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ORLANDO:

OR,

51
A WOMAN'S VIRTUE. 1335

A TRAGEDY

In Five Acts.

BY

HORATIO NEWTON MOORE.

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TO THE
MEMORY
OF
LORD BYRON

This Tragedy

IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED

BY

AN ADORER

OF

HIS MERITS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ABDALLA,	the Moorish king.
SOLYMAN,	his lieutenant.
HASSAN,	an aged Moor.
OSMAN.	
SELIM.	
SABYRO,	brother to Ianthe.
ORLANDO,	the Spanish general.
CARLOS,	his lieutenant.
AURIO,	
GRASADO.	
ANTONIO,	a friar.
CLAUDE,	a clown.
IANTHE.	
MIRANDA,	her friend.
HELINE,	maid to Ianthe.
LAOMA,	a Circassian girl.

Table of Contents

Introduction	1
Chapter I	10
Chapter II	20
Chapter III	30
Chapter IV	40
Chapter V	50
Chapter VI	60
Chapter VII	70
Chapter VIII	80
Chapter IX	90
Chapter X	100
Chapter XI	110
Chapter XII	120
Chapter XIII	130
Chapter XIV	140
Chapter XV	150
Chapter XVI	160
Chapter XVII	170
Chapter XVIII	180
Chapter XIX	190
Chapter XX	200
Chapter XXI	210
Chapter XXII	220
Chapter XXIII	230
Chapter XXIV	240
Chapter XXV	250
Chapter XXVI	260
Chapter XXVII	270
Chapter XXVIII	280
Chapter XXIX	290
Chapter XXX	300

ORLANDO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The city of Grenada.—A Street.*

Enter OSMAN and SELIM.

Osm. What ho there, Selim!

Sel. O, good morrow, Osman.

Osm. Good morrow, sir. But whither so fast?

Sel. To the Alhambra I am bent.

Osm. And pray what's stirring there?

Sel. The king gives audience this morn to pass sentence on a traitor.

Osm. What is he pray?

Sel. Sabyro's his name, and of good family, and young; but much too well he lov'd the cause of Spain.

Osm. Is he like to die?

Sel. With as much propriety you might ask, if yonder luminary is like to set.

Osm. O, then 'tis a settled thing.

Sel. Ay, Osman, you may truly say so much, for mercy and our monarch are just so near as pole unto the pole. Will you along?

Osm. I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An antechamber in the Alhambra.*

Enter SOLYMAN and HASSAN.

Has. The battle lost, and hope entirely dead, this hero, Orlando, despairing, gave over, clasped his hands, and prostrate upon the earth he fell. The instant he fell a woman sprang forward; upon his body down she sank, kiss'd him, nam'd him, and drench'd his pallid cheek with tears.

Sol. She was his sister: the fair Ianthe.

Has. Well, our soldiers seeing this Orlando down; elated;

thought as a prisoner they were sure of him. Vastly they were deceived, however, for at the sight of this woman he reviv'd and knew himself. Our soldiers encompass'd him; when all of a sudden he snatched his sword up off the ground and laid on with dead effect around him. With her on his arm, his sword in hand, with hundreds he fought, dexterously taking and avoiding each and every blow.

Sol. Certainly, a right valiant man he is.

Has. Now hear the sad sequel to my story.

Sol. Say on.

Has. My son, thinking this beauteous woman, for our good king, a fair gift would be, seiz'd upon her to that end. He was fatally frustrated however: Orlando stabb'd him to the heart's core! Even with the plucking of the dagger forth his life was gone, so deadly was the blow. In the precipitate anguish of my soul I rush'd upon the Spaniard, and was fell'd, senseless, to earth.

Sol. Upon thy recovery, what followed?

Has. When I recover'd I beheld our soldiers masters of the field, but with downcast looks silently parading round their conquest. On inquiry as to the cause of so much sadness, I was informed that Orlando, with some hundred of his followers, beside the girl, had made escape! If ever a father's heart with anguish bled, mine surely did! I had deem'd the Spaniard dead, and this contrarious information set me starkly mad.

Sol. Mad?

Has. Yes, mad, Solyman, mad! O, galling retrospect! Incoherently I rav'd! I rooted the hair from out my head; rended my garments off my body; ran naked o'er the field; was caught; put in chains, and left to the society of dungeon dampness.

Sol. Indeed!

Has. And all for a shallow christian!
Revenge! revenge! dire, deep, and deadly!
If at my feet his life-blood flow'd——

Sol. But, sir,——

Has. Nay, pardon, sir, the passions of my soul,
For when I think on my departed son,
My feelings rise and inundate it quite.
Revenge! thou burning, burning, entity!
O for Orlando's blood to quench thy fire,
And ease my soul!

Sol. Is thy revenge so rank?

Has. Know, for I tell thee, that to the injur'd,
As glutt'd avengment naught is as sweet.
As the lover, hope buoying high his heart,
To hear his mistress speak or heave a sigh,
All over the wide world will follow her—
So will the injur'd follow up the object
Of his hate, that he may catch the moment,
The fittest moment and the favor'd time,
In which to drive the steel against his life!

Sol. Inexorable, if by thy words to judge,
Is thy revenge?

Has. Ay—ay—inexorable!
A man might as easily dislodge the sun
From where he is, or lead the moon astray
From out her course, or from heaven entice
The stars, as me from my purpos'd revenge
To waive! The basilisk's envenom'd sting
Not deadlier is than is the waxing hate
That I do nourish! Ever since that, to me,
Disastrous fight, the thoughts of my revenge
Have been my daily bread, my nightly pillow,
And my very life!

Sol. He was thine only son?

Has. Mine only son! mine only child!

Sol. Indeed!

Has. O, sir, in him I liv'd; he was my breath,
My blood! and since his cruel death life were
Not worth the toil of life from hence but for
The one dear object in my view; revenge!
Hopes beam on my soul! Shade of my dear son,
Walk yet a little while around this orb;
Thou shalt not long be thus, for, be assur'd
Thy retributive hour is near at hand!

[*A Flourish of Trumpets heard without.*]

Sol. The king gives audience.

Has. I'll go in; I have
Business with the king.

[*Exit.*]

Sol. Now what a fiend,
And bloody-minded wretch is yon! In an
Ignoble act, and by the chance of battle,
His son was slain. Fairly his son was killed,
But he, like some untameable hyena,

Growls out his fancied injuries, gloats on
His son's memory, and seeks a fool's revenge! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A room of state in the Alhambra.*

ABDALLA seated, his train &c., HASSAN.

Abd. Hail to this assembly!

Omnes. Allah Achbar!

Abd. Allah Achbar!

Enter SOLYMAN,

Abd. Hath any man aught
Whereon our voice in judgement is requir'd?

Has. I have my liege.

Abd. O, good morrow, Hassan.

Sir, at our leisure we have thought upon,
And have resolv'd to grant thee, thy request.
And two thousand fully furnish'd soldiers,
To prosecute this war, thou canst command.

Has. Thank thee I cannot with my speech, O sir,
But with my deeds I will.

Abd. There's where we want

Thy thanks, good Hassan. Good sir, it is our wish
That these Spaniards were rooted, finally,
Root and branch, from out this soil.

Has. Time only,

And assisted by the sword, may purge the land.

Abd. Iberia castle is their strongest hold?

Has. It is.

Abd. Orlando governs there—

Has. Allah blast him!

Language may not express the bitter hate,
That's garner'd in my heart's recesses deep,
That's hoarded dearly up, against that man!

Abd. I've heard say he murder'd thy son?

Has. He did:

But, O, why now remind one of that same?

Abd. Not to pain thee, sir, but to relieve thee.

Say, wouldst thou have revenge?

Has. Would I!

And does my liege ask if I would—

Abd. No more.

Wait on me this eve, and I will put thee
In a way to get at it.

Has. My liege—

Abd. Nay,

Sir, speak not now but look to my behest.

Has. I will not fail to wait on thee, my liege.

Abd. Sir, this Orlando is our greatest scourge:
He's forever plotting something to our hurt.
He hath numbers of bands, a villainous, dark,
Cruel, deprav'd and desperate set, nightly,
Like bloody wolves that o'er the wilderness
Do scour, seeking out prey upon our ground;
Ground that by the right of conquest ours is.

Has. A wily one indeed!

Abd. Ay, cunning, but not

Courageous: there's his superiority over us.
A thirst for blood and blackest prodition,
Is the spur that picks him on; and that's all.

Has. No place is from his encroachments free.

Abd. No, not even Grenada, our proper city.
Why look thee now, his many machinations—
In habits resembling these which we wear
His soldiers nightly prowls around our streets:
Woe to the Moor who stands alone, unarmed;
For quickly from the murderous ruffian's
Dangling sleeve, where they the stiletto hide,
Some keen edged steel doth glisten in the air,
Then deep within his honest heart is hid!
It is not thus, Hassan?

Has. Indeed, my liege,

Thy words are but too true,

Abd. Alas, the truth!

Has. As thou sayest, without the least remorse,
Thus secretly the cursed Spaniard strikes,
And prostrate, and unhonored, falls the Moor!
Not them alone must we contend against;
A traitor hath appeared above the mass.

Abd. Why, ay, indeed, thou just remindest me—
He's now in prison, Solyman?

Sol. Ay, my liege;

In prison he awaits thy sentence.

Abd. By Allah,
 'Tis a great pity that one so young and fair
 Should in his bud thus fling himself away,
 We commiserate him from our soul's depth;
 But to our feelings justice may not give
 One inch of ground in mediation's way.
 He dies. Into thy hands we commit him,
 Good lieutenant; and ere the sun goes down
 See execution done on him.

Sol. Thy word is law.

[*Exit.*

Abd. His estates we confiscate. Hassan, do thou
 Remember, and fail not to come this eve.

[*Exit,*

Has. The king will put me in a way to get
 At my revenge! How can he? But the end
 Will shew. And patience be thou now my help.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The place of execution in the prison.*

SABYRO discovered.

Sab. A vertigo comes over my brain! dreadful!
 I fear I can't bear myself as I resolv'd!
 How dreary, dark and damp is this abode,
 And O, how bleak's my heart! O, why is it
 That I abide in this suspense? Why is it?
 If I am to die—ah! is yon the wheel?
 A chilly sweat pervadeth all my frame!
 I shudder, O!—but not at its power
 To wrench the cry of pain, nor at its power
 To do away my breath—but at the shame,
 The contamination it may do my name!

Enter SOLYMAN.

Sol. He is musing.

Sab. Down, thoughts, down!

Sol. To die is it not so——

Sab. To die!

O, sir, death's pang and pain I'm reckless of!
 O, 'tis this form of death alone I dread!
 Thus, thus, to be expos'd, and thus to die,
 Like to a common felon—O, that thought
 Doth fall full deep within, acts as a wheel,

And as it there revolves, more agonizing
To my heart it is than yonder dread one,
Unto this mortal frame of mine, can be!

Sol. After the body's death the immortal soul
Begins eternal life: therefore to die——

Sub. To die!

Mine's not the puny heart that fears to die!
O no, O no! By the sword put me to death,
By any means, by aught except the wheel,
By aught except my doom, and I'll be calm!
O, sir the manner of my death change thou,
And as a fond bridegroom to his bridal bed,
So to my final rest will I go gladly down!
But, say, what sentence has Abdalla pass'd?

Sol. The setting sun must look upon thy death.

Sab. And must I die? is there no help for me?

Am I to die and leave no name behind me?
O, that horrid thought! it rusheth over
All my frame, it tortures, it maddens me!
To be born, to breathe, to live, to flourish,
And then to die, to lay a dull cold clod
In earth, to rot, and leave no memory——
A hard fate for one of my aspiring mind.

Sol. And, say, how gottest thou into this net?

Sab. A net indeed, and I am caught in it!

Sir, humanity did ope the way; and then
The fire of youth for fame did spur me on:
And now and the dear object unattained,
That fire must out! O, horrible idea!
I cannot——cannot die!

Sol. Nor shalt thou die——

Sab. Thou dost mock me, Solyman?

Sol. I mock thee not——

Ay, by Allah, nephew thou shalt not die!

Sab. What wonder's this? If rightly I did hear,
If that my reason lives, thou call'd'st me
Thy nephew?

Sol. And with truth I call'd thee so,
For I'm thine uncle, sir.

Sab. Uncle, mine?

Sol. Thine!

Sab. Allah! what meanest thou? O, say direct?

Sol. Dear sir haul in the bridle of thy tongue,

Let wonder and desire a moment sleep,
And give close ear to what I now unfold.

Sab. I shall not die?

Sol. Have I not sworn?

Sab. Say on—say on—

Impatience grows strong within me!

Sol. Then, sir,

Know that Camaralzaman, thine own sire,
Was my own brother.

Sab. Sayest thou!

Sol. Know, too.

Thy mother, Zele, was of the Spanish race.

Know, also, thou hast a sister now alive.

Sab. Nay,

There thou mistakest, sir; she was my twin,
And died when we were four years old.

Sol. She lives——

Sab. O, surely, thou art juggling with me, sir.
Lives? lives?

Sol. Ay, sir, she lives.

Sab. Pronounce her name,
And I will doubt no more, but all believe.

Sol. Ianthe——

Sab. Yes—Ianthe was her name,
And, since she yet lives, Ianthe is her name.
Embrace we now for I can doubt no more.
Yes, sir, Solyman was my father's brother,
And I do believe that thou art he.

Sol. Nay, but,
I'd have thee altogether sure. Dost thou not
Recollect, when on his knees he often used
To dandle thee, the scar thine uncle show'd
Thee on his breast?

Sab. I do.

Sol. Behold it, here.

Sab. It is the same——

Sol. My nephew!

Sab. My uncle!

[*They embrace.*]

Sol. So, my nephew, I've found thee just timely;
Just in the nick o' time to save thee from
A most inhuman doom I have thee found.

Sab. To my gratitude there is, and shall be,
No bounds.

Sol. To Allah all gratitude is due.

Sib. Thou hast satisfied me, hast proved to me,
My sister lives; now satisfy me, where?
For my protection she perhaps may need.
The mysterious chance that hath us kept
For seventeen years apart, O, now disclose?
Perchance amid dangers she is; if so, say,
And as an arrow shot from a lusty arm,
Away to her I'll fly, and rescue her, too,
Or perish in the attempt.

Sol. No protection
Doth she need, for in no danger is she.

Sab. O,
Canst thou not then devise a way, a plan,
To bring us to each other's arms?

Sol. For what?

Sab. That I a brother's love may express to her.

Sol. I can.

Sab. Where, where is she?

Sol. Thou wilt marvel,
I ween, at what I now disclose.

Sab. Say on.

Sol. Iberia castle holds her.

Sab. Allah Achbar!

Sol. And old Pelayo's daughter, and his son
Orlando's sister, she's accounted there;
And to the adverse is she known to none
Save thou and I.

Sab. O, most strange mystery!
But I will to Iberia castle straight——

Sol. Ho, sir, where would thy indiscretion lead?
Wilt thou dash willingly on ruin's rock?
Thy sister thou shalt see, but management
Is needed too.

Sab. My imprudence I own:
Do thou direct me.

Sol. In this same castle lives
A worthy man, a friar, Antonio by name:
Come in with me: I will a letter write,
Which thou shalt bear to him; the ideas
Of which shall unto him of time past by
Communicate, and this entangled skein
Of thine it shall untangle to thy sight.

And why thy father's brother is lieutenant
To the king, time shall develope, Sabyro.
Come in. I will immediately strike off
This letter to the friar; and this very night
I'll have thee start away to Iberia's walls.
Come in—come in——

Sab. But should——

Sol. Fear thou not

Sabyro, for my arm and counsel combined
Shall be a shield for thee. So come in with me.
Hesitate not, but come. Fast flies our time;
And they that waste of it commit a crime. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*An antechamber in the Alhambra.*

Enter ABDALLA and HASSAN, meeting.

Has. My liege——

Abd. My faithfulest of friends! And
Now, without or circumstance or prologue,
I straightway will unroll to thee the why
For which I did request this meeting here.

Has. And of prolixity I'm no lover, sir.

Abd. This same Orlando that thou hatest so,
A sister hath. I yesterday talk'd with one
Whose eyes had dwelt on her; and he imag'd
Her so lovely, so beauteous and so perfect,
That with the mere recital I'm in love.
Her charms I must possess, her loveliness
I must enjoy. And to attain the which
I will at nothing stop. Thro' whole oceans
Of human blood I'll wade to get at her.
This morn I fell to planning how to come
By her; at last on this expedient hit.
To the two thousand soldiers granted,
Another thousand I will add; and then,
Being three thousand strong, immediately
Shalt thou to Iberia castle go; when there,
Wait patiently till night's misty curtain
Falls around, then rush on with energy
Against the gates, bear all abstrusion down,
Swing the sword, apply the torch, ideas,
Of pity cast aside, and steel your hearts.
And 'mid the common ruin that ye make,

Accomplish thou the thing wherein thy son
Did fail ; seize on her ; convey her quickly,
And in safety here.

Has. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

O, it will so rankle in Orlando's soul
To know that his sister's prostituted !

Abd. Well, wilt thou undertake this thing ?

Has. I will ;

And 'tis a proposal gives me joy, my liege.

Abd. I said this morn I'd put thee in a way
To get at thy revenge.

Has. O thanks—O thanks—

My liege, with all my heart I now espouse
This cause, and will immediately about it:
And do not doubt but I'll accomplish it.

Abd. To it then, and never doubt but I will
Thee recompence.

Has. Farewell my liege.

Abd. Farewell.

Has. And, ere this our world hath on it axis
Three times turn'd, I shall successfully return
Or not at all.

Abd. Wilt thou then desperately
Do away thy life ?

Has. The brother must surely die,
My liege, before the sister can be caught.
Yes, thro' the blood of hundreds I must wade,
And o'er the brother's lifeless body stalk,
Before the sister can be had. This right arm
Shall cleave Orlando down, and, as I bestride
His prostrate form, reproaches most bitter
I'll pour in his ears ; and, as an oil to ease
His parched wounds, I'll utter forth to him
His sister's ignominious doom, thrust once
Again my sword into his breast, hear his
Last groan, and banquet so my dear revenge.

[*Exit.*

Abd. I not intend to prostitute this maid ;
But with a gallant gale of am'rous words
I'll ply her to a matrimonial shore—
A shore where happy summer shall aye bloom.
There, lolling both on nature's verdant lap,
The violet's odour and the warbler's breath
Commingling in the air, we'll fondly dally ;

Dally till our thoughts are wild, our souls afire,
Then die the sweet death of satisfied desire.

[Exit.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Iberia Castle—a furnished room.*

Enter CARLOS and MIRANDA.

Car. Now by Saint Peter, sister, you do tell me wonders. I never would have dream'd of such a thing. 'Tis really wonderful.

Mir. As true as wonderful, alas!

Car. But how long hath she been thus?

Mir. Ever since the first day after you took leave of us for France, I have observed this strange disorder augmenting daily on her mind. She grows daily worse and worse.

Car. Indeed—indeed—

Mir. O, it will surely be her death.

Car. What, is she crabb'd towards you, sister?

Mir. Nay, quite the reverse. Indeed, within the last few days, she scarcely doth notice any one except my lord; but all the day long she sits sadly silent, or incoherently she raves.

Car. 'Tis strange. Would I were at the bottom of it, sis.

Mir. Brother, I'm confidant my lord Orlando knows her ail. To me she's altogether silent on that theme.

Car. Have you endeavored to console her?

Mir. Two days ago I did essay mine efforts to console her, but all to no advantage, for the more I did condole the more I did alloo her grief.

Car. I'll now go, and pay my greetings to the general. And if my lady's ail lies in the precincts of her brothers ken, I'll get it out.

Mir. Go, brother; and a handsome success attend you.

Car. I thank you.

[Exit.

Mir. Lo, where in disorder my lady comes.
I cannot do more, for like a full stream,
This working of her soul obstruction rounds.

Enter IANTHE.

Ian. I fly, and misery pursues! Come, night,
Come, endless night, and shut me inly in!
O, all around me wrap thy dark mantle,
And hide me, hide me, from my own sad self!
O for a shelter, an alleviating little shed,
To hide me from the tempest of my woes!
O whither shall I point my steps? Ah, knew
I but some sad, sequestered spot; some place
Where I might to, there brood upon my love,
My guilty love, and sigh away my soul.

[Throws herself dejectedly upon a sofa.]

Mir. Alas, alas! her reason seems o'erturn'd.
I would I knew the cause of this. Lady—
She is occupied in thought, and hears not.
Lady—

Ian. How now? who?—ah, Miranda!
O, I'm the most wretched being on earth!
A friendly step wakes horror in my soul.

Mir. Pardon, lady, if with officious kindness
I have disturbed you?

Ian. You've not disturb'd me.
O, I am miserable beyond all count!

Mir. 'Tis guilt breeds misery.

Ian. But I'm not guilty!

Mir. O, why so woful then?

Ian. It is enough
That I am wretched and have a cause for
Wretchedness; no more.

Mir. I do not insist.
Your brother comes this way; I will pass on.
Ian. His presence requireth not your absence.

Mir. But I would rather—

Ian. Well, as you please.

IANTHE retires to the sofa; and as MIRANDA is going out:

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Miranda.

Mir. My lord—

Orl. Where rests my sister,
Thy friend, Miranda?

Mir. The sweet lady Ianthe—
There she lies, immersed in wo.

[Exit.]

Orl. Beautiful!

Lo, down her snowy neck her jet tresses
 All dishevell'd flow, and each little curl,
 That on that purity plays, speaks volumes
 To my enamored heart. O splendid woe!
 As I gaze mine eyes do drink ecstacy in!
 Methinks so look'd the tear fraught Niobe.
 Ianthe—

Ian. Who calls upon the miserable Ianthe?
 And what would he? I can give but misery.

Orl. It is Orlando speaks, thou fairest one:
 He asks of thee to look up, those dear orbs
 To ope, and bless him with a gracious smile.

Ian. My brother—

Orl. My sister—

Ian. Brother and sister;
 Ties that should be just as sterling unto us
 As immortality is to the soul of man.

Orl. Nathless ties that we would gladly sunder,
 And sunder'd we'd close us still closer still.

Ian. Think not of that! O, do not think of it,
 My brother. 'Tis guilt e'en to think on it.

Orl. Then I am worthy damnation, for thoughts
 Of that are ever in my brain.

Ian. O wo's me!
 O, were ever twain more wretched than we!
 And on the prospect shines not one single
 Hopeful ray.

Orl. Ay, there's the bitterest point.
 From the one tie naught can us disunite,
 And naught dare us unite unto the other.
 And aware of thine own canon against it,
 Why didst thou, Heaven, put this mutual fire
 Of love within our breasts?

Ian. Why didst thou, Heaven?

Orl. Is it justice? is it justice? Up through
 Space I send my voice, the four winds bear it
 On their viewless wings, and from her confines
 Nature answers negatively back!

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. How now!
 What blasphemy is this?

Ian. Not blasphemy—

Orl. No, not blasphemy, but the complaining
Of two wretched souls by medium of words.

Ant. Forbear, forbear, ere yet it be too late—
Heaven's curse may hang but by a thread!

Ian. O God!

Exit.

Orl. Why look, she goes—

Ant. Follow her not,

Palayo's son.

Orl. Ha!

Ant. By the dear memory
Of my dead friend, thy sacred sire, O, stay!

Orl. Friar, thou hast prevail'd.

Ant. 'Tis well—'tis well—

Orl. But didst thou note her agony?

Ant. I did—

Orl. Ah, friar, my sister she cannot be!

Ant. In speaking thus, my son, you do abuse
Your dead parents.

Orl. Can she be my sister?

Sister, no, no, no, my sister she cannot be!

O, did e'er a brother love a sister thus? no!

Ant. Fie, fie.

Orl. I tell thee, friar, thou must wed us.

Ant. Why there again, I've told thee, and again
I tell thee, that I cannot, that I dare not,
Marry ye. Why dost thou importune me so?
Were I to indulge thee, son, in thy desire,
Think on the consequences would accrue.
Should I join ye in the marriage bond,
It were to commit incest on your part,
And on my part the foulest sacrilege;
And from heaven, God's curse, on each of us.
It would draw down.

Orl. O torture! O torture!

It were better I were dead! O, that I could
Displant this passion from my wearied soul,
That I could spurn it ever thence! but no—
It there remains and burns, intensely burns!
How it will terminate I do not know.

Ant. Desperate distraction, I fear, will end it.

Orl. I can't be more distracted than I am.

Ant. I'll thee advise: to do so is my place.

Go; raise thy men, and have a foray out;
And amid the romage that from warfare
Rises, do thou thy guilty love forget, son,
And dissipate her beauty from thy mind.

Orl. Can I? O, can I?

Ant. Take resolution—

Orl. I can, I can! ah no! I can't—I can't—
I feel assur'd, and chide me not, good friar,
When I avow the same, that out my breast
This fatal passion never will. Good sir,
Through day or night, or dreaming or awake,
Her fair form is ever first unto mine eyes,
My thoughts on her are ever bent, and all
My life and soul to her devoted seems!
But I'll be ruled by thee. I'll go; and amid
The groans of dying men, for a short while,
Perhaps, my feelings may be drown'd: haply,
Some friendly Moor may clip me to my grave,
And sorrow, love and hope, end in one gasp!
That I may conquer love to battle I go—
It is my last hope—the hope of despair!

[*Exit.*

Ant. Alas, poor youth, I pity his condition.

Enter CLAUDE.

Cla. O, ho, good morrow, good friar.

Ant. Out, fool, out.

[*Exit.*

Cla. Whew! you'd better beat one at once. Marry, marry,
but here's an event! piety's enanger'd, old sanctuary's out of
tune. God a' mercy, he hath little to do an he spits his spite
at me. But or whether Jove frowns or Venus smiles, it's all one
to Claude.

Enter HELINE.

Hel. Good morrow, Claude.

Cla. Mistress, good morrow.

Hel. Will it please your foolship to bear this four-corner'd
thing, for my sake, unto the friar?

Cla. Indeed the friar used me rather scurvily just now,
but for your sweet sake I'll bear the letter.

Hel. Then stretch your legs to him.

Cla. I will; at the same time indulging the blissful idea
that you will shortly stretch yours to me.

Hel. Go.

Cl. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Hel. Now what sacrifice would I not make to know the contents of that same letter. The bearer of it to the castle is a Moor, and waits, impatiently, at the gates, an answer from the friar. Why, what correspondence should the friar have with Moors? 'Tis strange! and this concurs with other things to the establishment of my belief that with my lord and lady all is not right. Here comes Claude: him will I pump.

Re-enter CLAUDE.

Well, did you serve me?

Cl. Sweet one, I did.

Hel. By the by, Claude, what think you of that letter?

Cl. What should I think of it?

Hel. Pshaw! I do not ask you what you should, but what you do think of it?

Cl. I think that it's a letter.

Hel. Out on you, you dolt.

Cl. Nay, hush up your anger now, for lo, old sanctimony gallantly stalks this way.

Hel. Ay, marry, and the open'd letter's in his hand.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Where's the bearer of this letter, Claude?

Cl. Marry, sir, in Heaven for aught I know.

Ant. You brought it to me.

Cl. And she brought it to me.

Ant. Where is he?

Hel. Dancing attendance at the gateway, sir.

Ant. Then get you to him, girl, and be his conduct to my cloister straight.

Hel. With pleasure will I, friar, for he's a comely young man, and who knows but what—

Ant. Hence, gabler.

Hel. O, you old churl!

[*Exit.*

Ant. And, sirrah, go you immediately and seek my lord Orlando out; and to my cloister bid him come.

Cl. I'll signify so much to him.

[*Exit.*

Ant. O, by this letter, I, who was but now so humbled with wo, am made proud with joy. Yes, infolds this letter that which unfolds the mystery of Orlando's and Ianthe's love.

Brother and sister from the same woman they are not; nor by marriage are they kin, but only adopted by deceas'd Pelayo was she. O, this disclosure hath made me all joy and gratitude, and consummately happy will it make the lovers.

Re-enter HELINE with Sabyro.

Hel. Revered sir, this is the gentleman.

Ant. And right welcome is he to the bed and board of old Iberia. Sabyro is your name?

Sab. Yes, sir, Sabyro.

Ant. By this letter that I hold your uncle doth advise you to the safety of these walls; and, sir, you are most heartily welcome.

Sab. O, sir, unfeignedly I thank you.

Ant. Will it please you come in with me? I've much to whisper in your private ear.

Sab. I am a servant, sir, to your directions.

Ant. This way.

[*Exeunt.*

Hel. Is not this provoking now! secrets proceeding and my curiosity not fleet enow to come up with them! O, but it vexes me. Marry, I could choke that old friar with his own prayer-book, had I but the power to exercise my will. This I know; were I to lay me down to him he'd soon get up to me, the rank old goat.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A gallery in the castle.*

Enter ORLANDO and CARLOS.

Car. To me these things are marvellous, my lord,
And forbid thysself her company?

Orl. Yes, Carlos,
Her lov'd presence I've resolved to shun, and,
As some poor spirit yet confin'd to earth,
I wander up and down these vasty halls,
Where echo wakes her voice to every tread,
Or silence to unbreathed wo responds!
Up and down I go, hope's easy football
And thought's helpless prey!

Car. My lord —

Orl. My friend—

O, come near; let me prop me on thy breast,
Unbolt the floodgate of my tears, and give

A flow to sorrow's tide! Wilt thou not help,
My friend, to mitigate my grief? O, say!

Car. I'll all I can to ease thy loaded heart.
What present feelings sway——

Orl. If thou wouldst
Know my present feelings, recall the past
With me; bring up the past; and as awake
Thy retrospective thoughts, thro' all thy soul
The chords of memory will sound; and then,
Perforce, thy feelings will commix with mine.
Ianthe!—

Car. What of her?

Orl. O much! O much!
Thou wilt scarce credit me, when now I say,
My sister and I may never meet again;
For I have vow'd to hold me hereafter
Ever from her sight. Yes, good Carlos, yes,
Mine honor bids me now refrain, ere yet
This thing proceeds too far.

Car. This is most strange.

Orl. Yes, yes, all our fond intercourse is now
And forever stopp'd! This have I resolved:
I'll have a foray out against the Moors,
And amid the tumultuous strife thereof,
The din, confusion, and the horrors there,
Forget this lawless passion if I can!
The good friar advis'd to it, and I'll obey.

Car. 'Tis well resolved; and I am glad of it.

Orl. We'll fight for liberty, for slaves we are.

Car. No, no, my lord; no slaves are we.

Orl. Wherefore?

Car. It cannot be that we are slaves, my lord.
Your censure and your judgment I'll abide,
And for my self I'll say, I have an honest
And a patriotic heart, which I will drain
Of every drop of blood contained therein,
Of every drop, ere this our glorious cause,
The great cause of justice and of liberty,
Shall sink beneath a despot's iron sway!

Orl. Sir, thy patriotism can ne'er be tax'd;
In all that thereto appertains thou art
Hand and soul. In the battle's deaf romage
There's not thy equal, for where the affray

The thickest is, ay, and where the danger
Greatest is, art thou.

Car. Then no slave am I!
No, no slave am I whiles that oppression
I do resist! Whiles that against the Moors
We strive and strike for liberty, no slaves
Are we, my lord.

Orl. Indeed thou speakest truth.

Car. No slave is he who doth assert his rights
And boldly standeth forth to acquire them.
He, only, is a slave who feels the smart
Of despotism's scorpion lash, and, feeling,
Resisteth not, but bends his paltry soul
Unto a fool, and brooks an abject fate.

Orl. No more—no more—

Enter CLAUDE.

Cla. Gentles—

Orl. How now?

Cla. I thank you; I am well; the rose sits in my cheek;
I have desires, and a good appetite.

Orl. No; but your business with us?

Cla. With the singular, some; with the plural, none.

Car. I take my leave. [Exit.]

Cla. A good hint, well taken. I'll wager my head against
a pin's head he hath as much brains as five asses have.

Orl. Well, fool, what is it?

Cla. What is what, my lord?

Orl. The matter?

Car. What matter, my lord?

Orl. That matter that you come to me respecting.

Cla. Why sir, the friar advis'd me, secretly to signify unto
your lordship that he would like your presence straightway at
his cloister.

Orl. What can he want? But I will go and see. [Exit.]

Cla. As mistress Heline wisely said, secrets are going the
rounds. My lord sad, and my lady fretful, the friar betwot-
tled, and a Moor lodging in the castle. Would I could get at
the bottom of all this! But time may do much: and so until
it's time's pleasure to make it known, I'll e'en content myself
by peeping round discretion's corner. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A furnished room in the castle.*

IANTHE, and HELINE in attendance.

Ian. Leave me, girl.*Hel.* Perhaps—*Ian.* Nay, I need thee not.*Hel.* How soon, lady, may I return?*Ian.* I care not—

In an hour's time if you choose, or indeed
I care not when; only now get you gone:
I wish to be alone.

Hel. I'll not disturb you.[*Exit.*]

Ian. She is gone, the inquisitive minion,
And I'm at last exempted from the gaze
Of her mischievous eyes. My wo's not safe;
Nor's my misery sacred, but yon woman
Must slyly take a peep and try to con it.
Out on her! Now had I but Alecto's scourge
Of snakes, I'd lash her roundly o'er the earth!
Fie, fie upon myself! I'm ireful now.
Down, anger, down.

[*Sits.*]

O, strange ideas throng my soul!
If but this sofa were th' immortalized rock,
And here along the expansive ocean swept,
How gladly would I sieze upon the chance,
And like the love-mad Sappho boldly leap,
And end my torments all at once! ah, no,
Such may not be, and I must weary out
A loathed life!

[*Wceps.*]

Can he be my brother?

Brother! no, no, no! my brother he cannot be!

O, did e'er a sister love a brother thus?

No, no, no, no—

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. My life! my soul! O, let me
Hug thee to my heart--and devour thee all
With love.

Ian. O, what means my brother?*Orl.* Sure some

Angel has come down and told of the joy
That thee awaits.

Ian. No, no—

Orl. Then is reserv'd

For me the joyous tidings to proclaim.
O love, triumphant love! thyself invincible,
Thou conquerest all.

Ian. I'd almost opine,
And my fond heart would let th' idea off,
My brother's craz'd.

Orl. Yes, craz'd with ecstasy!

Ian. Ecstasy! and at a time like this, brother?

Orl. Brother! call me not brother any more,
For I'll no more call thee my sister; but by
Another and a dearer name I'll call thee,

Ian. Am I not thy sister?

Orl. No; thou art not.

Ian. What magic's this?

Orl. God's own magic it is!

Ian. Explain, or I shall go wild!

Orl. Too wild am I

Already, love, to explain to thee. Come in—
Come in; the good friar shall tell thee all.
O, this excess of joy!

Ian. But this is strange—

Orl. We'll be married! we'll be married!

Ian. Married!

Orl. O, come in—come in—come in— [Exeunt.

Enter CLAUDE.

Cla. Through the keyhole I peep'd and saw it all! Marry,
marry, but how he kiss'd her! I really thought he would have
strangled her! Mystery, mystery, mystery.

Enter HELINE.

Hel. Hist, hist, Claude, hist!

Cla. How now, chuck?

Hel. Claude—

Cla. Come you on tip-toe, hey? then there's more mystery,
I trow. Come now, what is it?

Hel. Claude?

Cla. Hey?

Hel. Are you alone? Is no one nigh?

Cla. I am alone; no one is nigh.

Hel. Close in your ear, this.

Cla. Close in my ear, what?

Hel. Though to my certain shame, I tell you Claude, I did just now what I never did before.

Cla. You could not do it behind, could you?

Hel. Out on you!

Cla. But come, what did you do?

Hel. O, I shall blush to death at thought of it. I peep'd—

Cla. Through—

Hel. A keyhole.

Cla. Nay, don't blush, chuck, for I did the same thing. And pray, chuck, what did you see?

Hel. Into the friar's closet I peep'd; there I saw the old fellow himself, my lord, my lady, and the Moor, huddled all up in one corner, and the Moor gabbling as fast as he might—but confound the word could I hear.

Cla. Ah, that was bad.

Hel. Mystery, mystery, mystery!

Cla. Yes. there's a mystery somewhere.

Hel. Would I could find it out.

Cla. What shall we go and search for it? and it's the best fellow that finds it out?

Hel. Agreed.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A gallery in the castle.*

Enter ORLANDO and IANTHE.

Ian. I am bewilder'd with this flood of news:
Chaotic my senses are. Dear brother—

Orl. Nay, not thy brother but thy lover now.

Ian. Dost thou truly love me?

Orl. Doth the sun shine?

O, yes, my love's as true as Christ, as strong
As adamant.

Ian. And by my virgin honor, love,
I do believe thee, for I have ever known thee
All truth.

Orl. I'll kiss thee for that ; so.

Ian. But see——

Enter ANTONIO and Sabyro.

Ant. Each word thou utterest, Sabyro, sinks me
Yet deeper in amazement than the last.
Here we all are ; so now the unbroken tale
Of thine, whereof by detach'd parts we heard,
Deliver us. I ask it——

Orl. And I——

Ian. And I——

Sab. This is the sum and substance of it all.
Camaralzaman, a Moor, and Zele, a fair
Spanish maiden, by Catholic ceremonies
Were join'd. An honest time had fled by,
And the fair Zele, much larger than herself,
Is brought to bed ; of a boy and a girl,
Twins, is she deliver'd. Life unto twain
She gives, but, so the will of just Heaven,
Herself must die. Now sorrow deeply sinks
Into the husband's heart, acts as a bane,
Corrodes, and his vital energy fordoes ;
Ere a twelvemonth he lies again with her.
And, my sister, these twins were thou and I ;
And thus were we the unconscious killers
Of our parents.

Ian. Alas!

Sab. After their deaths
Together we shot up, side and side, until
Four years had gone around ; fate will'd it so,
Then, that the chance of war, amid turmoil
And the strife of men, should separate us ;
For thou, my sister, through some incidence,
Becamest the daughter of renown'd Pelayo.

Ian. O it is marvellous !

Orl. Ay, 'tis wonderful !

Ian. But, brother what vicissitudes were thine ?
Surely, thine was a roughsome fate, to be left,
So young and helpless, to the world ! In truth
I fear thy fate was hard.

Sab. As for myself,
I was turn'd adrift, a poor little bark,
Upon the world's rough sea, without or helm
Or sail to guide my course; happily for me
An auspicious breeze came up, and blew me
To a gentle shore.

Ian. Wilt thou not relate——

Sab. Truly now to tell my intermixed tale
Would occupy a deal of time; and so, sister,
At some more leisure hour I will beguile
Thine ear with it. I could recital make,
Did I begin, of that would please, and that
Would horrify; but such display may not
Now be made.

Ian. There's yet one thing I would ask.

Sab. And if I am able I will answer thee.

Ian. Why was not the mystery of my birth
Ere this proclaim'd?

Sab. When good Pelayo died
That secret died with him, save this uncle
That I spake of, who, at this time, to keep
His life fled into Africa.

Ian. Then to them only
My birth was known?

Sab. To them only.

Ian. O, then
That accounts for all.

Ant. Ay, yes, Pelayo's
Sudden death, and this uncles long absence
Debarr'd all chances for a disclosure.

Sab. So when civil commotion had subsided,
And after sixteen tedious years of strife
The present king sat on the Moorish throne,
Then was our uncle from Africa recall'd.
Home he came, and just in time to rescue me
From a cruel doom, and this disclosure
To bring about.

Ant. O, just in time, indeed!
God's graciousness may here be plainly seen.

Orl. O, just in time, for thy sister and I——

Ant. Nay, out with the rest.

Orl. No, worthy friar;
Thou shalt out with it for me.

Ant. Lovers they are,
Young man. Come thou with me apart; I will
Of this inform thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Orl. And now, my sister,
For the last time I call thee so. Thou hast
That claim on me no more, but a far dearer
Shalt thou have; a nearer and dearer one!
Said I not, my love, that we'd be married?

Ian. Nay but we are not married.

Orl. But, O, so near,
Heaven's in the thoughts of it!

Ian. I have my fears,
For oft the raised cup untasted falls!

Orl. Nay, love, always hope the best.

Ian. Orlando,
I speak my heart's feelings when that I say,
There is a calm pervades my inmost soul,
A gentle distribution through my blood,
To which I am not used: my heart's presage
To murderous and squally discord though
Converts this harmony. Sudden its rise,
And sudden will be its fall!

Orl. O no, my love,
This new delight that riseth on thy soul,
Shall not continuance so quickly slack
As thou, in forward haste, didst now opine;
It shall not bate, but the extinguish'd torch
Of hope it shall relume within thy breast.

Ian. God grant it may!

Orl. O my soul yearns to thee!
O, my dear Ianthe! thou art to me forever
As the rose in spring! dies the dainty rose,
And down sinks to earth its beauteous leaves,
With the first blast that howls along; not so
With thee; thou art in beauty always fresh!
O joy! O joy!

Ian. What makes it?

Orl. I'll tell thee.

Thus with a privileg'd arm to encompass
Thy waist, thus with wanton fingers to play
All among this soft exuberance here,
Thus with eager lips to imprint the kiss
Of holy love upon thy forehead high,

And thus to hug thee to my heart, is love—
Is joy—is ecstasy!

Ian. That joy is mutual!

Yes, for we are now at full liberty to love;
For which all praise unto our God above!

Re-enter ANTONIO and SABYRO.

Ant. Well, we have talk'd this matter o'er.

Sab. And much

Wonder has it engender'd in my breast.

Orl. O dost thou then withhold thy sanction?

Sab. O no, sir, no. Far from withholding her,
I earnestly do give her thee. Here, take her.

Orl. Why then, Ianthe, thou art mine.

Ian. Thine only!

Altogether thine!

Orl. O, I o'erflow with ecstasy!

This night our nuptials shall be solemniz'd:
The iron shall not have the time to cool.

Ant. My voice is with thee: so let us prepare——

Ian. Softly now; one comes.

Enter AURIO.

Orl. Aurio, how now?

Thy haste of import speaks. What is it, man?

Aur. Good my lord, the Moors are up, arm'd; for us
They make, and directly they will be here.

Orl. How! what sayest thou? the Moors in arms!

Aur. Unwelcome, I fear, is my intelligence?

Orl. I was to be married and this hinders me.

Aur. Ah, then is it quite unwelcome, surely.

Orl. Unwelcome? no, no! 'tis welcome, Aurio!

I am a soldier; and the trumpet's loud call
Is dulcet music to the warrior's ears.

Aur. Over the northern steeps they grope along.

Orl. Ha! and with the loud rhetoric of war
We'll welcome them! And now, my good Aurio,
Get thee unto lieutenant Carlos straight;
Desire him to buckle his implements on,
And be in readiness. Quick, good Aurio, quick.

Aur. Despatch in this shall image my loyalty.

Exit.

Orl. Ha, friar, they have anticipated us —

Ant. So it seems.

Orl. But come, let's forward ; forward,
Forward to fight these hounds of Africa,
To encounter the remorseless sycophants!

Ian. I'll with thee to the field of battle, love ;
I'm a woman here, there I'll be a man.

Orl. Indeed, it is possible, my love.

Ian. How impossible ?

Orl. Thou knowest the danger.

Ian. And say, can I not confront the danger ?

Orl. Besides it looks not well for petticoats —

Ian. No more ; I understand thee ; but quickly
I will thy doubts and rising fears dispel.

Orl. How sweet ?

Ian. But a moment and I will tell.

[Exit.

Orl. O, friar, how I do love that peerless one !
Sabyro, thou art her brother ; but thy love
Towards her, I know, can never equal mine.
And when I do cease to love her, the bright
And glorious sun no more his gemm'd arrows
Will shoot, no more the moon her silvery
Pathway hold, no more the studded heaven
Will wink at earth !

Ant. And, by Heaven, son,
That lady's worthy all the tenderness o' love
Thou canst bestow.

Orl. Yes, friar, she's worthy more :
My worthiness is poor compar'd with hers :
I am the worshipper, and she's the god !

Sab. In my sister's applause each tongue is big :
A hard fate for me indeed, to have been
Depriv'd so long her company.

Orl. Dear sir, thou wilt
Appreciate her virtues now the more.

Sab. Nay, but she's thine alone.

Orl. No difference
Shall that make. When wedded to me, Sabyro,
She's then as to thee as she ever was.

Ant. Thou art her brother, tho' he be her lord.

Orl. And I now ask thee, wilt thou against us
Or for us in this same battle that comes on ?

Sab. I am a Spaniard.

Orl. Enough.

Sab. Yes, Orlando,

I'll fight along with thine, for in my veins
Flows more of Spain than Africa. I'll hence
And doff these Moorish robes, and speedily
The garb of Spain assume. All allegiance
To the Moorish king I now cast from me ;
And hereafter beneath the flag of Spain
I'll live, beneath it I'll fight, beneath it
I'll die !

[*Exit.*

Ant. Already doth the warrior's fire
Beam from thine eyes, my son. To battle go ;
The clarion's call obey ; but I charge thee,
Seek not to aggrandize thyself, but only His
Approbation seek to gain. Go, youth, go ;
And when thou returnest, O, may the look
Of triumph, as of courage now, glance from
Thine eyes !

[*Exit.*

Orl. Now comes the agony of thought—
O, Grenada! O, my poor, dear country, O! O!
By hell-hounds overrun and blighted down!
What, tears? Hot fall upon the dust and cool
To stubborn gems, for ye are precious drops,
And dear shall be the ransom! 'Twas a gush
Of agony wrung from a bursting heart
By Moorish beasts, and for each parted tear
This arm shall immolate a hecatomb!
O, these my strong emotions boil my blood!
I would this contest were commenc'd! Ye elves
And spirits that on vengeance tend, come from
Your dark confines away, possess my heart,
For I have now a lion's nerve and blood ;
And feel as I, myself, with this my right arm,
Could cleanly overthrow this Moorish host!
Now for battle——

Enter IANTHE.

Ian. And thus accoutred I'll along,

Orl. Why ah——

In truth, my love, I scarce knew thee. What all
In male attire ?

Ian. Ay, ay, my lord ; there's ne'er
A particle of petticoat beneath.

ORLANDO.

Orl. Indeed!
Why what a wonderous thing is woman's wit!
Ian. Hark!

A flourish of trumpets heard without.

Orl. It doth announce that all's in readiness:
And that the soldier's issue forth these walls.
What shall we unto the gates, Ianthe?

Ian. Ay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A plain before the castle.*

CARLOS, SABYRO, AURIO and Soldiers discovered.

Enter ORLANDO, and IANTHE, through the gates.

Car. General——

Orl. Nay, make your obeisance here;
To her do off thy cap.

Car. Amazement! Is't so?
Speak; do I behold thy sister that was,
Thy mistress now?

Orl. Thou dost behold her, man.
Yes, good Carlos, in this same guise she hath
Resolv'd to challenge with me the dangers
Of a bloody field.

Car. It needs little search,
My lord, to find out the angelic feelings
That to such step prompted her. Here I kneel,
Lady, and in adoration kiss thy hand.

Ian. They say, 'tis characteristic of our sex
To listen to the tongue that flatters most;
By that same rule, my ears do owe thee much.

Car. Dear lady, that's not flattery to give
To virtue her due, and unto beauty's shrine
The passing tribute to pay.

Ian. Good lieutenant,
Your words I'll take, and in my remembrance
I will them store; by and by, at intervals,
O'erhaul them with my leisure thoughts I will
And, if I can, unto myself I'll put them.
Are you content?

Car. O, perforce. But of this
Be sure; as they were utter'd they were meant.

Orl. Carlos, a word with you.

Car. Your servant, sir.

Sab. My sister——

Ian. That voice should be my brother's,
And that face too should be his, but that garb
Is not the one he wears.

Sab. Nor's that the dress
Mine eyes have look'd upon my sister on.

Ian. 'Tis the exterior she now wears, brother.

Sab. This of meth' exterior and th' interior is,
For, sister, I am all a Spaniard now.
But surely, sister, for the good lord Orlando
Great must be thy love and like, thus to doff
Thy maiden clothes and don the warrior's?

Ian. Brother, it is!

Sab. I'll tell him this.

Ian. No, no!
Not for the world!

Sab. There's no necessity;
For he knows full as much as I might tell.

Ian. Well, perhaps he does.

Sab. He does; there's no one
Doubt pertains to it.

Ian. Brother, no more; he's here.

Enter GRASADO.

Gras. General, about one hundred feet beyond,
A rhododendron hedge behind, the Moors
Do snugly lie ensconc'd; with the intention
To take us all unawares I have no doubt.

Orl. Prepare, prepare; let's go to windward, ho!
Gentleman, the foe's before; and face to face,
And sword to sword, in hardy and fell tug,
We must encounter them. Marry, what though
Their number be so huge compared with ours?
The righteousness of this our cause will more
Than balance that disparity! Examine
Too with whom ye are to strive. Who and what
Are they? Why they are thieves who trample on
The sacred liberties of honest men!

Aur. We'll tear their hearts out!

Omnes. Ay! ay!

Orl. O, countrymen,
These merciless Moors have despoil'd your homes;
They have slaughter'd, with remorseless bosoms,
Your wives, your children and your all that's dear!
Yea, from the supplicating mother's breast

The smiling infant they have snatch'd, held up
The little dear unto her sight, and full on
The rugged rock dash'd out its tender brains!

Sab. Blood shall have blood!

Omnes. It shall, it shall!

Orl. O, dear, my countrymen, in every way
They have, and do, spread scath amid your peace!
'Tis yours both to recover and retaliate!

Omnes. We will, we will!

Aur. Yes, amply be revenged!

Orl. And now let the spirit of your fathers,
Whose bones do feed this soil, be stirring in ye!
Now on. And let's do such deeds shall emulate
The Roman name! On, freedom's champions. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A gallery in the castle.*

Enter HELINE.

Hel. Now what a strange and quick succession of events,
within these two days, have transpired. Things wonderful
have come about! Add to these circumstances some solemnity
and depth, and thence, methinks, a play might be worked out of
them; one that would live upon a stage. Ha, here comes
Claude.

Enter CLAUDE.

Cla. Ah, ha, you rosy-cheek'd—

Hel. Why, now, what do you here? I thought you were
away, with all the rest, unto the field?

Cla. Truly, not I. The sight of human blood delights not
me; I've not that wolfish appetite, but would rather set mine
eyes upon life that death at any time.

Hel. O, ho, you have the coward's heart.

Cla. The more's my credit.

Hel. How, pray?

Cla. Cowardice is discretion; and discretion in a fool is a
rare thing. Besides I'm a lover; and, with these soft emo-
tions here, the very sight of steel would freeze my heart.

Hel. Ah, poor heart! poor tender thing! you'd better keep
it always near the fire.

Cla. Your smiles keep life in it.

Hel. Then surely I will frown if thereby I may kill it.

Cla. I will not credit you in that. I know you'd rather
give a life than take a life.

Hel. What do you mean?

Cla. Truly, to be a mother is a woman's pride.

Hel. But all mothers take a life before they give a life?

Cla. Marry, how?

Hel. 'Tis very plain. Before a woman gives unto the world a child, she first must from the father take that child.

Cla. And will you take one from me?

Hel. Truly, I'm not so much indebted to the world that I should undergo a woman's labour.

Cla. But after the pleasure always comes the pain.

Hel. But I'll nor undergo that pleasure or that pain.

Cla. Your mind will change ere long, I think.

Hel. Perhaps so. Come now, I'd ask thee, Claude, is it not most romantic in my lady to accompany thus my lord unto the fight, in man's habiliments?

Cla. She loves him; and delicacy has crouched to love. I warrant now, the lady Ianthe would not hesitate, to please the lord Orlando, to undergo those pleasures and those pains.

Hel. Well, she shall be my precedent; and when they occupy one bed we will no longer occupy two.

Cla. Agreed: and 'twill not be long till then, for, between you and I, they are as eager as loadstone and steel to clinch each the other; I know it.

Hel. Fie, fie, how can you say so, Claude.

Cla. Marry, I'm never ashamed of the truth.

Hel. And you have a reason for that, for truth passes your lips so seldom that you have not the opportunity.

Cla. Come now, you are hard on me.

Hel. Miranda comes.

Enter MIRANDA.

Mir. As yet no tidings from the fight?

Cla. A messenger has not yet arrived. However, ere much time elapses one must be here. [Trumpet heard.]

Enter GRASADO.

Mir. In one word thy news; victory or defeat?

Gras. Victory.

Cla. Victory! hurra! I'll go immediately and tell old Antonio of it; and his old heart will bound again. [Exit.]

Hel. And I'll run round the castle and tell it to every one I meet. These victories always bring along fine times.

[Exit.]

Mir. In what condition, when you departed from it, was the fight?

Gras. Why, whichever way the eye might peradventure turn, it fell upon the flying Moors.

Mir. A complete rout, I judge, it was?

Gras. It was. And by the wise valor of the lord Orlando it was brought about; he hath been wonderful to-day.

Mir. And the lady Ianthe?

Gras. She grew fearless, became excited, separated from the lord, and actually led herself, into the centre of the affray, a portion of the warriors.

Mir. Are you trifling?

Gras. As I am a soldier, I speak the truth. [*A trumpet heard.*]

Enter AURIO.

Mir. Aurio, Grasado hath preceeded you with the joyful tidings of the victory.

Aur. 'Tis true, the day is ours, and o'er ninety acres of the field the Spanish ensign flouts the breeze. And better far we had been defeated though than that should be, that is.

Mir. Why, sir, what mysterious words are these?

Aur. The lady Ianthe is lost.

Mir. Lost!

Aur. Among the living of our host she was not to be seen; among the dead we sought her and we found her not; and at her fate's uncertainty the lord Orlando hath gone almost mad: I do fear that it will be the death of him.

[*A flourish of trumpets heard without.*]

Gras. That flourish announces his arrival before the battlements.

Aur. Let's to the gates, and there look upon what I have told ye of. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room of state in the Alhambra.*

ABDALLA seated, his train, &c. OSMAN and SELIM.

Abd. Grating, gentlemen, is this intelligence;
But the fault of it belongeth not to you.
So then our army is put unto the flight,
And the brave Hassan too is slain! So ends
My present hope to get Orlando's sister.
Hassan slain! that man was the foundation,
Apparently most fair and strong, on which,
Of late, all my hopes were built.

Dsm. Unpleasant
Must have been the tidings of his surcease
To my liege's ears?

Abd. O most unpleasant!
I had design'd, through him, th' extermination
Of every Spaniard from out Grenada:
But the architecture has miscarried there;
Nay, e'en our own bottom is in jeopardy.
Of a captive ye did speak--what of him?

Sel. It is a youth whose valor overreach'd
His discretion. Right in the centre of us all
He dash'd himself, and as we fled we carried
Him along.

Osm. I have something strange, my liege,
To tell thee of.

Abd. What is't?

Osm. Sabyro, who for
Treason was by yourself condemn'd to death,
In Spanish guise, lay dead upon the field.

Abd. Why into Solyman's hands, for execution,
I did deliver him.

Osm. And through his hands
The traitor must have made escape, or else
Upon that field he never would have been.

Abd. Ha! this shall be scrutiniz'd! 'Tis strange—
But go, Osman; find the lieutenant out,
And drag him here; his head shall answer us.

Osm. I am to your commands obedient. [Exit.

Abd. And now, good Selim, immediately I'd
Have thee fetch the captive here.

Sel. I'll fetch him. [Exit.

Abd. Can it indeed be possible that Solyman
Should play us false? I' faith it may be so—
But here's the captive: he seems dejected.

Re-enter SELIM with IANTHE.

Sel. Dread sir, this is the youth I did report.

Abd. Ha! ha! ha!

Scl. What is it so pleases your majesty?

Abd. Sir, methinks the captur'd warrior needs
A little hair upon his face: he lacks beard.
Boy, but that thou art thus attir'd, I should
Deem thee of the tender sex. Thou art young
To wear a sword upon thy thigh, methinks?
What doth it never get between thy legs,
And trip thee up? Why now how he blushes—

Selim, he's pretty. I pray thee what means
That rosy hue upon thy cheek?

Ian. Indignation!

Abd. Hum! Indignation?

Ian. Yes, indignation!

Abd. At what?

Ian. At thee!

Abd. Stripling, attempt not

Thou to trifle here, or else we'll teach thee
What thou art.

Ian. What am I?

Abd. Our prisoner

Thou art.

Ian. And if I am?

Abd. Thy life's in danger.

Ian. My body may be so; my soul is not!

Abd. Selim, this beardless fellow is saucy;

To the block with him, and see an th' axe's edge
Will qualify his throat for gibberish.

Ian. Ay, on, and slay a helpless woman!

Abd. How,

A woman?

Ian. Ay, a woman!

Abd. Hum! this is well!

A woman, hey! hum! I' faith this pleases me!
But since it is so this dress befits her not——
So, Selim, take thou hence this Spanish maid,
And, in glittering robes, command my girls
To deck her off.

Ian. What will ye bring me where
There's of mine own sex?

Sel. Ay.

Ian. Speedily then.

[*Exeunt.*

Abd. By Allah, she's handsome! and the reality
Of her fair face and rounded form, puts all
Orlando's sister's hearsay charms far from
My view. what makes her tho' in this attire?
Some lover she hath follow'd to the fight.
And a maid she is; for after wedlock,
A woman's not so fond to risk her life.
She's amorous, and we will live on lechery.

Re-enter OSMAN.

Osm. My liege, there's treachery——

Abd. Where is Solyman?

Osm. Upon his way to Africa.

Abd. How?

Osm. Last night,
Pretending some royal business, he did pass
The southern gate.

Abd. I' faith then this accounts
For Sabyro's dying in the Spanish ranks.
Saidst thou he pass'd the southern gate?

Osm. So said
The guard to me.

Abd. He might as well have pass'd
The northern one then, and sav'd the distance.

Osm. Why?

Abd. No, Osman, he has not gone towards
Africa, but inside the walls of old Iberia
He is. Osman, come thou with me, and let
Us seek the means to worst this exigence.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A gallery in the castle.*

Enter AURIO, and GRASADO.

Aur. And now, Grasado, what of the general?

Gras. Ah, Aurio, that ship, that goodly ship,
Which we were wont to gaze admiringly on,
Is now dismantled quite.

Aur. O, no!

Gras. Alas!

Strange whims do occupy the gen'ral's mind :
Now he fancies himself this, and now that ;
Now he beholds an angel to the which
He talks of love, and of Ianche too ; and
Again he stretches forth his eyes to their
Full strain, and, intense, on hollow vacancy
He gazes, with awful gesture accompanied ;
Anon, he will break suddenly off from this,
And right reasonable he will discourse.

Aur. The very attributes of madness, sir.

Gras. Lo, now where he comes, in conversation
With lieutenant Carlos. Behold and judge.

Aur. Else were I doubly blind.

[*Retire.*]

Enter ORLANDO and CARLOS.

Orl. What, my Carlos,
Didst die for love? Why even so did I!
Yet, dead and yet on earth! What do we here?
'Tis false! we are not dead! but we will die!
Come, friend, together let us shed our tears,

Together weep our wo, in unison complain
 Against the fates. Our burning tears shall fall
 As though the clouds were all let loose above,
 And, spite of the covenant unto the adverse,
 We will drench earth with another flood——
 Our own destroyers! Death then will us equip
 With wings, and we will fly forever hence,
 And leave this heartless world to meet our souls
 In heaven; for love like ours can never rest
 On lukewarm soil or breathe this icy air!

Car. Take pity, take pity, assuage his grief,
 And restore him to his senses, Heaven!

Orl. Ha, ha, ha! Marry, let the devil come; .
 We fear him not; we are all good christians.
 Ianthe! oh—oh—oh—lost! forever lost!

Car. My lord——

Orl. O, she was blithe in prettiness,
 Pure as the snow that crowns the Alpine tops,
 Sweet as the odours from the morning flower;
 Yea, and as righteous as the unborn babe,
 That stirreth in the womb, she was; but now
 She's dead! these eyes shall never look on her
 Again; round her fair form these arms no more
 Shall twine; and never shall our hearts unto
 Each other speak until we meet in heaven!
 Lost! forever lost!

Car. Nay, not forever lost,
 My lord, since ye may meet again in bliss.

Orl. A good reproof, and I am thankful, sir,
 For it. So, so; she's lost on earth, but not
 Forever lost! I would be with her, Carlos!

Car. My lord, until the body's dissolution be
 And thy spirit let loose, thou mayest not
 Hope to be with her.

Orl. I sin in living then!
 Since death will bring me to the maid I love,
 I'll straightway bring myself to death! I'll go;
 And in yonder stream, that's rolling gently on
 To the sweet music of its own faint ripple,
 I'll drown myself, and all my sorrows too!
 Ianthe! Ianthe!

Car. How piteously he calls
 Upon her name.

Orl. Carlos——

Car. My lord.

Orl. Carlos,

Lets's gripe each other with the grip of death ;
Go hand in hand unto the other world !

Ha, ha, ha !

Car. Alas, alas ! thou noble heart !

Orl. Darkness ! darkness ! all is chaos around
My bed ! night and discord are in my soul !
I'm dead—my soul escapes my body now—
But how's this, a troop of devils here to sieze
On me—downward they drag me—ha, ha, ha !

Car. Wo's me, he has swooned ! help ho, help, ho !

Orl. Help, help ! avaunt, ye fiends ! I say, let go !
Back, ye demons, back unto your pitchy cell !
Help, Carlos, help ! they drag me down to hell !

Cur. Crazed ! completely crazed ! alas ! alas !
Sad wreck of what was once majestic !
But a crown cannot be all a diamond ;
Inferior material must prop up the gems.

[AURIO and GRASADO advance.]

Gras. You see, you see ?

Aur. Too visible it is, alas !

Car. O, well met, my friends ! behold, sirs, behold !
Be dumb ; nay, do not speak, but act ; come, come,
Let's quickly bear him.

Aur. O piteous sight !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*An antechamber in the Alhambra,*

Enter IANTHE.

Ian. I wander up and down in this vast pile,
That almost shames the depths of India's seas,
Regardless of its splendor, O, some sad hut,
Where I might effuse the copious draughts
Of sorrow that are in me chok'd, where far
More welcome than all this magnificence !
My heart is torn ! it's tortur'd ! Thou sun ab—
But the king comes to importune me still
With his passion : I'm obliged to carry now
A spirit haughty, a spirit that's quite from
My real one. Befriend me, kind Heaven !

Enter ABDALLA.

Abd. She is now in befitting apparel dress'd ;
And upon my bedazzled sight she breaks—
Perfect beauty ! as resplendent as the sun
Upon our eastern summer's morning !

Ian. Grief, hast thou no pause, no intermission
Of mirth, of joy, or even of forgetfulness!

Abd. Allah, but she is beautiful! Maiden,
Let not those eyes shrink thus, as guilty things,
Beneath their lids, but let them boldly shine.
Dispel this sadness from thee. Ah, do not
In such careless wonderment gaze on th' earth.

Ian. Dissembler, to wonder's all that's left me :
I wonder what destiny did doom me here,
Within the reach of thy ferocious grasp.

Abd. O, maiden, put away from thee this gloom.
To see thee thus afflicts me to the soul.

Ian. The wily crocodile, on Afric's red strond,
With piteous complaint entraps the stranger,
But they who know his purpose keep remote.
Nay, never whine, and protestations make,
For it avails thee not : I know thee full well,
And, knowing, I scorn thee.

Abd. How ?

Ian. I scorn thee.

Abd. Woman, beware ! this sword I grasp is edg'd ;
And when o'er the passions anger reigns —
I pray thee look to it !

Ian. Vain are thy threats ;
Thee and thy power I all alike despise !

Abd. Well,
Since that courteous wooing cannot take thee,
Compulsion must !

Ian. At last !

Abd. Nay, do not swell
And frown so haughtily. That white bosom
Should in another passion throw its heaves
Than anger. Once more I ask thee, wilt thou
Consent to what I ask ?

Ian. No !

Abd. So resolute,
Maiden ? positively then I'll force thee.

Ian. But my life must previously be taken !
I tell thee, tyrant, —

Abd. Frighten boys, not men !
Foretell to those that to foretelling heed !

Ian. I thank thee for this interruption, sir ;
I'm glad the thought did not escape my lips.

Abd. Calmly thou speakest, maiden. But, sure,
Thou wilt not with such calmness utter speech
When one among my common pack of whores :

No ; but with most horrid imprecations
 Thou wilt rend th' air, invoking every evil
 That is, that was, to blast thee from the earth.
 Methinks e'en now I hear these domes resound
 Thy piercing shrieks. I did intend to have
 Been nice in this affair, but since thou hast
 Goaded me on so far, from hence I'll use thee
 As a bought slave, an ignominious concubine.

Ian. Ha, ha, ha!

Abd. Is it laughable?

Ian. Ay, sir, 'tis.

Abd. But not one moment longer will I parle
 With this thy stubbornness. What ho, Selim!—

Enter SELIM.

Sel. My liege—

Abd. Selim, lead in this stubborn girl ;
 Bid my women prepare her ; for know, sir,
 That on this next day's night I bed with her.

Ian. 'Tis false!

Abd. Away with her!

Ian. O thou monster!

Abd. Why then since it is so, why let it be so ;
 I care not that for man's opinion ; I am one.
 Marry, what a fuss you make about nothing ;
 About nothing at all. What, and is there
 Something extra in your virginity, that you
 Should be so nice about it? It vexes me!
 I'm angry—

Sel. My liege—

Abd. I'm angry, Selim ;
 And I can scarce contain my blood in bounds!
 Perform what I've commanded, Selim, and
 To-morrow night I'll teach her who and what
 I am!

[*Exit.*

Ian. O fatal chance, that from the lord
 Orlando did me part, and brought me here
 A captive to this lewd and wicked king!
 Dangers enclose me round, and horrors glare
 And scowl on me whichever way I look!
 And, O, strange feelings now sweep o'er my soul ;
 And feelings hitherto unfelt by me! Come,
 O, come to me, Death, and I will hug thee
 In a fond embrace, hug thee close to my heart,
 And in the pression cold feel all the heat
 Of burning Ætna's most tremendous rage!

With wonder on thy fleshless form I'll gaze,
 Yea, in ecstatic wonder gaze, and deem thee
 Beautiful beyond description's tongue!
 O, my poor brain whirls, and I'm dizzy, sad,
 Weary and sick! Sir, bring me immediately
 Unto a private place, for I would sleep.
 Mine eyes are parch'd; I cannot, cannot weep!

Sel. This way—this way——

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*A gallery in the castle.*

Enter AURIO and GRASADO.

Aur. Behold where comes the worthy lieutenant.

Gras. And sorrow's portrait's in his countenance:

Enter CARLOS,

Aur. How is it, lieutenant?

Car. Ah, gentlemen!

Gras. I ask for both of us, although I much fear
 Thine answer too, how fares the general?

Car. To say the substance all at once, he's worse.

Aur. Then I am doubtful of his recovery.

Car. Ah, good hearts, within yonder apartment
 He lies, entirely an alter'd man.

Gras. What is he

Then completely crazed?

Car. Ay. Murmurs he now,
 Anon he'll sing, and next he'll shout. Prone on
 His back he lays awhile, then upright he sits,
 And vows of love, in gentle tones, he plights;
 Then all of a sudden, as quick as the gleam
 Therefrom when cloud precipitates on cloud,
 He starts forth, raves, and on Ianthe calls.

Aur. The loss of her will be the loss of him.

Gras. I would we had some clue to her, that we
 Might find out whether she's alive or dead:
 'Twould be some satisfaction, if no more.

Car. Lo, gentleman, where now the general comes.

Aur. Grasado, let us retire.

Gras. I think 'twere best.

[*Exeunt*].

Car. The general comes; he appears disorder'd;
 Perhaps 'tis the acme of his lunacy, and it
 Will now go down as fast as it did rise.

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. I'll have the heart of him!

Car. How now, general.

Orl. She is not dead! she is alive! but oh!
Wake me, hell, to more than mortal vengeance!
He would defile her, yes, he would defile
The fairest maid on earth, mine only love!
What, what, and is he alive who purposes
Polluting her, and I too to know thereof!
O, Heaven, my cumber'd heart swells upward
To my very lips, and fain would choak up
The words that ouze between! I am adry
For blood—blood—blood——

Car. Nay, general, ——

Orl. O, would we were wallowing i'the lava
Of Vesuvius' burning gulf, so I but had him
By the throat! I would rend his brassy heart
From out his breast, and thus holding it forth,
In great agitation gaze, upon it rheum,
And triumph with a terrible revenge!

Car. O, peace, my lord?

Orl. Talk not to me of peace!
Of vengeance speak: of that alone I'll hear!

Car. Tell me, my lord, the meaning of this rage?

Orl. The whiles I lay sleeping on yonder couch
O'er my disorder'd brain strange phantoms swept.

Car. A dream is then the origin of it. Well?

Orl. Methought that I was at the Alhambra,
In the royal palace, and at the Moorish court,
Where they the marriage rites were celebrating,
If it may so be term'd. Well, there stood I:
Rang'd round the lofty hall, of splendid taste,
The guests upon soft velvet cushions sat,
While lulling music fann'd the perfum'd air,
And all seem'd like a paradise on earth.
Amid this glittering scene, a herald enter'd
And announced Abdalla and the fair bride:
And a gorgeous procession came forward.
Sir, imagine me when I beheld the bride——
It was Ianthe! I just saw her and awoke.

Car. But say, my lord, ——

Orl. Nay, question me not;
I've more to tell thee. Being tir'd and weary
Sleep clos'd again mine eyes. Long I'd not lain,
When a female form of stature very tall,
Dress'd in black, the resemblance of sorrow,
Stood beside me. I could not breathe a word,
Nor stir a limb; my soul was all absorb'd;

And to a deadness horror chill'd my veins
 I cannot now describe. Then put the figure
 Forth her arm above my head, and utter'd——
 Unless Orlando averts Abdalla's fell doom,
 To-morrow night I'm sacrificed to shame.
 The veil that hid the face was thrown aside,
 And sweet Ianthe's face again was there!

Car. I do believe this is a faithful dream,
 And that th' reality is as the ideal.
 But what intendest thou?

Orl. To rescue her,
 Or die attempting it! Yes, my Carlos, yes,
 To-morrow night, and God lets to-morrow be,
 Will behold Ianthe my bride or no one's!
 Death shall wed her or e'er Abdalla shall!
 I'll not delay in this but at it straight.
 And, should it to that dread crisis come, ere
 Abdalla shall her deflour, this my hand
 Shall bear the deadly dagger to her heart!
 This oath I kiss upon my furbish'd sword——
 God keep my soul as I do keep my word!

[Exit.

Car. Ah, unhappy man! Lo, my sister comes:
 The sight of her sad face and tearful eye,
 The jolting of her speech with sobs commix'd,
 This, and the knowledge whence derives her wo,
 Are daggers to my soul!

Enter MIRANDA.

Mir. Brother——

Car. Come, sis,
 My gentle sis, put now this grief away.
 Why, why, my sister, grievest thou so much?
 This everlasting grief will not recover
 Her that's lost. O now continue not in it;
 'Tis perseverance breedeth no avail.
 O, good my sister, block it not into excess,
 For as 'tis it showeth well, but if pursued
 Too close it is rank treachery to Heaven.

Mir. I will endeavor. No informantion
 Of my lady, none? no tidings of her?

Car. Yes, there is some information of her.

Mir. There is?

Car. There is.

Mir. O then speak it quickly,
 Brother, and ease my overladen heart!

Car. Come thou with me apart, and to thy ears
 The knowledge that I have I will unfold.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A gallery in the castle.*

Enter CLAUDE and HELINE, meeting.

Cl. O dear!

Hel. For what's that sigh?

Cl. The whole castle's in tears, and I'm a portion of it. Now if the lady Ianthe had not been lost the friar would have tied her to the lord, and, then, according to agreement you and I —

Enter AURIO.

Hel. Aurio, how fares the general this morn?

Aur. His lunacy has quite gone off: he is himself again.

Cl. What's he crazy no more? O, then there's no reason I should be dumpish; I'll be as merry as ever. La, le, la, &c.

Hel. Will you hush?

Cl. To please a woman, yes

Hel. But, Aurio, how comes this sudden change?

Aur. On account of something he last afternoon did dream, in Moorish robes he dress'd himself, and at the middle of the night departed from these walls,

Hel. Indeed!

Cl. Indeed!

Aur. Besides, he had not been two hours gone, when at the gates appeared my lady's Moorish uncle, who, with Carlos and the friar conversed, but what the import of the conversation was I do not know.

Enter GRASADO.

Gras. I sought you, sir.

Aur. But not in vain. What doth the god Somnus yet hear nasal worship from the Moor?

Gras. Sleep hath not touched his eyes, but with the friar and Carlos was he closeted. But now, with them, he came out; and Carlos ordered all in readiness, for 'tis resolved to follow straight the general.

Aur. For what purpose?

Gras. That I know not. But come with me; I will inquire into it. [Exeunt.]

Cl. Heigho, here's a mystery again!

Hel. A mystery there is, and I'm no woman if I don't find it out. Come, Claude, come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A furnished room in the Alhambra.*

IANTHE discovered.

Ian. Would an eternal night were here, and I

Might sleep forever, hid from myself and
From my miseries! To-night—to-night—

Enter LAOMA.

Laoma—

Lao. How have you slept, good lady?

Ian. But indifferently; I thank you, girl.
The sun shines bright: draw yonder curtain; so!
Thou didst ask me if that I rested well?

Lao. Such was my inquiry.

Ian. I thank thee;
But answer, no. Laoma, I could not rest;
Mix'd with my slumbers were such fantasies,
Such fearful dreams that 'twas impossible.
Marry, what a strange mixture is a dream!

Lao. It is even as you say. I value dreams
As omens to us, despatch'd from Heaven,
Of some forthcoming importance and event.
My dear mother died, and then my father,
And to the care of his brother I was left.
My uncle was one of those whose feelings
Are ever subservient to their avarice,
As my sad story's sequel sadly shows.

Ian. And dost thou sojourn in misery too?
Come, sit beside me then, and tell me all.

Lao. I presume, of the noted barbarity
That's in Circassia practiced, you have heard;
Namely, that of parents bart'ring for chattels
And the like their female children?

Ian. I have.

Lao. O, of that custom's victims I am one!

Ian. Ah, I almost do know the measure of
Thy grief ere thou dost give it shape in words.

Lao. I number'd sixteen years; and, unluckily,
I was reputed handsome far and near;
And the king's men offer'd highly for me:
Bias'd by his internal god, his love, aim,
And desire to get, and, getting, still to get,
My cruel uncle let me to their purchase.
The night ere this did hap I had a dream
Of plucking and eating thistles, and that,
They say, interprets a life of infamy.

Ian. What herald is this that hither comes?

Lao. It is Selim and the bridal women.

Enter SELIM and Women.

Sel. Laoma, the king would speak with you.

Iao. I thank you ; I'll instantly attend him.

[*Exit.*

Ian. What are these that follow ?

Sel. Their purpose is

To be your conduct to the bath ; when there

To prepare you for these advancing nuptials.

Ian. Must I be bedded with ?

Sel. So runs the tale.

Ian. Is it Abdalla's doom ?

Sel. It is.

Ian. Cruel fate—

I will not weep though for tears are bootless!

Sel. Take comfort—

Ian. Comfort! who talks o' that?

Where was his reason nurs'd that talketh so?

To me, all, all's despair! Hapless, hapless, me!

Eyes be dry, be not weak, be not conquer'd!

O, why this flood of tears? but I must weep!

God, O, God, why, why is this upon me put!

Who mocks my misery? dare you? dare you?

Ay, it is well ye brave not desperation!

I call'd on hell to take me to its arms—

It would not do it! I call'd on heaven—

And echo to the horizon mock'd me!

Sel. Fie, fie, good lady, fie! compose yourself.

What use of this? there's ne'er a likelihood

That you will look upon Orlando more.

Ian. O, thus to wrack my poor heart, is cruelty

That hath no name! it is worse than cruelty

Thus to plant the treasur'd features of him

I must not hope to see again, full jump,

To the eye of my most sad remembrance!

Sel. Lady, the hour has far into the day

Advanced; since noon the glass has seven

Times up been turn'd.

Ian. Excess of misery!

Would that my glass had no more sand to run;

Would that my time was out, that I was done!

All, all, is against me! My sense is on

The brink, it totters, it falls, and madness

Doth possess me all! Come, a blow for honor!

Virtue's my motto, and despair's my banner!

[*Exit.*

Sel. Follow, and see her properly adorn'd;

With her to the bath and other arrangements;

Then bedight her, as befits a king's bride,

With all that is to blazonry allied.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The bridal hall in the Alhambra.**Enter ABDALLA and train.**Abd.* More music; ho![*Music.*]*Enter OSMAN:**Osm.* My liege—*Abd.* Go on, good sir.

Osm. Sir, without there is a Moorish stranger
Who craves admission to your royal presence:
Urgent business, business beneficial both
To your honor'd self and to the state, he says,
Has brought him here at this uncommon hour:

Abd. An uncommon hour, indeed! Admit him,
But see you keep your hands upon him tight.

Osm. I shall remember the injunction, sir.[*Exit.*]

Abd. I do not relish this! 'tis very strange!
But all doth come by fate, so fate come on.

*Re-enter OSMAN and ORLANDO.**So*; a stately looking fellow.*Orl.* Not here![*Aside.*]*Abd.* Say, what's your business with us, sir?*Orl.* Why 'tis—

I pray you show me the bride?

Abd. Show you the bride!*Orl.* Why hold ye me as if I were a prisoner?

Let go your hold, sirs.

Abd. Faith, ere they do that,

My grant is requisite, and must be obtain'd;

And before 'tis obtain'd I first must know

What specific reason hath brought you here.

Orl. Merely to see the bride.*Abd.* And if you see her,

Wherein may that unto ourself pertain,

Or e'en unto the state?

Orl. I am bewilder'd![*Aside.*]

I know, sir—that is—to be frank, O king,

My sole errand is that I may see the bride.

Abd. Then, in my authority, I here demand
Your name.

Orl. Authority! said you authority?*Abd.* This insolence to me?*Orl.* To you, sir, you!

Why who are you that I should fear to speak!

I know you well, sir! you are below the dust
 You tread on! below an honest man's scorn!
 I am guarded here, so that I can't stab you;
 If not withheld I would immediately!
 What, what, are you amaz'd? then wonder on!
 Lo, here I rend this hated guise from off
 My back, and show me simply as I am,
 In honest doublet and hose, a Spaniard!

Abd. Your discovery will not benefit you.

Orl. Hark you. If that you are worthy o' this
 My fair countrywoman, then prove it me;
 For here, before all, I lay claim to her. Now
 From thy throne come down and cross readily
 Thy sabre upon this bright sword of mine,
 Resolving in our hearts, ere we do sep'rate,
 One of us twain shall see his certain death!
 I wait thine answer.

Abd. This fellow's mad——

Orl. Coward!

Abd. Away with him, guards.

Orl. Thou coward!

[*Music.*

Abd. Ha! there's music approaching, and with it
 My fair mistress. Guards, off with him. Marry,
 What doth the Spaniard here to mar our joy?
 Away with him, and well secure him too.

Orl. I will not go till I have seen the bride!

Abd. Away with him!

Orl. Ha! I will not go till——

Off, off, sycophants, off—Curses on ye! [*He is dragged off.*

Osm. The bride advances.

Abd. O, let me behold her!

Music is heard without. The doors are thrown open; then enter Slaves bearing urns, censers, &c., females, strewing flowers and waltzing before IANTHE, richly habited; then follow several Guards, &c.

Osm. Fall back, fall back.

Ian. O, Orlando, Orlando!

[*Aside.*

ABDALLA meets IANTHE,

Abd. What, my fair maiden, doth melancholy
 Yet possess thee? Why art thou not content?
 Why art not gay? O, disclose unto a heart,
 A wooing heart that loves thee, what it is
 That hangs thus heavily upon thy mind,
 That makes thee to my protestations blind?
 Say, maiden, why so much depress'd?

Ian. O, Death,

Thou for whom I so long have long'd in vain,
Come to my aid, O, come, and ease my pain!

Abd. Nay, this unseasonable gloominess,
This cold indifference, I pray thee to dispel,
And on these our humble efforts kindly look.
Come, ho, musicians, ho! touch ye your strings,
Sweep the guitar that with it softness brings,
And float the sighing strain upon the air
From out the flute; whilst that the almas fair,
To your sweet notes, do twine the dizzy waltz,
And rought shall be but minstrelsy and love!
Set on; and up, around, and all throughout
These vaulted domes let's hear the high echo
Of our joy and bliss! Hilarity shall rule!

A burst of Music ABDALLA leads IANTHE to a seat, and
immediately Music and dancing, which is suddenly broke off
by a noise from within, when ORLANDO rushes on the scene, and
IANTHE falls in his arms.

Ian. It is! it is!

Orl. Ianthe!

Ian. Orlando! love!

Orl. O!

Osm. So, so, Orlando and Ianthe, ha!

Abd. Allah,

And is it him! Sdeath, to be thus broke upon!
In the very heart of our ceremony too! ha!
Guards, strike off the daring Spaniard's head!

Ian. Hold!

If ye kill one ye must kill the other too!

Orl. King, I am thy pris'ner; for me there's no
Escape I am convinced; yet ere I die, sir,
One little boon I would request of thee.

Abd. Pronounce it.

Orl. It is, five minutes private
Conversation with this maid. But grant it,
And at the expiration of the said time,
I, myself, will give the maid into thy arms,
All claim to her resigning.

Abd. Then have thy wish.

For the space of five minutes we will retire.

[All retire except ORLANDO and IANTHE.]

Ian. Now what's to be done?

Orl. O, O, Ianthe!

Ian. By that exclamation, so solemnly sung,
What means the lord of me? And, O, why didst
Thou interlace my name with piercing groans?

Alas and now, Orlando, how thine eyes glare,
 How in their sockets they do roll about!
 O, tell me, my love, the strange cause of this:
 O speak to me, my love! unfold the cause!
 Do not distract me thus, but tell me all:
 And to complete, give to thy worst thinkings
 The worst articulation.

Orl. Ianthe—

By Heaven, my tongue is loath to utter it!

Ian. Fear not the utterance, for I can hear.

Orl. Ianthe, I know thou wouldst choose any
 Dismal fate that is, wouldst rather lie cold
 Than live in dishonor.

Ian. Speak on.

Orl. Ianthe—love—

O, I cannot, cannot speak, my heart's so full!

Ian. Time is advancing on us.

Orl. Well remember'd.

Ian. How camest thou here?

Orl. I'll tell thee, love.

Last afternoon I dream'd of this precisely
 As it is. I saw thee in my dream exactly
 As thou art, and I resolved to rescue thee
 Or perish. So at midnight last night I left
 Iberia's walls, and, disguised in Moorish robes,
 I here obtained access. The king imperiously
 Did question me; at that my blood did boil,
 And in the tumult of passion, for I could
 Not tamely brook a taunt from him, I rended
 The disguise from off myself, and so, sweet,
 Betray'd myself: I was yet here when that
 The music which preceded thee was heard:
 Unto confinement the king bade his guards
 Conduct me: I resisted, but was dragg'd off.
 However, ere they to the cell had got me,
 Th' anxiety I had to gaze on thee once more
 New-nerv'd me all; for with an effort great
 I freed me from their hands and burst into
 Thine arms!

Ian. Thou knowest my sad story, love?

Orl. Ay, ay, I've had it all related, love.

O we are hemm'd completely in!

Ian. Alas!

Orl. My doom is death, but a more horrible
 Awaiteth thee!

Ian. O! O! O! O!

Orl. O, thou dearest,
From th' ignominy that now doth threaten,
There is one way left, and one only outlet,
By which thou canst be sav'd.

Ian. And that is —

Orl. Death!

Art afraid to die?

Ian. Ever death before dishonor!

Orl. Then 'tis resolv'd, and I bend up to it!
Yes, yes—but, O, dreadful alternative!
Ianthe I'd not have thee commit suicide—
I—I—I will kill thee!

Ian. Death at thy hands?

Then welcome death!

Orl. He comes, love!

[*Stabs her.*]

Ian. O! O!

Orl. Why even so of olden time the Roman
Soldier did! Into chaste Virginia's breast
The agoniz'd father plung'd the knife
To save her from the fire of Claudius' lust!
And I—and I—O! But why should I regret?
There was no other way to keep her pure,
To preserve unting'd her sacred virtue
From the violater! Ianthe—Ianthe—

Ian. The king—the king —

Orl. He would have —

Ian. Defam'd me!

But we have foil'd him!

Orl. We have! we have!

Ian. O!

[*Dies.*]

Orl. Alas, the breath has disappear'd, and life's
No more a resident in this fair edifice!
Dead! O! O! she's dead, and I did kill her!
And I an isolated being am! What is there
Left me? O, nothing but revenge and death!
What ho, thou lusty Moor, thou devil-king!
Blood-cormorant, behold!

Enter ABDALLA &c.,

Abd. What's this!

Orl. 'Tis this!

Look at her! see the ruin thou hast caus'd!

Osm. O blacker deed than I can easily find
Words to express it in.

Abd. Why didst thou kill her?

Orl. But to protect her honor from thy lust.

Abd. A strange protection that I must allow.

Orl. Better she should be dead than dishonor'd!

Abd. My impression was that thou loved'st her?

Orl. Love her I did, and therefore I kill'd her!

Abd. 'Twas then for this that thou asked'st o' me
Five minutes, hey?

Orl. 'Twas! And true to my word,
To thee I tender her, and all my claim resign.
There, take her, take her. Abdalla, behold!

Now lies the fair Ianthe down at thy feet.

And quite as cold as monumental marble,

Who but a moment gone was warm in life!

What, and art thou not all absorb'd in tears,

Thy body and thy soul, at this sad sight?

Abd. No, not at all; it rather makes me smile.

Orl. Where is thy heart! what material is it?

By Heaven, I wonder that thou sinkest not,

O'ercome with shame, unto the earth's centre!

If that thou hast a heart I'll find it—

[*Stabs him.*]

Osm. Horror!

Abd. Upon him, Moors, upon the Spanish dog!
Avenge your monarch's fall!

[*Falls.*]

Orl. Ay, now come on!

Let the whole torrent in on me! I wish to die!

Ianthe is aveng'd, and I wish naught else!

Behold, I throw upon your bloodstain'd floor

My bootless sword, and here do bare my breast

Unto your points! That's deep—deeper—ha!

[*Falls.*]

Abd. O! O!

Osm. Look to the king.

Abd. There is no need—

It is too late—I'm spent—I die—I die—

[*Dies.*]

Osm. O a bloodier climax in the affairs

Of fate did never chance! the king is dead!

ORLANDO *crawling to IANTHE'S corpse.*

Orl. O here's a ghastly sight for me, for all!
The eyes revolts from it. Sweet, sweet Ianthe,
Cover'd half with blood, whiter e'en than snow
And cold as ice! God, but I did love her!
She's yet beautiful—but, O, that soul of hers!
But fast oozes life, my blood ebbs to waste,
And I'm departing never, never to return!
O beautiful though dead! I will kiss thee

Though thou art cold, love; and with a kiss
 Be wafted to eternal realms of bliss!
 O! O!

[Dies.

Osm. Our terror is extinct at last.

Lao. He's dead;

And to the abodes of rest, from body's toil,
 His unloosened spirit now wings its way.
 O this is mournful! Ye Moorish maidens,
 Gather'd over and round that female corpse,
 Well may ye weep! yes, without affectation
 Or the remotest connivance at show,
 Inwardly, ye may drown yourselves in wo!
 I would now mix my social drops with yours!
 Friends, to her complexion of cadav'rous hue
 Must ye ere long resign your water'd bloom;
 By that settled stare must the vivid flash
 Of your now sparkling orbs be superceeded:
 Like her must ye be wedded unto death!
 And, maidens, immediately let's bear her out,
 And with the establish'd rites dispose of her:
 And when the body hath three days dwelt in
 The earth, all deck'd in cypress, my maidens,
 Bring me word; then together we will forth
 And lave her tomb with tears of bitter wo.
 Come, maidens, come: I would not longer look
 On this sad spectacle; a high wrought book
 This seems to me, wherein my spirit reads
 Of life's uncertainty and of death's deeds!

{ Exeunt.

THE END.

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