

Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd,
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. O, agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? Not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?

Leon. What, do you tremble lest you should be
mine?

For what else can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

Alon. What's in my pow'r? O, yes, to stab my
friend!

Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous indeed:
Spare him—and murder me.

Alon. First perish all!

No Leonora, I am thine for ever;
The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.
For whatsoever crime I can commit,
I've felt the pains already.

Leon. Hold, Alonzo,

And hear a maid whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.

I love thy virtue as I love thy person,
And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;
But as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;
I'll shine out in my turn, and show the world
Thy great example was not lost upon me.

Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?

No, tho' the life-blood gushes from my heart,
You shall not be ashamed of Leonora;

Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example
You lately lent; O, take it while you may,

While I can give it you, and be immortal! *[Exit.]*

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no
more;

But pine in absence, and till death adore.

When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue
Her name will tremble with a feeble moan,
And love with fate divide my dying groan. *[Exit.]*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter DON MANUEL and ZANGA.

Zan. If this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched Carlos; 'tis but humane in you.
But when arriv'd your dismal news?

Man. This hour.

Zan. What, not a vessel sav'd? And is Alvarez
Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?
That treasure was on shore; must that too join
The common wreck?

Man. Alvarez pleads, indeed,
That Leonora's heart is disinclin'd,
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match;
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,
The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.

Zan. How does Don Carlos bear it?

Man. Like a man,
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human heart can reason.

Zan. But is he then in absolute despair?

Man. Never to see his Leonora more.
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

Zan. Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecstasy
By Don Alonzo?

Man. Yes, at first; but soon
A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.

Zan. Not if his friend consented: and since now
He can't himself espouse her——

Man. Yet, to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind;
At least, Alonzo's spirit startles at it.
But I must leave you. Carlos wants support
In his severe affliction.

Zan. Ha, it dawns!——
It rises to me, like a new-found world
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all theirs viands spent;
Hoa, Isabella!

Enter ISABELLA.

I thought of dying? better things come forward;
Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, Isabella, arriv'd Don Carlos here?

Isa. Two nights ago.

Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle——Memory, set down that;
It has the essence of the crocodile,
Tho' yet but in the shell——I'll give it birth——
What time did he return;

Isa. At midnight.

Zan. So——

Say, did he see that night his Leonora?

Isa. No, my good lord;

Zan. No matter——

Go and fetch my tablets hither. [*Exit ISABELLA.*
Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me;
He smil'd a joy then little understood——
It must be so——and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

*Enter ISABELLA with the Tablets; ZANGA writes; then
reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands——
The father's fix'd——Don Carlos cannot wed——
Alonzo may——but that will hurt his friend——
Nor can he ask his leave——or, if he did,
He might not gain it——It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, tho' we must bear them.
Were it not then a masterpiece, worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend,
His friend to grant, then, from that very grant,
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
(And other motives) to work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace!——
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of human woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the hydra of calamities,
The sevenfold death; the jealous are the damn'd.

Isa. Alonzo comes this way.

Zan. Most opportunely,
Withdraw——Ye subtle demons, which reside

[*Exit ISABELLA.*

In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
That little engin'ry, more mischievous
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lie; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

Enter DON ALONZO.

My lord, I give you joy.

Alon. Of what, good Zanga?

Zan. Is not the lovely Leonora yours?

Alon. What will become of Carlos?

Zan. He's your friend;

And since he can't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.

Alon. Alas, thou little know'st the force of love!

Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway;
Puts all relations, friendship's self, to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos;

Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials. For myself

I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her then?

Alon. Not instantly.

Insult his broken heart the very moment!

Zan. I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,

When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuag'd.

Alon. Am I to blame in that?

Zan. My lord, I love

Your very errors; they are born from virtue.

Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims

The heart?) does lead you blindfold to your ruin.

Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break

Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's?

'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth. To-
morrow

May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune;

A higher bidder is a better friend,

And there are princes sigh for Leonora.

When your friend's gone you'll wed; why, when the
cause

Which gives you Leonora now will cease,

Carlos has lost her; should you lose her too,

Why, then you heap new torments on your friend,

By that respect which labour'd to relieve him——

'Tis well he is disturb'd; it makes him pause.

[*Aside.*

Alon. Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don
Carlos,

His goodness would consent, that I should wed her?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the cruelty

To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!

Zan. Methinks you are severe upon your friend.

Who was it gave him liberty and life?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.

Were I a stranger I could freely speak:

In me it so resembles a demand,

Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.

Is Leonora worth one pang or not?

Warmly as you I wish Don Carlos well;

But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend:

There all the difference lies between us two.

In me, my lord, you hear another self;

And, give me leave to add, a better too,

Clear'd from those errors, which, though caus'd by
virtue,

Are such as may hereafter give you pain——

Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name! What, sacrifice the fair

To age and ugliness, because set in gold?

I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.

I have not seen him since his sore affliction;

But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear.

How shall I bear it now? I'm struck already.

[*Exit.*

Zan. Half of my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speak with him.

[*He gives a Message to MANUEL.*

Proud hated Spain, oft drench'd in moorish blood!

Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?

Shake not the towers where'er I pass along,

Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer?
 Shake to the centre, if Alonzo's dear.
 Look down, O, holy prophet, see me torture
 This christian dog, this infidel, which dares
 To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law ;
 And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
 Which look as they were lighted up for thee !
 Shall he enjoy thy paradise below ?
 Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her
 charms !
 But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Enter DON CARLOS.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
 For more than twenty years ; vile promiser !
 None here are happy but the very fool,
 Or very wise ; and I wasn't fool enough
 To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow ;
 Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
 An artificial happiness from pains :
 How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
 Against their consciences ? And this we know,
 Yet knowing, disbelieve, and try again
 What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction.
 Each new experience gives the former credit ;
 And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
 That thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble lord,
 I mourn your fate : but are no hopes surviving ?
Car. No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel ;
 'Tis fix'd—'tis past—'tis absolute despair !

Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made
 tender,
 By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.
Car. I understand you well. Alonzo loves ;
 I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do :
 Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What canst thou mean ?

Zan. Indeed he has ; and fears to ask a favour
 A stranger from a stranger might request ;
 What costs you nothing, yet is all to him :
 Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
 For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

Car. I pray, be plain ; his happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to death ; but so reveres his friend,
 He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid
 Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
 In perfect tenderness I urg'd him to it.
 Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
 Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
 Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,
 I wrung a promise from him he would try :
 And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
 Without his privacy, to let you know it,
 And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha ! if he weds I am undone indeed ;
 Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.

Zan. Alas, my lord, you know his heart is steel ;
 'Tis fix'd, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

Car. O, cruel Heaven ! and is it not enough
 That I must never, never see her more :
 Ask my consent !—Must I then give her to him ?
 Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid ?
 Oh !—Leonora ! never, never, never !

Zan. A storm of plagues upon him ! he refuses.

[Aside.]

Car. What, wed her ?—and to-day !

Zan. To-day, or never.
 To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
 And then Alonzo is thrown out like you :
 Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune ?
 Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.

Car. O, torment ! whither shall I turn ?

Zan. To peace.

Car. Which is the way ?

Zan. His happiness is yours—
I dare not disbelieve you.

Car. Kill my friend!
Or worse—Alas! and can there be a worse?
A worse there is; nor can my nature bear it.

Zan. You have convinc'd me 'tis a dreadful task.
I find Alonzo's quitting her this morning
For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,
Betray'd me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is.

Car. Thou dost upbraid me.

Zan. No, my good lord, but since you can't comply,
'Tis my misfortune, that I mention'd it;
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed
Have dy'd, as now, but not by your decree.

Car. By my decree! do I decree his death?
I do—shall I then lead her to his arms?
O, which side shall I take? Be stabb'd, or—stab?
'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies!
Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial,
Tho' but a day; something, perchance, may happen,
To soften all to friendship and to love.
Go, stop my friend, let me not see him now;
But save us from an interview of death.

Zan. My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you—
If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper.

Car. What is this world?—Thy school, O, misery!
[*Aside, and exit.*]

Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
And he, who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.
But put it most severely—should I live—
Live long—Alas, there is no length in time!

Nor in thy time, O, man!—What's fourscore years?
Nay, what, indeed, the age of time itself,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round?
Yet Leonora—she can make time long,
Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surpris'd to hear, that I grew old.
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,
And every moment is an age of pain.

*Enter ZANGA and DON ALONZO.—ZANGA stops
DON CARLOS.*

Zan. Is this Don Carlos? this the boasted friend?
How can you turn you back upon his sadness?
Look on him, and then leave him if you can,
Whose sorrows thus depress him? Not his own:
This moment he could wed without your leave.

Car. I cannot yield; nor can I bear his griefs.
Alonzo! [*Going to him, and taking his Hand.*]

Alon. O, Carlos!

Car. Pray forbear.

Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile?
Alonzo, who, perhaps, in some degree
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?
I was deputed guardian of thy love;
But, O, I lov'd myself! Pour down afflictions
On this devoted head; make me your mark;
And be the world by my example taught,
How sacred it should hold the name of friend.

Car. You charge yourself unjustly;
The crime was mine,
Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'st fail.
Alon. You cast in shades the failure of a friend,
And soften all; but think not you deceive me;
I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,

As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him, who but this morning threw
Fair Leonora from his heart, all bath'd
In ceaseless tears, and blushing for her love!
Yes 'twas in thee, thro' fondness for thy friend,
To shut thy bosom against ecstasies;
For which, while this pulse beats it beats to thee;
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo,
And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

Zan. [To ALONZO.] My lord, my lord, this is your
time to speak.

Alon. [To ZANGA.] Because he's kind? It therefore
is the worst;

Do I not see him quite possess'd with anguish,
And shall I pour in new? No fond desire,
No love; one pang at parting, and farewell.
I have no other love but Carlos now.

Car. Alas! my friend, why with such eager grasp
Dost press my hand?

Alon. If after death, our forms
Shall be transparent, naked every thought,
And friends meet friends, and read each other's
hearts,
Thou'lt know one day, that thou wast held most dear.
Farewell.

Car. Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak— [Holds him.
Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be outdone?

And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [Aside.

I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
When well I know your heart is near to bursting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alon. There, there it is, my friend, it cuts me
there.

How dreadful is it to a generous mind
To ask, when sure he cannot be deny'd!

Car. How greatly thought! In all he towers above
me. [Aside.

Then you confess you would ask something of me?

Alon. No, on my soul.

Zan. [To ALONZO.] Then lose her.

Car. Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this!
By Heaven, I envy him his agonies.

Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
Of starting at one action from below,
And flaming up into consummate greatness?
Ha! angels strengthen me!—It shall be so—
My Alonzo!

Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my Carlos?

Car. Pray, observe me well.

Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,
And plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up life too, for they were twin'd together.
Of that no more—What now does reason bid?

I cannot wed—Farewell my happiness!
But, O my soul, with care provide for hers!
In life, how weak, how helpless is woman!
Soon hurt; in happiness itself unsafe;
So properly the object of affliction,
That Heaven is pleas'd to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair,
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine,
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life
With thy surrounding arms—Do this, and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me,
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which with thy foes would render thee ador'd.
And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?

Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.

Alon. Carlos!

But think not words were ever made
For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence; I'll seek relief
In absence, from the pain of so much goodness,
There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee.

[*Exit.*]

Zan. Thus far success has crown'd my boldest
hope.

My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,
And then my master-works begin to play. [*Aside.*
Why, this was greatly done, without one sigh

[*To CARLOS.*]

To carry such a glory to its period.

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and
now

I must unsluice my overburden'd heart,
And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend
With tears; nor interrupt my great design;
Great sure as ever human breast durst think of,
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
O'erswell all bounds, and bear e'en life away:
So till the day was won, the Greek renown'd
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ZANGA and ISABELLA.

Zan. O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three
years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart.
My Isabella!

Isa. What commands my Moor?

Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!
'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
And so prevent all future molestation)
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forg'd
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora
The most profound acknowledgment of heart,
For wond'rous transports, which he never knew.
This is a good subservient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

Isa. I quickly dropp'd it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.