

**COUNT BENYOWSKY; OR,
THE CONSPIRACY OF
KAMTSCHATKA: A TRAGI-
COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS**

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Count Benyowsky; Or, the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka: A Tragi-Comedy, in Five Acts by
August von Kotzebue

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AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE

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COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS**



Engraved by H. B. Seymour, from the original, No. 1, 1850

F. Mason del.

J. Neagle sc.

BENYOWSKY.—*There you have her, old Father!—Emilia! my
Wife!—Away on board!*

Count Benyowsky, Act 5, Scene last.

COUNT BENYOWSKY;

OR, THE

CONSPIRACY OF KAMTSCHATKA.

A TRAGI-COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

By **BARON KOZEBUE,**

AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGER,"

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY THE

REV. W. RENDER,

TEACHER OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

SECOND EDITION,

WITH AN ELEGANT FRONTISPIECE.

LONDON:

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EDINBURGH; AND ARCHER, DUBLIN.

1798.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Characters of this Play we select from respectable Literary Journals :

This attractive Drama is from the pen of Baron Kozebue, author of The Negro Slaves, The Indians in England, The Stranger, and other pieces which have been received with interest in this country. The plot is new, the characters are consistent, various, and distinct; curiosity is forcibly and progressively agitated, and the catastrophe is affecting and well contrived.—MONTHLY REVIEW, JULY.

In noticing the German Tragedies, we have too frequently found it necessary to censure extravagance and bombast. The authors cease to be natural, because they perpetually attempt to be sublime. The strength and the strangeness of their thoughts frequently astonish us; but we do not return to them with pleasure, because they do not develope to us the feelings of the human heart. From these faults the present drama is altogether free.

Count

Count Benyowsky will be delivered to posterity as a doubtful character; his intrepidity and genius will not be questioned, nor have they perhaps ever been excelled; but it may be suspected, that to these virtues of an adventurer, he joined the profligacy which generally belongs to persons of that description. Such as he was, we have ever contemplated him with wonder and regret. In the hero of this drama, we recognise only his virtues; but such were the virtues of Benyowsky.

The play opens with his arrival at Kamtschatka, whence the exiles have long meditated an escape. Old Crustiew has formed their plans and restrained their eagerness. In the Count he discovers the proper qualities of a Commander, and reveals to him his designs.

It was with sorrow we remembered that Athanasia and her Father met with a severer fate; but, in thus deviating from the history, the Author has done wisely. He has produced an admirable tragedy; the best, in our opinion, that has yet appeared from the German.—CRITICAL REVIEW, JUNE.

COUNT BENYOWSKY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

[*An Apartment of the GOVERNOR in the Fortrefs of BOLCHEREZK—The GOVERNOR and HETTMAN are discovered fitting on the right fide, playing at Chefs, and very attentive to the game. On the left fide, ATHANASIA with a book in her hand, and THEODORA working embroidery.*]

HETTMAN.

CHECK to the King!

GOVERNOR.

What?—And by a pawn?—That's very hard.

HETTMAN.

Aye! these common fellows*—Those who understand playing with them.—

* A pawn in German is called *bauer*, literally a *boor*, a common fellow: this circumstance gives a point to the reply in the original, hardly to be preserved in the translation.

B

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

Yes, yes—they are a match for Kings!

ATHANASIA.

[Throwing away her book.]

Alas!

THEODORA.

You sigh?

ATHANASIA.

Why was I born in this place!

THEODORA.

What signifies where one is born, if one is alive?

ATHANASIA.

Livest thou then?

THEODORA.

A droll question that! I'll give you a proof of it at breakfast.

ATHANASIA.

Yes, every one can eat.

THEODORA.

Except the dead. A being that eats must of course be alive.

ATHANASIA.

Your's is the happiness of an oyster!

THEODORA.

Oh! if wishes were magic wands.

ATHANASIA.

What are you working there?

THEODORA.

THEODORA.

I am embroidering flowers.

ATHANASIA.

Where do these flowers grow?—Not here—Italy is a lovely country; I was just reading about it. There orange groves blossom; here we work them in tapestry. There nature is a healthy youth; here an infirm grey-headed old man. Those beings may indeed say, “we live!”

THEODORA.

Why, yes; they have what we want; and they want what we enjoy. Our country produces other plants and other pleasures.

GOVERNOR.

My Knight is lost.

HETTMAN.

And my Queen saved.

ATHANASIA.

Pleasures do you say? All your houses are prisons;—wrapt up to the chin in furs, you shrink from the fresh air; hungry hounds drag your sledges through eternal snows; no flower unfolds itself; no fruit can ripen. Are these your pleasures?

THEODORA.

What care I for flowers and fruits, as long as I have men.

ATHANASIA.

Men?—Alas! what men!—“to-morrow,” (I