

If you receive her to your grace again,  
The world will call you, very, very kind.

*Alon.* Zanga, I understand thee, well. She dies ;  
Though my arm trembles at the stroke, she dies.

*Zan.* That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up  
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,  
But doing right, in stern despite to nature,  
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,  
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd ?  
At Aulis one pour'd out a daughter's life,  
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars ;  
Another slew a sister in just rage ;  
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,  
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.  
Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,  
As he at Carthage, an immortal name !  
Yet there is one step left above them all,  
Above their history, above their fable,  
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd——do that,  
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

*Alon.* 'Tis done !——Again new transports fire my  
brain :

I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night.  
Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together ;  
See, that the festival be duly honour'd.

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,  
And music gives the elevating sound,  
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,  
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,  
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,  
From the dark realms of everlasting night,  
Call Vengeance, call the furies, call Despair,  
And Death, our chief-invited guest, be there ;  
He with pale hand shall lead the bride, and spread  
Eternal curtains round her nuptial bed. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THE FIFTH.

## SCENE I.

*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ALONZO.*

*Alon.* O pitiful ! O terrible to sight !  
Poor mangled shade ! all cover'd o'er with wounds ;  
And so disguis'd with blood !——Who murder'd  
thee ?  
Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.  
Ha ! Carlos ?——Horror ! Carlos !——oh, away !  
Go to thy grave, or let me sink to mine ;  
I cannot bear the sight——What sight ?——Where  
am I ?  
There's nothing here——

*Enter ZANGA.*

Is Carlos murder'd ?

*Zan.* I obey'd your order.  
Six ruffians overtook him on the road ;  
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew.  
Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.  
His last breath blest Alonzo, and desir'd  
His bones might rest near yours.

*Alon.* O Zanga, Zanga !  
But I'll not think :

It is a day of darkness,  
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.  
Where's Leonora then? Quick, answer me:  
I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.  
I find thy artifice did take effect,  
And she forgives my late deportment to her.

*Zan.* I told her, from your childhood you were  
wont,

On any great surprise, but chiefly then,  
When cause of sorrow bore it company,  
To have your passion shake the seat of reason;  
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er,  
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death,  
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)  
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;  
But such the honest artifice I us'd,  
That she, at length, was fully satisfied.  
But what design you, sir, and how?

*Alon.* I'll tell thee.

Thus I've ordain'd it. In the jasmine bower,  
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,  
There will I meet her; the appointment's made;  
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)  
The blackness of her crime before her sight,  
And then with all the cool solemnity  
Of public justice, give her to the grave. *[Exit.]*

*Zan.* Why get thee gone! horror and night go with  
thee.

Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand,  
Go dance around the bower, and close them in;  
And tell them, that I sent you to salute them.  
Profane the ground, and for th' ambrosial rose,  
And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,  
And deadly nightshade poison, all the air.  
For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,  
Toads, pant, and adders rustle through the leaves;  
May serpents winding up the trees, let fall

Their hissing necks upon them from above,  
And mingle kisses—such as I should give them.

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*The Bower.—LEONORA sleeping.*

*Enter ALONZO.*

*Alon.* Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!  
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!  
Are ye not blasted as I enter in;  
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!  
Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st  
A——murderer! *[He advances.]* Ha! she sleeps—  
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.  
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.  
Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!  
Who would not think that being innocent?  
Oh, my distracted heart!—Oh, cruel Heaven!  
To give such charms as these, and then call man,  
Mere man, to be your executioner!  
But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more.  
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.

*[Going, he starts back.]*

Ha! smile again? She dreams of him she loves.  
Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them all.

*[As he is going to strike, she wakes.]*

*Leon.* My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull  
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,  
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

*Alon.* Ye powers! with what an eye she mends the  
day!

While they were clos'd I should have giv'n the blow.

*[Aside.]*

*Leon.* What says my lord?

*Alon.* Why, this Alonzo says;

If love were endless, men were gods; 'tis that  
Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain——  
'Tis Heaven's expedient to make mortals bear  
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

*Leon.* Alas, my lord! why talk you of the grave?  
Your friend is dead: in friendship you sustain  
A mighty loss; repair it with my love.

*Alon.* Thy love, thou piece of witchcraft! I would  
say,  
Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.  
Where hadst thou this? enchantress, tell me where,  
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up  
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain?  
But, Oh, those eyes! those murderers! Oh, whence,  
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? From  
heaven?

Thou didst; and 'tis religion to adore them.

*Leon.* My best Alonzo, moderate your thoughts.  
Extremes still fright me, though of love itself.

*Alon.* Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;  
But I come home again—and now for justice——  
And now for death——It is impossible——

[*Draws his Dagger.*]

I leave her to just Heaven.

[*Drops the Dagger, and exit.*]

*Leon.* Ha! a dagger!

*Enter ZANGA.*

*Zan.* Wither his hand, that held the steel in vain!  
That dagger found will cause her to inquire,—  
What can be done? That's something still. If not,  
'Tis all I can;—it shall be so. [Aside.]

*Leon.* O, Zanga, I am sinking in my fears!  
Alonzo dropp'd this dagger as he left me,  
And left me in a strange disorder too.  
What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

*Zan.* Yours, madam, yours.

*Leon.* What, Zanga, dost thou say?

*Zan.* Carry you goodness, then, to such extremes,  
So blinded to the faults of him you love,  
That you perceive not he is jealous?

*Leon.* Heav'ns!

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.  
Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,  
Ungen'rous, groundless, weak, and insolent!  
Why? wherefore? on what shadow of occasion?  
O how the great man lessens to my thought!  
How could so mean a vice as jealousy,  
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?  
I scorn, and hate; yet love him, and adore.  
I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,  
Till from himself I know it. [Exit.]

*Zan.* This succeeds

Just to my wish. Now she, with violence  
Upbraids him; he, not doubting she is guilty,  
Rages no less; and if on either side  
The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.

*Enter ALONZO.*

My lord——

*Alon.* O Zanga, hold thy peace! I am no coward;  
But Heaven itself did hold my hand; I felt it,  
By the well-being of my soul, I did.  
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

*Zan.* My lord, her guilt——

*Alon.* Perdition on thee, moor,  
For that one word!

I love her to distraction.

If 'tis my shame, why, be it so——I love her;  
Nor can I help it; 'tis imposed upon me  
By some superior and resistless power.  
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;

It shocks my nature like a stroke from Heaven.  
But see, my Leonora comes—Begone.

[Exit ZANGA.]

Enter LEONORA.

O seen for ever, yet for ever new!  
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,  
Inflicting wound on wound.

Leon. Alas, my lord!

What need of this to me?

Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?

Leon. Have I no cause?

Alon. If love is thy concern,  
Thou hast no cause: none ever lov'd like me.  
Oh, that this one embrace would last for ever!

Leon. These tears declare how much I taste the  
joy

Of being folded in your arms and heart;  
My universe does lie within that space.  
This dagger bore false witness.

Alon. Ha, my dagger!

It rouses horrid images. Away,  
Away with it; and let us talk of love.

Leon. It touches you.

Alon. Let's talk of love.

Leon. Of death!

Alon. As thou lov'st happiness—

Leon. Of murder!

Alon. Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.

Leon. Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me.

Alon. Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.

Leon. Who has most cause, you or myself? What  
act

Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?  
Of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?  
You find me kind, and think me kind to all;  
The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.

He, that can stoop to harbour such a thought,  
Deserves to find it true.

Alon. Oh, sex, sex, sex!

The language of you all. Ill fated woman!  
Why wilt thou force me back into the gulf  
Of agonies, I had block'd up from thought?  
But, since thou hast replung'd me in my torture,  
I will be satisfy'd.—Confess, confess,—  
Where did I find this picture?

Leon. Ha, Don Carlos!

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it; but is vice so very rank,  
That thou should'st dare to dash it in my face?  
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman!

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me?

Leon. Fall, ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment!

Leon. Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This blow, then, to thy heart—

[She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent  
her.]

Alon. Hoa, Zanga! Isabella! hoa! she bleeds!  
Descend ye blessed angels, to assist her!

Leon. This is the only way I would wound thee,  
Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter ISABELLA.

Alon. Bear her to instant help. The world to save  
her!

Leon. Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and  
tremble:

But fix thy terror and amazement right;  
Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.  
What hast thou done? Whom censur'd?—Leonora!  
When thou hadst censur'd, thou wouldst save her  
life:

O inconsistent! Should I live in shame;  
 Or stoop to any other means but this  
 To assert my virtue? No; she, who disputes,  
 Admits it possible she might be guilty.  
 While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,  
 While it might look like an excuse to thee,  
 I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence:  
 But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound,  
 Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

[ISABELLA leads out LEONORA.]

Alon. Ha! was this woman guilty?—And if not—  
 How my thoughts darken that way! Grant, kind  
 Heaven,

That she prove guilty; or my being end.  
 Is that my hope, then?

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,  
 When hope itself is blacken'd to despair,  
 When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain  
 In hell, a refuge from severer pain? [Exit.]

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and  
 vengeance?

Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much,  
 And I will not abate a single groan—  
 Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too—  
 Why, be it so—Revenge so truly great  
 Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.  
 Come, death, come, hell, then! 'tis resolv'd, 'tis  
 done.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Ah, Zanga, see me tremble! Has not yet  
 Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor Leonora—

Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last  
 breath.

What then? We all must die.

Isa. Alonzo raves,  
 And, in the tempest of his grief, has thrice  
 Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,  
 He calls his friends, that save him, his worst foes:  
 And importunes the skies for swift perdition.  
 After a pause,  
 He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,  
 For Zanga rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,  
 To learn that truth, which most he dreads to know.  
 Zan. Begone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all.

[Exit ISABELLA.]

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Oh, Zanga!  
 Zan. Do not tremble so; but speak.  
 Alon. I dare not. [Falls on him.]  
 Zan. You will drown me with your tears.  
 Alon. Have I not cause?  
 Zan. As yet you have no cause.  
 Alon. Dost thou too rave?  
 Zan. Your anguish is to come:  
 You much have been abus'd.  
 Alon. Abus'd! by whom?  
 Zan. To know were little comfort.  
 Alon. O 'twere much!  
 Zan. Indeed!  
 Alon. By Heaven! Oh, give him to my fury!  
 Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.  
 Know, then, 'twas—I.  
 Alon. Am I awake?  
 Zan. For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless—that's one transport to me;  
 And I, I let thee know it—that's another.  
 I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;  
 I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;—  
 I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.



*Alon.* Oh!

*Zan.* Why, this is well—why, this is blow for blow!

[*Swoons.*]

Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with laurels,

Ye spirits, which delight in just revenge!

Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep;

Let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice:

O, my dear countrymen, look down, and see

How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!

I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.

But this is mercy, this is my indulgence;

'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.

I must awake him into horrors. Ho!

Alonzo, ho! the moor is at the gate!

Awake, invincible, omnipotent!

Thou, who dost all subdue.

*Alon.* Inhuman slave!

*Zan.* Fall'n christian, thou mistak'st my character.

Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou sayst,

The moor, a slave, an abject, beaten slave:

(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)

But look again. Has six years cruel bondage

Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought

Shines here to give an awe of one above thee?

When the great moorish king, Abdallah, fell,

Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him,

His son, though, through his fondness, in disguise,

Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe—

Ha! does it wake thee?—O'er my father's corse

I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;

And then was made the captive of a squadron,

And sunk into thy servant—But, Oh! what,

What were my wages! Hear nor Heaven, nor earth!

My wages were a blow! by Heaven, a blow!

And from a mortal hand!

*Alon.* Oh, villain, villain!

*Zan.* All strife is vain. [*Showing a Dagger.*]

*Alon.* Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompense? Make friends of tigers!

Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breast,

For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,

And pay you for their nourishment with death.

Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying!

Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.

Oh, shame! Oh, guilt! Oh, horror! Oh, remorse!

Oh, punishment! Had Satan never fall'n,

Hell had been made for me.—Oh, Leonora!

*Zan.* Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?

Complain of grief! complain thou art a man.

Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell;

Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;

Heroes and demigods have known their sorrows;

Cæsars have wept; and I have had my blow:

But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.

Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance

To make ev'n thee confess that I am just.—

Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,

Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,

Whose sacred person, Oh! thou hast profan'd!

Whose reign extinguish'd: What was left to me,

So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge;

No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.

If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,

Tell them, the Moor, and they will not despise thee.

If cold white mortals censure this great deed,

Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,

With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well—

Now, fully satisfied, I should take leave;

But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,

I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself, ALONZO rushes upon him, and prevents him. Enter DON ALVAREZ, with ATTENDANTS. They seize ZANGA, ALONZO puts the Dagger in his Bosom.

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.  
My father!

Alv. O Alonzo!—Isabella,  
Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,  
Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon. What groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a vulture to thy heart,  
So will I be a raven to thine ear,

Enter MANUEL, who whispers ALVAREZ.

And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,  
As ever flap'd its heavy wing against  
The window of the sick, and croak'd despair,  
Thy wife is dead.

Alv. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack; invent new torments for him.

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind  
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage;  
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.  
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou wouldst not know,  
That thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.  
Torture thou may'st; but thou shalt ne'er despise me.  
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,  
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,  
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.  
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine  
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;  
They disobey me; on the rack I scorn thee,  
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alv. Peace, villain!

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak:  
And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet;  
For that would rob thy bloodhounds of their prey.

Alon. Who call'd Alonzo?

Again!—'Tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.—  
Oh, how I laugh at all that this can do! [*Stabs himself.*  
The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,  
Were giv'n before; I was already dead;  
This only marks my body for the grave.  
Africa, thou art reveng'd.—O Leonora! [*Dies.*

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is yours,  
The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all;  
Let me but look one moment on the dead,  
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.

[*He goes to ALONZO's Body.*

Is this Alonzo? Where's the haughty mien?  
Is that the hand, which smote me? Heavens, how pale!  
And art thou dead? So is my enmity.  
I war not with the dust. The great, the proud,  
The conqueror of Africa was my foe.

A lion preys not upon carcasses.  
This was thy only method to subdue me.  
Terror and doubt fall on me: all thy good  
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.  
Never had man such funeral applause:  
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.  
O vengeance, I have follow'd thee too far,  
And to receive me, hell blows all her fires.

[*Exit, followed by ATTENDANTS.*

THE END.