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ALFONSO,  
KING OF CASTILE:

*A TRAGEDY,*

IN

FIVE ACTS.

---

By M. G. LEWIS.

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For us and for our Tragedy,  
Thus stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your *candid* hearing patiently.

HAMLET.

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LONDON:

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## P R E F A C E.

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I HAVE already been asked so often, why, contrary to the usual custom, I publish this Tragedy previous to its performance, that I think it as well to publish also my reasons.

In the first place, when my Drama of “Adelmorn the Outlaw” was played at Drury-Lane, so many wilful misrepresentations of it were made between the periods of its being performed, and of its being printed, that I resolved in future to take this method of depriving my censurers of the plea of *involuntary mistaking*. I print my Play for the same purpose, that advertisements are sometimes inserted in the Gazette—“In order that none may *pretend* ignorance.”—To the assertion, that my Play is *stupid*, I have nothing to object; if it be found so, even let it so be said: but if (as was most *falsely* asserted of Adelmorn) any anonymous writer should advance that this Tragedy is *immoral*, I expect him to prove his assertion by quoting the objectionable passages. This I demand as an act of *justice*: as a matter of *favour* perhaps I might request my censurers to speak of my Play as it is, and

“Nothing extenuate,  
Nor ought set down in malice.”

But this is a request which experience forbids my making, knowing perfectly well that it would not be complied with.—In saying this, I must beg to be understood as alluding only to prejudiced individuals, not as meaning to express any dissatisfaction respecting the public in general. On the contrary, the reception of my productions has been always *equal*, sometimes far *superior*, to the merits of such trifles.

In the second place, I publish my Play previous to its representation, because I have very great doubts, whether even an *excellent* Tragedy, if written in blank verse, would succeed on the Stage at present: of course I do not flatter myself that mine will; and, after the cold reception of *De Montfort*, I am not vain enough to expect that *Alfonso* will meet with a kind one. I therefore rather wish this production to be considered as a dramatic poem, or (if that be too lofty a character for it) as a short novel in dialogue, divided into acts, instead of chapters. In writing it, I have spared no pains. I now give it to the public, not as a good Play, but as the best that I can produce: Very possibly *nobody* could write a *worse* Tragedy; but it is a melancholy truth, that *I* cannot write a *better*.

When this Play was shown to Mr. HARRIS, I informed him of my positive determination to publish it previous to its performance. He accepted it under that condition, and in a manner the most flattering: he only objected (and that, all things considered, very properly) to the catastrophe, as being calculated rather to excite

horror than pity, and therefore as unfit for public representation. In the performance, therefore, the conclusion will be totally different from that of the published Play; and (though according to my own opinion it does not tally so well with Orsino's character) I acknowledge, that of the two, the new catastrophe seems to me the best calculated for the Stage. The several characters are distributed very much to my satisfaction. If my Play fails, I am persuaded it will be either from the malignity of faction, or from its own demerits, not from any deficiency in the abilities of the Performers.

Respecting the plot, I have to confess that the situation at the end of the Second Act was suggested by the well-known anecdote of Charlemagne and his daughter Emma. It seems more likely to have been suggested by the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo;—only the fact happens to be otherwise.—In the year 1345, during the reign of Alfonso the Xth, (surnamed the Wise, and father of Pedro the Cruel;) the siege of Algeiras took place, at which the first use of gunpowder is said to have been made; this is the only historical anecdote which I have employed: as to the *real* character of Alfonso the Xth, I must own, that it no more resembles that of *my* Alfonso the Xth, than it does John the Painter's, or Peter the Wild Boy's.—I do not myself think that this departure from History is a matter of any consequence; but they who do, will probably consider it as a radical defect in the composition.

Here

Here and there I have detected some trifling plagiarisms, rather of expression than of sentiment, such as the following :

“ Now, ye Stars,  
 “ Shed dews celestial from your golden vials  
 “ On that dear gracious head !” *Act III.*  
 “ You Gods, look down,  
 “ And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
 “ Upon my daughter’s head !” [*Winter’s Tale.*]

---

“ I’ll blast him with a look !” *Act I.*  
 “ Would that these eyes had Heaven’s own light-  
 “ ning,  
 “ That with a look thus I might blast thee !”  
 [*Gamester.*]

There are a few others of the same kind, but so trifling as to be not worth altering, and scarce worth mentioning. However, should this Play be thought worthy of a second edition, I shall most conscientiously refund every syllable which is not strictly my own, and shall think myself obliged to any person, who will take the trouble of pointing out any plagiarism of which I may not be aware. At present it would be ridiculous in me to take the pains of giving back, what nobody would think it worth while to receive.—I shall, however, just mention, that I *suspect* (but am not certain) that some ill-natured author has taken advantage of being able to publish before I was born, in order to compose the following lines before me.

“ What

“ What can Ottilia ask, and I deny? *Act I.*

“ If to forgive be sin,

“ How deeply then must Heaven have sinned to  
“ man!” *Act III.*

Who first wrote the above lines, I suppose their authors know: if *I* did *not*, I am ignorant who did.

There are two passages in this Tragedy, which I am conscious might have been liable to misrepresentation; but with such authorities as I shall give for the *propriety* of the sentiments, that Critic will be a bold man who shall venture to attack their morality. Into the bargain both passages will be omitted in the representation.

*Dec. 12, 1801.*

M. G. LEWIS.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALFONSO XI.

ORSINO.

CÆSARIO.

Father BAZIL.

HENRIQUEZ.

MELCHIOR.

RICARDO.

GOMLZ.

MARCOS

LUCIO.

First CITIZEN.

Second CITIZEN.

Friars, Soldiers, Citizens, Conspirators, &c.

AMELROSA.

OTTILIA.

ESTELLA.

INIS.

Nuns, and Female Attendants on Amelrosa.

The Scene lies in Burgos (the Capital of Old Castile),  
and in the adjoining Forest.

The Action is supposed to pass in the Year 1345.

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### E R R A T A.

- P. 7, last line but one—read—It must not *be*—Hark footsteps !
- P. 8, line 23—read—My life.
- P. 9, line 2—read—I'll hence.
- P. 12, line 7—read—*the* only chain.
- P. 18, line 1—read—Protect my people, *c'en* from me.
- P. 43, line 16—read—*I* had not.
- P. 44, line 22—read—For *so my* foul dotes on thee,  
But to suspect thee *racks* each nerve.
- P. 53, line 28—Omit the note of admiration.
- P. 57, line 18—for—Orsino's *fire* melt—read—Orsino melt.
- P. 64, line 19—for—will guaranty—read—will guarantee.
- P. 74, line 12—after—Alas?—Omit the note of interrogation.
- P. 75—b for the first speech after—Enter Ottilia—inset Ottilia.
- P. 90, line 21—after thanks, place a note of admiration.
- P. 92, line 9—after—kin Inefs, place a comma.
- P. 115, line 5—for requium—read—requiem.

# ALFONSO, KING OF CASTILE.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The palace-garden.—Day-break.*

OTTILIA enters in a night dress : her hair flows dishevelled.

OTTILIA.

**D**EWs of the morn, descend ! Breathe, summer-gales,  
My flushed cheeks woo ye ! Play, sweet wantons, play  
'Mid my loose tresses, fan my panting breast,  
Quench my blood's burning fever !—Vain, vain prayer !  
Not Winter, throned 'midst Alpine snows, whose will  
Can with one breath, one touch, congeal whole realms,  
And blanch whole seas ; not that fiend's self could ease  
This heart, this gulph of flames, this purple kingdom,  
Where passion rules and rages !—Oh ! my soul !  
Cæfario, my Cæfario !—*[A pause, during which she seems  
buried in thought—the clock strikes four.]*

Hark !—Ah me !

Is 't still so early ? Will 't be still so long,  
Ere my love comes ? Oh ! speed, ye pitying hours,

B

Your

Your flight, till mid-day brings Cæfario back ;  
Then, if ye list, rest your kind wings for ever !

*Enter LUCIO.*

LUCIO.

'Tis past the hour ! I fear I shall be chid,  
For lo ! the sun already darts his rays  
Athwart the garden-paths.

OTTILIA.

How still ! how tranquil !  
All rests, except Ottilia ! I'll regain  
The hateful couch, where still my husband sleeps :  
Ere long he sleeps for ever !—Ha ! why steals  
Yon boy. . . . . Amazement ! Do my eyes deceive me ?

LUCIO.

Hift ! hift ! Estella ?

ESTELLA. [*Appearing on the terrace of the palace.*]  
Lucio ?

LUCIO.

Aye, the same.

ESTELLA.

Good ! good !

LUCIO.

But pray you bid him speed. So loud  
His black Arabian snorts, and paws the earth,  
I fear he'll wake the guards.

ESTELLA,

Farewell, I'll warn him. [*Exeunt severally.*]

OTTILIA. [*Alone.*]

'Twas Lucio, sure ! . . . What business... Ah, how ready  
Is Fear to whisper what Love hates to hear !

[*Estella and Cæfario appear on the terrace.*]

See !

See ! see ! Again Estella comes—and with her . . . .  
 Shame and despair ! Burst from your sockets, eyes,  
 Since ye dare show me 'this !—'Tis he ! 'Tis he !  
 Cæfario ! On my foul, Cæfario's self——  
 He bids farewell !—He waves a glittering scarf,  
 A gift of love, no doubt !—Now to his lips  
 He glues it !—Blistered be those lips, Cæfario,  
 Which have so oft sworn faith to me !—She goes . . .  
 Egyptian plagues go with her ! [Exit Estella.]

CÆSARIO. [*Looking back at the palace.*]

Yet one look,  
 One grateful blessing for this night of rapture ;  
 Then, shrine of my foul's idol ! casket, holding  
 My heart's most precious gem, awhile farewell !  
 But, when my foot next bends thy floors, expect  
 No more this cautious gait, this voice subdued !  
 Proud and erect, with manly steps and strong,  
 I'll come a Conqueror and a King, to lead  
 With sceptred hand forth from her bower my bride,  
 And bid Castile adore her, like Cæfario.  
 Farewell, once more farewell !

OTTILIA. [*Advancing.*]

I'll cross his path,  
 And blast him with a look.

CÆSARIO.

Ottilia ?

OTTILIA.

What ?

Am I then grown so hideous that my sight  
 Withers the roses on a warrior's cheeks,  
 And makes his steps recoil ? In Moorish battles

He gazed undaunted on Death's frightful form,  
But shrinks to view a monster like Ottilia.

CÆSARIO. [*Aside.*]

Confusion ! Should her rage alarm the guards. . . . .

OTTILIA.

Or do I wrong myself ? Is still *my* form  
Unchanged, but not thy faith ? Speak, traitor, speak !

CÆSARIO.

I own, most dear Ottilia . . . . .

OTTILIA.

Hark ! He owns it !  
Hear, Earth and Heaven, he owns it ! No excuse !  
No varnish ! No disguise !—He will not stoop  
To use dissembling with a wretch he scorns,  
Nor thinks it worth his pains to fool me further !  
Proceed, brave sir, proceed ! In trivial strain  
Tell me, how light are lovers' oaths, how fond  
Youth's heart of change, how quick love comes and flies ;  
And own, that yours for me is flown for ever.  
Then with indifference ask a parting kiss,  
Hope we shall still be friends, profess esteem,  
Thank me for favours past, and coldly leave me.

CÆSARIO. [*Aside.*]

How shall I hush this storm ?

OTTILIA.

Oh ! fool, fool, fool !  
I thought him absent ; thought mid-day would bring  
My hero back, and pass'd this sleepless night  
In prayers, and sighs, and vows for his return ;  
While scorned all oaths, forgot all faith, all honour,  
Clasped

Clasped in Estella's wanton arms he lay,  
And mock'd the poor, undone, deceiv'd Ottilia!

CÆSARIO.

Estella?—*[then aside]* Elest mistake!

OTTILIA.

What, didst thou hope  
My rival's name unknown? Oh! well I know it;  
Estella! cursed Estella! Still I'll shriek it  
Piercing and loud, till Earth, and Air, and Ocean,  
Ring with her name, thy guilt, and my despair.

CÆSARIO.

And need thy words, Ottilia, blame my falsehood?  
Oh! in each feature of thy beauteous face  
I blush to read reproaches far more keen.  
Those glittering eyes, though now with lightnings armed,  
Which erst were used to pour on blest Cæsar  
Kind looks, and fondest smiles, and tears of rapture;  
That voice, by wrath untuned, once only breathing  
Sounds, like the ringdove's, amorous, soft and sweet;  
That snowy breath, now swelled by storms of passion,  
But which in happier days by love was heaved,  
By love for me!—The least of these, Ottilia,  
Gives to my heart a deeper stab than all  
Thy words could do, were every word a dagger.

OTTILIA.

Thou prince of hypocrites!

CÆSARIO.

Think'st thou I flatter?  
Then trust thyself—*[leading her to a fountain.]*  
View on this watery mirror

Thine

Thine angel-form reflected—Lovely shade;  
 Bid this indignant fair confess, how vain  
 Estella's charms were to contend with thine !  
 And yet—oh ! madman—at Estella's feet  
 Breathing my vows, these eyes forgot, these lips  
 Than roses sweeter, redder—Oh ! I'll gaze  
 No more, for gazing I detest myself.

OTTILIA.

This subtle snake, how winds he round my heart !  
 Oh ! didst thou speak sincerely . . . . !

CÆSARIO.

At thy feet,  
 Adored Otilia ! lo, I kneel repentant.  
 Couldst thou forgive— Vain man, it must not be.  
 Forgive the fool, who for a lamp's dull gleamings  
 Scorn'd the sun's noon-tide splendour ? for a pebble  
 Who gave a diamond worth a monarch's ransom ?  
 No, no, thou canst not.

OTTILIA.

Cannot ? Oh Cæfario,  
 Thou lov'st no longer, or thou ne'er couldst doubt  
 I can, I must forgive thee !—[*falling on his bosom*].

CÆSARIO.

Best Otilia,  
 No seraph's song e'er bore a sweeter sound  
 Breathed in the ear of some expiring faint,  
 Than pardon from thy lips.

OTTILIA. [*Embracing him.*]

Those lips again  
 Thus seal it !—Yet to prove thy faith, I ask . . . .

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

What can Otilia ask, and I deny ?

OTTILIA.

The scarf you wear . . . . .

CÆSARIO. [*Starting.*]

Otilia !

OTTILIA.

Well I know

It was Estella's gift. I'll therefore wear it,  
And with her jealous pangs repay my own.  
Give me that scarf.

CÆSARIO.

And can Otilia wish  
So mean a triumph. . . . ?

OTTILIA.

Ha ! Beware, Cæfario !  
My foot is on thy neck, and should I find  
Thy head a snake's, I'll crush it ! Quick ! the scarf !  
Am I refused ?

CÆSARIO.

Otilia, be persuaded :  
More nobly use thy power.

OTTILIA. [*Suffocated with rage.*]

The scarf ! the scarf !

CÆSARIO.

I value not the toy, nor her who gave it.  
Then wherefore triumph o'er a fallen foe ?  
It must not. . . Hark ! footsteps !—Sweet, farewell !  
Ere night we meet again.—[*Going.*]

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA.

Yes, go, perfidious !  
But know, ere night thy head shall grace the scaffold !

CÆSARIO. [*Returning.*]

Said'st thou—— ?

OTTILIA.

Last night my husband's dreams revealed  
A secret . . . . .

CÆSARIO. [*Starting.*]

How? thy husband? Marquis Guzman?

OTTILIA.

He spoke of plots—of soldiers brib'd . . . . .  
[*looking round mysteriously, and pointing to the lower part  
of the palace.*]

Of vaults

Beneath the royal chamber . . . . .Wherefore tell I  
To thee a tale thou know'st thyself full well ?  
I'll tell it to the King . . . . .[*Going.*]

CÆSARIO.

Ottilia, stay !

OTTILIA.

The scarf . . . . .

CÆSARIO. [*Giving it.*]

'Tis thine !—My life is in thy hands . . . . .

Be secret, and I live thy slave for ever.

[*Exit.*]

OTTILIA. [*Alone.*]

'Tis plain ! 'tis plain ! Traitor, thou lov'st her still !  
Am I forsaken then ? Oh shame, shame, shame !  
Forsaken too by one, for whom last night  
I dared a deed which . . . . . Ha ! the palace opens,

And lo ! Estella with the Princess comes.

'll hence, but soon returning make my rival  
 Feel what I suffer now. Thus fell Megæra  
 Tears from her heart one of those snakes which gnaw it,  
 To throw upon some wretch ; and when it stings him,  
 Wild laughs the fiend to see his pangs, well knowing  
 How keen those pangs are, since she feels the same.

[*Exit.*

AMELROSA, ESTELLA, INIS, and Ladies, appear on the  
*terrace of the palace.*

AMELROSA.

Forth, forth, my friends ! the morn will blush to hear  
 Our tardy greeting [*descending.*] Gently, winds, I pray ye,  
 Breathe through this grove ; and thou, all-radiant sun,  
 Woo not these bowers beloved with kifs too fierce.  
 Oh ! look, my ladies, how yon beauteous rose,  
 O'er-charged with dew, bends its fair head to earth,  
 Emblem of forrowing virtue ! [*to Inis*] Would'st thou  
 break it ?

See'st not its filken leaves are stain'd with tears ?  
 Ever, my Inis, where thou find'st these traces,  
 Show thou most kindness, most respect. I'll raise it,  
 And bind it gently to its neighbour rose ;  
 So shall it live, and still its blushing bosom  
 Yield the wild bee, its little love, repose.

INIS.

Its love ? Can flowers then love ?

AMELROSA.

Oh ! what cannot ?  
 There's nothing lives, in air, on earth, in ocean,

c

But

But lives to love ! for when the Great Unknown  
 Parted the elements, and out of chaos  
 Formed this fair world with one blest blessing word,  
 That word was Love ! Angels, with golden clarions,  
 Prolonged in heavenly strain the heavenly found :  
 The mountain-echoes caught it ; the four winds  
 Spread it, rejoicing, o'er the world of waters ;  
 And since that hour, in forest, or by fountain,  
 On hill or moor, whate'er be nature's song,  
 Love is her theme, Love ! universal Love !

ESTELLA.

See, lady, where the King . . . .

AMELROSA.

I hafte to meet him.

*{Enter ALFONSO, and Attendants.*

AMELROSA. [*Kneeling.*]

My father ! my dear father !

ALFONSO.

Heaven's best dews  
 Fall on thy beauteous head, my Amelrofa,  
 And be each drop a blessing !—Cheered by morning  
 Fair smile the skies ; but nothing smiles on me,  
 Till I have seen thee well, and know thee happy.

AMELROSA.

And I *were* happy, if my eyes perceived not  
 Tears clouding thine. Oh ! what has power to grieve  
 thee

On this proud day, when rich in spoils and glory

Cæfario

Cæſario brings thee back thy conquering troops,  
 That brave young warrior? Spite of Moorish hoſts,  
 And all their new-found engines of deſtruction,  
 Sulphureous mines, and mouths of iron thunder,  
 He forced their gates! He leap'd their flaming gulphs!  
 Pale as their banner'd creſcent fled the Moors,  
 And proudly ſtreamed our flag o'er Algeſiras!

ALFONSO.

And with them fled . . . . Oh! have I words to  
 ſpeak it?  
 Thy brother, Amelroſa!

AMELROSA.

How! my brother?

ALFONSO.

Oh! 'tis too true. He thinks I live too long,  
 So joined the Moors to hurl me from my throne,  
 Guided their councils, ſharpened their reſentment,  
 And, when they fled, fled with them.

AMELROSA.

Powers of mercy!  
 Can there be hearts ſo black!

ALFONSO.

Poor wretched man,  
 Where ſhall I turn me? where, ſince luſt of power  
 Makes a ſon faithleſs, find a friend that 's true?  
 Where fly for comfort . . . .

AMELROSA.

To this heart, my father!  
 This heart, which, while it throbs, ſhall throb to love thee—  
 Stream thy dear eyes? my hand ſhall dry thoſe tears;

Aches thy poor head? My bosom shall support it!  
 And when thou sleep'st, I'll watch thy dreams, and pray  
 — “ Changed be to joy the sorrow which afflicts  
 “ My king, my father, and my soul's best friend !” —

ALFONSO.

My child! my comfort!—Yes, yes! here's the chain,  
 It's only chain that binds me to existence—  
 And should that break too . . . . Should'st thou e'er  
     deceive me—  
 Oh! should'st thou, Amelrosa . . . .

AMELROSA.

Doubts my father . . . . ?

ALFONSO.

No, no!—Nay, droop not. By my soul, I think thee  
 As free from guile, as yon blue vault from clouds,  
 And clear as rain-drops ere they touch the earth!  
 Nor love I mean suspicion:—where I give  
 My heart, I give my faith, my whole firm faith,  
 And hold it base to doubt the thing I value.

AMELROSA.

Then why that wronging thought?

ALFONSO.

By fear 'twas prompted;  
 By fear to lose, but not by doubt to keep.  
 And well my heart may fear. Think, think how keenly  
 Ingratitude has wrung that trusting heart!  
 Think that my faithless son but rends anew  
 A wound scarce fourteen years had healed.

AMELROSA.

Orsino?

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

He! he! that man . . . . Oh! how I loved that man!  
And yet that man betrayed me!

AMELROSA

Is that certain?  
Might not deception . . . . Slander loves the Court,  
And flattery are the heights of royal favour.  
Who stumbles, falls; who falls, finds none to raise him.

ALFONSO.

Nay, but I saw the writings; 'twas his hand,  
His very hand, nor dared he disavow it:  
For when I taxed him with his guilt, and showed him  
His letters to the Moor, awhile he eyed me  
In sullen silence, then contemptuous smiled,  
And coldly bade me treat him as I list.  
Arraigned, no plea excused his dark offence;  
Condemned to die, no word implored for pardon:  
But my heart pleaded stronger than all words!  
I saved his life, yet bade him live a prisoner  
Or clear himself from guilt.

AMELROSA.

And did he never . . . . .

ALFONSO.

Without one word or look, one tear or sigh,  
He turned away, and silent sought the dungeon,  
Where three years since he died . . . . Ah! said I, died?  
No, no, he lives! lives in my memory still,  
Such as in youth's fond dreams my fancy formed him,  
Virtuous and brave, faithful, sincere, and just;

My

My friend ? my guide !—a phoenix among men ! . . . .  
 How now ? What haste brings fair Ottilia hither ?

*Enter OTTILIA, wearing the scarf.*

OTTILIA.

Pardon, my Sovereign, that uncalled I come ;  
 You see a suppliant from a dying man.

ALFONSO.

Lady, from whom ?

OTTILIA.

My husband, Marquis Guzman,  
 Lies on the bed of death, and, stung by conscience,  
 By me unloads it of this secret guilt !—  
 Those traitor- scrolls, which bore Orfino's name . . . .

ALFONSO.

Say on, say on !

OTTILIA.

By Guzman's hand were forged.

ALFONSO.

Forged ?—No, no, no ! Lady, it cannot be !  
 Unsay thy words, or stab me !

OTTILIA.

Gracious Sir,  
 Look on these papers.

ALFONSO.

Ha !

*[After looking at them, drops them, and clasps his hands  
 in agony.]*

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Father! dear father!

ALFONSO.

Father! I merit not that name, nor any  
Sweet, good, or gracious. Call me villain! fiend!  
Suspicious tyrant! treacherous, calm assassin!  
Who slew the truest, noblest friend, that ever  
Man's heart was blest with!—Ha! why kneels my child?

AMELROSA.

For pardon first that I have dared deceive thee. . . .

ALFONSO.

Deceive me?

AMELROSA.

Next to pay pure thanks to Heaven,  
Which grants me to allay my father's anguish  
With words of most sweet comfort.

ALFONSO.

Ha! what mean'st thou?

AMELROSA.

Four years are past since first Orsino's sorrows  
Struck on my startled ear; that sound once heard,  
Ne'er left my ear again, but day and night,  
Whether I walked or fate, or wake or sleeping,  
The captive, the poor captive still was there.  
The rain seemed but *his* tears; his hopeless groans  
Spoke in each hollow wind; his nights of anguish  
Robbed mine of rest; or, if I slept, my dreams  
Shower his pale wasted form, his beamless eye  
Fixed on the moon, his meagre hands now folded  
In dull despair, now rending his few locks  
Untimely gray; and now again in phrensy

Dreadful

Dreadful he shrieked ; tore with his teeth his flesh ;  
 'Gainst his dank prison-walls dashed out his brains,  
 And died despairing ! From my couch I started ;  
 Sunk upon my knees ; I kissed this cross,  
 ——“ Captive,” I cried, “ I'll die, or set thee free !” ——

ALFONSO.

And didst thou ? Bless thee, didst thou ?

AMELROSA.

Moved by gold,  
 More by my prayers, most by his own heart's pity,  
 His gaoler yielded to release Orsino,  
 And spread his death's report.—One night, when all  
 Washed, I sought his tower, unlocked his chains,  
 And bade him rise and fly ! With vacant stare,  
 Bewildered, wondering, doubting what he heard,  
 He followed to the gate. But when he viewed  
 The sky thick sown with stars, and drank heaven's air,  
 And heard the nightingale, and saw the moon  
 Shed o'er these groves a shower of silver light,  
 Hope thawed his frozen heart ; in livelier current  
 Flowed his grief-thickened blood, his proud soul melted,  
 And down his furrowed cheeks kind tears came stealing,  
 Sad, sweet, and gentle as the dews, which evening  
 Sheds o'er expiring day. Words had he none,  
 But with his looks he thanked me. At my feet  
 He sank ; he wrung my hand ; his pale lips pressed it ;  
 He sighed, he rose, he fled ; he lives, my father !

ALFONSO. [*Kneeling.*]

Fountain of bliss ! words are too poor for thanks ;  
 Oh ! deign to read them here !

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Canst thou forgive  
My long deceit . . . . .

ALFONSO.

Forgive thee ? To my heart  
Thus let me clasp thee, best of earthly blessings,  
Balm of my soul, and favour of my justice !  
Oh ! blest were kings, when fraud ensnares their sense,  
And passion arms their hands, if still they found  
One who like thee dared stand the victim's friend,  
Wrest from proud lawless Power his brandished javelin,  
And make him virtuous in his own despite !

*Enter RICARDO.*

RICARDO.

My liege, your conquering general, brave Cæsar,io,  
Draws near the walls.

ALFONSO.

I hasten to receive  
The hero, and his troops: that duty done,  
I'll seek my wronged friend's pardon. Say, my child,  
Where dwells Orfino ?

AMELROSA.

In the neighbouring forest  
He lives an hermit : Inis knows the place.

ALFONSO.

Ere night I'll seek him there. And now farewell,  
Ever beloved, but now more loved than ever !  
Oh ! still as now watch o'er and timely check  
My hasty nature ; still, their guardian-angel,

11

Protect

Protect my people, e'en from *me* protect them :  
 Then, after-ages, pondering o'er the page  
 Which bears my name, shall see, and seen shall blefs  
 That union most beloved of man and heaven,  
 A patriot monarch, and a people free !

[*Exit with Ricardo and Attendants.*]

AMELROSA.

My good kind father ! fatal, fatal secret,  
 How weigh't thou down my heart. ! [*Remains buried in  
 thought.*]

OTTILIA.

I'll haste and calm  
 My husband's conscience with Orfino's safety.  
 But when our Spanish beauties throng the ramparts,  
 Anxious to see, and anxious to be seen,  
 Why stays Estella from the walls ?

ESTELLA.

Both duty  
 And friendship chain me where the Princess stays.

OTTILIA.

Duty and friendship ? trust me, glorious words ;—  
 Yet there's a sweeter— Love ! Boasts the gay band,  
 Which circles brave Cæfario's laurelled car,  
 No youth, who proudly wears Estella's colours,  
 And knows no glory like Estella's smile ?

ESTELLA.

Ha ! Sure my fight must err ?

OTTILIA. [*Afide.*]

She sees, and knows it.

ESTELLA.

ESTELLA.

It must be that ! . . . . Princess !

OTTILIA. [*Afide.*]

So, so ! now flies the  
To her she-Pylades for aid and comfort.  
Oh ! most rare sympathy ! How the friend starts !  
And, trust me, changes colour !

AMELROSA.

Say'st thou ? how ?  
Away, it cannot be !

ESTELLA.

Convince thyself then.

OTTILIA. [*Afide.*]

Aye, look your fill ! look till your eye-strings break,  
For 'tis that scarf ; that very, very scarf ! . . . .  
So now the question comes.

ESTELLA.

Forgive me, lady,  
Nor hold me rude, that much I wish to know,  
Whence came the scarf you wear ?

OTTILIA.

This scarf ? . . . Alas !  
A paltry toy ! a very soldier's present.

ESTELLA.

A soldier's ?

OTTILIA.

Aye. 'Twas sent me from the camp :  
But with such bitter taunts on her who wrought it . . . !  
Breathed ever mortal man such thoughts of me,  
My heart would break, or *his* should bleed for 't !

D 2

ESTELLA.

ESTELLA.

Say you?

OTTILIA.

Nay mark—"Receive, proud fair,"—thus ran the letter—  
 "This scarf, forced on me by an hand I loath,  
 With many an amorous word and tasteless kifs!  
 As I for thee, so burns for me the wanton;  
 To me as thine, cold is my heart to her;  
 Nor canst thou more despise the gift than I  
 Scorn the fond fool who gave it!"—

AMELROSA.

Oh! my heart!

INIS.

Look to the Princefs.

OTTILIA. [*Starting.*]

Ha!

ESTELLA.

She faints!

AMELROSA.

No, no!

'Tis nothing—mid-day's heat...the o'er-powering sun.....  
 I'll in, and rest.

OTTILIA.

Princefs, permit . . . . .

AMELROSA.

No, lady!

I need no aid of thine—In, in, Estella.

Oh! cruel, false Cafario!

[*Exit with Estella, Inis, and Ladies.*]

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA. [*Alone.*]

Ha! Is't so?

And flies my falcon at so high a lure?—

The Princess! 'tis the Princess that he loves!—

And shall I calmly see her bear away

This dear-bought prize, my secret crime's reward,

My lord, my love, my life, my all?—She dies!

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*An hall in Cæfario's palace.*

[*Shouts heard without.*]

*Enter CÆSARIO [a General's staff in his hand] followed by  
HENRIQUEZ, Citizens and Soldiers.*

CÆSARIO.

**T**HANKS, worthy friends! No further!—Pleased I  
hear

These shouts, which thank me for Alfonso's safety!  
But though *my* arms have quelled the Moors, your love  
Alone can shield him from a foe more dangerous,  
From his proud rebel son!—Farewell, assured  
I live but for your use!

*First Citizen.*

Long live Cæfario!

*Second Citizen.*

Long live the Conqueror of the Moors!

*All.* Huzza!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent CÆSARIO and HENRIQUEZ.*

CÆSARIO.

Kind friends, farewell!—Aye, shout, ye brawlers,  
shout!

Pour

Pour out unmeaning praise till the skies ring !  
 'Twill school your deep-toned throats to roar to-morrow,  
 —“ Long live Cæfario ! Sovereign of Caftile ! ” —  
 Marked you, Henriquez, how the royal dotard  
 Hung on my neck, termed me his kingdom's angel,  
 His friend, his favour, his . . . . Oh ! my tongue  
           burned

To thunder in his startled ear — “ The man  
 Who raifed this war, and fired your fon's ambition,  
 Your daughter's husband, and your mortal foe,  
 That man am I ! ” —

HENRIQUEZ.

Then abfence has not cooled,  
 It feems, your hatred . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Could'ft thou think it ? thou,  
 Who know'ft a fecret to all elfe unknown !  
 Know'ft me no ftranger-youth, no chance-adventurer,  
 Whole fword's his fortune, as Caftile believes me ;  
 But one of mightieft views and proudeft hopes,  
 Galled by injuftice, panting for revenge,  
 Son of an hero ! wronged Orfino's fon !

HENRIQUEZ.

Yet might your wealth and power—yon General's ftaff—  
 Alfonfo's countlefs favours . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Favours ? Infults !  
 Curfes when proffered by an hand I hate !  
 Bright feems ambition to my eye, and fure  
 To reign is glorious ; yet fuch fixed averfion

I bear

I bear this man, and such my thirst for vengeance,  
 I would not sell his head, once in my power,  
 Though the price tendered were the crown that decks it !  
 Yet that too shortly shall be mine !—Say, Marquis,  
 How speeds our plot ?

HENRIQUEZ.

'Tis ripe : beneath his chambers  
 The vaults are ours, the sleeping fires disposed ;  
 The mine waits but your word.

CÆSARIO.

To-night it springs then,  
 And hurls my foe in burning clouds to heaven—  
 O ! rapturous fight !

HENRIQUEZ.

And can that fight give rapture  
 Which wrings with anguish Amelrofa's bosom ?  
 She loves her father . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Loves she not her husband ?

HENRIQUEZ.

She 'll hate him, when she knows . . . .

CÆSARIO.

She ne'er shall know it !  
 All shall be held her rebel brother's deed ;  
 And while contending passions shake the rabble,  
 (Grief for the fire, resentment 'gainst the son,  
 And pity for the Princess) forth I'll step,  
 Avow our marriage, claim the crown her right,  
 And, when she mounts the throne, ascend it with her.

HENRIQUEZ.

HENRIQUEZ.

Oh! she will drown that bloody throne with tears!  
And should she learn who bade them flow . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Say on . . . .

HENRIQUEZ.

She 'll loath you!

CÆSARIO. [*With a scornful smile.*]

She 'll forgive me.

HENRIQUEZ.

Never, never!

I know the Princess; know a daughter's love,  
A daughter's grief . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

And are not daughters women?

By nature tender, trustful, kind, and fickle,

Prone to forgive, and practised in forgetting?

Let the fair things but rave their hour at ease,

And weep their fill, and wring their pretty hands,

Faint between whiles, and swear by every saint

They 'll never, never, never see you more!

Then when the larum's hushed, profess repentance,

Say a few kind false words, drop a few tears,

Force a fond kiss or two, and all's forgiven.

Away! I know her sex!

HENRIQUEZ.

But know not her!

Her heart will bleed; and can you wound that heart,

Yet swear you love her?

CÆSARIO.

Dearly, fiercely love her!

But not so fiercely as I loath this king!—

E

Hatred

Hatred of him cherished from youth is now  
 My second nature ! 'tis the air I breathe,  
 The stream which fills my veins, my life's chief source,  
 My food, my drink, my sleep, warmth, health, and vi-  
 gour,  
 Mixed with my blood, and twisted round my heart-  
 strings !  
 To cease to hate him, I must cease to breathe !——  
 Never to know one hour's repose or pleasure  
 While loathed Alfonso lived,—such was my oath,  
 Breathed on my broken-hearted mother's lips.  
 She heard ! her eyes flashed with new fire ; she kissed me,  
 Murmured Orsino's name, blest'd it, and died !——  
 That oath I'll keep !

*Enter* MELCHIOR.

CÆSARIO.

Melchior ! why thus alarmed ?

MELCHIOR.

I've cause too good ! our lives hang by a thread !  
 Guzman is dying !

CÆSARIO *and* HENRIQUEZ.

How ?

MELCHIOR.

Remorse already  
 Hath wrung one secret from him ; and, I fear,  
 The next fit brings our plot.

CÆSARIO.

Speed, speed, Henriquez !

Place

Place spies around his gate ! guard every avenue !  
Mark every face that comes or goes—Away !

[*Exit Henriquez.*]

CÆSARIO.

I'll watch the King myself ! [*Going.*]

MELCHIOR.

As yet he's safe.

Soon as he parted from the troops, Alfonso,  
By Inis guided, tow'rd's the forest sped,  
To seek and soothe his late-found friend Orfino.

CÆSARIO. [*Starting.*]

Whom, whom ? Orfino ? what Orfino ? speak.

MELCHIOR.

The Count San Lucar, long thought dead, but saved,  
It seems, by Amelrofa's care—Time presses—  
I must away : farewell.

CÆSARIO.

At one, remember—

Beneath the royal tower . . . . .

MELCHIOR.

Fear not my failing.

[*Exit.*]

CÆSARIO. [*Alone.*]

He lives ! My father lives ! Oh, let but vengeance  
Fire him to spurn Alfonso and his friendship . . . . .  
His martial fame, the memory of his virtues,  
His talents, rank, and sufferings undeserved, . . . . .  
Oh ! what a noble column to support  
My new-raised power ! [*Going.*]

Enter OTTILIA. [*Veil!*]

OTTILIA.

Cæfario, ftay!

CÆSARIO.

Forgive me,  
Fair lady, if my fpeech appears ungentle ;  
Such bufinefs calls . . . . .

OTTILIA. [*Unveiling.*]

Than mine there's none more urgent.

CÆSARIO.

Ottilia!

OTTILIA.

Need I fay what brings me hither ?

CÆSARIO.

Thofe angry eyes too plainly fpeak, that ftill  
Eftella . . . . .

OTTILIA.

She ? Diffempler ! fiend !—Peace, peace ;  
I come not here to rave, but to command.  
You love the Princefs, are beloved again . . . . .  
Speak not ! She faw this fcarf ; her tears, her anguish  
Betrayed her fecret. Yes, you love the Princefs !  
But, while *I* breathe, if e'er her hand is yours,  
Strike me dead, lightnings !

CÆSARIO.

Hear me !

OTTILIA.

Look on this [*ftowing a paper*].

CÆSARIO.

'Tis Guzman's hand.

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA.

He bade me to the King  
 Bear it with other papers ; but my prudence,  
 For mine own purposes, kept back this scroll.  
 Lo! here a full confession of your plots—  
 The mine described—the vault—the hour—the signal—  
 What troops are gained—the list of sworn confederates—  
 And foremost in the list here stands Casario !

CÆSARIO.

Confusion !

OTTILIA.

Nay, 'tis so ! Now mark me, youth !  
 Either my hand at midnight as my husband's  
 Clasps thine, or gives this paper to Alfonso !  
 Prepare a friar—at Juan's chapel meet me  
 At midnight, or the King . . . .

CÆSARIO.

You rave, Ottilia !  
 While Guzman lives . . . .

OTTILIA.

Young man, his hours are counted :  
 Three scarce are his—Last night I drugged the bowl  
 In which he drank a farewell to the world.  
 Aye, aye, 'tis true ! Thou 'rt mine ! With blood I've  
     bought thee !  
 Nothing now parts us but the grave,—and there,  
 E'en there I'll claim thee ! . . . . If to-night thou com'st  
     not . . . .

CÆSARIO.

I will, Hby eaven !

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA.

Nay, fail at your own peril—  
 Your life is in my power ! my breath can blast you !  
 Choofe, then, Cæfario, 'twixt thy bane and blifs—  
 Love or a grave ! a kingdom or a fcaffold !  
 My arms or death's !—By yonder Sun I fwear,  
 Ere morning dawns, thou fhalt be mine or nothing !

[Exit.

CÆSARIO.

Is't fo ?—Thy blood then on thy head—This paper ....  
 —This female fiend... the fcarf too !... I muft ftraight  
 Appeafe the Princefs . . . . some well-varnifhed tale  
 ...Some glib excufe—Oh ! hateful tafk ! Oh, Truth !  
 How my foul longs once more to join thy train,  
 Tear off the mafk, and fhew me as I am !  
 The wretch for life immured ; the Christian flave  
 Of Pagan lords ; or he whose bloody fweat  
 Speeds the fleet galley o'er the fparkling waves,  
 Bears eafy toil, light chains, and pleafant bondage,  
 Weighed with thy fervice, Falfehood ! Still to fmile  
 On thofe we loath ; to teach the lips a leffon  
 Smooth, fweet, and falfe ; to watch the tell-tale eye,  
 Fashion each feature, fift each honeft word  
 That fwells upon the tongue, and fear to find  
 A traitor in one's felf!—By Heaven, I know  
 No toil, no curfe, no flavery, like diffebling !

[Exit.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*A wild forest, with rocks, water-falls, &c. On one side an hermitage and a rustic tomb, with various pieces of armour scattered near it, "VICTORIA" is engraved on it; a river is in the back ground.*

ORSINO *stands on a rock which over hangs the river.*

ORSINO.

Yes, thou art lovely, World! That blue-robed sky;  
 These giant rocks, their forms grotesque and awful  
 Reflected on the calm stream's lucid mirror;  
 These reverend oaks, through which (their rustling leaves  
 Dancing and twinkling in the sun-beams) light  
 Now gleams, now disappears, while yon fierce torrent,  
 Tumbling from crag to crag with measured dash,  
 Makes to the ear strange music: World! oh, World!  
 Who sees thee such must needs confess thee fair!  
 Who knows thee not must needs suppose thee good!

*[With a sudden burst of indignation.]*

But I have tried thee, World! know all these beauties  
 Mere shows and snares; know thee a gilded serpent,  
 A flowery bank, whose sweets smile o'er a pit-fall;  
 A splendid prison, precious tomb, fair palace  
 Whose golden domes allure poor wanderers in,  
 And, when they've entered, crush them! Such I know thee,  
 And, knowing, loath thy charms! Rise, rise, ye storms!  
 Mingle, ye elements! Flash, lightnings, flash!  
 Unmask this witch! blast her pernicious beauty!  
 And show me Nature as she is, a monster!  
 —I'll look no more! Oh! my torn heart! Victoria!  
 My son! Oh God! My son! Lost! lost! Both lost!

*[Leaning against the tomb.]*

*Enter*

*Enter ALFONSO, INIS, and Attendants.*

INIS.

This is the hermit's cave ; and see, my liege, Orfino's self.

ALFONSO. [*Starting back.*]

No, no, that living spectre  
Is not my gallant friend ! I seek in vain  
The full cheek's healthful glow, the eye of fire,  
The martial mien, proud gait, and limbs Herculean !  
Oh ! is that death-like form indeed Orfino ?

ORSINO.

Never to see them more ! Never, no never !  
Wife, child, joy, hope, all gone !

ALFONSO.

That voice ! Oh ! Heaven,  
Too well I know that voice !—How grief has changed  
him !  
I'll speak, yet dread . . . . Retire [*Inis, &c. withdraw.*]  
Look up, Orfino.

ORSINO.

Discovered !  
[*Stizing a lance which rests against the cavern, and putting  
himself in a posture of defence.*]  
Wretch, thy life . . . . [*Staggering back*] Strengthen me,  
heaven !  
'Tis he ! the King himself !

ALFONSO. [*Offering to take his hand.*]

Thy friend !

ORSINO.

[*Recovering himself, and drawing back his hand.*]

Friend ! friend !—

I've none !—[*Coldly.*]

ALFONSO..

ALFONSO.

Orfino ! . . . .

ORSINO.

Never had but one,  
 And he . . . . ! Sir, though a king, you 'd shrink to hear  
 How that friend used me!

ALFONSO.

Hear me speak, in pity !

ORSINO.

What need of words ? I 'm found, I 'm in your power,  
 And you may torture me e'en how you list.  
 Where are your chains ? These are the self-same arms  
 Which bore them ten long years, nor doubt their weigh-  
 ing

Heavy as ever ! These same eyes, which bathed  
 So oft with bitterest tears your dungeon-grate,  
 Have streams not yet exhausted ! and these lips  
 Can still with shrieks make the Black Tower re-echo,  
 Which heard my voice so long in frantic anguish  
 Rave of my wife and child, and curse Alfonso !  
 Lead on, Sir ! I 'm your prisoner !

ALFONSO.

Not for worlds  
 Would I but harm one hair of thine !—Nay, hear me !  
 And learn, most wronged Orfino, thy clear innocence  
 Is now well known to all.

ORSINO.

Aye ? Nay, I care not  
 Who thinks me innocent ! I know myself so—  
 Was this your business, Sir ? 'Tis done ! Farewell.

F

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

Oh ! part not from me thus ! I fain would fay . . . . .

ORSINO.

What ?

ALFONSO.

I have wronged thee ! . . . .

ORSINO. [*Sternly.*]

True !

ALFONSO.

Deeply, most deeply !

But wounding thine, hurt my own heart no less,  
Where none has filled thy place : 'tis thine, still thine—  
And if my Court . . . . .

ORSINO.

What should I there ? No, no, Sir !

Sorrow has crazed my wits ; long cramped by fetters  
My arm sinks powerless ; and my wasted limbs,  
Palfied by dungeon-damps, would bend and totter  
Beneath yon armour's weight, once borne so lightly !—  
Then what should I at Court ? I cannot head  
Your troops, nor guide your councils : Leave me, leave  
me,  
You cannot use me further !

ALFONSO.

Oh ! I must,

And to a most dear service—My heart bleeds,  
And needs a friend ! Be but that friend once more !  
Be to me what thou wert, (and that was, all things !)  
Forgive my faults, forget thy injuries . . . . .

ORSINO.

ORSINO. [*Passionately.*]

Never!

ALFONSO.

That to Alfonso? That to him, whose friendship . . . .

ORSINO.

Peace, peace! You felt no friendship! felt no flame,  
Steady and strong!—Yours was a vain light vapour,  
A boyish fancy, a caprice, an habit,  
A bond you wearied of, and gladly seized  
A lame pretext to break. Did not my heart  
From earliest youth lie naked to your eyes?  
Knew you not every corner, nerve, turn, twist on 't?  
And could you still suspect . . .? No, no! You wished  
To find me false, or must have known me true.

ALFONSO.

You wrong me, on my life! So fine, so skilful  
The snare was spread . . . . I knew not . . . . .

ORSINO.

Knew not? Knew not?  
'Thou knew'st I was Orsino! Knowing that,  
Thou should'st have known, I never could be guilty.

ALFONSO.

Proofs seemed so strong . . . .

ORSINO.

And had I none to prove  
My innocence? These deep-hewn scars, received  
While fighting in your cause, were these no proofs?  
Your life twice saved by me! your very breath  
My gift! your crown oft rescued by my valour!  
Were these no proofs? My every word, thought, action,

F 2.

My

My spotless life, my rank, my pride, my honour,  
 And, more than all, the love I ever bore thee,  
 Were there no proofs?—Oh! they had been conviction  
 In a friend's eyes, though they were none in thine!

ALFONSO.

Your pride? 'Twas that undid me! Your reserve,  
 Your silence . . . .

ORSINO.

What! Should I have stooped to chafe  
 Your braiding lawyers, through their flaws and quibbles?  
 To bear the fivers of fancy questioners—  
 Their jeits, their lies—and, when they termed me villain,  
 Canst thou cry—"Good sirs, I'm none!"—No, no:  
 I heard no yell, no shriek, no traitor—saw you calmly  
 Hear me so called, now strike the speaker dead!  
 The why defend myself? What hope was left me?  
 Truth, lost its value, since you thought me false!  
 Speech had been vain, in your heart spoke not for me.

ALFONSO.

And it *did* speak . . . Spite of the law's decision,  
 My love preserved your life . . . .

ORSINO.

Oh! bounteous favour!  
 Oh! vast munificence! which, giving life,  
 Robbed me of every gem which made life precious!  
 Where is my wife? Distracted at my loss,  
 Sunk to her cold grave with a broken heart!  
 Where is my son? Or dead through want, or wandering  
 A friendless outcast! Where that health, that vigour,  
 Those iron nerves, once mine?—King, ask your dungeons!

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

Oh! spare me!

ORSINO.

Give me these again, wife, son,  
 Health, strength, and ten most precious years of man-  
 hood,  
 And I'll perhaps forgive thee: till then, never!

ALFONSO.

What could I do? Thy son had been to me  
 Dear as my own, had not Victoria's pride,  
 Scorning all aid . . . . .

ORSINO.

'Twas right!

ALFONSO.

She fled, concealed  
 Herself and child . . . . . Had it on me depended . . . . .  
 I cannot speak . . . My heart . . . Oh! yet have mercy,  
 Think I had other duties than a friend's . . . . .  
 Alas! I was a king!

ORSINO.

And are one still . . . . .  
 Have still your wealth, and pomp, and pride and power,  
 And herd of cringeing courtiers—still have children . . . . .  
 I had but one, and him I lost through thee.  
 I, I have nothing! You rude gave my palace,  
 These rocks my court, the wolf my fit companion—  
 Lost all life's blessings, wife, son, health! Oh! nothing  
 Is left me, save the right to hate that man  
 Who made me what I am!—And would'st thou rob me  
 E'en of this last poor pleasure? Go, Sir! go,

Regain your court ! resume your pomp and splendour !  
 Drink deep of luxury's cup ! be gay, be flattered,  
 Pampered and proud, and, if thou canst, be happy.  
 I'll to my cave, and curse thee !

ALFONSO.

Stay, Orsino !  
 If ever friendship warmed, or pity melted  
 Thy heart, I charge thee . . . . .

ORSINO.

Pity ? In thy dungeons,  
 Sir, I forgot the meaning of that word.  
 For ten long years no gentle accents foothed me—  
 No tears with mine were mixed—no bosom sighed  
 That anguish tortured mine !—King, King, thou know'st  
     not,  
 How solitude makes the foul stern and savage !

ALFONSO.

Yet were thy foul than adamantine rocks  
 More hard, these deep-drawn sighs . . . . .

ORSINO.

My wife's last groan  
 Rings in my ear, and drowns them.

ALFONSO.

And these tears  
 Might touch thy heart . . . . .

ORSINO.

My heart is dead, King ! dead !  
 'Tis yonder buried in Victoria's grave !

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

Could prayers, unfeigned remorse, ceaseless affection,  
And influence as my own unbounded . . . . .

ORSINO.

Hold!

I'll try thee, and make two demands!—But first,  
Swear by all hopes of happiness hereafter,  
And Heaven's best gift on earth, thine angel-daughter,  
Whate'er I ask shall be fulfilled.

ALFONSO.

I swear!

And Heaven so treat *my* prayers, as I shall thine!

ORSINO.

'Tis well: now mark, and keep thine oath. My first  
Request is—Leave me instantly! My second,  
Ne'er let me see thee more!—Thou hast heard! Begone!

[Exit into the cave.]

ALFONSO.

'Tis well, proud man!—Alas! my heart's too humbled  
To chide e'er him who spurns it!—

INIS.

Nay, my liege,  
Despair not—Sure the Princesses . . . . .

ALFONSO.

Right! I'll seek her;  
To her he owes his freedom, and her prayers  
Shall win me back this dear obdurate heart.  
Oh! did he know how sweet 'tis to forgive,  
And raise the wounded soul, which, crush'd and humbled,  
Sinks in the dust, and owns that it has erred;

To

To quench all wrath, and cancel all offences,  
Sure he would need no motive but self-love!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*A garden.*

AMELROSA. [*Alone.*]

And are ye all then vanished, fylphs of blifs?  
All fled in air, and not one trace, one shadow  
Left of my bright day-vifions? Is not rather  
All this fome fearful dream?—Cæfario false!  
I *know* 'tis fo, yet scarce can *think* 'tis fo!  
Gods! when laft night, after long abfence meeting,  
What looks! . . . . what joy! . . . . and was then all  
deceit?

Did he but mock me, when with tears of rapture  
He bathed my hand; knelt; fighed; as had his voice  
By pleasure been o'erwhelmed, awhile was filent;  
But foon came words, fweet as thofe moft fweet kifles,  
Which grateful Venus gave the fwain whose care  
Brought back her truant doves!—So fweet, fo fweet . . . .  
Diftruff, herfelf, muft have believed thofe words!  
Oh! and was all but feigned?

*Enter CÆSARIO and ESTELLA.*

ESTELLA.

Wait here awhile;  
I'll try to foorthe her.

CÆSARIO.

My beft friend!

ESTELLA.

ESTELLA.

Withdraw!—  
Still bathed in tears?

[Cæfario retires.]

AMELROSA. [*Throwing herself on her bosom.*]

Oh! my soul's sick, Estella.  
My heart is broken, broken!

ESTELLA.

Nay, be calm!  
I bring you comfort.

AMELROSA.

How?

ESTELLA.

Cæfario fues  
For one short moment's audience . . . .

AMELROSA.

I'll not see him!

ESTELLA.

Dear princefs . . . .

AMELROSA.

Never! Saw I not Ottilia  
Decked with my gift? Did I not hear . . . . Shame!  
shame!

Go, go, Estella, seek him! Say, and firmly,  
We meet no more! say, that the veil is rent!  
Say, that I know him wavering, vain, ungrateful,  
Fjattering and false! and having said this, add,  
False as he is, he's my soul's tyrant fall!

CÆSARIO. [*Throwing himself at her feet.*]

Accents of heaven!—My life! my love!

AMELROSA.

Cæfario?  
Farewell for ever!

G

CÆSARIO

CÆSARIO.

Nay, you must not leave me.  
Hear me but speak . . . .

AMELROSA.

Release me !

CÆSARIO.

But one word . . . .

AMELROSA.

I'll not be held !—Your pardon ! I forgot, Sir !  
I thought myself still mistress of my actions !  
Still Princess of Castile !—Now I remember  
I'm that despised, unhappy thing, your wife !  
Sir, I obey !—Your pleasure !

CÆSARIO.

Oh ! how lovely  
Those eyes can make e'en scorn ! Yet calm their light-  
nings—  
Once more let love . . . .

AMELROSA.

Never—the hours are past  
When I believed thee all my fond heart wished ;  
Thought thee the best, the kindest, truest . . . . .  
thought thee . . . . .

Oh ! Heaven ! No Eastern tale portrays the palace  
Of fay, or wizard (where in bright confusion  
Blaze gold and gems), so glorious-fair, as seemed,  
Trieth in the rainbow-colours of my fancy,  
Cæsar's form this morn !—Too late I know thee ;  
The spell is broke, and where an Houri smiled,  
Now scowls a fiend. Oh ! thus benighted Pilgrims  
Admire the glow-worm's light, while gloom prevails ;

But find that seeming lamp of fiery lustre  
 A poor dark worthless worm, when viewed in sunshine.  
 Away, and seek Ottilia.

CÆSARIO.

Oh ! my princefs,  
 Deep as thy anger wounds my heart, more deeply  
 I grieve to think, how thine will bleed at finding  
 This anger undeserved !

AMELROSA.

Oh ! that it were fo !  
 But no ! I faw my scarf . . . . that very scarf . . . .  
 My own hands wrought it.—Many a midnight lamp,  
 While thou wert at the wars, in toil I wafte,  
 And made it my fole joy to toil for thee !  
 There was no thread I had not blest ! no flower  
 had not kift a thousand times, and murmured  
 With every kifs a prayer for thy return !  
 And yet thou gav’ft this facred work to buy  
 A wanton’s favours . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Say, to buy her filence !

AMELROSA.

Her filence ?

CÆSARIO.

As this morn I left the palace,  
 She marked my flight . . . .

AMELROSA.

Just heavens !

CÆSARIO.

Though unrequited,  
 Her love has long been mine.—She raved ; ſhe threatened ;

She would have vengeance; she would rouse the guards;  
Alarm the king . . . . .

AMELROSA. [*Shuddering.*]

My father!

CÆSARIO.

But her silence  
Bought by that scarf . . . .

AMELROSA.

Cæfario, could I trust thee! . . . .  
Were this tale true, could I but think . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

I'll swear . . . . .

AMELROSA.

No! at the altar thou hast sworn already  
Mine were thy hand and heart, and mine for ever:  
If thou canst break *this* oath, none else will bind thee—  
Yet did I wrong thee? Art thou true? I fain  
Would think thee so . . . . . But this fond heart, my  
    husband,  
Is such a weak sad thing, and where it loves,  
Loves so devoutly . . . . ! Spare me, dear Cæfario,  
Such fears in future; let no word no thought,  
Cloud thy pure faith, for so my soul dotes on thee,  
But to suspect thee, racks each nerve, and almost  
Drives my brain mad!—Oh! could'st thou know, Cæfario,  
How painful 'tis for one who loves like me,  
To *cease* to love . . . . ! Cease, said I?—No, my heart  
Ceased to esteem, but never ceased to love thee.

[*Falling on his neck.*]

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

My foul! my Amelrofa!—Now all planets  
 Rain plagues upon my perjured head, if e'er  
 I break the vow, which here I breathe!—This heart,  
 Filled but with thee, and formed but to adore thee,  
 Is thine, my love! thine now, and thine for ever!

AMELROSA.

Hark!—Steps approach—Estella?

ESTELLA [*who has retired, advances hastily.*]

Haste, Cæfario!

You must away! the King's returned! I see  
 Histrain now loitering near the garden-gate!  
 Fly by the private postern!

CÆSARIO.

Straight I'll follow. [*Exit Estella.*]

And must I leave thee, leave thee for so long too?  
 The King's affairs now call me far from Burgos,  
 And ere we meet again twelve hours must pass.

AMELROSA.

Ah! me! to love an age!

CÆSARIO.

Yet should I leave thee  
 With calmer soul, nor feel such pain in absence,  
 Were I but sure one with . . . .

AMELROSA. [*Eagerly.*]

Oh! name it, name it!

But ask me nothing light in action: ask me  
 Something strange, hard, and painful! Something, such  
 As

As none would dare to do but one who loves.  
Name, name this blessed wish!

CÆSARIO.

'Tis this—From midnight,  
Till my return, avoid the royal tower.

AMELROSA.

I promise; yet what reason . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

When we meet  
Thou shalt know all; till then forgive my silence:  
Seal with a kiss thy promise, then farewell!

[*Here ALFONSO advances in silence; his eyes are fixed on his daughter, his hands are folded, and his whole appearance expresses the utmost dejection.*]

AMELROSA.

Farewell, since it must be farewell—But mark!  
See not Ottilia ere you go!

CÆSARIO.

I will not.

AMELROSA.

And when the bell's deep tongue announces midnight,  
Breathe thou my name, for at that hour, my love,  
I'll think on thee . . . . *That hour?* Oh, fool! as if  
Hours could be found, in which I think not on thee.  
And must thou go?—Nay, if thou must, away,  
Or I shall bid thee stay, and stay for ever!  
Farewell, my husband!

CÆSARIO.

My soul's joy, farewell!

[*Exit.*

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Oh! pain of parting!

[Turning round, her eye rests on Alfonso. She starts, and remains as petrified with terror. After a pause, he passes her in silence; but, on his reaching the door, she rushes towards him, her hands clasped in supplication.]

Father!

[Alfonso motions to forbid her following, and goes off.]

AMELROSA.

Oh! I'm lost!

[She falls senseless on the ground.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*A chamber in the palace.*

*Enter OTTILIA and INIS.*

OTTILIA.

WAS it so sudden?—What! no cause assigned,  
And so severe a shock too?—Trust me, Inis,  
Thy tale alarms me!

INIS.

On the earth we found her  
Senseless and cold: we raised and bore her hither,  
Where she revived only to sigh and forrow,  
Wring her fair hands, and shriek her father's name.

OTTILIA.

'Tis wondrous strange!—Mourning my own afflictions,  
This rumour reached me; straight all else forgotten,  
Hither by love and duty urged I sped,  
Nor come I trust in vain.—This phial holds  
Drops of most precious power.—Good Inis, take it,  
And in your lady's drink diffuse this liquid:  
My life upon her cure.

INIS.

Obedience best  
Will speak my thanks, nor doubt . . . Lo, where ap-  
proaches  
My lady's ghostly father, holy Basil!

*Enter*

*Enter Father BAZIL.*

BAZIL.

Pardon that rudely thus I break your parley,  
But from the King I come, to bid the Infanta  
Attend him here.—Good Inis, lead me to her.

INIS.

Here lies our way—Again I thank you, lady ;  
Ere night I'll use your gift. [*Exit with Basil.*]

OTTILIA.

And if thou dost,  
Go ring a funeral knell, and get thee mourning,  
And gather flowers to strow thy lady's grave :  
Thou'lt gather none so sweet, as that I wither !  
—Hark! 'twas her voice.—How at the found seemed ice  
To seize my every vein!—My victim comes!  
—I cannot bear her sight!—So young to die!  
So young, so fair, so gentle, and so good!  
With such an angel's life, and my soul's quiet . . . . .  
Oh, God! Cæsar, thou art purchased dearly. [*Exit.*]

*Enter AMELROSA, BAZIL, ESTELLA, INIS, and  
Attendants.*

BAZIL.

No passion flushed his cheek ; his voice, his manner  
Though solemn, were not stern ; and when he named  
you,  
A'tear gushed forth, ere he could turn him from me.  
Then droop not thus, nor doubt paternal love . . . . .

H

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Oh! 'tis that love distracts me, for his love  
 Was love so great! 'Twas but this morn he termed me  
 The only tie which chained him still to life!  
 And I have broke that tie!

BAZIL.

Nay, gentle Princess!

AMELROSA.

Perhaps have broke his heart too! from his lips  
 Have dashed Joy's last poor lingering drop, and shown him,  
 His only prop was frail as all the former!  
 Could I but think he felt like *common* parents,  
 That when he found my fault, affection died,  
 Then I were blest! then I alone should suffer,  
 And, when his hatred broke my heart, could seek  
 Some lone sad place, and lay me down and die!  
 Alas! alas! I know, I was his darling!  
 Know, by the joy I gave him once, too well  
 How sharp the grief must be, I cause him now!

BAZIL.

That partial love which cherished thus your virtues,  
 Will now absolve your fault.

AMELROSA.

But when he frowns?  
 I ne'er yet *saw* him frown,—but sure he's dreadful!  
 Oh! ere I meet those eyes (which yet ne'er viewed me  
 But their kind language spoke uncounted blessings)  
 And find them dark with gloom, and dread with light-  
 nings,  
 Closed be my own in death!—Hark! hark! he comes

In

In all his terrors ! comes to spurn and drive me  
 For ever from his sight.—His frown will kill me !  
 Shield me, Estella, shield me !

ALFONSO enters, followed by RICARDO and Courtiers.

ALFONSO. [*Aside, looking at Amelrosa.*]

Can it be !

Can she too have deceived . . . . !—Retire awhile !

[*Exeunt Estella, &c.*]

Manent ALFONSO and AMELROSA.

ALFONSO.

Princess . . . . !

AMELROSA.

[*Advancing with timidity, then rushing forward, and falling prostrate at his feet.*]

My Father !—Oh ! my Father !

ALFONSO.

Rise !

Nay rise : what fear'st thou ? Wherefore weep, and  
 tremble ?

*Thou* hast no cause for grief ! The poisoned arrow  
 Has pierced no heart, but mine ! These eyes alone  
 Need weep for what they've seen ' *Thou* hast not felt  
 What 'tis to lose all faith in man ! to see  
 Joy and hope die together ; and to find,  
 When all thy soul loved best hung on thy neck,  
 Each kiss was false, and each sweet smile was hollow !  
 Well ! well ! 'Tis past grief's curing ! wondrous bitter,  
 But must be borne ! A few short months, and then  
 The grave mends all.

AMELROSA. [*Aside.*]

Pangs of the dying sinner,  
Are ye more sharp than mine !

ALFONSO.

More tears?—Perhaps  
You tremble, lest my regal wrath should crush  
The audacious slave, who stole his sovereign's daughter ?  
No, Princess, no ! I can excuse the youth,  
Nor look from mortals for divine forbearance.  
A fairer fruit, than ever dragon guarded,  
Courting his hand, and hung within his grasp,  
He could not choose but pluck it.

AMELROSA.

Oh ! I would  
My heart could spring before thine eyes, and show thee  
Each word thou utter'st, written there in blood !  
That it could speak . . . . !

ALFONSO.

What could it say ? but plead  
The youth's fair form, high fame, and great acquire-  
ments !  
Gratitude that from ruffian hands he saved thee,  
Feelings too fond, and thus excuse thy love !  
But could it e'er excuse thy long dissembling,  
Thy seeming confidence, thy vows all broken,  
Thy arts to lull me in a blissful dream,  
From which the waking's dreadful ? Why deceive me ?  
Why hide as from a foe thy thoughts from me ?  
Why banish me thy bosom ? Didst thou fear me ?

Didst

Didst fear my power, my pride, my wrath? Oh! was I...  
Was I so harsh a father, Amelrosa?

AMELROSA. [*Afide.*]

Heart, sure thy strings are steel, or they would break!

ALFONSO.

Yet 'tis deserved! I was too fond! too partial!  
Still loved thee better than my son, whose heart  
Perhaps this partial love has turned against me—  
If so, my pain is just!—Daughter, I'll chide  
No more; nor came I here to chide, but bless thee.  
This parchment gives thy lord Medina's dukedom,  
With all its fair domains; the dowry promised,  
When my fond bosom hoped that princely Arragon .....  
But that's now past!—Take it—farewell—be nappy—  
We meet no more!

AMELROSA. [*Covering her face with her hands.*]

Oh! heaven!

ALFONSO.

'Twere vain, 'twere cruel,  
To make thee toil to fan thy love's faint embers,  
Since faith is dead; and though I still dote on thee,  
I'll trust no more—Thy choice is made, and may  
That choice prove all thy fondest dreams e'er pictured!  
Blest be thy days as the first man's in Eden,  
Before sin was! Be thy brave lord's affection  
Firm as his valour, <sup>3</sup>lovely as thy form!  
And shouldst thou ever know, with thy whole soul  
What 'tis to love a child, and hold it dearer!  
Than freedom, light, or life . . . . Oh! may that darling  
Show thee more faith, than thou hast shown to me.  
I've done—Have there the deed—Farewell!

AMELROSA.

[*Grasping the hand which he extends with the parchment, and pressing it to her lips.*]

Have mercy !

ALFONSO.

Mercy ?—On whom ?

AMELROSA.

An humbled breaking heart,  
But which, though breaking, loves thee dearly, dearly !  
Throw me not from thee !

ALFONSO.

Hast not all thy wishes ?  
Thy husband's pardon, honour, wealth, and freedom  
To live with whom, and how, and where thou wilt ?  
What wouldst thou more ?

AMELROSA.

That, without which all these  
Are nothing, and each seeming grace true curses !  
Thy heart ! thy heart, my father ! Give me that !  
Thy whole, whole heart, such as I once possess'd it,  
Soft—kind—indulgent—open—feeling—fond !  
'Tis this I ask,—or, this denied, to die.  
Yes ! strike me at your foot ; spurn, trample, crush me !  
Twit in my streaming locks your hand, and drag me,  
Till from my wounded bosom streams of blood  
Gush forth, and dye the marble red !—All this  
Were far less anguish to a *generous* soul,  
Than this so torturing love, so cruel kindness !

ALFONSO.

I will not hear . . . .

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Oh ! leave me not, my father,  
 Nor bid me leave thee ! Let my anguish move thee ;  
 Let not, though great, a single error lose me  
 The fruits of twenty years pass'd in thy service,  
 Which in thy service pass'd seem'd short as moments.

ALFONSO.

It must not be . . . . .

AMELROSA.

You would, but cannot hide it ;  
 I still am dear ! Each look, each feature speaks it,  
 Speaks too a softening heart—Oh ! hear its pleading,  
 And bid me stay ! I'll only stay to love thee !  
 Look on me ! mark my altered form ! observe  
 The strong convulsions of my gasping bosom !  
 See my wan cheeks, eyes swollen, lips trembling ! feel  
 How scalding are the tears with which I dew  
 This dear, dear hand ! Judge by thy own *my* sufferings,  
 And bid me cease to suffer ; when with force,  
 Such as despair alone can give, and louder  
 Than fiends implore from their volcanic prisons  
 The Arch-angel's grace, I cry to thee—"Have mercy."—

ALFONSO.

My child . . . . . No, no !—'Twere weakness . . . . .

AMELROSA.

Weakness, said'st thou ?  
 Oh ! glorious fault ! Oh ! fair defect !—Oh ! weakness  
 Passing all strength ! If to forgive be sin,  
 How deeply then must Heaven have sinned to man !  
 Oh ! be thy faults like Heaven's ! Relent, my father !  
 Pardon . . . . . ! Oh ! speak that word !

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

My heart! my heart!  
My bursting heart!

AMELROSA.

That word, that blessed word,  
So quickly said, so easy, as 'twere magic  
Breaks sorrow's spell, and bids her phantoms fly!  
That word, that word, that one, one little word,  
And I am blest! ———

ALFONSO.

[*Yielding to his emotions, and clasping her eagerly to his bosom.*]

Be blest then!

[*Exit.*]

AMELROSA.

Now, ye stars,  
Which nightly grace the sky, if ye love goodness,  
Pour dews celestial from your golden vials  
On yon dear gracious head!—Oh! why is now  
My husband absent?—Lend thy doves, dear Venus,  
That I may send them where Cæsar strays;  
And while he smooths their silver wings, and gives them  
For drink the honey of his lips, I'll bid them  
Coo in his ear, his Amelrosa's happy!  
Joy, joy, my soul! Bound, my gay dancing heart!  
Waft me, ye winds! To bear so blest a creature  
Earth is not worthy! Loved by those I love,  
I've all my soul e'er wished, my hopes e'er fancied,  
My father's friendship, and Cæsar's heart!  
Leave me but these, and, fortune, I defy thee! [*Exit.*]

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*The forest as before.*

*Enter CÆSARIO and HENRIQUEZ.*

CÆSARIO.

He spurned him, Marquis, spurned him! With such  
scorn,  
Such genuine ardent hate, repaid his soothing . . . . .  
Oh! by that hate I feel, the blood which fills  
These veins is right Orsino's!

HENRIQUEZ.

'Tis reported,  
The King shed tears.

CÆSARIO.

Marquis, he wept, fawned, pleaded  
Remorse, and sued for pardon with such fervour,  
As starving souls for bread!

HENRIQUEZ.

Did not at this  
Orsino's fire melt?

CÆSARIO.

Melt? Like yon fortress-rock,  
(Which rears its tower-clad front above the billows,  
Nor heeds the winds that blow, nor rains that beat,)  
Proof against tears, and deaf to all entreaties,  
Unmoved the stern one stood, and frowned his answer.  
Oh! fear not, friend: like me he loaths Alfonso,  
And, when I place revenge within his grasping,  
Will spring to reach it.

I

HENRIQUEZ.

HENRIQUEZ.

'Tis past doubt, his aid  
 Were to our cause a tower of strength; yet still  
 I fear, lest . . . . Some one leaves the cave!—'Tis he!  
 I'll wait beneath yon limes. [Exit.

*ORSINO enters from the cave.*

CÆSARIO.

Now by my life  
 A noble ruin!

ORSINO.

I return to Burgos?  
 For what? To show my scars, and hear Court-Ladies  
 Rail at the wars for making men so hideous?  
 To bear the coxcomb's sneer, the minion's fawning,  
 And see fools sweetly smile at my good fortune,  
 Who, when my death was signed, smiled full as sweetly?  
 No, no, I'll none on't.—[Seeing Cæsar.]—Plagues and  
 fiends! another?  
 More gold and silk! more musk, fair words, and lying!  
 Will these Court-flies ne'er cease to buzz around me?  
 Well, Sir, what seek ye here?

CÆSARIO.

Revenge!

ORSINO.

Indeed?  
 On whom?

CÆSARIO.

On lawless Power!—Ask ye for what?  
 A Father's wrongs and Mother's murder!

ORSINO.

ORSINO. [*Starting.*]

How?

That voice . . . . Let me look on thee well—Those lips;  
Those eyes . . . . Oh! Heaven, those eyes too!—I ne'er  
saw

But one have eyes like thine, an earthly angel,  
And with the angels now!—Fair youth, who art thou?

CÆSARIO.

Speaks not thy heart . . . .

ORSINO.

It does, youth, Oh! it does;  
But I'll not trust it, for if false its whispers  
So sweet, so painful sweet . . . .! Dear good youth,  
tell me,  
Spare a poor broken heart, and tell me quickly  
Thy father's name.

CÆSARIO.

My father? Oh! that was  
A man indeed, and model for all others!  
His country's sword! his country's shield! an hero!  
A demi-god!—And, great as were his actions,  
So were his wrongs!

ORSINO.

His name! His name!

CÆSARIO. [*Rushing into his arms.*]

Orsino!

ORSINO.

I have him! hold him here!—Death alone parts us,  
My son! Victoria's son!—Come, come, my boy,  
Kneel at this tomb with me; join thou my suit  
For the blest dust beneath, and read through tears

Here sleeps thy mother. Wandering forth to seek her,  
 Unknown her fate and thine, chance led me hither :  
 I marked yon tablet, read yon piteous lines,  
 Threw those now ufeless arms for ever from me,  
 Sank on Victoria's grave, nor left it more.  
 Yet, yet I died not !—Amelrofa's kindness,  
 Which gave me freedom, traced me to this spot,  
 And saved my life, my wretched life, which still  
 I only use to mourn thy loss, Victoria !  
 Know'st thou, my boy, when her eyes closed for ever,  
 Whose hand . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Her son's !—

ORSINO. [*Grasping Cæsar's hand.*]

Was 't thine ?

CÆSARIO.

'Twas mine too raised  
 Yon rustic tomb, and 'twas this cave received her  
 When, desperate at your loss, she fled the Court,  
 Here long she sorrowed, here at length she died,  
 Died of a broken heart !—Aye, weep, my father ;  
 For know the King shall pay each tear thou shedd'st  
 With drops of blood !

ORSINO.

The King ?—Boy, name him not !  
 That sound is poison !—I was once so happy !  
 Was once so rich !—And that one man stole all !  
 My curse be on him !

CÆSARIO.

Man, thy curse is heard.

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Is heard? What mean'st thou?

CÆSARIO.

Vengeance! Hark, Orfino—

Soon as my mother died, (believed Cæfario,  
A young unknown) I fought the Court, where chance  
Gave me from ruffian-Moors to save the Princess.  
This made Alfonso mine, and still I've used him  
To further mine own ends. Joy, joy, my father!  
My plots are ripe, the King's best troops corrupted,  
His son too through my arts declared a rebel,  
And ere two nights are past, I'll strip the tyrant  
Both of his throne and life—Rouse then, and aid . . . .!  
Now, sir? Why gaze you thus?

ORSINO.

I fain would doubt it,  
Fain find some plea . . . . No, no! each look, each  
feature,  
And my own heart, . . . . 'Tis true; thou art my son!

CÆSARIO.

What mean you?

ORSINO. [*Passionately.*]

Art my son, and yet a villain!

CÆSARIO. [*Starting.*]

Villain?

ORSINO,

Destroy Alfonso?—What! Alfonso  
The wife, the good?

CÆSARIO.

With thee then was he either?  
Has he not wronged thee?

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Deeply, boy, most deeply!—  
 But in his whole wide kingdom none but me!  
 Look through Castile! See all smile, bloom, and  
 flourish!  
 No peasant sleeps ere he has breathed a blessing  
 On his good King!—No thirst of power, false pride,  
 Or martial rage he knows; nor would he shed  
 One drop of subject-blood to buy the title  
 Of a new Mars! E'en broken-hearted widows  
 And childless mothers, while they weep the slain,  
 Cursing the wars, confess his cause was just!  
 Such is Alfonso, such the man whose virtues  
 Now fill thy throne, Castile, to bless thy children!  
 What shows the adverse scale? What find we there?  
 My sufferings! Mine alone! And what am I,  
 That I should weigh me 'gainst the public welfare?  
 What are my wrongs against a monarch's rights?  
 What is my curse against a nation's blessings?

CÆSARIO.

Yet hear me . . . . .

ORSINO.

*I assist your plots? I injure*  
 One hair that's nourished with Alfonso's blood?  
 No! The wronged subject hates the ungrateful master,  
 But the world's friend must love the Patriot King.

CÆSARIO.

Amazement! Can it be Orsino speaking?  
 'Tis some Court minion sure, some tool of office,  
 Some thread-bare muse pensioned to praise the throne.

This cannot be the man, whose burning vengeance,  
Whose fixed averſion . . . . .

ORSINO.

Boy, 'tis fixed as ever !  
Alfonſo's fight, his name, his very goodneſs  
Forcing my praife, torture my ſoul to madneſs.  
I hate him ! hate him !—but ſtill own his virtues ;  
And though I hate, Oh ! Bleſs the good King, Heaven !

CÆSARIO.

Oh ! moſt ſtrange patience ! moſt rare ſtretch of  
temper !  
What ! Bleſs the man, who thought you treacherous,  
baſe,  
Ungrateful . . . . . !

ORSINO.

And becauſe he thought me ſuch,  
(Remembering only what his fault deſerves,  
Forgetting all that 's due to mine own honour,)  
Shall I become the wretched thing he thought me ?  
Prove his ſuſpicions juſt ? quit the proud ſtation  
Where injured virtue towers, and ſink me down to  
His level who oppreſs'd me ? Oh ! Not ſo !——  
When hoſtile arms ſtrain every nerve to crush me,  
Pang follows pang, and wrong to wrong ſucceeds  
Piled like the Alps, each loftier than the laſt one :  
To pay thoſe wrongs with good, thoſe pangs with kind-  
neſs,  
To raiſe the foe once fallen, bind his gored breaſt,  
And heap with generous zeal favours on favours,  
Till his repentant ſpirit melts, and bleeds

To

To think he ever pained an heart like mine,  
Such is *my* hate ! such my proud soul's whole object !  
The only vengeance *noble* minds should take.

CÆSARIO.

Farewell then, since far other hate is mine,  
And asks far other vengeance.—I 'll to seek it !

ORSINO.

Stay, youth, and hear me ! Ere you quit this spot  
(Since virtue has no power to chain or awe thee)  
Swear to forego thy traitorous schemes, or straight  
I'll seek the King . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

You dare not ! No, you dare not !  
Nay, start not ! I but know my power, and use it.  
Look on these lips and eyes ! they are Victoria's !  
And shall Victoria's lips be sealed for ever ?  
And shall Victoria's eyes be closed in death ?  
E'en while you rage, with looks so fond you eye me,  
They speak, your love will guaranty your silence.

ORSINO.

'Tis true, too true ! But, dear and cruel boy,  
Though threats succeed not, let these tears prevail,  
Tears for thy dying virtue—Oh ! look round thee ;  
See to mankind what curses bad Kings are,  
And learn from them the blessing of a good one !

CÆSARIO.

Father, in vain you urge me ! Know, I've sworn  
Alfonso's death ! my mother's shade demands it ;  
Who asked that promise, with an oath confirmed,  
And what she asked I gave !

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Oh! Wherefore didst thou?

Since she required an oath to seal thy promise,  
 Thou shouldst have known thy promise must be wrong.  
 Virtue and truth are in themselves convincing,  
 Nor need the feeble sanction of man's lips,—  
 As the sun needs no aid from foreign orbs,  
 Itself a fire-formed world of light and glory.  
 What meant thine oath? What meant those magic words,  
 Save by thy lips to bind thy hand to do,  
 What makes each wise head shake, each good heart  
 shudder?

Thy impious vow . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Impious or just, once sworn,  
 To break it sure were shame!

ORSINO.

My son, 't were virtue,  
 When to perform it were the worst of crimes.  
 'Twas wrong to swear; be with that wrong contented;  
 A second fault cannot make right the first,  
 And acts of guilt absolve no act of folly\*.

CÆSARIO.

Guilt? Then we jar for words! I see but glory,  
 Where thou see'st guilt! Yet call it what thou wilt:  
 I *may* be guilty, but I *must* be great.

\* "Promises are not binding, where the performance is unlawful: the guilt of such promises is in the making, not in the breaking them.

"Promissory oaths are not binding where the promise itself would not be so.—Thus Jephthah's vow was not binding, because the performance in that contingency became unlawful."—*Paley's Philosophy*.

ORSINO.

A dreadful word!

CÆSARIO.

A Crown! A Crown invites me!

A glorious Crown!

ORSINO.

Glorious? Oh! No! True glory  
 Is not to *wear* a Crown, but to *deserve* one.  
 The peasant-swain, who leads a good man's life,  
 And dies at last a good man's death, obtains  
 In wisdom's eye wreaths of far brighter splendour,  
 Than he whose wanton pride and thirst for empire  
 Make kings his captives, and lay waste a world.

CÆSARIO.

And is't not glorious then to bless my country  
 By just and gentle ruling! fight her battles!  
 Preserve her laws . . . . .?

ORSINO.

Thou, thou preserve her laws?  
 Thou fight her battles, thou? I tell thee, boy,  
 The hand which serves its Country should be pure!  
 Ambition, selfish love, vain lust of power  
 Ravage thy head and heart! and would'st thou hold  
 The judgment-balance with an hand still red  
 With royal blood? Would'st thou dare speak a penance  
 On guilt, thyself so guilty? Canst thou hope,  
 Castile will trust her to thee? God forbid!  
 Mad is that nation, mad past thought of cure,  
 Past chains and dungeons, whips, spare food, and fasting,  
 Who yields the immoral man a patriot's name,

And

And looks in private vice for public virtue!  
 Thou play the patriot's part? Away! Away!  
 Who wounds his Country is the worst of monsters;  
 But good men only should *presume* to serve her—  
 Thy guilt once seen . . . . .

CESARIO.

And who shall see that guilt  
 When wrapt in purple, and the world's eye dazzled  
 By the o'er-powering blaze a Crown emits?—  
 What pilgrim, gazing on some awful torrent,  
 Thinks through what roads it pass'd? Let golden fortune  
 But smile propitious on my daring crimes,  
 And all my crimes are virtues!—Mark this, father!  
 The world ne'er holds those guilty, who succeed. [*Exit.*]

ORSINO. [*Alone.*]

How shall I act?—He said, within two nights!—  
 Whate'er is done, must be done soon—Oh! how,  
 How shall I thread this labyrinth! How contrive  
 To save my King, yet not destroy my son!  
 The Princess?—Ha! Well thought!—It shall be so.  
 I'll seek her, and Alfonso's life preserved,  
 At once shall pay her kindness for my freedom,  
 And buy my son's full pardon!—Yes, I'll haste,  
 And snatch my sovereign from this gulph of ruin,  
 I, I the Atlas of his tottering throne—  
 Prosperous, I shunned; Unhappy, I forgive him;  
 He reigned, I scorned his power—He sinks, I'll save him.  
 [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*Amelrosa's chamber.*AMELROSA [*in white robes, and crowned with flowers*],ESTELLA [*with a letter*].

AMELROSA.

'T IS strange!—At this late hour!—In armour say'st thou?

ESTELLA.

In sable armour; round his neck was flung  
A bugle-horn.—In courteous guise he prayed me  
Give you this note unseen.

AMELROSA.

Unseen?—How 's this? [*Reading*]  
“One, not unknown, requests an immediate audience  
“on matters most important: Princess, delay not, as you  
“value your father's life.”  
Not signed?—My father's life! Estella, say,  
Did he not tell his name?

ESTELLA.

He said this jewel  
Would speak, whence came his letter.

AMELROSA.

Ha!—The ring  
I gave Orfino!—Quickly seek yon stranger,

And

And charge him wait me at St. Juan's Chapel;  
 For there to pass the night in grateful prayer,  
 E'en now I go—Friend, speed thee! [*Exit Estella.*]

AMELROSA. [*Alone.*]

Doubt and terror . . . . .

My father's life?—And yet, for such a father  
 What need I fear? Heaven will defend its own,  
 And wings of seraphs shield that King from harm,  
 Whose proudest title is—"His People's Father,"  
 Whose dearest treasure is his people's love! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

*St. Juan's cloisters by moon-light.—On one side a Gothic chapel.*

ORSINO. [*Alone in black armour.*]

Yes, this must be the place—Estella named  
 St. Juan's shrine, and sure 'tis for the Princess  
 Yon altar flames—Oh! hallowed vaults, how often  
 Ye ring with prayers, which granted would destroy  
 The fools who form them\*! Virgins there request  
 Their charms may fire the heart of some gay rake,  
 Who proves a wedded curse—There wives ask children,  
 And, when they have them, find their vices such  
 They mourn their birth—The spendthrift begs some  
 kinsman

May die, and vows that Heaven shall share the spoil—  
 While the young foldier prays his sword ere long

\* Vide Juvenal. Satire 10.

May blush with blood, (and with whose blood he cares  
not,)

Swearing, if fo his arm may purchase glory,  
He'll pay its price, a thousand human hearts.  
And all these mad, these impious vows are ushered  
With chaunt of cloistered maids, and swell of organs—  
As could our earthly songs charm Him, who hears  
Seraphs and cherubs wake their harps divine,  
While the blest planets, hymning in their orbits,  
Pour forth such tones, as reached they mortal ears,  
Man would go mad for very ecstacy!—  
Well, well! Such forms are good to force example  
On purband eyes: But prayer from earth abstracted,  
Breached in no ear but Heaven's \*; when lips are silent,  
But the heart speaks full loudly. thanks the music,  
Man's soul the center, and pure thoughts the incense  
Kindling with grace celestial: That 's the worship,  
Which suits Him best who, past all prayer and praise,  
Esteems one grateful tear, one heart-drawn blessing,  
Which, thanking God, declares that Man is happy.  
—Ha! Gleams of torches gild yon distant aisle!

*Enter Father BAZIL.*

BAZIL.

Stranger, what dost thou here, where now to offer  
Gifts at yon shrine for wondrous favour shown her,  
The Princess hastens?—See she comes: retire!

\* St. Matthew, c. vi. v. 6: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

ORSINO.

Your pardon, reverend father ! I obey. [*Exit Orsino.*]

*A procession enters of Nuns and Friars with lighted tapers ; then follow AMELROSA, ESTELLA, INIS, and Ladies, carrying offerings.*

AMELROSA.

I thank ye, holy friends !—Now leave me here,  
Where I must watch the livelong night, and feed  
Yon sacred lamps, telling each hour my beads,  
And pouring thanks to Heaven and good St. Juan.  
Till morn farewell——

BAZIL.

May angels guard thee, daughter,  
Pure as thy thoughts, and join thee in thy prayers !  
[*Exeunt.*]

AMELROSA. [*Alone.*]

He is not here—Ôh ! How my bosom throbs  
To know this fearful secret ! Sure he cannot  
Have missed the place ?

ORSINO. [*Entering.*]

All's dark again, and silent.  
Perhaps her courage failed her, and she's gone.  
If so, what must be done ?—No, no ! A shadow  
Moves on the chapel porch ! 'Tis surely she.

AMELROSA.

Hark !—Steps !——Orsino ?

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

He.

AMELROSA.

Oh! good Orsino,  
 What brings thee here? Those words, "My father's life!"  
 Like spells by witches breathed to raise the dead,  
 Filled my heart's circle with a crowd of phantoms,  
 Doleful and strange, which groan to be released.  
 Thy news! thy news! Oh, speak them in one word,  
 And let me know the worst!

ORSINO.

Thy fears, though great,  
 Are justified by that I have to tell.  
 Princess, a plot is formed, and ripe for action,  
 To spoil thy father of his throne and life.

AMELROSA.

My father! my good father?

ORSINO.

What can goodness  
 And moral duties 'gainst the assaults of passion?  
 Those chains, e'en when they seem than diamond harder,  
 Soften, calcine, and fall like dust away,  
 Touched by the burning finger of ambition.

AMELROSA.

This vile, vile work! Oh! is there one on earth  
 So lost to virtue, he would harm my father!

ORSINO.

There is, and one most favoured! one who owns  
 He long has lived nearest Alfonso's heart;

His

His friend, his trusted friend ! and yet this traitor,  
 This worst of traitors . . . . (shame denies me utterance !)  
 This traitor, Princess, is Orsino's son !

AMELROSA.

Thy son ? thy long lost son ?

ORSINO.

Long lost, late found,  
 And better than found thus, if lost for ever !  
 Go, Princess, go ; preserve your fire :—I lay  
 Bound at my sovereign's feet this precious victim—  
 Yet while you paint the son's offence, paint also  
 His father's anguish ! Plead for him, dear lady,  
 Oh ! plead for him, and save him ! since I own,  
 (Own it with shame) dearer than air or eye-sight  
 I love, I dote upon Cæfario !

AMELROSA. [*Starting.*]

Whom ?

ORSINO.

Cæfario is his name.

AMELROSA.

'Tis not ! 'tis not !

Or, if it be, it means not *that* Cæfario !  
 Not *my* Cæfario ! No, no, no !

ORSINO.

A foldier,  
 Who says he saved thee once . . . .

AMELROSA.

Peace ! death-bell, peace !  
 Thou ring'st the knell of all my joys !

ORSINO.

What mean'st thou ?  
 What sudden passion . . . .

L

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Hear me, wretched father !  
 This son, now guilty thought, but guiltier far,  
 (Who knows with what idolatry I dote on  
 My father, and yet plots to tear him from me !)  
 Is one, to buy whose barbarous heart, I spurned  
 All the world prizes—fame, respect, and empire !  
 Nay, risqued my father's love ! This man, this man . . . .  
 He is . . . . Oh Heaven ! . . . My husband !

ORSINO. [*Striking his forehead.*]

Slave !—Wretch !—Fiend !—  
 And yet Orsino's son !—Alas ? Poor Princess !  
 Gav'st thou him all, and rends he all from thee ?  
 Was he thy love, and would he be thy bane ?  
 Has he thy heart, and stabs it ? Now, all plagues  
 Hell ever forged for dæmons, light . . .

AMELROSA.

Hold ! hold !  
 Oh ! curse him not—No, save him ! Some one comes . . .  
 We shall be marked . . . This way, and let us study  
 How we may rescue best . . . .

ORSINO.

No ! let him perish !  
 Perish, and seek the flames his guilt deserves :  
 The sooner, 'tis the better !

AMELROSA.

Silence, silence !  
 Dear friend, this way—be patient !—Oh ! Cæsar,io,  
 And couldst thou have the heart to torture mine !

[*Exeunt.*]

*CÆSARIO enters muffled in his cloak.*

CÆSARIO.

Not come yet? 'Tis past midnight, and 'twas here  
 She bade me join her.—Ha! why flame yon lamps?  
 Should any loitering monk . . . No, no, 'tis vacant,  
 And all as yet is safe.—Fate! let this hour  
 Be mine, and with the rest do what thou wilt.  
 I hear her!—To my work then!—Why this shivering?  
 —I would fain spare her.—If she yields to reason  
 'Tis well; if not . . . . She 's here.

*Enter OTTILIA.*

I find thee punctual!  
 'Tis well for thee thou art so! By my life,  
 If thou hadst failed me, I had fought the King!  
 Where is the priest?—On to the chapel!

CÆSARIO.

Stay,  
 And hear me! for the hour is come, that weighs  
 Our fates in the same balance. Thus then briefly—  
 Thou art most fair, in wit most choice and subtle;  
 In all rare talents still surpassing all;  
 And for these gifts, and thy long tried affection,  
 I feel, I owe thee much! owe thee firm friendship,  
 Eternal gratitude, faith, favour, love,  
 And all things, save my hand! Except but this,  
 (Which now I must not give, nor couldst thou take)  
 And ask what else thou wilt!

OTTILIA.

Most gracious sir,  
 For thy fair praise, and these so liberal offers  
 Of granting all, save that which I would have,

Accept my thanks. I've heard thee; now hear me.  
I'll be thy wife, or nothing!

CÆSARIO.

Lady, lady,  
You know not what you ask!

OTTILIA.

I know myself  
Worthy of what I ask, and know my power,  
Which you, it seems, forget.—Is not my dowry  
Your life and crown? Let me but speak one word,  
And straight your fancied throne becomes a scaffold!  
No more, but to the chapel.

CÆSARIO.

If to move thee  
Ought would avail . . . .

OTTILIA.

It cannot.

CÆSARIO.

Once a king . . . .

OTTILIA.

I share thy throne.

CÆSARIO.

'Mid all Castile's first honours  
Make thou thy choice . . . . .

OTTILIA.

'Tis made.

CÆSARIO.

And still remaining  
My friend, my love . . . .

OTTILIA.

Thy wife! thy wife! or nothing!

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Nay, then I'll crush thy frantic hopes at once :  
I'm married!

OTTILIA. *Starting.*]

What?—I hope thou dost but feign ;  
For *thy* fake hope it, since, if true this marriage,  
Thou'rt lost past saving!

CÆSARIO.

Nay, unbend thy brow,  
Nor stamp, nor rave—the Princess is my wife,  
And frowns unbind not whom the church hath bound.  
The javelin's thrown, and cannot be recalled ;—  
Thine be the second prize, the first is won,  
And all thy grief and rage, that 'tis another's,  
Will but torment thyself.—Be wife, be wife,  
And bear with patience what thou canst not cure.

OTTILIA.

I will not curse!—No; I'll not waste in vapour  
The fire, which burns within me. What I feel,  
My deeds will tell thee best. [*Going.*]

CÆSARIO. [*Detaining her.*]

Ottilia, stay;  
If yet one spark of love remains . . .

OTTILIA. [*Passionately.*]

Of love?  
Of love for thee?—Mark me! ere sets the sun  
My rival dies, and thou once more art free :  
But now so deadly is the hate I bear thee,  
'Twill joy me less to see thee mine, than dead!  
Thy blood! thy blood! 'Tis for thy blood I thirst,  
And it shall stream.—Farewell.

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Go then, proud woman,  
I brave thy rancour—Ere thou gain’st the palace,  
I’ll spring the mine.

OTTILIA.

Indeed? Now hark awhile,  
Then die for spite, thou base, thou baffled traitor!  
Six trusty slaves wait but my call to bind  
And bear thee to the King!—Aye, rage, rage, rage!  
For I’ll invent such tortures to dispatch thee,  
Such racks, such whips, such baths of boiling sulphur,  
The damned shall think their pains mere mirth and  
pastime,  
And envying furies own their skill outdone.  
I go to prove my words!

CÆSARIO.

Thou must not leave me . . . . .

OTTILIA.

Worlds should not bribe my stay . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Thou’rt in my power . . . . .

OTTILIA.

Thy power? Thy power? I brave it! I defy it,  
Scorn both thy power and thee! Unhand me, ruffian,  
I’ll not be held—Within there! Hasten hither!  
Antonio! Lopez!—Treason! Treason!

CÆSARIO.

Nay then,  
This to thy heart—[*Stabbing her.*]

OTTILIA.

Help, help! Oh! vile assassin!

*Enter*

*Enter* ORSINO. [*Hastily.*]

ORSINO.

What clamours . . . . . Hold ! You pass not !

CESARIO.

Give me way,  
Or else thy life . . . . .

ORSINO.

Ruffian, defend thine own !                    [*Excunt fighting.*]

OTTILIA. [*Alone, leaning against a pillar.*]

My blood streams fast ! I'm wounded . . . deeply  
wounded !—

My voice too fails : I cannot call for help.

'To hope for life were vain ; but for revenge . . . . .

Could I but reach the palace . . . . . [*Advancing a few  
steps, then sinking on the ground.*] 'Twill not be !

I faint !—Oh, Heaven !

*Enter* AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

All's hushed again ! How fearful

After those shrieks appears the midnight calm !

—Orsino ?—Speak ! Orsino ?—No one answers.

What can this mean ?

OTTILIA.

Fainter and fainter still !—

And no one comes !—

AMELROSA.

Hark ! 'Twas a groan ! whence came it ? [*Seeing  
Ottilia.*] Stranger, look up !

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA.

A voice ! Oh ! bleſſed ſound !  
Whoe'er thou art, mark well my dying words ;  
A villain's hand . . . . . I 'm wounded . . . . .

AMELROSA.

Gracious Heaven !  
Oh ! let me fly for aid . . . . .

OTTILIA.

All aid were vain.  
Stay ! Mark ! Revenge !—*[Taking a paper from her bosom.]*  
This paper . . . take it . . . bear it  
Swift to the Royal Tower—loſe not a moment—  
Inſiſt to ſee the King—take no denial,  
For 'tis of moſt dear import.

AMELROSA.

Sure ! It muſt be . . . ?  
Ottilia !

OTTILIA. *[Starting up wildly.]*

Heaven, who ſpeaks ? 'Tis ſhe herſelf !  
My victim, 'tis my victim !—Doſt thou live then ?  
Haſt thou eſcaped . . . . . Spare me, thou God of mercy !  
Oh ! ſpare me this one crime !—

AMELROSA.

What means this paſſion ?  
How wild ſhe eyes me ! How ſhe graſps my hand !

OTTILIA.

Answer, and bleſs me ! Say thou didſt not drink it !  
Say Inis did not . . . While I ſpeak, the blood  
Fades from thy cheek ! Thine eyes cloſe ! Dying pangs  
Diſtort thy features ! Pangs like thoſe which ſhortened

*His*

*His life, whose angry ghost, grim, fierce, and ghastly,  
Comes gliding yonder! See his livid finger  
Points to the poisoned cup! He frowns and threatens!  
Pray for me, angel! Pray for me! I dare not!*

AMELROSA.

Alas! poor wretch!

OTTILIA.

Help! help! The spectre grasps me,  
And folds me to his breast, where the worm feeds!  
He tears my heart-strings!—Now he sinks, he sinks,  
And sinking grasps me still! and drags me down with  
him,  
A thousand fathom deep!—Oh! lost! lost! lost. [*Dies.*]

AMELROSA.

She's gone!—Sure earth affords no sight more  
awful,  
Than when a sinner dies——She named the King!——  
Perhaps this writing, . . . By yon favouring lamp  
I'll find its meaning. [*Ascending the chapel steps.*]

*Enter* ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Aided by the night  
The villain has escaped me. [*Seeing Amelrosa, who, while  
reading by the lamp suspended in the chapel-porch, expresses the  
most violent agitation.*] Princess!—Ha!  
Why thus alarmed?—[*Amelrosa gives him the paper in  
silence, with a look of agony.*] This paper?—Heaven,  
what's this? [*Reading.*]  
——“My King, Cæsar plots your destruction:—A

M

“mine

“ mine is formed in the Claudian vaults, beneath the  
 “ Royal Tower, and which the conspirators mean to  
 “ spring this night. This warning will enable you to  
 “ defeat their purpose: Accept it as an atonement for  
 “ the crimes of the dying Guzman. The mine is appoint-  
 “ ed to be sprung, when the clock strikes one.”—

[*The letter falls from his hand.*]

AMELROSA. [*Rushing from the chapel in despair.*]

One! One!—’Tis that already!—Oh! He’s lost!  
 My father’s lost!—Ere we can reach his chamber,  
 ’Twill sink in flames!

ORSINO.

That must be tried—Say, Princess,  
 How may I gain admittance to the King,  
 Nor meet delay?

AMELROSA.

This signet . . . [*Giving a ring.*]

ORSINO.

’Tis enough.  
 Know you the Claudian vaults?

AMELROSA.

I do.

ORSINO.

Away then!  
 Reach them with speed! cling round Cæfario, kneel,  
 Weep, threaten, soothe, implore! to rouse his feelings  
 Use every art; at least delay his purpose,  
 Till thou shalt hear this bugle sound; that signal  
 Shall speak Alfonso safe.—Farewell.

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Oh! Heaven!  
Oh! dreadful hour!

ORSINO.

Take heart: if time allows me,  
I'll save thy father: if too late...

AMELROSA.

Then, then,  
What then wilt do?

ORSINO.

What? Plunge into the flames,  
And perish with my King!—Away! away!

*[Exeunt severally.]*

## S C E N E III.

*A cavern.*

*Enter MELCHIOR with a lamp, as from an inner cavern.*

MELCHIOR.

Hush!—No, he comes not! Sure 'tis near the time.  
A light!—Who's there?—Henriquez?

*Enter HENRIQUEZ, lighted by LUCIO.*

HENRIQUEZ.

Aye, the same.

MELCHIOR.

Now, Lucio, where's thy lord?

LUCIO.

He charged me tell you,  
He would not fail at one.

M 2

MELCHIOR.

MELCHIOL.

The rest wait yonder.  
Gomez, Sebastian, Marcos, none are wanting;  
Our Chief alone is absent.

HENRIQUEZ.

He'll not tarry.  
Lead to the inner vault, I'll wait him there. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Those gleams of light . . . I must be near the place.  
—Voices!—I'll on!—Oh! Heaven! I can no further.  
—I faint!—I die!—[*Catching at a fragment of the cave,  
against which she leans as stupefied.—A pause.—The bell  
strikes One.*]

Hark! the bell gives the signal!  
Oh! for a moment's strength . . . . Hold, murderers,  
hold! [*Rushes off.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

[*The inner cavern, partially lighted with lamps. In the  
middle, folding-doors guarded with iron-bars.—On one side  
a rough hexon staircase leading to a small door above.*]

GOMEZ, MARCOS, and Conspirators, discovered in list-  
ening attitudes.

GOMEZ.

'Tis strange! the time is past . . . and yet not here?

MARCOS.

Henriquez too is absent.

GOMEZ.

GOMEZ.

Steps approach: [*Knocking at the folding-door.*]  
Who knocks ?

HENRIQUEZ. [*Without.*]

A friend.

MARCOS.

The pass word.

HENRIQUEZ.

Empire !

GOMEZ.

Open.

[*Marcos unbars the door.*]

HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR, and LUCIO, enter through the  
folding-doors, which Marcos again closes.

GOMEZ.

Friends, welcome ! Melchior, is thy work complete ?

MELCHIOR.

Complete, and fit for springing—Nought is wanting—  
The train is laid ; one spark, and all is done.  
Our Chief alone . . . .

GOMEZ.

The private door unlocks !

HENRIQUEZ.

Cæfario only has the key.

MELCHIOR.

'Tis he !

[*CÆSARIO descends the staircase swiftly ; his looks are wild ;  
his hair flows loose, and he grasps a bloody dagger.*]

*All.*

Welcome, Cæfario, welcome !

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Aye, shout, shout,  
 And kneeling greet your blood-anointed king,  
 This steel his sceptre ! Tremble, dwarfs in guilt,  
 And own your master ! Thou art proof, Henriquez,  
 Gainst pity ; I once saw thee stab in battle  
 A page who clasped thy knees : And Melchior there  
 Made quick work with a brother whom he hated.  
 But what did *I* this night ? Hear, hear, and reverence !  
 There was a breast, on which my head had rested  
 A thousand times ; a breast, which loved me fondly,  
 As Heaven loves martyred faints ; and yet this breast  
 I stabbed, knaves, stabbed it to the heart ! Wine ! wine  
 there !

For my soul's joyous ! [Gomez brings a goblet.]

HENRIQUEZ.

Friend, what means this phrensy ?  
 What hast thou done ? Where is Otilia ?

CÆSARIO. [*Dashing down the goblet.*]

Dead !

Dead, Marquis !—At that word how the vault rings,  
 And the ground shakes ! It shall not shake my purpose.  
 Murder and I are grown familiar, friends ;  
 The assassin's trade is sweet ! I've tasted blood,  
 And thirst for more ! Say, is the mine . . . .

MELCHIOR.

All's ready—

CÆSARIO.

Who fires the train ?

HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR. *and all the Conspirators.*

I!— I!—

CÆSARIO.

Oh! cheerful cry!  
 Oh! glorious strife for guilt! Let each man throw  
 His dagger in my casque; be his the service,  
 Whose steel I draw.

HENRIQUEZ.

'Tis mine——

CÆSARIO. [*To Lucio.*]

Thy torch, boy! [*Giving it to Henriquez.*] Take it,  
 Here lies thy way—speed, speed, and let you vaults,  
 Shivering in fragments, tell my ravished ear  
 Alfonso diës! Away! away!——[*On his throwing open  
 the folding doors, Amelrofa is discovered.*]

AMELROSA.

Forbear!

*All.*

The Princess!

AMELROSA.

No! no Princess; 'tis a daughter,  
 Fierce through despair, frantic with fear and anguish.  
 Hear me, ye dread unknown! Yon flinty man  
 Ne'er knew a father's care, and knows not now  
 What 'tis to *love*, what 'tis to *lose* a father!  
 But ye (if e'er a parent's hand hath dried  
 Your infant tears; if e'er your eyes have streamed  
 To see him weep, knowing your hand but scarred  
 Gave him more pain, than his own heart torn piece-  
 meal.)

Oh! spare my father! Bid those hours revive  
 Which filial love once blest'd; recall youth's feelings,  
 And by those feelings learn to pity mine.  
 Spare, spare my father!

CÆSARIO. [*Struggling to conceal his confusion.*]  
Spare him? Sure thou rav'st!  
What fears my gentle love?

AMELROSA.

I'm not thy love!  
Not gentle! Strange despair has changed my nature;  
Steeled my soft bosom, braced my woman's nerves,  
And brought me here, prepared and proud to perish,  
If my heart's blood may save my fire's from streaming,  
The savage tigress guards her new-born young  
With tenderest, fiercest care; the timorous swallow,  
If robber-hands approach her brood, defends it  
With eagle-fury; and what brutes will do  
To guard their offspring, born perhaps that day,  
Shall I not do for one, to whom I owe  
Full twenty years of love?—Cæfario, mark me,  
For by Heaven's Host, no power shall move my purpose:  
Or thou must save my fire, or murder me.

HENRIQUEZ.

What must be done?

MELCHIOR.

Time presses!

CÆSARIO. [*Recovering from his stupor.*]

Fire the train!

AMELROSA.

[*Interposing between the inner vault and Henriquez.*]  
He shall not!

CÆSARIO.

Amelrosa!

AMELROSA.

No! he shall not!  
Back, ruffian, back! and throw that torch away,  
Which

Which burns to light my father's funeral pile :  
 Here I'll defy thy rage, thus check thy malice,  
 Thus bar thy road, and, if thou needs wilt pass,  
 Make thee a way by trampling on my corse !  
 I stir not else !

CÆSARIO.

Nay, then I'll use my power,  
 And, as thy husband, now command thee . . . .

AMELROSA.

'Thou ?  
 Man, thou canst not command me !

CÆSARIO.

Art thou not  
 My wife ?

AMELROSA.

I am ; but ere I was a wife,  
 I was a daughter, was a subject ; nay,  
 Am still a Princess, and as such command  
 Thee, traitor ! thee ! and bid thee turn from evil.  
 [*To Henriquez.*]—Away ! You pass not !

CÆSARIO.

Force her from the door !

AMELROSA. [*Clinging to a column.*]

Oh ! for the Hebrew's strength to shake your vaults,  
 And crush these traitors and myself !

MELCHIOR.

In vain  
 You struggle.

AMELROSA.

Cut my hands off ! stab me ! kill me !

[*They force her away.*]

N

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Henriquez, to your work!

[*Henriquez enters the vault.*]

AMELROSA.

Oh! barbarous men!

Where shall I turn . . . . Cæfario, dear Cæfario!

Once thou wert kind . . . . Aid, aid my prayers, ye  
angels,

And force this cruel man to save at once

My husband's honour, and my father's life!

Turn not away! Look on me! see my tears,

And pity me! Friend! husband! lover! all

That makes life dear, I charge you! I implore you . . . .

HENRIQUEZ. [*Returning from the vault.*]

The train is fired.

AMELROSA. [*Dashing herself on the earth.*]

Barbarians! Fiends! Distraction!

Fall, fall, ye vaults, and crush me!

[*A bug's horn sounds, Amelrosa starts from the ground.*]

Hark, the signal! . . . .

He lives! he lives! [*Kneeling and clasping her hands.*]

Oh, Heaven! my thanks

CÆSARIO.

'Tis done!

[*The mine blows up with a loud explosion, and the back part  
of the vault bursts into flames.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*The interior of Orsino's hermitage.*

*Alfonso is discovered sleeping.*

*Enter ORSINO and RICARDO.*

ORSINO.

COME they in force

RICARDO.

At least five thousand strong,  
But stronger far in loyalty than numbers.  
Scarce heard my tale, clamours of rage and pity  
Burst from the crowd, and every peasant swore  
He'd perish or preserve that sovereign's rights,  
Who used them ever for the poor man's good.

ORSINO.

Honest Ricardo! When to serve thy King  
I judged thee truest of the true, I erred not.  
The lords to whom I sent thee, what reception  
Found'st thou from them?

RICARDO.

Such as almost would prove,  
Ingratitude is *not* the vice of Courts:  
But when I said, Orsino was to lead them,  
Their zeal, their joy . . . :

ORSINO.

No more.—Are they at hand?

N 2

RICARDO.

RICARDO.

An hour will bring them here.

ORSINO.

We 'll then tow'rds Burgos,  
 And ere the fwarth Castilian fees the sun  
 Pour on his rip'ning vines meridian beams,  
 Cæfario's royal dream fhall clofe for ever !  
 —[*Looking on Alfonso.*]—He fleeps !—Oh ! come, all ye  
 who envy monarchs,  
 Look on yon bed of leaves, and thank Heaven's kind-  
 nefs !  
 Which faved ye from the forrows of a throne.

RICARDO.

My dear, my injured matter !

ORSINO.

Go, Ricardo,  
 Watch for our friends; and when from yonder rock  
 Thou fee'ft their forces, warn me [Exit Ricardo.]

ORSINO. [*To Alfonso.*]

Cauf't thou fleep,  
 Art thou fleeping thus foundly on fo rude a pallet?  
 There's many a prince (whose couch is frown'd with rofes,)  
 Finds their fweet leaves but ferve to harbour afpics;  
 There's many a conqueror fretched on down, who paffes  
 The five-long night to woo repofe in vain,  
 And trow with aching, refliefs, faced eyes,  
 The trophies which nod round his crimfon bed.  
 But fraud, ambition, treachery, plots, and murder,  
 In vain would banifh *his* repofe, who fleeps  
 Watched by his profpering kingdom's anxious angel,  
 And call'd to honour by his people's prayers.  
 but fee !—He wakes !—[*Lowering his vizor.*]

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO. [*Waking.*]

Do what thou wilt, Cæfario,  
But harm not my poor child!—How now!—Where  
am I?

—What place . . . I fee it all!—Lo! where he flands,  
Whofe well-timed warning fnatched me from the flames,  
And led me hither.—Say, thou dread preserver,  
Mysterious ft ranger, eafe a father's anguish;  
How fares it with my child? What news from Burgos?

ORSINO.

Burgos believes thee dead! Cæfario fills  
Thy vacant throne . . .

ALFONSO.

I ask not of my throne!  
My child! Oh! fay, my child . . . ?

ORSINO.

Is fafe, is well,  
And hopes ere long to fee her fire once more  
Adorned with regal pomp, and lord of Burgos.

ALFONSO.

Alas! vain hope!

ORSINO.

Not fo: thy faithful nobles,  
By me apprized, now hafte to give thee fuccour:  
Ere night, Cæfario falls! and, piercing his,  
Thy juft revenge fhall print a mortal wound  
On his proud father's heart.

ALFONSO.

His father's?

ORSINO.

Aye!

On

On his, who paid thy love this morn with curses,  
Spurning thy proffered friendship—Know'st thou not,  
Cæfario is Orfino's fon ?

ALFONSO.

Just heavens !  
And does Orfino love him ?

ORSINO.

Dearly, dearly !  
Loves him to madnefs ! Loves him with like fury,  
As hates he thee !—Oh ! Glorious field for vengeance !  
Think, how 'twill writhe his haughty foul to hear,  
This fon, this darling, perished on the scaffold,  
Branded, disgraced, a traitor, a foiled traitor !  
Joy, joy, Alfonso ! Ere 't is night, thy wrath  
Shall gorge itself with blood.

ALFONSO.

Now blessings on thee,  
Who giv'ſt me more than all my foes can take !  
Come, come, my friend ! where are theſe troops ? Away !  
Forward to Burgos !

ORSINO. [*Detaining him.*]

Whither now ?

ALFONSO.

To Burgos !  
Down with the walls ! Make once Cæfario mine . . . . .

ORSINO.

And then . . . . . ?

ALFONSO.

I'll ſeek his father, graſp his hand,  
And ſay,—“ This ſtripling ſtole my darling daughter,  
“ Betrayed

“ Betrayed my confidence, usurped my throne,  
 “ Aimed at my life, and almost broke my heart :  
 “ But he ’s Orfino’s son ! Orfino loves him,  
 “ And all ’s forgiven.”——[Orfino *kneels, takes the King’s*  
*hand, and presses it to his lips.*]—How now ?

ORSINO. [*Raising his vicer.*]

All is forgiven !

ALFONSO.

’Tis he !—Orfino’s self !

ORSINO.

My pride is vanquished :  
 My King !—Thy hand, my King !

ALFONSO.

My heart, my heart !  
 There find thy place, and never leave it more.  
 Oh ! from my joy again to name thee friend,  
 Judge of my grief to think thou wert my foe !  
 How *could* I doubt thee ? How commit an error  
 So gross . . . . . !

ORSINO.

No more ! F’er now thou pay’st its penance :  
 In this long chain of present woes, that error  
 (Which seems at first so light) was the first link.  
 It tore me from my son : Else, reared by me,  
 Formed in thy Court, and schooled by my example,  
 My son must sure have proved thy truest subject.  
 Oh ! Learn from this, how weighty is the charge,  
 A monarch bears ; how nice a task to guide  
 His power aright, to guide it wrong how fatal !  
 If subjects sin, with them the crime remains,

With

With them the penance; but when monarchs err,  
The mischief spreads swift as their kingdom's rivers,  
Strong as their power, and wide as their domains.

*Enter RICARDO.*

ORSINO.

Now, friend?

RICARDO.

From yonder height I caught distinctly  
The gleam of arms.

ORSINO.

'Tis well—Away, my sovereign,  
And join your troops; then shape your march toward  
Burgos,  
Nor doubt the event, for who that loves his Country,  
'To save his King shall fear to die himself?  
None, surely none! The patriot-glow shall catch  
From heart to heart throughout Castile, as swiftly  
As sparks of fire disperse through summer-forests;  
Till all in care of thee forget themselves,  
And every good man's bosom bucklers thine!  
Forward, my King!—Lead on! [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*A chamber in the palace.*

*Enter HENRIQUEZ and MELCHIOR.*

MELCHIOR.

And the grave council  
Fell blindfold in the snare?

HENRIQUEZ.

They could not fail,  
So well Cæfario fpread it—With fuch art  
He told his tale, and in fuch glowing colours  
Painted Alfonfo's worth, and his fon's guilt,  
That all cried vengeance on the Prince Don Pedro,  
And bade Cæfario mount his forfeit throne.

MELCHIOR.

And he, no doubt, obeyed?

HENRIQUEZ.

In modeft guife  
He owned his union with the Princefs gave him  
*Some* rights, but vowed, fo heavy feemed its weight,  
He feared to wear a Crown, fo prayed them fpare him :  
Till won by urgent prayer at length he yielded,  
And kindly deigned to be a King.

MELCHIOR.

He 's here,  
And Bazil with him.

*Enter CÆSARIO, Father BAZIL, and Attendants.*

CÆSARIO. [*Entering.*]

Bid her reft affured,  
Her King is her firft fubject. But, good father,  
How bears her health this ftock? Say, looks fhe pale?  
Does fhe e'er name . . . . . ?

BAZIL.

She bade me lead thee hither,  
And claimed my promife not to tell thee more.  
I'll warn her, thou art here. [*Going.*]

O

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Say too, my heart  
 Shares every pang of her's; that Crowns are worthless  
 Bought with her tears; that could my prayers, my blood,  
 Restore Alfonso's life . . . . .

BAZIL.

Hold!—On that subject  
 What thou wouldst tell her, will come best from thee.  
[Exit.

CÆSARIO.

Ha!—Meant he . . . . . No! Sure had he known my  
 secret,  
 The monk had canted 'gainst the guilt of treason,  
 Thundering out faint-like curses!—Vile, vile chance,  
 Which led the Princess . . . . . Yet what fear I now?  
 She keeps my secret: then she loves me still,  
 And, loving, must forgive me—Hark! I hear her.—  
 Now, all ye powers of bland persuasion, shed  
 Your honey on my lips! Come to my aid,  
 Ye soft memorials of departed pleasures,  
 Kind words, fond looks, sweet tears, and melting kisses!  
 Sighs of compassion, drown her anger's voice!  
 Smooth ye her frown. smiles of delight and love!  
 Make her but mine once more, and this day crowns me  
 Monarch of all my soul e'er wished from fate:  
 Yes, in my wildest dreams I asked but this,  
 "Love and Revenge! A Throne and Amelrofa!"—  
 Retire!—I dread to meet her.

[Henriquez, &c. *Exeunt.*

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA enters, pale, and leaning on Father BAZIL.—

ESTELLA, INIS, and Ladies, *below weeping.*

AMELROSA.

'Tis enough,  
Good Father, and one task performed, I'll meet  
That hour with joy which seems to guilt so fearful.  
Leave me awhile: Anon, if time allows it,  
We'll talk again—Farewell, my friends.

INIS. [*Kneeling.*]

Oh! Princess!  
Oh! Royal victim!

AMELROSA.

Nay, be calm, my Inis.  
Pass a few years, and all had been as now,  
Perhaps far worse: receive this kiss of pardon,  
And give it back in Heaven! —Farewell!

[*Exeunt Estella, &c.*]

*Manent* CÆSARIO and AMELROSA.

CÆSARIO.

How grief  
Has changed her! Ah! how sunk her eyes! her  
    cheeks  
How pale!—She comes!—How shall I bear her an-  
    guish!

AMELROSA.

Not to reproach, for that you sought a life,  
Which you well knew I prized above my own;  
Not to complain, that when my heart reposed  
On you for all its earthly joys, you broke it,

I seek you now : but with true zeal I come  
 To warn thee, yea with tears implore thee, turn  
 From those most dangerous paths, which now thou  
 tread'st.

Oh ! wake, my husband ! Close thy guilty dream ;  
 Be just, be good ! be what till now I thought thee !  
 That when we part (as ere two hours we must)  
 We may not part for ever.

CESARIO.

How to answer,  
 Or in what words excuse . . . . . ! Could my best blood  
 Wash out thy knowledge of my fault . . . . .

AMELROSA.

My knowledge ?  
 And say, on earth *none* knew it ! Say, thy crime  
 To eye of man were viewless as the winds,  
 And secret as the laws which rule the dead :  
 Could'st hide it from thyself ?—Would not *He* know it,  
 Whose knowledge more than all thou ought to dread,  
 His, who knows all things ?—Oh ! short-sighted mor-  
 tals !

Oh ! vain precautions ! Oh ! mis-judging sense !  
 Man thinks his secret safe, for no ear heard it !  
 Man thinks his act unknown, for no eye saw it !  
 But there was *One* above both *saw* and heard,  
 When neither ear could hear, nor eye could see.

CESARIO.

Thou lovely moralist !—Oh ! take me ! school me !  
 Mould thou my heart, and make it like thine own.

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Dost thou speak truth ?

CÆSARIO.

Be that one act forgiven,  
And prove . . . . .

AMELROSA.

Oh ! That were light : As yet thou 'rt guilty  
In thought alone : My father lives !

CÆSARIO.

Indeed !

AMELROSA.

He starts !—He feigned !—Oh ! for Heaven's love,  
my husband,  
Trifle not now ! This hour is precious, precious !  
My soul is winged for Heaven, and stays its flight,  
In hopes of teaching thine the way to follow :  
Let not its stay be vain ! Let my tears win thee,  
And turn from vice : Repent ! Be wise, be warned ;  
For 'tis no idle voice that gives the warning ;  
I speak it from the grave !

CÆSARIO.

The grave ?

AMELROSA.

What fear'st thou ?  
Why shudder at a name ?—Oh ! If thou needs  
Wilt tremble, tremble for thyself, not me.  
I die to live ; thy death may be for ever !  
Short are my pangs ; thy soul's may be eternal !

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Die?—Die!—Each word . . . Each look . . . . . Dreadful suspicions . . . . .

But no! It cannot, shall not be!

AMELROSA.

It shall not?

As I've a soul, in one short hour, Cæfario,  
That soul must kneel before the throne of God.

CÆSARIO.

Mean'st thou . . . . .

AMELROSA.

E'en so; I'm poisoned!

CÆSARIO.

Torture! Madness!

Within there!

*Re-enter Father BAZIL, ESTELLA, &c.*

CÆSARIO.

Help, Oh! help! The Princess dies!

I'll speed myself . . . . .

AMELROSA. [*Detaining him.*]

No, no, thou must not leave me:

My hour of death is near, and thou must see it . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Distraction!

AMELROSA.

Must observe, how calm the transit,  
How light the pain, how free death's cup from bitter,  
When virtue soothes, and hope exalts the soul.

I've seen a sinner die : Last night I closed  
 Ottilia's lids, and 'twas a sight of horror !  
 Each limb, each nerve was writhed by strange convulsions,  
 Clenched were her teeth, her eye-balls fixed and glaring ;  
 She foamed, she raved, and her last words were  
 curses !——  
 But look, Cæfario !—*I can die, and smile !*

*[Sinks into Estella's arms.]*

CÆSARIO. *[In despair.]*

My life !—My soul !——

AMELROSA. *[In a faint voice.]*

But while one moment's mine,  
 By all thy vows of love, by those *I* breathed,  
 And never broke through life, never, no, never,  
 I charge thee, I conjure thee . . . . .

*[Starting suddenly forward.]*

Powers of mercy,  
 Whence this so glorious blaze ?

CÆSARIO.

How her eyes sparkle !

AMELROSA.

Look, friends ! Look, look !—My mother, my dead  
 mother,  
 Rich in new youth, and bright in lasting beauty !  
 She floats in air ; her limbs are clothed with light !  
 Her angel-head is wreathed with Eden's roses !  
 Heaven's splendours rove amid her golden locks,  
 While her blest lips and radiant eyes pour round her  
 Airs of delight and floods of placid glory !

She.

She moves!—She smiles!—She lifts her hand!—She beckons!

World, fare thee well!—Mother, lead on!—I follow!  
*[Exit with Estella, &c.]*

CÆSARIO. *[Alone.]*

My brain! my brain!—Oh! I ne'er knew till now,  
 How well I loved her!—*[Following her.]*

*Enter HENRIQUEZ.*

HENRIQUEZ.

Turn, Cæfario, turn!

We're lost! Alfonso lives; e'en now his troops  
 Affail our walls.

CÆSARIO.

Confusion! Is all Hell  
 Combined . . . . .

*Enter MELCHIOR.*

MELCHIOR.

Betrayed, betrayed! The gates are opened;  
 The townsmen join our foes; I saw the King  
 First in the fight . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

The King?—My brain is burning;  
 I'll cool it with his blood.—Forth, forth, my sword:  
 Forth, nor be sheathed till I return thee dyed  
 With royal gore—Away!

*[Exeunt Henriquez and Melchior; Cæfario is following,  
 when Amelrosa shrieks from within: he stops, and re-  
 mains motionless.]*

AMELROSA. *[Within.]*

Oh! Mercy, mercy!

INIS. *[Within.]*

She dies!

ESTELLA. [*Within.*]

Nay, hold her ! hold her down !

AMELROSA. [*Within.*]

Oh!—Oh!

[*Solemn requiem, chaunted within.*]

Peace to the parted faint ! Pure soul, farewell !

[*The scene closes.*]

S C E N E III.

*A field of battle—alarums—thunder and lightning.*

*Soldiers cross the stage fighting.*

*Enter ORSINO.*

ORSINO.

Oh ! shame, shame, shame !—Sun, thou dost well to  
hide thee,

Nor light Castile's disgrace.—Oh ! I could tear  
My flesh for rage !

*Enter RICARDO.*

RICARDO.

All's lost !—the foe prevails !  
What must be done, Orsino ?

ORSINO.

Where's the King ?

RICARDO.

He fights still.

ORSINO.

Seek him ! save him ! bid him fly,  
Fly with all speed : thou know'st to find his courser.  
Away !

RICARDO.

General, thou 'rt wounded !

⋄

ORSINO.

ORSINO.  
'Tis no matter.

RICARDO.  
Thou 'lt bleed to death . . . .

ORSINO.  
And if I should, I care not :  
The King, the King !—Oh ! waste no thought on me :  
The best of subjects can but lose one life,  
But thousands perish when a good King bleeds.  
Nay, speed !

RICARDO. [*Looking out.*]  
See ! see ! Our troops . . . .

ORSINO.  
They fly, by Heaven !  
Turn, turn, ye cowards ! 'Tis Orsino calls !  
Follow, slaves, follow me, and die, or conquer !  
[*Soldiers enter pursued by Henriquez, &c. Orsino rallies  
them, and drives Henriquez back.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Before the walls of Burgos.—The storm continues.*

*Enter CÆSARIO.*

CÆSARIO.  
Shall I ne'er find him ? Shall my mother's spirit  
Still ask revenge in vain ? This flame, which burns  
My blood up, shall it ne'er be quenched with his ?  
'Tis he ! 'tis he !—I see the high plume waving  
O'er his crowned helmet :—Thunders, cease, nor rob me  
Of his expiring shriek !—Turn, turn, Alfonso ! [*Exit.*]  
[*Shouts of victory.*]

*Enter*

*Enter* HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR, MARCOS, GOMEZ, and  
*Soldiers.*

HENRIQUEZ.

We triumph, Melchior!—See our trusty squadrons  
Range the field unopposed. But where's our chief?

MARCOS.

How now! what clamour . . . . .

MELCHIOR.

Look, Henriquez, look!  
Cæfario and the King in single combat!

HENRIQUEZ.

They come this way!—Hark, with their ponderous  
blows  
How their shields ring!—Cæfario loses ground!  
Yield thee, Alfonso!—*[Interposing between Alfonso and  
Cæfario, who enter fighting.]*

CÆSARIO.

Back, I say! Back, back!  
No arm but mine. . . . .

ALFONSO.

Cæfario, pause, and hear me!  
Whate'er thou wilt . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Thy life!

ALFONSO.

Medina's dukedom,  
And Amelrofa . . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Flames consume the tongue,  
That names her! Thou hast rent my wound anew,

Recalling what was mine, but is no longer!  
 Look to thy heart, for if my sword can reach it,  
 Thou diest!—Come on!—*[They fight; Alfonso loses  
 his sword, and is beaten on his knees.]*

CÆSARIO.

Thou'rt mine!—and thus . . . . .

*[At the moment that he motions to stab Alfonso, Orsino,  
 without his helmet, deadly pale, and bleeding profusely,  
 rushes in, and arrests his arm.]*

ORSINO.

Hold! hold! \*

CÆSARIO,

My father bleeding! Horror!

ORSINO.

Does that pain thee?

Oh! by this blood, (a father's blood, the same  
 Which fills thy veins, and feeds thy life) I charge thee,  
 Shed not thy King's.

CÆSARIO.

Father, thy prayers are vain!  
 He broke my mother's heart! his own must bleed for't!  
 Release my arm!

ORSINO.

My son, I kiss thy feet:

\* Should Mr. HARRIS execute his present intention of producing this Tragedy at Covent-Garden Theatre, the remainder of this Act will be omitted, and a new catastrophe substituted, better calculated for representation.

Thy father kneels; let him not kneel in vain.

—Nay, if thou stirr'st, my deadliest curse . . . .

CÆSARIO.

'Twill grieve me,

But yet e'en that I'll brave:—Curse; still I'll strike!

No more!

ORSINO.

Can nought appease thee . . . . ?

CÆSARIO.

Nothing! nothing!

ALFONSO.

Nay, cease, Orsino: 'tis in vain . . . .

CÆSARIO.

True, true!

This to thy heart:

ORSINO.

Oh! yet arrest thy sword!

My son . . . .

CÆSARIO.

He dies!

ORSINO.

One word! But one!

CÆSARIO.

Dispatch then!

ORSINO.

Swear, ere you strike the blow, if still your power

Answers your will, as now it does, the King

Has not an hour to live!

CÆSARIO.

An hour?—An age!

Thrones shall not buy that hour.—By Hell, I swear,

Alfonso breathes his last, if fate allows me

To live one moment more!

ORSINO. [*Stabbing him.*]

Then die this moment.

CÆSARIO.

My heart ! my heart !—Oh ! oh !

[*Falls lifeless at Orfino's feet.*]

ALFONSO.

What hast thou done ?

ORSINO.

Preserved Castile in thee !

MELCHIOR.

Hew him to pieces !

HENRIQUEZ.

Monster, thy son . . . . .

ORSINO.

He was so ; yet I slew him.

Think ye, I loved him not ?—Oh ! Heaven, the blood

My breast now pours, gives me not half such pain

As that which stains this poniard : yet I slew him,

I, I his father !—And as I with him,

So, traitors, shall *your* Father deal with ye,

Your Father who frowns yonder.—[*Thunder.*—Hark !

He speaks !

The avenger speaks, and stretches from the clouds

His red right-arm.—See, see ! His javelins fly,

And fly to strike you dead !—While yet 'tis time,

Down, rebels, down !—Tremble, repent, and tremble !

Fall at your sovereign's feet, and sue for grace !

[*The Conspirators sink on their knees.*]

ALFONSO.

Oh ! Soul of Honour !—Oh ! my full, full heart !

Orfino ! Friend !—

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

No more!—Thy hand!—Farewell.  
Life ebbs apace.—Oh! lay me by my son,  
That I may bless him, ere I die—Pale, pale!  
No warmth!—No sense!—Not one convulsive throb!  
Not one last lingering breath on those wan lips!  
All gone! All, all!—So fair, so young! to die  
Was hard, most hard! Canst thou forgive thy father,  
Canst thou, my boy? He loved thee dearly, dearly,  
And would to save thy life have died himself,  
Though he had rather see thee dead than guilty.  
My sand runs fast.—Oh! I am sick at soul!  
I'll breathe my last sigh on my son's cold lips,  
Clasp his dead hand in mine, and lay my heart  
Close to his gaping wound, that it may break  
'Gainst his dear breast.—My eyes grow faint and clouded.  
I see thy face no more, my boy, but still  
Feel thy blood trickle!—Oh! that pang, that pang!  
'Tis done—All's dark!—My son, my son, my son!  
[Dies.]

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

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