but at the sight  
Of him you tremble ; your dejected eyes,  
And sudden silence, shew how much you dread  
The tyrant.

AURELIA.

I have been to blame ; Aurelia  
Alone is guilty.

CATILINE.

No ; thou art not.

A U-

AURELIA.

Hence,

Detested monster, I abhor thy pity,  
 Disclaim all converse, all relation with thee :  
 Alas ! too late, I see my guilt ; too late  
 Confess my crimes ; yes, rev'rend fathers ; yes,  
 Aurelia knew the traitor, and conceal'd him :  
 I ask'd for aid, but merit punishment ;  
 My weakness may be fatal ; Rome's in danger ;  
 The world this day may be subverted : thou,  
 Thou traitor, led'st me to the dark abyſs  
 Of infamy ; thou mad'st my tenderneſs  
 Subſervient to thy wicked purpoſes ;  
 Curſe on the guilty hour that gave my heart  
 To Catiline ; to thee I have been faithful,  
 But falſe to heav'n, and to my country ; falſe  
 To my unhappy father : I betray'd,  
 And I deſtroy'd him.

[Whilst Aurelia is ſpeaking, Cicero ſeems deeply affected.]

Ye avenging gods,

Ye ſacred walls, and thou much injur'd ſpirit  
 Of my dear father, Romans, Senators,  
 Behold my huſband, your invet'rate foe.

[Turning to Catiline.]

Now, miſcreant, mark, and imitate Aurelia.

[Stabs herſelf.]

E 3]

CA-



CATILINE.

O wretched Catiline!

CATO.

O dreadful day!

CICERO.

[Rising.

'Tis worthy of this guilty age.

AURELIA.

O consul!

There was a letter sent you—murder threatens  
On ev'ry side—take heed—alas!—I die.

[Aurelia is carried off.

CICERO.

Let her have needful succour: Aufidus  
Search for that paper—still are ye in doubt;  
Still will ye suffer this vile murderer  
To lord it o'er the senate, shall the deaths  
Of Nonnius and Aurelia pass unpunish'd?

CATILINE.

The guilt was thine: thy rancour and fell hatred  
Of Cat'line urged him to the deed; ambition  
Inspir'd us both; thy happier fortune soar'd  
Above me, thou hast been the cause of all:  
I hate thee, Cicero, hate Rome itself  
For loving thee: long have I sought thy ruin,  
And I will seek it still: the wrongs I suffer

Shall

Shall be reveng'd on thee ; thy blood shall pay  
 For mine : inconstant Rome, that now adores thee,  
 Shall one day see with joy the mangled limbs  
 Of her proud consul scatter'd o'er the senate :  
 Remember Cat'line has foretold thy fate ;  
 I hasten to accomplish it : farewell.

CICERO.

Guards, seize the traitor.

CETHEGUS.

Let 'em if they dare.

SURA.

The senate is divided : we defy thee.

CATILINE.

The war then is declar'd : friends, follow me,  
 We must to battle : the uncertain senate  
 Will think on't, and determine at their leisure.

[He goes out with some senators of his party.]

CICERO.

Now, ye illustrious conqu'rors of the world,  
 Which will ye choose, or slavery or empire :  
 Where is the freedom, where the majesty  
 Of antient Rome ? where is her lustre now ?  
 'Tis faded all : awake, my slumb'ring country ;  
 Lucullus, Cæsar, and Murena, listen ;

O listen to the voice of Rome; she calls  
 Aloud for help, demands some gallant leader  
 To fight for her; equality of rank  
 Must be reserv'd for happier times, the Gauls  
 Are here, Camillus must be found, we want  
 A chief, a warrior, a dictator; now  
 Name the most worthy, and I'll follow him.

## S C E N E VII.

The SENATE, Chief LicTOR.

Chief LicTOR.

My lord, I found this letter to Aurelia  
 From Nonnius: all our cares for her were vain.

CICERO. [Reading the letter.

More dangers threat'ning! "Cæsar, who betrays us,  
 "Would seize Preneste," ha!

[Turning to Cæsar.

Art thou too, Cæsar,  
 A vile accomplice? this completes our woes;  
 And wilt thou bend beneath a tyrant?—read it.

CÆSAR.

I have: I am a Roman, ruin comes  
 Upon us, danger is on ev'ry side;  
 'Tis well: I must be gone: you have my answer.

-C A T O.

C A T I L I N E.

81

CATO.

It was a doubtful one : most certainly  
He is their friend.

CICERO.

Away : let us defend  
The state against them all : O Senators !  
If Nonnius' death, if poor Aurelia's pangs,  
If bleeding Rome, if a subverted world  
Have power to stir up your resentment, rise,  
Fly to the capitol, defend your gods,  
Defend your country, punish Catiline :  
I'll not reproach you; tho' 'twas most unkind,  
To spurn at Cic'ro, and embrace a villain.  
But to avoid a tyrant, name your chief :  
You, who are friends to virtue, separate  
From traitors.

[The Senators separate themselves from Cethegus and  
Lentulus-Sura.

Now let us unite, my friends,  
Never let quarrels, jealousies, and strife,  
Divide us ; 'twas by them that Sylla triumph'd.  
For me, wherever dangers calls, I go.  
Intrepid and inflexible : O gods !

E 5

Strengthen

Strengthen this arm, and animate this voice :  
 O grant me still to save ungrateful Rome !

END of the FOURTH ACT.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO, with part of the senate in arms.

CLODIUS. [To Cato.

**W**HAT ! whilst the senate arm'd for its own  
 safety

From busy faction's pow'r can scarce preserve  
 These sacred walls ; thus shall a proud plebeian  
 Insult us ? shall a people, born to freedom,  
 Be treated like dependent slaves ? by him,  
 Shall Rome's best-friends, the conqu'rors of the world,  
 Be put in chains ? because he is a consul,  
 Shall he condemn his masters ? Cat'line's self  
 Were less despotic, and less dangerous :  
 With you I feel my country's wretchedness,

And

And weep her fate ; but cannot, will not, see  
The senate thus disgrac'd.

## C A T O.

Disgrace attends  
On those alone who merit it—but know,  
The blood of nobles, your patrician friends,  
Debas'd by guilt, should rank below the meanest ;  
Those who betray'd us, are condemn'd to death :  
Cic'ro condemn'd them ; he who sav'd your country,  
The glorious consul, whom ye dare accuse,  
Because he lov'd you but too well : yet fear  
And tremble all, ungrateful as ye are  
To join with traitors, for an equal fate  
Shall soon o'erwhelm you : Cat'line's at our gates.  
What Cæsar hath determin'd yet we know not ;  
Whether he means to save, or to destroy  
His country : Cic'ro bravely acts alone,  
And hazards all for Rome, whilst you despise  
Your best of friends, and treat him as a foe.

## C L O D I U S.

Cato has more severity than courage,  
And ever rig'rous, hates not guilt so much  
As he loves punishment : reproach us not,  
Nor act the censor when we want a friend.



Whilst the destructive flames of war surround,  
 'Tis not a consul's edict can defend us.  
 What can your Lictor and his fasces do,  
 Against a band of fierce conspirators?  
 You talk of dangers, and of Cæsar's pow'r:  
 Who does not know that Cæsar is the friend  
 Of Cat'line? you have pointed out the ills  
 That threaten Rome; it were a nobler task  
 To shew us how we may remove 'em.

C A T O.

Yes;

And so I will: I wou'd advise the senate  
 To be aware of Cæsar, and of — thee;  
 Nay, more—but see our father comes.

S C E N E II.

CICERO, CATO, part of the senate.

C A T O.

[To Cicero.

Behold

Great Cicero, the sons of thankless Rome:  
 Approach and save us; envy's self shall soon  
 Fall at thy feet, in humble admiration  
 Of such transcendent virtue.

CICERO.

Friends and Romans,

The love of glory is my ruling passion,  
Fame is the fair reward of human toil,  
And I would wish to merit it from you :  
I have done little yet, perhaps hereafter  
I may do more to serve my country : Rome  
Was full of open and of secret foes ;  
Patricians, and plebeians, citizens  
And soldiers, all in wild confusion, seem'd  
To thirst for blood : I saw the gath'ring storm  
That threaten'd universal ruin ; saw  
The bold conspirators tumultuous rise,  
And bear down all before them : at their head  
Were Sura and Cethegus ; them I seiz'd,  
And gave to justice ; but the Hydra faction  
Hath many heads which still successive rise,  
And mock my labours : Cat'line boldly push'd  
To the Quirinal gate ; by gallant deeds,  
Almost incredible, he kept the field,  
And forc'd a passage to his army ; Rome  
Beheld him with amazement ; Antony  
In vain opposing Sylla's hardy vet'rans,  
Was baffled and subdued ; Petreius strove  
To succour him, but with unequal force

And

And fruitless valour : thus on ev'ry side,  
 Surrounded by calamities, great Rome,  
 The mistress of the world, is on the brink  
 Of ruin ; Cic'ro trembles for her fate.

CRASSUS.

What part hath Cæsar ta'en ?

CICERO.

He hath behav'd

As Cæsar must, with most undaunted courage,  
 Yet not as Rome cou'd wish a zealous friend  
 Wou'd act in her defence. I saw him quell  
 The rebel foe ; yet after that, stir up  
 Seditious spirits, and by ev'ry art  
 Of smooth insinuation, work himself  
 Into the people's hearts. Amidst this scene  
 Of blood, methought a secret joy o'erspread  
 His glowing cheek, whilst his all-foothing voice  
 Courted applause, inviting Rome to be  
 His slave hereafter.

CATO.

I was ever fearful  
 Of Cæsar's pow'r ; he is not to be trusted.

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

The SENATE, CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

Well: am I still suspected in the senate?  
Is Cato's stubborn virtue still my foe?  
Of what does he accuse me?

CATO.

As a friend  
To Cat'line, the sworn enemy of Rome;  
You have protected him, and leagu'd with those  
It better had become you to chastise.

CÆSAR.

I would not stain my laurels with the blood  
Of such vile miscreants: Cæsar fights with none  
But warriors.

CATO.

What are these conspirators?

CÆSAR.

A dastard croud, contemptible and vile:  
They fled like slaves before me; but the soldiers  
Of Sylla are a formidable band,  
And boast an able chief; from them indeed

Rome

Rome hath some cause to fear; Petreius sinks  
 Beneath his wounds, and Cat'line marches onward;  
 Our soldiers are alarm'd: what says our consul?  
 And what has he resolv'd?

CICERO.

I'll tell thee, Cæsar:  
 Grant, heav'n, we may succeed!—thou hast deserv'd  
 Suspicion, but I'll give thee the fair means  
 To clear thy honour, and revenge thy country.  
 I know thee well, thy virtues and thy frailty;  
 Know what thou canst, and what thou dar'st not do;  
 Know Cæsar wou'd command, but not betray,  
 A noble friend, and a most dang'rous foe:  
 Whilst I condemn I cannot but esteem thee.  
 Away: remember that the eyes of Rome,  
 And of the world, are on thee: go, support  
 Petreius, save the empire, and deserve  
 The love of Cato: we have men, but want  
 A gen'ral to conduct them; Cæsar best  
 Can lead them, and to him alone we trust  
 The safety and the glory of mankind.

CÆSAR.

Cic'ro on Cæsar safely may depend;  
 Farewell: I go to conquer or to die.

[Exit.

C A T O.

CATO.

You've touch'd him in the tend'rest part ; ambition  
Will urge him on.

CICERO.

Great souls must ever thus  
Be treated : I have bound him to the state  
By this firm confidence ; I know his valour  
Will now support us : the ambitious still  
Shou'd be distinguish'd from the traitor ; I  
Shall make him virtuous if he is not so  
Already : courage, as directed, forms  
The mighty hero, or the mighty villain ;  
And he who is renown'd for guilt alone,  
Had glory fir'd his breast, to him had seen  
The incense pour'd, to him the temple rais'd  
For his exalted merit : Cat'line's self,  
By me conducted, had like Scipio shone :  
Tho' many a Sylla is in Cæsar hid,  
Yet doubt I not but Rome shall find in him  
Her best support.

[Turning to the chief of the Lictors, who enters arm'd.

Well : these conspirators,  
What have they done ?

Chief



Chief Licor.

My lord, they met the fate  
They merited, but other foes rise up,  
Sprung from their blood; like Ætna's flames, that  
burst

From the parch'd entrails of the burning mount:  
Another Hannibal, but far more dreadful,  
Because amongst the guilty sons of Rome  
He finds his trait'rous friends, is at our gates.  
A hundred voices roar for Catiline,  
Condemn your laws, and curse your tardy senate;  
Demand their antient rights, and cry aloud  
For vengeance on the consul.

CLODIUS.

Well indeed  
They may, while Cic'ro tramples on the laws,  
And spurns his equals thus; perhaps the senate —

CICERO.

Clodius, 'no more; restrain thy envious tongue,  
Nor rashly blame the guiltless; my short pow'r  
Will soon be wrested from me; whilst it lasts  
It shall not be controll'd; you will have time  
Enough to vex and persecute hereafter;  
But whilst the state's in danger, Cic'ro claims

The

The tribute of respect: I know too well  
 This fickle world to hope for constancy  
 And candor from it; foul ingratitude  
 Is all that I expect; on false surmises  
 Great Scipio was accus'd; he thank'd the gods,  
 And quitted Rome: I too will pay my vows  
 To gracious heav'n, but will not leave you; no;  
 My days are all devoted to my country,  
 And all shall be expended in her service.

## C A T O.

Suppose I were to shew myself in Rome,  
 Perhaps my presence might disperse the croud,  
 And be a check on Cæsar, whom I own  
 I much suspect: if fortune frowns upon us —

## C I C E R O.

We cannot do without you in the senate;  
 I've giv'n my orders; Cæsar's in the field;  
 Thy great example may be useful here,  
 And Rome's expiring glory be restor'd  
 By Cato's virtue — but behold he comes,  
 And crown'd with victory.

[ Runs up to Cæsar and embraces him.

Most noble Cæsar

Hast thou preserv'd the state? —

C Æ S A R.

CÆSAR.

I hope so: now

The consul will believe me — brave Petreius  
Has gain'd immortal glory: here we fought,  
Beneath this sacred rampart, in the fight  
Of our domestick gods, that fir'd each soul  
With nobler rage: Metellus, and Murena,  
With the brave Scipio's shew'd in Rome's defence  
The same exalted courage that subdued  
Asia and Carthage; they have merited  
Most nobly of their country: touching Cæsar  
Let others speak: the desperate remains  
Of Sylla's army seem'd to brave their fate,  
And in the agonies of death breath'd forth  
Their curses on us: mid'st the general slaughter,  
The fiery Cat'line long undaunted stood,  
Fought thro' a host of circling foes, till spent  
With ceaseless toil, and cover'd o'er with wounds,  
Bravely he fell: I must admire the soldier,  
Tho' I detest the rebel: once I lov'd him,  
I own it; but let Cic'ro judge, if e'er  
To friendship Cæsar sacrific'd his honour.

C I-

CICERO.

Cæsar is all that Cic'ro cou'd desire,  
All that he wish'd, and all he hoped to find him :  
Go on, brave youth, preserve thy noble spirit,  
And be thy country's friend; may heav'n protect  
And guard thee : never may thy gen'rous soul  
Be stain'd with vice, nor false ambition urge  
Thy spotless youth to quit the paths of virtue !

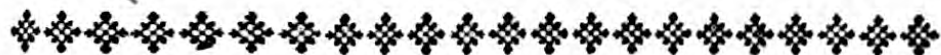
END of the FIFTH and LAST ACT.

T H E

The first part of the document  
 discusses the general principles  
 of the proposed system.  
 It is intended to provide a  
 clear and concise summary  
 of the main points.  
 The second part of the document  
 contains a detailed description  
 of the various components  
 and their functions.  
 This section is intended to  
 provide a comprehensive  
 overview of the system's  
 architecture and design.  
 The third part of the document  
 discusses the implementation  
 details and the steps  
 required to set up the system.  
 This section is intended to  
 provide a practical guide  
 for users who wish to  
 install and configure the  
 system.

The following table provides a  
 summary of the key features  
 and benefits of the system.

THE  
 END



THE  
COFFEE-HOUSE:  
OR,  
THE SCOTCH WOMAN.  
A  
COMEDY.

By Mr. HUME.

Represented at PARIS in 1760.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE 10

PROBLEMS

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

From the TRANSLATOR of

THE SCOTCH WOMAN

T O

COUNT L'AURAGAIS.

S I R,

**T**HE little trifle which I have the honor to put under your protection, is nothing more than an excuse for talking to you with freedom. You have conferr'd an eternal obligation on the fine arts and true taste, by generously contributing every thing in your power towards a theatre at *Paris*, more worthy of that illustrious city than any she has hitherto seen.

If we no longer see *Cæsar* and *Ptolomy*, *Athaliah*, and *Jehoida*, *Merope* and her son, crouded upon the stage, and surrounded by a set of wild and licentious young fellows; if our representations have infinitely more decency than ever they had before, it is to you we are

VOL. VII.

F

indebted

indebted for this reformation : the favor done to us is still more considerable, as by our excellency in tragedy and comedy we are distinguish'd above all nations : however, with regard to other things, we may be rivall'd, or even excell'd. We have some good philosophers amongst us, but must fairly acknowledge that we are but the followers of *Newton*, *Lock*, and *Galileo*. If *France* can boast of some historians, yet the *Spaniards*, the *Italians*, nay and even the *English*, may in this respect dispute the pre-eminence with us. *Massillon* alone passes with our men of taste here for a tolerably good orator ; but how far beneath archbishop *Tillotson* is he in the eyes of all *Europe* beside ! I don't pretend to decide the merit of men of genius, nor is my hand strong enough to hold the ballance between them ; I only tell you what other people think, and you, sir, who have travell'd, must know that every people has its favorite authors, whom it always prefers to those of other nations.

If you descend from works of wit to those where the hand is principally concern'd, what painter have we comparable to the great *Italian* masters ? 'tis only indeed in the *Sophoclean* art that we are allow'd by all the world to excel ; and this, no doubt, is the reason why, in many parts of *Italy*, they often play our  
pieces,

pieces, either in our language or their own, and that *French* theatres are found at *Petersbourg* and *Vienna*.

All that cou'd be found fault with in our stage was the want of action and scenery: our tragedies were often nothing but long conversations in five acts. How cou'd we hazard those pompous spectacles, those striking pictures, those grand and terrible actions, which, well conducted, have the finest effect; how were we to bring the bleeding body of *Cæsar* on the stage; how cou'd we make a desperate\* queen go down into her husband's tomb, and come out of it again dying by the hand of her son? was it possible to do this in the mid'st of a croud that hid from the view of the spectators, mother, son, tomb and all, and took away all the terror of the scene by a contrast truly ridiculous?

From these glaring absurdities you, sir, have in a great measure set us free; and when any writers of genius shall rise up capable of uniting the pomp of scenery, and the lively representation of an action, at the same time both probable and affecting, to strong thoughts, and that fine and natural poetry which constitutes the true merit of the drama; to you, sir, whenever that

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\* See the last act of *Semiramis*.

shall happen, will be due the thanks of our posterity.

But we must not leave the care of this to posterity, but have the courage to tell our own age what useful and noble works our cotemporaries are able to produce: the just praise of merit is a perfume reserv'd only to embalm the dead. Let a man do any thing ever so well, whilst he lives, nobody makes mention of it; or if they do, his merit is always extenuated, or detracted from: and the moment he is dead, that merit is as much exaggerated, on purpose to lessen the reputation of those who are still living.

I wou'd at least have all who read this little work know, that there is in *Paris* more than one worthy and unfortunate man whom you have reliev'd; and that whilst you spend your leisure hours in the laborious and painful revival of an useful art lost in *Asia*, where it was invented, you have reviv'd also a secret yet more rare, that of assisting indigent virtue by conceal'd charity and beneficence.

I am not ignorant that there is at *Paris*, and in what is call'd the polite world, a set of men, who wou'd ridicule those good actions which they are not capable of performing; and it is my knowledge of them, sir, which doubles my respect for you.

P. S.

( 101 )

P. S. There is no occasion for signing my name to this letter, as I have never put it at the bottom of any of my works ; and when the world sees it at the head of any book, or in any play-house bill, let them place it to the account of the bill-sticker or the bookseller.

**F 3**

**To**



## To the GENTLEMEN of PARIS.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am oblig'd by the illustrious Mr. *F* ——— to expose myself to you FACE TO FACE: I shall talk to you RESPECTFULLY and SENTIMENTALLY; my complaint shall be mark'd with decorum, and enlighten'd by the TORCH of truth. I hope Mr. *F* ——— will be confounded when he comes face to face before those honest gentlemen who are not us'd to favour the male practises of those, who, not being sentimental, make a trade of insulting, TIERCE & QUART, without any provocation, as *Cicero* says in his oration PRO MURENA, page 4.

My name, gentlemen, is *Ferom Carrè*, and I am a native of *Montauban*, a poor man, without any friends or fortune; and as I have chang'd my mind about going to *Montauban* because Mr. *L. F.* ———, of *P* ———, persecutes me there, I am come to implore the protection of the *Parisians*. I have translated the comedy of the SCOTCH WOMAN from Mr. *Hume*. The comedians, both *French* and *Italian*, wou'd have represented it, and it might have been play'd perhaps five or six times, but Mr. *F* ——— freely employs all his interest and authority

thority to prevent my translation from appearing : he who, whilst he was a jesuit, encourag'd young men so much, is now their enemy : he has wrote a whole paper against me, and begins by maliciously giving it out, that my translation comes from *Geneva*, on purpose to make me SUSPECTED for a heretic. Moreover, he calls MR. HUME MR. HOME ; and afterwards says, that Mr. *Hume* the clergyman, author of this piece, is no relation of Mr. *Hume* the philosopher. Let him only consult the journal *Encyclopedique* of the month of *April*, 1758, which I look upon to be the best of a hundred and sixty-three journals that appear in *Europe* every month ; there he will meet with this piece of intelligence, page 137.

*The author of Douglas is one Hume, a clergyman, a relation of the famous David Hume, so well known for his impiety.*

I cannot possibly tell whether Mr. *David Hume* is IMPIOUS or not ; if he is, I am sorry for it, and shall pray to God for him as I ought : it follows however, that Mr. *Hume*, the clergyman, the relation of *David Hume*, is author of the *Scotch-woman*, which is all we wanted to prove : I must own to my shame, that I did believe him to be his brother ; but be he brother or cousin, certain it is, that he is the author of the

*Scotch-woman*. It is true indeed, that in the journal above-cited, the *Scotch-woman* is not expressly named; mention is only made of *Agis* and *Douglafs*, but that is a trifle; so undoubtedly is he the author of the *Scotch-woman*, that I have by me several of his letters, wherein he thanks me for having translated it, one of which I shall submit to the charitable reader.

My dear translator,

“ You have committed many blunders in your performance, you have quite spoil’d the character of *WASP*, and struck out his punishment at the end of the piece, &c.”

It is true that I have soften’d a little the features of *WASP*, but it was by advice of some of the best judges in *Paris*: the *French* politeness will not admit of some phrases which *English* freedom makes no scruple of adopting: if I am to blame, it is from excess of delicacy; and I hope the gentlemen of *Paris*, whose protection I implore, will pardon the faults of my piece, in consideration of my extreme unwillingness to offend them.

Mr. *Hume* seems to have written his comedy solely to introduce *Wasp*, whereas I have retrench’d as much as I possibly cou’d of his character, as I have likewise part of lady *Alton’s*, that I might depart less from  
your

your manners, and convince you at the same time of my great respect for the ladies. Mr. F——, with a view of prejudicing me, says, in his paper, p. 114, that he is himself frequently call'd *Wasp*, and that many persons of merit have frequently given him that name? but pray, gentlemen, what has this to do with the *English* character in Mr. *Hume's* play? you see he only wants a pretext to deprive me of that protection which I am here intreating you to honor me with: but pray, gentlemen, observe how far his malice carries him: he says, p. 115, that a report did for a long time prevail, that he had been condemn'd to the gallies, but affirms, that the sentence did never take place; but really, gentlemen, whether he ever was sent to the gallies, or may be hereafter, what has this to do with a translation from an *English* comedy? he talks of the reasons, which he says might have brought this misfortune upon him: I shall not enter into his reasons; whether they be good or not, can give Mr. *Hume* no concern: whether he goes to the gallies or not, I am equally the translator of the *Scotch-woman*. I beg, gentlemen, your protection against him, and that you will receive this little piece with

that indulgence which you always grant to strangers.  
I have the honour to be, with the profoundest respect,  
Gentlemen,

your most obedient humble servant,

JEROM CARRÉ.

native of *Montauban*, living near the IMPASSE  
of *St. Thomas*; I call IMPASSE, gentlemen, what you  
term CU DE SAC, as a street, I apprehend, can signify  
neither an a—e nor a sack; therefore beg you will  
make use of the word IMPASSE, which is noble, sono-  
rous, intelligible, and absolutely necessary, instead of  
CU, and in spite of sir F——, heretofore T——

A D-

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THIS letter from Mr. *Jerom Carré* had its desired effect. The piece was represented the beginning of *August*, 1760: they began late, and somebody asking why they staid so long, perhaps, reply'd aloud, a man of wit, Mr. *F——* is gone up to the *Hotel-de-Ville*. As this Mr. *F——* was weak enough to fancy himself pointed at in the comedy of the *Scotch-Woman*, tho' Mr. *Hume* had never seen him in his life, the audience were kind enough to be of the same opinion. The comedy was got by heart, by half the town, before ever it was played; and notwithstanding, was received with prodigious applause. *F——* was weak enough to assert, in a certain paper, called *L'ANNÉE LITERAIRE*, that the *Scotch-Woman's* success was owing to a cabal of twelve or fifteen hundred persons, who had a sovereign hatred and contempt for him; but Mr. *Jerom Carré* was far from making any such cabals: all *Paris* knows he is incapable of doing it; besides, that he had never set eyes on *F——*, and could not conceive the reason why  
all



all the spectators seemed to find him out in the character of WASP. A famous lawyer, at the second representation, cried out, courage, Mr. *Carré*, revenge the public. The pit and boxes applauded this speech by repeated claps. *Carré*, on quitting the theatre, was embraced by above a hundred persons. How much we are obliged to you, said they, Mr. *Carré*, for doing justice on this man, whose manners are even more detestable than his works: O gentlemen, replied *Carré*, you do me more honour than I deserve; I am nothing more than the poor translator of a comedy that is full of interesting scenes and good morality.

As he was talking thus upon the stairs, he was saluted with two kisses by the w— of F—: how much I am obliged to you, said she, for thus punishing my h—, but you will never make him better. The innocent *Carré* was quite confounded; he could not conceive how an *English* character should be taken for a *Frenchman*, named F—, and that all *France* should thus compliment him on so good a likeness. The young man learned by this adventure, how much caution is necessary in the world; and found out at the same time, that whenever one  
draws

draws a good portrait of a ridiculous fellow, there will be always some one found out that must resemble him.

The part of *WASP* in the play was very inconsiderable, and contributed but little to its real merit or success; for in several of the provinces it received as much applause as at *Paris*. It may, perhaps, here be answered, that this *WASP* was as much esteemed in the provinces as in the capital; but it is more probable, that the success of Mr. *Hume's* piece was owing to the lively and interesting situations to be found in it. Describe a coxcomb, and you may only succeed with a few persons; make your play interesting, and you will please all the world.

Be that as it may, we will lay before our readers the translation of a letter from my \* Lord *BOLD-THINKER*, to the supposed *HUME*, on his piece called the *Scotch-Woman*.

“ I believe, my dear *Hume*, you have yet some talents which you are accountable for to your country :  
“ it is not enough to have sacrificed this vile *Wasp* to  
“ public derision, on all the stages in *Europe*, where  
“ your amiable and virtuous *Scotch-Woman* appears : do  
“ more,

\* Lord Bolingbroke.

“ more, I beseech you, expose on the stage all those  
 “ base persecutors of literature, all those hypocrites,  
 “ who, blackened with every vice themselves, calum-  
 “ niate every virtue in others; bring before the  
 “ public tribunal, those enraged fanatics who spit  
 “ their venom on innocence; those false slaves who  
 “ fawn on you with one eye, and threaten you with  
 “ the other; who are afraid to open their mouths be-  
 “ fore a philosopher, and endeavour secretly to ruin  
 “ him; expose in open day, those detestable cabals  
 “ that would bury mankind once more in darkness  
 “ and ignorance. You have already kept silence too  
 “ long; nothing is gained by trying to soften the  
 “ obstinate and perverse. There is no other means to  
 “ render letters respectable, but by making those  
 “ tremble who injure them. *Pope* had recourse to  
 “ this before he died: in his *Dunciad* he branded  
 “ all those with everlasting ridicule who had deserved  
 “ it; they disappeared immediately, and rose up no  
 “ more: the whole nation applauded him. If the  
 “ malevolence and ill-nature of the world did at first  
 “ give some degree of reputation to the enemies of  
 “ *Pope* and *Swift*, reason soon recovered her rights.  
 “ Our *Zoilus*’s are seldom supported for any long  
 “ time.

( III )

“ time. Satire is a weapon which we ought to make  
“ use of in vindication of human nature: it is not  
“ only the Pantolabi and Nomentani, but the Anitus’s  
“ and Melitus’s of the age, whom we ought to scourge.  
“ Good verse may transmit to posterity the glory of  
“ worthy men, and the infamy of bad ones. Go  
“ on in your labours, you will never want proper  
“ subjects, &c.”

P R E-

## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE comedy, a translation of which we have here submitted to the lovers of literature, was written by Mr. *Hume*, pastor of the church of *Edinburgh*, already well known by his two fine tragedies played at *London*; a relation and friend of the celebrated philosopher Mr. *Hume*, who has with so much boldness and sagacity sounded the depths of metaphysics and morality. These two philosophers do equal honour to *Scotland*, their native country.

The comedy, entitled the *Scotch-Woman*, seems to be one of those performances which must succeed in every language, as it is a lively portrait of nature, who is every where the same: the author has all the simplicity and truth of the valuable **GOLDONI**, joined, perhaps, to more intrigue, plots and spirit. The catastrophe, the character of the heroine, and that of **FREEMORT**, are different from any thing that has ever been exhibited on the *French* stage, and yet is all pure nature. This piece seems written in the taste of those *English* romances, which have of late years been so well received: there is the same fine picture of the manners, and some lively touches strongly resembling them; nothing

nothing stiff or laboured; no affectation of wit, or contemptible desire of shewing the author, instead of his characters; nothing foreign to the subject; no parade of learning, or trivial maxims to fill up the vacancy of the scene: common justice obliged us to say thus much of the celebrated author. We must, at the same time, confess, that we thought ourselves, by the advice of some excellent critics, under a necessity of retrenching something from the part of *Wasp* in the last act: he was punished, as it was very proper he should be, at the conclusion of the piece; but this poetical justice seemed to throw in a degree of coldness that hurt the lively and interesting catastrophe.

The character of *Wasp* is withal so base and detestable, that we were willing to spare our readers the too frequent view of a thing rather disgusting than comic: we own, indeed, that it is in nature; for in all great cities, where the freedom of the press subsists, we always find some of these wretches who get a livelihood by their impudence; these subaltern *Arctines*, who get their bread by doing and speaking evil, under the pretext of serving the cause of literature; as if the worms that gnaw the fruits and flowers, could ever be useful to them.



One of those illustrious litterati, or to express ourselves more properly, one of those two men of genius, who presided over the *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique*, that work so necessary to mankind, the suspension of which has put all *Europe* into a panic, one of these fine great men, in some essays composed by him for his amusement on the art of comedy, has most judiciously remarked, that we should bring on the stage the several states and conditions of men. The employment of Mr. *Hume's Wasp*, is in *England* a kind of business; there is even a tax raised on the papers written by these gentlemen. Neither the business, nor the character, seem worthy of the *French* stage, but the *English* pen contemns nothing, but often takes pleasure in representing objects, whose meanness would offend other nations. The *English* never mind whether the subject be low or not, provided it be true: they tell us that comedy has a right to handle all characters, and all conditions; that every thing which is in nature ought to be painted; that we have a false delicacy, and that the most contemptible character may serve as a contrast for the best and most amiable.

I must here add, in justification of Mr. *Hume*, that he has had art enough not to bring on his *Wasp*; but  
in

in those parts where the story is not interesting, he has imitated those painters who give us a toad, a lizard, or a snake, in one corner of the picture, still preserving the dignity of the principal figures.

What strikes us most remarkably in this piece, is, that the unities of time, place and action, are scrupulously observed. It has withal a merit very seldom found in *English* or *Italian* plays, that the stage is never empty. Nothing is more common, or more disagreeable, than to see two actors go off, and two others come on in their places, without being called or expected. This intolerable fault is not to be found in the *Scotch-Woman*.

With regard to the nature of this piece, it is, properly speaking, high comedy, with a mixture of the simple. The man of true taste and delicacy prefers the smile of the soul to vulgar laughter. There are some parts of it so tender, as even to draw tears, though without a studied affectation of the pathetic in any of the characters; for in like manner, as true pleasantry consists in not endeavouring to be pleasant, so he who moves us never labours to do it: he is no rhetorician, every thing comes from the heart. We be to him in any kind of writing, who is over fond of pleasing! We are not certain whether this piece  
could

could possibly be represented at *Paris*; our condition and manner of life, which prevents our going often to public spectacles, make it impossible for us to judge what effect an *English* performance would have in *France*: we shall only say, that, in spite of all our endeavors to do justice to the original, we are far from coming up to the merit of Mr. *Hume*'s expressions, which are always strong and natural: but the principal beauty of this comedy is the excellency of its moral, suitable to the gravity of the author's function, at the same time that it has all those lively graces, which are so agreeable to the polite world.

Comedy thus written is certainly one of the noblest efforts of the human soul: we must acknowledge it is an art, and a very difficult one: any body may compile facts; it is easy to learn trigonometry; but every art requires genius, and genius is extremely rare and uncommon.

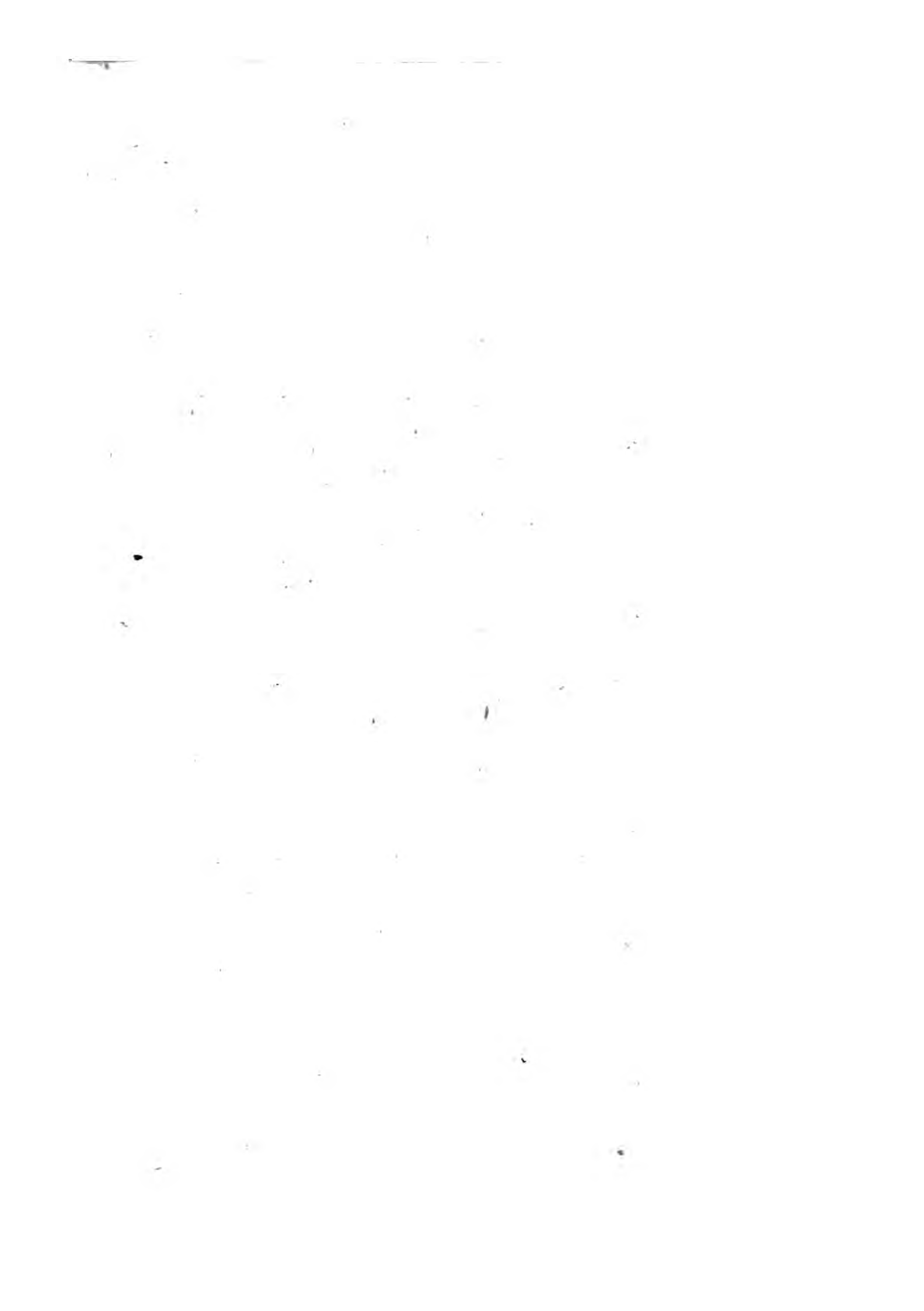
We cannot finish this preface better than by an extract from our countryman *Montagne* on spectacles:

“ I have play'd the principal parts in the *Latin* tragedies of *Buchanan* and *Muretus*, which were extremely well represented in our college at *Guienne*: *Andreas Goveanus*, our principal, was in this, as well

as every other respect, certainly one of the best principals in *France*, and always superintended these things. It is an exercise which I am far from disapproving in young persons of fashion; even our prince, have often practised it in imitation of the antients, nor has it reflected any disgrace upon them: men of honour may engage in the profession as they did in *Greece*: *Aristoni tragico aëtori rem aperit; huic & gemus & fortuna honesta erant: nec ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori est, ea deformabat.* I have always thought them ridiculous who condemned such innocent amusements; and those very unjust, who will not permit comedians to come into our cities. Good policy always endeavors to bring people together, as well for sports and exercises, as for the most serious acts of devotion; it increases friendship and society, and it is certainly right, that all pastimes should be carried on in public, and in the view of the magistrates. The prince, I think, should sometimes gratify the people at his own expence; and it would be very proper, that, in populous cities, some particular places should be set apart for public spectacles, which might serve to divert the vulgar from worse employments. To return to my purpose: there is nothing like

like alluring the passions and affections, otherwise we only make asses loaded with books : knowledge, to be agreeable, should not only lodge with, but should be married to us\*.

\* This preface, with the two epistles dedicatory, contain nothing very intelligible or entertaining to an *English* reader; but as they are inserted in all the editions of the original, it was thought proper to translate them. One cannot indeed easily find out any reason, why Mr. Voltaire chose to father this comedy on Mr. *Hume*; or what end it could answer to tell so many long stories about a comedy, which, the reader will see, is, after all, but a very indifferent performance.





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

\* Mr. WILLIAMS, master of a Coffee-house.

Miss LINDON, a Scotch-Woman.

Lord MONTROSS, a Scotchman.

Lord MURRAY.

POLLY, maid to Miss Lindon.

FREEPORT, a Merchant of London.

WASP, a Writer.

Lady ALTON.

Several English Gentlemen frequenting the Coffee-house, Servants, Messengers, &c.

## SCENE LONDON.

\* Amongst the English and Scotch names, Mr. V. has inserted one that seems to have no relation to either, and called his coffee-house keeper FABRICE. I have taken the liberty to alter it to WILLIAMS.

THE  
COFFEE-HOUSE:  
OR,  
THE SCOTCH WOMAN.  
A  
COMEDY.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

The scene represents a coffee-house, with apartments on the same floor on each side communicating with it.

WASP. [At one corner of the room reading the papers. Coffee, pen and ink, &c. on the table before him.

**A** Plague on this vile news! here are places and pensions given to above twenty people, and nothing for me! a present of a hundred guineas to a

Subaltern for doing his duty! a great merit indeed! so much to the inventor of a machine to lessen the number of hands; so much to a pilot; so much settled on men of letters, but nothing for me! here's another pension, and another—but the deuce a farthing for Wasp [*he throws down the paper and walks about*] and yet I have done the state some service; I have wrote more than any one man in England; I have rais'd the price of paper; and yet nothing is done for me: but I will be reveng'd on all those whom the world calls men of merit: I have got something already by speaking ill of others; and if I can but contrive to do them a real mischief, my fortune is made. I have prais'd fools, and calumniated every good quality and perfection of human nature, and yet can scarce live by it: in short, to be a great man, you must not be content with slander and destruction, but endeavour to be really hurtful. [*To the master of the coffee-house.*] Good morrow to you, Mr. Williams. Well, Mr. Williams, every body's affairs, I find, go well but mine; it is intolerable.

WILLIAMS.

Indeed, indeed, Mr. Wasp, you make yourself a great many enemies.

WASP.

WASP.

I believe I excite a little envy.

WILLIAMS.

On my soul I believe not; but rather a passion of a very different kind: to be free, for I have really a friendship for you, I am extremely concerned to hear people talk of you as they do: how do you contrive to be so universally hated?

WASP.

It is because I have merit, Mr. Williams.

WILLIAMS.

That may possibly be; but you are the only person who ever told me so: they say you are a very ignorant fellow; but that is nothing; they say, moreover, that you are ill-natured and malicious; that gives me concern, as it must every honest man.

WASP.

I assure you I have a good and tender heart. I do indeed now and then speak a little freely of the men; but for the women, Mr. Williams, I love 'em all, provided they are handsome. As a proof of it, I must absolutely insist on your introducing me to your ami-

G 2

able

124    The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,  
able lodger, whom I have never yet been able to con-  
verse with.

WILLIAMS.

Upon honour, Mr. Wasp, that young lady will never do for you; for she never praises herself, or speaks ill of any body else.

WASP.

She speaks ill of nobody, because, I suppose, she knows nobody: an't you in love with her, Williams?

WILLIAMS.

Not I indeed, sir; she has something in her air so noble, that I dare not think of it—besides, her virtue—

WASP.

[Laughing.

Ha! ha! ha! her virtue indeed!

WILLIAMS.

Why so merry, sir? think you there is no such thing as virtue?—but I hear a coach at the door, and yonder is a livery servant with a port-manteau in his hand; some lord coming to lodge with me, perhaps.

WASP.

Be sure, my dear friend, you recommend me to him as soon as possible.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Lord MONTROSS, WILLIAMS, WASP.

MONTROSS.

You, fir, I suppose, are Mr. Williams.

WILLIAMS.

At your service, fir.

MONTROSS.

I shall stay here only a few days. (Protect me, heaven, unhappy as I am!) I am recommended to you, fir, as a worthy honest man.

WILLIAMS.

So, fir, we ought all to be. You will here, fir, I believe, meet with all the conveniencies of life; a tolerable good apartment, and my own table, if you chuse to do me the honour to dine at it, and the amusement of coffee-house conversation.

MONTROSS.

Have you many boarders with you at present?

WILLIAMS.

Only one young lady, fir, very handsome and extremely virtuous.



WASP.

O mighty virtuous, ha! ha!

WILLIAMS.

Who lives quite retir'd.

MONTROSS.

Beauty and youth are not for me. Let me have an apartment, sir, if possible, entirely to myself. (What do I feel!) Have you any remarkable news in London?

WILLIAMS.

This gentleman, sir, can inform you: he talks and writes more than any one man in England, and is extremely useful to foreigners.

MONTROSS. [Walking about,

I have other business.

WILLIAMS.

I'll step out, sir, and get things ready for you.

[Exit.

WASP.

[Aside.

This gentleman, I suppose, is just arrived in England: he must be some great man, for he seems to care for nobody. [Turning to Montross.] Permit me, my lord,

lord, to present to your lordship my respects; my pen and self, my lord, are at your lordship's service.

MONTROSS.

I am no lord, sir: to boast of a title, if we have one, is the part of a fool; and to assume one when we have no right, that of a knave. I am what I am; but pray, sir, what may be your employment in this house?

WASP.

I don't belong to the house, sir; but I spend most of my time in the coffee-room; write news, politics, and so forth, and am always ready to do an honest gentleman service. If you have any friend you want to have prais'd, or any enemy to be abus'd; any author you want to protect or to decry; 'tis but one guinea *per* paragraph: if you are desirous of cultivating any acquaintance for profit or pleasure, sir, I am your man.

MONTROSS.

And have you no other business, friend?

WASP.

O sir, it is a very good one, I assure you.

MONTROSS.

And have you never been shewn in public with a pretty iron collar about your neck?

WASP.

This fellow has no notion of literature.

S C E N E III.

WASP (Sitting down to the table) several people walking about the coffee-house; Montross comes forward.

MONTROSS.

Will my misfortunes never have an end? proscrib'd, banish'd, condemn'd to lose my head in Scotland; in my dear native country: I have lost my honours, my wife, my son, my whole family; except one unhappy daughter, like myself a miserable wanderer, perhaps dishonour'd; and must I die without taking revenge on Murray's barbarous family? I am rased out of the book of life; I am no more; even my name is wrested from me by that cruel decree: I am but a poor departed ghost, that hovers round its tomb.

[One

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 129

[ One of the gentlemen in the coffee-house flapping Wasp on the shoulder.

Well! you saw the new piece yesterday, it met with great applause; the author is a young fellow of merit, but has no fortune, the public ought to encourage him.

Another.

Rot the new piece; public affairs are strangely carry'd on; stocks rise; the nation's rich, and I'm ruin'd, absolutely undone.

WASP.

[ writing.

The piece is good for nothing; the author's a fool, and so are all those that support him: public affairs are in a wretched condition: the nations ruin'd: I shall prove it in my pamphlet.

Another Gentleman.

Your pamphlet's nonsense: philosophy is the most dangerous thing in the world; it was that lost us the island of Minorca.

MONTROSS. [ At a distance from them.

Lord Murray's son shall pay dearly for it. O that before I die I cou'd revenge the father's injuries in the son's blood!

A Gentleman.

I thought the comedy last night was an excellent one.

G 5

WASP.

WASP.

Detestable: our taste grows worse and worse.

Another Gentleman.

Not so bad as your criticisms.

Another.

Philosophers sink the public funds: we must send another ambassador to Port.

WASP:

We shou'd always hiss a successful piece, for fear any thing good shou'd appear.

[Four of them talk at once.

First Gentleman.

If there was nothing good, you wou'd lose all the pleasure of satyrising it: now I think the fifth act has great beauties.

Second Gentleman.

I can't sell any of my goods.

Third Gentleman.

I am in pain for Jamaica this year: depend 'ont, these philosophers will make us lose it.

WASP.

The fourth and fifth acts are both contemptible.

MONTROSS.

What a riot is here!

First,

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 131

First Gentleman.

It is impossible the government can subsist as it is.

Second Gentleman.

If the price of Barbadoes water is not lower'd, the nation's undone.

MONTROSS.

How happens it, that in every country when men meet they all talk together, tho' they are certain of not being heard or attended to!

Enter WILLIAMS. [A napkin in his hand.

Dinner's on the table, gentlemen; but pray, let us have no disputes there, if you mean to dine with me any more, sir, [*Turning to Montross.*] Shall we have the honour of your company?

MONTROSS.

What, with this tribe? no, friend, let me have something in my own room. Hark'ee, sir, [*Whispering him.*] Is my lord Falbridge in London?

WILLIAMS.

No, sir, but I believe he will be here soon.

M O N-



MONTROSS.

Does he come to your house sometimes? I think I have heard so.

WILLIAMS.

He has done me that honor. —

MONTROSS.

Very well. Good morrow to you.—How hateful is life to me!

[Exit.

WILLIAMS.

This man seems lost in grief and thought; I shou'd not be surpris'd to hear he had made away with himself; 'twoud concern me, for he has the appearance of a worthy gentleman.

[ The gentlemen leave the coffee house, and go to dinner: Wasp continues at the table, writing: Williams knocks at Mrs. Lindon's door.

SCENE IV.

WILLIAMS, POLLY, WASP.

WILLIAMS.

Mrs Polly, Mrs Polly.

POLLY.

Who's there, my landlord?

WILLIAMS.

Will you be so obliging as to favor us with your company to dinner?

POLLY.

POLLY.

I durst not, my mistress eats nothing. How indeed shou'd we eat ! we have too much grief.

WILLIAMS.

O it will give you spirits, and make you chearful.

POLLY.

I can't be chearful : when my mistress suffers, I must suffer with her.

WILLIAMS.

Then I'll send you up something privately.

Exit.

WASP. [ Rising from the table.

I'll follow you, Mr. Williams — well, and so, my dear Polly, you will not introduce me to your mistress — still inflexible ?

POLLY.

'Tis a fine thing for you to pretend to make love to a woman of her condition.

WASP.

Pray what is her condition ?

POLLY.

A respectable one, I assure you, sir. I shou'd think a servant was good enough for you.

WASP.



WASP.

That is to say, if I were to court you, you wou'd be thankful.

POLLY.

Not I, indeed.

WASP.

And what, pray, is the reason why your mistress positively refuses to see me, and her waiting maid treats me so contemptuously?

POLLY.

We have three reasons for it. First, you are a wit; secondly, you are very tiresome; and thirdly, you are a wicked fellow.

WASP.

And what right has your mistress pray, who is kept here upon charity, to despise me?

POLLY.

Upon charity? who told you so, sir? my mistress, sir, is very rich: if she is not expensive, it is because she hates pomp: she is plainly clad, out of modesty, and eats little, because temperance is prescrib'd to her: in short, sir, you are very impertinent.

WASP.

Don't let her give herself so many airs; we know her conduct, her birth, and her adventures.

POLLY.

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 135

POLLY.

You, fir, who told 'em you? what do you know?

WASP.

O I have correspondents in every part of the world.

POLLY.

[Aside.

O heaven! this man will ruin us.

[Turning to him.

Mr. Wasp, my dear Mr. Wasp, if you know any thing, don't betray us.

WASP.

O ho! there is something then, and now I am dear Mr. Wasp: well, well, I shall say nothing, but you must —

POLLY.

What?

WASP.

You must love me.

POLLY.

Fye, fye, fir, that's impossible.

WASP.

Either love or fear me. You know there is something —

POLLY.

There is nothing, fir, but that my mistress is as respectable as you are hateful. We are truly easy, we fear nothing, and only laugh at you.

WASP.

## WASP.

They are very easy: from thence I conclude they are almost starv'd: they fear nothing, that is to say, they are afraid of being discover'd — I shall get to the bottom of it by and by, or — I shall not. I'll be reveng'd on 'em for their insolence. Despise me!

## S C E N E   V.

Miss LINDON [Coming out of her chamber dress'd very plain.]

Miss LINDON, POLLY.

Miss LINDON.

O my dear Polly, you have been with that vile fellow Wasp; he always makes me uneasy; a detestable character, whose pen, words, and actions are all equally abominable: they tell me he works himself into families to bring in misery where there is none, and to increase it where it is: I had left this house because he frequents it, long since, but for the honesty and good heart of our landlord.

POLLY.

He absolutely insisted on seeing you, and I wou'd not let him.

Miss LINDON.

To see me! where is my lord Murray, he has not been here these two days!

POLLY.

POLLY.

True, madam, but because he does not come, are we never to dine?

Miss LINDON.

Remember, Polly, to conceal my misery from him, and from all the world: I am content to live on bread and water: poverty is not intolerable, but contempt is: I am satisfy'd to be in want, but I wou'd not have it known I am so.

POLLY.

Alas! my dear mistress, whoever looks at me will easily perceive it: with you it is a different thing; your nobleness of soul supports you, you seem to rejoice in calamities, and only look the handfomer for it: but I grow thinner and thinner, you may see me fall away every minute; I am so alter'd within this last year that I scarce know myself.

Miss LINDON.

We must not part with our courage nor our hopes: I can support my own poverty, but yours indeed affects me. My dear girl, let the labour of my hands relieve you, we will have no obligations to any body. Go and sell this embroidery which I have done lately. I think I succeed pretty well in this kind of work. You have as-

sisted



sifted me, and in return my hands shall feed and clothe you: It is noble to owe our subsistence to nothing but our virtue.

POLLY.

Let me kiss, let me bathe with my tears the dear hands that have labour'd in my service. O I had rather die with my dear mistress in poverty, than be servant to a queen. Wou'd I cou'd administer some comfort to you!

Miss LINDON.

Alas! lord Murray is not come: he whom I ought to hate, the son of him who was the author of all my misfortunes: alas! the name of Murray will be for ever fatal to me: if he comes, as he certainly will, let him not know my country, my condition, or my misfortunes.

POLLY.

Do you know, that villain Wasp pretends to be well acquainted with him?

Miss LINDON.

How is it possible he shou'd know any thing of him, when even you are scarce acquainted with him? Nobody writes to me, I am lock'd up in my chamber as close as if I were in my grave: he only pretends to know something in order to make himself necessary: take care he does not so much as find out the place of  
my

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 139

my birth. You know, my dear Polly, I am an unfortunate woman, whose father was banish'd in the late troubles, and whose family is ruin'd: my father is wandering from desert to desert in Scotland. I shou'd have left London to join him in his misfortunes, but that I have still some hopes in lord Falbridge; he was my father's friend: our true friends never desert us. He is returned from Spain, and now at Windsor: I wait but to see him: but alas! Murray comes not. I have open'd my heart to thee, remember the most fatal blow thou can'st give to it wou'd be the discovery of my condition.

POLLY.

To whom should I discover it; I never go from you; besides that, the world is very indifferent about the poor and unfortunate.

Miss LINDON.

The world is indifferent, Polly, in this respect; but still it is always inquisitive, and loves to tear open the wounds of the wretched: besides that, the men assume a right over our sex when they are unhappy, and abuse their power. I wou'd make even my miseries respectable: but alas! lord Murray will not come.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Miss LINDON, POLLY, WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS.

Forgive me, madam, I am not acquainted with your name or quality ; but I have, I know not why, the greatest respect for you. I have left the company below to wait on you, and know your commands.

Miss LINDON.

The regard which you express for me, my dear sir, deserves my most grateful acknowledgments: but what are your commands with me ?

WILLIAMS.

I came, madam, only to know yours: you had no dinner yesterday.

Miss LINDON.

I was sick, sir, and cou'd not eat.

WILLIAMS.

You are worse than sick, madam, you are melancholy: you will pardon me, but I cannot help thinking your fortune is not equal to your person and appearance.

Miss

Miss LINDON.

Why shou'd you think so? I never complain'd of my fortune.

WILLIAMS.

Notwithstanding that, madam, I am sure it is not what you cou'd wish it were.

Miss LINDON.

What say you?

WILLIAMS.

I say, madam, that the world you seem to shun, admires and pities you. I am but a plain man, madam, but I can see all your merit as well as the finest courtier. Let me intreat you, my dear lady, to take a little refreshment: there is above stairs an elderly gentleman who wou'd be glad to eat with you.

Miss LINDON.

What, sit down to table with a stranger!

WILLIAMS.

The gentleman, I am sure, wou'd be agreeable to you: you seem afflicted, and so does he. The communication of your grief might, perhaps, give mutual consolation.

Miss

Miss LINDON.

I cannot, will not, see any body.

WILLIAMS.

At least, madam, permit my wife to pay her respects to you, and keep you company: permit her—

Miss LINDON.

I return you thanks, sir, but I want nothing.

WILLIAMS.

You will pardon me, madam, but I cannot think you want nothing, when you stand in need even of common necessaries.

Miss LINDON.

Who cou'd make you believe so? indeed, sir, you are imposed on.

WILLIAMS.

You will forgive me, madam.

Miss LINDON.

O Polly, 'tis two o'clock, and lord Murray not come yet!

WILLIAMS.

That lord you speak of, madam, is one of the best of men; you never receiv'd him here but before company. Why wou'd not you permit me to furnish out

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 143

a little repast for you both? he is, perhaps, a relation of yours.

Miss LINDON.

My dear sir, you are mistaken.

WILLIAMS. [Pulling Polly by the sleeve.

Go, child, there is a good dinner for you in the next room. This woman is incomprehensible: but who is yonder lady in the coffee-room with a masculine air? I shou'd have taken her for a man: how wildly she looks!

POLLY.

O my dear mistress! 'tis lady Alton, who wanted to marry my lord—I remember I saw her once before this way: 'tis certainly she.

Miss LINDON.

And my lord not come! then I am undone. Why am I still condemn'd to live?

[She goes in.

SCENE VII.

Lady ALTON. [Walking across the stage in a violent passion, and taking Williams by the arm.

Follow me, sir, I must talk with you.

WIL-



WILLIAMS.

With me, madam?

Lady ALTON.

With you, wretch.

WILLIAMS.

What a devil of a woman!

END of the FIRST ACT.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady ALTON, WILLIAMS.

Lady ALTON.

**I** DON'T believe a word you say, Mr. Coffee-  
man; you will absolutely drive me out of my  
senses.

WILLIAMS.

Then pray, madam, get into 'em again.

Lady ALTON.

You have the impudence to affirm to me, that this  
fortune-hunter here is a woman of honour, tho' she  
has

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 145

has receiv'd visits from a nobleman. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

WILLIAMS.

Why so, madam? when my lord came, he never came in privately; she receiv'd him publicly, the doors of her apartment were open, and my wife present. You may despise my condition, madam, but you shou'd respect my honesty; and as to the lady you are pleas'd to call a fortune-hunter, if you knew, you wou'd esteem her.

Lady ALTON.

Leave me, sir, you grow impertinent.

WILLIAMS.

What a woman!

Lady ALTON. [Goes to Miss Lindon's door,  
and knocks rudely.

Open the door.

SCENE II.

Miss LINDON, Lady ALTON.

Miss LINDON.

Who knocks so? what do you want, madam?

VOL. VII.

H

Lady

Lady ALTON.

Answer me, madam. Does not lord Murray come here sometimes?

Miss LINDON.

What's that to you? what right have you to ask me? am I a criminal, and you my judge?

Lady ALTON.

I am your accuser. If my lord still visits you, if you encourage that wretch's passion, tremble: renounce him, or you are undone.

Miss LINDON.

If I had a passion for him, your menaces, madam, wou'd but increase it.

Lady ALTON.

I see you love him; that the perfidious villain has seduc'd you; he has deceiv'd you, and you brave me: but know, there is no vengeance which I am not capable of executing.

Miss LINDON.

Then, madam, know, I do love him.

Lady ALTON.

Before I revenge myself I will astonish you. There, know the traitor, look at these letters which he wrote

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 147

to me : there is his picture too which he gave me ; but let me have it back, or—

Miss LINDON. [Giving her back the picture.

What have I seen ? unhappy woman ! madam—

Lady ALTON.

Well,

Miss LINDON.

I no longer love him.

Lady ALTON.

Keep your resolution and your promise ; know, he is inconstant, cruel, proud, the worst of characters.

Miss LINDON.

Stop, madam ; if you continue to speak ill of him, I may relapse, and love him again. You are come here on purpose to take away my wretched life : that, madam, will easily be done.—Polly, 'tis all over ; come and assist me to conceal this last and worst of all my miseries.

POLLY.

What is the matter, my dear mistress, where is your courage ?

H 2

Miss

Miss LINDON.

Against misfortune, injustice, and poverty, there are arms that will defend a noble heart; but there is an arrow that always must be fatal.

[They go out.]

S C E N E III.

Lady ALTON, WASP.

To be betray'd, abandon'd for this worthless little wretch.

[To Wasp.]

You, news-writer, have you done what I order'd you? have you employ'd your engines of intelligence, and found out who this insolent creature is that makes me so completely miserable?

WASP.

I have fulfilled your ladyship's commands, and have discovered that she is a Scotch-Woman, and hides herself from the world.

Lady ALTON.

Prodigious news indeed!

WASP.

I can find out nothing else at present.

Lady

Lady ALTON.

What service then have you been of?

WASP.

When we discover a little, we add a little; and one little join'd to another, makes a great deal. There's an hypothesis for you.

Lady ALTON.

How, pedant, an hypothesis!

WASP.

Yes, I suppose she is an enemy to the government.

Lady ALTON.

Certainly, nothing can be worse inclin'd; for she has robb'd me of my lover.

WASP.

You plainly see, therefore, that in troublesome times, a Scotch-Woman, who conceals herself, must be an enemy to the state.

Lady ALTON.

I can't say I see it altogether so clearly, but I heartily wish it was so.

WASP.

I wou'd not lay a wager about it, but I'd swear to it.



Lady ALTON.

And wou'd you venture to affirm this before people of consequence?

WASP.

I have the honor of being related to many persons of the first fashion. I am intimate with the mistress of a valet de chambre to the first secretary of the prime minister: I cou'd even talk with the lacquies of your lover lord Murray, and tell 'em, that the father of this young girl has sent her up to London, as a woman ill dispos'd. Now observe, this might have its consequences, and your rival, for her bad intentions, might be sent to the same prison where I have so often been for my writings.

Lady ALTON.

Good, very good: violent passions must be serv'd by people who have no scruples about 'em. Let the vessel go with a full sail, or let it go to the bottom. You are certainly right; a Scotch-woman who conceals herself at a time when all the people of her country are suspected, must certainly be an enemy to the state. You are no fool, as you have been represented to me. I thought you had been only a smatterer on paper, but I see you have genius. I have already done something for you; I will do a great deal more. You must let me know every thing that passes here,

W A S P.

WASP.

Let me advise you, madam, to make use of every thing you know, and of every thing you do not know. Truth stands in need of some ornament: downright lies indeed may be vile things, but fiction is beautiful. What after all is truth? a conformity with our own ideas, what one says is always conformable to the idea one has whilst one is talking; therefore, properly speaking, there is no such thing as a lie.

Lady ALTON.

You seem to be an excellent Logician, I fancy you study'd at St. Omer's. But go, only tell me whatever you discover, I ask no more of you.

SCENE IV.

Lady ALTON, WILLIAMS.

Lady ALTON.

This is certainly one of the vilest and most impudent scoundrels; dogs bite from an instinct of courage, and this fellow from an instinct of meanness. Methinks, now I am a little cool, his behaviour makes me out of love with revenge. I cou'd almost take my rival's part against him. She has in her low condition a pride that pleases me; she is decent, and I am told, sensible: but

152      The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,  
she has robb'd me of my lover, and that I can never  
pardon. [ *To Williams, whom she sees in the coffee-room.*]  
Honest man, your servant, you are a good kind of fel-  
low, but you have got a sad rascal in your house.

WILLIAMS.

I have heard, madam, from many, that he is as wick-  
ed as miss Lindon is virtuous and amiable.

Lady ALTON.

Amiable! that wounds my heart.

S C E N E V.

WILLIAMS, Mr. FREEPORT. [ *Dress'd plainly, with  
a large hat.*]

WILLIAMS.

Heaven be prais'd, Mr. Freeport, I see you safe re-  
turn'd; how are you since your voyage to Jamaica?

FREEPORT.

Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Williams, I have  
been very successful, but am much fatigued. [ *To the  
waiter.* ] Boy, some chocolate and the papers — one  
finds it more difficult to amuse oneself than to get rich.

WILLIAMS.

Will you have Wasp's papers?

FREE-

FREEPORT.

No: what shou'd I do with such stuff? It is no concern of mine if a spider in the corner of a wall walks over his web to suck the blood of flies. Give me the Gazette! What public news have you?

WILLIAMS.

None at present.

FREEPORT.

So much the better; the less news the less folly. But how go your affairs, my friend? have you a good deal of business? who lodges with you now?

WILLIAMS.

This morning an old gentleman came who won't see any body.

FREEPORT.

He's in the right of it: three parts of the world are good for nothing, either knaves or fools, and as for the fourth, they keep to themselves.

WILLIAMS.

This gentleman has not so much as the curiosity to see a charming young lady who is in the same house with him.

FREEPORT.

There he's wrong. Who is she, pray?

H 5

W I L-

WILLIAMS.

She is something more singular even than himself : she has now been with me these four months, and has never stirr'd out of her apartment : she calls herself Lindon, but I believe that is not her real name.

FREEPORT.

I make no doubt but she's a woman of virtue, or she wou'd not lodge with you.

WILLIAMS.

O she is more than you can conceive ; beautiful to the last degree, greatly distress'd, and the best of women. Between you and me she is excessively poor, but of a high spirit and very proud.

FREEPORT.

If that be the case she is more to blame even than your old gentleman,

WILLIAMS.

By no means : her pride is an additional virtue. She denies herself common necessaries, and at the same time wou'd let nobody know she does : works with her own hands to get money to pay me ; never complains, but hides her tears : it is with the utmost difficulty I can persuade her to expend a little of her money, due for rent, on things she really wants ; and am forc'd to make use of a thousand arts before she  
will

will suffer me to assist her. I always reckon what she has at half the price it cost me, and when she finds it out, there is always a quarrel between us, which indeed is the only quarrel we have ever had: in short, sir, she is a miracle of virtue, misfortune, and intrepidity: she frequently draws from me tears of tenderness and admiration.

FREEPORT.

You are naturally tender, I am not. I admire none, tho' I esteem many: but I will see this woman; I am a little melancholy, and she may divert me.

WILLIAMS.

O sir, she scarce ever receives any visitors. There is a lord indeed who comes now and then to see her, but she will never speak to him unless before my wife. He has not been here for some time, and now she lives more retired than ever.

FREEPORT.

I love retirement too, and hate a croud as much as she can: I must see her, where is her apartment?

WILLIAMS.

Yonder: even with the coffee-room.

FREEPORT.

I'll go in.

WILLIAMS.

You must not.

F R E E-



FREEPORT.

I say I must : why not go into her chamber? bring in my chocolate and the papers. [ *Pulls out his watch.* ] I have not much time to lose, for I am engag'd at two.

S C E N E VI.

Miss LINDON, [frighten'd, Polly following her.  
FREEPORT, WILLIAMS.

Miss LINDON.

My God! who is this? sir, you are extremely rude; I think you might have shewn more respect to my sex than thus to intrude on my retirement.

FREEPORT.

You will pardon me, madam, [ *To Williams* ] bring me the chocolate.

WILLIAMS.

Yes, sir, with the lady's consent.

FREEPORT. [ *Seats himself near a table, reads the news-paper, and looks up to miss Lindon and Polly, takes off his hat, and puts it on again.*

POLLY.

This gentleman seems pretty familiar.

FREEPORT.

Why won't you sit down, madam? you see I do.

Miss

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 157

Miss LINDON.

Which I think, sir, you ought not to do. I am astonish'd, sir: I never receive visits from strangers.

FREEPORT.

A stranger, madam! I am very well known; my name's Freeport, a merchant, and rich: enquire of me upon change.

Miss LINDON.

Sir, I know nobody in this country, I shou'd be oblig'd to you if you wou'd not intrude on a person you are an utter stranger to, and to whom as a woman you shou'd have shewn more respect.

FREEPORT.

I don't mean to incommode you, madam: be at your ease, as I am at mine; you see I am reading the news, take up your tapestry, or drink chocolate with me, or without me, just as you please.

POLLY.

This is an original!

Miss LINDON.

Good heaven! what a visit! and my lord not come. This whimsical fellow distracts me, and I don't know how to get rid of him. How cou'd Williams let him in! I must sit down.

[ She

158 The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,

[She sits down, and works, chocolate is brought in, Freeport, takes a dish without offering her any, he sips, and talks by turns.

FREEPORT.

Harkee, madam, I hate compliments, I have heard one of the best of characters of you : you are poor and virtuous, but they tell me you are proud ; that's a fault.

POLLY.

And pray, fir, who told you all this ?

FREEPORT.

The master of this house, who is a very honest man, and therefore I believe him.

Miss LINDON.

O fir, 'tis all a fable ; he has deceiv'd you ; not indeed with regard to pride, which always accompanies true modesty ; nor as to virtue, which is my first duty ; but with regard to that poverty of which he suspects me. Those who want nothing can never be poor.

FREEPORT.

You don't stick to truth, which is even a worse fault than being proud : I know better, I know you are in want of every thing, and sometimes deny yourself so much as a dinner.

P O L L Y.

POLLY.

That's by order of the doctor.

FREEPORT.

Hold your tongue, huffy, do you pretend to give yourself airs too?

POLLY.

What an original!

FREEPORT.

In a word, whether you are proud or not, is nothing to me. I have made a voyage to Jamaica that has brought me in five thousand pounds: now, you must know, it is a law with me (and ought to be a law with every good christian) always to give away a tenth part of what I get: it is a debt which I owe to the unfortunate. You are unhappy, tho' you won't acknowledge it. There's five hundred pounds for you: now, remember, you're paid: let me have no curtsies, no thanks, keep the money and the secret.

[Throws down a large purse on the table.]

POLLY.

I'faith this is more original still.

Miss LINDON.

[Rising.]

I never was so astonish'd in my life—alas! how every

160     The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,

every thing conspires to humble me! what generosity! and yet what an affront!

FREEPORT. [Reading the news and drinking  
his chocolate.

This impertinent writer! a ridiculous fellow to talk such nonsense with an air of consequence.—*The king is arriv'd: he makes a most noble figure, being extremely tall.* The blockhead! what signifies it whether he is tall or short? cou'd not he have told us the plain fact?

Miss LINDON. [Coming up to Freeport.

Sir—

FREEPORT.

Well, madam—

Miss LINDON.

What you have done, sir, surprises me still more than what you said: but I cannot possibly accept the money, as it may not, perhaps, ever be in my power to repay it.

FREEPORT.

Who talks of repaying it?

Miss

Miss LINDON.

I thank you, sir, for your goodness, from the bottom of my heart : you have my sincere acknowledgments, my admiration ; I can no more.

POLLY.

You are more extraordinary than the gentleman himself. Surely, madam, in the condition you are in, deserted by all the world, you must have lost your senses to refuse an unexpected succour, thus offered you by one of the most generous, tho' whimsical and absurd men I ever met with.

FREEPORT.

What do you mean by that, madam? whimsical and absurd!

POLLY.

If you won't accept of it for your own sake, take it for mine. I have serv'd you in your ill-fortune, and have some right to partake of the good : in short, sir, this is no time to dissemble, we are in the utmost distress ; and if it had not been for our kind landlord, must have perish'd with cold and hunger. My mistress conceal'd her condition from all those who might have been of service to us : you became acquainted with it in spite of her : in spite of herself, therefore



162 The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,  
therefore, oblige her to accept of that which heaven  
hath sent her by your generous hand.

Miss LINDON.

Dear Polly, you will ruin my honour.

POLLY.

You, my dear mistress, wou'd ruin yourself by  
your folly.

Miss LINDON.

If you love me, consider my reputation. I shall die  
with shame.

FREEPORT. [Reading.

What are these women prating about?

POLLY.

And if you love me, madam, don't oblige me to  
perish with hunger.

Miss LINDON.

O Polly, what think you my lord wou'd say, if  
still he loves me? cou'd he believe me capable of such  
meanness? I always pretended to him that I wanted  
nothing; and shall I receive a present from another,  
from a stranger?

POLLY.

POLLY.

Your pretence was wrong, and your refusal still more so: as to my lord, he'll say nothing about it, for he has deserted you.

Miss LINDON.

My dear Polly, by our sorrows I intreat you, do not let us disgrace ourselves: contrive some way or other to excuse me to this strange man, who means well, tho' he is so rude and unpolish'd: tell him, when an unmarried woman accepts such presents, the world will always suspect she does it at the expence of her virtue.

FREEPORT.

[Reading.

What does she say?

POLLY. [Coming close to him.

O sir, something mighty ridiculous; she talks of the suspicions of the world, and that an unmarried woman—

FREEPORT.

Is she unmarried then?

POLLY.

Yes, sir, and I too.

FREE-

FREEPORT.

So much the better. So she says that an unmarried woman—

POLLY.

Cannot take a present from a man—

FREEPORT.

She does not know what she says. Why am I to be suspected of a dishonest purpose, because I do an honest action?

POLLY.

Do you hear him, madam?

Miss LINDON.

I hear, and I admire him, but am still resolv'd not to accept it: they wou'd say I lov'd him; that villain Wasp wou'd certainly report it, and I shou'd be undone.

POLLY.                      [To Freeport.

She is afraid, sir, you are in love with her.

FREEPORT.

In love with her! how can that be, when I know nothing of her? indeed, madam, you may make yourself easy on that head; and if perchance some years hence I shou'd fall in love with you, and you  
with

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 165

with me, well and good; as you determine, I shall determine also; and if you think no more of it, I shall think no more of it; if you tell me I am disagreeable to you, you will soon be so to me; if you desire not to see me, you shall never see me again; and if you desire me to return, I will.

[Pulls out his watch.

So fare you well. I have a little business at present.  
Madam, your servant.

Miss LINDON.

Your servant, sir, you have my esteem and my gratitude; but take your money with you, and once more spare my blushes.

FREEPORT.

The woman's a fool.

Miss LINDON.

Mr. Williams, Mr. Williams, for heaven's sake come and assist me.

WILLIAMS. [Coming in a violent hurry.

What's the matter, madam?

Miss LINDON. [Giving him the purse.

Here, take this purse: the gentleman left it by mistake, give it him again, I charge you; assure him  
of

166    The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,  
of my esteem, and remember I want no assistance from  
any one.

WILLIAMS.    [Taking the purse.

O Mr. Freeport, I know you by this generous  
action; but be assured this lady means to deceive  
you: she is really in want of this.

Miss LINDON.

'Tis false: and is it you, Mr. Williams, who  
wou'd betray me?

WILLIAMS.

I will obey you, madam.

[Aside to Freeport.

I will keep this money; it may be of service to her  
without her knowing it. My heart bleeds to see such  
virtue join'd to such misfortunes.

FREEPORT.

I feel for her too, but she is too haughty: tell her  
it is not right to be proud. Adieu.

## SCENE VII.

Miss LINDON, POLLY.

POLLY.

Well, madam, you have made a fine piece of work  
of it; heaven graciously offer'd you assistance, and  
you

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 167

you resolve to perish in indigence : I too must fall a sacrifice to your virtue, a virtue which is not without its alloy of vanity : that vanity, madam, will destroy us both.

Mrs LINDON.

Death is all I have to wish for: lord Murray no longer loves me ; he has left me these three days ; he has loved my proud and cruel rival ; perhaps, he loves her still. I was to blame to think of him, but 'tis a crime I shall not long be guilty of.

[She sits down to write.

POLLY.

She seems in despair, alas ! she has but too much reason to be so ; her condition is far worse than mine : a servant has always some resource, but a woman like her can have none.

Mrs LINDON. [Folding up her letter.

'Tis no great sacrifice. There, Polly, when I am no more, carry that letter to him—

POLLY.

What says my dear mistress ?

Mrs LINDON.

To him who is the cause of my death. I have recommended you to him, perhaps he may comply with  
my



168    The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,  
my last request: go, Polly, [*embracing her*] and be  
assur'd, that amongst all my misfortunes, that of not  
being able to recompense you as you deserve, is not  
the least which this wretched heart has experienc'd.

POLLY.

O my dear mistress, I cannot refrain from tears,  
you harrow up my soul: what is your dreadful pur-  
pose? what means this letter? God forbid I shou'd  
ever deliver it! [*she tears the letter.*] Alas! madam,  
why wou'd not you open your heart to lord Murray?  
perhaps your cold reserve has disgusted him.

Miss LINDON.

Perhaps so, indeed: my eyes are open now, I must  
have offended him: but how cou'd I discover my condi-  
tion to the son of him who ruin'd my father and family?

POLLY.

How, madam! was it my lord's father who—

Miss LINDON.

Yes, it was he who persecuted my father, had him  
condemn'd to death, degraded us from our nobility,  
and took away every thing from us: left as I am  
without father, mother, or fortune, I have nothing  
but my reputation and my fatal love. I ought to de-  
test

detest the son of Murray: misfortune, that still pursues me, brought me acquainted with him. I have lov'd him, and I ought to suffer for it.

POLLY.

O madam, you grow pale, your eyes are dim.

Miss LINDON.

May grief perform that office for me, which sword or poison—

POLLY.

Help here, Mr. Williams, help! my mistress faints.

WILLIAMS.

Help, help here! where are ye all, my wife, my servants, come down; tell the gentlemen above—help here—

[Williams's wife, her maids, and Polly, carry off Miss Lindon into her chamber.

Miss LINDON. [As she is going out.

Why will ye bring me back to life again? let me die in peace.

S C E N E VIII.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

MONTROSS.

What's the matter, landlord?

WILLIAMS.

That beautiful young lady, fir, I told you of, fainted away just now: but it will be over soon.

MONTROSS.

O the mere effect of vapours in young girls; they are not dangerous: what service cou'd I be of? why call me down for this? I thought the house had been on fire.

WILLIAMS.

I had rather it were, than this sweet creature should be hurt. If Scotland has many such beauties as her, it must be a charming country.

MONTROSS.

Is she Scotch then?

WILLIAMS.

So it seems; tho' I knew it but to-day: our news-writer tells me so, and he knows every thing.

MON-

MONTROSS.

And what's her name?

WILLIAMS.

She calls herself Lindon.

MONTROSS.

That's a name I'm not acquainted with. [*He walks about*] The bare mention of my country rives my heart. Was ever man treated with such cruelty and injustice as I have been? Barb'rous Murray, thou art dead; but thy son survives: I will have justice or revenge. O my dearest wife, my children, my daughter! I have lost all. This sword had long since ended all my cares, did not the hopes of sweet revenge force me still to bear the detestable load of life!

WILLIAMS.

[*Returning.*]

Thank God! all is well again.

MONTROSS.

What sudden change has happen'd then?

WILLIAMS.

O, fir, she has recover'd her senses, and is pretty well; looks still pale, but always beautiful.

MONTROSS.

O it's nothing. I must go out—I must run the hazard—I will.

[Exit.

WILLIAMS.

This man does not trouble himself much about young ladies that faint; but if he had seen Miss Lindon, he wou'd not be so indifferent.

END of the SECOND ACT.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady ALTON, ANDREW.

Lady ALTON.

**Y**ES: since I can't see the villain at home, I'll see him here: he'll certainly come. This news-writer told me truth, and was in the right of it: a Scotch-woman conceal'd in these dangerous times! she must be in a conspiracy against the state; she shall be seiz'd; the order is given; at least I am too sure she conspires against me: but here comes Andrew,  
my

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 173

my lord's servant; I will know the whole of my misfortune. Andrew, you have got a letter from my lord, have not you?

ANDREW.

Yes, madam.

Lady ALTON.

For me.

ANDREW.

No, madam.

Lady ALTON.

How? have not you brought me several from him?

ANDREW.

Yes, madam: but this is not for you; 'tis for a certain person whom he is most desperately in love with.

Lady ALTON.

Well, and was not he most desperately in love with me when he us'd to write to me?

ANDREW.

O no, madam, he lov'd you calmly and coldly; 'tis quite another thing here; he neither sleeps nor eats, runs about day and night, and does nothing but talk of his dear Lindon. O there's a great deal of difference, I assure you.



Lady ALTON.

Perfidious wretch ! but no matter : I tell you that letter is for me : 'tis without a superscription, is not it ?

ANDREW.

Yes, madam.

Lady ALTON,

Were not all the letters you brought me without a superscription too ?

ANDREW.

Yes, madam ; but this I know is for miss Lindon.

Lady ALTON.

I tell you 'tis for me, and to prove it to you, here are ten guineas for you.

ANDREW.

Indeed, madam, I begin to think the letter was for you ; I was certainly mistaken : but if after all it is not, I hope you will not betray me ; you may say you found it at miss Lindon's.

Lady ALTON.

O leave that to me.

A N.

ANDREW.

After all, where is the harm in giving a love letter design'd for one woman to another? they are all alike; and if miss Lindon does not receive this letter, she may have twenty others. I have executed my commission, and made a pretty good hand of it too.

Lady ALTON. [Opens the letter, and reads.

*Now for it—* My dear, amiable, and truly virtuous miss Lindon—*that's more than ever he said to me—* 'tis now two days, an age to me, since I had the happiness of seeing you: but I have denied myself that pleasure with the hopes of serving you. I know what you are, and what I owe you. I will change the face of your affairs, or perish in the attempt. My friends are zealous for you. Depend on me as on the most faithful of lovers, and one who will endeavour to prove himself worthy of your affection.'

This is an absolute conspiracy; there can be no doubt of it: she is a Scotch-woman, and her family ill affected to the government. Murray's father commanded in Scotland: his friends, he says, are zealous; he runs about day and night: 'tis certainly a conspiracy. Thank God, I am as zealous as he,

176 The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,

and if she does not accept my offers, she shall be seiz'd in an hour's time, before her vile lover comes to her assistance.

S C E N E H.

Lady ALTON, Miss LINDON, POLLY.

Lady ALTON [To Polly, who is passing from her mistress's apartment towards the coffee-room.

You, madam, go immediately, and tell your mistress I must speak with her; she need not be afraid; I shall say nothing to her but what will be agreeable, and concerns her happiness; let her come immediately, immediately, do you hear? she need not be afraid, I say.

POLLY.

O madam, we are afraid of nothing; but your looks make me tremble.

Lady ALTON.

I'll see if I can't persuade this virtuous lady to do as I wou'd have her: I'll make my proposals, however.

Miss

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 177

Miss LINDON. [Comes in trembling, supported  
by Polly.

What are your commands with me, madam? are you come again only to insult me in my distress?

Lady ALTON.

No: I come to make you happy. I know you are worth nothing; I am rich; I now make you an offer of one of my seats on the borders of Scotland, with all the lands belonging to it: go and live there, you and your family, if you have any; but you must immediately quit my lord for ever, nor must he know of your retreat as long as you live.

Miss LINDON.

Alas! madam, he has abandon'd me: be not jealous of a poor unfortunate: in vain you offer me a retreat; I shall soon find one without you, an eternal one, in a place where I need not blush at my obligations to you.

Lady ALTON.

Rash woman, is this an answer for me?

Miss LINDON.

Rashness, madam, wou'd ill suit with my condition; firmness and intrepidity will much better be-

178      The COFFEE HOUSE. Or,

come it: my birth, madam, is as good as your's; my heart, perhaps, much better; and as to my fortune, it shall not depend on any one, much less on my rival.

Lady ALTON.

[Goes out.  
[Alone.

It shall depend on me. I am sorry she reduces me to this extremity, and ashamed to make use of this rascal Wasp; but she obliges me to it. Faithless lover! unhappy passion! O I am choked with rage.

### SCENE III.

FREEPORT, and MONTROSS [In the coffee-house, with Williams's wife, and servants putting things in order.

WILLIAMS, Lady ALTON.

Lady ALTON. [To Williams.

Mr. Williams, you see me here often; but 'tis your own fault.

WILLIAMS.

On the contrary, madam, we cou'd wish—

Lady ALTON.

I am more concern'd than you can be; but you shall see me again, I assure you.

[She goes out.

WIL-

WILLIAMS.

So much the worse. What wou'd she be at now? What a difference there is betwixt her and the beautiful patient miss Lindon!

FREEPORT.

True; she is, as you say, beautiful and virtuous.

WILLIAMS.

I am sorry this gentleman never saw her; I am sure he wou'd be greatly affected with her behaviour.

MONTROSS.

[Aside.

Wretch that I am! I have other things to think of.

FREEPORT.

I am always either upon 'Change, or at Jamaica; but one can't help liking now and then to see a fine woman: she is really a fine creature, a sweet behaviour, a charming countenance, and has something noble in her air and demeanor.—I must see her again one day or other. 'Tis pity she's so proud.

MONTROSS.

My landlord here informs me you behav'd to her in a most generous manner.

FREE-



FREEPORT.

Who I? no. Wou'd not you, or any man in my place, have done the same?

MONTROSS.

If I had been rich, and she had merit, I believe I might.

FREEPORT.

What is there in it then to be wonder'd at? [*He takes up the papers.*] Well, what news have we to-day? How's this? Lord Falbridge dead!

MONTROSS.

Falbridge dead! the only friend I had on earth, or from whom I cou'd expect relief! O fortune, fortune, wilt thou ever persecute me?

FREEPORT.

Was he your friend? I am sorry for you.—*Edinburgh, April 14. Great search is making after lord Montross, condemn'd to lose his head about eleven years ago.*

MONTROSS.

Just heaven! what do I hear? What's that, fir, lord Montross condemn'd—

F R E E-

FREEPORT.

Yes, fir, lord Montross; there, fir, read it yourself.

MONTROSS. [Looking on the paper.

'Tis so indeed. [*Aside.*] I must get away as fast as I can; this place is too public: sure, earth and hell conspired together never heap'd so many misfortunes on one man. [*To his servant.*] John, let my horses be saddled, perhaps I may be going towards evening—how bad news flies!

FREEPORT.

Bad news, why so? what signifies it whether lord Montross is beheaded or not? every thing passes away—to day a head is cut off, to-morrow we have it in the news-papers, and next day we talk no more of it. If this miss Lindon was not so proud, I would go and ask her how she did; she is very handsome, and a very worthy creature.

SCENE IV.

To them a King's Messenger.

Messenger.

Is your name Williams, fir?

WIL-

WILLIAMS.

Yes, fir, your commands with me?

Messenger.

You keep a coffee-house, and let lodgings?

WILLIAMS.

I do, fir.

Messenger.

You have a young Scotch lady in your house, nam'd  
**Lindon?**

WILLIAMS.

I have, fir, and esteem it a great happiness.

FREEMORT.

A most beautiful and virtuous lady; every body  
tells me so.

Messenger.

I come to seize her by order of the government;  
there's my warrant.

WILLIAMS.

Amazing! I shudder at the thought.

MONTROSS.

A young Scotch woman seiz'd on the very day of  
my arrival! O my unhappy family, my country,  
what will become of my unfortunate daughter! she  
is,

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 183

is, perhaps, the victim of my misfortunes, languishing in poverty and a prison: why was she ever born?

FREEMPORT.

I never heard of young girls being seiz'd by order of the government: I am afraid, Mr. Messenger, you are a rascal.

WILLIAMS.

If she is a fortune-hunter, as Wasp said, it will ruin my house; I am undone: this court lady had some reasons I see plainly—and yet she must be good and virtuous.

Messenger.

Let's have none of your reasons, sir, to prison, or give bail, that's the rule.

WILLIAMS.

I'll give you bail, myself, my house, my goods, my person.

Messenger.

Your person's nothing; the house, perhaps, not your own—your goods, where are they? I must have money.

WIL-

WILLIAMS.

Good Mr. Freeport, shall I give him the five hundred pounds which she so nobly refus'd, and which are still in my possession?

FREEPORT.

Ay, ay, I'll give five hundred, a thousand, two thousand; I'll be answerable for it, my name's Freeport. I believe the girl's strictly virtuous; but she shou'd not be so proud.

Messenger.

Come, sir, give us your bond.

FREEPORT.

With all my heart.

WILLIAMS.

'Tis not every one employs their money thus.

FREEPORT.

To spend it in doing good is putting it out to the best interest.

[ Freeport and the Messenger retire to the corner of the coffee-room to tell out the money.

SCENE

SCENE V.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS.

You are astonish'd, sir, at Mr. Freeport; but 'tis his constant practice: happy are those whom he takes a fancy to! he is no complimenter, but does a man a service in less time than others spend in making protestations about it.

MONTROSS. [Aside.]

There are still in the world some noble souls—what will become of me?

WILLIAMS.

We must take care not to let the poor young lady know any thing of the danger she has been in.

MONTROSS.

I must be gone this night.

WILLIAMS.

One shou'd never tell people of their danger till it is past.

MON-



MONTROSS.

The only friend I had in London is dead: what shou'd I do here?

WILLIAMS.

We shou'd make her faint away a second time.

S C E N E VI.

MONTROSS.

A young Scotch-woman is seiz'd, a person who lives retir'd, and is suspected by the government. I don't know why, but this adventure throws me into deep reflections. Every thing conspires to awaken the memory of my sorrows, my afflictions, my misfortunes, and my resentment.

S C E N E VII.

MONTROSS. [ Seeing Polly crossing the stage.

One word with you, madam, are you that pretty amiable young lady, born in Scotland, who —

POLLY.

Yes, fir---I, I am tolerably young, and a Scotch-woman; and as to pretty they say I am not amifs.

M O N -

MONTROSS.

Have you any news from your own country?

POLLY.

No, sir, I have left it a long time.

MONTROSS.

And what are your relations, pray?

POLLY.

My father was an excellent baker, as I have heard, and my mother waiting-maid to a woman of quality.

MONTROSS.

O now I understand you. You I suppose are servant to that young lady I have heard so much of. I was mistaken.

POLLY.

O sir, you do me too much honour.

MONTROSS.

You know who your mistress is, I suppose?

POLLY.

Yes, sir, the sweetest and most amiable of her sex, and one too who has the most fortitude in affliction.

MONTROSS.

She is in distress then?

POLLY.

POLLY.

Yes, sir, and so am I: but I had rather serve her in affliction than be ever so happy.

MONTROSS.

But don't you know her family?

POLLY.

My mistress, sir, desires to remain unknown: she has no family: sir, why do you ask me these questions?

MONTROSS.

To remain unknown! say you? O heaven, if I cou'd at last — but 'tis a vain imagination. Tell me, pray, how old is your mistress?

POLLY.

One may safely tell her age. She is just eighteen.

MONTROSS.

Eighteen! the very age of my dear Montross, my lovely infant, the only remaining hope of my unhappy family — eighteen say'st thou?

POLLY.

Yes, sir, and I am but two and twenty, there's no great difference between us. I see no reason why you shou'd make so many reflections on her age.

M O N-

MONTROSS.

Eighteen, and born in my country, desires to remain unknown! I cannot contain myself—by your permission I must see and talk to her immediately.

POLLY.

Telling him of a girl of eighteen has turn'd this old gentleman's brain. — You can't possibly see her at present, sir, she's in the greatest distress.

MONTROSS.

For that very reason I must see her.

POLLY.

O, sir, fresh griefs and calamities have torn her heart, and depriv'd her of her senses. She is not one of those I assure you, sir, who faint away for nothing; she is but just now come to herself, and the little rest she now enjoys is mix'd with grief and bitterness. Have pity, sir, on her condition.

MONTROSS.

All you say but increases my desire. I am her country man, and partake her afflictions, perhaps I may be able to lessen them; permit me, I beg you, before I leave this place, to have an interview with her.

POLLY.

You affect me deeply, sir; stay here a few minutes. It is impossible a young lady, who has just fainted away, shou'd

190     The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,  
shou'd be able to receive visits immediately. I'll go to  
her, and come back to you soon.

S C E N E VIII.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS. [ Pulling him by the sleeve.  
Sir, is there nobody near us?

MONTROSS.

With what impatience shall I wait for her return!

WILLIAMS.

Can nobody hear us?

MONTROSS.

I can never support this anxiety.

WILLIAMS.

They are in search of you, fir, —

MONTROSS.

Who, where, what?

WILLIAMS.

I say, fir, they are in search of you; I cannot help  
interesting myself in the safety of those who lodge in my  
house. I don't know who you are, fir, but I have  
been ask'd a thousand questions about you. They have  
surrounded the house, passing, and repassing, getting  
all the information they can. In short I shall not be  
surpris'd if in a little time they shou'd pay you the same  
compliment

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 191

compliment as they did the young lady, who, it seems, is of the same country.

MONTROSS.

I must speak with her before I go.

WILLIAMS.

Take my advice, sir, and get away as fast as you can; our friend Freeport perhaps might not be in the humour to do as much for you as for a girl of eighteen.

MONTROSS.

Pardon me, but I know not where I am; I scarce heard you — what must I do, or where can I go? my dear sir, I cannot go without seeing her: let me talk to you a little in private: I must beg you some how or other to let me have an opportunity of seeing this young lady.

WILLIAMS.

I told you before, you wou'd want to see her. I assure you nothing can be more beautiful, more virtuous, or more agreeable.

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

WILLIAMS, W A S P. [ At a table in the coffee-room.

FREEPORT. [Smoking a pipe.

WILLIAMS.

I must be so free as to tell you, Mr. Wasp, if I may believe all that is said of you, you wou'd do me a favor by never coming to my house again.

FREEPORT.

All that is said is generally false: what fly has stung you, Mr. Williams?

WILLIAMS.

You come, and write your papers here, Mr. Wasp; and my coffee-house will be looked on as a poison shop.

FREEPORT. [To Williams

This fellow seems to deserve what you say.

WILLIAMS. [To Wasp.

They say you speak ill of all mankind.

FREEPORT.

Of all mankind! that's too much indeed.

WILLIAMS.

They begin even to say you are an informer, and a scoundrel, but I am loth to believe them.

FREEPORT. [To Wasp.

Do you hear, sir? this is past raillery.

W A S P.

WASP.

I am an illustrious writer, fir, a man of taste.

WILLIAMS.

Taste or no taste, fir, I say you have done me an injury.

WASP.

So far from it, fir, that I have help'd off your coffee, have made it fashionable to come to your house, 'tis my reputation that has brought you custom.

WILLIAMS.

A fine reputation indeed! that of a spy, a bad author, and a worse man!

WASP.

Stop, Mr. Williams, if you please. You may attack my morals, but my works-I will never suffer that.

WILLIAMS.

Your writings, fir, are not worth my consideration; but you are suspected of a design against the amiable Miss Lindon.

FREEPORT.

If I thought so, I wou'd drown the dog with my own hands.

WILLIAMS.

'Tis said, you accus'd her of being Scotch, and the honest gentleman too who lives above stairs.

WASP.

Well, and suppose I had, what harm is there in being of any particular country?

WILLIAMS.

'Tis moreover reported that you have had several conferences with the agents of a certain choleric lady who comes here, and with the servants of a noble lord, who us'd to frequent this house : that you tell tales, and blow up quarrels.

FREEPORT.      [ To Wasp.

Are you really such a rogue ? then shall I detest you.

WILLIAMS. —

O thank God ! here comes my lord, if I am not mistaken.

FREEPORT.

A lord, is it ? then your humble servant, I hate a lord, as much as I do a bad writer.

WILLIAMS.

He's not like other lords, I assure you.

FREEPORT.

Like other lords or not, 't is no matter. I never love to be disturb'd, so fare you well. I don't know how it is, my freind, but I am always thinking of this young Scotch-woman—I'll come back presently—immediately. I want to talk seriously to her—your servant. This Scotch  
woman

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 195

woman is handsome, and a good creature—Adieu —  
[ *returning* ], tell her, I intend to serve her greatly.

SCENE II.

Lord MURRAY, [ *Pensive and in great agitation.*

WASP, [ *bowing to him, of which he takes no notice.*

WILLIAMS. [ *At a distance from him.*

Lord MURRAY. [ *To Williams.*

I'm glad to see you, friend: how is that charming girl you have the pleasure to boast of as your lodger here?

WILLIAMS.

She has been very ill, sir, since she saw you: but I'm sure she will be better now.

Lord, MURRAY.

Great God, thou protector of innocence, I implore thee for her; O deign to make me an instrument in doing justice to virtue, and sheltering the unfortunate from oppression! Thanks to thy goodness, and my own endeavors, I have hopes of success. Hark'ee friend, I wou'd talk a little with that man. [ *Pointing to Wasp.* ]

WASP.

[ *To Williams.*

You see, sir, you were mistaken, and I have some credit still at court.

WILLIAMS.

[ *Going out.*

That's not quite so clear.

K 2

Lord

196 The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,

Lord MURRAY. [ To Wasp.

Well, my friend —

WASP. [ Bowing.

Permit me, my lord, to dedicate a volume to your lordship —

Lord MURRAY.

No, sir, we are not talking about dedications : you are the person that inform'd my servants of the arrival of the old gentleman just come from Scotland ; you describ'd him, and made the same report to the minister of state.

WASP.

My lord, I only did my duty.

Lord MURRAY. [ Giving him a purse.

You have done me a service without knowing it : but I don't consider the intention. Some folks say you meant to hurt, and have done good : there's something for your service. But if ever from this time forward you so much as pronounce the name of that gentleman, or of Miss Lindon, I'll throw you out at window, — away, be gone, sir.

WASP.

My lord, I return you thanks ; every body abuses me, and gives me money ; I am certainly a cleverer fellow than I thought I was.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Lord MURRAY. [Alone.]

An old gentleman just arriv'd from Scotland ; miss Lindon born in the same country ! alas ! if it were possible to repair the cruel injuries my father did—if heaven wou'd graciously permit—but I'll go in. [*To Polly, who comes out of miss Lindon's apartment*] Polly, were not you surpris'd at not seeing me for so long a time ? two whole days ! I shou'd not have forgiven myself had I not been engag'd in my dear miss Lindon's service : the ministers of state were at Windsor, and I was oblig'd to follow them there. Heaven sure inspir'd thee, when thou told'st me, Polly, the secret of her birth.

POLLY.

I'm frighten'd yet, my mistress so often forbid me : were I to give her the least uneasiness I shou'd die with grief. Alas ! sir, your absence this very day threw her into a fainting fit, and I believe I shou'd have fainted too, if I had not exerted all my strength to assist her.

Lord MURRAY.

There, Polly, there's something for the fainting fit you had like to have fall'n into. [*Gives her money.*]

K 3

POLLY.



POLLY.

My lord, I thank you ; I am not so high-spirited as my mistress, who refuses to accept of any thing ; and pretends to be quite at her ease, when she is absolutely starving.

Lord MURRAY.

Good heaven ! the daughter of Montros's reduc'd to poverty ! how guilty am I ! but I will repair every thing, her condition shall soon be chang'd : why wou'd she so long conceal it from me ?

POLLY.

'Tis the only thing in which she deceiv'd you, or I believe ever will.

Lord MURRAY.

But let us go in, I long to throw myself at her feet.

POLLY.

O my lord, not yet ; she is now with an old gentleman, a very old gentleman, who is her countryman, and they are saying such tender things.

Lord MURRAY.

Who is this old gentleman ? methinks I am already interested in his favor.

POLLY.

I know nothing of him.

Lord,

Lord MURRAY.

Wou'd to God he were the person I wish him to be!  
and what did they say to each other?

POLLY.

They began to grow very serious, the gentleman  
seem'd to wish me out of the room, and so I came  
away.

SCENE IV.

Lady ALTON, Lord MURRAY, POLLY.

Lady ALTON.

So, sir, at last I've caught you: thou base perfidi-  
ous man, now sir, I am convinc'd of your inconstancy,  
and my own disgrace.

Lord MURRAY.

True, madam, you are so. [*Aside.*] what an un-  
seasonable intrusion!

Lady ALTON.

Perfidious monster!

Lord MURRAY.

A monster I may appear in your eyes, and I am  
glad of it; but perfidious I never was; 'tis not my  
character: before I lov'd another, I frankly told  
you I had no longer any regard for you.

K 4

Lady,

Lady ALTON.

After a promise of marriage, wretch, after so many protestations of love !

Lord MURRAY.

When I made those protestations I lov'd you, and when I promis'd to marry you, I meant to do so.

Lady ALTON.

And why then did not you keep your word ? what prevented you ?

Lord MURRAY.

Your character, your fiery temper and disposition ; marriage was intended to make us happy, and I saw too plainly we were not made for each other.

Lady ALTON.

And so you have quitted me for a wandring lady errant, a poor fortune-hunter.

Lord MURRAY.

No, madam, I leave you for softness and good-nature, for every grace, and every virtue.

Lady ALTON.

But you are not yet possess'd of her : know, traitor, I will be reveng'd, and speedily too.

Lord,

The SCOTCH WOMAN. . . 201

Lord MURRAY.

I know your vindictive temper, know you have more envy than jealousy, more rage than tenderness, but you will be forc'd to honour and respect the woman I love.

Lady ALTON.

I know the object of your affection, sir, better than you do; know I who she is; I know too who that stranger is, who came hither yesterday: yes sir, I am acquainted with it all, and so are they who have more power and authority than lord Murray: that unworthy rival, for whom I am despis'd, shall soon be seis'd and ravish'd from you.

Lord MURRAY.

What says she, Polly? I'm terrify'd at the thought.

POLLY.

And so am I. We are undone, sir,

Lord MURRAY.

Stay, madam, explain yourself — hear me.

Lady ALTON.

I'll hear nothing, answer nothing, explain nothing: you are an inconstant, false-hearted, perfidious villain.

[Exit.]

K 5

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Lord MURRAY, POLLY.

Lord MURRAY.

What does this fury mean? her jealousy is terrible: heaven grant I never may be jealous! she talks of having my dear girl feis'd, and pretends to know this stranger. What wou'd she be at?

POLLY.

To tell you the truth, my mistress has been taken up by order of the government, and I too, I believe; and if it had not been for an honest fat man, who is goodness itself, and who gave in bail for us, we had both been in prison at this very time. They had made me swear not to tell you any thing of it: but how can I conceal it from you?

Lord MURRAY.

What do I hear? misfortune on misfortune! your mistress's very name I find is suspected. Alas! my family was born to be the destruction of hers: heaven, fortune, justice, and love wou'd repair all, but guilt opposes me. It shall not, must not triumph; do not alarm my dear girl. I'll go myself to the ministry! Try every thing, do every thing to save her. I'll deny myself the happiness of seeing her till I can assure her of success. I fly, Polly, to serve her, and will return  
immediately

immediately. Tell her I have left only because I adore her. [ *Goes out.* ]

POLLY.

This is a strange adventure. I see this world is nothing but a perpetual contest between the virtuous and the wicked, and we poor girls are always the sufferers.

SCENE VI.

MONTROSS, Miss LINDON, [ *Nods to Polly, who goes out.* ]

MONTROSS.

Every word you utter pierces my soul: born in Lochaber! persecuted, oppress'd, and deserted! a woman with such noble sentiments!

Miss LINDON.

Those sentiments, sir, perhaps are owing to my misfortunes: had I been brought up in ease and luxury, my soul, which is fortify'd by adversity, had been weak and vain.

MONTROSS.

O thou art worthy of a nobler fate. You acknowledge to me you are sprung from one of the proscribed families, whose blood was shed on a scaffold in our civil wars. But still you conceal from me your name and birth.

Miss



Miss LINDON.

Duty binds me to silence. My father himself was proscribed : they are even now in search of him, and were I to name perhaps I might destroy him. You inspire me, I own, with uncommon tenderness and respect, but I know you not, and I have every thing to fear. You see I am myself suspected, and am a prisoner here. One word might ruin me.

MONTROSS.

One word perhaps might give me the greatest comfort : but tell me only what age you were of when you parted from your father, who was afterwards so unhappy ?

Miss LINDON.

I was then but five years old.

MONTROSS.

Great God, have mercy on me ! every thing she says contributes to throw new light on my dark paths ! O providence, do not withdraw thy goodness from me !

Miss LINDON.

You weep, sir, alas ! nor can I help joining my tears with yours.

M O N-

MONTROSS. [Wiping his eyes.

Go on, I conjure you : after your father had quitted his family to see it no more, how long did you remain with your mother ?

Miss LINDON.

I was ten years old when she died in my arms, oppressed with grief and misery, and after she had heard that my brother was kill'd in battle.

MONTROSS.

O I faint ; what a dreadful moment ! O thou dear, unhappy wife, and thou more fortunate son, to die without seeing so much misery ! do you remember this picture ?

[Takes a picture out of his pocket.

Miss LINDON.

What do I see ? is this a dream ? surely 'tis my mother's picture.

MONTROSS.

It is, it is your mother ; and I am that unhappy father who is condemn'd to death, whose trembling arms now embrace thee.

Miss LINDON.

Do I live ? where am I ? O sir, behold me at your knees : this is the first happy moment of my  
life :

206 The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,

life : O my father ! alas ! how durst you venture hither ? I tremble for you, even whilst I am thus happy in your fight.

MONTROSS.

My dearest child, you know the misfortunes of our family ; you know that the house of Murray, still jealous of ours, plung'd us into these calamities. I have lost all : one friend alone remain'd, who by his interest and power might have restor'd me, and had promised it ; but on my arrival here, I find that friend is dead, that I am search'd after in Scotland, and a price put on my head. 'Tis, no doubt, the son of my old enemy who still persecutes me : I will die by his hand, or be reveng'd on him.

Miss LINDON.

And come you then with a resolution to kill lord Murray ?

MONTROSS.

Yes : I will revenge you and my family, or die. I only hazard a life already devoted to the scaffold.

Miss LINDON.

O fortune, in what new horrors dost thou involve me ! what must I do ? O my father !

MON-

MONTROSS.

My dearest daughter ! how cruel is thy fate to be born of such a wretched father !

Miss LINDON.

O sir, I am much more unhappy than you think me : are you resolv'd on this fatal enterprize ?

MONTROSS.

Ay, to death.

Miss LINDON.

O my dear father, let me conjure you by that life which you gave me, by your misfortunes, by my own, which are, perhaps, still greater, do not expose me to the dread of losing you ; have pity on me, spare your own life, and preserve mine.

MONTROSS.

Your voice reaches to my inmost soul : methinks I hear in thee, thy much-lov'd mother ; speak, what wou'd you ?

Miss LINDON.

Do not expose your precious life, but quit this dangerous place, dangerous for us both : yes, I am resolv'd I will renounce all for my dear father's sake. I am ready to follow you, I will accompany you,  
sir,

208      The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,

fir, to some far distant island, and there these hands shall labour to support you. It is my duty, and I will perform it : 'tis done, away.

MONTROSS.

I must not then revenge you ?

Miss LINDON.

No, fir, that vengeance wou'd destroy me : come, let us be gone.

MONTROSS.

Well, I submit. The father's love prevails over all : since you have the courage to accompany me, I will go : I will prepare every thing for our departure from London within this hour : be ready : one more embrace, and farewell.

## S C E N E VII.

Miss LINDON, POLLY.

Miss LINDON.

'Tis all over, Polly : I shall never see lord Murray again.

POLLY.

Indeed, madam, but you will ; he'll be here in a few minutes : he is but just gone from hence.

Miss

Miss LINDON.

Gone from hence! and not see me: this is worse than all. O my unhappy father! why did we not go before?

POLLY.

If he had not been interrupted by that detestable lady Alton.

Miss LINDON.

What! did he meet her here after all to insult me! after leaving me for three days without so much as writing! to affront me so grossly. O if my life were not necessary to my dear father, this moment wou'd I part from it.

POLLY.

But hear me, madam, I swear to you my lord.—

Miss LINDON.

Perfidious wretch! but all men are so. O my poor father! hereafter I will think on none but thee.

POLLY.

On my soul, madam, you are wrong; my lord is not false or perfidious, but one of the best of men: he loves you from his soul, and has given me convincing proofs of it.

Miss



Miss LINDON.

Nature shou'd be superior to love. I know not whither I am going, or what will become of me ; but certainly I can never be more miserable than I am at present.

POLLY.

My dear mistress, you will hear nothing ; recover your spirits a little : I tell you, you are beloved.

Miss LINDON.

O Polly, will you follow me ?

POLLY.

To the end of the world, madam : but hear me ; you are beloved, indeed you are.

Miss LINDON.

Let me alone ; talk no more to me of my lord : alas ! if he did love me, I must leave him—that gentleman you saw with me—

POLLY.

Well—

Miss LINDON.

Come in, and I'll tell you all : tears and sighs will not let me speak : follow me, and get every thing ready for our departure.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Miss LINDON, FREEPORT, WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS.

**P**OLLY, I find, is packing up your things; you are going to leave us: you can't imagine, madam, the concern it gives me.

Miss LINDON.

My dear landlord, and you, sir, to whom I am so much indebted for your unmerited generosity, I am sorry it is not in my power to return it; but be assured I shall never, whilst I have life, forget you.

FREEPORT.

What is all this, what is all this? if you like us, why do you leave us? you an't afraid of any thing are you? a girl, like you, can have nothing to fear.

WILLIAMS.

Mr. Freeport, the old gentleman, who it seems is her countryman, is going too. The lady wept, and he wept, at parting; and I am ready to weep too.

FREE-

## FREEPORT.

Ridiculous! I never wept in my life: our eyes were never given us for that purpose: I own I'm sorry. Tho' she is a little proud, as I told you, yet she is such a good creature, one can't help being concern'd at losing her. If you go, madam, you must write to me; I shall always be glad to do you any service: perhaps we may meet again one day or other, who knows? but be sure you don't forget to write to me.

Miss LINDON.

I assure you, sir, I will; and if ever fortune—

## FREEPORT.

Williams, I'm sure this woman is well-born. I shall expect a letter from you, but don't put too much wit into it.

WILLIAMS.

You will forgive me, madam, but I really don't think you are at liberty to go from hence, as Mr. Freeport is bail for you, and must lose five hundred pounds if you leave us.

Miss LINDON.

O heaven! another distress! another humiliation! must I then remain here? and my lord — my father too.—

F R E E-

FREEMPORT. [To Williams.

O don't let that stop her—there is something in her that charms me—but let her go as soon as she pleases: you don't suppose I value five hundred pounds. Hark'ee, Williams, put five hundred more into her portmanteau. I beg, madam, [*to miss Lindon*] you will go whenever it is agreeable to you; write to me, and let me see you when you return; for I have really conceiv'd a great esteem and affection for you.

S C E N E II.

Lord MURRAY and servants at one part of the stage,  
Miss LINDON and the rest at the other.

Lord MURRAY. [To his servants.

Stay you here: and do you run to the court of chancery, and bring me those parchments as soon as they are finished: go you and get things ready at my new house. [*Pulls a paper out of his pocket, and reads.*] What happiness it will be to make her happy!

Miss LINDON. [To Polly.

O Polly, I am distracted at the sight of him.

F R E E.

FREEPORT.

This lord always comes in unseasonably: he is handsome and well-made, and yet I don't like him: but what's that to me? I have certainly some regard for her; but I am not in love with her.—Madam, your servant.

Miss LINDON.

I shall not go, sir, without paying my respects to you.

FREEPORT.

O pray, madam, no ceremony; perhaps it may affect me too much. Don't think I'm in love with you, madam; but I shou'd be glad to see you once more before you go: I shall be in the house, and must see you set out. Go, Williams, and help the good gentleman above. I find I have a prodigious regard for this young lady.

SCENE III.

Lord MURRAY, Miss LINDON.

Lord MURRAY.

At length once more I am happy in the sight of all I hold dear on earth. What a house is this for miss Lindon! but one more worthy of her is prepar'd: you  
look

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 215

look down and weep: for heaven's sake what has happened to you? who was that surly looking fellow talking with you? if he is the cause of your uneasiness, he shall soon repent it.

Miss LINDON.

Alas! my lord, he is one of the best of men; one who has taken pity on my misfortunes; who has never abandon'd, never insulted me; one who never talk'd to my rival without deigning to look on me; one who, if he had lov'd me, wou'd not have let three days pass without writing.

Lord MURRAY.

Believe me, when I tell you, I had rather die than merit the least of those cruel reproaches. I absented myself but for your sake, thought of nothing but you, and have serv'd you in spite of yourself: if, on my return here, I found that clamorous revengeful woman, cou'd I help it? I went back again immediately to counteract her fatal designs. My God, not write to you!

Miss LINDON.

No.

Lord



Lord MURRAY.

I see she has intercepted my letters; her baseness increases, if possible, my passion; may it recall your's! how unkind was it in you to conceal from me your name and condition! a condition so unworthy of you.

Miss LINDON.

Who discover'd them to you?

Lord MURRAY. [Pointing to Polly.

She, your confederate.

Miss LINDON.

Did you betray me?

POLLY.

You betray'd yourself, madam; I serv'd you.

Miss LINDON.

You know me then; you know what hatred hath always divided our families: your father was the cause of mine being condemn'd to death; he reduced me to that wretched state which I endeavour'd to conceal from you; and you, his son, now dare avow a passion for me!

Lord

Lord MURRAY.

I do; I adore you; 'tis what I owe you: my love shall repair the injuries my father did: 'tis the justice of providence: my heart, my fortune, and my life, are in your disposal: let us unite these hostile names. Here is a contract of marriage; shall I hope to see it executed?

Miss LINDON.

Alas! my lord, it is impossible; I am going this moment to leave you for ever.

Lord MURRAY.

Going? to leave me for ever? sooner shall you behold me perish at your feet: am I at last rejected then?

POLLY.

I say, madam, you must not go; you are always making some desperate resolution: but I shall bring you to yourself again. My lord, you must second me.

Lord MURRAY.

Who cou'd inspire you with this cruel design to fly from me, to render all my cares abortive?

Miss LINDON.

My father.

Lord MURRAY.

Your father? where is he? what does he mean to do with you? inform me quickly.

Miss LINDON.

He's here, and means to carry me away with him; it is resolv'd.

Lord MURRAY.

No: by thy dear self I swear, it must not, shall not be: where is he? conduct me to him.

Miss LINDON.

My dearest lord, take care; let him not see you: he is come hither to finish his misfortunes by taking away your life, and I have consented to fly with him to divert him from this dreadful resolution.

Lord MURRAY.

Your's is more cruel still; but be assur'd I fear him not, nay hope one day to make him my friend.— This fellow not return'd yet! O heaven! how swift is every evil thing, how slow is every good!

Miss LINDON.

My father comes: if you love me, do not let him see you; spare him the horror of such an interview: for heaven's sake retire, at least for a while.

Lor

Lord MURRAY.

'Tis with the utmost regret that I submit ; but you command, and I must obey. I will go in, and return with arms that shall make his drop out of his hand.

SCENE IV.

MONTROSS, Miss LINDON.

MONTROSS.

Come, my dear daughter, my only comfort and support, let us be gone.

Miss LINDON.

O thou unhappy father of a more unhappy daughter, never, never will I leave you ; but permit me to stay here a little longer.

MONTROSS.

What ! after your urgent intreaties that I wou'd go immediately ; after having promised to follow me to some desert solitude, where I may forget my disgrace ! have you chang'd your design ? have you so soon forgot the tender sentiments you so lately express'd ?

Miss LINDON.

Indeed, sir, I am not chang'd : I am incapable of such baseness ; I will follow you : but once more let

220 The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,

me intreat you, stay a little while: grant but this favor to her who owes to you a life of sorrows; do not refuse me a few precious moments.

MONTROSS.

They are indeed precious, and yet you wou'd lavish them away: consider we are every moment in danger of being discover'd, that you have yourself been seiz'd, that they are ev'n now in search of me, and that to-morrow you may see your father given up to an ignominious death.

Miss LINDON.

Those words are as a clap of thunder to me, I submit, sir: I am asham'd I stay'd so long; but I had a distant hope—no matter; you are my father, and I'll follow you. O me!

SCENE V.

FREEPORT and WILLIAMS on one Side of the Stage,  
MONTROSS and his Daughter on the other.

FREEPORT. [To Williams.

Her servant has carry'd the portmanteau back to her chamber: they'll not go yet; I'm glad of that, however. I began to have a sort of liking to her; not that I'm in love with her; but she is so well-bred,  
there

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 221

there is no parting from her without some uneasiness; a kind of anxiety that I never felt before: there's something very extraordinary in it.

MONTROSS. [To Freeport.

Sir, your servant; we are just going to set out, with hearts full of gratitude to you for past favours: I assure you I never met with a worthier man than yourself: you almost reconcile me to mankind.

FREEPORT.

You are going then, sir, and this lady I suppose: I'm sorry for it: you shou'd have staid a little longer; indeed you shou'd. I have just now thought of something, that, perhaps, might not be disagreeable to you: pray, stay.

SCENE VI.

To them Lord MURRAY [Taking a roll of parchment from his servant.

'Tis well: thank heaven! I have at last got the pledge of my future happiness.

FREEPORT. [Aside.

A plague on this lord, here he is again: I hate him for being so agreeable.



MONTROSS [To his daughter, whilst Lord Murray is talking to his servant.

Who is that man, my dear?

Miss LINDON.

It is, sir—it is—O heaven! have mercy on me!

WILLIAMS.

'Tis my lord Murray, sir, one of the finest gentlemen in this kingdom, and the most generous.

MONTROSS.

Murray! O heav'n! my fatal enemy, who comes to insult me, to triumph over my misfortunes [*draws his sword*] but he shall have my life, or I his.

Miss LINDON.

O stop, my father, what wou'd you do?

MONTROSS.

Cruel daughter! and is it thus you have betray'd me?

WILLIAMS. [*Stepping between them.*

No violence, I beg, sir, in my house; you will ruin me.

FREE-

FREEPORT.

Why shou'd you hinder people from fighting, if they have a mind to it?

Lord MURRAY. [At a distance from Montross.

You are the father of that charming woman?

Miss LINDON.

O I die.

MONTROSS.

I am, sir; I'll not deny it. Come then, thou cruel son of a still more cruel father, I know thy purpose; come, and take my life.

WILLIAMS.

Again, sir—

Lord MURRAY.

Stop him not: I have that which will disarm him.

[Draws his sword.

Miss LINDON. [Sinking into the arms of Polly.

Cruel man! and dare you—

Lord MURRAY.

Yes, I dare—I am the son of your inveterate foe; and thus [*throwing away his sword*] I attack you.

FREEPORT.

Here's another for you, sir.

224 The COFFEE-HOUSE: Or,

Lord MURRAY.

Now, fir, with one hand strike this guilty breast, and with the other receive this paper—read, and know me.

MONTROSS.

What do I see? my pardon sign'd, my honours restor'd, my family re-established! O heaven! and is it to you, to lord Murray, I owe it all. O my friend, my benefactor, now you triumph more, much more, than if I had fallen by your sword.

Miss LINDON.

O unexpected happiness! my lover then is worthy of me.

Lord MURRAY.

O my father, permit me to embrace you.

MONTROSS.

How shall I repay such generosity?

Lord MURRAY [Pointing to miss Lindon.

There, fir, is my reward.

MONTROSS.

The father and the daughter are both yours for ever.

FREE-

The SCOTCH WOMAN. 225

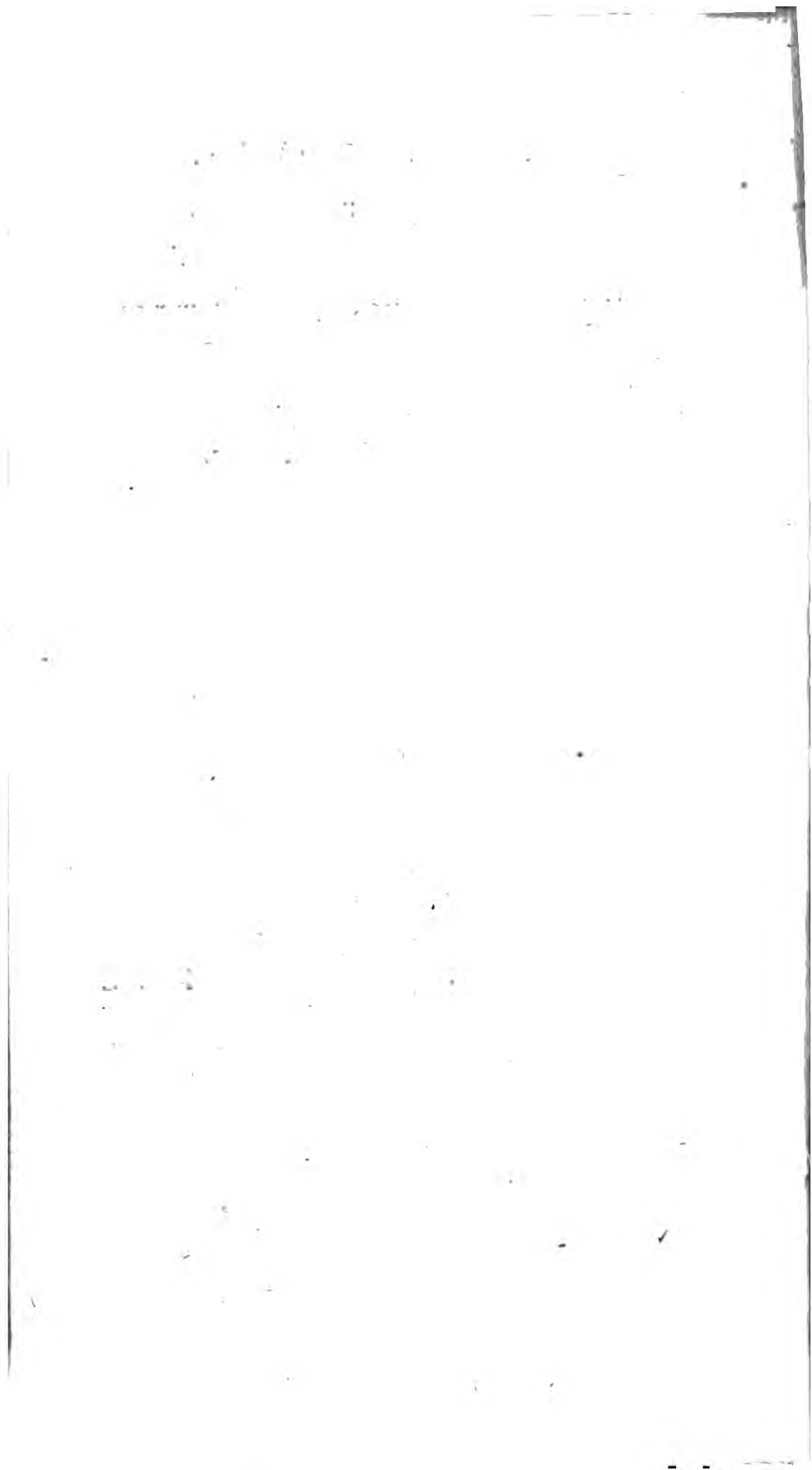
FREEPORT. [To Williams.


My friend, I was afraid this lady was not made for me: however, she is fall'n into good hands, and I am fatisfy'd.

END of the FIFTH and LAST ACT.

L 5

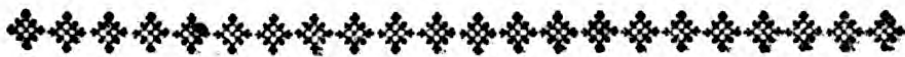
THE





THE  
O R P H A N  
OF  
C H I N A.  
A  
T R A G E D Y.

Represented at PARIS, August 20, 1755.







THE

ORPHANS

OF

THE



TO THE MOST NOBLE  
DUKE OF RICHELIEU,

Marshal and Peer of FRANCE, First Gentleman of the Chamber to his MAJESTY, GOVERNOR OF LANGUEDOC, and Member of the ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

MY LORD,

I Wou'd have presented you with a piece of fine marble; but, instead of it, can only offer you a few *Chinese* figures. This little performance is not indeed worthy of your acceptance: there is no hero in this piece, who has united all parties in his favor, and rendered himself universally agreeable, by the force of superior talents, or supported a falling kingdom, or made the noble attempt to overthrow an *English* colony with four cannons only. I know better than any body else the insignificancy of my own works; but every thing may be forgiven to an attachment of forty year's standing. The world, indeed,  
will

will say, that, retired as I am to the foot of the *Alps*, covered with eternal snows, and where I ought to be nothing but a philosopher, I had still vanity enough to let it be known, that *France's* brightest ornament on the banks of the *Siene* has not forgot me. I have consulted my own heart alone, which hath always guided me, inspired every word, and directed every action. You know it hath sometimes deceived me; but not after such long and convincing proofs. If this tragedy should survive its author, permit it to inform posterity, that he who wrote it was honour'd with your friendship; that your uncle laid the foundation of the fine arts in *France*, and that you supported them in their decline.

I took the first hint of this tragedy some time since from reading the ORPHAN OF TCHAO, a *Chinese* tragedy, translated by father BREMARE, an account of which is given us in *Du Halde's* history. This piece was written in the fourteenth century, and in the dynasty of GENGIS-KAN; an additional proof, that the *Tartarian* conquerors did not change the manners of the conquered nation; on the other hand, they protected and encouraged all the arts established in *China*, and adopted their laws: an extraordinary instance

stance of the natural superiority which reason and genius have over blind force and barbarism. Twice have the *Tartars* acted in this manner; for when they had once more subdued this great empire, the beginning of last century, they submitted a second time to the wisdom of the conquered, and the two nations formed but one people, governed by the most antient laws in the world; a most remarkable event, the illustration of which was the principal end of this performance.

The *Chinese* tragedy, which they call *the Orphan*, was taken out of an immense collection of the theatrical performances of that nation, which has cultivated this art for above three thousand years before it was invented by the *Greeks*, the art of making living portraits of the actions of men, establishing schools of morality, and teaching virtue in dialogue and representation. For a long time dramatic poetry was held in esteem only in that vast country of *China*, separated from and unknown to the rest of the world, and in the city of *Athens*. *Rome* was unacquainted with it till above four hundred years afterwards. If you look for it among the *Persians*, or *Indians*, who pass for an inventive people, you will not find it there; it has never  
yet

yet reached them. *Asia* was contented with the fables of *Pilpay* and *Lokman*, which contain all their morality, and have instructed by their allegories every age and nation.

One wou'd have imagin'd, that from making animals speak, there was but one step to make men speak also, to introduce them on the stage, and to form the dramatic art; and yet this ingenious people never thought of it: from whence we may infer, that the *Chinese*, *Greeks*, and *Romans*, are the only antient nations, who were acquainted with the true spirit of society. Nothing indeed renders men more sociable, polishes their manners, or improves their reason more than the assembling them together for the mutual enjoyment of intellectual pleasure. Scarce had *Peter* the Great polished *Russia* before theatres were established there. The more *Germany* improves, the more of our dramatic representations has it adopted. Those few places where they were not received in the last age are never rank'd amongst the civilized countries.

The *Orphan of Tchao* is a valuable monument of antiquity, and gives us more insight into the manners of *China*, than all the histories which ever were, or ever will be written of that vast empire. 'Tis true,  
indeed,

indeed, it is extremely barbarous, when compared to the excellent performances of our own times; but, notwithstanding, is a masterpiece, when placed in competition with the pieces written by our authors in the fourteenth century. Our TROUBADOURS, BAZOCHE, the company of CHILDREN WITHOUT CARE, and THE FOOLISH MOTHER, all of them fall short of the *Chinese* author. It is remarkable also, that this piece is written in the language of the *Mandarins*, which has never changed, whilst we can scarce understand the language that was spoken in the time of *Louis XII.* and *Charles VIII.*

One can only compare the ORPHAN OF TCHAO to the *English* and *Spanish* tragedies of the sixteenth century, which still please beyond sea, and on the other side of the *Pyrenees*. The action lasts five and twenty years, as in some of the monstrous farces of SHAKESPEAR and LOPEZ DE VEGA, which are called tragedies, tho' they are nothing but a heap of incredible stories. The enemy of the house of *Tchao* wants to destroy the head of it; and for that purpose lets loose upon him a great dog, whom he imagines endowed with the power of discovering guilt by instinct, as JAMES AIMAR amongst us was said to have found out thieves



thieves by his wand: at last he forges an order from the emperor, and sends his enemy TCHAO a rope, a dagger, and some poison. *Tchao* sings, according to the custom of his country, and very deliberately cuts his own throat, in consequence of that obedience, which every man owes to the divine right of the emperor of *China*. The persecutor puts to death three hundred persons of the family of TCHAO. The prince's widow is brought to bed of the orphan. The infant is saved from the rage of the tyrant, who had exterminated the whole family, and would have destroyed the only remaining branch of it: the tyrant orders all the children in all the towns round about to be destroyed, in hopes that the orphan might perish amongst the rest in the general slaughter.

We fancy we are reading the *Arabian Night's Entertainment* put into scenes; and yet, in spite of all these marvellous and improbable things, it is extremely interesting: tho' there is such a multiplicity of events, all is clear and simple; a merit which must recommend it to every age and nation, and which is greatly wanting in our modern performances. The *Chinese* piece is indeed very deficient with regard to all other beauties: there is no unity of time or action, no  
 picture

picture of the manners; no sentiment, eloquence, reason, or passion in it; and yet, as I said before, the work is superior to any thing we could produce in former ages.

How comes it to pass, that the *Chinese*, who in the fourteenth century, and a long time before, could boast of better dramatic performances than any *European* nation, still remain, as it were, in the infancy of this art, whilst we, in process of time, and by dint of pains and assiduity, have been able to produce about a dozen pieces, which, if they are not absolutely perfect, are at least much above any thing the rest of the world cou'd ever pretend to of this kind. The *Chinese*, as well as the rest of the *Asiatics*, have stopped at the first elements of poetry, eloquence, natural philosophy, astronomy, and painting; all practised by them so long before they were known to us. They began in every thing much sooner than us, but made no progress afterwards; like the antient *Ægyptians*, who first taught the *Greeks*, and became at last so ignorant, as not even to be capable of receiving instruction from them.

These people, whom we take so much pains and go so far to visit; from whom, with the utmost difficulty,  
we

we have obtained permission to carry the riches of *Europe*, and to instruct them, do not to this day know how much we are their superiors; they are not even far enough advanced in knowledge to venture to imitate us, and don't so much as know whether we have any history or not.

The celebrated METASTASIO has made choice of pretty nearly the same subject as myself for one of his dramatic poems, an orphan escaped from the destruction of his family, and has drawn his plot from a dynasty nine hundred years before our æra.

The *Chinese* tragedy of the *Orphan of Tchao* differs in many respects; and I have chosen one that is not much like either of them, except in the name, as I have confined my plan to the grand epoch of GENGIS-KAN. I have endeavoured to describe the manners of the *Tartars* and *Chinese*: the most interesting events are nothing when they don't paint the manners; and this painting, which is one of the greatest secrets of the art, is no more than an idle amusement, when it doth not tend to inspire notions of honour and virtue.

I will venture to say, that from the HENRIADE to the publication of ZARA, and this tragedy, be it  
good

good or bad, such is the principle by which I have always been governed; and that in my history of the age of *Lewis XIV.* I have celebrated both my king and county, without flattery to either. In labours of this kind I have spent above forty years of my life. But observe the following words of a *Chinese* author, translated into *Spanish* by the famous NAVARETTE.

“ When you compose any work, shew it only to  
 “ your friends; dread the public, and your brother  
 “ writers; for they will play false with you, abuse  
 “ every thing you do, and impute to you what you  
 “ never did: calumny with her hundred trumpets,  
 “ will sound them all to your destruction; whilst  
 “ truth, who is dumb, shall remain with you. The  
 “ celebrated MING was accused of hating TIEN and  
 “ LI, and the emperor VANG: when the old man  
 “ died, they found amongst his papers a panegyric on  
 “ VANG, a hymn to TIEN, another to LI, &c.”

## A LETTER to T. I. R. C. D. G.

S I R,

I HAVE received your new book against mankind, and thank you for it: the truths you have advanced will, at least, please those whom they can never amend. It is impossible to paint in more lively colours, the dreadful evils of human society, from which our ignorance and weakness draw so many flattering hopes of advantage: never, I believe, was so much wit employed to turn men into beasts. When we read your travels, we long to go upon four legs; but having been unfortunately refused to this method of walking, for above these sixty years past, I am afraid I shall never recover it: I must, therefore, leave this most natural way to those who are fitter for it than you and me; neither can I possibly go to sea in search of the savages of *Canada*; first, because the disorders I labour under, detain me under the care of the greatest physician in *Europe*, and that I should hardly find such good assistance amongst them; secondly, because war is already carried into that country, and the example of our people has made the savages almost as wicked as ourselves. I am content  
with



with being a peaceable savage in the solitude which I have chosen, near your country, where you are so much wished for.

I agree with you, that the *Sciences* and *Belles-Lettres* have sometimes caused a great deal of evil. The enemies of *Tasso* made his life a perpetual scene of misery, and *Galileo* was sent to a dungeon at seventy years of age, for discovering that the earth moved; and what was still more ignominious, they obliged him to recant. You know what opposition some of your friends met with when they began the *Encyclopædia*, a work as useful as it is laborious and immense, and to which you have yourself so largely contributed.

If I dared to reckon myself amongst the number of those whose labours have met with persecution for their reward, I could shew you a set of men combining together on purpose to ruin me, a shop full of calumnies published against me; one man, who was known to have had obligations to me, repaying my services with twenty libels; another still more infamous, printing my *AGE OF LEWIS XIV.* with notes, full of the vilest impostures, joined to the most gross ignorance; another selling to a bookseller, some chapters of an *UNIVERSAL HISTORY*, with my  
name



name to it; the bookseller fordid enough to print this shapeless heap of blunders, false dates, names, and facts; and after all, men unjust enough to impute to me the publication of this rhapsody. I could shew you, that society is infected with a new race of men unknown to antiquity, who not being fit to enter into any honest profession, either service or handicraft, and unhappily having been taught to read and write, set up for brokers in literature, live upon the works of others, steal manuscripts, disfigure, and sell them. I might complain to you, that the fragments of a little piece of pleasantry, written near thirty years ago, on the same subject that \* *Chaplain* so absurdly chose for a serious poem, are crept into the world, through the avarice and baseness of these wretches who have mixed their own course stuff with it, and filled up the vacant places in it with as much folly as malice, and now sell a manuscript, which does not belong to, though it is worthy of them, and them only. I could add in the last place, that they have stol'n part of the materials which I had collected from the public archives, with a view towards the history of the war in 1741, when I was historiographer of *France*; that they sold this product of my

\* La Pucelle d'Orleans.

labours to a bookseller at *Paris*; that they took possession of my papers as if I had been dead, and put them up to auction. I could set before your eyes ingratitude, rapine, and imposture, pursuing me these forty years past, following me even to the foot of the *Alps*, and to the verge of my grave: but what conclusion must I draw from all these persecutions? that I ought not to complain; that POPE, DESCARTES, BAYLE, CAMOENS, and a hundred others, have experienced the same; or, perhaps, greater injustice; and that it has been the fate of almost all those who have given themselves up to the *Belles-Lettres*.

But these, sir, are the misfortunes of a few individuals, which are unobserved by society. What is it to mankind in general, if some wasps steal away the honey from some bees? men of letters make a great noise about these petty disputes, whilst the rest of the world either knows nothing of, or laughs at them. Of all the bitter misfortunes with which human life abounds, these are, perhaps, the least fatal. The thorns that grow on literature, and the little reputation acquired by it, are flowers in comparison with other evils which we are surrounded with. You must acknowledge, that neither CICERO, nor VARRO, nor

LUCRETIUS, nor VIRGIL, nor HORACE, had any part in the proscriptions of their times. MARIUS was extremely ignorant; the barbarous SYLLA, the drunken ANTONY, the weak LEPIDUS, were no readers of PLATO and SOPHOCLES; and as for that tyrant without courage, OCTAVIUS CÆSIAR, so shamefully stiled AUGUSTUS, he only became a detestable assassin, when he lost the company of men of letters. PETRARCH and BOCACE had no hand in the troubles of *Italy*: MAROT's trifles did not bring on the massacre of St. BARTHOLOMEW, nor are we indebted to the tragedy of the CID for the calamities of LA FRONDE. The greatest crimes have always been committed by the ignorant and illiterate. What makes, and always will make, this world a vale of tears, is the insatiable avarice, and unconquerable pride of men, from THAMAS KOULI-KAN, who could not read, down to a commissioner of the customs, who is just able to cypher. Letters nourish the soul, rectify, and comfort it; they were useful to you, even whilst you were writing against them. You are like ACHILLES, who was angry with glory, and father MALLEBRANCHE, who with the most brilliant imagination in the world wrote against imagination.

If

If any man has a right to complain of letters, it is certainly myself, as in all times, and all places, they have only served to persecute and oppress me: but one must love them in spite of all the evils which they bring upon us, as one must love society, tho' so many of those who compose it endeavour to make our lives unhappy, as one ought to love our country, whatever injustice we meet with from it; and as we ought to love and serve the supreme being, in spite of all that superstition and fanaticism which so often disgrace his worship, &c.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GENGIS-KAN, Emperor of the Tartars.

OCTAR, }  
OSMAN, } Officers under Gengis-Kan.

ZAMTI, a learned Mandarin.

IDAME, wife of Zamti.

ASSELI, friend to Idame.

ETAN, friend to Zamti.

SCENE a Mandarin's palace near the court, in  
the city of Cambalu, now called Peking.

THE  
O R P H A N  
OF  
C H I N A.  
A  
T R A G E D Y.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

IDAME, ASSELI.

IDAME.

**O** Asseli, amid'ft this scene of horror,  
Whilft defolation rages thro' the land,  
And the proud tartar threatens infant ruin  
To this devoted palace, muft thy friend  
Experience new calamities?

ASSELI.

Alas!

We all partake the gen'ral ruin; all  
Muft with the public sorrows mix our own:

M 3

Who



Who doth not tremble for a father's life,  
 A husband's, sons, or brother's? ev'n within  
 These sacred walls, where dwells the holy band,  
 The ministers of heav'n, th' interpreters  
 Of China's laws, with helpless infancy,  
 And feeble age; ev'n here we are not safe:  
 Who knows how far the cruel conqueror  
 May urge his triumphs, whilst the thunder breaks  
 On ev'ry side, and soon may burst upon us?

I D A M E.

Who is this great destroyer, this dire scourge  
 Of Catai's sinking empire?

A S S E L I.

He is call'd

The king of kings, the fiery Gengis-Kan,  
 Who lays the fertile fields of Asia waste,  
 And makes it but a monument of ruin:  
 Already Octar, his successful chief,  
 Has storm'd the palace; this once pow'ful empire,  
 The mistress of the world, is bath'd in blood!

I D A M E.

Know'st thou, my friend, that this destructive tyrant,  
 Whom now we tremble at, who proudly thus  
 Treads on the necks of kings, is yet no more  
 Than a wild Scythian soldier; bred to arms

And

And practis'd in the trade of blood; who long  
 Had wander'd o'er the neighb'ring desarts, there  
 Form'd a rude band of lawless rioters,  
 And fought his way to glory; now successful,  
 And now oppress'd, at length by fortune led  
 Hither he came for refuge: Asseli,  
 I think thou must remember him, his name  
 Was Temugin.

ASSELI.

Ha! he who once address'd  
 His vows to thee! thy angry father then  
 Rejected him with scorn; tho' now his name  
 Is grown so terrible.

IDAME.

It is the same:  
 Methought ev'n then I saw the rising dawn  
 Of future glory: I remember well,  
 Ev'n when he came a beggar to the palace,  
 And crav'd protection, he behav'd like one  
 Born to command: he lov'd me; and I own  
 My foolish heart had well nigh listen'd to him:  
 Perhaps it sooth'd the woman's vanity  
 To hold this lion in my toils; perhaps  
 I hop'd in time to soften his rude soul,  
 And bend his savage fierceness to the ways  
 Of social life: he might have serv'd the state

M 4

Which

Which now he wou'd destroy : our proud refusal  
Incens'd the hero, fatal may it prove.

To this unhappy kingdom : well thou know'st

Our pride and jealousy : the antient laws

Of this imperial city ; our religion,

Our int'rest and our glory, all forbid

Alliance with the nations : for myself,

The noble Zamti merited my love,

And heav'n hath join'd me to him by the ties

Of holy marriage : who wou'd e'er have thought

This poor despis'd abandon'd Scythian thus

Shou'd triumph o'er us ? I refus'd his hand ;

I am a wife and mother ; how that thought

Alarms me ! he is fiery and revengeful ;

A Scythian never pardons : cruel fate !

And will this valiant nation tamely yield

Its neck to slav'ry, and be led like sheep

To slaughter ?

ASSELI.

'Tis reported the Coreans

Have rais'd an army, but we know not yet

If it be true.

IDAME.

This sad uncertainty

But doubles our distress : heav'n only knows

What

What we must suffer, if the emperor  
 Has found a place of refuge, if the queen  
 Is fall'n beneath the tyrant's pow'r, if yet  
 They live; alas! the last surviving pledge  
 Of their unhappy nuptials, the dear infant  
 Entrusted to our care! I tremble for him.  
 Perhaps my Zamti's sacred character  
 And holy office may subdue the hearts  
 Of these proud conqu'rors; savage as they are,  
 And thirsting for the blood of half mankind,  
 They yet believe there is a pow'r above  
 That rules o'er all; nature in ev'ry breast  
 Hath wisely stamp'd the image of its God:  
 I talk of hope, but have a thousand fears  
 That wring my heart.

## S C E N E II.

I D A M E, Z A M T I, A S S E L I.

A S S E L I.

O my unhappy lord,  
 Speak, what must be our fate? is it determin'd?  
 What hast thou seen?

Z A M T I.

I tremble to repeat it:  
 We are undone: our empire is no more;

250 · T H E O R P H A N .

A prey to robbers : what hath it avail'd us  
That we have trod in the fair paths of virtue ?  
Long time secure within the arms of peace  
We shone illustrious in the rolls of time,  
And gave a bright example to mankind :  
From us the world receiv'd its laws ; but vain  
Is human worth when lawless pow'r prevails :  
I saw the northern hive rush in upon us,  
And force their passage through a sea of blood ;  
Where'er they past they spread destruction round them :  
At length they seiz'd the palace, where the best  
Of sov'reigns and of men, with calm composure  
And resignation yielded to his fate :  
The wretched queen lay fainting in his arms :  
Those of their num'rous sons, whom lusty manhood  
Had sent to battle, were already slain :  
The rest, who nought cou'd give him but their tears,  
Hung at his knees and wept ; by secret paths  
I found an entrance to the palace ; there  
Did I behold the cruel tyrants bind  
In ignominious chains the conquer'd king,  
His children, and his wife.

IDAME.

Unhappy monarch !  
O what a change is this ! relentless heav'n !

Z A M-

## ZAMTI.

The wretched captive turn'd his eyes towards me,  
 And in the sacred language, to the Tartar  
 And to the multitude unknown, cry'd out,  
 PRESERVE MY LAST AND ONLY HOPE — MY SON.  
 From my full heart I promis'd, swore to act  
 As he directed me, then fled to thee.  
 Whether the tyrants, busy'd in their search  
 Of plunder, thought not of me, or the symbol  
 Which here I wear of the divinity  
 Struck their rude souls with reverential awe,  
 Or whether heav'n in kind compassion meant  
 To save my precious charge, and cast a cloud  
 O'er their deluded eyes, I know not what  
 Drew their attention, but they let me pass.

## IDAME.

We yet may save him, he shall go with me,  
 And with my son; old Etan shall conduct us:  
 In some lone wood, or solitary cave,  
 We may conceal him till the search is past:  
 Thank heav'n they have not reach'd us yet.

## ZAMTI.

Alas!

No place is sacred, no asylum's left  
 For the dear royal infant: I expect

The



The brave Coreans, but they'll come too late :  
 But let us seize the favorable hour,  
 And lodge our precious pledge in safety.

## S C E N E   I I I .

Z A M T I , I D A M E , A S S E L I , E T A N .

Z A M T I .

Etan,

Thou seem'st disorder'd ; what's the news ?

I D A M E .

My lord,

We must away ; the Scythian has prevail'd,  
 And all is lost.

E T A N .

You are observ'd, and flight  
 Is now impossible : a guard is plac'd  
 Around us : all obey the conqueror,  
 And tremble at his pow'r : the emp'ror's loss  
 Fills ev'ry heart with terror.

Z A M T I .

Is he dead ?

I D A M E .

O heav'n !

E T A N .

## ETAN.

It was indeed a dreadful sight :  
Himself, his queen, his children, butcher'd all ;  
A race divine, respected, lov'd, ador'd ;  
Their headless trunks expos'd to the derision  
Of their proud conqu'ror, whilst their trembling sub-  
jects  
Submissive bend beneath the yoke, nor dare  
To shed a tear o'er those whom long they lov'd.  
At length our haughty lord, grown tir'd of conquest,  
And satiated with blood, proclaim'd to all  
The terms of life, eternal slavery.  
This northern tyrant, whom the wrath of heav'n  
Hath sent for our destruction, once contemn'd  
And spurn'd at by our court, returns to glut  
His vengeance on us : these wild sons of rapine,  
Who live in tents, in chariots, and in fields,  
Will never brook confinement 'midst the walls  
Of this close city : they detest our arts,  
Our customs, and our laws ; and therefore mean  
To change 'em all ; to make this splendid seat  
Of empire one vast desert, like their own.



I D A M E.

IDAME.

I know the conqu'ror comes to fate his vengeance  
 On this unhappy kingdom: whilst I liv'd  
 Unnotic'd and obscure, I might have hope  
 Of safety; but that hope is now no more:  
 The night is past that hid me from the eye  
 Of persecution, and I must be wretched.  
 Thrice happy those, who to a tyrant master  
 Are still unknown.

ZAMTI.

Who knows but gracious heav'n  
 May interpose and save the royal infant:  
 'Tis our first duty to preserve the charge  
 Committed to our care, and guard him well.  
 What comes this Tartar for?

IDAME.

O heav'n! defend us.

## S C E N E IV.

OCTAR.

Hear, slaves; and let your answer be—obedience:  
 An infant yet remains, of royal race,  
 Amongst you: in the conqu'ror's name I here

Command

Command you to deliver him—to me.  
 I shall expect him here: begone; delay  
 Were dang'rous: bring him instantly, or know,  
 Destruction waits on all, but first on you.  
 The day's far spent; e'er night he must be found:  
 Remember, and obey.

## S C E N E V.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

IDAME.

O dreadful message!

For what are we reserv'd? Alas! my lord,  
 Ne'er till this day of blood did crimes like this  
 Affright my soul: you answer not, but send  
 Your fruitless sighs to heav'n. Sweet innocent,  
 Must we then give thee up a sacrifice  
 To brutal rage?

ZAMTI.

I've promis'd, sworn to save him.

IDAME.

What can thy oaths, thy promises avail?  
 Thou canst not keep them; ev'ry hope is lost.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

And wou'dst thou have me sacrifice the son  
Of my lov'd sov'reign?

IDAME.

O I cannot bear  
To think of it; my eyes are bath'd in tears.  
O were I not a mother, wou'd kind heav'n  
But grant me now to shorten my sad days,  
Then wou'd I say to Zamti, come, my lord,  
We'll die together; all is lost to us,  
And we will perish with our country.

ZAMTI.

Who  
That sees the wretched fate of Catai's kings  
Wou'd wish to live? what is this phantom death,  
That thus appalls mankind? the wretch's hope,  
The villain's terror, and the brave man's scorn:  
Without reluctance, and without regret,  
The wise expect and meet him as a friend.

IDAME.

What secret purpose labours in your breast?  
Your cheek is pale, your eyes are fill'd with tears;

My

My sympathising heart feels all your sorrows,  
And wou'd relieve them; what have you resolv'd?

ZAMTI.

To keep my oath; therefore away, and watch  
The royal infant: I shall follow you.

IDAME.

Alas! a woman's tears can ne'er defend him.

S C E N E VI.

ZAMTI, ETAN.

ZAMTI.

Vain is your care, your kind compassion vain,  
For he must die; the nation's weal demands it.  
Think rather how thou may'st preserve thy country.

ZAMTI.

Yes, I will make the dreadful sacrifice.  
Etan, I know thou hold'st this empire dear;  
Yes, thou ador'st the God of heav'n and earth,  
As worshipp'd by our ancestors; that God  
Our Bonzees know not, and our tyrant's scorn.

ETAN.



ETAN.

In him I trust, on him alone rely  
For my own comfort, and my country's safety.

ZAMTI.

Swear then by him, and his all-ruling pow'r,  
That thou wilt bury in eternal silence  
The solemn secret that I mean to pour  
Into thy faithful bosom: swear, thy hand  
Shall still be ready to perform whate'er  
Thy duty and thy God by me command.

ETAN.

I swear; and may the mis'ries that have fall'n  
On this unhappy kingdom light on me,  
If ever I am false in word or deed!

ZAMTI.

I cannot now recede: then mark me, Etan.

ETAN.

Alas! thou weep'st: amidst the gen'ral ruin  
Can there be cause for added grief?

ZAMTI.

The doom

Is past, my friend, and cannot be revers'd.

ETAN.

ETAN.

I know it cannot ; but a stranger's son—

ZAMTI.

A stranger ! he, my king !

ETAN.

When I remember  
He is our emp'ror's child, I shudder at it :  
What's to be done ?

ZAMTI.

My path thou see'st, is here  
Prescrib'd, and ev'ry action noted down  
By our new tyrants ; thou may'st act with freedom,  
Because unknown and unobserv'd : thou know'st  
The orphan's place of refuge : for a time  
We may conceal him 'midst the secret tombs  
Of our great ancestors ; then shelter him  
Beneath Corea's chief ; he will protect  
The royal infant : leave the rest to me.

ETAN.

And how will you appear without him, how  
Appease the conqu'ror ?

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

I have wherewithal  
To glut his vengeance.

ETAN.

You, my lord?

ZAMTI.

O nature!

O cruel duty!

ETAN.

How—

ZAMTI.

I have a son,  
An only child, now in his cradle—go  
And seize him.

ETAN.

Ha! your son!

ZAMTI.

To save—my king.  
Away, and let him—but I can no more.

ETAN.

Alas! my lord, what a command is this!  
I never can obey it.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Think on Zamti ;  
Think on his love, his weakness, his misfortunes,  
Thy duty, and—thy oath.

ETAN.

'Twas rash and vain :  
Thou didst extort it from me : I admire  
Thy gen'rous purpose ; but if as a friend  
I might be heard—

ZAMTI.

No more ; I've heard too much  
Already : what is all that thou couldst say  
To what a father feels ? When nature's silenc'd,  
Friendship shou'd urge no longer.

ETAN.

I obey.

ZAMTI,

Leave me for pity's sake.

S C E N E VIII.

ZAMTI.

[Alone.

Is nature silent ?  
O wretched father ! still thou hear'st that voice

So

So fatal and so dear: O drown it, heav'n,  
 In sweet oblivion; do not let my wife  
 And her dear babe distract this heart; O heal  
 My wounded heart: but man is far too weak  
 To conquer nature: let thy aid divine  
 Support me, and assist my feeble virtue!

END of the FIRST ACT.

---

A C T II. S C E N E I.

ZAMTI.

[Alone.

**T**HIS tardy Etan, wherefore comes he not  
 To tell me—what I dread to hear? perhaps  
 E'er this the dreadful sacrifice is past:  
 I had not power to offer it myself.  
 O my dear child, how shall I ask my friend  
 The horrid question, how conceal my grief?

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

ZAMTI, ETAN.

ZAMTI.

I fee 'tis done ; I know it by thy tears ;  
They speak too plainly.

ETAN.

Thy unhappy son—

ZAMTI.

No more of that : speak of our empire's hope,  
The royal infant ; is he safe ?

ETAN.

He is :

Within the tombs of his great ancestors,  
Conceal'd from ev'ry eye ; to you he owes  
A life begun in misery, perhaps  
A fatal gift.

ZAMTI.

It is enough, he lives.

O you, to whom I pay this cruel duty,  
Forgive a father's tears.

ETAN.



ETAN.

Alas! my lord,  
 You must not give a loose to sorrow here:  
 'Tis dang'rous ev'n to weep.

ZAMTI.

And whither, Etan,  
 Must I transport my griefs? how bear the cries,  
 The bitter anguish, the despair, the rage,  
 The execrations of a frantic mother?  
 May we not yet deceive her for a time?

ETAN.

We seiz'd him in her absence, and I flew  
 To guard the orphan king.

ZAMTI.

Awhile, my friend,  
 We might impose on her credulity.  
 Cou'dst thou not say we had deliver'd up  
 The royal orphan, and conceal'd her son  
 In safety? Truth is often most destructive,  
 And still we love it, tho' it makes us wretched.  
 Come, Etan, let us home—O heav'n! she's here!  
 Observe her, what despair and terror dwell  
 On her pale cheek!

SCENE

S C E N E III.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

IDAME.

Barbarian, can it be?

Cou'd Zamti e'er command it? cou'd he offer  
The dreadful sacrifice? I'll not believe it:  
Thou cou'dst not be more cruel than the laws  
Of our proud conqu'rors, or the Tartar's sword.  
Alas! thou weep'st.

ZAMTI.

Thou too must weep with Zamti.  
But thou must join with him to save thy king.

IDAME.

What! sacrifice my child!

ZAMTI.

It must be so:  
Thou wer't a subject e'er thou wer't a mother.

IDAME.

Has nature then lost all her influence o'er  
A father's heart?

N

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

She has too much ; but ne'er  
Shall thwart my duty.

IDAME.

'Tis a barb'rous virtue,  
And I abhor it : I have seen, like thee,  
Our empire lost, and wept our sov'reign's fate ;  
But why pour forth an infant's guiltless blood,  
Yet undemanded ; why revere as gods  
Your sleeping kings, that moulder in the tomb ?  
Hath Zamti sworn to them that he wou'd kill  
His darling child ? alas ! the rich and poor,  
The monarch and the slave, are equal all  
By nature ; all alike to sorrow born,  
Each has his share ; and in the gen'ral wreck,  
All duty bids us is—to save our own.  
O had I fall'n into the snare, and staid  
A moment longer with the royal orphan,  
My child had fall'n into the cruel hands  
Of ruffians ; but I wou'd have perish'd with him.  
Nature and love recall'd me, and I snatch'd  
My lovely infant from the ravishers,  
Preserv'd the son and mother ; sav'd ev'n thee,  
Thou barb'rous father.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Doth my fon then live?

IDAME.

He doth ; and thou shou'dst bend to gracious heav'n  
For goodness thus unmerited : repent,  
And be a father.

ZAMTI.

O almighty pow'r,  
Forgive the joy that, spite of all my firmness,  
Thus mingles with my tears : alas ! my love,  
Vain are our hopes of happiness, and vain  
Thy fond endeavours to prolong the life  
Of our dear infant ; these inhuman tyrants  
Will force him from us ; he must yield to fate.

IDAME.

But hear me, dearest Zamti.

ZAMTI.

He must die.

IDAME.

Barbarian, stay, and tremble at the rage  
Of an afflicted desp'rate mother.

N 2

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

I

Shall do my duty, you may give up your's,  
 And sacrifice your husband to the foe:  
 This is a day of blood; let Zamti join  
 His murder'd king, and perish with his country.

IDAME.

What is your country, what your king to me?  
 The name of subject is not half so sacred  
 As husband or as father. Love and nature  
 Are heav'n's first great unalterable laws,  
 And cannot be revers'd: the rest are all  
 From mortal man, and may be chang'd at pleasure.  
 Wou'd I cou'd save the royal heir, but not  
 By the much dearer blood of Zamti's son!  
 Pity a wretched mother; on my knees  
 I beg thee, cruel Zamti: O remember  
 For whom I slighted this proud conqueror,  
 This mighty warrior; was it not for thee?  
 And wilt thou not protect my son, not hear  
 The voice of nature pleading for thy child?

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

It is too much : thou dost abuse the pow'r  
Which love has giv'n thee o'er thy Zamti's heart :  
Coud'st thou but see——

IDAME.

I own, my lord, I feel  
A mother's weakness, and a mother's sorrows ;  
Yet may I boast a heart as firm as thine :  
Away, and lead me on to death : I'm ready  
To perish for my son.

ZAMTI.

I know thy virtues.

## S C E N E IV.

ZAMTI, IDAME, OCTAR, Guards.

OCTAR.

Where are these traitors ? why are my commands  
Thus disobey'd ? what have ye done with him,  
The orphan prince ? guards, bring him to our  
presence,  
The emperor approaches ; let him see  
The victim at his feet : you, soldiers, watch  
These rebels.

N 3

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

I obey, my lord, the orphan  
Shall be deliver'd up.

IDAME.

'Tis false; he shall not:  
I'll sooner lose my life than part with him.

OCTAR.

Guards, take this woman hence: the emp'ror comes.

## S C E N E V.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN, Guards.

GENGIS.

At length, my friends, 'tis time to sheath the sword,  
And let the vanquish'd breath; I've spread destruction  
And terror thro' the land, but I will give  
The nation peace: the royal infant's death  
Shall satisfy my wrath; with him shall rot  
The seeds of foul rebellion; all the plots,  
Feuds and divisions, fears and jealousies,  
That whilst the phantom of a royal heir  
Subsists, must disunite us, he alone  
Of all the hated race remains, and he  
Shall follow them: henceforth we will not raise  
Their boasted works, their monuments of art,  
Their sacred laws; for sacred they esteem

The



The musty rolls, which superstition taught  
 Their ancestors to worship : be it so,  
 The error may be useful, it employs  
 The people, and may make them more obedient.

[To Octar.

Octar, to thee I shall commit the pow'r,  
 To bear my standard to the western world.

[To another officer.

Rule thou in conquer'd India, and interpret  
 Thy sov'reign's great decrees ; from Samarcand  
 To Tanais's borders, I shall send my sons.  
 Away :—stay, Octar.

## S C E N E VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

GENGIS.

Coud'st thou e'er have thought  
 Fortune wou'd raise me to this heighth of glory ?  
 That I shou'd reign supreme, and triumph here,  
 Ev'n in this palace, where disgrac'd and wretched  
 I fought in vain for refuge, and was treated  
 With insolence and scorn : the proud possessors  
 Of this unconquer'd empire then disdain'd

A Scythian, and a haughty fair refus'd  
That hand which now directs the fate of millions.

OCTAR.

Amidst this scene of glory, how, my lord,  
Can thoughts like these disturb you?

GENGIS.

Still the wrongs

I suffer'd in adversity oppress me :  
I own the weakness of my foolish heart,  
And hop'd to find that happiness in love,  
Which glory, wealth, and empire, cannot give.  
It hurts my pride to think how I was spurn'd  
By that contemptuous woman ; she shall know,  
At least, and see the object of her scorn.  
To have her mourn the honours that she lost  
In losing Gengis will be some revenge.

OCTAR.

The shouts of vict'ry, and the voice of fame,  
Have been so long familiar to my ears,  
That I have little relish for the plaints  
Of whining love.

GENGIS.

Nor has thy friend indulg'd  
That fatal passion since her proud refusal :

I own the fair Idame won my heart,  
 By charms unknown before : our barren defarts  
 Cou'd ne'er produce a face like hers, a mind  
 So form'd to please ; her ev'ry motion fir'd  
 My captive soul, but her imprudent scorn  
 Restor'd my freedom ; nobler objects claim  
 A monarch's care ; I'll think no more of her,  
 Let her repent at leisure of her pride.  
 Octar, I charge thee, talk not of Idame.

OCTAR.

You have, indeed, affairs of greater moment  
 That call for your attention.

GENGIS.

Then farewell

To love, and all its follies.

S C E N E VII.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN.

OSMAN.

O my lord,  
 The victim was prepar'd, the guard was rang'd  
 On ev'ry side, when (wonderful to tell !)  
 A strange event perplex'd us all.—A woman  
 Of frantic mien, with wild dishevell'd hair,

And

And bath'd in tears, rush'd in upon us ; stop,  
 Aloud she cry'd, inhuman ruffians, stop,  
 It is my son, you've been deceiv'd ; 'tis not  
 The emp'rors child, but mine : her eyes, her voice,  
 Her fury, her despair, her ev'ry gesture,  
 Was nature's language all, and spoke the mother :  
 When lo ! her husband came, with downcast eyes  
 And gloomy aspect ; sullenly he cry'd,  
 This is the royal orphan, this the blood  
 Which you demanded, take it : as he spake,  
 Fast flow'd his tears. The wretched matron, pale  
 And motionless awhile, as struck with death,  
 Fell prostrate ; then, long as her fault'ring voice  
 Cou'd utter the imperfect sound, cry'd out,  
 Give me my son : her sorrows were sincere,  
 Never was grief more bitter, doubts arose  
 Amongst us, and I came to know your orders.

## GENGIS.

If 'tis the work of art, I will explore  
 The myst'ry soon, and wo to the deceivers :  
 Think they to cast a veil before my eyes,  
 And mock their sov'reign ? let 'em if they dare.

## OCTAR.

My lord, this woman never can deceive us ;  
 The emp'ror's son was plac'd beneath her care ;  
 A master's child might easily attract  
 The faith'ul servant's love, and danger make  
 The charge more precious still ; the ties of nature  
 Are not more strong than those of fantasy :  
 But we shall soon unravel it.

## GENGIS.

Who is

This woman ?

## OCTAR.

Wife of a proud Mandarin :

One of those letter'd sages who defy  
 The pow'r of kings ; a num'rous band ! but now,  
 Thank heav'n, reduc'd by thy victorious arms  
 To slav'ry : Zamti is the traitor's name  
 Who watches o'er the victim.

## GENGIS.

Go, my Octar,

Interrogate this guilty pair, and learn,  
 If possible, the truth : let all our guards  
 Be ready at their posts : they talk, it seems,  
 Of a surprize that the Coreans mean.

To

To march against us on the river's bank :  
 An army hath been seen : we soon shall know  
 What bold advent'urers are so fond of death,  
 To court destruction from the sons of war,  
 And force 'em to depopulate mankind.

END of the SECOND ACT.

---

A C T III. S C E N E I.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN, Attendants.

GENGIS.

**W**HAT say the captives, is the fraud discover'd,  
 And vengeance taken on these vile impostors ?  
 Have they deliver'd up the orphan prince  
 To Octar ?

OSMAN.

Pray'rs, and threats, and torments, all  
 Are vain : th' undaunted Zamti still persists  
 In his first answer : on his open brows  
 Are gray'd the marks of truth : the mournful fair one,  
 Whose

Whose grief but adds new lustre to her charms,  
 With tears incessant and heart-rending sighs,  
 Moves ev'ry heart: spite of ourselves we wept  
 Her wretched fate; ne'er did my eyes behold  
 A sweeter mourner: she intreats to see  
 And speak with you; the conqueror of kings,  
 She hopes, will hear the wretched, and in wrath  
 Remember mercy; that he will protect  
 A guiltless child, and shew mankind his goodness  
 Is like his pow'r, unlimited. 'Twas thus,  
 My lord, she spake of you, and I have promis'd  
 She shall have audience.

GENGIS. [To one of the attendants.

Bid her enter now,

We shall unravel this deep mystery;  
 But let her not imagine a few sighs,  
 And bidden tears, can e'er impose on me:  
 I have experienc'd all these female arts,  
 But I defy 'em now: let her be careful,  
 Her life depends on her sincerity.

OSMAN.

My lord, she comes.

GENGIS.



GENGIS.

What do I see? O heav'n!

It cannot be Idame, sure my senses.—

## S C E N E II.

GENGIS, IDAME, OCTAR, OSMAN, Guards.

IDAME.

My lord, I came not to solicit pardon,  
 My forfeit life is yours, I ask not for it:  
 Why shou'd I wish for years of added woe?  
 But spare a guiltless infant.

GENGIS.

Rise, Idame,  
 Fate conquers all, it has deceiv'd us both.  
 If heav'n hath rais'd a poor inhabitant  
 Of Scythia, once the object of your scorn,  
 To pow'r and splendor, you have nought to fear:  
 The emp'ror never will revenge the wrongs  
 Of Temugin; but public good demands  
 The royal victim; 'tis a sacrifice  
 Which must be made: for your own son, myself  
 Will be his guard: I promise to protect him.

IDAME.

Then I am happy.

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

But inform me, madam,  
What is this fraud, this mystery between you?  
For I must know it all.

IDAME.

O spare the wretched.

GENGIS.

Have I not cause to hate this Zamti?

IDAME.

You,

My lord?

GENGIS.

I've said too much.

IDAME.

Restore my child,

You've promis'd it.

GENGIS.

His pardon must depend  
On you alone: you know I have been injur'd,  
My favours scorn'd, my orders disobey'd:  
Who is this Zamti, this respected lord,  
This husband? in that name alone compris'd

Is

Is ev'ry guilt : what charms has he to boast  
Who braves me thus ?

· I D A M E .

He was my only comfort,  
My joy, my happiness, the best of men ;  
He serv'd his God, his country, and his king.

· G E N G I S .

How long, Idame, have you been united ?

· I D A M E .

E'er since the fatal time, when wayward fortune  
Espous'd thy' cause, and gave a tyrant pow'r  
To scourge mankind.

· G E N G I S .

I understand you, madam,  
E'er since the time you mean, when I was scorn'd  
By a proud beauty, when this country first  
Deserv'd the chains which it was doom'd to wear.

· S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN. [On one side of  
the stage.

IDAME and ZAMTI. [On the other. Guards.

GENGIS.

What say'st thou, slave? hast thou deliver'd up  
The emp'ror's son?

ZAMTI.

I have, my lord, 'tis done:  
I have fulfill'd my duty.

GENGIS.

Well thou know'st  
Nor fraud, nor insolence escape my vengeance:  
If thou hast dar'd to hide him from my wrath,  
He must be found, his death shall follow thine.  
[To the guards.  
Seize and destroy that infant.

ZAMTI.

Wretched father!

IDAME.

Stay, cruel tyrant, stay, is this your pity,  
Is this your promise?

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

I have been deceiv'd ;  
Explain the myft'ry, madam, or he dies.

IDAME.

I'll tell thee all ; and if it be a crime  
To follow nature, and obey her laws,  
If ftill thy cruel fpirit thirfts for blood,  
Let all your anger light on me, but spare  
The noble Zamti : to our mutual care  
The emperor entrusted his dear fon :  
Thou know'ft too well what fcenes of horrid fllaughter  
Follow'd thy cruel victory, and mark'd  
Thy fteps with blood ; that might have fatisfy'd  
A lefs inhuman conqu'ror : when thy flaves  
Demanded our laft hope, the royal heir,  
My gen'rous Zamti, faithful to his king,  
To duty gave up all, and facrific'd  
His fon, nor liften'd to the pow'rful voice  
Of nature ; I admir'd that patriot firmnefs  
I had not ftrength to imitate : alas !  
I am a mother, how cou'd I confent  
To my child's death ? my terrors, my defpair,  
My rage, my anguish, all too plainly fpoke  
What Zamti ftrove to hide : behold, my lord,  
The wretched father, he deferves your pity ;

So

So does my guiltless infant : punish me,  
 And me alone : forgive me, dearest Zamti,  
 Forgive a mother's tenderness, forgive  
 A wife that loves thee and wou'd save thy son.

ZAMTI.

I have forgiv'n thee, and, thank heav'n, my king,  
 The royal infant's safe.

GENGIS.

'Tis false ; be gone,  
 And find him, traitor, or thou dy'ft ; atone  
 For thy past crimes.

ZAMTI.

The crime were to obey  
 A tyrant, but my royal master's voice  
 Cries from the tomb, and bids me tell thee, Gengis,  
 Thou art my conqueror, but not my king :  
 Were Zamti born thy subject, he had been  
 Most faithful to thee : I have sacrific'd  
 My son, and think'ft thou I can fear to die ?

GENGIS. [To the guard,

Away with him.

IDAME,

O stay.

GENGIS.

I'll hear no more.

IDAME.

IDAME.

I have deserv'd thy anger, I alone  
 Shou'd feel thy vengeance : thou hast slain my king,  
 And now my husband and my child must fall  
 By thy destructive hand : inhuman tyrant,  
 When will thy wrath be satisfy'd ?

GENGIS.

Away :

Follow thy guilty husband : dar'st thou plead  
 For mercy, thou reproach me ?

IDAME.

Then all hope

Is lost.

GENGIS.

If e'er I think of clemency,  
 It must not be till ample reparation  
 Is made for all my wrongs : you understand me.

S C E N E IV.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

GENGIS.

What means this flutt'ring heart, and wherefore thus  
 Steals from my breast th' involuntary sigh ?  
 Some pow'r divine protects her : O my Octar,  
 What secret charms have innocence and beauty,

That



That proud authority shou'd thus submit  
 To own their influence? I have lost myself  
 And want a friend; O lend me thy kind counsel.

## OCTAR.

Since I must speak, I'll speak with freedom; know  
 then

This dang'rous branch of a detested race  
 Must be cut off, or we are not secure  
 In our new conquest; victory's best guard  
 Is rigour; by severity alone  
 Your pow'r can be establish'd. Time, my lord,  
 Will bring back order and tranquillity;  
 The people by degrees forget their wrongs,  
 Or pardon them: you then may reign in peace.

## GENGIS.

And can it be Idame, that proud beauty,  
 Giv'n to another, to my mortal foe!

## OCTAR.

She merits not your pity, but your hate;  
 I cannot, must not think you ever lov'd her;  
 T'was but a short and momentary flame,  
 That sparkled and expir'd; her cruel scorn,  
 Her proud refusal, and the hand of time,  
 Have quite extinguish'd it; she is no more



Of Gengis; they debase a character  
So great as thine.

GENGIS.

I know my pow'r, I know  
That I cou'd make her mine: but what avails  
The fairest form without the conquer'd heart?  
Where is the joy to press within our arms  
A trembling slave? to see her beauteous eyes  
For ever bath'd in tears, and her full heart  
Oppress'd with sorrow? 'tis a barb'rous triumph:  
The savage herd, that thro' the forest roam,  
Enjoy more peace, and boast a purer love:  
The fair Idame has some secret pow'r  
That charms me more than victory and empire:  
I thought I cou'd have drove her from my heart,  
But she returns, and triumphs.

S C E N E , V.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN.

GENGIS.

Well: what says she?

OSMAN.

That she will perish with her husband rather  
Than tell the place where, hid from every eye,  
The orphan lies conceal'd; the tender husband

Supports

Supports her in his arms ; with added courage  
 Inspires her soul, and teaches her to die.  
 They wish to be united in the grave ;  
 The people throng around, and ev'ry eye  
 Is wet with tears, lamenting their sad fate.

GENGIS.

And does Idame talk of death from me ?  
 Fly, Osman, fly, tell her I hold her life  
 As sacred as my own : away.

S C E N E VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

OCTAR.

This infant,  
 Concerning him, my lord — what's to be done ?

GENGIS.

Nothing.

OCTAR.

You gave commands he shou'd be torn  
 Ev'n from Idame's bosom.

GENGIS.

We must think  
 Of that hereafter.

OCTAR.

What if they shou'd hide —

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

He cannot 'scape us.

OCTAR.

Still she may deceive you.

GENGIS.

Idame is incapable of fraud.

OCTAR.

And wou'd you then preserve the royal race?

GENGIS.

I wou'd preserve Idame; for the rest

'Tis equal all, dispose it as thou wilt.

Go, bring her hither—stay—my Octar—try

If thou canst soften this rebellious slave,

This Zamti, and persuade him to obey me.

We will not heed this infant; he shall make me

A nobler sacrifice.

OCTAR.

Who, he, my lord?

GENGIS.

Ay, he.

OCTAR.

What-hopest thou?

GENGIS.

To subdue Idame,  
 To see her, to adore her, to be lov'd  
 By that ungrateful fair one ; or to take  
 My full revenge, to punish her, and die.

END of the THIRD ACT.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

GENGIS. [A troop of Tartarian soldiers.

**A**RE these my promis'd joys ? is this the fruit  
 Of all my labours ? where's the liberty,  
 The rest I hoped for ? I but feel the weight  
 Without the joys of pow'r : I want Idame,  
 And, 'stead of her, a croud of busy slaves  
 Are ever thronging round me.

[To his attendants.

Hence, away,  
 And guard the city walls ; these proud Coreans  
 May think to find us unprepar'd ; already,  
 It seems, they have proclaim'd their orphan king ;  
 But

But I'll be duped no longer; he shall die.  
 I am distracted with a thousand cares,  
 Dangers, and plots, and foes on ev'ry side;  
 Intruding rivals, and a wayward people,  
 Oppress me: when I was a poor unknown  
 I was more happy.

## S C E N E II.

OCTAR, GENGIS.

GENGIS.

Well, my friend, you've seen  
 This proud presumptuous Mandarin: what says he?

OCTAR.

He is inflexible; nor threats alarm  
 Nor promises allure him: still he talks  
 Of duty and of virtue, as if we  
 Were vanquish'd slaves, and he the conqueror.  
 I blush to think how we demean'd ourselves,  
 By talking to a wretch, whom by a word  
 We might destroy: let the ungrateful pair  
 Perish together; mutual is their crime,  
 And mutual be their punishment.

O 2

GENGIS.



## GENGIS.

'Tis strange,

That sentiments like these, to us unknown,  
 Shou'd rise in mortal breasts: without a groan,  
 A murmur, or complaint, a father breaks  
 The ties of nature, and wou'd sacrifice  
 His child to please the manes of his sov'reign,  
 And the fond wife wou'd die to save her lord.  
 The more I see, the more must I admire  
 This wond'rous people, great in arts and arms,  
 In learning and in manners great; their kings  
 On wisdom's basis founded all their power;  
 They gave the nations law, by virtue reign'd,  
 And govern'd without conquest; nought hath heav'n  
 Bestow'd on us but force; our only art  
 Is cruel war; our business to destroy.  
 What have I gain'd by all my victories,  
 By all my guilty laurels stain'd with blood?  
 The tears, the sighs, the curses of mankind.  
 Perhaps, my friend, there is a nobler fame,  
 And worthier of our search: my heart in secret  
 Is jealous of their virtues; I wou'd wish,  
 All conqu'ror as I am, to imitate  
 The vanquish'd.

OCTAR.

## OCTAR.

Can you then admire their weakness?

What are their boasted arts, the puny offspring  
 Of luxury and vice, that cannot save them  
 From slavery and death? the strong and brave  
 Are born to rule, the feeble to obey:  
 Labour and courage conquer all; but you  
 Tamely submit, a voluntary slave:  
 And must the brave companions of your toil  
 Behold their honour stain'd, their glory lost,  
 Their king dependent on a woman's smile?  
 Their honest hearts with indignation glow;  
 By me they speak, by me reproach thee, Gengis:  
 Excuse a friend, a fellow soldier, grown  
 Old in thy service; one who cannot bear  
 This am'rous sickness of the soul, and longs  
 To guide thy footsteps to the paths of glory.

GENGIS.

Go, fetch Idame.

OCTAR.

What, my lord—

O 3

GENGIS.

GENGIS.

Obey :

Nor dare to murmur ; 'tis a subject's part  
To rev'ence ev'n the weakness of his master.

## S C E N E III.

GENGIS. Alone.

'Tis not in mortals to resist their fate ;  
She must be mine ; what's victory without her ?  
I have made thousands wretched, and am now  
Myself unhappy : 'midst the venal croud  
Of slaves that court my favor, is there one  
That can relieve the anguish of my soul,  
Or fill my heart with real bliss ? I wanted  
Some happy error, some delusive joy,  
To mitigate the sorrows of a king,  
And lessen the oppressive weight of empire ;  
But Octar, who shou'd heal hath prob'd my wounds  
Too deeply ; I have none but monsters round me,  
Blood-thirsty slaves, unfeeling, merciless,  
And cruel, disciplin'd to blood and slaughter :  
O for a few soft hours of gentle love  
To brighten this dark scene ! they shall not judge,  
Shall not arraign the conduct of their king :  
Where is Idame ? — ha ! she comes.

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

G E N G I S, I D A M E.

I D A M E.

My lord,

'Tis cruel to insult a friendless woman,  
And add fresh weight to her calamities.

G E N G I S.

Be not alarm'd ; your husband yet may live ;  
My vengeance is suspended for a while,  
And for thy sake I will be merciful :  
Perhaps it was decreed by heav'n Idame  
Shou'd be reserv'd to captivate her master,  
To bend the stubborn fierceness of his nature,  
And soften his rude heart : you understand me ;  
My laws permit divorce : embrace the offer,  
And make the sov'reign of the world your own.  
I know you love me not, but think what joys  
Surround a throne ; think how thy country's good,  
Her welfare, and her happiness depend  
On thy resolve : I know it moves thy wonder  
To see a haughty conqu'ror at thy feet :  
Forget my pow'r, forget my cruelty,  
Weigh your own intrest well, and speak my fate.

O 4

I D A M E.

IDAME.

I am indeed surpris'd, and so perhaps  
 Will Gengis be when I shall answer him :  
 There was a time, my lord, you well remember,  
 When he who holds the subject world in awe,  
 This terror of the nations, was no more  
 Than a poor soldier, friendless and unknown ;  
 He offer'd me the pure unspotted heart  
 Of Temugin, and I with pleasure then  
 Wou'd have receiv'd it.

GENGIS.

Ha ! coud'st thou have lov'd me ?

IDAME.

Perhaps I might ; but those to whom I owe  
 My first obedience doom'd me to another :  
 Thou know'st the pow'r of parents o'er their children ;  
 They are the image of that God we serve,  
 And next to them shou'd be obey'd : this empire  
 Was founded on paternal right, on justice,  
 Honour, and public faith, and holy marriage ;  
 And if it be the sacred will of heav'n  
 That it must fall a sacrifice to thee,  
 And thy successful crimes, th' enlivening spirit

That

That long supported it shall never perish :  
Your fate has chang'd ; Idame's never can.

GENGIS.

Coud'st thou have lov'd me then ?

IDAME.

I cou'd, my lord,

And therefore never must hereafter think  
On Gengis ; I am bound in sacred bonds  
To Zamti ; nay, I'll tell the more ; I love him,  
Prefer him to the splendor of a throne,  
And all the honours thou can'st lavish on me :  
Think not it sooths my vanity to spurn  
A conqu'ror, all I wish is to fulfil  
My duty, and do justice to myself :  
Bestow your favors on some grateful heart,  
Worthier than mine, that will with joy receive them :  
May I implore you to conceal from Zamti  
These proffer'd terms ? 'twou'd wound his soul to think  
My truth to him had ever thus been question'd.

GENGIS.

He knows what I expect, and will obey  
If he desires to live.

IDAME.

He never will :

Tho' cruel torments shou'd extort from him

A feign'd submission, my firm constancy  
 Wou'd soon recall him to the paths of duty,  
 Of honour, truth, and virtue.

GENGIS.

Can it be,  
 When this ungen'rous husband wou'd have giv'n  
 Thy son to death?

IDAME.

He did: he lov'd his country:  
 It was a noble crime, and I forgive him:  
 He acted like a hero, and Idame  
 Like the fond mother: ev'n if I had hated  
 I wou'd not have been false to him.

GENGIS.

Amazing!  
 Resistance but enflames my passion for thee,  
 And the more injur'd, I but love thee more:  
 Yet know, I have a soul that's capable  
 Of rage as well as tenderness.

IDAME.

I know  
 Thou art the master here, and life or death  
 Depend on thee: but tremble at the laws.

GENGIS.



## G E N G I S.

The laws! they are no more, or in my will  
 Alone are to be found; your laws already  
 Have been too fatal to me; they prevented  
 That happy union which my soul desir'd,  
 And bound thee to another; but they're void,  
 And stand dissolv'd by my superior pow'r:  
 Obey me, madam, I have giv'n my orders,  
 And I expect your husband shou'd deliver  
 Into my hands the emp'ror and Idame:  
 Remember, Zamti's life depends on you:  
 Let prudence teach you to disarm the wrath  
 Of an offended king, who, blushing, owns  
 His foolish fondness for a worthless woman.

## S C E N E V.

I D A M E, A S S E L I.

I D A M E.

Thou see'st my wretched fate; the tyrant leaves me  
 The cruel choice of infamy or death.  
 O, Zamti, I must yield thee to thy fate.

A S S E L I.

Rather exert the pow'r which beauty gives thee  
 O'er the proud Scythian, you have found the art  
 To please him.

I D A M E.

IDAME.

Wou'd I had not! that, alas!  
But makes me more unhappy.

ASSELLI.

You alone  
Might soften all the rigour of our fate;  
For you already his relenting soul  
Withheld its fierceness; you subdued his rage;  
Zamti still lives, his rival, and his foe:  
This bloody conqu'ror stands in awe of thee,  
And dare not hurt him: here he first beheld  
Thy lovely form, here paid his guiltless vows.

IDAME.

No more: it were a crime to think of them.

## S C E N E VI.

ZAMTI, IDAME, ASSELLI.

IDAME.

Zamti! what brought thee hither? what kind pow'r  
Hath thus restor'd thee to my arms?

ZAMTI.

The tyrant  
Hath giv'n me this short respite; by his orders  
I came to seek thee.

IDAME.

IDAME.

Hast thou heard, my Zamti,  
The shameful terms propos'd to save thy life,  
And the dear Orphan's?

ZAMTI.

Mine's not worth thy care:  
What is the loss of one unhappy being  
Amidst the gen'ral ruin? O Idame,  
Remember my first duty is to save  
My king; whate'er we boast, whate'er we love,  
To him we owe it all, except our honour,  
That only good which we can call our own.  
I have conceal'd the Orphan 'midst the tombs  
Of his great ancestors, unless we soon  
Fly to relieve him, he must perish there.  
Corea's gen'rous prince in vain expects him:  
Etan, our faithful servant, is in chains;  
Thou art our only hope; preserve the life  
Of thy dear infant, and thy husband's honour.

IDAME.

What woud'st thou have me do?

ZAMTI.

Forget me, live  
But for thy country, give up all to that.

And

And that alone ; heav'n points out the fair path  
 Of glory to thee, and a husband's death,  
 For Zamti soon must die, shall leave thee free  
 To act as best may serve the common cause:  
 Enslave the Tartar, make him all thy own ;  
 And yet to leave thee to that proud usurper  
 Will make the pangs of death more bitter to me :  
 It is a dreadful sacrifice, but duty  
 Spreads sweet content o'er all that she inspires :  
 Idame, be a mother to thy king,  
 And reign ; remember, 'tis my last command,  
 Preserve thy sov'reign, and be happy.

IDAME.

Stay,

Thou know'st me not : think'st thou I'll ever purchase  
 Those shameful honours with my Zamti's blood ?  
 O thou art doubly guilty ; love and nature  
 Cry out against thee ! barb'rous to thy son,  
 And still more cruel to thy wife. O Zamti,  
 Heav'n points us out a nobler way to death.  
 The tyrant, whether from contempt or love  
 I know not, leaves me at full liberty ;  
 I am not watch'd, or guarded here ; I know  
 Each secret path and avenue that leads  
 To the dark tombs where thou hast hid the king ;

Thi-

Thither I'll fly, and to Corea's chief  
 Bear the rich prize, the nation's only hope,  
 The royal infant, as a gift from heav'n :  
 I know 'twill be in vain, and we must die ;  
 But we shall die with glory ; we shall leave  
 Behind us names that, worthy of remembrance,  
 Shall shine for ever in the rolls of time.  
 Now, Zamti, have I follow'd thy examble ?

ZAMTI.

Thou gracious God, who hast inspir'd, support her !  
 I blush, my love, at thy superior virtue ;  
 Heav'n grant thee pow'r to save thy king and country !

END of the FOURTH ACT.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

IDAME, ASSELI.

ASSELI.

**A**LL then is lost ; twice in one fatal day  
 Have I beheld thee made a slave : alas !

What

What cou'd a helpless woman unsupported  
Against a mighty conqu'ror?

IDAME.

I have done  
What duty bade me, carry'd in my arms  
The royal infant; for a while his presence  
Inspir'd our troops, but Gengis came, and death  
Follow'd his steps, the savage herd prevail'd,  
And bore down all before them; I was made  
Once more a captive.

ASSELI.

Zamti then must perish,  
And share his master's fate.

IDAME.

They both must die:  
Perhaps some cruel torments, worse than death,  
Already are prepar'd; my son perhaps  
Must follow them: to triumph o'er my grief,  
And aggravate my sorrows, the proud tyrant  
Call'd me before him: how his looks appall'd  
My shrinking soul, when thrice he lifted up  
His bloody hand against the wretched infants!  
Trembling I step'd between, and at his feet.

Fell.

Fell prostrate ; rudely then he push'd me from him,  
 And turn'd aside ; the savage guards around  
 Seem'd waiting for his orders to dispatch me.

ASSELI.

He cannot, dare not do it: still, thou seest,  
 Zamti is spar'd, the orphan king still lives ;  
 Let but Idame sue to him for pardon,  
 And all will be forgiv'n.

IDAME.

O no; his love  
 Is turn'd to rage ; he smil'd at my distress,  
 Laugh'd at my tears, and vow'd eternal hatred.

ASSELI.

And yet you may subdue him ; the fierce lion  
 Roars in the toils, and bites his chain ; he wou'd not  
 Thus talk of hatred if he did not love.

IDAME.

Whether he loves or hates, 'tis time to end  
 This wretched being.

ASSELI.

What have you resolv'd ?

I D A M E.



IDAME.

When heav'n hath pour'd out all its wrath upon us,  
 And fill'd up the sad measure of our woes,  
 It gives us courage to support our griefs,  
 And suits our strength to our calamities :  
 I feel new force, new vigor in my heart,  
 'Midst all my sorrows ; henceforth I defy  
 The tyrant, and am mistress of my fate.

ASSELI.

But can you leave your child, the dear lov'd object  
 Of all your hopes and fears ?

IDAME.

There Asseli,  
 You pierce my heart: O dreadful sacrifice !  
 I have done all to save him : the usurper  
 Will not descend so low as to destroy  
 A helpless infant ; for his mother's sake,  
 Whom once he lov'd, perhaps may spare my child ;  
 That pleasing hope at least will sooth my soul  
 In the dark hour of death : he will relent  
 When I am gone, nor carry his fierce wrath  
 Beyond the grave, to persecute my son.

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

MADAME, ASSELI, OCTAR.

OCTAR.

Madam, you must attend the emperor.

[To the guards.

Guard you these infants ; watch the door, that none  
 May pass this way.

[To Asseli.

You, madam, may retire.

MADAME.

The emp'ror send for me ? — but I obey.  
 Cou'd I have seen my Zamti first ! perhaps  
 It is a vain request : does pity ne'er  
 Dwell in a Tartar's breast ? might I implore  
 Your friendship to assist me ?

OCTAR.

No: when once  
 The royal word is pass'd, to offer counsel  
 Is little less than treason : you had kings  
 Indeed of old who gave up all their rights,  
 And let their subjects rule ; but manners change  
 With times ; we listen not to idle pray'rs,  
 Or yield to woman's tears ; by arms alone

We

308 T H E O R P H A N

We rule the subject world : therefore obey,  
And wait the emperor's commands.

S C E N E III.

IDAME.

[ Alone.

Thou God  
Of the afflicted, who behold'st my wrongs,  
Support me now, inspire me with a portion  
Of my dear Zamti's courage !

S C E N E IV.

GENGIS-KAN, IDAME.

GENGIS.

Gengis comes

Once more to humble thy proud soul ; to shew thee  
Thy foul ingratitude, thy base return  
For all my kindness to thee ; yet thou know'st not  
How guilty thou hast been ; thou know'st not yet  
Thy danger, nor the anguish of my soul ;  
Thou whom I lov'd and whom I ought to hate,  
To punish, to destroy.

IDAME.

Then punish me,  
And me alone ; 'tis all I ask of Gengis :  
Finish a life of mis'ry, satiate here  
Thy thirst of blood : Idame hath been faithful,

That

That is a crime thou never can'st forgive:  
Strike then, and be reveng'd.

GENGIS.

Thou know'st I cannot;  
Thou know'st I am more wretched than thyself;  
But I'm resolv'd: the Orphan, and thy son,  
Are in my pow'r: for Zamti, he has long  
Deserv'd to die; the rebel braves my wrath,  
And yet I spare him; if you wish his life  
You must forget him; death will break the chain  
That binds you; then I might with justice seize  
And make you mine; but know, this proud barbarian,  
This Scythian tyrant, whom you treat with scorn,  
Is not unworthy of Idame's love:  
Abjure your marriage, and I'll raise your child  
To equal rank and splendor with my own:  
The orphan shall be safe, your husband spar'd;  
Their lives, their welfare, and their happiness,  
The happiness of Gengis, all depend  
On thee, Idame; for I love thee still:  
But think not I will bear thy cruel insults,  
Thy tyrant scorn, and all the pride of beauty:  
My soul, thou know'st, is violent; take heed,  
Provoke it not, lest vengeance fall upon thee.  
Speak the decisive word that must determine

The

The fate of Gengis, and his empire; say,  
Or must I love or hate Idame?

IDAME.

Neither:

Your hatred were unjust, your love most guilty,  
And most unworthy of us both: I ask  
Your justice; I demand it; 'tis a debt  
Which a king owes to all: if you have lost,  
I wou'd restore it to you, and, in secret,  
I know your conscience justifies Idame.

GENGIS.

Then hatred is your choice; 'tis well; henceforth  
Expect the vengeance of an injur'd monarch:  
Your prince, your husband, and your son shall pay  
For proud Idame's scorn, and with their blood  
Atone for her ingratitude: their doom  
Was seal'd by thee, thou art their murtherer.

IDAME.

Barb'rous, inhuman Gengis.

GENGIS.

So I am,

Thanks to thy kind regard! you might have had  
A tender lover, but you chose a master

Proud,

Proud, merciless, and savage, one whose hatred  
Is equal to thy own.

IDAME.

He is my king;  
As such I rev'ence him: this single boon,  
Low on my knees intreat.

GENGIS.

Idame, rise;  
Speak, I attend: perhaps some kinder thoughts—

IDAME.

Might Zamti be permitted for a while  
To visit me in secret?

GENGIS.

What?

IDAME.

My lord,  
But for a moment, 'tis my last request;  
Perhaps it may be better for us both.

GENGIS.

'Tis strange: but be it so: perhaps the slave,  
Taught by calamity, that best of masters,  
No longer will desire the fatal honor

Of

312 T H E O R P H A N

Of being rival to a conqueror :  
On you his fate depends ; divorce, or death :  
Give him the choice.

[To Ostar.

Watch here.

[To the guards.

Guards, follow me :

Still am I wav'ring, still unhappy ; still  
Is Gengis doom'd to be the slave of love.

[Exit.

IDAME.

[Alone.

Once more Idame lives ; methinks I feel  
New strength and vigor shoot thro' ev'ry vein :  
Now, Gengis, I defy thee.

S C E N E V.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

IDAME.

O my Zamti,

Dearer to me than all those conquerors,  
Whom servile mortals flatter into gods ;  
My other deity, to whom in vain  
I never sue : alas, my love, too well  
Thou know'st our fate ; the dreadful hour is come.

ZAMTI.



ZAMTI.

I know it is.

IDAME.

In vain thy patriot care  
Strove to preserve the orphan king.

ZAMTI.

That hope  
Is lost; we'll think no more on't: thou hast done  
Thy ev'ry duty, and I die content.

IDAME.

What will become of our dear child? forgive  
A mother, Zamti; I have shewn some courage,  
And therefore thou wilt pardon me.

ZAMTI.

The kings  
Of Catai are no more; the nobles held  
In ignominious chains; they most deserve  
Our pity, who are still condemn'd to live.

IDAME.

O they have doom'd thee to a shameful death.

ZAMTI.

'Tis what I've long expected.

IDAME.

Hear me then ;

Is there no path to death but from the palace ?  
 Bulls bleed at th' altar ; criminals are dragg'd  
 To punishment ; but gen'rous minds are masters  
 Of their own fate : why meet it from the hands  
 Of Gengis ? were we born dependent thus  
 On others wills ? no ; let us imitate  
 Our bolder neighbours, live with ease, and die  
 When life grows burthenfome : wrongs unreveng'd  
 To them are insupportable, and death  
 More welcome far than infamy : they wait not  
 For a proud tyrant's nod, but meet their fate :  
 We've taught these islanders some useful arts,  
 And wherefore deign we not to learn from them  
 Some necessary virtues ?—let us die.

ZAMTI.

Yes : I approve thy noble resolution,  
 And think, extremity of sorrow mocks  
 The pow'r of laws ; but wretched slaves, disarm'd  
 As we are, and bow'd down beneath our tyrants,  
 Must wait the blow.

IDAME.

IDAME. [Drawing out a poignard.

Strike, Zamti, and be free.

ZAMTI,

O heav'n!

IDAME.

Strike here, my Zamti, this weak arm  
Perhaps might err; thy firmer hand will best  
Direct the fatal stroke; now sacrifice  
A faithful wife, and let her husband fall  
Beside her: yes, my love, we'll die together;  
With jealous eye the tyrant shall behold us  
Expiring in each others arms.

ZAMTI.

Thank heav'n!

Thy virtue never fails; this is the last  
The dearest mark of my Idame's love;  
Receive my last farewell; give me the dagger:  
Now turn aside.

IDAME.

There, take it.

[Gives him the dagger.

Kill me first;

Thou tremblest.

P 2

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

O I cannot.

IDAME.

Strike, my lord.

ZAMTI.

I shudder at the thought.

IDAME.

O cruel Zamti,

Strike here, and then—

ZAMTI.

I will—now follow me.

[Attempts to stab himself.

IDAME. [Laying hold of his arm.

You must not—here, my lord—

S C E N E VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR, IDAME, ZAMTI, Guards.

GENGIS.

O heav'n! difarm him.

[Guards difarm him.

What wou'd ye do?

IDAME.

IDAME.

We wou'd have freed ourselves  
From misery and thee.

ZAMTI.

Thou wilt not envy us  
The privilege to die.

GENGIS.

Indeed I will :

O pow'r supreme, thou witness of my wrongs  
And of my weakness, thou who hast subdu'd  
So many kings for me, shall I at last  
Be worthy of thy goodness?—Zamti, thou  
Still triumph'ft o'er me; she whom I ador'd,  
Thy wife, had rather die by thy lov'd hand  
Than live with Gengis : but ye both shall learn  
To bear my yoke, perhaps yet more.

IDAME.

What say'ft thou?

ZAMTI.

For what new scene of inhumanity  
Are we reserv'd?

IDAME.

Why is our fate conceal'd?

P 3

GENGIS.

318    T H E    O R P H A N  
                  G E N G I S.

Be not impatient ; ye shall know it soon.  
Ye've done me ample justice, be it mine  
Now to return it : I admire you both ;  
You have subdued me, and I blush to sit  
On Catai's throne, whilst there are souls like yours  
So much above me ; vainly have I try'd  
By glorious deeds to build myself a name  
Among the nations ; you have humbled me,  
And I wou'd equal you : I did not know  
That mortals cou'd be masters of themselves ;  
That greatest glory I have learn'd from you :  
I am not what I was ; to you I owe  
The wond'rous change ; I come to reunite,  
To save, and to protect you : watch, Idame,  
Your prince's tender years ; to thee I give  
The precious charge, by right of conquest mine ;  
Hereafter I will be a father to him :  
At length you may confide in Gengis ; once  
I was a conqu'ror, now I am a king.

[To Zamti.

Zamti, be thou our law's interpreter,  
And make the world as good and pure as thou art ;  
Teach reason, justice, and morality,

And

And let the conquer'd rule the conquerors ;  
 Let wisdom reign, and still direct our valour ;  
 Let prudence triumph over strength ; her king  
 Will set th' example, and your conqueror  
 Henceforth shall be obedient to your law.

    I D A M E.

What do I hear ?

    Z A M T I.

    Thou art indeed our king,  
 And we shall bless thy sway.

    I D A M E.

    What cou'd inspire  
 This great design, and work this change ?

    G E N G I S.

    Thy virtues.

END of the FIFTH and LAST ACT.





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