

*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 praisedst 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.

Zan. With a lucky hand;  
 For soon Alonzo found it; I observ'd him  
 From out my secret stand. He took it up;  
 But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,  
 When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,  
 Started, and trembling dropp'd it on the ground.  
 Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,  
 Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;  
 Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.  
 At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;  
 But check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,  
 And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isa. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,  
 At least not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought so;  
 But farther thought informs me otherwise,  
 And turns this disappointment to account.  
 He more shall credit it, because unseen,  
 (If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

Isa. That would indeed commend my Zanga's  
 skill.

Zan. This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture;  
 Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,  
 It may rise up a witness of her love;  
 Under her pillow, in her cabinet,  
 Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

Isa. I'll weigh it as its consequence requires,  
 Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. [Exit.]

Zan. Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?—  
 Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,  
 And wild distraction glares from either eye.  
 If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,  
 How will the fulness of the tempest tear him?

Enter DON ALONZO.

Alon. And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—  
 I injure her: she wears the face of Heaven.

Zan. He doubts. [Aside.]

Alon. I dare not look on this again.  
 If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,  
 Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,  
 The certainty would dash me all in pieces.

It cannot—Ha! it must, it must be true. [Starts.]

Zan. Hold there, and we succeed.—He has de-  
 scry'd me.

I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure. [Aside.]

Alon. Hold, Zanga, turn.

Zan. My lord!

Alon. Shut close the doors,  
 That not a spirit find an entrance here.

Zan. My lord's obey'd.

Alon. I see, that thou art frightened.

If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart  
 With scorpions' stings.

Zan. If I do love, my lord?

Alon. Come near me, let me rest upon thy bo-  
 som;

(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)

For I am sick at heart.

Zan. Speak, sir, O speak,  
 And take me from the rack.

Alon. I am most happy: mine is victory,  
 Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,  
 And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.  
 O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing  
 To be most curst!—My Leonora's false!

Zan. Save me, my lord!

Alon. My Leonora's false! [Gives him the Letter.]

Zan. Then Heaven has lost its image here on earth.

[While ZANGA reads the Letter, he trembles,  
 and shows the utmost Concern.]

Alon. Goodnatur'd man! he makes my pains his  
 own.

I durst not read it; but I read it now  
 In thy concern.

Zan. Did you not read it then?

*Alon.* Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

*Zan.* Thus perish all, that gives Alonzo pain!  
[Tears the Letter.

*Alon.* Why didst thou tear it?

*Zan.* Think of it no more.

'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

*Alon.* And didst thou tremble then for my mistake?  
Or give the whole contents, or, by the pangs  
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

*Zan.* Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?  
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.

For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?  
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?

I have no interest in suppressing it,  
But what goodnatur'd tenderness for you  
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart  
That will be rent in two. Not mine the fame  
That will be damn'd, though all the world should  
know it.

*Alon.* Then my worst fears are true, and life is  
past.

*Zan.* What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?  
I know not what—but grant I did confess,  
What is a letter? letters may be forg'd.  
For Heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.  
Some foe to your repose—

*Alon.* So, Heaven look on me,  
As I can't find the man I have offended.

*Zan.* Indeed! [*Aside.*]—Our innocence is not  
our shield:

They take offence, who have not been offended;  
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,  
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.  
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain  
A letter may be forg'd, and in a point  
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,  
One would rely on nought that might be false—

Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?  
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit;  
All's well again.

*Alon.* O that it were!

*Zan.* It is;

For who would credit that, which credited,  
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,  
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood;  
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?  
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,  
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain?

*Alon.* O, Zanga! it is that confounds me most,  
That full in opposition to appearance—

*Zan.* No more, my lord, for you condemn your-  
self.

What is absurdity, but to believe  
Against appearance!—You can't yet, I find,  
Subdue your passion to your better sense;—  
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.  
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd  
With some degree of pain.

*Alon.* What indiscretion?

*Zan.* Come, you must bear to hear your faults  
from me.

Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court,  
The night before the battle, that foul slave,  
Who forg'd the senseless scroll, which gives you pain,  
Had wanted footing for his villainy.

*Alon.* I sent him not.

*Zan.* Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.

I thought he came on message to the king.  
Is there another cause could justify  
His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight?  
But I perhaps may think too rigidly;  
So long in absence, and impatient love—

*Alon.* In my confusion, that had quite escap'd me.  
'Tis clear as day—for Carlos is so brave,  
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,

And is enamour'd of the face of death.  
How then could he decline the next day's battle,  
But for the transports!—Oh, it must be so!—  
Inhuman! by the loss of his own honour,  
To buy the ruin of his friend!

*Zan.* You wrong him;  
He knew not of your love.

*Alon.* Ha!—

*Zan.* That stings home.

*Alon.* Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous  
love—

Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.  
Th'eternal law of things declares it true,  
Which calls for judgment on distinguish'd guilt,  
And loves to make our crime our punishment.  
Love is my torture, love was first my crime;  
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O, horror!)  
Confided all in me. O, sacred faith!  
How dearly I abide thy violation!

*Zan.* Were then their loves far gone?

*Alon.* The father's will

There bore a total sway; and he, as soon  
As news arriv'd that Carlos' fleet was seen  
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,  
Determin'd, that the very sun, which saw  
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

*Zan.* Indeed, my lord; then you must pardon me,  
If I presume to mitigate the crime.  
Consider, strong allurements soften guilt;  
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,  
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd  
For his espousals—'twas a strong temptation.

*Alon.* Temptation!

*Zan.* 'Twas but gaining of one night.

*Alon.* One night!

*Zan.* That crime could ne'er return again.

*Alon.* Again! By Heaven, thou dost insult thy  
lord.

Temptation! One night gain'd! O stings and death!  
And am I then undone? Alas, my Zanga!  
And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,  
And rescue me one moment from distraction.

*Zan.* My lord, I hope the best.

*Alon.* False, foolish hope,

And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;  
It is as glaring as the noontide sun.  
Devil!—This morning, after three years coldness,  
To rush at once into a passion for me!

'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,  
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

*Zan.* What says my lord? Did Leonora then  
Never before disclose her passion for you?

*Alon.* Never.

*Zan.* Throughout the whole three years?

*Alon.* O never! never!

Why, Zanga, shouldst thou strive? 'Tis all in vain:  
Tho' thy soul labours, it can find no reed  
For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down  
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

*Zan.* Hold, sir, I'll break your fall—Wave ev'ry  
fear,

And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,  
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you  
With less reluctance.

*Alon.* Ha! Resign her to me!—

Resign her!—Who resign'd her?—Double death!  
How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke.  
First love her to distraction! then resign her!

*Zan.* But was it not with utmost agony?

*Alon.* Grant that, he still resign'd her; that's  
enough.

Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?  
Tear out his heart?—She was his heart no more—  
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her;  
By Heav'n, he ask'd, he courted me to wed.  
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?

I fear the letter was not all a tale.

Alon. A tale! There's proof equivalent to sight.

Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

Alon. And so should I; by Heaven, I think I should.

What! Leonora, the divine, by whom

We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion!

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.

Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it;  
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh  
Each circumstance; consider, above all,  
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature  
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought  
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason  
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all  
To be deceiv'd. I fear 'tis doomsday with me.  
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heaven  
Borrow'd her form for virtue's self to wear,  
To gain her lovers with the sons of men.  
O, Leonora! Leonora!

[Exit.

Enter ISABELLA.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient

Thrives underneath my hand in misery.  
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

Isa. I overheard your conference, and saw you,  
To my amazement, tear the letter.

Zan. There,  
There, Isabella, I outdid myself.  
For, tearing it, I not secure it only  
In its first force; but superadd a new.  
For after tearing it, as loth to show

The foul contents, if I should swear it now  
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me,  
Nay, more, would disbelieve the more I swore.  
But is the picture happily dispos'd of?

Isa. It is.

Zan. That's well! [Exit ISABELLA.] Ah! what is well? O pang to think!

O dire necessity! is this my province?  
Whither, my soul! ah! whither art thou sunk  
Beneath thy sphere? Erewhile, far, far above  
Such little arts, dissembling, falsehoods, frauds,  
The trash of villainy itself, which falls  
To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread.  
Does this become a soldier? This become,  
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?  
My martial glory withers at the thought.  
But great my end; and since there are no other,  
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,  
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who, to gain  
A point sublime, can such a task sustain;  
To wade thro' ways obscene, my honour bend,  
And shock my nature, to attain my end.  
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise;  
For wonder is involuntary praise. [Exit,