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DON CARLOS:



TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER,

AUTHOR OF THE

ROBBERS, MINISTER, AND FIESCO.

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON:

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1798.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE name and works of Schiller are now too well known to need any recommendation. His tragedies of the Robbers, Fiesco, and Cabal and Love*, have sufficiently established his reputation, by the originality of their manner and the boldness of their language. He may be very justly considered as one of the first dramatic geniuses of Germany, and the comparison which has been made between him and our own Shakspeare is, perhaps, praise not too highly exaggerated.

The Translator has principally endeavoured to present his readers with a faithful version, and follow, though certainly with unequal steps, the spirit and energy of his author. The very few liberties which he has taken, and they are very few, have proceeded more from his sense of the difficulty of doing justice to the peculiar originalities of the poet, than from any want of reverence for the powerful genius of Schiller.

* Re-translated under the title of *The Minister*, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP *the Second, King of Spain.*

ELIZABETH DE VALOIS, *his Queen.*

DON CARLOS. *Prince, Son of PHILIP.*

ALEXANDER FARNESE, *Prince of Parma.*

INFANTA CLARA EUGENIA, *a child of three years of age.*

DUCHESS D'OLIVAREZ, *principal attendant on the Queen.*

MARCHIONESS DE MONDEKAR

PRINCESS EBOLI

COUNTESS FUENTES

MARQUIS DE POSA

DUKE of ALEA

COUNT LERMA, *Colonel of the body-guard*

DUKE of FERIA, *Knight of the Golden Fleece*

DUKE of MEDINA SIDONIA, *Admiral*

DON RAIMOND DE TAXIS, *Postmaster General*

} *Ladies attendant on
the Queen.*

} *Grandees
of Spain.*

DOMINGO, *Confessor to the King.*

GRAND INQUISITOR of Spain.

PRIOR of a Carthusian Convent.

PAGE of the Queen.

DON LOUIS MERCADO, *Physician to the Queen.*

Several Ladies, Nobles, Pages, Officers of the body-guard, and Mute Characters.

DON CARLOS.

Ses. Juan Royal. 1230
ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Royal Garden in Aranjuez.

DON CARLOS, DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

THE happy days passed in Aranjuez are at an end. Your Royal Highness will not leave this place in a more cheerful state of mind. It was in vain that we came hither. [*Carlos fixes his eyes on the ground, and remains silent.*] Break this mysterious silence. Open your heart, Prince, to your father: the monarch can never purchase too dearly the tranquillity of his son, his only son. Wide extends his power. Is it indeed possible that Heaven can have denied you any wish? I was present when within Toledo's walls the noble Carlos received the homage due to his birth; when princes pressed to kiss his hand, and

six kingdoms bowed down, at once, at his feet. I beheld his youthful blood mount into his cheeks; his bosom swell with princely resolutions, while his eye, glistening with joy and satisfaction, announced the exultation of his heart. But now this silent melancholy which for eight months has, O Prince! clouded your brow, the enigma of the court, and source of anxiety to the kingdom, has cost our sovereign many wakeful nights, and many tears to thy royal mother.

CARLOS.

[*Turning suddenly round.*]

My mother!

DOMINGO. [*With surprise.*]

Your Highness?

CARLOS.

O Gracious Heaven! grant I may forgive him who made her my mother!

DOMINGO.

What means your Highness?

CARLOS.

[*Recollects himself, covering his forehead with his hand.*]

Most reverend Sir, peculiarly unfortunate have I been in mothers: my first deed, when I saw the light of this world, was a mother's death.

DOMINGO.

Is it possible that Your Highness can seriously distress yourself with such an idea?

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

And my new mother—has she not already cost me my father's love? My whole merit with him was, that I was an only child; and she has given him a daughter—Ah! who can tell what events flumber in the abyss of time?

DOMINGO.

Your Highness sports with me. All Spain idolizes the Queen: you alone surely cannot view her with eyes of hatred. She is the loveliest woman in the world:—a queen had she been without a crown. Scarcely have two and twenty summers matured her charms. She is your Queen, and once was your affianced bride—No; it is incredible, impossible! Where all with rapture love, Carlos can never hate. Such contradictions are unknown to his nature. Beware, Prince, that she never learns how greatly she is the object of your dislike; for much would it afflict her.

CARLOS.

Do you believe so?

DOMINGO.

Your Highness cannot have forgotten the last tournament at Saragossa, when our nobles shivered lances with each other. The Queen with her attendants sat in a balcony of the palace, and viewed the conflict. Suddenly there was a cry—“The King bleeds!” The murmur rapidly spread until it reached the Queen's ear—“The Prince!”

B 2

exclaimed

exclaimed she; and nearly had she sprang out of the gallery—"No; the King," it was replied—"Haste then for a surgeon"—answered she, breathing again more freely. [*After a short pause.*] Your Highness is thoughtful.

CARLOS.

I admire the King's most reverend confessor, who so immersed in business of great moment; yet [*more seriously and severely*] I have always heard that spies and tale-bearers have done more mischief in the world, than poison or the dagger in the hands of murderers.—Sir, you might have spared yourself this trouble; would you have thanks, relate this to the King.

DOMINGO.

You do right, Prince, to act with caution and distrust mankind; but learn to make a just distinction, and confound not the true friend with the hypocrite. I mean well towards you.

CARLOS.

Beware my father learns not that, else the purple you may hope in vain.

DOMINGO.

[*With signs of surprise.*]

Your Highness!

CARLOS.

Has he not promised you the first cardinal's hat that shall be given in Spain?

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

Your Highness jeers me!

CARLOS.

God forbid that I should jeer the venerable holy man who can consign my father's soul to everlasting happiness or misery.

DOMINGO.

I will no more presume to penetrate the secret of your grief; yet will I entreat your Highness to remember, that the church offers an asylum to wounded consciences, to which monarchs have no key, where foul misdeeds themselves lay absolved and buried beneath the seal of the sacrament. Your Highness knows what I mean: I have said enough.

CARLOS.

No! never will I thus tempt the bearer of that seal!

DOMINGO.

Prince, this distrust—You know not your most faithful servant.

CARLOS.

[*Takes him by the hand.*]

Then leave me. You are a holy man, and the world knows it. Your road, good father, is open before you to St. Peter's chair. To know too much might only retard you in your journey. Tell that to the King who sent you.

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

Sent me!

CARLOS.

That was my word—Oh, too well, too well I know that I am betrayed at this court. I know that a hundred eyes are employed to watch me. I know that Philip sells his only son most meanly to his servants, and bestows a more princely reward on the listner who repeats to him the unfinished syllables that may drop from my lips, than he pays for any good deed. I know—But—no more! my heart will overflow; and I have already said too much.

DOMINGO.

The King before evening will return to Madrid. Already the court is assembling. Will your Highness grant me the favour——

CARLOS.

Well—I will follow— *[Exit Domingo.]*

[After some pause.]

Philip, much art thou to be pitied; to be pitied like thy son. I know thy soul bleeds beneath the serpent-tooth of poisonous suspicion. Wretchedly anxious art thou to make the fearfulest of discoveries, which, when made, must drive thee to phrenzy. Thy treasures may be exhausted, thy fleets become the prey of the tempest, without alarm mayest thou see the waves of rebellion dash around the steps of thy throne—But—

SCENE

SCENE II.

CARLOS. THE MARQUIS DE POSA.

CARLOS.

My best, my dearest friend! My Rodrigo!

MARQUIS.

My Carlos!

CARLOS.

Is it possible! Is it real! Art thou indeed him!
—Oh! thou art—I press thee to my soul. I feel
thy bosom beat in sympathy with mine. Now
all is well again. In this embrace my sick heart
recovers; I lie on the neck of my Rodrigo.

MARQUIS.

Your sick heart!—Recovery!—What may this
mean?—You much surprize me.

CARLOS.

But what brings my friend so unexpectedly from
Brussels? Whom am I to thank for this joyful
surprize?—Whom?—Why should I ask? Pardon
me, Providence! whom but thee? Thou knewest
Carlos was deserted, and hast sent an angel to be
his guardian.

MARQUIS.

Forgive me, esteemed Prince, if I only reply to
these violent raptures by expressions of dis-
quietude. It was not thus I expected to find the
son

son of Philip. With such perturbed passion have I never yet been saluted by Carlos. An unnatural glow kindles in your pale cheeks, and your lips tremble with a feverish quivering. What am I to think, dear Prince? Where is the lion-hearted youth to whom I am sent by an oppressed people? For I come not as Rodrigo, the companion and playmate of the young Carlos; but I embrace thee, generous Prince, in the character of delegate from the human race. The provinces of Flanders weep on thy neck, and entreat of thee deliverance. The time is come, the fearful time, when their liberties must hopelessly and finally expire. Philip with cruel tyranny oppresses the hearts of the free-born people of Brabant. All is at an end with your beloved country, if Alba, the hateful executioner of fanaticism, shall reach Brussels, and attempt to enforce Spanish laws. On the magnanimous grandson of the Emperor Charles depends the last hope of that noble country. Your generous heart can surely never cease to beat high in the cause of humanity.

CARLOS.

Alas! I have only tears to bestow, and those I want for myself. Heaven will not require of me to take thought of the affairs of nations.

MARQUIS.

In this answer I no longer recognize my Carlos.

Can

Can this be the language of the great, perhaps the only man who has escaped the contagion of the times; who stands erect amid the general convulsion of Europe; who has dashed from his lips the poisonous cup of papacy, which for so many centuries has intoxicated the world; and who has defended the rights of oppressed human nature against all the thunder-bolts of the priesthood, the crafty hypocrisy of monarchs, and the religious madness of the multitude?

CARLOS.

Speak you of me? You greatly err, good man, and though I, too, once dreamed of a Carlos, whose blood mounted into his cheeks at the name of liberty; he is long since no more. He whom thou seest before thee is no longer that Carlos who took leave of you in Alkala; who thought he could form an idea of paradise, and employ his unlimited power to plant it in Spain. Oh! the thought was childish, but rapturously delightful. These dreams have now all vanished.

MARQUIS.

Dreams! your Highness! Were they then only dreams?

CARLOS.

Let me weep, let me weep warm tears upon thy heart, thou only friend. I have no one on the wide earth, far as the empire of my father extends, far as our navies sail, in whom I can confide;

confide; no place but this in which I can pour forth my tears. Oh, Rodrigo! by all we hope hereafter, attempt not, oh! attempt not, to remove me from this place. [*The Marquis leans over him with silent agitation.*] Consider me as an orphan; I know not in fact what a father is. I am a King's son. Oh! couldst thou fully know what my heart feels, when I think that thou art true to me; that nature in our infancy cast us in the same mould, and strung our hearts in unison; that a tear which gives me relief, is dearer to thee than my father's favour—

MARQUIS.

Oh! dearer than the whole world!

CARLOS.

Am I fallen so low, become so poor, that I must remind you of my affection for you in our infant years, when no pain could equal in my heart the feeling of your displeasure; when I resolved to love you with boundless friendship, though I despaired of resembling you. How has the tear trembled in my eye, when I have seen you affectionately embrace the children of our vassals; while to me you kneeled with cold forbidding reverence, seeming to say: such is my duty to the King's son!

MARQUIS.

O good Prince: no more of this. These stories of our childish days call up my blushes.

CARLOS

CARLOS.

I did not deserve this coldness; you might rend my heart, but never alienate it. Thrice you rejected the proffered friendship of the Prince; thrice he returned, like an importunate mendicant, to solicit and extort from thee thy love. An accident at length procured what the attentions of Carlos had failed to gain. It chanced, in heedless play, you struck your shuttle-cock into the eye of my aunt, the queen of Bohemia, she believed it done designedly, and complained to the King with many tears. All the youth of the palace were immediately summoned to appear before her, that she might point out the delinquent; and the monarch vowed that the malicious act, though it were found to be committed by his own son, should be most severely punished. Then I saw thee stand trembling at a distance. I rushed forward, exclaiming: The deed was mine, on me let vengeance fall!

MARQUIS.

Ah! why does your Highness recal this to my memory?

CARLOS.

The anger of my father was wreaked on me, and Carlos suffered like a slave in view of the whole court, who stood round compassionating him. I looked on thee, but I wept not. My teeth gnashed with pain, but I wept not; my
royal

royal blood flowed beneath the merciless stripes. I looked on thee, but I wept not. The King, enraged at my boyish heroism, shut me up twelve dreadful hours in a dismal dungeon. So ardent was my wish to gain the friendship, the love of Rodrigo. I conquered—you came; you fell at my feet in tears; you exclaimed: “My pride is overcome. I will repay thee when thou shalt be king.”

MARQUIS.

[*Extending his hand to him.*]

That will I, Carlos: the infant vow I thus renew in my maturer years.

CARLOS.

Delay not then to fulfil it: now is the time. I need thy love.

MARQUIS.

My love! dear Carlos! in that alone, the son of Philip cannot exceed me.

CARLOS.

A dreadful secret burns in my heart: it shall—it shall be revealed. I will read in thy pale cheeks my mortal sentence. Hear then, in dire amaze, but answer not—I passionately love my mother!

MARQUIS.

All powerful God!

CARLOS.

No, spare me not. Speak without reserve, and say,

say, beneath the wide extended canopy of heaven no wretch exists to be compared to me ! Speak—I know what thou wilt say.—The son loves his mother—the usage of the world, the ordinance of nature, and every law condemn this passion—I fearfully attack my father's rights. All this I feel, and yet I love. I have entered the path which leads to madness, or the scaffold—I love without hope ; with mortal anguish, and with risk of life. All this I know, and yet I love.

MARQUIS.

Is the Queen acquainted with your passion ?

CARLOS.

How could I discover it to her ? She is the wife of Philip, she is the Queen ; and this is the kingdom of Spain, guarded by the jealousy of my father, and encompassed round with form and ceremonial. How is it possible I should approach her without witnesses ? Eight wretched months are already passed since the King recalled me from the royal school to court—since I have been condemned to behold her, to hear her, and to be silent as the grave. During eight miserable months, Rodrigo, has this fire blazed in my bosom. A thousand times has the dire secret risen to my lips, then cowardly retreated to my heart—Oh ! Rodrigo ! Oh ! for an interview alone with her, only for a few moments, only for so long time as is necessary for man to reconcile himself to heaven !

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

Ah! But do you forget your father?

CARLOS.

Alas! Why do you remind me of him? Speak to me of all the horrors of conscience, but mention not my father; the adamantine bands of nature by which we were bound, are eternally rent asunder!

MARQUIS.

Do you then hate your father?

CARLOS.

No! Oh! no.—But horror, and the remorse of a malefactor, invade my soul at the name. Yet the slavish education I received, wounded the germ of love in my infant heart. Six years had I lived before I saw the dreaded man who I was told was my father. He had that same morning hastily signed four warrants of death. From this time I only saw him when I was to suffer punishment for supposed offences. Oh! Gracious Heaven! I feel my resentment rise indignant.—Leave me! Oh! be gone.

MARQUIS.

No! you shall unbosem all your thoughts: your oppressed heart may thus obtain relief.

CARLOS.

Oft have I struggled with these feelings; oft at midnight, while my guards have slept, have I prostrated myself before the image of my Saviour, and prayed for a milder heart, but rose without being heard.

heard. Oh! Rodrigo! Canst thou explain this wonderful enigma—Why Providence, from among so many thousand fathers, should have given me this father; and from among so many thousand better sons, have decreed that I should be his son? Two more irreconcilable opposites nature could not find in all her wide expanse. How could she unite the two extremities of the human race, me and my father, by so sacred a bond? Here, Rodrigo, you behold two contending stars which meet and clash but once in the vast lapse of time, and then separate for ever.

MARQUIS.

I fear some fatal moment is approaching.

CARLOS.

I fear the same. Terrifying dreams haunt me like furies from the infernal abyss. Horrid projects present themselves to my imagination. My understanding wades through labyrinthian sophisms, till it reaches the brink of a dreadful gulph. Oh! Rodrigo: when I have forgotten the father—I see by your pale look you conceive my meaning—what can the King be to me?

MARQUIS.

[*After a pause.*]

May I be permitted one request?—Whatever you may intend; how violently soever passion may impel you, promise me that you will resolve
on

on nothing without your friend—Promise me this.

CARLOS.

Every thing your friendship can ask. I throw myself entirely into your arms.

MARQUIS.

It is said the King will immediately return to the capital. The time is short. If you wish to speak to the Queen, that wish can only be gratified in Aranjuez.—The silence of the place, the unconstrained manners of the country, all conspire to favour it.

CARLOS.

Such was my hope ; but, ah ! it is in vain.

MARQUIS.

Perhaps not so. I shall soon present myself before her, as I should have done though I had not seen you. She, and she only, knows the secret of our friendship. If she is the same in Spain she was at the court of Henry, I shall find her open and without disguise.—I will speak to her of her son.

CARLOS.

Excellent ! Divine !

MARQUIS.

Should her heart speak in her eyes, and should I in them be able to read some hope for Carlos ; should I find her disposed to such an interview ;
should

and should it be possible to remove, for an instant, her attendant ladies—

CARLOS.

The greater part of them are friendly to me. The Marchioness de Mondekar is especially attached to me, through her son, whom I have taken into my service as a page.

MARQUIS.

It is the better.—Be near, and ready to make your appearance at a given signal.

CARLOS.

I will—I will. Make all dispatch.

MARQUIS.

But what shall be the signal? The distance is considerable, and too near an approach might be dangerous to us both.

CARLOS.

[After thinking a short time.]

How?—If this succeeds!—It must: it must.—This is the time when she usually walks in the garden.—The fountains through the whole garden have a communication with that of the Nereides before the Queen's pavillion. Fortunately, they are now all stopped. If you can find means to open that fountain, all the cascades in Aranjuez will play, and I shall know my signal.

MARQUIS.

Excellent thought! I will now not lose a moment. Adieu, therefore, until again we meet.

[Exeunt on different sides.]

C

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Court of the Queen at Aranjuez.

[*A simple rural Landscape, intersected with an Alley, terminated by the Villa of the Queen.*]

THE QUEEN, the DUCHESS D'OLIVAREZ, the PRINCESS EBOLI, the MARCHIONESS DE MONDEKAR, coming up the Alley.

QUEEN.

[*To the Marchioness.*]

I would have you near me, Mondekar; the lively eyes of the Princess have disturbed me the whole morning. Observe her: she cannot conceal her joy that we are to leave the country.

EBOLI.

I cannot deny, your Majesty, but I see Madrid again with pleasure:

MONDEKAR.

And will not your Majesty likewise? Can you be so unwilling to leave Aranjuez!

QUEEN.

I am at least unwilling to leave these beauteous scenes; scenes which have ever been the delight of my heart. Here rural nature, the bosom-friend of my early youth, again salutes me. Here I again find the sports of my infant days; and here the gales of France seem again to breathe on me.

Let

Let not the expression give offence; we are all, more or less, prejudiced in favour of our country.

MONDEKAR.

Does that prejudice likewise prevail in France?

EBOLI.

But how solitary, dead, and dismal, is the scene here! one might suppose one's self at La Trappe.

QUEEN.

The contrary is rather the truth. To me the scene is dead and dismal only in Madrid. But what says the Duchess to this?

OLIVAREZ.

I am of opinion, your Majesty, that it would be well, were it the custom, to pass one month here, and another in the Prado; and the winter in the capital; as long as there shall be kings in Spain.

QUEEN.

It is well said.—You know, Duchess, I never dispute with you.

MONDEKAR.

And Madrid will now be soon full of life and bustle. The Great Square is preparing for a bullfight; and an *Auto da Fé* is likewise promised us.

QUEEN.

Promised us! Was that the expression of the gentle Mondekar?

MONDEKAR.

Why not? They are heretics who are burned.

QUEEN.

I hope my Eboli thinks otherwise.

EBOLI.

I! your Majesty; I entreat you, do not consider me as a worse christian than the Marchionefs de Mondekar.

QUEEN.

Alas! I forget where I am.—Let us change the subject—I think we were speaking of the country—The month we have been here, appears to me, to have been peculiarly short. I had promised myself much pleasure during my stay here, but I have not found what I hoped.—Is it so with every hope?—The wish I form is not accomplished.

OLIVAREZ.

Princess Eboli, you have not yet told us whether Gomez may be permitted to hope; or whether we may soon salute you as his bride?

QUEEN.

Right! you remind me Duchefs. (*To the Princess*) I am requested to speak to you in his favour. But this is somewhat delicate: the man whom I reward with my Eboli should have virtue and merit.

OLIVAREZ.

These he possesses, your Majesty; and is, besides, honoured by our gracious Sovereign with his royal favour.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

That must make him very happy.—But, we wish to know whether he can love, and deserve love—what say you Eboli?

EBOLI.

[Stands for some time silent and confused, with her eyes fixed on the ground, at last falls at the feet of the Queen.]

Gracious Queen—oh! have compassion on me! let me not, for heaven's sake, let me not be sacrificed.

QUEEN.

Sacrificed!—I need no more.—Arise—It is a hard fate to be sacrificed.—I believe you—arise.—Is it long since you refused the Count?

EBOLI. *[Rising.]*

Oh! many months. Prince Carlos was still at the royal school.

QUEEN.

[Attentively surveying her.]

Have you examined yourself; for what reason you refused him?

EBOLI.

[With earnestness.]

I never can accept him, your Majesty; for a thousand reasons, I cannot.

QUEEN.

[Very seriously.]

More than one is too many. He has not your affection;

affection; that is sufficient for me—No more of this. [*To the other Ladies*] I have not seen the Infanta to day. Bring her to me Marchionefs.

OLIVAREZ.

[*Looking at her watch.*]

It is not yet the hour, your Majesty.

QUEEN.

Not yet the hour for the mother to see her child! This is not well—Forget not, however, to tell me when she comes. [*A page enters, and whispers to the Duchess Olivarez, who turns to the Queen.*]

OLIVAREZ.

The Marquis de Posa, your Majesty.

QUEEN.

De Posa!

OLIVAREZ.

He comes from France and the Netherlands, and requests the favour to deliver to you letters from the Queen Regent.

QUEEN.

And may this be permitted?

OLIVAREZ.

[*After a short pause.*]

In my directions I find not this extraordinary case of a Castilian grandee, who comes to bring letters from a foreign court to the Queen of Spain in her garden.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

I will then risk it at my own peril.

OLIVAREZ.

Your Majesty will, however, permit me in the meantime to retire.

QUEEN.

Act, in that respect, as you please Duchefs.
[*Exit the Duchefs, and the Queen makes a sign to the page, who likewise goes off.*]

SCENE IV.

THE QUEEN, PRINCESS EBOLI, MARCHION-
NESS DE MONDEKAR, MARQUIS DE POSA.

QUEEN.

Welcome, Chevalier, to Spain.

MARQUIS.

Which I never with so just a pride could call
my country as now.

QUEEN.

[*To the two Ladies.*]

The Marquis de Posa, who in a tournament
at Rheims broke a lance with my father, and
thrice made my colour triumph. The first of
his nation who taught me to be sensible of the
glory of being Queen of Spain. [*turning to the
Marquis.*]

Marquis.] When we last saw each other at the Louvre, Chevalier, you little thought that you should ever be my guest in Castile.

MARQUIS.

No, great Queen; for little did I think that France would transfer to us the only object we could envy her.

QUEEN.

Proud Spaniard! The only one! And this to a daughter of the house of Valois!

MARQUIS.

Yes, your Majesty; this may I dare to say; for *you* now are ours.

QUEEN.

Your journey, as I hear, has been through France; what bring you from my highly honoured mother, and much beloved brothers?

MARQUIS.

[Presenting Letters.]

The Queen Regent was ill, incapable of every other joy, in this world, but that of knowing that her daughter is happy on the throne of Spain.

QUEEN.

Must she not be so from the dear remembrance of so tender a relation? from the sweet recollection—You have visited many courts in your travels, Chevalier, have traversed, as I hear, one half the north—Was you very long in London?

MONDEKAR.

MONDEKAR.

[*Looks at the Marquis with a kind of stare.*]
In London!

EBOLI.

In London! the Chevalier has then seen the heretic Queen—How did she look?

MARQUIS.

Almost as handsome as the Princess Eboli—on a throne.

EBOLI.

Handsome!—Mondekar?

QUEEN.

And now you are returned to live in privacy in your native land. A greater prince within your quiet walls than Philip on his throne—a votary to freedom of thought and philosophy—I doubt much whether you will be greatly pleased with Madrid. We are very——tranquil—in Madrid.

MARQUIS.

And that is more than can be boasted in the rest of Europe.

QUEEN.

So I hear; though I quickly forget the events that happen in the world, unless I am reminded of them—I should scarcely have thought it, but I find nothing easier, or to which I seem better adapted, than to be a queen.

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

Certainly, it will be so to those who are born to honours and sovereignty.

QUEEN.

[*Looking earnestly at the Marquis.*]

The world has corrupted you, Marquis, I scarcely can recognize in you the philosopher, who renouncing hope, and despising fear, would dare to speak truth even to the throne.

MARQUIS.

Rather admit it is the boldest freedom of speech to confess the truth where no flatterer would dare to declare it.

QUEEN.

[*To the Princess Eboli.*]

I think, Princess, I see a hyacinth bloom yonder, will you be so good as to fetch it for me. [*The Princess goes to the place, and the Queen speaks in a somewhat lower tone to the Marquis.*] Chevalier, I am much deceived if your arrival has not infused new spirits and vivacity into at least one person at this court.

MARQUIS.

One, however, I have found most melancholy, who, heretofore, as gay and lively—[*The Princess returns with the flower.*]

EBOLI.

Since the Chevalier has seen so many countries,

tries, he can no doubt relate to us many extraordinary adventures.

MARQUIS.

Especially as it is the duty of the knight to seek adventures, and his most sacred obligation to protect the fair.

MONDEKAR.

Against giants, but there are now no giants.

MARQUIS.

Power is ever a giant to the feeble.

QUEEN.

The Chevalier is in the right: giants exist, but knights we have none.

MARQUIS.

Lately, as I returned from Naples, I witnessed an impressive event, which the sacred bond of friendship made my own—Did I not fear to tire your Majesty by the relation—

QUEEN.

Heed not me—The curiosity of the Princess must not be disappointed. Proceed, I am pleased to listen to such histories.

MARQUIS.

In Mirandola, two noble families, wearied with the long jealousy and enmity which, from the feuds between the Ghibellines and Guelphs, had subsisted between them for centuries, resolved to confirm an eternal peace by the gentle bands of marriage. Fernando, the nephew of the powerful

ful Pietro, and the beauteous Matilda, the daughter of Colonna, were selected for this alliance. Never had two amiable hearts been more exactly formed for each other by nature; never had a choice been more fortunately and wisely made. Fernando, as yet, had only adored his lovely bride by worshipping her image. With what anxious hopes and fears were his ardent expectations mingled! In Padua, where he was confined by his studies, he waited the delightful moment when he should be permitted to pay the first homage of his love at the feet of Matilda. [*The Queen appears more attentive. The Marquis proceeds, after a short pause; and, as far as the presence of the Queen will permit, seems to address himself more to the Princess Eboli.*] In the meantime death set at liberty the hand of Pietro. With youthful ardour the old man listened to the voice of fame, loudly extolling the divine beauty of Matilda—He came—he saw—he loved: the new flame stifled the voice of nature; the uncle bore away his nephew's bride, and consecrated his robbery at the altar!

QUEEN.

And what was the conduct of Fernando?

MARQUIS.

On the wings of love, ignorant of the fearful change, he hastened, with all the enthusiasm of passion, to Mirandola. He arrived at night. The
found

found of cymbals, drums, and dancing, with bacchanalian clamour, deafened his ears as he approached the palace blazing with lights. Unknown to the guests he entered the spacious hall, where, in riotous merriment, Pietro sat:—an angel by his side, an angel whom Fernando knew; who never, even in dreams, had yet appeared to him so divinely lovely.

EBOLI.

Unhappy Fernando!

QUEEN.

Is your story at an end, Chevalier?—It must now certainly be ended.

MARQUIS.

Not entirely.

QUEEN.

Did you not say that Fernando was your friend?

MARQUIS.

I have none dearer. .

EBOLI.

Proceed with your story, Chevalier.

MARQUIS.

It is very mournful—and the recollection renews the pain my heart has felt.—Spare me the conclusion.—

[*A general silence.*]

THE QUEEN.

[*To the Princess Eboli.*]

I may now surely be permitted to embrace my daughter.—

daughter.—Bring her to me. [*The Princess goes out.—The Marquis makes a sign to a page in the back ground, who immediately disappears. The Queen opens the letters given her by the Marquis, and appears surprized. In the mean time, the Marquis speaks, secretly and very earnestly, to the Marchioness de Mondekar.—The Queen, having read the letters, turns to the Marquis with an enquiring look.*] You have yet said nothing of Matilda. Perhaps she knew not how much Fernando suffered?

MARQUIS.

The heart of Matilda no one has yet penetrated; but great souls suffer in silence.

QUEEN.

You look around: whom do you seek?

MARQUIS.

I was thinking how happy a certain person would be were he in my place.

QUEEN.

Whose fault is it that he is not here?

MARQUIS.

[*With animation.*]

What do I hear!—May I construe this favourably?—Shall he find pardon if he now make his appearance?

QUEEN.

Now!—Now! What is your meaning?

MARQUIS.

May he dare to hope? May he—

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

[*With increasing perplexity.*]

You terrify me, Chevalier!—He will not.—

MARQUIS.

Here he is.

SCENE V.

THE QUEEN, DON CARLOS.

[*The Marquis de Posa, and the Marchioness de Montekar retire to the back-ground.*]

CARLOS.

[*Kneeling before the Queen.*]

At length the moment is arrived when Carlos may be permitted to touch this dear hand. Oh, most extatic moment of my life! now am I indeed happy!

QUEEN..

Frantic youth! What daring dangerous madness! Rise, instantly! We are discovered—My attendants are here.

CARLOS.

I will not rise: here will I for ever kneel; here lie; rooted to this spot.

QUEEN.

Madman! to what rashness has my favour led you! Do you not know that it is to the Queen,

to

to your mother, that you address this extravagant and presumptuous language!—that I myself must inform the King—

CARLOS.

And that I must die. Let me be led hence to the scaffold. A moment passed in this blissful paradise is not too dearly purchased with death.

QUEEN.

And your Queen?—

CARLOS. [*Rising.*]

O God!—O God!—I go—I will consent to leave you.—Must I not, when you require it?—One look, the slightest glance, a single word from your mouth, whirls me between heaven and hell; gives me life, or consigns me to death. What wish can you form with which I will not comply! what can exist beneath the sun which I would not sacrifice at your command!

QUEEN.

Fly me!

CARLOS.

O God!

QUEEN.

The only request I can make; and which I adjure you to comply with by my tears, is, that you would leave me—leave me before the ladies of my court, my pages, my keeper, shall find us together in this agitation, and bear to your father's ears the momentous tidings.—Still do you hesitate

tate and stand undetermined? Unhappy youth!—
Stay, then, and cause the destruction of us both.

CARLOS.

I expect my fate—Let it be life or death.—
Have I surmounted so many obstacles; made my
way through the labyrinth of ceremony, and
braved all the minotaurs by which you are sur-
rounded, to pass one single moment in your pre-
sence without witnesses; and shall I now be lightly
alarmed with false fears?—No, Queen, the world
may revolve many hundred, many thousand times
around its poles, e'er accident shall present me
such another opportunity.

QUEEN.

To eternity it shall not. Unhappy youth!
what wouldst thou with me?

CARLOS.

Oh! I have struggled with my passion as no
mortal ever strove; heaven be my witness.—But,
alas! I strove in vain.—My heroism is gone, I am
vanquished.

QUEEN.

No more of this, as you would wish me peace.

CARLOS.

No—I will speak.—My pangs are alleviated
by these ravings. You were mine; promised to
me, in the sight of the world, by two great thrones;
acknowledged mine by heaven and nature; and
Philip has stolen you from me.

D

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

He is your father.

CARLOS.

And your husband.

QUEEN.

Who has bestowed on you the greatest kingdom in the world for an inheritance.

CARLOS.

And you for a mother—

QUEEN.

Gracious heaven!—You are frantic!

CARLOS.

And does he know the value of what he possesses? Has he a feeling heart in unison with yours?—I will not complain. Gracious Providence! I will pardon thee; I will forget how inexpressibly happy I should have been with her—But is he so? No; he is not so. He contemns the best gift of heaven—He is not so—This is the torture of hell. He is not nor ever can be so. My paradise is taken from me, and blasted in the arms of Philip.

QUEEN.

Abominable thought!

CARLOS.

Oh! I know who was the author of this marriage. I know how Philip can love, and how he weds. All powerful Nature—A divine creature such as thou hadst not produced for thousands of years,

years, and such as thou wilt not form again for thousands more—And now, now, now—blush for thyself, Nature, she is made the pledge of treacherous treaties; and sacrificed in the cabinet, in close conclave, to the interested views of counsellors and prelates; cheapened like vile merchandize, and, the bargain concluded, delivered to the buyer.—So marry kings!

QUEEN.

Oh! no more!

CARLOS.

And what are you in this kingdom? Are you queen? No, no, that cannot be. Were you queen, could Alba commit his enormities, and Flanders bleed for religion? Are you Philip's wife?—Impossible!—It cannot be believed! A wife possesses her husband's heart; and have you his?

QUEEN.

What can inspire you with this confidence? Who has told you that my happiness, as Philip's wife, is not enviable.

CARLOS.

My heart; which feels with ardent passion that your happiness would be more enviable were you my wife.

QUEEN.

Vain man! What if my heart tells me the contrary. What if the reverential tenderness of

D 2

Philip,

Philip, and the dumb language of his love, be more acceptable to me than the presumptuous eloquence of his proud son ! What if I value the esteem of an old man——

CARLOS.

That were different.—Then, then, must I entreat your forgiveness—I knew it not—I knew not that you loved the King.

QUEEN.

I understand your disdainful smile. No ; I love him not.—But it is my wish and my pleasure to honour him.

CARLOS.

Have you never loved ?

QUEEN.

A strange question.

CARLOS.

Have you never loved ?

QUEEN

I love no more.

CARLOS.

Because your heart, or because your vow, forbids it ?

QUEEN.

Leave me, Prince, and never again seek to repeat this interview.

CARLOS.

Because your vow, or because your heart, forbids it ?

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Because my duty—Unhappy youth! Why this melancholy enquiry into a fate to which both you and I must now submit?

CARLOS.

Must! must submit!

QUEEN.

Certainly. What mean you by that ardent tone?

CARLOS.

I mean that Carlos knows not *must*; and will not submit to be the wretchedest creature in this empire, when it would only cost him the violation of the laws to be the happiest.

QUEEN.

Did I understand? You then still hope? You dare still to hope, though all has long since been lost?

CARLOS.

Despair is only for the dead.

QUEEN.

To me, to your mother, do you extend your hope? [*She looks on him for some time with great earnestness; then proceeds in a more forcible tone.*] But why not? Oh! the new successor to the throne can do more than that—He can condemn to the flames all the ordinances of his predecessor; he can throw down his statues, and root out the memory of his name. He can rebuild what he destroyed;

destroyed; and demolish what he created.—What should prevent him?—He can tear the sacred ashes of his ancestor from their peaceful retreat in the Escorial, expose them to the light of day, and scatter them in the winds of heaven. And, at last, as a worthy consummation—

CARLOS.

For Heaven's sake, speak not thus!

QUEEN.

At last—he may marry with his mother.

CARLOS.

Accursed son! [*He stands a moment confounded and speechless.*] Yes—now, now it is disclosed. I feel distinctly what should have remained eternally concealed from me. To me you are for ever, ever, ever lost! The die is cast, and you to me are lost for ever. The torture of hell is in the thought. No longer can I support it: my nerves begin to rend asunder.

QUEEN.

Dearest and much to be commiserated Carlos, I feel, I most distinctly feel, the inexpressible agony which rages in thy bosom. Infinite, like your love, is your suffering, and infinite like both, is the glory of vanquishing your passion. Engage in the contest, youthful hero; the prize is worthy of the arduous combat; worthy of the youth whose heart is animated by the virtue of so many royal ancestors—Rouse yourself to manly resolution,

tion, noble Prince—The descendant of Charles the Great should renew the conflict with redoubled strength where other mortals sink exhausted.

CARLOS.

It is too late; O heavens! it is too late.

QUEEN.

Too late to be a man? How much more exalted must be our virtue when our hearts break in the exercise of it? Providence has placed you in an elevated station, higher than millions of your brethren. Partially has heaven bestowed on its favourite what it has taken from others, and what millions seek. Before our birth, what can we deserve more than other mortals?—Arise, then, and exert yourself. Vindicate the justice of heaven. Deserve pre-eminence over the rest of the world; and shew of what sufferings and what sacrifices you are capable.

CARLOS.

Much can I suffer, much sacrifice: in the contest to obtain you I have gigantic strength; but losing you I am feeble indeed.

QUEEN.

Carlos, confess the truth; pride and indignation have given birth to your furious passion for me. That love, that heart, which you so profusely offer to me, appertains to the world which you are destined hereafter to govern. Like a faithless guardian, you squander the property of your ward.

Restore

Restore to your future kingdom the love you so improperly waste on me. Then, instead of suffering the daggers of conscience, you shall enjoy the pleasure of a godlike act. Your first love was Elizabeth; your second be Spain. How willingly, excellent Carlos, would I yield to my more worthy rival!

CARLOS.

[Throws himself with great emotion at her feet.]

How noble is thy soul, celestial woman! Yes, whatever you command I will perform. Speak the word and I will die; yea, renounce eternal bliss. *[Rises.]* Here in the presence of the Almighty I swear—and swear to you;—eternally—O heavens! no—only eternally to be silent—not eternally to forget.

QUEEN.

How can I require that vow of Carlos, which I should be unwilling to make myself?

THE MARQUIS.

[Coming hastily out of the alley.]

The King!

QUEEN.

O heavens!

MARQUIS.

Begone, Prince; instantly begone.

QUEEN.

His suspicion is dreadful—Did he see you?

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

I will remain. Who has the right to be here, I or he? I am in the fuitable mood to ask that question.

QUEEN.

And who must be the sacrifice?

CARLOS.

[Pulls the Marquis by the arm.]

Let us begone! Let us begone—Come, Rodrigo—*[Going, returns.]* What shall I carry with me?

QUEEN.

The friendship of your mother.

CARLOS.

Friendship! Mother!

QUEEN.

And these tears from the Netherlands. *[Gives him letters.]*

CARLOS.

Ah! I understand. *[Exit with the Marquis.]*
The Queen, in some confusion, looks round for her ladies, who are not to be seen. As she is going towards the back of the scene, the King enters.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

THE KING, QUEEN, DUKE ALBA, COUNT
LERMA, DOMINGO; *some LADIES and*
GRANDEES who remain behind.

THE KING

*[Walks up and down, without speaking for some time,
as if surprized and dissatisfied.]*

What, alone, madam! not even one of your
ladies to accompany you? It much surprizes me.
Where are your attendants?

QUEEN.

My gracious consort—

KING.

And why are you so confused, madam? Your
cheeks are suffused with blushes—All is not right.
Why are you thus alone? Where are your ladies?
[Turning to the Nobles] This unpardonable neglect
shall be strictly enquired into. Who is the chief
attendant on the Queen? Who is to-day in
waiting?

QUEEN.

Oh, be not angry—I am myself alone in fault.
The Princess Eboli went hence at my command.

KING.

At your command!

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

To order one of the attendants to bring my infant daughter.

KING.

And therefore you were left alone ! 'Tis strange by heaven ! But, for the future, madam, spare our kingdom the disgrace of seeing you left thus unattended when you wish to embrace your child. Surely Castile is populous enough to supply the Queen with attendants. But this excuses only the first lady in waiting. Where was the second ?

MONDEKAR.

[Who in the mean time has returned and joined the other Ladies, comes forward.]

Your Majesty ; I feel I am in fault.

KING.

And that you may have time to reflect on that fault, we banish you from Madrid for ten years.

[The Marchioness retires in tears—A general silence—

All turn their eyes with alarm on the Queen.]

QUEEN.

Marchioness, dry up your tears. *[To the King]* If I have erred, most gracious consort, the royal crown I wear, to which I never have aspired, should at least protect me from blushing. Is there a law in this kingdom which cites a monarch's daughter before a tribunal ? Are the ladies of Spain only secured by constraint, and is a witness
a better

a better safeguard to them than their virtue?—
 Pardon me, my husband, I am not accustomed to
 dismiss in tears those who have served me joy-
 fully—Mondekar! [*Takes off her sash, and gives it
 to the Marchioness.*] You have offended the King,
 not me. Take, therefore, this token of my favour;
 and leave the kingdom—You have only offended
 in Spain: in my native France such tears will
 soon be wiped away by joy. Oh! must I be for
 ever reminded, [*Leans on the principal attendant, and
 covers her face*] how different are the manners of
 France!

KING.

[*With emotion.*]

Is it possible!—Elizabeth!—O heavens! is it
 come to this!—Can a rebuke, dictated by my
 love, thus disturb you—a word proceeding from
 the tenderest anxiety. [*Turns towards the Gran-
 dees.*] Here stand the vassals of my throne.
 Never does sleep weigh down my eyelids on the
 evening of each day, e'er I consider with myself
 how the hearts of my people beat in the most
 distant climes subject to my sway—and shall I
 more anxiously care for them than for the wife of
 my heart?—My sword may protect my people,
 Duke Alba, but my watchful eye alone must
 guard my wife's affection.

QUEEN.

If I have offended you, my husband—

KING.

KING.

I am stiled the most potent and the richest monarch in Christendom—The sun sets not in my dominions. Yet all this another shall soon possess, and many others after him—One possession is my own. What the king has appertains to fortune—but Elizabeth to Philip—Here, here am I vulnerable; here mortal.

QUEEN.

My liege!—This doubt!—You terrify me—Do you fear?

KING.

May not these grey hairs fear?—Yet when I once begin to fear, my fears are over.—I review the nobles of my court, but I see not the first—Where is Don Carlos, my son? [*No one answers.*] The boy Don Carlos, begins to be formidable to me; he shuns my presence since he came from the Royal School of Alkala. His blood is hot; why then his look so cold; his deportment so measured and precise?—Whence is that, my Lord Duke? He is a comet, who as he approaches my horizon excites alarm—I like him not too near. Be watchful; be watchful, I repeat; the heir of so many crowns numbers with impatience the pulses of his father's veins.—The ambition to resemble gods made devils—Be watchful, I charge you.

ALBA.

So long as a heart shall beat beneath this coat of mail, may Don Philip sleep in security. As
the

the cherub of God before Paradise, stands Duke Alba before the throne.

LERMA.

May I, in all humility, be permitted to speak before the wisest of monarchs? Too much do I revere the majesty of my sovereign to judge his son so hastily and harshly. I fear much from the warm blood of Carlos; but nothing from his heart.

KING.

Count Lerma, you speak adroitly to deceive a father; the Duke, however, shall be the king's protector—But more of this to-morrow. [*Turns towards his train.*] I hasten now to Madrid, whither my royal duties call me. The plague of heresy infects my people; rebellion spreads widely in our Netherlands. It is time some dreadful examples should deter my subjects from such errors. To-morrow I will discharge the duty which religion imposes on every monarch. The scaffolds shall be numerous, the punishments awful. I hereby invite my whole court to the solemnity [*Taking the arm of the Queen.*] Your Majesty likewise will attend.

QUEEN.

Oh! spare me! Alas, I am a woman, a feeble woman.

KING.

A christian too, I hope—Come then and prove it. [*Exit with the Queen; the rest follow.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

DON CARLOS *with Letters in his Hand. The*
MARQUIS DE POSA, *meeting from opposite Sides.*

CARLOS.

Say no more; I am resolved; Flanders shall be delivered. She wills it; that is to me sufficient.

MARQUIS.

Not a moment then must be lost; for it is said Duke Alba is already appointed governor in the cabinet.

CARLOS.

Appointed but not gone. To-morrow, therefore, will I request an audience of my father, and ask this office for myself. It is the first petition I have ever presented; and he cannot refuse me. He sees me with uneasiness in Madrid, and will eagerly embrace so plausible a pretext to remove me. Besides, shall I confess the truth to you, Rodrigo?—My hopes extend still farther. Possibly this interview may restore me again to his favour. He has never yet heard the voice of nature; I will try, Rodrigo, what effect it will have from my lips.

MARQUIS.

Now, indeed, art thou my Carlos again—Now art thou again thyself.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

I feel in every vein divinity; so has the sight of the Queen inspired me.

SCENE VIII.

COUNT LERMA, DON CARLOS, *the* MARQUIS DE POSA.

LERMA.

The King has left Aranjuez. I have it in command—

CARLOS.

It is well, Count Lerma. I will attend the king.

MARQUIS.

[Ceremoniously, and as if he were going.]

Your Highness has no other commands?

CARLOS.

None, Chevalier. I hope to wish you joy on your arrival in Madrid; you will then tell me more relative to Flanders. *[To Count Lerma, who still waits.]* I will follow you. *[Exit Lerma.]*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

DON CARLOS, *the* MARQUIS.

CARLOS.

I understood you—I thank you. But this constraint can only be justified by the presence of a third person—Are we not brothers?—This mummery of rank shall for the future not enter into our friendship—Let us suppose ourselves at a masquerade; you in the dress of a servant, and I, from fancy, in a purple robe. While the entertainment should last, we would act our parts suitably to our characters, not to destroy the deception which amused the company. But your Carlos might make friendly signs to you through his mask; you, in passing, might press my hand, and we should understand each other.

MARQUIS.

The dream is exquisite; but will it not be transitory? Is my Carlos certain, that he shall be able to defy the allurements of sovereignty? An important day is coming; a day in which this heroism, allow me to say it, will be exposed to a severe trial.—King Philip dies, and Carlos succeeds to the greatest monarchy in Christendom. An immeasurable space separates him from the rest of the race of mortals, and he is to-day a divinity who was yesterday a man. He

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has

has no more weakneſſes; his command is fate; and poor humanity crouches at his feet. His feelings for others are extinguished when he can no longer ſuffer himſelf. His virtue is enfeebled by pleaſure. To gratify his follies Peru ſends him gold; to miniſter to his vices, his court provides him devils. He ſleeps intoxicated in the para-diſe his ſlaves have artfully prepared for him. Long as his dream continues his divinity endures. Woe to his phrenzy who ſhall dare to awaken him—But how muſt Rodrigo act? Friendſhip is bold and ſincere; and feeble majeſty cannot ſupport its unwelcome light. You would never bear with the pride of the ſubject; nor could I with the haughtineſs of the prince.

CARLOS.

A fearful but a faithful portrait haſt thou drawn of ſovereignty. Yes, I believe thee. But it is pleaſure which opens the hearts of monarchs to vice. I am yet pure. I have yet ſeen but three-and-twenty ſummers. What thouſands before me have ſacrificed to rioting and wantonneſs, their ſtrength and health of body, I ſhall carry with me untainted to the throne. The dart of pleaſure broke againſt this breaſt long e'er Elizabeth reigned here: and can I then now fear it? O ſay! what can force thee from my heart, when even the tender ſex has not that power?

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

Myself—Can I so truly love thee when I must fear thee?

CARLOS.

That can never happen. Hast thou need of me? Hast thou passions which will lead thee to crouch as a beggar to the throne? Does gold enchant thee? Thou art a richer subject than ever I shall be a king. Thirstest thou for honour? Thou didst drain that cup while yet a youth. Which of us will be creditor, which debtor? Thou art silent: thou tremblest before the trial. Canst thou not trust thyself?

MARQUIS.

Well then I yield. Here is my hand.

CARLOS.

And mine.

MARQUIS.

For ever, and in the strictest sense of the contract.

CARLOS.

As faithful and ardent as is now the friendship of the heir to the throne shall be that of the future king.

MARQUIS.

A like friendship I swear to you.

CARLOS.

And should the serpent flattery twine round my unguarded heart; should these eyes forget to

shed the tears to which they have been accustomed; should my ears be closed against petitions, wilt thou, the fearless guardian of my virtue, rouse me from my lethargy, and endeavour to restore me to myself?

MARQUIS.

I will.

CARLOS.

I have yet one more request—Call me Carlos*. I have ever envied persons in lower stations the familiar language they use; it is the privilege of confidence. Such a compellation will deceive my ear with loved ideas of equality. Refuse me not: I know what thou wilt say—Such things are trifles—But to me, the son of a king, they are of importance. Wilt thou be my brother?

MARQUIS.

Yes, I will be thy brother.

CARLOS.

Now let us to the king—I have no more fears—With thy friendship I can defy the fates.

[*Exeunt.*

* In the original, *Nenne mich Du*; *Call me Thou*: but as this expression would by no means convey the same idea to an English reader, which it does to a German, a slight liberty has been taken with the passage.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Royal Palace in Madrid.

KING PHILIP, *under a Canopy of State*, DUKE ALBA *at some distance*—DON CARLOS *enters*, COUNT LERMA *opening the Door to him*.

CARLOS.

[*Kneels on one knee before the King; then rises, and retires some steps backwards—A general silence for some moments—The Prince looks with emotion and surprize, first at the Duke and then at the King.*]

I wait to know what more suitable time his Majesty will appoint to hear my petition.

PHILIP.

Whatever may be the nature of our son's request, it is our royal resolution, that he be permitted to prefer it.

CARLOS.

The kingdom should have precedence. Carlos will willingly give way to the minister: he speaks for Spain—I am the heir of the royal house. [*Retires making a reverence.*]

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

The Duke may stay, and yet our son may speak.

CARLOS.

[*Turning towards Alba.*]

I must then, my Lord Duke, request from your magnanimity a private audience with the King, as a favour—A child, you well know, may open his heart to his father, relative to many things with which a third person has no concern. You have perpetually access to the king. I ask it to my father only for this short hour. [*The Duke looks at the King, as if enquiring how he shall act.*]

PHILIP.

The Duke is your father's friend.

CARLOS.

Am I therefore certain that he is mine?

PHILIP.

Why should he not be?—I like not sons who know to chuse their friends so much better than their fathers.

CARLOS.

Can the noble spirit of the Duke of Alba bear this scene? By heavens! a diadem should not allure me to act the mean part of an intermeddler between the father and the son; of one who blushes not to violate the hallowed mysteries of nature with impenetrable insensibility!

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

[Rising, and looking angrily at the Prince.]

Retire, Duke. *[Alba goes towards the principal door at which Carlos entered; but the King makes a sign to him, and points to another door.]* No; into that closet, till I call you.

SCENE II.

KING PHILIP, DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[Approaches the King as soon as the Duke has left the apartment, and falls down before him with expressions of the utmost emotion.]

My father! now indeed again my father! My soul pours forth its thanks for this favour!—Give me your hand, my father—O delicious day!—The pleasure of this kiss has long been unknown to your son—But why? Oh! why? How do the wounds my soul has suffered bleed afresh at the thought? Why have I been so long banished from your heart? What have I done? O base suspicion! how dost thou perpetually corrode the hearts of kings, and sever the strong bonds of sacred instinct! Is it possible! Three-and-twenty years has the world called me Philip's son, yet does he not seem to know that he is my father.

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

Prince, thou art not well acquainted with these arts—practise them not; I want them not.

CARLOS. [*Rising.*]

Is this my answer?—In it I hear the voice of your courtly sycophants. Oh, my father! all is not true, by Heavens it is not! that a priest may say, or that the creatures of a priest may say. I am not vicious: the ardour of my blood is alone my fault, and youth my only offence. My heart may swell with violent emotions, but my heart is good.

PHILIP.

Thy heart is pure, I know it, as thy prayer.

CARLOS.

If I mean deceit, so may the Redeemer of the world cast me with wrath from his presence. My soul assumes an ardent confidence. Now if ever must be the time. We are alone. The shackles of state and ceremonial are fallen off, and a ray of hope, a delicious expectation, breaks in upon my heart—Methinks the angels of heaven, the beatified powers which surround the eternal throne, look with attention and pleasure on this important scene. Oh, my father!—Reconciliation! [*Falls at his feet.*]

PHILIP.

Rise, and leave me.

CARLOS

CARLOS.

Reconciliation!

PHILIP.

[Attempting to lose himself from him.]

This buffoonery is too bold.

CARLOS.

Too bold! The love of thy child too bold?

PHILIP.

What! thy eyes filled with tears! Contemptible! Out of my sight.

CARLOS.

Now if ever—Reconciliation, my father!

PHILIP.

Begone—Return from my battles covered with dust and wounds, my arms shall be opened to receive thee—But when thus, I cast thee from me. *[Pushes him from him.]* Cowardly guilt alone washes itself disgracefully in such fountains. He who does not blush to repent, will not hesitate to commit what needs repentance.

CARLOS.

[Surveys the King for some time with a mixture of fear and astonishment.]

By what mistake has this alien from human nature been mixed with mankind? Tears are the bond of humanity. His eye is dry; he was not born of woman. He knows not the sweet joy of weeping, which can express pleasure from torture, render misery enviable, exalt men to heaven,

heaven, and bring down angels to mortality. Oh! constrain those yet unmoistened eyes timely to shed tears, before some heavy hour approaches when thou mayst want them.

PHILIP.

Dost thou think to dissipate the serious doubts of thy father by flimsy words?

CARLOS.

Doubts! I will exterminate these doubts—will forcibly appeal to my father's heart till I shall eradicate them. Who are those who have deprived me of the favour of my sovereign? What has the monk offered to the father for his son? What recompence will Alba make him for a childless deserted life—Wistest thou love? Here in this bosom is a spring of it, more fresh, more ardent, than can be found in the muddy stagnant reservoirs which must first be opened by Philip's gold.

PHILIP.

Desist from this rashness. The men you would scandalize are the tried servants of my choice, the supports of my throne; and wouldst thou, arrogant boy! wouldst thou impeach their honour?

CARLOS.

No more! I feel my powers. Whatever services Alba can render, Carlos can do the same, and more. What cares the hireling for that kingdom which never shall be his own? What
cares

cares he though the grey hairs of Philip turn white? His king remains when Philip is no more, and his coin will still be current—Your Carlos loves you—Oh! much should I dread to be alone and unbefriended when on a throne.

PHILIP.

[As if struck by these words, remains for some time silent and thoughtful: after a pause.]

I am alone.

CARLOS.

[Approaching him with animation and warmth.]

You have been so; but hate me no more; and I will love you as your child; will love you ardently; but hate me no more. Oh, how enchanting is it to know that we are honoured by a generous heart; that our joys communicate animation to other countenances; and our sufferings moisten with tears other eyes! How noble, how delightful! hand in hand with a beloved son to tread back again the rosy path of youth, and dream again the dream of life! How delicious to reflect, that in the virtues of our children our benevolence may be continued for ages! and we return to posterity in our sons as the luminary of day again arises on the world reflected by the mirror of night! How sweet to plant what a beloved son may reap; to gather what he shall employ for his benefit, and imagine the warm thankfulness of his grateful heart! Oh! this is an
earthly

earthly paradise, of which your monks very wisely told you not.

PHILIP.

[*With emotion.*]

O my son, my son, thou pronouncest thy own sentence. How enchantingly dost thou paint that happiness thou never wilt bestow upon me.

CARLOS.

To the Almighty I appeal—Yourself, yourself have excluded me both from approaching the government and all share in a father's heart, until now, until this day. Oh! was that kind; was that just? I the heir to the throne of Spain, am a stranger in Spain; a prisoner where I am to be a sovereign. Is that just; is that kind?—Oh! how often have I blushed to think that the envoys of foreign potentates, or the common gazettes of the time, should first bring to me at Aranjuez the news of what passed at the court! Then would I say, jestingly, with a heavy heart, “The King removes his son thus from public affairs, that when he mounts the throne his pleasure may be heightened by surprize.”

PHILIP.

[*Surveying him earnestly.*]

Carlos, you speak very frequently of that time when I shall be no more.

CARLOS.

No, by the Maker of us both; only of that
when

when I shall be a man. Who is to blame if they are the same?

PHILIP.

It is an honourable office, my son, which thou hast assumed—the careful numberer of thy father's hours. Is this thy gratitude to him who gave thee life, perpetually to remind him of his death?

CARLOS.

[*Interrupting him with warmth.*]

Give me employment, my father! and may your reign continue till the final doom of the world.

PHILIP.

Wait more experience. Your blood flows as yet too hastily through your veins. You would only do mischief.

CARLOS.

My blood indeed flows hastily! Three-and-twenty years have I been King Philip's son, and nothing has been entrusted to me either to build or to destroy. My heirship to the throne rouses me from my slumber like a rigid creditor; and all the lost hours of my youth call me aloud. The moment is come when this great debt of honour should be paid with interest. Future history, the renown of my ancestors, and the thundering trump of fame, all call me. The time is come when I should strive for the palm of glory—Gracious

cious sovereign, may I prefer the petition which brought me hither.

PHILIP.

Yet another petition? Make it known.

CARLOS.

The commotions in Brabant increase, and become more threatening. The obstinacy of the rebels require a firm and wise resistance. The Duke, I understand, endowed with full and sovereign powers from the King, is to lead an army into Flanders to subdue their frenzy. How honourable is this command! and who can be more suitable for it than the son of Philip, the grandson of the great emperor? Commit to me the command of this army; the people of the Netherlands love me; and I will pledge my life for their return to their fidelity.

PHILIP.

You talk wildly. This trust requires a man; not an inexperienced boy.

CARLOS.

It does require a man, my father; and whatever Alba is, that he never was.

PHILIP.

Terror alone can repress this rebellion; pity is folly. Thy heart is feeble, my son; the Duke will be feared. Desist from your petition.

CARLOS.

Send me with the army to Flanders. Trust to my

my feeble soul. The name of the King's son, which will precede my banners, shall conquer, where Alba's executioners would only destroy. On my knees I entreat you. It is the first request I have made in my life. Entrust Flanders to my government.

PHILIP.

[After a long pause, during which he surveys his son with a piercing look.]

And at the same time my choicest army to your ambition; the dagger to my murderer!

CARLOS.

[Retreating with great emotion.]

O gracious God! and is this all, this all the fruit of this long fought, this promising opportunity! *[After some pause, with milder earnestness.]* Answer me not so harshly. Send me not thus away. With this cruel answer dismiss me not, nor with this heavy heart. Answer me less harshly. Do some act which may awaken my filial duty, and bind me to you eternally your debtor. Treat me more graciously. It is my last despairing request, dictated by urgent necessity. Gratitude alone can preserve my virtue.

PHILIP.

[Interrupting him harshly, and in a tone of authority.]
Your virtue!

CARLOS. *[Starting.]*

Heavens! What have I said! My father, I have
almost

almost lost my reason; nor can I bear it as becomes a man; that you should thus eternally deny me every thing, every thing I can ask. Now shall I leave your presence unheard; disappointed of a thousand pleasing expectations I had formed; and your Alba, and your Domingo, will exultingly triumph, where your child wept in vain in the dust. The herd of courtiers, the fawning nobles, and the pale tribe of monks, were witnesses that you granted me an audience. Do not, O my father! inflict on me so deadly a wound, so heavy a shame, as to expose me to their insults? Let it not be said, that while strangers riot in your favour, Carlos can obtain nothing from you. As a pledge that you mean yet to bestow on me honour, send me with the army to Flanders.

PHILIP.

Repeat not that request again, as you regard the anger of your sovereign.

CARLOS.

I will dare that anger, and for the last time request that you would entrust to me the government of Flanders. Leave Spain I must, and will. A malady none suspect, rages within me. While here, I live as on the rack. The very air of Madrid is as insupportable to me as conscience to the murderer. An immediate change of climate alone can effect my cure. Send me immediately to Flanders.

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

[With continued calmness.]

Patients like thee, my son, require careful treatment, and to be continually under the eye of the physician. Thou shalt stay in Spain. The Duke goes to Flanders.

CARLOS.

[In a kind of frenzy.]

Now guard me, good spirits.

PHILIP.

[Retreating a step backward.]

What mean those extravagant gestures!

CARLOS.

[In a faltering voice.]

My father, is your determination irrevocable?

PHILIP.

It is that of the King.

CARLOS.

Then I have done. *[Makes a reverence and is retiring.]*

PHILIP.

[Looks stedfastly on him some time, without speaking, then calls him back.]

Prince, this silent departure is not submission.

CARLOS.

No.

PHILIP.

No?

F

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

I at that moment imagined I saw the testament of the emperor, your father, smoking on a pile.

PHILIP. (*Starting.*)

Ha! What means that?

CARLOS.

So great a man! So perfect an emperor! and shall the insect complain!—I received, but he gave—and how infinitely much is wanting for me to be such a son as he was a father! [*Exit.*]

PHILIP.

[*Covers his face and strikes his breast.*]

Too heavily, O God, lies thy hand upon me.—
My son—Oh, my son *!

SCENE III.

PHILIP continues some time sunk in thought: at length begins to walk up and down the apartment. ALBA approaches with an air of embarrassment.

PHILIP.

You may expect your orders to depart for Brussels every hour.

* The Translator confesses he does not distinctly conceive the allusions in the last passages of this scene. He has translated literally.

ALBA.

ALBA.

Every thing is ready, your Majesty.

PHILIP.

Your full powers are already sealed in the cabinet. In the mean time take your leave of the Queen and of the Prince.

ALBA.

I saw his Highness but a moment past, leave this apartment, with the air and mien of one frantic. Your Majesty, likewise, appears greatly disturbed; possibly with the conversation that has passed?

PHILIP.

[After walking up and down some time.]

The subject was Duke Alba *[fixing his eyes on the Duke.]* But fear nothing, my Lord, my first opinion of you shall never change. *[The Duke appears thoughtful, while the King continues attentively to observe him.]* The Prince is not your friend.

ALBA.

I am proud to share the same lot with my King.

PHILIP. *[Sternly.]*

I knew not that I shared any thing with Duke Alba. I can bear to hear that Carlos hates my counsellors; but it is with concern I discover that he despises them.

ALBA.

[Reddens and offers to go.]

F 2

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

At present, no answer. I recommend to you to be reconciled to the Prince.

ALBA.

Sire, I am a foldier and a knight.

PHILIP.

The prince is the son of your sovereign; and which of you should first make concessions to the other is easy to decide—Who first warned me against the designs of my son? Then I heard you and not him. I will venture the proof, my Lord. For the future Carlos shall be nearer my throne.—Go—[*The King goes into the closet; the Duke goes out by another door.*]

SCENE IV.

An Anti-chamber before the Queen's Apartment.

DON CARLOS, *entering by the middle door, in conversation with a PAGE. The courtiers at his approach disperse into the adjoining Chambers.*

CARLOS.

A letter to me?—And for what purpose this key?—And both delivered so secretly!—Come hither—Of whom didst thou receive them?

PAGE. [*Significantly.*]

As far as I can judge, the lady would rather you should guess than I tell.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[Retreating.]

The lady! [*Looking earnestly at the Page*] How!
—What!—Who art thou?

PAGE.

A page, in the service of the Queen.

CARLOS.

[*Starting, approaches him, and presses his hand on his mouth.*]

Otherwise thou diest—Stop—I know enough.
[*He hastily tears off the seal, and retires to the furthest end of the apartment to read the letter. In the meantime the Duke of Alba comes, and passes, without being noticed by the Prince, into the Queen's apartment. Carlos trembles, and changes colour repeatedly. After he has read the letter, he stands for some time silent, with his eyes fixed upon it. At last he turns to the Page.*]

Did she herself give you this letter?

PAGE. •

With her own hands.

CARLOS.

She herself gave you this letter!—O jest not with me!—As yet I have not seen her writing. I must believe thee, if thou wilt swear. If it is false confess it candidly, and attempt not to jest with me.

PAGE.

Jest with you!

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[*Looks again at the letter, and then at the Page, with a doubtful and enquiring air. After having walked up and down the apartment.*]

Have you parents living? Yes? Your father serves the king, and is a native of this country?

PAGE.

He fell at the battle of St. Quentin. He was a colonel of cavalry under the Duke of Savoy. His name was Alonzo Count de Henarez.

CARLOS.

[*Taking him by the hand, and fixing his eyes on him, significantly.*]

The king gave you this letter?

PAGE.

[*With sensibility.*]

Gracious prince, how have I deserved this suspicion?

CARLOS.

Canst thou weep? Oh, then forgive me. [*He reads the letter.*] “ This key opens the back-
 “ apartment in the pavilion of the Queen, which
 “ leads into a closet where the foot of no listener
 “ can approach. There may love openly confess
 “ what has hitherto been only communicated by
 “ signs, timidity prefer her petition, and discreet
 “ patience receive a due reward.” E.

[*As awakened from a reverie.*] I do not dream—
 I am not mad—This is my sword—and these are
 written

• written characters. All is true and real—I am, I am beloved—I am the happiest of mortal beings throughout the immeasurable expanse so filled with life—I am, I am beloved. [*Strides up and down the apartment, raising his arms to heaven in a frenzy of joy.*] Oh! Almighty Creator! why am I not sovereign lord of thy world, that I might communicate my happiness to all creatures around me!

PAGE.

Will your highness come? I will conduct you,

CARLOS.

First let me come to my reason—My limbs still all tremble with this immense, this awful happiness—Did I ever entertain so proud a hope?—Did I ever dare even to dream it?—Where is the man who can so soon accustom himself to be a god?—What was I, and what am I now?—This is surely another heaven and another sun; not those I formerly beheld—This cannot be the world in which tears flow—No: it was only a feverish dream; it is past; and I am awake—She loves me—O let me declare to all around me, to Madrid, to the court, to the whole kingdom, my transcendent happiness. [*Going.*]

PAGE.

Whither are you going?—Whom would you tell?—You forget—

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[*Suddenly starting and gazing on him.*]

The king, my father! [*Lets his arms dropt, looks suspiciously round, and begins to recover his recollection.*]
—This is fearful—Yes; you are right, my friend, I thank you; I was not in my perfect sense—That I must be silent, and conceal so much happiness in my own breast, that—that—is fearful—Buried gold, they say, must be dug up with the silence of the grave—I will not, therefore, breathe. [*Taking the Page by the hand, and walking by his side.*]
What thou hast seen to-day—dost thou hear—and what thou hast not seen, must be locked within thy breast as in a coffin—Now go—I will find my way.—Go—we must not be met here together.—[*The Page is going.*]
But stay, hearken. [*The Page returns. Carlos lays one hand on his shoulder, and looks in his face very earnestly and with sternness.*]
Thou bearest with thee a dreadful secret, which like the strong poison may burst the vessel that contains it—Carry it not too near the throne; nor yet too near the eagle eye of faintly sloth. Guard well thy looks and motions; let not thy head enquire into what thy bosom conceals. Be like the dead vocal tube, which receives and renders the sound it hears not itself—Thou art a boy—continue such; and play and sport as usual. Well did the fair writer of this letter understand to choose a messenger

messenger of love! Here the king will suspect no guile.

PAGE.

And I, your Highness, shall be proud of knowing a secret which the King himself does not know.

CARLOS.

Vain, simple boy! At thought of that shouldst thou rather tremble.—If e'er we meet in public, approach me humbly, and with fear. Never let thy vanity mislead thee so far as to induce thee to boast how graciously the Prince behaves to thee; never canst thou sin more grievously than by familiarity—If hereafter thou shouldest be the bearer of any message, speak it not in syllables, trust it not to thy lips, nor the common passages of thought; seek me, as the chaced murderer flies, through pathless wilds where none shall trace thy footsteps. Speak to me in glances;—with thy fingers;—I will listen to thee with my eyes. The very air and light around us are Philip's creatures; the deaf walls are in his pay—Some one approaches—[*The door of the Queen's apartment opens, and the Duke of Alba comes out*] Begone!—Vanish!

PAGE.

Your Highness will not fail to find the right chamber?

CARLOS.

It is the Duke!—No, no—It is well.

SCENE

SCENE V.

DON CARLOS, DUKE ALBA.

ALBA.

[Meeting the Prince.]

Two words—your Highness.

CARLOS.

Yes, very well!—Another time. *[Going.]*

ALBA.

The place, indeed, appears not to be the most proper. Perhaps your Royal Highness may be pleased to give me audience in your chamber?

CARLOS.

For what?—That may be done here—only be quick—be brief.

ALBA.

What especially brings me here, is most humbly to render my thanks to your Royal Highness for what I have received.

CARLOS.

Thanks!—Thanks to me!—For what?—And thanks from Duke Alba!

ALBA.

Scarcely had you left the apartment of our sovereign, when it was notified to me that I was to go to Brussels.

CARLOS.

To Brussels!—So!

ALBA.

ALBA.

To what, Prince, can I attribute this honour, but to the gracious application of your Highness in my behalf?

CARLOS.

My application! Certainly not—Most assuredly not—You are going—Go, in God's name.

ALBA.

Nothing more? This much excites my wonder!—Hath your Highness nothing to entrust to me relative to Flanders?

CARLOS.

What should I have to entrust?

ALBA.

Not long since it seemed to be supposed that those countries required the presence of Carlos himself.

CARLOS.

How so?—But it is right—It would have been well—perhaps better.

ALBA.

I hear with surprise.—

CARLOS.

You are a great general—who knows not that?—Envy herself must swear it—while I—I am a young man—So thinks the King—and the King is in the right—Most certainly in the right. I am convinced and satisfied: therefore enough of this.—Success to your expedition—I am unable now,

as

as you perceive—I am so entirely occupied—We will postpone the rest till to-morrow—or when you will—or when you return from Brussels.

ALBA.

How? That may be several years.

CARLOS.

Well—fare you well for that time. [*After a pause, perceiving the Duke still stays.*] You have taken a good season of the year—Your road is by Milan, Lorrain, Burgundy, and Germany—Germany?—Yes—There you are known—Let me see—It is now April—May—June—In July, or at latest the beginning of August, you will be in Brussels—I doubt not but we shall soon hear of your victories. You will shew yourself deserving of the confidence so graciously reposed in you.

ALBA.

In the crowns of monarchs pearls only sparkle: we see not there the wounds by which they have been obtained.—The soldier's victories are the soft cushions on which sovereigns sleep.—This sword has imposed the Spanish laws on foreign nations, and glittered in defence of our holy faith—God judges in heaven, I on earth.

CARLOS.

A god or devil—You are the right arm of the monarch, I know it well. No more of it, I pray you; I would wish to avoid certain recollections—I would honour my father's choice. My father
employs

employs an Alba. I envy him not. You are a great man, I am willing to believe it; but I cannot but think you came some centuries too soon. An Alba, it seems to me, should appear when the scene of the world draws to its close; when gigantic vice has finally tired the patience of heaven, and the thick harvest of crimes stands ready for the sickle, and requires a merciless reaper—O God! my paradise, my Flanders!—But I will not think of it—Let us mention it no more.

ALBA.

To sacrifice men to the good of the human race, is greater mercy, Prince, than weakly to love men to the danger of mankind. Heaven itself has given the example. To purify the world, one world was doomed to destruction. The pestilence——

CARLOS.

The pestilence is your symbol; I know it: it is the great image of Alba's life, and my father's government.—It is said that you are to carry with you a number of bloody sentences ready signed!—Your foresight in making this provision is praiseworthy: there will be now no danger from chicanery—O my father! how ill did I understand thy meaning! Wrongfully I blamed thee for denying me an office in which thy Alba is qualified to shine! The denial was a proof of thy esteem.

ALBA.

ALBA.

Prince, these words deserve —

CARLOS.

What?

ALBA.

What you are protected from by being the son
of the King.

CARLOS.

[Drawing his sword.]

This requires blood—The sword is drawn,
Duke!

ALBA. *[Coldly.]*

Against whom?

CARLOS.

[Pressing violently on him.]

The sword is drawn; and against thee.

ALBA. *[Draws.]*Nay, if it must be so. *[They fight.]*

SCENE VI.

THE QUEEN, DON CARLOS, DUKE ALBA.

QUEEN.

[Coming out of her apartment, hastily, and terrified.]

Naked swords! *[To the Prince, angrily, and with
a commanding voice.]* Carlos!

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[*At the sight of the Queen, drops his sword, and stands for a while motionless, and as if deprived of sense; then runs to the Duke and embraces him.*]

Let us be reconciled, my Lord: let all be forgotten! [*Throws himself at the feet of the Queen, without speaking a word; then suddenly starts up, and rushes wildly out.*]

ALBA.

[*With signs of great astonishment.*]

By heavens! this is most strange.

QUEEN.

[*Stands for some moments perplexed and doubtful, then walks slowly towards her apartment, at the door of which she turns round.*]

Duke Alba! [*The Duke follows her into her apartment.*]

SCENE VII.

A Closet of the Princess Eboli.

THE PRINCESS *in an elegant but simple fancy-dress, playing on the lute, and singing. To her enters the*
QUEEN'S PAGE.

PRINCESS.

[*Rising hastily.*]

He comes!

PAGE.

PAGE. [*Rapidly.*]

Are you alone?

PRINCESS.

He comes! I hear it in the sound of your step, in the tone of your voice!

PAGE.

I wonder much he is not yet here; but he must come in a moment.

PRINCESS.

Must he? Then he *will* come; that is evident.

PAGE.

He followed me at the heels—Gracious Princesses you are beloved; beloved like you can no one be, nor have been! What a scene have I witnessed!

PRINCESS.

[*Pulling him impatiently to her.*]

Quick! Did you speak with him? Tell me! What did he say? What were his words? Did he appear confused, surprized? Did he guess, who had sent him the key? Tell me quickly. Did he guess or not? Did he guess rightly? You do not answer—Fie upon you! You never were so dull; so insupportably tedious as now.

PAGE.

How can I speak, my lady, when you will not let me?—I gave him the letter and the key, in the anti-chamber of the Queen. He seemed struck, and looked eagerly at me, when I said that a lady had sent me.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

He seemed struck?—Very well!—excellent!—
Go on;—go on.

PAGE.

He was going to speak, but turned pale, and snatched the letter out of my hand, looked menacingly at me, and said he knew all. He read the letter with great emotion and trembled.

PRINCESS.

He knew all!—He knew all!—Did he say that?

PAGE.

Yes;—and asked me three or four times whether she herself, with her own hands, had given me the letter?

PRINCESS.

Whether I myself had given it you? Did he mention my name?

PAGE.

Your name?—No—he did not mention your name.—He said there were spies and listeners round us who would tell the King.

PRINCESS. [*Surprized.*]

Said he that?

PAGE.

It would be of the most fearful consequence, he said, should the king know of this letter.

PRINCESS.

The King! Are you sure you heard rightly? Did he say the King?

G

PAGE.

PAGE.

Yes; he said it was a perilous secret, and warned me, both by words and signs, to be carefully on my guard, that the King should conceive no suspicion.

PRINCESS.

[*After thinking some time with an air of great surprise.*]

Every thing concurs—It must be so—He must know it—Yet is it inconceivable—Who can have discovered it to him?—Who?—Why do I ask that question—What sight so penetrating as that of the eagle-eye of love?—But go on—He read the letter——

PAGE.

That letter, he said, conveyed to him happiness, bliss, at which he trembled; which he would not have dared even to dream—Then he talked of the key—But unluckily the Duke came into the anti-chamber and obliged us——

PRINCESS. [*Peevishly.*]

What could the Duke do there?—But the key? What said he of the key? Be not too hasty; tell me all circumstantially, good Henarez—I never knew you in such an unsufferable hurry—He said—What did he say of the key?

PAGE.

He said it was the key of Paradise.

PRINCESS.

Where does he stay then?—Why this delay?—Why does he not come?—See how false men are!

are!—How happy might he have been in the time you have spent in telling he wished to be so!

PAGE.

The Duke, I fear——

PRINCESS.

The Duke again—Why was he there? What has the warrior to do with my calm happiness?—Alas! I fear, I fear your Prince understands as little of love as of ladies hearts! He knows not what minutes are.

PAGE.

[With sensibility.]

Princess, you censure an angel.

PRINCESS.

[A blush of joy overspreading her cheeks.]

Young story-teller! who told you he was an angel?

PAGE.

[With animation.]

So excellent! so great! so good! What pity it is he is to be a king! He should have been a brother.

PRINCESS.

[Turns away, and wipes her eyes, while she warmly presses the hand of the Page—After a pause.]

Thou dost remind me that I am indebted to my dear messenger the payment of his errand. *[She takes a sword-belt set with diamonds from off the table and gives it to him.]* By this, good youth, you

shall remember me when first your sword is girded on—

PAGE.

[Retiring with downcast eyes.]

Is it thus a happy lady rewards me! Has my message deserved nothing better than this—O fie!—At this moment, so short a time before the triumph of love—shall I be contented with paltry diamonds—I who have seen the confession of ardent love tinge those cheeks, and know for whom this treasure is destined; shall I be satisfied with such poor trash!

PRINCESS.

I hear some one coming! Away! It is the Prince. *[Exit the PAGE, hastily.]* Where is my lute? He will surprize me. Music shall give him the sign.

SCENE VIII.

[The PRINCESS, who throws herself on a sofa, and plays on the lute. Soon after DON CARLOS enters, and, seeing the PRINCESS, stands as if thunder-struck.]

CARLOS.

Heavens! Where am I?

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

[Lets the lute fall, and rises to meet him.]

Ah! Prince Carlos! Yes, it is yourself!

CARLOS.

[In great perplexity.]

Where am I?—The error of a madman!—I have mistaken the closet.

PRINCESS.

Carlos understands well to find the chamber where ladies are alone.

CARLOS. *[Stammering.]*

Princess—Your pardon, Princess—I—I found the anti-chamber open.

PRINCESS. *[Significantly.]*

Can that be possible? I think that I myself locked it.

CARLOS.

You may think so—You may think so; but be assured you were mistaken?—It was shut, that I grant; that I believe—but not locked; certainly not locked. The outer bolt, or—I mean the inner—that I must confess was fastened.

PRINCESS.

The inner bolt was fast, and yet you came in. Surely you are caught now; the art by which you could do that I have yet to learn.

CARLOS.

Oh! nothing more easy—for—fortunately—unfortunately I mean—I had a key which exactly fitted—An accident brought me hither, I heard
some

some one playing on the lute—Was it not a lute?
[Looking round him doubtfully]—Yes, there it is—
 Now the music of the lute—as Heaven shall
 judge me—I am fond of to a degree of phrenzy
 —I was all ear; and without knowing whither I
 went, or what I did—I burst into the closet to
 see the sweet musician whose heavenly strains
 had so enchanted me.

PRINCESS.

*[After having in vain endeavoured to meet his eyes as
 he throws them round the Apartment.]*

An amiable curiosity, which, however, it appears, was soon satisfied. *[After a pause, significantly.]* Oh! much is the discreet man to be valued, who, to spare a lady's blushes, will invent so many fictions!

CARLOS.

[With sincerity]

Princess, I feel that I only render worse what I attempt to amend. Let me no longer act a part of which I am incapable. You here, no doubt, seek retirement from the world. Here, undisturbed by men, you cherish the calm wishes of your heart. I, the son of misfortune, abruptly broke in upon you and destroyed your pleasing dream—A speedy departure therefore—*[Going.]*

PRINCESS.

[Surprized and confused; but immediately recovering herself.]

Prince—that would be malicious.—

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Princess—I understand what that look must mean in this closet, and honour this virtuous confusion—Shame to the man whom female blushes render courageous. I am disarmed when women fear me.

PRINCESS.

Is it possible!—A conscience without example in a young man, and the son of a king! Yes, Prince—Now must you stay with me. I myself will request it. So much virtue must relieve every maiden from anxious fear. Not one in a thousand would act thus when tempted by a key which, luckily, fitted so exactly—But no more of this; let us not lose the precious moment which accident has given us—say you not the same, Prince?—in an idle contest of words—Do you know your sudden appearance interrupted me in the middle of my favourite air. [*Leading him to the sofa, and taking up the lute.*] I must again play that air, Prince Carlos, and your punishment shall be to listen to me.

CARLOS.

[*Sits down, not entirely without constraint, by the side of the Princess.*]

The punishment will be as pleasing as the offence. In truth, the subject was so agreeable to me, and so exquisitely fine, that I could listen to it a third time.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

What? Have you heard all? That is abominable, Prince! the subject, I think, was love.

CARLOS.

And if I am not mistaken happy love, a charming subject from lips so charming; but not so true as charming.

PRINCESS.

Not! not so true! Can you then doubt?

CARLOS.

I doubt much whether Carlos and the Princess Eboli can ever understand each other when love is the subject. [*The Princess appears confused, he perceives it, and proceeds with an airy gallantry.*] For who, who that looks on those rosy cheeks, would suppose that passion could disturb the breast. Can the Princess Eboli be in danger of sighing in vain and unheard? Those alone know what is love, who love without hope.

PRINCESS.

[*With all her former vivacity.*]

Oh cease! These words are alarming. The fate you speak of seems to persecute you. [*Taking his hand with an air of tender concern.*] You are not cheerful; you appear unhappy. Is it possible that you should suffer? You on whom profuse Nature has lavished all her choicest gifts; for whom she has prepared all the joys of life: you, the son of a mighty monarch; and more, far
more

more than that, you whose noble endowments eclipse the splendour of your rank; you in whose favour all women, the legitimate judges of the worth and glory of men, decisively determine; you who with a single glance can conquer and inflame the female heart; whose favour can bestow the joys of paradise and bliss of gods—Can you be unhappy!—O, Heaven! when thou didst lavish on him thy choicest gifts, why didst thou only refuse him eyes to see his own conquests?

CARLOS.

[Remains sunk in a deep reverie during this whole speech. When the Princess ceases to speak, he seems suddenly to recover his recollection.]

Excellent! Incomparable!—Princess, will you sing me that passage again?

PRINCESS.

[Looking at him with great surprise.]

Carlos! What means this? Whither wander your thoughts?

CARLOS.

[Starting up.]

Right! by Heavens! You remind me opportunely—I must go; must go instantly.

PRINCESS.

[Holding him.]

Whither?

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[With anxious agitation.]

Thither: you know whither—No, no, no, you know not. But I must go hence—Let me go, Princess, I can stay no longer.

PRINCESS.

[Holding him forcibly back.]

What is the matter with you? Whence this strange extravagant behaviour? *[Carlos stops, and stands thinking. She takes advantage of this opportunity to draw him to the sofa.]* My dear Carlos, you want rest; your blood is in wild commotion. Sit down by me. Banish these gloomy feverish fancies. Coolly ask yourself the question: Does this head know what pains this heart? And though it should know: can none of all the knights of this splendid court—can none of all its ladies furnish the cure?—Is not one of them worthy?

CARLOS.

Perhaps the Princess Eboli.

PRINCESS.

[Hastily and with joy.]

Indeed!

CARLOS.

Favour me with a petition, a letter of recommendation to my father. It is said you have great influence with the king.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Who say so?—What, then, it was jealousy which kept you silent. [*Aside.*]

CARLOS.

Probably you have already heard I have an ardent desire to go to Brabant—Merely to flush my sword. My father will not permit me. Like a fond father, he fears should I command the army, I may come to some hurt.

PRINCESS.

Carlos! This will not succeed. Confess the truth, you wish to escape me by these artifices. Let us come to the proof, dissembler; will he who is alone intent on deeds of chivalry and glory; will he condescend to snatch ribbons from ladies, and—excuse me—[*With a light motion of her finger she opens his bosom, and takes out a ribbon concealed there*] preserve them thus as precious?

CARLOS.

[*Stepping back with great surprise.*]

Princess! This is not well—I am betrayed. Surely this is witchcraft.

PRINCESS.

Are you astonished at this?—What shall the wager be that I do not recal to your memory incidents that have vanished from your mind like dreams, a half word, a significant smile succeeded by sudden seriousness; the playing with a feather, the thoughtless tearing of a flower, or catching of a fly; every motion and action when you appeared

peared lost in reverie? Judge, then, whether I do not understand as much or more than you wished to be understood?

CARLOS.

This is, indeed, a bold pretension; to make discoveries in my heart, of which I am myself ignorant—

PRINCESS.

Recollect yourself. Look round you; this closet is not one of the apartments of the Queen, where she gives her masquerades. What, do you blush? Oh! it is very strange that any one should notice Prince Carlos, when he thinks himself unobserved! No one, I presume, saw him when, at the last court ball, he left his partner the Queen to thrust himself into the next set, and take the hand of the Princess Eboli. If you think so, Prince, you are mistaken; for the king, who at that moment entered, took notice of it.

CARLOS.

[With an ironical smile.]

That *he* should notice it, I believe *you* will allow was not very extraordinary.

PRINCESS.

Come, come, have I not seen you even when at your devotions, when certain ladies have entered—have I not seen you give most evident signs that your attention was not fixed on Heaven alone?

CARLOS.

Mere courtly scandal.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Have I never witnessed your gallantries, when at the card-table with the Queen and myself?

CARLOS.

Such fancies may float in my mind for a moment, but soon are no more thought of. Let us speak no more of them.

PRINCESS.

[Walks from him with an air of surprize, and surveys him for some time at a distance.]

It is wonderful! All my arts fail, and all my plans are unsuccessful. *[Remains silent for some moments.]* But may not all this flow merely from his capricious pride? May he not assume the mask of modesty and coldness to swell his triumph and heighten his pleasure? *[Approaches the Prince again, and surveys him with an enquiring eye.]* Act sincerely towards me, Prince. I know not how to unravel this perplexed knot.

CARLOS.

Nor I. *[A pause.]*

PRINCESS.

[Leaves him suddenly, and walks up and down the apartment for some time without speaking, as if thinking intensely on something of great importance: then, after a long pause, addresses him seriously, and with emotion.]

It shall be told—I must at last resolve to speak. I have chosen you to be my judge. You are of noble birth and noble mind; a prince and a knight.

knight. I fly to you to protect to save me, or if that be impossible, to sympathize with me in my sufferings. [*The Prince approaches her with attention and surprize.*] An arrogant favourite of the sovereign asks my hand—Rui Gomez, Count de Silva; the King has consented, the bargain is made, and I am sold.

CARLOS. [*Hastily.*]

Sold! What, have we more of these accursed sales! and the bargain managed by the same dealer! Let me not hear of it. You wound the nerve in which I feel most exquisitely.

PRINCESS.

O hear me! It was not enough that I should be sacrificed to political intrigue; attacks were made on my innocence, my honour. For some time have I been persecuted with the base passion of the great, the greatest of libertines—Here is a letter will unmask this pretended saint. [*Carlos takes the letter, but listens with impatient attention to the Princess, and does not read it.*] Where shall I find protection? My pride has long defended my virtue; but at length——

CARLOS.

At length you fell? You fell?—But, O no! Just heavens! No.

PRINCESS.

[*With dignity.*]

Fell!—By whom?—How poor the reasoning of your haughty sex. Love is the only precious commodity

commodity beneath the spacious canopy of heaven, which can solely be bartered for itself. Love alone is the price of love. It is the invaluable gem which must be given, or be broken and destroyed. So from the Rialto, once, the wealthy merchant, deriding the poverty of spirit of kings and potentates, cast into the deep his rich and faultless pearls, disdaining to sell them beneath their value.

CARLOS. [*Aside.*]

By all that's excellent!—a wonderful woman!

PRINCESS.

The world may call it whim, may call it vanity, but to the man whom I select will I give myself undivided and eternally. The enchanting communication of souls, the magic of celestial love, shall all be his. Never will I degrade the majesty of woman; nor deface the choicest work of heaven's creation.

CARLOS. [*Aside.*]

Incredible! Such a woman in Madrid, and till now unknown to me!

PRINCESS.

Long since had I left this court, left this world, and buried myself within holy walls, but that a single tie still remains, a tie that all-powerfully binds me to the world;—a phantom it may be, but most dear to me—I love, and am—not beloved.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[Advancing to her with ardor.]

You are! as there is a God in heaven you are.
I swear you are; and inexpressibly!

PRINCESS.

You! You will swear it! Oh, that was my
angel's voice—Yes; if you swear it, my Carlos,
then will I believe it—then am I beloved!

CARLOS.

[Throwing his arms round her with great tenderness.]

Dear child of sensibility! Adorable creature—
I am all ear, all eye, all ravishment, all admiration.
Who that has seen thee, who beneath the heavens
has seen thee, and can say, he has not loved?—
But here, at the court of King Philip, what,
beauteous angel, dost thou here; amid priests
and priestcraft? This is no climate for such a
flower.—May it not be plucked?—It surely may
—But, no; as I live, it shall not—I will throw my
arms around thee, and carry thee safely through
the infernal regions in defiance of all their fiends—
Let me be thy angel.

PRINCESS.

[With a look expressive of ardent love.]

O Carlos! How little have I known thee!
How bountifully, how profusely, does thy noble
heart reward the labour of obtaining it. *[Takes
his hand, and offers to kiss it.]*

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[*Retreating.*]

Princess, what means this?

PRINCESS.

[*With tenderness, still holding his hand.*]

How beauteous is this hand, how rich!—Prince, this hand has two most valuable gifts to bestow—a diadem, and Carlos's heart—and both, perhaps, to a mortal?—To one woman!—A god-like gift!—almost too great for a mortal!—What, Prince, if they were to be divided?—Queens know but little of love; and a woman who can love understands as little of crowns and royalty. It were better surely to divide them. Though, perhaps, that is already done—You have bestowed your love?—Know I the happy fair?

CARLOS.

Yes; to you I will discover my secret: to your pure and gentle innocence I will discover it. Thou art the first and only woman at this court to whom my heart has been revealed—Yes—I deny it not—I love——

PRINCESS.

False man! Has it been so difficult to extort this confession! Am I only to discover that you can think me deserving love to feel how much more I am deserving pity?

CARLOS. [*Astonished.*]

How! What is this!

H

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Thus to treat me, as with studied insult! O truly, Prince, it was not well done thus to deny the key.

CARLOS.

The key! The key! [*After a thoughtful pause.*] True—It must be so—Now I perceive—O heavens! [*Is ready to sink, leans against a seat, and covers his face.*]

PRINCESS.

[*With passion, after a long pause on both sides.*] O! intolerable! What have I done!

CARLOS.

[*Raising himself again, and with violent emotion.*] Cast out from all the heaven of my joys, and plunged down so deep—O this is fearful!

PRINCESS.

[*Covering her face from shame.*] What have I discovered!—Gracious heavens!

CARLOS.

[*Throwing himself at her feet.*] I am not in fault, Princess—Love—an unfortunate mistake—As heaven shall judge me, I am not in fault.

PRINCESS.

[*Pushing him from her.*] Out of my sight, in God's name!

CARLOS.

Never, never will I leave you in this distressful agitation.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

[Repelling him forcibly.]

From generosity, in mercy, leave me! Would you be my death? I cannot bear to look on you! *[Carlos offers to go.]* But give me first my letter and my key—And where is the other letter?

CARLOS.

The other letter? What other?

PRINCESS.

That from the King.

CARLOS. *[Starting.]*

From whom?

PRINCESS.

That I just now gave you.

CARLOS.

From the King! And to whom? To you?

PRINCESS.

O heavens! How madly have I betrayed myself! The letter!—Produce it—I must have it again!

CARLOS.

A letter from the King! And to you!

PRINCESS.

The letter! in the name of every thing sacred, give me the letter.

CARLOS.

That which was to unmask the pretended faint?

PRINCESS.

Oh! I shall go mad! Give me the letter.

CARLOS.

That which discovers the base passion of a great libertine?

PRINCESS.

[With violent agitation.]

Intolerable! To what an act of folly has my frantic passion led me!

CARLOS.

The letter! The letter from the King! I tell you, Princess, that letter *[Holding it up exultingly]* is to me so valuable, that not all Philip's treasures, not all the wealth of his extensive empire, should purchase it from me. *[Offering to go.]*

PRINCESS.

[Throwing herself in his passage.]

Gracious heavens! Utterly am I ruined, should it be possible that you should act so meanly——

CARLOS.

[Returning, and taking the hand of the Princess, earnestly and with tenderness.]

When I act so meanly, Princess—Then will I permit you—then, and not till then—to blush for what has now passed between us. *[Exit.]*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

The PRINCESS alone.

[She looks after him astonished and confounded. When he is gone she rushes towards the door, to call him back.]

O hear me!—Suffer me to say one word—Oh! he is gone! He disregards my voice: he despises me—I am left to wretched solitude, disregarded, rejected! *[She sinks into a chair—After a pause.]* Not, it may be, absolutely despised; but excluded his affections by a rival. He loves; of that there can no longer be a doubt. He has himself confessed it. But who is this happy fair one?—This is manifest; he loves some one whom he ought not to love—He fears discovery—His passion fluns the knowledge of the King—Whence is this?—Or is it not the father alone which he fears in his father—How did he triumph and exult when he discovered that the King had made amorous advances! Whence was it that his rigid virtue no longer restrained him on this occasion, precisely on this? What could he gain though the King were false to the Queen? *[Stops abruptly, as if a sudden thought had occurred to her: at the same time takes the ribband she had from Carlos out of her bosom, looks at it earnestly, and recollects it.]* Ah! at length I perceive—Fool that I was! Where were my

my senses; where my eyes? They had long loved each other, before the monarch took her to his throne. The Prince never saw me except when she was present. She then was meant when I believed myself adored with such boundless ardour and sincerity. O this is a deception without example! And I have been simple enough to betray my weakness!—[*A pause.*] That he loves entirely without hope, I cannot believe. Hopeless love is incapable of enduring so great a struggle; such sacrifices exceed its power. How ardent was his kiss! How tenderly did he press me to his beating heart! This has not the appearance of a mere romantic passion which is unreturned—He took the key and believed the Queen had sent it to him—He believed in this giant-stride of love!—and came, actually came—persuaded that King Philip's consort was capable of taking so frantic a resolution—How was this possible had he not before received similar favours?—It is indubitable—He has been heard—She loves—this faint descends to the sensations of a mortal—How artful is this hypocrite!—I have ever looked up with awe to her exalted virtue; I considered her as a superior being, whose splendour overwhelmed me. I thought her free from every ebullition, every passion of mortal nature; yet was this tranquillity merely external appearance. She wished to participate in both banquets; she wished to receive the

the adoration due to virtue, while she rioted in all the voluptuous enjoyments of secret vice. And shall this be? Shall the dissembler succeed?—No; as heaven shall judge us, shall she not!—Revenge here is justice—The King shall know of her deceit—The King!—[*After a thoughtful pause.*] Right—that way I have access to his ear. [*Rings a bell.*]

SCENE X.

The PRINCESS, a PAGE.

PRINCESS.

Is there not a court this evening?

PAGE.

It is already assembling.

PRINCESS.

I wish you could call aside the confessor—

PAGE.

The confessor Domingo?

PRINCESS.

Yes—Tell him to expect me in the adjoining chamber on the left hand, as soon as I may be able to disengage myself from the company. Say I must speak to him on a subject of great importance.

PAGE.

PAGE.

Your Highness shall be obeyed.

PRINCESS.

In the adjoining chamber on the left, remember.

PAGE.

I shall not mistake.

SCENE XI.

The PRINCESS alone.

[After walking up and down the apartment thoughtfully, for some moments.]

Yet am I not entirely forsaken; I still have a lover. Oh! I am ungrateful! How many ladies of distinction would envy me my happiness. Our love indeed is not very mutual. Is it then true that only love can repay love? Or is it love alone which I need to heal my wounded honour? Does not my pride now call more loudly, and more vehemently, than the gentler wishes of my heart? The King can alone relieve me—Vengeance can alone assuage the pain which rends my heart. *[Walks, but suddenly stops, as if lost in intense thought.]* Virtue! He on whom I would bestow it, will not accept it. Do the flowers of virtue and innocence then bloom for heaven, and not for me; not

Not for the man to whom I would present them?
If they are not gathered for love, what are they?
What is their value but as they heighten the
joys of love? I can love no more! their worth is
lost to me. Let them take refuge with hope—
I shall love no more. [Exit.

SCENE XII.

An Apartment in the Palace splendidly illuminated.

DUKE ALBA and FATHER DOMINGO
meeting each other.

DOMINGO.

Is it you, Duke?—Good evening!

ALBA.

Stay—Who speaks to me?

DOMINGO.

Whom are you looking for?

ALBA.

Domingo!—And alone!—You suddenly disappeared from the company, and I have been seeking you everywhere.

DOMINGO.

Has the King sent for me?

ALBA.

No; I wish to speak with you. But you are waiting here for some person; may I ask whom?

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

What do you wish to say to me?

ALBA.

I have to-day made an important discovery, on which I would have your opinion.

DOMINGO.

What discovery? What do you mean?

ALBA.

Prince Carlos and I chanced to meet this morning in the anti-chamber of the Queen. Some words passed between us, and the dispute grew so warm, that swords were drawn. The Queen, alarmed by the noise, opened the door of her apartment, threw herself between us, and looked at the Prince with an air of commanding confidence—It was a peculiar look, and had as peculiar an effect; for instantly the Prince dropped his sword, threw himself on my neck, embraced me ardently, and, in a moment, vanished.

DOMINGO.

[After a pause.]

This was certainly very extraordinary! You remind me of what I have myself observed of a like suspicious appearance—But such observations are of so delicate a nature, that I have never yet communicated them to any person. I know what courts are, and I know what friends are to be met with in them. To confide in them too much is dangerous; and if some have sincerity,

it

it is very difficult to distinguish them from the others. Words once uttered are weapons very easily employed to our destruction. Therefore I bury my secret till a proper time shall arrive to reveal it. Who, in fact, can say that I am not mistaken? Appearances frequently mislead us; and it is easy for us to deceive ourselves. It is besides the duty of my sacred function to promote peace, and not discord and enmity. I leave that to those whose profession it more suits. The offices and duties of servants differ. The duty of Duke Alba may command him to do what mine forbids me. I must be silent, were I twice as certain as now I am.

ALBA.

Certain! Certain! Of what? Think what you say; I undoubtedly did not mean to say the circumstances I had observed amounted to certainty.

DOMINGO.

What imports it that I am myself convinced if I have not testimony that shall convict in a court? —There are services which it is dangerous to render kings, and in which, if you miss your aim, the blow recoils on you to your ruin. I could swear what I say on the sacrament—But an eye witness, a positive word, a written paper, must weigh much heavier in the scale than my belief—It is pity we are in Spain.

ALBA.

ALBA.

Why in Spain?

DOMINGO.

In every other court intrigues are easier: here the laws are rigidly cautious. The Queens of Spain find it difficult to sin; and especially in that particular in which it would be most advantageous to us to detect them.

ALBA.

Very true; and, therefore, we must—

DOMINGO.

From a project I now have in view, I promise myself much—May I tell the Princess Eboli what you have now communicated to me?

ALBA.

I come for that purpose. Hear me, Reverend Father: to make this discovery is of great importance to me, I will not deny it; of more importance, perhaps, than you may imagine. Every thing depends on its being carried to the ear of the sovereign. Something has happened to-day—I hope, however, good father, we understand each other.

DOMINGO.

My opinions and wishes on this subject you well know.

ALBA.

I have never seriously believed that I was in danger from that quarter—Even now I cannot think

think it—Yet if there is any man whom I fear, it is the Prince.

DOMINGO.

Duke, you there touch a string—

ALBA.

Hear me—some danger threatens us—The King this morning said a word—a word—You know me, father; I am not used to be alarmed at words—But this appeared to me to have weighty meaning; if I have any knowledge of the character of Philip—He balances between us and the Prince. It was all the work of a single hour. Depend upon it a reconciliation will soon take place between the father and the son.

DOMINGO.

A reconciliation! God forbid!—

ALBA.

He will have him nearer his throne, will try him. He commanded me to make concession to him—at least so I understood him—to apologize for still continuing in his father's favour.

DOMINGO.

[*With great uneasiness.*]

What do I hear!—

ALBA.

His audience lasted an hour. He requested the administration of the Netherlands; and urged his petition so loudly and impetuously, that I heard him in the closet. His eyes appeared red with

with weeping when I met him at the door. The next day, at noon, he appeared with an air of triumph. He expressed the greatest joy that the King had preferred me to him. Affairs, he said, were changed, and for the better—How can I reconcile these contradictions? The Prince exulted that his petition was refused—Dissemble he cannot—And to me the King granted a favour with every sign of anger—What am I to think? Certainly this new appointment has much more the appearance of a banishment than a preferment.

DOMINGO.

Is it then come to this? And shall a moment destroy all that our labours for years have effected?—And you still so patient and calm!—Do you not know this youth? Do you not perceive what we must expect when he attains power? You have sufficient proofs that he hates you.

ALBA.

That I forgive him; for did I ever love him?—But he has treated me with insult—with insult, Domingo—and that I shall never forgive him. When he, last year, received the homage of the States of Arragon, I, having been delayed by the duties of my office, as Marshal of the Ceremonies, appeared somewhat late, and the herald had three times made proclamation before I reached the throne. This Prince, this boy, insolently refused

refused me his hand to salute; publicly inflicting on me this disgrace in presence of the States. All eyes were directed on me, and, for the first time in my life, I was confounded. At that moment I vowed I would have ample vengeance of the haughty youth, and I will keep my vow.

DOMINGO.

I am not his enemy: my views are of another kind: they are directed to the service of the throne, of God, and his church—I know the Prince; I can penetrate his inmost soul. I know he cherishes the horrid design of overthrowing our holy faith—He regards not religion.

ALBA.

I fear he regards it too much; for I suspect he does not know how necessary and useful an instrument it is.

DOMINGO.

He is an enthusiastic adorer of a new virtue, which, erect and independent, will not ask the aid of faith—Vice brings a revenue of millions to the church. He despises such a resource, and will not be induced to have recourse to it. He *thinks*. His head is filled with wild chimeras—He respects the claims of men as men.—Can he then be fit to be our sovereign?

ALBA.

Mere phantoms! Idle flights of imagination; prompted by the eagerness and ardour of youth.

What

What other choice has he? These will soon be forgotten when once he comes to govern.

DOMINGO.

I doubt it—He is proud of his freedom, unaccustomed to that restraint to which those who would restrain others should first submit.—Is he fit for our throne?—His daring mind would pass our limits of narrow policy with giant strides. In vain have I endeavoured to enervate his soul by the temptations of pleasure: he has withstood the attack. The secret of alleviating sins by indulgences he rejected with scorn—Such a mind, in such a youthful vigorous body, menaces us with serious dangers; and Philip is sixty years of age.

ALBA.

Your views extend far.

DOMINGO.

The Queen and he are one. The poison of innovation, though carefully concealed, has infected both. It is indeed now concealed, but should it reach the throne, widely would it spread.—I fear that Valois.

ALBA.

[*Gloomily.*]

Why should you remind me? Why do you rouse the serpent in my breast? I wish not the recollection.

DOMINGO.

Of what? Whence this sudden heat?

ALBA.

ALBA.

The Queen of Spain has given me a wound, which I should not forgive were I to live centuries. I have discovered that it was she, she alone, who defeated my project of removing the Prince of Bourbon from Navarre, which, had it succeeded, would not have been worth less than a kingdom to the Spanish monarchy—She gave information to the French, the design failed, and the disgrace fell upon me.

DOMINGO.

I remember that well; and you may dread the utmost vengeance of this your secret enemy, when she gains the power. Fortune is at present favourable to us. Let us prevent it, and plunge in one ruin both the Queen and Prince—Were a hint given to the King, with or without proof, much would be gained. We entertain no doubts; and they who are themselves convinced, seldom find it difficult to convince others. It is scarcely possible that we should not discover more, when we are certain of what we wish to discover. I have another thought—Was it not about New Year's Day that the Queen lay-in?—And it was not till April of the preceding year that the King recovered from the dangerous fever of which he had been so long ill—You will perceive that this small seed of suspicion may ripen into very great

I

advantages

advantages to our projects; only let us have patience.

ALBA.

But now let us come to the most important question of all—Who will undertake to give this hint to the King?

DOMINGO.

Neither you nor I. The third and most important person is still wanting. You shall now learn in what manner I have laboured this secret plan with silent industry. The King is enamoured of the Princess Eboli, and I encourage his passion, which I can render favourable to my designs. I am his messenger of love. I will engage the Princess in our plot. Should we succeed she may become a queen. She has just sent me notice to wait for her in this chamber. I hope every thing. A Spanish girl may perhaps nip off the Valois lily in one night.

ALBA.

What do I hear!—Can it be true? By heavens this surprizes me. Reverend Father, I cannot sufficiently admire you! Success must be certain.

DOMINGO.

Hush! Some one comes.

ALBA.

That this should be the end, that I who have grown grey in his wars, should be thus disgraced,
I own

I own mortifies and incenses me. But for this will I have my revenge of that arrogant boy.

DOMINGO.

Begone; she comes.

ALBA.

I shall be in the next chamber, if—

DOMINGO.

Right—I will call you. [*Exit DUKE ALBA.*]

SCENE XIII.

The PRINCESS, DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

I wait your commands, gracious Princess.

PRINCESS.

[*With a look of anxious enquiry.*]

Are we entirely alone? Have you not some person with you.

DOMINGO.

Who?

PRINCESS.

Who was it that went out this moment?

DOMINGO.

The Duke of Alba, who came to request that I would introduce him to you.

I 2

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

The Duke of Alba! What can this mean! What can he want! Perhaps you can tell me?

DOMINGO.

I! Certainly not before I know what accident has procured me the happiness I have so long wished, of again approaching the Princess Eboli. [*Pauses for some time, waiting for an answer.*] Whether any fortunate circumstance has at length occurred which inclines you to favour the King's wishes? Whether more mature consideration has at length triumphed over caprice and vanity. I am full of expectation.

PRINCESS.

Did you carry the King my last answer?

DOMINGO.

No. I could not prevail on myself to wound him so severely. It is not yet too late to return a milder answer.

PRINCESS.

Inform the King that I expect him.

DOMINGO.

May I believe what I hear, beauteous Princess!

PRINCESS.

Why not? Heavens! you alarm me! What have I said that even you blush?

DOMINGO.

The pleasing surprize almost overpowers me—

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Recover yourself, good father, I can tell you for your comfort, that you have no part in this sin; neither the church, though you have taught me, that cases may happen in which she may sacrifice the chastity of her daughters to advance higher purposes. These profound doctrines were not for my comprehension.

DOMINGO.

Nor would I wish to insist on them when they are unnecessary.

PRINCESS.

Entreat the sovereign from me not to misunderstand me in this transaction. What I was I still am. But circumstances have changed since I indignantly rejected his petition. I believed him in possession of the most beautiful and virtuous of Queens: now I know more of the truth.

DOMINGO.

Proceed, dear Princess, proceed: I am eager to hear you: we understand each other.

PRINCESS.

She is detected; I will spare her no longer: the false dissembler is detected; though she has deceived the King, all Spain, and me. She has an intrigue: I know it; and can bring such proofs of it as shall make her tremble. The King is deceived; but he shall not be so with impunity. I will tear away the mask from the hypocrite, who pretended to emulate the purity of the
sacred

sacred virgin, and expose her harlotry to the whole world. It will cost me a fearful price, but that is my delight, my triumph; for it will cost her still more.

DOMINGO.

Now all is ripe. Permit me to call in the Duke. [Exit.]

PRINCESS.

[*With great surprise.*]

What can this mean!

SCENE XIV.

The PRINCESS, DUKE ALBA, DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

[*Leading in the Duke.*]

Our intelligence, Duke Alba, arrives too late: the Princess has discovered the secret we intended to entrust to her.

ALBA.

[*Approaching the Princess.*]

My visit will then the less surprise you. I did not wish to trust my own eyes; such discoveries require the eyes of woman.

PRINCESS.

What discoveries do you mean?

DOMINGO.

We would wish to know, Princess, what more convenient place or time you would appoint.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

To-morrow, about noon, I will expect you in my apartment. I have reasons no longer to conceal this criminal secret from the King.

ALBA.

That was it which brought me hither. The King must be informed of this secret, and by you, Princess. Whom will he sooner believe, than the constant and watchful attendant of his consort?

DOMINGO.

Whom sooner than you, who will soon rule him with unbounded sway?

ALBA.

I am the declared enemy of the Prince.

DOMINGO.

The same is usually said of me. The Princess Eboli cannot be suspected of any partiality. Where we must be silent, the duties of her situation compel her to speak. The King will listen to us, when you have led the way, and we shall finish the work.

ALBA.

But what is done, must be done immediately. Moments are now precious; I every hour expect orders to set out for the Netherlands.

DOMINGO.

[Turning to the Princess, after having stood some time thoughtful.]

Were it possible to find letters—Letters received

ceived from the Prince must have a great effect—Let us consider—You sleep, I think, in the same chamber with the Queen?

PRINCESS.

In the adjoining—But of what consequence is that?

DOMINGO.

Have you observed where the key of the Queen's private cabinet is usually deposited?

PRINCESS.

[*Thoughtfully.*]

That might, indeed, be of some use—Yes—I think I could find that key.

DOMINGO.

Letters require messengers—The Queen's retinue is numerous—Gold may do much.

ALBA.

Has no one observed whether the Prince has any confidants?

DOMINGO.

Not one in all Madrid.

ALBA.

That is very singular.

DOMINGO.

You may believe me; he despises the whole court; I have my proofs.

ALBA.

Yet it just now occurs to me, that as I came out of the apartment of the Queen, I found the
Prince

Prince speaking with a page, seemingly on some affair of privacy.

•
PRINCESS.

[*Hastily interrupting him.*]

Oh! no, no; that could have no relation to this subject.

DOMINGO.

How do we know that? The circumstance is suspicious—[*To the Duke.*] Did you know the page?

PRINCESS.

Nonsense! What can it signify who he was?—Leave the affair to me—We shall see each other again before I speak to the King; in the meantime, much may be discovered.

DOMINGO.

[*Taking her aside.*]

His Majesty then may hope? You permit me to bear the pleasing message. When shall be the happy time?

•
PRINCESS.

Within a few days I will pretend to be indisposed; I shall then no longer be obliged to attend on the Queen, but keep my own chamber.

DOMINGO.

Excellently planned!—Our great game is won, and we may now bid defiance to all Queens. [*A bell rings.*]

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Hark! the Queen requires my presence;
Adieu, till again we meet. *[Exit hastily.]*

SCENE XV.

ALBA, DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

[After a pause, in which his eyes follow the Princess.]

Duke, the beauties of this fair-one, and thy
battles—

ALBA.

And thy religion—will enable us to brave
every danger. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XVI.

A Carthusian Convent.

DON CARLOS, the PRIOR.

CARLOS.

[To the Prior as he enters.]

He has been here, and is gone!—I am sorry
for it.

PRIOR.

He has been here three times this morning,
and went away last about an hour ago.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

But he left word that he would come again;
did he not?

PRIOR.

He promised he would, before noon.

CARLOS.

[Going to a window and looking out.]

Your convent lies far from the road.—There I see the steeples of Madrid, and here flows the Mançanares—The situation is such as I could wish; solitary and secret.

PRIOR.

As the entrance to the other world.

CARLOS.

To your fidelity, good father, I entrust what I esteem most precious and sacred in this world. No mortal must know or conjecture whom it is that I meet here secretly. I have weighty reasons for this concealment, therefore have I chosen this convent. Are we safe from treachery or surprize? You remember what you swore to me.

PRIOR.

Your Highness may confide in us; the suspicion of kings searches not sepulchres. Curiosity listens only at the doors of pleasure and enjoyment. The world ends at these walls.

CARLOS.

Perhaps you may think that this caution, this fear, argues a bad conscience?

PRIOR.

PRIOR.

I think nothing.

CARLOS.

If you do, you are mistaken, reverend father; you are utterly mistaken. My secret shuns the eye of man, but not that of heaven.

PRIOR.

My son, with that we concern ourselves but little. This asylum is open alike to guilt and innocence. Whether your intents be good or evil, vicious or virtuous, we leave to your own heart.

CARLOS.

[With warmth.]

What we conceal can give no offence to the God you worship: it is his own, his fairest work—I might discover it to you.—

PRIOR.

To what end? Excuse me, Prince: I have long since renounced the world and its affairs, to prepare for that great journey we must all one day undertake—The bell rings for prayers; I must leave you. *[Exit.]*

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

DON CARLOS, *the* MARQUIS DE POSA.

CARLOS.

Ah! at length I meet you.

MARQUIS.

What a trial of the patience of a friend! Twice has the sun rose and twice set, since the fate of my Carlos was decided, and I am now first to learn it. Is this pardonable?

CARLOS.

To me this reproach, Rodrigo? What has not this hour cost me?

MARQUIS.

Well; no more of this; but accept my warmest congratulation. You are reconciled to your father?

CARLOS.

How?

MARQUIS.

You and the King are reconciled; and every thing is determined with respect to Flanders?

CARLOS.

That the Duke shall set out for the Netherlands to-morrow, is determined.

MARQUIS.

That cannot be; all Madrid cannot be so mistaken.

mistaken. You had a private audience. The King——

CARLOS.

Remained immoveable. We are separated for ever, and more widely than before.

MARQUIS.

You do not go to Flanders?

CARLOS.

No! no! no!

MARQUIS.

Alas! how have all my hopes vanished!

CARLOS.

They are past—But, O Rodrigo, since last we saw each other, what wondrous events have I to relate to you. In the first place, however, I must entreat your advice, and aid. I must speak to the Queen.

MARQUIS.

To the Queen!—No!—To what purpose?

CARLOS.

I have hope—You turn pale; but compose yourself. I shall and must be happy!—But of this another time: at present advise me how I may speak to the Queen.

MARQUIS.

What can this mean? What has inspired this new frantic dream?

CARLOS.

It is not a dream, by wonder-working heaven!
—but

—but truth—truth contained in this important paper. [*Producing the letter of the King to the Princess Eboli.*] The Queen is free in the sight of heaven and of men. There, read, and cease to wonder.

MARQUIS.

[*Opening the letter.*]

What do I see? The hand of the King? [*After having read it.*] To whom was this letter addressed?

CARLOS.

To the Princess Eboli. Two days ago a page belonging to the Queen brought me, from some person unknown, a key and a letter, in which I was directed to the left wing of the palace where the Queen resides, and in it to a chamber, where a lady for whom I had long entertained the tenderest passion expected me. I went——

MARQUIS.

You went! Madman!

CARLOS.

I knew not the hand-writing; I only knew one such lady. Who but she could imagine herself adored by Carlos? Intoxicated with my expected happiness, I flew to the place. A heavenly voice, accompanied by the lute, was my guide. I opened the chamber, and found the Princess—Judge my astonishment.

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

Oh! I guefs all.

CARLOS.

I had been loft without refource, Rodrigo, had I not fallen into the hands of an angel. What an unlucky accident! Miftaking the meaning of my looks and fighs, ſhe imagined herſelf the goddeſs I adored, and her gentle heart nobly reſolved to return my love. Honour ſeemed to command me ſilence; ſhe had the courage firſt to break it, and her pure ſoul lay open before me.

MARQUIS.

Thus unſuſpiciouſly canſt thou relate this? The Princeſs Eboli has looked through thee: ſhe has penetrated to the inmoſt ſecret of thy love. You have wounded her pride, and ſhe rules the King.

CARLOS.

[With confidence]

She is virtuous.

MARQUIS.

She is, as far as is for the intereſt of her paſſions to be ſo. I fear much this virtue; I know it. I know how different it is from that exalted ſpecies which flouriſhes in the ſoul as in its native ſoil, and profuſely brings forth fruits without the gardener's aid. It is a foreign graft, reared with labour, beneath an unfriendly ſky. Education, circumſtances, art, and reſtraint, may incite and enable

enable her, after many struggles, to seem to have subdued her passions; but, I appeal to yourself, is it probable she can ever forgive the Queen, that the man to whom she would have sacrificed her dearly purchased virtue, neglects her to pine with hopeless passion for her mistress?

CARLOS.

Are you so perfectly acquainted with the Princess?

MARQUIS.

No; I have scarcely seen her twice. But let me make one remark. I have observed how carefully she avoids the appearance of vice, and how much she seems to value herself on her virtue. Then have I looked upon the Queen. O Carlos! How great the difference! In native tranquil excellence with careless vivacity, superior to all the restraint of affectation, equally removed from rashness and timidity, she with a firm step keeps the narrow middle path of strict propriety. In this mirror does my Carlos recognise his Eboli? The Princess continued firm while she loved; her love was an essential part of her virtue: you did not return it, and she falls.

CARLOS.

[*With warmth.*]

No, no; [*Hastily pacing the apartment.*] I tell thee, no—Oh! think, Rodrigo, how much it befits thee to rob thy Carlos of the greatest of earthly

K

blessings—

blessings—a belief in the goodness of the human heart.

MARQUIS.

Have I deserved this?—No, favourite of my soul, as heaven shall judge me, I have not. The Princess Eboli should be my angel, and I would adore her, had she not—penetrated thy secret.

CARLOS.

Consider how groundless your fears must be. What other proofs has she but such as expose her to shame? Will she purchase the miserable satisfaction of a wretched revenge at the price of her honour?

MARQUIS.

Many have made similar sacrifices.

CARLOS.

[With increasing earnestness.]

No, that is too harsh, too cruel; the Princess is noble and generous. I know her, and cannot suspect her. In vain may you attempt to shake my hopes. I must speak to the Queen.

MARQUIS.

Now?—To what purpose?

CARLOS.

I have nothing more to restrain me. I must know my fate. Consider only how I may speak to her.

MARQUIS.

And will you shew her that letter?

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Enquire no more concerning that. Tell me, immediately, tell me, how I may speak to her.

MARQUIS.

[*Significantly.*]

Did you not say you loved the Queen? And will you shew her this letter? [*Carlos fixes his eyes on the ground and remains silent.*—Carlos, I read something in your manner quite new and unknown to me before this day. You turn your eyes from me. Why do you turn your eyes from me? Is it then true? Have I judged rightly?—Let me see that paper? [*Carlos gives him the letter, and the Marquis tears it.*]

CARLOS.

How! Are you mad? [*Moderating his warmth.*]
That letter was of much consequence to me.

MARQUIS.

So it appeared to be; therefore I tore it. [*The Marquis casts a penetrating look on the Prince, who surveys him with doubt and surprize. A long silence.*]
At length speak—What has the sovereign's falsehood to do with thy love? What is there in common between the violated duties of the husband and thy daring hopes? Were these means to which thou shouldest have recourse? Now I begin to know thee. How ill have I before understood the nature of thy love.

K 2

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[With emotion.]

How!—Rodrigo! What dost thou mean?

MARQUIS.

Oh! I feel to what I must accustom myself. Once wast thou very different. Then was there room for the whole world in thy expansive heart; but now is it filled with one single selfish passion. No more tears wilt thou shed for the wretched fate of the unhappy provinces; not a single tear hast thou for them—O Carlos! how poor, how lamentably poor art thou become, since thou lovest thyself alone.

CARLOS.

[Throws himself into a chair—After a pause, during which he scarcely represses his tears.]

I know well that I must have lost your esteem.

MARQUIS.

Do you then hear me flatter you? No, Carlos, not so. I know this ebullition was only the error of your noble feelings. The Queen first was your right, and the monarch stole her from you. But hitherto you have modestly mistrusted your own right—Perhaps Philip might deserve her—You hesitated and dared not decide—The letter has proved that you were the most worthy. You exulted that you were injured; for great souls glory in suffering injustice. But here you erred.

Your

Your pride fought satisfaction; your heart promised itself hope. You misunderstood yourself.

CARLOS.

[*With sensibility.*]

No, Rodrigo, you err greatly. I had not those noble sentiments your friendship attributes to me

MARQUIS.

Carlos! Thy errors I can only attribute to mistaken virtue. But now that we better understand each other, thou shalt speak to the Queen. I give thee my word; I will devise the means.

CARLOS.

[*Embracing him.*]

Brother of my soul! How I blush when I compare myself to thee!

MARQUIS.

Are you then certain that I am not led to this by secret wishes, fear or self-interest? But more of this at a proper opportunity. You have my word; leave the rest to me. A wild and daring thought has occurred to me. You shall hear it Carlos, from lovelier lips. I will to the Queen. Perhaps to-morrow my scheme may be carried into execution. But remember, Carlos, that the design which has for its object the relief of suffering humanity, though a thousand times defeated, must never be abandoned. You understand me: remember Flanders.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

I will remember every thing which you and virtue command me not to forget.

MARQUIS.

[*Going to the window.*]

Our time is up: I hear your attendants. [*They embrace each other.*] Now again, we are prince and subject.

CARLOS.

Do you go immediately to Madrid?

MARQUIS.

Yes.

CARLOS.

Stop—I had nearly forgotten what is of the utmost importance—All letters for Brabant are sent to the King. Secret orders to that effect have been sent to the post-office.

MARQUIS.

How know you that?

• CARLOS.

Don Raimond de Taxis is my confidential friend.

MARQUIS.

[*After a pause.*]

Then must we send by the way of Germany.

[*Exeunt at different doors.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Bed-chamber of the KING.

[A niche, before which curtains are drawn. Two candles burning on the table. In the back-ground of the chamber some pages sleeping on their knees. The King, half-undressed, sits before the table, with one arm hanging over the elbow of the chair—before him lies a miniature picture, and some papers.]

THE KING.

[In a deep dream.]

That she was an enchantress, who can deny?—
I could not bestow on her love; and yet;—did she
ever appear to feel the want of it? It is certain
then she is false—*[He here makes a motion, which awakes him. He looks up with surprize.]* Where
am I? Does no one, then, watch here but the
King? How! The lights are burnt out, yet it is
not day! *[A clock strikes four.]* I am roused from
my slumber. Nature thou wilt accept this as
payment of thy debt. A king has not time to
retrieve lost nights. I am now awake, and it
shall

shall be day. [*He puts out the candles and draws up a window curtain—As he walks up and down he observes the sleeping pages, and stands for some time looking at them without speaking—He then rings a bell.*] Perhaps in my anti-chamber, likewise, all are asleep!

SCENE II.

The KING, COUNT LERMA.

LERMA.

[*With great surprise, when he sees the King.*]
Is not your Majesty well?

KING.

There is fire in the next pavilion. Did you hear no alarm?

LERMA.

None, your Majesty.

KING.

None!—How!—Did I then only dream? This cannot be chance. Does not the Queen sleep in the left wing of the palace?

LERMA.

She does, your Majesty.

KING.

The dream terrified me. Let the guard, in future, be doubled there—Do you hear?—As soon

as

as it shall be evening—But with the utmost secrecy—I will not have you examine me so with your eyes.

LERMA.

Your Majesty's eyes appear inflamed, and to need sleep. May I venture to entreat your Majesty to reflect how valuable your life is to your people, who will with anxiety and dismay perceive in your countenance the signs of this uneasy night. Two hours of morning sleep might give you great relief.

KING.

[With a disturbed look.]

Tear first the scorpion from my pillow—Sleep! Can I find sleep in the Escorial?—While the King sleeps he may be deprived of his throne; the husband of his wife's heart.

LERMA.

Would your Majesty please that I should awaken the pages?

KING.

No; let them sleep. I can trust men while they are asleep—This youth, for instance, while he sleeps, forgets that his father's blood, by my command, flowed on the scaffold—And am I thus served? Throughout my whole kingdom can none be found to guard me, but the sons of delinquents whom I have put to death?

LERMA.

LERMA.

They are mere children, my liege.

KING.

No, no; it is calumny! Was it not a woman who whispered me so—The name of woman is slander—The offence is not certain till the accusation is confirmed by a man. [*To the pages who, in the mean time, have awaked.*] Send for the Duke. [*Exeunt pages.*] Approach, Count.—Is it true? [*Surveys the Count with an enquiring look, and pauses.*] Oh! for certainty, though but for a moment! Is it true? Am I deceived? Am I? Is it true?

LERMA.

Most gracious sovereign——

KING.

[*Turning from him.*]

Sovereign! What, always sovereign, and majesty!—Can I have no better answer than this perpetual empty echo—I strike this rock for water;—water to assuage my burning thirst—He gives me melted gold.—

LERMA.

Is what true, your Majesty?

KING.

Nothing, nothing. Leave me; go. [*The Count offers to go, but the King calls him back.*] Are you married? Are you a father?

LERMA.

LERMA.

Yes, your Majesty.

KING.

Married! And can you venture to watch a night here with your sovereign?—Your hairs are silver-white, yet you blush not to believe in your wife's honesty—Oh, go home—At this moment you may find her in your son's incestuous embrace—Believe your king!—Go home—You stand amazed!—You look at me significantly; for I too have grey hairs—Simple man! recollect that Queens never fully their virtue: destruction awaits you if you doubt.

LERMA.

[With warmth.]

Who can have done this? Who throughout this empire is wicked and bold enough to insinuate such poisonous suspicions, and thus calumniate the angel purity of the best of Queens?

KING.

The best? And your best also? She has very warm friends about her, I find. This must have cost her much; more, no doubt, than is known to me. You may go—let the Duke come.

LERMA.

I hear him already in the anti-chamber. *[Going.]*

KING.

[In a milder tone.]

Count, what you before remarked is very true—

My

My head is heated by this sleepless night. Think no more of what I have said to you in this waking dream—Do you hear—Forget it—I am still your gracious king. [*Presents him his hand to kiss. Lerma goes, opening the door, at the same time, to the Duke of Alba.*]

SCENE III.

The KING, DUKE ALBA.

ALBA.

[*Approaching the King with an air of uncertainty.*]

So extraordinary a message at so unusual an hour—[*Stops, observing the countenance of the King*] and such a look—

KING.

[*Who has sat down, and taken up the miniature picture from the table, looks at the Duke for some time, without speaking.*]

It is then true that I have no faithful servant?

ALBA.

[*After a pause from surprise.*]

Sire!

KING.

I am distressed; wounded to death: The cause was generally known; yet no one warned me.

ALBA.

ALBA.

[With an air of astonishment.]

Can any vexation have reached my sovereign,
and escaped my eye?

KING.

[Shewing him letters.]

Do you know this hand?

ALBA.

It is that of Don Carlos.

KING.

[A pause, in which he narrowly surveys the Duke.]

Do you yet suspect nothing? You have often
warned me against his ambition. Was it his
ambition only which I had to fear?

ALBA.

Ambition is a word of extensive signification, in
which much may be included.

KING.

And know you nothing more which ought to
be discovered to me?

ALBA.

[After a pause, with an air of reserve.]

Your Majesty has entrusted your crown to my
vigilance, and carefully have I watched over its
interests. What, relative to other affairs, I may
think or know is my own. There are sacred
possessions which not only the subject of a prince,
but the purchased slave, has a right to retain to
himself.—It is not every thing which may appear
clear

clear to my judgment, that is sufficiently mature for the King—Would he, however, be satisfied, I must entreat him not to question me as a sovereign.

KING.

[Gives him the letters.]

Read these.

ALBA.

[Reads, and turns as if shocked to the King.]

What madman gave this fatal letter into the hand of my sovereign?

KING.

What! you already understand all! The name, I know, is not there.

ALBA.

I was too precipitate.

KING.

You know the whole, then?

ALBA.

[After a pause.]

It is divulged—My sovereign commands;—I can no longer refuse—I do not deny it; I know the person.

KING.

[Rising up, in the most violent agitation.]

Vengeance of Heaven, aid me to invent new tortures!—Is it so general, so publicly known, that without the trouble of examination, it is to be understood at the first glance! This is insufferable:

ferable: this I could not have imagined—I then am the last, the last throughout the whole kingdom, who knows it!

ALBA.

[*Throws himself at the feet of the King.*]

I acknowledge myself in fault, most gracious monarch. I am ashamed of my cowardly prudence, which induced me to be silent where the honour of my king, justice, and truth all loudly called upon me to speak. Yet I knew the power of enchanting beauty, of the return of parental affection, and how easily every proof might be obliterated by the tears of a beloved wife.

KING.

[*Hastily, and with warmth.*]

Arise!—You have my royal word!—Arise, fear nothing; but speak without reserve.

ALBA. [*Rises.*]

Your Majesty may, perhaps, remember the occurrence in the garden at Aranjuez, when you found the Queen not attended by her ladies, confused, and alone; in a private arbour?

KING.

Ha! What do I hear? Proceed.

ALBA.

The Marchioness of Mondekar, was banished because she possessed sufficient spirit to offer herself

self an immediate sacrifice for the Queen. It is now well known that the Marchioness only acted as she was ordered—The Prince was then there.

KING.

[*Starting.*]

There! How!

ALBA.

The footsteps of a man were observed in the walk leading to that arbour, and a handkerchief belonging to the Prince, which was found there, confirmed the suspicion. The gardener likewise, met him there, almost at the very moment, as near as could be ascertained, that your Majesty appeared in the walk.

KING.

[*After a pause of gloomy thoughtfulness.*]

Yet she shed tears when I expressed my surprise; and acted her part so well that she made me blush before my whole court—blush for myself—By heavens! I stood like a criminal convicted before her immaculate virtue. [*A long and deep silence—He sits down and covers his face.*] Yes, Duke Alba—You are in the right—This may lead to something dreadful!—Leave me for a moment alone.

ALBA.

My liege, these circumstances alone are not entirely decisive.

KING.

KING.

[Taking up the papers.]

Nor is this; nor this; nor this: nor all this chain of damning proofs?—Oh! it is more evident than the day—But it is what I have long expected. The evil began when I first received her from your hands in Madrid. When first she looked on these grey hairs commenced her hypocrisy.

ALBA.

The Prince lost a bride when the Queen became his youthful mother. Her wishes and inclinations were known before her new station forbade them. The fear which usually accompanies the first confession was soon overcome, and seduction had recourse to the images of memory. Of similar opinions, of equal years, and irritated by like constraint, she might be expected to listen to the voice of passion; which political views had opposed. Can it be supposed that she would acknowledge such a power in cabinets, and immediately approve the choice? She lost the object of her love, and received—a diadem.

KING.

[Offended and with heat.]

You distinguish with great discrimination, my Lord, I admire your eloquence—I thank you.
[Rising, coldly and with dignity.] You are in the right; the Queen acted very wrong to conceal

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from

from me letters of this nature; as she did likewise not to inform me of her interview with the Prince in the garden. She has committed a great error from false honour, and I will make her sensible of it. [*Rings a bell.*—Who is in the anti-chamber—I have no further occasion for you, my Lord; you may leave me.

ALBA.

Have I, by my zeal, a second time offended your Majesty?

KING.

[*To a page who enters.*]

Tell the Confessor Domingo, I would speak with him. [*Exit Page*] I forgive you, that for nearly two minutes you have filled me with fears, for what, perhaps, was only intended against yourself. [*Exit Alba.*]

SCENE IV.

The KING, DOMINGO.

[*The King walks backwards and forwards for some time to collect himself. Domingo enters presently after the Duke has gone out, and approaches the King, who surveys him, for some moments, without speaking.*]

DOMINGO.

I am very agreeably surprized to find your Majesty so calm and collected.

KING.

KING.

Are you surprized?

DOMINGO.

Thanks to Providence that my fear was so ill founded; I may now with more confidence hope.

KING.

Your fear! What was to be feared!

DOMINGO.

I must not conceal from your Majesty, that I am already acquainted with a secret.

KING.

[Gloomily.]

Have I then expressed a wish to share it with you? Why thus intrude your observations? You are very bold, upon my honour.

DOMINGO.

My liege, the place where, the occasion on which, and the seal under which I learned this secret, sufficiently absolve me from such a charge. At the confessional was it entrusted to me, as an offence which oppressed the tender conscience of her who had discovered it, and asked for pardon from Heaven. Too late did the Princess repent a deed from which she had reason to fear the most dreadful consequences to the Queen.

KING.

Indeed!—Good soul!—You have conjectured very rightly, the reason why I sent for you—You

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shall

shall guide me out of this dark labyrinth into which a blind jealousy has thrown me. From you I expect truth. What shall I believe; what resolve? From your profession I may claim the truth.

DOMINGO.

Sire, though my station did not impose on me the mild duty of conciliation and forbearance, yet would I conjure your Majesty, I would conjure you, for your own tranquillity, to cease for ever from further enquiries into a secret which never can be unfolded but to your unhappiness. What is now known may be passed by—A word from the King—and the Queen has never erred. The will of the monarch can bestow virtue as well as wealth and honour; and only the tranquillity of my sovereign can silence the reports in which slander has already indulged.

KING.

Reports! Concerning me, and among my people?

DOMINGO.

Lies; abominable lies, I will be sworn. Though there are cases in which the opinion of the multitude, however ill-founded in general, points towards the truth.

KING.

Distraction! Is it come to this?

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

A good name is the precious, the only possession, in which a Queen must vie with the humblest woman.

KING.

For that then, I would hope, we have little cause of alarm. [*Fixing his eyes on Domingo—After a pause.*] I doubt I have worse to hear from you. Conceal it not: I have long read it in this ill-boding countenance. Divulge it, be it what it may. Leave me no longer on the rack. What do the people rumour?

DOMINGO.

The people, Sire, let me once more repeat, may err—and certainly do err—What they may babble ought not to alarm the King; nor should he honour it with his notice, except only to enquire what can have emboldened them to hold such licentious discourse.

KING.

Must I, then, so long entreat you for a drop of poison?

DOMINGO.

The people recollect that, some time since, your Majesty was almost at the point of death—Thirty weeks after the Queen was safely delivered.—*[The King rises and rings a bell. The Duke of Alba enters; and Domingo appears surprized and confused.]* I am astonished, Sire.—

KING.

KING.

[Approaching Duke Alba.]

Alba, you are a man: protect me from this priest.

ALBA.

Recover yourself, my liege.

KING.

[Looks earnestly at Alba and turns from him.]

What am I doing? Am I in such hands? Shall I fly to the serpent to save myself from the crocodile? And have I no other choice? No other?

DOMINGO.

[Exchanges looks of surprize and confusion with Duke Alba—After a pause.]

Could we have foreseen that this intimation would only have brought displeasure on those who gave it——

KING.

A bastard, said you! I was, you say, scarcely recovered from a sickness in which I with difficulty escaped the grave, when she must have become pregnant—Let me recollect! This must have been precisely at the time when you directed thanksgivings to be offered up to Saint Dominic, in all the churches, for the great miracle he had wrought upon me. Is that which was then a miracle now no longer one? Did you then, or do you now deceive me? Which of these two tales would you have me believe?—Oh! I see through you.

you. Had your plot been then ripe, the faint would have been deprived of his glory.

ALBA.

Plot!

DOMINGO.

Plot! What debasing suspicion!

KING.

Are you both so exactly of one opinion, and have you concerted nothing together? Can you persuade me to believe that? Do you suppose I did not observe with what pleasure you revealed your discovery, and the delight you took in my painful feelings, and the ebullitions of my indignation and anger? Did I not notice how eager the Duke was to prevent any favour being granted to my son? How willingly this other, this reverend intriguer, would arm his petty displeasure with the giant force of my wrath? I am the bow that you would bend at pleasure. Yet still I retain authority, and if you doubt it, I will at least begin with you.

ALBA.

This threat our fidelity did not deserve.

KING.

Fidelity! Fidelity gives warning of dangers before they arrive: intriguing revenge works upon past offences. What have I gained by your service? Should what you insinuate be true, what remains to me but the cruel wound of everlasting separation,

separation, and the gloomy triumph of revenge? But you only deal in dubious and dark conjectures. You lead me to the brink of a dreadful precipice; then fly and leave me there.

DOMINGO.

Are other proofs possible, where the absolute testimony of the eye cannot be obtained?

KING.

[After a long pause, turning to Domingo seriously and with great earnestness.]

I will assemble all the grandees of my kingdom, and myself preside in judgment. You, if you have the courage, shall come forward and accuse her as a strumpet. If she be convicted she shall die without deliverance, both she and the Prince—But—mark me—should you fail in your proofs, and she make her innocence appear—Yourself—Will you honour the truth with such a sacrifice?—Determine—You will not—You are silent—You shrink from the trial—Oh! such is the zeal of liars!

ALBA.

[Who has remained silent and at a distance—Coldly and without emotion.]

I will accept that challenge.

KING.

[Turns round surprised; and fixes his eyes on the Duke for some time.]

The offer is bold—But it should be remembered,
that

that in many a murderous battle you have hazarded your life for less; and staked it like a rash gambler against that empty bubble called glory. What is life to you? What charms can it have for those who, like you, were born in chains and trammels? The royal blood shall not be exposed as a prize to such a madman—I reject your offer—Go—Go, and in the hall of audience wait my further commands. [*Exeunt Alba and Domingo.*]

SCENE V.

The KING alone.

Now, gracious Providence, grant me a man. Much hast thou given me; now send me a man and a friend—Thine eye alone can pierce all secrets; my prayer is for a friend; for I am not like thee omniscient. The merits of the servants thou hast already ordained to me are well known to thee—Give me now a man with a pure and open heart, with steady courage, and a generous soul. Let me at least find one such among the thousands who bask in the blaze of royalty. [*He opens a cabinet, and takes out a book, the leaves of which he turns over.*] Names—names alone can I find here—No mention of the merits which entitled them

them to a place in this list—What is more forgetful, in fact, than gratitude?—Here, in the other list, I can find every offence distinctly noted—This is not well—Revenge needs not such aids to memory. [*Continues to read.*] Count Egmont?—What does he here?—The victory at St. Quentin has long been forfeited—I cast him to the dead. [*Strikes his name out, and writes it in the other list—After reading further.*] The Marquis de Posa!—De Posa!—I scarcely remember this man. Yet are there two marks against his name, which shew that I intended him for great employments. And is it possible that such a man should so long have shunned my presence, and avoided the eyes of his royal debtor?—By heaven! this is the only man, through the wide extent of my empire, who needs me not. Were he actuated either by avarice or ambition, he would long since have been found near the throne. I must enquire farther concerning him. He who is thus independent of me will speak to me the truth. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The Hall of Audience.

DON CARLOS *in conversation with the PRINCE of PARMA, the DUKES of ALBA, FERIA, and MEDINA SIDONIA; COUNT LERMA, and other GRANDEES, with papers in their hands, all waiting for the King.*

MEDINA SIDONIA.

[*Evidently avoided by all the company, turns to the Duke of Alba, who is walking up and down, alone, and thoughtful.*]

You have spoken to the King, my lord, how did you find him?

ALBA.

Very ill disposed to receive you and your tidings.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

I had rather face the fire of the English cannon than be in this hall. [*Carlos, who had silently surveyed him with an air of sympathizing friendship, approaches him, and gives him his hand.*] My warmest thanks, most gracious Prince, for this generous kindness. You see how all fly me: my destruction is determined.

CARLOS.

Hope the best, my friend, from my father's generosity and your own innocence.

MEDINA

MEDINA SIDONIA.

I have lost him a fleet such as never appeared on the seas—What is this head compared to the seventy galloons which have been the prey of the flames and waves—But, generous Prince, I have five sons, children which justify a father's fondest hopes—This breaks my heart.—

SCENE VII.

[*The KING enters, dressed; the GRANDEES take their hats off, and form a half circle round him—A pause.*]

KING.

[*Casting his eye hastily round the circle.*]

Be covered. [*Don Carlos and the Prince of Parma approach first, and kiss the King's hand. He turns in a friendly manner to the latter, without noticing his son.*] Your mother, nephew, desires to know how we are satisfied with you in Madrid.

PARMA.

She did not enquire that till after the event of my first battle.

KING.

Be contented; it will be your turn hereafter. [*To the Duke of Feria.*] What bring you?

FERIA.

FERIA.

[Kneeling on one knee.]

The grand master of the order of Calatrava died this morning. This is his cross.

KING.

[Takes the insignia of the order, and looks round the whole circle.]

Who after him is most worthy to wear it? *[He makes a sign to the Duke of Alba, who approaches, and kneels on one knee. The King puts the cross of the order on him.]* Duke, you are my first general: be not *more*; and you shall not want my favour. *[Observes the Duke of Medina Sidonia.]* Ha! there is my admiral.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

Approaches with signs of embarrassment and fear; and kneels before the King, bowing down his head.]

This head, great king, is all I bring back of the armada, and the Spanish youth, entrusted to my command.

KING.

[After a long silence.]

We must submit to the will of heaven—I sent you against men; not against storms and rocks—You are welcome to Madrid. *[Presents him his hand to kiss.]* And thanks to you, that you have in yourself preserved to me a meritorious servant. For such, my lords, I acknowledge him, and such I would have you esteem him. *[Makes a sign to him]*

him to rise, and be covered. He then turns to the other nobles.] What is there else? [*To Don Carlos, and the Prince of Parma*] I thank you, Princes. [*These retire, and the rest of the nobles approach, and, kneeling, present papers to the King. He looks them over, cursorily, and gives them to the Duke of Alba—*Lay these before me in the cabinet—Have I finished?—*[No person answers.]* Whence is it that among my nobles, I never see the Marquis Posa? I know that he has served me with honour to himself and benefit to the kingdom. Perhaps he is not living? Why does he not appear?

LERMA.

The Chevalier has lately returned from his travels through almost all Europe—He is now in Madrid, and only waits the first public day to throw himself at the feet of his sovereign.

ALBA.

The Marquis Posa—Yes, I remember; he is the brave Maltese knight, whose heroic enthusiasm has been so widely published by fame. When Malta was besieged by Soliman, the knights of the order were summoned by the Grand Master to the defence of the island. The Marquis, then only a youth of eighteen, suddenly left the Royal School of Alkala, where he at that time was, and presented himself before La Vallette: “The cross of your order has been procured for me,” said he, “and I will prove that
“ I deserve

“ I deserve it.” He was one of the forty knights who defended the castle of Saint Elmo against Mustapha and Hassem, and repelled three furious assaults; and when at last it was taken, all the knights around him having fallen, threw himself into the sea, and swam safely to the quarters of La Vallette. Two months afterwards the infidels left the island, and the knight returned to complete his unfinished studies.

FERIA.

This same Marquis Posa was it, likewise, who lately discovered the dangerous conspiracy in Catalonia, and, solely by his activity and address, preserved that important province to the crown.

LERMA.

The year following, by his father's death, he was raised to the rank of a grandee; yet, though in the full possession of his youthful glory, despising the parade and luxury of a court, he has led a retired and tranquil life; only unnoticed by the favour of his sovereign, because his modest merit concealed itself from all reward.

KING.

I am astonished—He must surely be a most uncommon man. His actions seem even superior to envy. He must certainly possess a most extraordinary character, or none. I must speak to him, though it were only from curiosity. [*To the Duke of Alba.*] After mass, bring him to me into the
the

the cabinet. [*The Duke goes out; and the King adds, to Feria.*] And you take my place in the Privy Council. [*Exit.*]

FERIA.

The King is very gracious to-day.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

He is a divinity; such at least he has been to me.

FERIA.

You well deserve the reception you have met with: I congratulate you most sincerely.

ONE OF THE GRANDEES.

So do I.

SECOND GRANDEE.

And I likewise.

THIRD GRANDEE.

My heart bounds with joy! A commander of such acknowledged merit!—

FIRST GRANDEE.

The King was not gracious to you;—he was only just.

LERMA.

[*To Medina Sidonia as they go out.*]

How many professions of friendship have two words from the King procured you!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

*The King's Cabinet.**The* MARQUIS POSA, DUKE ALBA.MARQUIS. [*Entering.*]

He wants me, did you say? Me?—That cannot be, you must have mistaken the name—What can he want with me?

ALBA.

He wishes to converse with you: more I know not.

MARQUIS.

I have no claim to his notice; that you know well; that you should have told him. The blame is certainly due to you.

ALBA.

To me! What extravagance! How could I divine his purpose?

MARQUIS.

He purposes nothing: in that you may believe me.

ALBA.

And even though that should be true?—

MARQUIS.

His motive is mere curiosity; and my time is lost. Life, it should be recollected, is very brief.

M

ALBA.

ALBA.

You know not how to prize your good fortune.

MARQUIS.

I know not how to set a very high value on it, indeed.

ALBA.

Thousands would envy your happiness in being in this place.

MARQUIS.

Indeed! I am sorry for it. [*Looking round him.*]
What is there in this chamber? I see nothing.

ALBA.

It certainly is very suitable to a philosopher to talk thus. [*Offering to go.*]

MARQUIS.

Where are you going in such haste?

ALBA.

To announce you.

MARQUIS.

Oh! do not hurry—Can you tell me how long my conference shall last?

ALBA.

That must depend on the King's pleasure.

MARQUIS.

Must it so. I fear I shall not greatly please him.

ALBA.

If you are determined not to please him, certainly you will not. [*Going.*] I commend you to
your

your good fortune; the king is in your hands; profit by the moment as well as you shall be able, and impute it only to yourself if the opportunity is lost. [Exit.

SCENE IX.

The MARQUIS alone.

Well spoken, Duke, we should profit by the moment which presents itself but once. Truly this courtier gives me good advice; if not in his own sense good, at least in mine. [*He walks up and down.*—But how came I here? The caprice of fortune; an inexplicable accident, presented me, the least likely to be recollected among many thousands, to the imagination of the king: A mere accident? Perhaps more? Yet what is accident but the rude stone which takes form and life beneath the hands of the statuary?—Providence bestows accident; man must fashion it to his purpose—What the King may desire of me, I know not—What I would with him, I well know—A spark of truth, boldly cast into the mind of a despot, may produce great effects when directed by Providence. Thus what at first appeared to me the capricious act of chance, may be pregnant with important consequences—Be it so or not, I

will at least act in this belief. [*He takes some turns in the chamber, and at length stands in a thoughtful posture before a picture. The King appears in the adjoining apartment, where he gives some orders. He then enters, and, standing near the door, surveys the Marquis for some time, without being observed by him.*]

SCENE X.

The KING, MARQUIS DE POSA.

[*The Marquis approaches the King, as soon as he perceives him, and falls on one knee; then rises, and stands before him without any sign of embarrassment or confusion.*]

KING.

[*Surveying him with an air of surprize.*]

Did you speak?

MARQUIS.

No.

KING.

[*After a pause.*]

You have rendered me service. Why do you withdraw yourself from my thanks? Many objects continually press on my attention, and prevent my recollection. You should have presented yourself before me. Why did you not?

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

It is only two days, Sire, since I returned to Spain.

KING.

I am not disposed to remain in debt to my subjects: ask of me some favour.

MARQUIS.

I enjoy the laws.

KING.

That does the murderer.

MARQUIS.

How much more, then, the good citizen?—Sire, I am contented.

KING. [*Aside.*]

A noble frankness by Heavens! But was it not to be expected—He had not made the Turkish crescent tremble without this spirit. I like my Spaniards to have pride, and I heed not though the cup overflow. [*To the Marquis.*] I hear you are about to leave my service?

MARQUIS.

I retire to make way for abler men.

KING.

I am sorry for that. When men like you are inactive, it is a public loss—Perhaps, you are apprehensive you shall not be employed in a sphere suitable to your talents?

MARQUIS.

By no means. I am certain that the statesman experienced in the minds of men, the materials and instruments of his art, will in an instant discern

cern for what my abilities are most suitable, and to what they are least adapted—I feel with the humblest gratitude the honour your Majesty does me by the opinion you are pleased to express; but—[*Pauses.*]

KING.

Recollect yourself.

MARQUIS.

I am unprepared; I must confess, Sire, to clothe in words suitable to your subject, the thought I had conceived as a citizen of the world. As I seemed little likely to approach the throne, I imagined I should never be required to assign any reasons for this conduct.

KING.

Are these reasons so weak that you fear to adduce them?

MARQUIS.

Not if I might be allowed sufficient time to explain them; but if this be denied me, I have only to choose between your displeasure and contempt—I would rather offend you than be despised by you as a fool.

KING.

[*With a look expressive of expectation.*]

Proceed—

MARQUIS.

I cannot be the servant of a Prince.

KING.

Because you fear you must be a slave.

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

No, Sire, that shall I never fear; but I would not willingly bring down the sovereign whom I serve to my own level. [*The King looks at him with surprize.*] I will not deceive you, Sire—Were you to appoint me your minister you would expect only the customary service—You would expect me to exert my courage and skill in the field, and my judgment in the council. What I should perform would appertain to the throne. The advantages and beauty of my work, and the self-approbation and luxurious enjoyment of the inventor, would all flow into the royal treasury, and from this I should receive the usual rewards of courts. Not my actions themselves, but their reception at the throne, must be my aim and purpose.—But to me virtue has its own real value. The happiness which the monarch dispensed by my hands I should myself enjoy; and what should be duty, would be inclination delightfully gratified. I should aspire to that internal satisfaction, which is the right of the sovereign, rebelliously exceed the limits of my office, and, satisfied with the consciousness of having effected good, disregard the favour of my Prince.—And to this can you submit? Can you consent to see another thus invade your prerogative? Or can I condescend to be merely the labourer where I might be the artist?—I love mankind in general, but to
serve

serve a monarch, I ought to love no one but myself.

KING.

Your ardour justly merits praise. You would act like the true patriot in dispensing good. Choose that office under my government which may enable you to execute your noble purpose.

MARQUIS.

I cannot find that office.

KING.

How?

MARQUIS.

Your Majesty, no doubt, would, through me, dispense happiness to your subjects?—But is that the same happiness which my pure love to mankind would wish to bestow?—This happiness monarchs tremble at—The policy of courts dispenses another kind; which infuses other inclinations into the human heart. They coin truth itself, and suffer none to be current but what bears their image. Can courts, then, dare to promote human happiness? And though we allow the word, can that happiness which they think sufficient, satisfy me? My love for my brethren of the human race will not permit me to conspire to hold them in trammels: I cannot suppose them happy till they think and reason. The man whom I should benefit would think himself wretched under Philip's sceptre—Such is
my

my wish - Choose not me, therefore, Sire, for your minister; the happiness you would offer I cannot dispense: I am unfit to be the servant of a monarch.

KING.

[Stepping back with surprise.]

Whence is this man? *[Surveys him for some time earnestly. After a pause.]* And with this play of wit, these flimsy sophisms, you think to avoid discharging those duties which you owe to the state?

MARQUIS.

The state to which I owed duties is no more. Once we had a sovereign who was subject to the laws; now we have laws which are subject to the sovereign. What I then gave to my equal, I am not now bound to pay to the king.—To my country, perhaps, you will say I am? But where is my country? I know not my country. Spain is no longer inhabited by Spaniards: it is the residence of a single mind. In this mighty body you would live, think, and act alone, and exert its giant force for your own glory. You would indeed bestow on it the sustenance necessary to knit its athletic limbs and brace its nerves. Men are useful to you; farther you regard them not: they are organs and instruments, and you number them as the property of the crown. Genius and virtue themselves flourish only for the throne, as
harvests

harvests grow for the sickle of the reaper. [*Observes the King make a motion, and pauses: the King, however, does not speak. The Marquis proceeds.*]

I find no more my species. A new race, and new bonds of nature, are produced by the will of a crowned mortal—All the passions, and all the operations of the understanding, are to be adjusted to his pleasure—And though the Omniscient alone can penetrate into the abyss of the human breast, and detect the secret thought; his policy devises means to subject all minds to one opinion.

KING. [*Hastily.*]

You are a protestant!

MARQUIS.

[*After a pause.*]

Your faith, Sire, is mine. [*Another pause.*] I have been misunderstood, as I feared I might be. You behold the veil which conceals the secrets of Majesty torn away by my hand. What proof have you that I think that sacred which no longer terrifies me? I must be dangerous since I indulge in liberty of thought. Yet am I not so, my liege—The ridiculous rage of innovation, which only increases the weight of the chains it cannot break, shall never inflame my blood. The age is not mature for my ideas; I live a citizen of that which is to come. Can your rest be disturbed by what is so unreal; a mere shadow?

KING.

KING.

Am I the first person to whom you have communicated these opinions?

MARQUIS.

These opinions?—Yes.

KING.

You should first have considered whether it might be ventured:—And am I so perfectly known to you?

MARQUIS.

Whether it might be ventured?—I must surely pre-suppose the lesser merit, where I sought the greater: the merit of listening to the truths I had resolved firmly to utter.

KING.

[Rises up, walks up and down the apartment, and then stops.]

This language is at least new. The incense of flattery and debasement must at last be dissipated. A man of talents scorns the meanness of imitation. For once I will make trial of this opposite method. My surprize has rendered it successful. I will have a minister of this independent character.

MARQUIS.

I cannot but remark how meanly, how contemptibly, you think of mankind, when wholesome freedom, like mine, so surprises you, and when you can only consider it as a novelty in the
art

art of flattery. I know that you have derived these ideas from the general conduct of mankind. They have voluntarily renounced their dignity and descended to this degraded state. They fly terrified from the shadow of their own greatness, delight in their poverty, ornament with cowardly cunning their chains, which to wear with grace they call virtue. Thus have you become master of the world; thus did it submit to your great father. How is it possible you should treat mankind with respect in such a state of wretched debasement?

KING.

There is some truth in these words.

MARQUIS.

But, alas! when you changed man, the work of heaven, into the work of your hands, and gave yourself to the new-formed creature as a god, your project in part failed—You yourself still continued a man—a man as formed by heaven. You still had desires, and were exposed to sufferings like a mortal. The sympathies of your nature were necessary to you; and to a god can only be presented solemn offerings and fearful adoration: sympathize with him an inferior nature cannot. The machine must move as framed for motion by the artist. [*The King paces the apartment: the Marquis pauses for a moment.*]*—*But, alas! even your joys were equally imperfect. Joy should

should be reflected from the eyes of witnesses who participate in it: but the joy which sparkled in the eyes of your servants was not your joy. They are not true mirrors which return the rays pure as they receive them; they rather resemble thirsty plants, which shew what their roots imbibe by the variegated colours of their leaves. When the creator expresses joy and happiness, what an expectation may the creature form whose fate depends upon his motions?—Lamentable exchange! Base perversion of nature! When you destroyed the harmony of mankind, you filled your own soul with discord!

KING. [*Afide.*]

By heavens! he penetrates my heart!

MARQUIS.

And at this price are you a god! By destroying the happiness of millions, and annihilating the joys of your own existence, you have gained nothing; less than if those millions which have been impoverished to render you poorer, had remained as they were. The freedom you have exterminated could alone have produced the accomplishment of your wishes—Pardon me, Sire—I am hurried away by my subject—The incitement I feel to utter these truths is too powerful to be resisted. [*Count Lerma enters, and speaks in a low voice to the King, who makes a sign to him to retire.*]

KING.

KING.

[*To the Marquis, after Count Lerma has retired.*]
Proceed.

MARQUIS.

[*After a pause.*]

The generous lion suffers the insect to play at pleasure around him. I feel, Sire, the whole value of the favour done me—I am all gratitude.

KING.

You have more to say to me—continue—

MARQUIS.

I lately passed through Flanders and Brabant; those rich and flourishing provinces, inhabited by a powerful and great people, and also by a good people. How god-like, thought I, to be the father of this people—Alas! my way soon led me over human bones and smoking ruins. [*He pauses, and fixes his eyes on the King, who looks on the ground disturbed and confused.*] There are sufferings which nature cannot resist: the victim beneath the knife cannot chant the praises of him by whom it is sacrificed. Men, not beings of a superior nature, will write the history of the world. Milder ages will succeed the times of Philip, and will bring a milder wisdom, which shall reconcile the happiness of the people with the greatness of the prince.

KING.

Were these milder ages already arrived, I might
not

not have feared the execrations of the present. Look around you in my kingdom of Spain. Here the happiness of the citizen flourishes in unclouded peace: the same tranquillity will I bestow on the Netherlands.

MARQUIS. [*Rapidly.*]

The tranquillity of a cœmetry—And can you hope to complete what you have begun? Can you hope to resist the dawn of truth and reason now rising upon the world? Can your feeble arm detain the wheel of destiny in its course? You cannot, by heaven! you cannot. The giant arm of oppression will fail before the inexhaustible and enthusiastic ardour which shall oppose it. Thousands have already fled your dominions. The subjects you have lost, on account of religion, were the worthiest and most useful you had. With open arms have the fugitives been received by Elizabeth, and Britain flourishes by our arts. Deprived of the industry of the new Christians Granada mourns; and Europe triumphs to see her enemy bleeding with self-inflicted wounds. [*The King appears moved; the Marquis advances some steps nearer to him.*] You would plant for eternity, and you sow death. In vain have you entered into this hard contest with nature, in vain sacrificed so many royal virtues to desperate projects. Man is more than you conceive him to be: he will

will proudly trample on the ruins of the wretched edifice which you designed should be his sepulchre, and he will join your name to those of Nero and Bufiris—This pains me ; for you were good.

KING.

Whence know you that ?

MARQUIS.

[*With ardour.*]

Yes, by heavens ! I cannot doubt. I will repeat it—But restore what you have taken from us, let the full tide of human happiness again stream upon us—Restore unto us what you have taken away. Become the monarch of a million of kings. [*Approaches him with boldness and takes his hand, surveying him with a firm and ardent eye.*] Oh ! that I could adequately express the feelings and the wishes of the thousands and tens of thousands whose fates depend on this important moment ! Then might I raise into a flame the ray I see emanating from these eyes—Renounce the unnatural idolatry which annihilates us ; become to us an image of the eternal and true Deity. Never did mortal possess so much, let it be employed to a god-like purpose. All the kings of Europe do homage to the Spanish name. One stroke of the pen, in your hand, can new model the earth. Grant us, then, liberty of thought. [*Throws himself at his feet.*]

KING.

[Surprized, and turning away his face.]

MARQUIS.

Look around you on the noble scenes of animated nature—The basis of all is freedom. From the dead wilds of corruption the great Creator incessantly produces voluntary motion and enjoyment. How confined and poor is your creation? The shaking of a leaf alarms the Lord of Christendom. He trembles before every virtue.—The great Lord of all, that the divine operations of liberty may not be disturbed, rather suffers the destructive ravages of evil to pervade his universe. Him, the Creator, we see not: he veils himself in his eternal laws. We see the spirit of liberty, but not him; the world is sufficient for itself. He is not more glorified by the devotion of the christian than by the evil he permits from the action of free-will.

And can you suppose it possible for mortals to imitate this exalted example: to imitate it in my dominions?

You surely may. Devote the power of govern-
ment,

ment, which has so long been intent only on the aggrandizement of the throne, to effect the happiness of the people. Restore the lost dignity of human nature. Let the citizen be again what he was before; let the peasant, the artist, and the man of genius, act without restraint in their several capacities. Then shall liberty inspire all hearts with the most ardent love of their country, for whose sake they shall eagerly devote themselves to death. Your kingdom shall then be the happiest in the world, and it shall even become your duty to extend it over the world, to bestow on the remainder of the earth similar happiness.

KING.

[*After a long silence.*]

I have heard you to the end. You have formed very different ideas of the world from those entertained by other men. You shall not be subjected to restraint. You have chosen me, in preference to all others, to reveal to me your inmost soul. I believe it; and I know it. On account of this reserve, and your having concealed until this day such opinions, conceived with such ardour—on account of this discreet caution, I shall forget that I know them, and how they became known to me. Rise: I will treat you as a youth whose precipitancy has betrayed him; and as a friend, not as a king. Even the poison of heresy,
I find,

I find, in excellent natures, may be exalted to a nobler form—But beware of my inquisition—it would grieve me——

MARQUIS.

[Interrupting him with animation.]

Indeed! Would it so?

KING.

Such a man have I never yet seen—No, Marquis, you have done too much for me, I will not be a Nero; not, certainly, towards you—All excellence and happiness shall not be destroyed by me—No—not all. You shall continue to be a man, and unmolested.

MARQUIS. *[Haftily.]*

And my fellow-citizens, Sire, Oh! I wish not to act for myself alone. To your subjects, Sire, extend the same privilege. Let not the justest of kings become the most unjust. In your provinces of Flanders there are thousands who are to be preferred to me; but probably this is the first time you have known what freedom is?

KING.

[In a milder tone.]

No more, on this subject, young man. I know you will think otherwise when you are as well acquainted with men as I am. But I would wish this not to be the last time I shall see you. In what manner shall I bind you to myself? Inform

me. Now, for the first time, I find the privileges and power of royalty fail me.

MARQUIS.

Sire, by this single word have I received more than is in the power of your throne to bestow. Leave me as I am. What should I be should courtly influence corrupt me?

KING.

This pride I will not submit to. From this day you are in my service. I will admit no excuse. [*After a pause.*] But how! What was it I wished?—Was it not for truth?—And here find I something more.—You have discovered what I am on the throne; have you not, also, what I am in my family?—[*The Marquis appears thoughtful.*]—I understand you—but—though I am the most unfortunate of fathers; may I not be happy as a husband?

MARQUIS.

If a son of the greatest promise, if the possession of a most amiable consort, can entitle a mortal to be deemed happy, you, surely, are truly so.

KING.

[*Gloomily.*]

No, I am not; and that I am not, I have never felt more deeply than now. [*Sighing heavily.*] How would it have rejoiced your father, Marquis, to have been able to bestow a kingdom upon you!

[*The* .

[*The Marquis turns away his face. A pause.*—Receive I no thanks for so many kingdoms?

MARQUIS.

The Prince has a noble mind—I, at least, never found him act otherwise than nobly.

KING.

But I have—You, then, know each other?

MARQUIS.

Yes—we have been intimate friends ever since we were together at the Royal School.

KING.

He never either loved or esteemed me—My name has been continually his public sport—What he has taken from me, not even sovereign power can ever restore—So virtuous a Queen!

MARQUIS.

Who can have dared, Sire, to insinuate—

KING.

The world, scandal, I myself—Here lie evidences that irrefragably condemn her. Others are to be procured, which inspire me with fears the most dreadful—But, Marquis, I cannot prevail on myself to believe too hastily a single witness. If she can dishonour herself so vilely, how much more easily may an Eboli be a slanderer? Does not the priest hate both my son and her? And do I not well know that Alba medi-

tates

tates revenge? My Queen is worth more than they all.

MARQUIS.

There exists besides, Sire, in the soul of woman, what exceeds all external show, and is exalted above all calumny—It is called female virtue.

KING.

Your remark is just; you understand human nature. Such a man have I long wanted—The same have I thought. To sink to the degree of debasement, which it is insinuated the Queen has, must cost many pangs of shame; the bonds of honour are not so easily rent as some would persuade me. The blood which flows proudly through royal veins, disdains to receive the poison of lustful desires which burns only in the hearts of slaves—You are the man whom I have long wished for—you, or no one—You are mild and benevolent; yet are you well acquainted with mankind—therefore have I chosen you.

MARQUIS.

[Astonished and alarmed.]

Me! Sire!

KING.

You stand before your sovereign, and have asked nothing for yourself—absolutely nothing—This is new to me—You will be just—Passion will not lead you into error. Go to the Prince—
Examine

Examine the Queen—I will myself give you full powers to see and speak to them—In the meantime you are my chamberlain—and now—you may retire. [*Rings a bell.*]

MARQUIS.

May I go with full hope?—Then is this day the happiest of my life.

KING.

[*Presenting to him his hand to kiss.*]

It is not lost in mine. [*The Marquis is going; the King looks after him, and calls him back.*] Return again to me soon—You will not fail. [*Count Lerma enters.*]

KING.

[*To Count Lerma.*]

The Maltese Knight, will, for the future, be admitted without being announced. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Saloon in the Queen's Palace.

The QUEEN, the DUCHESS OLIVAREZ, the PRINCESS EBOLI, the COUNTESS FUENTES, and other LADIES.

QUEEN.

[To the Duchess Olivarez.]

The key cannot be found?—The cabinet, then, must be broken open—Let it be done—*[Observing the Princess Eboli, who advances, and kisses her hand.]* I am glad, my dear Princess, to see you so much recovered; though still you look very pale.

FUENTES.

[Somewhat archly.]

The effect of the dangerous fever, no doubt, which violently attacked the nerves. Was it not so, your Highness?

QUEEN.

I wished much to visit you, my dear, but I could not.

OLIVAREZ.

OLIVAREZ.

The Princess Eboli did not want for visitors.

QUEEN.

That I can readily believe. [*To the Princess.*]
What is the matter with you?—You tremble.

EBOLI.

Nothing, your Majesty, nothing—I must request permission to retire.

QUEEN.

You deceive us—You are more unwell than you would have us suppose—Assist, her Countess, to sit down on that seat.

EBOLI.

I shall be better in the air. [*Exit.*]

QUEEN.

Follow her, Countess—What a change! [*A page enters, and whispers the Duchess Olivarez, who turns to the Queen.*]

OLIVAREZ.

The Marquis de Posa, your Majesty—[*The Queen appears surprized.*—He comes from the King.

QUEEN.

Let him be admitted. [*The Page goes and opens the door to the Marquis.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

MARQUIS DE POSA, QUEEN, and ATTENDANTS *as before.*

QUEEN.

What are the commands of my Lord? May I publicly—

MARQUIS.

My message is to your Majesty alone. [*The Ladies retire, on a sign from the Queen.*]

SCENE III.

QUEEN, MARQUIS DE POSA.

QUEEN.

[*With signs of great surprize.*]

May I believe my eyes? Is it you? Are you sent to me by the King?

MARQUIS.

Does your Majesty think that so extraordinary? It does not appear so to me.

QUEEN.

The world appears to be thrown from its usual course—You and he!—I must confess—

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

That it sounds strange—That may well be—
The present times are productive of many wonders.

QUEEN.

But scarcely of any greater than this.

MARQUIS.

But may I not at length be changed? May I not be wearied of acting so singular a part at the court of Philip? He who would be useful to mankind must accommodate himself to their manners. To little purpose are the ostentatious maxims of philosophers and moralists. Who is so free from vanity, that he will not wish to extend the influence of the opinions he has embraced? May I not possibly, at length, place mine on the throne?

QUEEN.

No, Marquis, no; not even in jest would I attribute to you so immature an idea. You are not the dreamer who would undertake what can never be accomplished. Nor can I prevail on myself as yet to suspect you of duplicity or insincerity. Yet must I think the King means not you should discourse with me in the manner you probably will.

MARQUIS.

He does not.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

And can the goodness of the cause justify the impropriety of the means? You will pardon me these scruples—Surely your noble spirit cannot descend to such conduct—No, I cannot believe it.

MARQUIS.

Nor can I, were it proposed to deceive the King; but that is not my intention. I mean to serve him more sincerely and essentially than I should by acting as he requires.

QUEEN.

There spoke thyself—enough—Now what is the King's pleasure?

MARQUIS.

The King requests your Majesty to grant no audience to-day to the French ambassador—Such was my commission to you, I have discharged it.

QUEEN.

Was that all, Marquis, that you had to say to me on the part of the King.

MARQUIS.

All—or nearly so—which gave me an opportunity of waiting on you here.

QUEEN.

I will content myself, my Lord, without knowing what, perhaps, it is necessary should remain a secret to me.

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

It must, your Majesty;—though were you not yourself, I would hasten to give you more information, and warn you against certain persons. But this is not necessary to you—Danger may hover round you but cannot touch you. All this is not of sufficient consequence to chase sweet sleep from the eyelids of an angel; nor was it this which brought me hither—Prince Carlos—

QUEEN.

How left you him?

MARQUIS.

As becomes the best and wisest man of his age, and ready to die for the object of his love.—I bring but few words—But here—here is he himself. [*Giving the Queen a letter.*]

QUEEN.

[*After having read the letter.*]

He must see me, does he say?

MARQUIS.

That I say, likewise.

QUEEN.

Would it make him happy to see with his own eyes, that I am not so.

MARQUIS.

No; but it will make him more active and determined.

QUEEN.

What mean you?

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

Duke Alba is appointed to go to Flanders.

QUEEN.

So I have heard.

MARQUIS.

The King will not alter his determination. We know the King; he is immutable as the laws of nature: he will tenaciously persist in his resolves. It is equally true that here the Prince must not stay—for Flanders must not be sacrificed.

QUEEN.

What means can you devise which shall prevent it?

MARQUIS.

The means, it is true, are almost as bad as the danger: they are rash to desperation—But I know no other.

QUEEN.

Name them?

MARQUIS.

To you, my Queen, to you alone, can I dare to discover them. From you alone can Carlos hear them—hear them without abhorrence. The name they bear sounds somewhat harsh—

QUEEN.

Rebellion?—

MARQUIS.

He must disobey the King, and repair secretly to Brussels, where the Flemings will receive him
with

with open arms. All the Netherlands will rise at his signal, and the cause which, in itself is just, become stronger by the support of the King's son. His arms shall shake the Spanish throne; and what his father denied to him in Madrid he will grant to him in Brussels.

QUEEN.

Be not too sanguine in such hopes.

MARQUIS.

He will; he must. The whole united force of the Netherlands will be able to resist the power of Philip.—But this effusion of blood shall not be—Europe will meditate a peace between the father and the son—Carlos shall offer submission, and humility at the head of an army will effect wonders. The King will have his choice, magnanimously to pardon or to risk the uncertainty of battle. How can he hesitate?

QUEEN.

[*After a pause.*]

The project you propose at once terrifies and enchants me—I think you are in the right—The idea is bold, and therefore, I believe, it pleases me—I will let it become more mature—Is the Prince acquainted with it?

MARQUIS.

It was my intention he should hear it first from you.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

The idea is great, and well conceived. Though the Prince is young——

MARQUIS.

His youth will be no objection. He will find there an Egmont and an Orange, the brave warriors of the emperor Charles, as wise in the cabinet, as brave and formidable in the field.

QUEEN.

[With animation.]

Yes!—the plan is excellent. The Prince must act. I feel it forcibly. The part he performs in Madrid, oppresses me no less than him. The aid of France I can promise him, and that of Savoy likewise. I am entirely of your opinion, Marquis,—he must act—But this plan requires money.

MARQUIS.

That, too, is ready.

QUEEN.

I could propose something on that subject.

MARQUIS.

I may, then, give him hope of an interview?

QUEEN.

But how? By what means?

MARQUIS.

Where the usual means fail us we must have recourse to extraordinary.

QUEEN.

I know none.

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

For example—the subterranean passages.

QUEEN.

Of those the King has the key.

MARQUIS.

Though he has, we may contrive——

QUEEN.

I will consider of it.

MARQUIS.

Carlos earnestly entreats your Majesty's answer ;
I have told him I would not return without one.
[*Presenting his memorandum-book to the Queen.*] Two
lines, for the present, will be enough to awaken
his expectations and inspire him with resolution.

QUEEN.

[*After having written.*]

Shall I see you again soon?

MARQUIS.

As often as I have your commands to wait on
you.

QUEEN.

As often as you have my commands? How is
this to be explained?

MARQUIS.

There is neither guile nor guilt in it, I have
access to you ; let this for the present suffice.

QUEEN.

How should I rejoice, Marquis, if liberty should
at last obtain this asylum in Europe—and obtain

O

it

it by *him*—You may depend on my secret support.

MARQUIS. [*Ardently.*]

Oh! I knew it; I knew your magnanimity!
[*The Duchess Olivarez appears at the door.*]

QUEEN.

[*To the Marquis, with an air of greater distance.*]

What comes from my lord the King, I shall honour as a law. Present my most humble submission to his Majesty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

A Gallery.

DON CARLOS, COUNT LERMA.

CARLOS.

Here we shall not be disturbed. What have you to discover to me?

LERMA.

Your Highness had in this court a friend.

CARLOS.

[*With surprise.*]

Whom I did not know?—What do you mean?

LERMA.

Your Highness must pardon me if I have learned more than I ought to have known; but I have
my

my information from one I can trust; for, in fact,
I have it from myself.

CARLOS.

Of whom then do you speak?

LERMA.

The Marquis Posa.

CARLOS.

How?

LERMA.

If you have entrusted him with secrets of importance, as I am inclined to fear——

CARLOS.

Fear!—What do you fear?

LERMA.

He was with the King.

CARLOS.

Well?

LERMA.

Two full hours, in very private conversation.

CARLOS.

Was he?

LERMA.

The subject was no trifle.

CARLOS.

That I believe.

LERMA.

I heard your Highness's name frequently mentioned.

CARLOS.

I hope that was no ill omen.

LERMA.

His Majesty likewise, this morning, in his bed-chamber, talked in a very strange manner of the Queen.

CARLOS.

[Stepping back with surprise.]

What say you?

LERMA.

When the Marquis left the King, I received orders to admit him for the future without announcing him.

CARLOS.

That was certainly somewhat extraordinary.

LERMA.

So extraordinary, that I can recollect no instance similar since I have served his Majesty.

CARLOS.

It certainly was very extraordinary—And in what manner do you say the Queen was mentioned?

LERMA.

[Stepping back.]

Your Highness must excuse me; that is contrary to my duty.

CARLOS.

How strange! You come purposely to inform
me.

me of one fact, and cautiously conceal the other. •

LERMA.

My duty to you required me to inform you of the first; my duty to the King commands me to conceal the latter.

CARLOS.

You are in the right.

LERMA.

I have always esteemed the Marquis to be a man of honour.

CARLOS.

Then have you formed a very just opinion of him?

LERMA.

Every character is faultless—till put to the proof.

CARLOS.

And some are so after they are put to the proof.

LERMA.

The favour of a powerful monarch appears to me worth some sacrifice. Many a stout virtue has taken that golden bait.

CARLOS.

It is very true.

LERMA.

Frequently, too, it is political to discover what
• can no longer be concealed.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Political, perhaps, it may be; but you have just said that you esteemed the Marquis to be a man of honour.

LERMA.

If he be so still my doubts make him no worse, and your Highness is doubly the gainer. [*Going.*]

CARLOS.

[*Follows him with emotion, and presses his hand.*]

I am threefold a gainer, excellent and worthy man—I have gained another friend, and not lost him whom I before possessed. [*Exit Count Lerma.*]

SCENE V.

The MARQUIS DE POSA, passing through the Gallery; DON CARLOS.

MARQUIS.

Carlos! Carlos!

CARLOS.

Who calls?—Is it you!—That is well. I am going immediately to the convent—You will not delay.

MARQUIS.

Stop—only one minute—

CARLOS.

But may we not be surprized?

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

No, no.—It is determined—The Queen—

CARLOS.

You have been with my father?

MARQUIS.

I have—he sent for me.

CARLOS.

[With eager expectation.]

Well!—And what followed?

MARQUIS.

It is agreed: you shall speak with the Queen.

CARLOS.

But the King—What did the King wish?

MARQUIS.

Oh! nothing very particular—I scarcely know his motives—Curiosity to know who I was—Officioufness of friends, perhaps—He offered me employments.

CARLOS.

Which you did not accept?

MARQUIS.

Of course.

CARLOS.

And how did you part.

MARQUIS.

Tolerably well.

CARLOS.

Was I mentioned?

MARQUIS.

Yes, in general terms. *[Takes out his pocket-book]*

book and gives it to the Prince.] Here is a line from the Queen, and to-morrow I will consider where and how——

CARLOS.

[Reads with an embarrassed and absent air, shuts the book, and is going.]

You will meet me at the convent?

MARQUIS.

Stay—Why are you in such haste? No person is coming.

CARLOS.

[With a kind of forced laugh.]

Have we then absolutely changed parts? You are, to-day, wonderfully secure.

MARQUIS.

To-day! Why to-day?

CARLOS.

And what has the Queen written to me?

MARQUIS.

Have you not read it?

CARLOS.

Read it?—Yes.

MARQUIS.

Carlos, your behaviour is unusual. What has happened?

CARLOS.

[Reads the lines sent by the Queen—Delighted and with ardour.]

Angel of Heaven! Yes, I will, I will be worthy of thee—Great minds ennoble love. Happen what

what will, when thou commandest I will obey—
She writes that I must prepare myself for an important enterprize—What can she mean? Dost thou know?

MARQUIS.

If I should know, Carlos—Are you in a proper state of mind for the communication?

CARLOS.

Have I offended thee?—My mind was disturbed and confused.—Forgive me, Rodrigo.

MARQUIS.

Disturbed!—Confused!—From what cause?

CARLOS.

From—I know not what myself—This pocket-book, then, is now mine.

MARQUIS.

By no means. I am come, on the contrary, to ask you to give me yours.

CARLOS.

Mine! For what purpose?

MARQUIS.

And whatever letters or papers you may have, which you would not wish to fall into the hands of a third person—In short, all your correspondence.

CARLOS.

But why do you wish for these?

MARQUIS.

Only that we may be prepared for every event.

event. We shall then be secure from a surprize. Nobody will look for them with me. Give them to me.

CARLOS.

[Much disturbed.]

'This is very extraordinary! What reason have you for such fears?

MARQUIS.

Be under no apprehension: I have no particular reason. I mean only caution against danger. I did not mean to alarm you.

CARLOS.

[Gives him his pocket-book.]

There; preserve it carefully.

MARQUIS.

That I certainly will.

CARLOS.

[Looking at him significantly.]

Rodrigo, I have entrusted to you what is of importance.

MARQUIS.

Have you never confided in me before?—Now, then, fare you well. *[Going.]*

CARLOS.

[Appears to struggle doubtfully with himself—At last he calls him back.]

Give me the letters again, there is among them one which the Queen wrote to me when I was so dangerously ill at Alkala. I have always worn
it

it next my heart. I cannot bear to part with that letter; return it to me—only that—take all the rest. [*He takes it out, and returns him the pocket-book.*]

MARQUIS.

I return it very unwillingly, it was precisely that letter which I wanted.

CARLOS.

Farewell. [*He walks away slowly and silent, stops a moment at the door; then returns, and brings back the letter.*]

There it is; take it. [*His hand trembles; tears start from his eyes: he falls on the neck of the Marquis, and presses his face against his breast.*]

My father could not do this; could he, Rodrigo? No; my father could not do this.

[*Exit hastily.*]

SCENE VI.

MARQUIS DE POSA *alone.*

[*Looking round him with surprize.*]

Is it possible! As yet, then, I have not known him? Not fully. This blemish in his heart escaped me. Suspicion of his friend?—How can such a stain remain on this clear mirror—But, no; the censure is too severe. What I have done might well surprize, perhaps pain him. And, O

Carlos!

Carlos! I must continue still to pain and surprize thee. The King believes that he has entrusted me with his most important secret, and his confidence demands my gratitude. How reprehensible would be the disclosure, when my silence cannot injure thee, Carlos; possibly may benefit thee. Why wake the slumberer to show him the storm impending over his head? Better were it to secure him from the danger, and let him awake when the tempest has ceased. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The King's Cabinet.

*The KING seated; near him the INFANTA,
CLARA EUGENIA.*

KING.

[*After a deep silence.*]

No; no; she is certainly my daughter: Nature has afforded sufficient proofs. That blue eye is mine; and her other features reflect my image—Child of my love;—Yes, so thou art—I press thee to my heart—Thou art my blood. [*Starts and pauses.*] My blood!—What can I fear more dreadful?—My features!—Are they not also *his*? [*Takes the miniature picture in his hand, and looks first*

first at the picture, and then in the mirror opposite him — At last he throws it on the ground, rises hastily, and pushes the Infanta from him.] Away! away!—In this abyfs I fink.

SCENE VIII.

COUNT LERMA, *the KING.*

LERMA.

Her Majesty, the Queen, is in the anti-chamber.

KING.

What!—Now!

LERMA.

And requests the favour of an audience.

KING.

Now!—At this uncustomary hour! No—I cannot speak to her—Not now—

LERMA.

Here is her Majesty.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

The KING, QUEEN, INFANTA.

[The Infanta runs to meet the Queen, and clings to her; the Queen falls at the feet of the King, who is silent, and appears confused and embarrassed.]

QUEEN.

My Lord and Husband—I must—I am constrained to ask justice from you.

KING.

Justice!

QUEEN.

I have been shamefully treated;—My cabinet has been broken open.

KING.

How!

QUEEN.

And things of the greatest consequence to me taken away.

KING.

Of the greatest consequence to you?—

QUEEN.

From the construction that may be put on them by malicious effrontery.

KING.

Malicious!—Construction!—But—Rise.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Not, till your Majesty shall have promised me to punish the offender, or granted me permission to retire from a court which conceals the thief.

KING.

But, rise; I say.—Rise—In this posture—Rise.

QUEEN. [*Rises.*]

That it must be some person of rank, I know; for in the cabinet were pearls and diamonds of immense value, yet nothing was taken away but some letters—

KING.

Which I had sent?—

QUEEN.

Yes—There were also letters from the Prince, and a miniature picture of him.

KING.

From whom?

QUEEN.

The Prince, your son.

KING.

To you?

QUEEN.

To me.

KING.

From the Prince! And do you say that to me?

QUEEN.

Why should I not?

KING.

KING.

And without a blush!

QUEEN.

What mean you?—You surely must recollect the letters, which, with the consent of both courts, Don Carlos sent to me at St. Germain. Whether the portrait with which he accompanied them was included in this permission, or whether his own hasty hope alone dictated this step, I will not pretend to determine—If it were precipitate, it was at least pardonable—For I can vouch for him, that he then little imagined that I should ever be his mother.

KING.

[Scarcely able to contain himself, while he offers to go.]

Artful serpent! Oh! I knew you would plead your cause well.

QUEEN.

[Taking his hand.]

What is this? What is it you mean?

INFANTA.

[Who in the mean time has found the picture on the ground, and been playing with it, brings it to the Queen.]

Oh! Mamma, see, how pretty!

QUEEN.

How! My picture! *[She appears lost in astonishment; and looks at the King, who fixes his eyes on her]*
—After

—*After a long pause.*] In truth, Sire, this mode of examining the heart of your wife appears to me royal and noble—But may I be permitted to ask you one question?

KING.

It is for me to question you.

QUEEN.

At least I would not have the innocent suffer by my suspicion—If this theft was committed by your command?—

KING.

It was.

QUEEN.

Then have I no person to accuse, nor any to lament, but yourself, who have not a comfort with respect to whom such means reward themselves.

KING.

I know that language—But, madam, you shall not impose upon me, a second time, as you did at Aranjuez, when you defended your angelic purity with so much dignity—I now know you better.

QUEEN.

What would you say?

KING.

When your attendants were only gone to fetch the infant.

QUEEN.

What am I to understand by this?

P

KING.

KING.

Well, then, positively and without further circumlocution, is it true, or not true, that you saw and conversed with nobody at that time?—With nobody?—Is that positively true?

QUEEN.

I saw and conversed with the Prince, I confess.

KING.

You confess—Now all is manifest!—And with such effrontery; so little regard to my honour.

QUEEN.

Honour, Sire! Long before I was King Philip's consort I was Henry's daughter; and if honour were in question, I doubt a greater was at stake than what Castile gave me for a dower.

KING.

Why did you deny it before?

QUEEN.

Because I have not been accustomed, Sire, to be examined as a delinquent in the presence of the attendants of a court. The truth shall I never deny, when asked of me with the respect I consider as due to me—But was I so questioned by your Majesty at Aranjuez? Are the grandees of this kingdom the tribunal before which its queens are to render an account of all their actions? I granted the Prince an interview at his earnest entreaty—I granted it purposely to shew that I will not make custom the arbiter of actions which I consider

consider as innocent; and I concealed it from you, because I was not willing to discuss with your Majesty the propriety of this liberty in the presence of my courtiers.

KING.

You speak with great confidence, Madam; with very great confidence.

QUEEN.

And I will add, that I granted it because the Prince does not receive from his father that esteem and affection which are justly his due.

KING.

Justly his due!

QUEEN.

Yes—Why should I conceal it? I highly value and love him as the dearest of my relatives, who once was thought worthy of a far dearer and tenderer relation. I have not yet learned that I must be now the more estranged from him than from any other person, merely because he was once dearer to me than any other person. If your political interests and intrigues form connections as you please, they may find it somewhat more difficult to dissolve them. I will not hate precisely as I am required; and since I have at last been forced to speak, I will declare that constraint shall only more firmly bind me to my friends; shall only drive me to excess; I will—

KING.

Elizabeth, you have frequently experienced my weakness, and the recollection of it emboldens you. The mirror before which we stand inspires you with confidence; you trust in a power which has often subdued my firmness—But fear so much the more—What has reduced me to this weakness, may at last drive me to madness.

QUEEN.

What offence have I, then, committed?

KING.

[*Taking her hand.*]

If it is—if it is committed—if the measure of your guilt is full and overflowing—if I am deceived—[*Throws her hand from him*] I can conquer this weakness. I can and will. Then, Elizabeth, woe to us both.

QUEEN.

What offence have I, then, committed?

KING.

Then shall blood expiate—

QUEEN.

Is it come to this!—Gracious Heaven!

KING.

A deed shall be done which shall appal Christendom—I know myself no longer—I respect neither moral duties, the voice of nature, nor the compacts of nations.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

How much I commiserate your Majesty!—

KING.

[With violent passion.]

Commiserate!—The pity of a strumpet!

INFANTA.

[Clinging terrified to the Queen.]

The King is angry, and my dear mamma weeps!

KING.

[Pushing the child with violence from the Queen.]

Go, and complain to your father.

QUEEN.

[With composure and dignity, but with a faltering voice.]

This child I must, however, secure from ill-treatment—Come with me, my daughter. *[Takes her in her arms.]* If the King will not acknowledge you, we must find guardians, beyond the Pyrenees, to espouse our cause. *[Offering to go.]*

KING.

[Embarrassed and confused.]

Queen!

QUEEN.

No more—This is too much. *[Attempts to reach the door, and falls with the child at the threshold.]*

KING.

[Hastening to her, alarmed and confounded.]

Heavens! What has happened?—Elizabeth!

INFANTA.

INFANTA.

[*Terrified and crying.*]

Oh! my dear mamma bleeds!

[*Runs out precipitately.*]

QUEEN.

Will no one come to assist me to leave this room?

KING.

[*With eagerness and great anxiety.*]

What a dreadful accident!—Blood!—Have I deserved this—Rise—Recover yourself—Rise—Some one comes—The whole court will witness this disgraceful scene—Let me entreat you to rise. [*She rises, supported by the King.*]

SCENE X.

*The KING, QUEEN, ALBA, FERIA, LERMA,
DOMINGO entering, alarmed.*

KING.

Assist the Queen: she is unwell. [*Exit the Queen, accompanied by Feria and Lerma. Alba and Domingo approach with an air of anxious inquietude.*]

ALBA.

The Queen in tears and bleeding!

KING.

KING.

Does that surprize the fiends who tempted me?—

ALBA, DOMINGO.

We!

KING.

Who told me sufficient to drive me to madness, though not to convince me?

ALBA.

We only told you what we thought.

KING.

Perdition thank you! I have done what I repent. Was her's the language of a guilty conscience? Is such the behaviour of a criminal?

MARQUIS DE POSA. [*Without.*]

May I speak with the King?

SCENE XI.

The MARQUIS DE POSA, *the* KING, ALBA,
DOMINGO.

KING.

[*Starting at the sound of the Marquis's voice, and advancing some steps to meet him.*] Here comes my faithful servant!—You come opportunely, Marquis. [*To Alba.*] My Lord Duke, I have no longer occasion for you: Leave us. [*Alba and Domingo look at each other with silent astonishment.*]

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

[*Surprized and confused, and looking at the King with an air of enquiry.*] This overthrows all my hopes; for, to confess the truth, in the business which brought me hither, I reckoned much on this support. [*Bowing to the Duke.*]

KING.

[*Sternly to Alba and Domingo.*]

You know my will—Retire.

[*Exeunt Alba and Domingo.*]

SCENE XII.

The KING, MARQUIS DE POSA.

KING.

You wished to correct the error I had committed. I commend your prudence.

MARQUIS.

Sire—It must seem hard to an aged man, who has braved death for you in twenty battles, to be thus dismissed for the sake of a youth.

KING.

It becomes you to think thus, but me to act as I have done. You have been to me, in a few hours, more than he has been during all his life. My favour shall be conferred openly: the man
whom

whom I have chosen for my friend shall be honoured and envied.—What bring you?

MARQUIS.

As I passed through the anti-chamber, I heard an alarming report, which appears to me incredible—A violent altercation—Blood—The Queen—

KING.

Did you hear it there?

MARQUIS.

I shall be most distressed if what I have heard be true, and your Majesty has acted with any violence—I have made important discoveries, which entirely change the whole situation of circumstances.

KING.

How!

MARQUIS.

I have found an opportunity to possess myself of the pocket-book of the Prince, with certain papers which, I hope, may throw some light—
[*Gives the pocket-book of Don Carlos to the King.*]

KING.

[*Looking it over eagerly.*]

A letter from the Emperor, my father—How!—of which I do not remember to have heard.
[*He reads it through, lays it aside, and turns over the other papers.*] The plan of a fortification—
Thoughts

Thoughts from Tacitus—And what is here?—I should know this hand—It is from a lady. [*Reads with attention, sometimes aloud, sometimes silently.*]

“ This key—The back apartment in the pavilion
“ of the Queen—Ha! What means that? There
“ love may openly confess—Patience—Reward”
—Satanic treachery!—Now am I convinced—It is from her—I know her hand.

MARQUIS.

The hand of the Queen?—Impossible!

KING.

The Princess Eboli—

MARQUIS.

Then was it true what the page Henarez, who carried the letter and the key, confessed to me not long since.

KING.

[*Taking the Marquis by the hand, with great emotion.*]

Marquis, I am surrounded by base designing persons! This woman, I will now declare it—broke open the cabinet of the Queen. The first intimation I received came from her. Who can tell how much the Monk may know of this affair?—I have been deceived by a contemptible artifice.

MARQUIS.

Then was it fortunate.—

KING.

KING.

Marquis, Marquis, I begin to fear I have been too hasty, and acted with injustice towards my comfort.

MARQUIS

Though the Queen should have had secret conferences with the Prince, the subject of them was certainly far different from what has been insinuated. I have certain information that the wish of the Prince to go to Flanders, originated with the Queen.

KING.

I believe it.

MARQUIS.

The Queen has ambition—Need I say more—With chagrin she sees herself disappointed in her aspiring hopes, and excluded from any participation of the throne. The ardent and hasty youth of the Prince offered itself as the instrument of her views.—As to her heart—I doubt whether she can love.

KING.

Marquis, I can confide in you.

MARQUIS.

Whether she is beloved?—Whether there be not something worse to fear from the Prince?—are questions well worthy examination. With respect to these the strictest vigilance appears to be necessary.

KING.

KING.

You shall exercise that vigilance.

MARQUIS.

[*After thinking a short time.*]

If your Majesty shall think me capable of taking upon me this charge, I must entreat that I may be empowered to exercise it without limitation, and with entire authority.

KING.

That shall be granted.

MARQUIS.

At least that I may have no coadjutors, whatever names they may bear, to disturb and impede my operations.

KING.

You shall not; I give you solemnly my word. You are my good angel. How much am I indebted to you for this intelligence.

SCENE XIII.

The KING, MARQUIS DE POSA, COUNT LERMA, who enters while the King is speaking the last words.

KING.

[*To Count Lerma.*]

How left you the Queen?

LERMA.

LERMA.

Very weak and exhausted by her fainting fit.
[*He casts doubtful glances at the Marquis.*]

KING.

I will be with her immediately, let her be informed so. [*Exit Lerma; the Marquis looks after him with an air of uneasiness and apprehension.*]

SCENE XIV.

The KING, MARQUIS DE POSA.

MARQUIS.

[*After a pause—To the King.*]

Another precaution appears to me necessary. The Prince, I fear, may receive intimations. He has many faithful friends—and, possibly, connections in Ghent with the rebels. Fear may lead him to desperate resolves. I advise, therefore, that these be prevented by a prompt measure.

KING.

You are in the right. But how?

MARQUIS.

Let me have a secret warrant of arrest, under your Majesty's own hand, to make use of, as I shall think proper, in the moment of danger.

KING.

KING.

[Thoughtfully.]

The measure is somewhat bold—I doubt whether—

MARQUIS.

It will remain a profound state secret; till the moment it shall be necessary to carry it into effect.

KING.

[Going to the desk, and writing the warrant of arrest.]

My crown is at stake. Extreme danger justifies extraordinary means—Here, Marquis, I need not recommend to you prudence and caution.

MARQUIS.

[Receiving the warrant of arrest.]

The situation of circumstances is critical and desperate.

KING.

[Laying his hand on the shoulder of the Marquis.]

Go; go; my dear Marquis; dispel the fears of my heart, and restore sleep to my restless pillow.

[Exeunt at different doors.]

SCENE

A TRAGEDY.



SCENE XV.

A Gallery.

DON CARLOS *entering, in extreme agitation*; COUNT
LERMA *meeting him*.

CARLOS.

I was seeking you.

LERMA.

And I you.

CARLOS.

Is it true? For heaven's sake! Is it true?

LERMA.

What?

CARLOS.

That he drew a dagger on her; that she was
carried bleeding from the apartment?—By all
that is sacred! Answer me. What am I to be-
lieve? What is the truth?

LERMA.

She fainted; and hurt herself in her fall. That
is the whole.

CARLOS.

Is there no danger? None? On your honour,
Count?

LERMA.

None to the Queen—But much to you.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

None to the Queen. Accept my thanks most bounteous Heaven. A dreadful report had reached my ears. The King, it was said, raged frantically at both mother and child; and a secret had been discovered.

LERMA.

The latter may very possibly be true.

CARLOS.

True! How!

LERMA.

Prince, I gave you one warning to-day before, which you despised. Profit better by the second.

CARLOS.

What mean you?

LERMA.

Unless I am mistaken, I saw your Highness, a few days ago, have in your hand a pocket-book bound in blue velvet, and embroidered with gold?

CARLOS.

[*With emotion.*]

Such I had—Well—

LERMA.

On the cover a device set with pearls.

CARLOS.

Very right.

LERMA.

As I just now entered unexpectedly the King's closet,

closet, I am persuaded I saw that very same book in his hand—The Marquis Posa was standing by him.

CARLOS.

[*After a short silence of astonishment—hastily.*]
That is not true.

LERMA.

[*With warmth.*]

Then am I a deceiver.

CARLOS.

[*Looking stedfastly at him for some time.*]
That art thou.

LERMA.

Ah! I forgive you.

CARLOS.

[*Paces the apartment in extreme agitation, at length turns to the Count.*]

You are engaged in an abominable project, man. What ill has he done to thee? What have the innocent bands of our friendship done to thee, that thus, with hellish industry, thou labourest so to rend them asunder?

LERMA.

Prince, I honour the feelings which render you unjust.

CARLOS.

O God! O God! Preserve me from suspicion.

LERMA.

I likewise remember the King's own words—

Q

“How

"How much am I indebted to you," said he to the Marquis, as I entered, "for this intelligence."

CARLOS.

Oh! No more!—No more!

LERMA.

Duke Alba is disgraced; the great seal has been taken from the Prince Ruy Gomez, and given to the Marquis.

CARLOS.

[Lost in deep thought.]

And he concealed it from me!—Why did he conceal it from me?

LERMA.

The whole court already considers him as minister with uncontrouled power, and favourite without a rival.

CARLOS.

He loved me; he loved me well. I was dear to him as his own soul—Oh, that I know; of that have I had a thousand proofs. But millions—his country—must be dearer to him than one individual. His heart was too capacious for a single friend; and the happiness of Carlos too small for his love. He sacrificed to me his virtue—Can I then censure him?—Yes! now is it certain; it is certain now that I have lost him.
[Goes to the side of the scene and covers his face.]

LERMA.

LERMA.

[After a pause.]

My much-esteemed Prince; what can I do for you?

CARLOS.

[Without looking at him.]

Go to the King, and likewise betray me. I have nothing to give you.

LERMA.

Will you stay here, and brave the consequences?

CARLOS.

[Leans on a balustrade, and looks forward with a vacant gaze.]

I have lost him. Oh! Now am I poor indeed!

LERMA.

[Approaching him with sympathizing emotion.]

Prince, will you not think of your own preservation?

CARLOS.

My preservation?—Good man!—

LERMA.

And is there no person else for whom you should fear?

CARLOS.

Heavens! Why do you remind me. The Queen! The letter which I returned him; which I at first would not let him have, and then gave

him? [*Walks up and down in the most violent agitation.*] How has she deserved this from him? Her he should have spared, should he not, Lerma? [*Hastily, and in a determined tone.*] I must to her—I must warn her, must prepare her—Lerma! dear Lerma! whom shall I send?—Is there no means?—Call the Marquis to me—immediately.

LERMA.

Who?

CARLOS.

[*Looking wildly.*]

O God!

LERMA.

And by this time the King is with her.

CARLOS.

[*Lost in thought.*]

Have I then no one?—No one?—Yes—Thank heaven—I have yet one friend—and the present circumstances cannot be rendered worse.

[*Exit hastily.*]

LERMA.

[*Following and calling him.*]

Prince, Prince, whither do you rush? [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE XVI.

The Chamber of the Princess Eboli.

The PRINCESS EBOLI, DOMINGO entering.

DOMINGO.

Princess, have you heard of the change?

EBOLI.

What change?—You seem alarmed, reverend father.

DOMINGO.

We have a new minister.

EBOLI.

The extraordinary rumour, which is the talk of the whole court is, then, true?

DOMINGO.

You likewise have your part in it. I congratulate you—sovereign of a summer-night.

SCENE XVII.

The PRINCESS EBOLI, DOMINGO, ALBA entering.

ALBA.

[*To the Princess.*]

Drive your dagger to my heart: it was I who brought him to the King.

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

Who could have suspected it?

ALBA.

So much the worse. The man so versed in deception, who so completely duped both yourself and me, may effect still more.

DOMINGO.

"He has no more occasion for us;"—my Lord, did you hear that?

EBOLI.

How has this happened?—So suddenly—I cannot comprehend it.

ALBA.

[*In deep thought.*]

What would I now give for an enemy such as the Prince has been to me.

DOMINGO.

Very just—I understand you—

ALBA.

At bottom, I must confess, he is good.

DOMINGO.

That I say likewise.

ALBA.

And worthy of a better fate.

DOMINGO.

That have I always thought.

ALBA.

[*After a moment's reflection.*]

Father, will you join with me?

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

What is your plan?

ALBA.

To undo my own work, and recommence it at
a more convenient time. [Exit.

DOMINGO.

You, Princess, say nothing.

EBOLI.

Do what you think to be proper and necessary,
I shall never be his friend.

[Exit Domingo; Carlos enters at the other door.

SCENE XVIII.

The PRINCESS EBOLI, DON CARLOS.

DON CARLOS.

[To the Princess, who steps back astonished at his
appearance.]

Be not terrified, Princess, I will be gentle as a
child.

EBOLI.

Prince—This surprise—

CARLOS.

Are you still offended and angry?—Still?—

EBOLI.

Prince!—

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[*More earnestly.*]

Are you still offended?—I entreat you tell me?

EBOLI.

What can this mean? You seem to forget, Prince;—What do you wish with me?

CARLOS.

[*Taking her hand with warmth.*]

Lady, wilt thou eternally hate? Does offended love never forgive?

EBOLI.

[*Endeavouring to free herself.*]

Of what do you remind me, Prince?

CARLOS.

Of your goodness and my gratitude. Ah! I know it well; heavily have I offended thee, lady; I have wounded thy tender heart, and forced tears from those angelic eyes. I have done this; and come now to repent of it.

EBOLI.

Prince, leave me—I—

CARLOS.

I am come to you because you are good and amiable; and because I can confide in your generous and gentle heart. Hear me, lady, I have not a friend left me in the world but thee alone. Once wast thou kind to me—Thou wilt not be irreconcilable: thou wilt not eternally hate.

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

[*Turning away her face.*]

Oh, no more—No more—For heaven's sake,
Prince, no more!

CARLOS.

Let me remind thee of those golden times, let
me remind thee of thy love—thy love, lady, to
which I could only make so unworthy a return.
Let the gentle dreams of thy heart once represent
me to thee as I then appeared—And give to me
what thou canst no more bestow for ever.

EBOLI.

O Carlos! How cruelly you sport with me!

CARLOS.

Be greater than your sex—Forgive offences—
Do what before thee no woman has done, and
after thee no woman shall do. What I come to
request of you is a thing as yet unheard of—Let
me—on my knees I conjure you—let me speak,
though but for a moment, to the Queen—[*Throws
himself at her feet.*]

SCENE

SCENE XIX.

DON CARLOS, PRINCESS EBOLI, MARQUIS DE
POSA *entering, followed by two Officers of the
King's body-guard.*

MARQUIS.

[Breathless and in violent agitation.]

What has he confessed? Believe him not.

CARLOS.

[Still on his knees—Raising his voice.]

By all that is sacred!

MARQUIS.

[Hastily interrupting him.]

He is frantic! listen not to the madman!

CARLOS.

[Still more earnestly.]

The question is of death or life. Lead me
to her.

MARQUIS.

[Forcing the Princess from him.]

You die if you listen to him. *[To one of the
Officers.]* Count Cordova: in the name of the
King. *[Shews the warrant of arrest.]*

The Prince is your prisoner. *[Don Carlos stands
as thunderstruck with astonishment, and speaks not
another word. The Princess utters a scream of terror,
and endeavours to escape. The officers appear amazed.
A long and deep pause. The Marquis trembles violent-
ly,*

ly, and seems scarcely to know what he does—At length he speaks to the Prince.]

I must request your sword—Princess Eboli, you must remain—And [*To the Officer*] be careful that his Highness speaks to no person—to no person—not even yourself—as you shall answer for it with your life. [*He speaks to the officer in a whisper, and then turns to the rest.*] Now will I throw myself at the feet of the Sovereign, and render him an account of what has been done. [*To Carlos.*] And you, Prince, expect me in an hour. [*Carlos suffers himself to be taken away, almost without signs of life;—but in passing he casts a feeble dying look on the Marquis, who covers his face. The Princess Eboli again endeavours to make her escape, but the Marquis detains her, seizing her by the arm.*]

SCENE XX.

The PRINCESS EBOLI, MARQUIS DE POSA.

EBOLI.

For heaven's sake, suffer me to go.

MARQUIS.

What has he said to you? unfortunate woman!

EBOLI.

Nothing—Oh, suffer me to go—Nothing.

MARQUIS,

MARQUIS.

[Holding her forcibly—with earnestness.]

How much have you learned?—You cannot escape—To no person in this world shalt thou tell it.

EBOLI.

[Looking at him with terror.]

All powerful God! What mean you? You would not murder me?

MARQUIS.

[Drawing a dagger.]

That mean I—Be brief.

EBOLI.

My life! My life! Merciful heaven! What have I done?

MARQUIS.

[Looking up to heaven, and holding the dagger to her breast.]

It is yet time: the poison has not yet flowed over her lips. I dash in pieces the vessel which contains it, and all is safe—The destiny of Spain and a woman's life!—Such a murder might I justify before the eternal throne. *[He remains in the same posture in doubtful agitation.]*

EBOLI.

[On her knees before him, and looking him stedfastly in the face.]

Now—Why do you delay?—I ask not for mercy

mercy—No, I have deserved to die, and I am willing to endure my punishment.

MARQUIS.

[*Letting his hand fall slowly, after a short reflection.*]

No; it were cowardly as cruel—No, no; praised be heaven! there are other means. [*Drops the dagger and rushes out; the Princess goes out by another door.*]

SCENE XXI.

The Chamber of the Queen.

The QUEEN, COUNTESS FUENTES.

What is this tumult in the palace? Every noise, to-day, Countess, terrifies me. Go and learn what has happened. [*Exit the Countess Fuentes: The Princess Eboli hastily enters.*]

SCENE XXII.

The QUEEN, PRINCESS EBOLI.

EBOLI.

[*Breathless, pale, and in violent agitation, falls on her knees before the Queen.*]

Oh! gracious Queen! Lend us your aid. He is a prisoner.

QUEEN.

Who?

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

The Marquis Posa has arrested him, by command of the King.

QUEEN.

But who? Who is arrested?

EBOLI.

The Prince.

QUEEN.

Art thou frantic?

EBOLI.

They have just led him away.

QUEEN.

And who executed the arrest on him?

EBOLI.

The Marquis Posa.

QUEEN.

Thank heaven, that it was the Marquis Posa who arrested him!

EBOLI.

Can you say that so calmly, so unmoved? O God! you guess not—you know not—

QUEEN.

Why was he arrested? For some imprudence, I imagine, natural to the ardent character of youth.

EBOLI.

No, no;—I know the cause better—No—O gracious Queen—Accursed, devilish deed!—For him no deliverance remains—He dies.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

He dies!

EBOLI.

And I am his murderer!

QUEEN.

He dies! Frantic woman; recollect yourself!

EBOLI.

And why—Why should he be doomed to death!—Oh! could I have known that this would have been the result!

QUEEN.

[*Taking her kindly by the hand.*]

Princess, your senses have forsaken you: collect them, and tell me, more composedly, not in dreadful terms that harrow up my soul, tell me what you know, and what has happened.

EBOLI.

Oh! torture me not with this heavenly condescension; this divine goodness! they are the flames of hell, to my conscience. I am not worthy to lift my vile eyes to your glorious beauties, the emanations of your virtue. Crush the wretch who, sunk in shame, repentance, and self-contempt, now lies at your feet.

QUEEN.

Unhappy woman! What have you to confess?

EBOLI.

Angel of light! Exalted faint! As yet you know not, you suspect not on what a fiend you
so

so kindly smiled—Now learn what she was—I was the thief who robbed your cabinet!

QUEEN.

You?

EBOLI.

And carried the letters to the King.

QUEEN.

You?

EBOLI.

Who dared to accuse you—

QUEEN.

You?—Could you!

EBOLI.

Revenge—Love—Madness—I hated you, and loved the Prince.

QUEEN.

You loved the Prince!—

EBOLI.

Because I had confessed to him my love, and found it not returned.

QUEEN.

[*After a pause.*]

Now, all is unravelled—Rise—You loved him—I forgive you—All is forgiven—Rise—
[*Offering her hand.*]

EBOLI.

Oh! no! A dreadful confession still remains to be made—Not yet will I rise, gracious Queen!

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

[*Attentively.*]

What am I yet to hear?—Speak!

EBOLI.

The King—Temptation—Oh! you turn your eyes away—I read my sentence in your countenance—The crime which I imputed to you—I committed myself. [*She presses her face, burning with blushes, to the ground: the Queen goes out—A long pause—After some minutes the Duchess Olivarez comes from the closet which the Queen entered, and finds the Princess still in the same posture. She approaches her silently. The Princess looks up frantically, and perceives the Queen is gone.*]

SCENE XXIII.

The PRINCESS EBOLI, DUCHESS OLIVAREZ.

EBOLI.

O God! She has left me! Now is all over.

OLIVAREZ. [*Approaching.*]

Princess Eboli—

EBOLI.

I know why you come, Duchess. The Queen has sent you to declare to me my sentence—Be quick—

R

OLIVAREZ.

OLIVAREZ.

I have orders from her Majesty to demand of you your cross and key.

EBOLI.

[Taking a golden cross of an order from her bosom, and giving it to the Duchess.]

But may I not be permitted once more to kiss the hand of my adored sovereign?

OLIVAREZ.

In the convent of St. Mary, you will be informed what further is determined concerning you.

EBOLI.

[With gushing tears.]

May I not be permitted to see the Queen again?

OLIVAREZ.

[Embracing her, with her face turned from her.]

Fare you well.

[Leaves her hastily. The Princess follows her to the door of the closet, which is shut immediately against her. She throws herself on her knees before the door, and continues some minutes silent and motionless; then rises, and rushes out, hiding her face.]

SCENE

SCENE XXIV.

The QUEEN and DUCHESS OLIVAREZ, coming out of the closet.

{ QUEEN.

Is she gone?

OLIVAREZ.

She is, and in despair: her situation is dreadful.

QUEEN.

[Walks to a window, with signs of uneasiness.]

Where can the Countess Fuentes stay? She was to have brought me intelligence. *[A page enters, and speaks to the Duchess Olivarez, who immediately turns to the Queen.]*

OLIVAREZ.

Duke Alba, and the Reverend Father Domingo, your Majesty.

QUEEN. *[Surprized.]*

Domingo and Duke Alba! Alba and Domingo!

OLIVAREZ.

They entreat you would be graciously pleased to grant them an audience, though but for two moments.

QUEEN.

[After considering.]

I will; let them be introduced.

[Exeunt the Page and Duchess Olivarez.]

R 2

SCENE

SCENE XXV.

The QUEEN, ALBA, DOMINGO.

ALBA.

If we may be permitted, gracious Queen—

QUEEN. .

What is your will?

DOMINGO.

Our anxious regard for the exalted person of your Majesty, will not permit us to remain silent and inactive when your safety is threatened.

ALBA.

We hasten, by timely warning, to defeat a plot which is formed against you.

DOMINGO.

And our zeal induces us to make an immediate tender of our services to your Majesty.

QUEEN.

[Looking at them with an air of astonishment.]

Most Reverend Father, and you most noble Duke, truly you surprize me. Such devotion to my service, I certainly never expected from Domingo and Duke Alba;—and I know how to value it. You tell me of a plot by which I am threatened; may I enquire who—

ALBA.

We entreat you to beware of the Marquis Posa, whom the King has thought proper to employ in some secret business.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

I hear with pleasure that his Majesty has made so good a choice. The Marquis, I have often heard many extol as a truly good and a great man. The royal favour was never more justly bestowed.

DOMINGO.

Justly bestowed! We know better.

ALBA.

It is no longer a secret, in what affairs the services of the Marquis will be principally rendered.

QUEEN.

How? What may you mean? You greatly excite my attention.

DOMINGO.

Is it long since your Majesty last looked into your private cabinet?

QUEEN.

Why that question?

DOMINGO.

And have you not missed some things of value.

QUEEN.

To what purpose ask you this? My loss is known to the whole court. But what connection has that with the Marquis Posa?

ALBA.

A very close one, your Majesty; for the Prince has likewise lost papers of consequence, which were seen this morning in the hands of the King, when the Chevalier had a private audience.

Soon

Soon after his Highness was arrested; and the Marquis Posa is now minister.

QUEEN.

[*After thinking a short time.*]

Extraordinary that, doubtless; most extraordinary—I have thus found an enemy whom I never mistrusted, and two friends whom I could never have imagined myself to possess.—Truly, I must confess, [*Casting a penetrating look on both,*] I was in danger of pardoning the ill turn you have done me with my lord and husband.

ALBA.

We have done you!

QUEEN.

Yes, you.

DOMINGO.

We! Duke Alba.

QUEEN.

[*Still fixing her eyes stedfastly on them.*]

I am happy that I have been so soon aware of my precipitation—Otherwise I had determined to entreat his Majesty this day to bring my accusers to my face—Yet this would now be well, since I could call Duke Alba for an evidence.

ALBA.

Me! Can you mean seriously?

QUEEN.

Why not?

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

And, thus defeat all the services which we in secret—

QUEEN.

In secret! [*With dignity and warmth.*] I would wish to know, Duke Alba, what the consort of your sovereign can have to transact with you, or you, Reverend Father, that her husband may not know?—Am I innocent or guilty?

DOMINGO.

What a question?

ALBA.

But suppose the King should not act with justice? At least not at the present moment?

QUEEN.

Then must I wait till he shall—And happy will it be for them in whose favour he decides, when he does. [*Makes a reverence to them, and both Exeunt.*]

SCENE XXVI.

The QUEEN, MARQUIS DE POSA.

QUEEN.

At length, Marquis, you are come! and most opportunely are you come.

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

[*He appears pale as death, with a distracted look, a faltering voice, and, through this whole scene, in the most violent agitation of mind.*]

Is your Majesty alone? Can no person hear us in the next apartment?

QUEEN.

No person.—Why? What have you to communicate? [*Surveys him more closely, and steps back surprised and shocked.*] And whence this wondrous change? You make me tremble, Marquis. Your whole countenance has the aspect of death.

MARQUIS.

You probably know already——

QUEEN.

That Carlos is arrested; and, it is said, by you.—Is that true?—I can believe no person who affirms it but yourself.

MARQUIS.

It is true.

QUEEN.

By you!

MARQUIS.

By me.

QUEEN.

[*Surveys him some moments, as if in doubt.*]

I honour your actions, even when I cannot comprehend them. But this time, forgive a timid woman, I fear you play a desperate game.

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

I have lost it

QUEEN.

O God support me!

MARQUIS.

Be not too much alarmed, I have taken care for the Prince's preservation; I have only lost it for myself.

QUEEN.

What do I hear? Gracious heaven!

MARQUIS.

Why should I have risked my all on one doubtful cast? Why so rashly, so daringly, sport with Providence. Man who is not omniscient, must not think to guide the ponderous helm of accident—Oh! it is right—But why think now of myself—The instant is precious—as the life of man. Who knows but even now the judge decides that the last moment of my life approaches?

QUEEN.

The judge decides! What is this dreadful language?—I comprehend not its meaning, though I shudder at it.

MARQUIS.

He is saved!—At what price no matter!—But only for this day—A few moments are yet his—Let him husband them well—They cost me somewhat

somewhat dear—This night he must leave Madrid.

QUEEN.

This night!

MARQUIS.

The necessary preparations are made—In the Carthusian convent, which for some time since has been the asylum of our friendship, he will find letters by the post. Here, in bills of exchange, is what fortune has bestowed on me in this world; what is wanting you will make up. I have in my heart many things to say to my Carlos which he must know; but it may very probably happen that I shall want leisure personally to communicate to him all—Your Majesty will speak to him this evening; therefore I apply to you—

QUEEN.

I entreat you, Marquis, as you value my peace, express yourself more intelligibly—Speak not in such fearful enigmas—What has happened?

MARQUIS.

I have yet an important declaration to make: with you shall I deposit it. I have enjoyed a happiness that has been the lot of few. I loved the son of a monarch. My heart, though devoted only to one, in that one embraced the whole world. In the soul of my Carlos, I prepared a paradise for millions. Oh! divine was my dream; but

but it pleased eternal wisdom to call me from it. Soon will he no longer possess his Rodrigo. Here, here! on this sacred altar, in the heart of the object of his love, the heart of his queen, deposit I my last precious bequest; here will he find it when I am no more. [*He turns away, and tears stifle his voice.*]

QUEEN.

This is the language of a dying man; yet I would fain hope it is only the effect of your passions—Or have you meaning in these words?

MARQUIS.

[*Having endeavoured to collect himself, proceeds in a firmer tone.*]

Tell him that he shall remember him of the oath, which, in our days of enthusiasm, we took at a high altar known to him, on two broken sacramental wafers. Mine have I kept. I have been true to him till death. It is now for him to keep his.

QUEEN.

To death!

MARQUIS.

Oh! tell him to realize the dream, the bold and pleasing dream of a new state, the divine plan of our friendship—Let him begin the work on the rude materials; whether he succeeds or fails, let him begin. When centuries have passed away, Providence may raise to the throne another like himself, who may complete his unfinished work
with

with the same enthusiasm. Tell him that he must remember and hold sacred the dreams of his youth, when he arrives at manhood; nor suffer his heart to be debased by the maxims of policy, nor permit the groveling wisdom of a court to calumniate enthusiasm the daughter of heaven. I have told him before—

QUEEN.

What, Marquis, to what does this tend?

MARQUIS.

And tell him that I lay upon his soul the happiness of mankind; that dying, I require it of him—require it, and am well entitled to demand! He had vowed to me that he would diffuse a new day over this kingdom—The King gave me his heart—He called me his son—I bore his seal; and Alba was no more his counsellor.—*[He pauses, and gazes for some moments, silently, on the Queen.]* You weep! Oh, I know these tears! Virtuous soul! They flow from joy!—But it is past—Carlos or I!—The choice was prompt and fearful—One must be lost, and I will be that one—I will—Oh! ask not to know more.

QUEEN.

Now, now, at length, I fear I begin to understand you. Unhappy man! What have you done?

MARQUIS.

Given two short evening hours to save a bright summer's day. The King I resign. What could I be

I be to the King? In this harsh soil my roses will not bloom. These toys of infancy must be cast away in maturer age. I must no longer indulge extravagant hopes. Shall I destroy the promising spring to gild the rigid aspect of winter? It is not for me to moderate the severity of tyrants, or give freedom to the world. The destiny of Europe must depend on him to whom I have bound myself in the most sacred bonds of friendship. To him I leave Spain, now bleeding beneath Philip's hand. But evil will it be, both to him and me, should I have mistaken the signs of Providence, and chosen wrong——

QUEEN.

Dismiss these fears. I know your friend; and will answer for his noble heart, his generous soul.

MARQUIS.

This was it which still lay at my heart; I will not then fear—And you, Queen, you shall be his surety. [*After a pause.*] I saw this love, this most unfortunate passion, take root in his heart. Then might I have checked it; but I did not. I nourished it. The world may judge otherwise. I repent not; not does my heart accuse me. I saw life where death might seem the most apparent. In this hopeless flame, I early discerned the golden beam of hope. I wished to lead him to excellence. The noble fruits of the soul,
which

which of themselves slowly ripen, rapidly mature beneath the vernal influence of wonder-working love. To this I wished to expose the germ of his virtues. I wished to direct his passion to excellence exceeding the usual examples of mortal nature; to you it was directed.

QUEEN.

Marquis, your friend participated in all your enthusiasm. But could you seriously believe that I was wholly divested of the nature of woman, when you thus made me an angel? When you employed love to fortify his virtues? Alas! too much do we trust our own hearts, when we dignify our passions with such titles.

MARQUIS.

Of many women this, indeed, may be said—but for one!—For one have I sworn—You are not surely ashamed to give birth to and nourish virtue. When the enraptured painter admires the master-pieces of art in the Escorial, does it injure Philip, though they are his property? Or does the purchaser of the harmonious instrument listen to the melody which slumbers among its strings? He guards it with a deaf ear. He has bought the right to rend it in pieces, but not the art of drawing forth its silver tones, and dissolving in the pleasures of its song. Truth is impressive on the wise man, and beauty on the feeling heart. Both appertain to each other. This opinion shall

no

no cowardly prejudice banish from my heart. Promise me that you will eternally love him; love him eternally; nor ever be led to mean denial by disgraceful fear, or false heroism. Promise me that your love shall be unalterable and everlasting—Promise and swear.

1 QUEEN.

My heart, I promise, shall be, alone and eternally, the judge of my love.

MARQUIS.

Now, then, I die content—My work is done.
[*Bows to the Queen, and offers to go.*]

QUEEN.

[*Looks after him for a moment in silence.*]

Are you going, Marquis, without saying when—how soon—we shall see each other again?

MARQUIS.

[*Comes back, and speaks, turning away his face.*]

Certainly we shall see each other again.

QUEEN.

[*Surveying him with a penetrating look.*]

I understand you, Posa—I understand you well—Why have you done this?

MARQUIS.

I or He!

QUEEN.

No! no! you rushed headlong into this act, which you call great and exalted. Deny it not. I know you—You have long aspired to this—
Let

Let a thousand hearts break ; what care you ;
so you can gratify your pride—Oh, now, now, at
length, I understand you. You fought only ad-
miration.

MARQUIS.

[*With emotion.*]

Not so—For this was I not prepared.

QUEEN.

[*After a pause.*]

Is no deliverance possible.

MARQUIS.

None.

QUEEN.

None ! Think well—Is none possible?—Not
even by my influence ?

MARQUIS.

Not even by your influence.

QUEEN.

Not even by a crime. You know me yet but
half—I have courage.

MARQUIS.

I know it.

QUEEN.

And is there no escape ?

MARQUIS.

None.

QUEEN.

[*Turns from him, and hides her face.*]

Away ! I value no man more !

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

[*Throwing himself at her feet, in the most violent agitation.*]

My Queen!—O God! yet is life sweet!
[*Rises and rushes hastily out: the Queen retires into her closet.*]

SCENE XXVII.

The Anti-chamber of the King.

DUKE ALBA and DOMINGO walk up and down, apart and silent. COUNT LERMA comes out of the King's Closet. To them enters DON RAYMOND DE TAXIS, the Postmaster General.

LERMA.

Has not the Marquis yet made his appearance?

ALBA.

Not yet. [*Lerma offers to go in again*]

TAXIS. [*Advancing.*]

Count Lerma, will you be pleased to announce me?

LERMA.

The King will see no person.

S

TAXIS.

TAXIS.

Tell him I must speak. My business is of the utmost consequence to his Majesty—Use dispatch. It will admit of no delay. [*Lerma goes into the closet.*]

ALBA.

[*Advancing to the Postmaster General.*]

Accustom yourself to patience, my dear Taxes; you cannot speak to the King.

TAXIS.

No! And why not?

ALBA.

You should have taken the precaution to obtain permission of the Chevalier de Posa, who at once made both son and father his prisoners.

TAXIS.

De Posa!—How! Very right! He it was from whose hand I received this letter.

ALBA.

Letter! What letter?

TAXIS.

Which I was to have forwarded to Brussels——

ALBA.

[*With attention.*]

Brussels!

TAXIS.

And which I have now brought to the King.

ALBA.

ALBA.

[*To Domingo.*]

Brussels!—Did you hear, reverend father?—
To Brussels!

DOMINGO. [*Advancing.*]

That is very suspicious.

TAXIS.

He desired me in the most anxious manner to
be particularly careful of it, and seemed much
embarrassed and confused.

DOMINGO.

Anxious and confused!

ALBA.

To whom is it addressed?

TAXIS.

To the Prince of Orange and Nassau.

ALBA.

To William?—Father, there is treason here!

DOMINGO.

It cannot be doubted. This letter must be
immediately given to the King. How merito-
rious in you, worthy man, is this loyalty to your
sovereign!

TAXIS.

Reverend Father, I only do my duty.

ALBA.

You have acted rightly.

SCENE XXVIII.

DUKE ALBA, DOMINGO, TAXIS. COUNT
LERMA *enters to them from the Closet.*

LERMA.

[*To the Postmaster General.*]

The King will speak to you. [*Taxis goes into the closet.*] Is not the Marquis come yet?

DOMINGO.

He has been fought every where.

LERMA.

It is very extraordinary!

ALBA.

It is very extraordinary; and, in fact, somewhat pleasant, that the Prince should be a state-prisoner, and the King himself, as yet, not know on what charge.

DOMINGO.

The Marquis has not yet been with him to inform him.

ALBA.

[*To Lerma.*]

How does the King appear to receive it?

LERMA.

He has not spoke a word. [*A noise is heard in the closet.*]

ALBA.

ALBA.

What was that?—Silence. [*Taxis comes out of the closet.*]

TAXIS.

Count Lerma! [*Lerma and Taxis go into the closet.*]

ALBA.

[*To Domingo.*]

What is doing?

DOMINGO.

With this tone of alarm!—If this intercepted letter—I suspect no good, my Lord Duke.

ALBA.

He ordered Lerma to be called; and he must know that you and I are in the anti-chamber.

DOMINGO.

Our time is past.

ALBA.

Am I then no longer him to whom once all doors flew open? How is every thing here changed!—how strange—

DOMINGO.

[*Having gone to the door of the closet, stands listening.*]

Hark!

ALBA.

[*After a pause.*]

All is silent as the grave — You may hear every breath drawn.

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

The thick tapestry intercepts the sound.

ALBA.

Away! Some one comes.

DOMINGO.

[*Leaving the door.*]

I feel as anxious as if this moment were to decide the fate of us all.

SCENE XXIX.

DUKE ALBA, DOMINGO. *To them enter the DUKES of FERIA and MEDINA SIDONIA, with some other GRANDEES.*

PARMA.

May the King be spoken with?

ALBA.

No.

PARMA.

No!—Who is with him?

FERIA.

The Marquis Posa, without doubt.

ALBA.

He is expected.

PARMA.

PARMA.

We came this moment from Saragossa. Terror prevails through all Madrid—Is it then true?—

DOMINGO.

Alas! It is.

FERIA.

Is it true?—Is the Prince arrested by the Marquis Posa?

ALBA.

Such is the fact.

PARMA.

And why?—What is the charge?

ALBA.

That is known to no one but his Majesty and the Marquis.

PARMA.

What!—And without calling together the Cortes of the kingdom.

FERIA.

Evil befall him who has advised this rash and dangerous measure.

ALBA.

Evil befall him! so say I.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

And I also.

THE OTHER GRANDEES.

And all of us.

ALBA.

ALBA.

Who will follow me into the cabinet?—I will throw myself at the feet of the sovereign.

LERMA.

[Coming hastily out of the closet.]

Duke Alba!

DOMINGO.

At length! Be praises rendered to God! [*Alba goes hastily into the closet.*]

LERMA.

[Breathless, and in the utmost agitation.]

When the Maltese knight comes—the King is now not alone—he will be called.

DOMINGO.

[To Lerma, while all the other Nobles collect round them with eager expectation.]

Count, what has happened? You are pale as a corpse.

LERMA.

[Offering to go hastily.]

It is infernal—

PARMA AND FERIA.

What? How?

MEDINA SIDONIA.

How is the King?

DOMINGO.

[At the same time.]

Infernal! How mean you?

LERMA.

LERMA.

The King has shed tears.

DOMINGO.

Shed tears!

ALL THE GRANDEES.

*[With looks of extreme astonishment.]*The King has shed tears! *[A bell is heard in the closet. Count Lerma hastens in.]*

DOMINGO.

*[Following, and endeavouring to detain him.]*Count—One word—Excuse me.—He is gone,
and left us transfixed with astonishment!

SCENE XXX.PRINCESS EBOLI, FERIA, MEDINA SIDONIA,
PARMA, DOMINGO, *and the other* GRANDEES.

EBOLI.

*[Hastily, and with a wild and distracted look.]*Where is the King? Where? I must speak to
him. *[To Feria.]* My Lord Duke, will you con-
duct me to him?

FERIA.

The King has business of great moment: no
person can be admitted to him.

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

Has he signed the fatal sentence? He is deceived! I can prove to him that he is deceived.

DOMINGO.

[*Making a sign to her from a distance.*]

Princess Eboli!

EBOLI.

Are you there, reverend father: you can assist me in my proof. [*She takes his hand, and endeavours to lead him into the closet.*]

DOMINGO.

I!—Are you in your senses, Princess?

FERIA.

Remain where you are; the King cannot yet give you audience.

EBOLI.

He must hear me! He must hear the truth, though he were a god.

DOMINGO.

Away, begone! This is unseasonable extravagance. You risk every thing.

EBOLI.

It is for you to fear. I have nothing to risk. [*As she endeavours to force into the closet, Duke Alba comes out; his eyes sparkling with joy, and triumph in his whole deportment.*]

ALBA.

[*Hastily advancing to Domingo, and embracing him.*]

Let *Te Deum* be sung in all the churches: the victory is ours.

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

Ours!

ALBA.

[*To Domingo and the Grandees.*]

Now go in to the King; you shall hear further
from me. [Exeunt.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace, separated by an iron-grating from a large Court Yard in front, in which Centinels are walking up and down.

DON CARLOS, *sitting at a table, leaning his head on his arm, as if sleeping. In the back ground some Officers who are shut in with him.—The MARQUIS DE POSA enters, without being noticed by the Prince, and whispers to the Officers, who immediately retire. He advances towards the Prince, and surveys him for some time in silence and mournfully. At length he makes a motion which rouses him from his reverie.*

CARLOS.

[Rises suddenly, perceiving the Marquis, and starts back. He then fixes his eyes stedfastly on him for some moments, and draws his hand over his forehead, as if in thought.]

Marquis!

MARQUIS.

It is me, Carlos.

CARLOS.

[Giving him his hand.]

You have come to me again! That is well of you.

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

I thought your friend might here be useful to you.

CARLOS.

In truth!—Did you really so think? That rejoices me—rejoices me indescribably! Ah! I knew well thou wast still my friend.

MARQUIS.

And I have deserved that you should think so.

CARLOS.

Hast thou? Oh! now we perfectly understand each other. This moderation, this forbearance, becomes great souls. Though some of my wishes might be rash and improper; shouldst thou therefore refuse me those which were just? Severe may thy virtue be, but cruel never; inhuman never. What can be done if thy duties crush my joys? Well thou knowest the remedy is beyond our power—Yet commiserate me thou always canst—

MARQUIS.

You mistake me, Carlos: unworthy of thee have I never been.

CARLOS.

But of thee have I been unworthy.

MARQUIS.

Let me speak, Carlos. Much hast thou to hear from me; and our time is short.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Oh! I can believe you. Much has it cost thee—I know well how thy generous heart must have bled, when you dressed the sacrifice for the altar.

MARQUIS.

Carlos! How mean you?

CARLOS.

Thou shalt perform what I should have done, but was unable to do. Thou shalt bestow on Spain those golden days which she hoped in vain from me. With me all is ended. That hast thou perceived—for ever ended. Oh! this fearful love has blighted the early blossoms of my soul; and ne'er shall they return. I am dead to thy exalted hopes. Providence or Chance have led thee to the King—It cost thee but my secret, and he was thine—Thou may'st be his angel. For me there is no escape—Perhaps for Spain none but by these means—In this is there nothing to be condemned but my own frantic blindness, which until this day could not perceive that thy ideas are as enlarged, as thy heart is generous and feeling.

MARQUIS.

[*Recovering from extreme astonishment.*]

No—This have I not foreseen. I did not foresee that the magnanimity of a friend would be
more

more inventive than my diminutive policy. The edifice I have raised falls in ruins around me—I forgot thy heart.

CARLOS.

Had it been possible for thee to have spared the Queen this fate—in extasy should I have thanked thee.—Might I not have borne it alone? Must she be likewise a sacrifice?—But no more of this—I will not reproach thee. What was the Queen to thee?—Didst thou love the Queen? Shall thy exalted and rigid virtue be guided by the little apprehensions of my love? Forgive me; I was unjust.

MARQUIS.

Thou art so—Yet—not on account of this objection—If I deserve reproach in one part, I deserve it in every other. Then should I not stand as I now do before thee. [*He takes out a pocket-book.*] Here are some of the letters again which you entrusted to my care: take them now yourself.

CARLOS.

[*Looking, with great surprize, first at the letters, and then at the Marquis.*] How!

MARQUIS.

I restore them to you, because they are now safer in your hands than in mine.

CARLOS.

What!—Has the King not read them—not seen them!

MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

These letters!

CARLOS.

You did not, then, shew him them all?

MARQUIS.

Who told you that I shewed him any of them?

CARLOS.

[With extreme astonishment.]

Is it possible!—Count Lerma.

MARQUIS.

Count Lerma told you—Yes—Now all is evident—Who could have foreseen it!—The Count has told you the truth—The other letters the King has.

CARLOS.

[Gazes on him some time in silent amazement.]

But on what account am I here?

MARQUIS.

From precaution—Left you should a second time be tempted to make an Eboli your confidant.

CARLOS.

[As if awakened from a dream.]

Now a light breaks in upon me—I see the whole.

MARQUIS.

[Goes towards the door.]

Who comes?

SCENE

SCENE II.

DUKE ALBA, DON CARLOS, *the* MARQUIS
DE POSA.

ALBA.

[*Approaches the Prince with great respect; but turns his back on the Marquis during this whole scene.*]

Prince, you are free. The King sent me to inform you that you are at liberty.

MARQUIS.

[*To the Duke.*]

The King may punish or pardon at his pleasure; but it surprises me to see the Prince at liberty before an audience has been granted to me.

ALBA.

[*To the Prince, without noticing the Marquis.*]

I esteem myself most happy in having been the first who informed your Highness of the favour of his Majesty.

CARLOS.

[*Looks at both with extreme surprise—After a pause; to the Duke.*]

I have been imprisoned, and set free; and both without knowing the cause of either.

ALBA.

From a mistake, your Highness, as far as I have been able to learn, to which his Majesty was probably led by a deceiver.

T

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

But was it by command of the King that I am here?

ALBA.

Yes; in consequence of a mistake.

CARLOS.

I am sorry for it—But when the King mistakes, it becomes the King in person to rectify his error. [*Endeavours to meet the eyes of the Marquis; but treats the Duke with a haughty reserve.*] I am called here Don Philip's son. The eyes of calumny and curiosity are fixed upon me. What his Majesty has done from duty, I will not seem to receive from your courtesy—Otherwise I am ready to take my trial before the tribunal of the Cortes—My sword I will not accept from such hands.

ALBA.

The King, your Highness, will not delay to grant you this just request, if you will permit me to attend you to him.

CARLOS.

No; here will I remain until the King, or his city of Madrid, shall bring me from this prison. Carry him that answer.

[*Exit Alba, who appears for some time in the courtyard, in front of the apartment, giving orders.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

DON CARLOS, MARQUIS DE POSA.

CARLOS.

What am I to think of all this? Explain it to me, I entreat you. Are you not minister?

MARQUIS.

I have been; as you perceive. [*Advancing to him with great emotion.*] O Carlos! It has had its effect—it has succeeded—Praised be Heaven that it has succeeded.

CARLOS.

Succeeded!—What has succeeded?—I cannot understand you.

MARQUIS.

[Takes his hand.]

Thou art saved, Carlos;—Thou art free, and
I—[*Pauses.*]

CARLOS.

And thou?

MARQUIS.

And I—I press thee to my breast, for the first time with full and entire right. I have purchased it with all, all that can be dear to me—O Carlos! how delicious, how great is this moment! I am content with myself.

CARLOS.

What a sudden change in thy features! Thus
have I never seen thee! Thy heart beats with
T 2 exultation,

exultation, and there is a resplendence in thy countenance as if thou soaredst above humanity.

MARQUIS.

The joy of completion. My course is ended: it is now thy turn to commence thine. We must part, Carlos! Shudder not. Oh! be a man. Promise me, whatever thou mayst hear, not to render this parting bitter to me by feeble grief, unworthy of great souls. Thou lovest me, Carlos,—for many years—fools call it for ever—[*Carlos withdraws his hand, and looks stedfastly on him, without answering.*] Be a man. I have relied much on thee; have chosen to pass with thee the heavy hours which men fearfully call *the last*. Yes, I will confess to thee, Carlos, I have rejoiced at it—Come, let us sit down, I feel myself exhausted and fatigued. [*He approaches nearer to Carlos, who still continues in silent astonishment, and suffers himself to be seated by him almost involuntarily.*] Whither wander thy thoughts? Thou answerest not—I will be brief—The day after we had last seen each other at the Carthusian Convent, the King sent for me—What followed thou knowest—all Madrid knows—But thou knowest not that thy secret had been betrayed to him; that letters found in the Queen's private cabinet had been produced against thee; that I had learned this from his own mouth, and that—I was his confidant—[*He pauses, as if expecting an answer: Carlos still continues silent.*] Yes, Carlos; with my lips, I
violated

violated my fidelity. I myself governed the plot which menaced thee with destruction. Facts spoke too loudly—To declare your innocence was too late—To secure the direction of his vengeance was the only resource remaining—And thus was I thy enemy, more effectually to serve thee—Thou hearest me not.

CARLOS.

Oh! Yes I hear. Proceed—proceed—

MARQUIS.

Hitherto I deserved no blame, but quickly the resplendent rays of royal favour to which I had been unaccustomed betrayed me. The rumour reached you as I had foreseen; but I, blinded by vanity or madness, resolved to complete my work without you. I gave you no intelligence. Here was my error; and madness was it—Forgive me. It was founded on the eternity of our friendship. [*He pauses again: the dumb astonishment of Carlos changes to the most violent agitation.*] What I feared befel me. You were alarmed with imaginary dangers—The Queen bleeding—terror and tumult pervading the palace—the unluckily officious fidelity of Lerma—and, lastly, my incomprehensible silence—all combined, overpowered your feelings—You yielded—gave me up for lost—but too noble yourself to doubt the motives of your friend, attributed his defection to great ideas; and would not suppose him unfaithful till
you

you could honour his want of faith. Forfaken by your only friend, you threw yourself into the arms of the Princess Eboli. Unhappy youth, into the arms of a fiend; for she it was who betrayed you. [*Carlos starts.*] I saw you hasten to her—a gloomy suspicion pervaded my heart—I followed you—too late—You were at her feet. The rash confession was at your lips—For you no escape remained—

CARLOS.

No, no: she was moved. You are mistaken. She was certainly moved.

MARQUIS.

Anxious dread and dismay seized my heart. No hope was there, no aid, no deliverance. Despair goaded me to fury—to brutality—I placed my dagger at a woman's breast—But at that moment—a thought pervaded my mind—a thought, Carlos, great and bold, miraculously inspired for thy deliverance—"What if I should mislead the King, and make myself appear the guilty person—Probable or not will be of little import. Possibility, with respect to crime, is sufficient for Philip—Be it so—I will venture—A stroke so unexpected, like a thunderbolt, will make the tyrant stagger; and what more can I ask?—He deliberates, and Carlos gains time to escape to Brabant."

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

And this—this have you done?

MARQUIS.

I wrote to William of Orange, that I loved the Queen, and had fortunately escaped the suspicion of the King, in consequence of the jealousy he falsely entertained of you—that I had found the way, by the authority of the Sovereign himself, freely to approach the Queen. I added, that I was fearful of being discovered; that you, suspecting my passion, had hastened to the Princess Eboli, probably, through her, to warn the Queen; that I had caused you to be arrested; but, apprehensive that all my plans would fail, had determined to fly to Brussels—This letter—

CARLOS.

[Interrupting him with the most anxious emotion.]

Has not been entrusted to the post?—You know that all letters to Brabant and Flanders—

MARQUIS.

Are carried to the King—Taxis, the Post-master, has, no doubt, already done his duty.

CARLOS.

O God! Then am I lost!

MARQUIS.

Thou lost! Why thou?

CARLOS.

Unhappy man! and thou art lost with me—This monstrous

monstrous falsehood my father can never forgive; never can he forgive it—

MARQUIS.

Falsehood! — Recollect yourself — Who will tell him it is a falsehood?

CARLOS.

[Looking him steadfastly in the face.]

Who? dost thou ask?—I myself. *[Offering to go.]*

MARQUIS.

Thou art frantic—Stay!

CARLOS.

Away! Away! For Heaven's sake! detain me not. While I delay, he meditates your death.

MARQUIS.

The nobler is the time. We have yet much to say.

CARLOS.

How! Ere all is lost—*[Attempts to go; the Marquis seizes his arm, and looks at him significantly.]*

MARQUIS.

Hear me, Carlos! Was I so hasty, so rash, when I bled for you?

CARLOS.

[Gazes on him with great emotion and admiration.]

O gracious Providence!

MARQUIS.

Make thy escape immediately to Flanders.

The

The kingdom is thy destiny ; to die for thee is mine.

CARLOS.

[*Advances to him, and takes his hand, with the utmost agitation of sensibility.*] No! No! He will yield; he cannot withstand virtue so exalted.—I will lead thee to him—arm in arm will we go—I will say to him, “ Father, this has a friend done for his friend—He will be moved, believe me—My father is not entirely without humanity. His eyes will overflow with warm tears, and he will pronounce the pardon of us both.” [*A musket is discharged through the iron-grating. Carlos springs up.*] Ha! For whom was that?

MARQUIS.

I believe—for me. [*Falls.*]

CARLOS.

[*Sinks with him to the ground, uttering an exclamation of anguish.*]

Oh! Mercy of Heaven!

MARQUIS.

[*With a feeble voice.*]

He has used dispatch—the King—I hoped—longer—Think of thy escape—Dost thou hear me?—Escape—The Queen knows all—I can no more.—[*Dies—Carlos falls motionless near the dead body—After some time the King enters, attended by a train of nobles, and starts back, shocked at this scene—A general and deep silence follows. The nobles range*

range themselves in a half circle round Carlos, and the body, and look alternately at the King and the Prince, who lies without shewing any signs of life—The King surveys him in thoughtful silence.]

SCENE IV.

The KING, DON CARLOS, the DUKES ALBA, FERIA, and MEDINA SIDONIA; the PRINCE of PARMA, COUNT LERMA, and many GRANDEES.

KING.

[In a mild tone.]

Prince, your petition is granted: here am I myself, with all the Nobles of my court, to declare to you, that you are at liberty. *[Carlos looks up, and around him, like one waked from a dream. He fixes his eyes sometimes on the King, and sometimes on the dead body, and makes no answer.]* Receive your sword again. You have been treated too violently and rashly. *[Approaches him, presents him his hand, and assists him to rise.]* My son is not in his place—Rise—Come to thy father's arms. *[Carlos receives the embrace of the King, as if insensible; then suddenly recollects himself, starts back, and looks stedfastly at him.]*

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Thy breath is murder; I cannot embrace thee. [*Pushes him from him : the Nobles shew signs of great emotion.*] No: Look not so astonished. What have I done? Have I touched the anointed of Heaven? Fear nothing. I will not lay my hands on him. See you not in his forehead the mark which God has set upon him!

KING.

[*Turning away abruptly.*]

Follow me, my Nobles.

CARLOS.

Whither? Not from this place, Sire—[*He detains him forcibly, with both hands, and, with one, seizes the sword of the King : it comes out of the sheath.*]

KING.

The sword drawn! and upon thy father!

ALL THE GRANDEES.

[*Drawing their swords.*]

Regicide! Parricide!

CARLOS.

[*Detaining the King with one hand, and holding the naked sword in the other.*]

Put up your swords. What mean you? Do you imagine that I am mad? No: I am not mad. Were I mad you would do ill to remind me that his life depends on my sword's point.

[*The Nobles move towards the King as if fearful of violence.*]

violence.] I pray you remain where you are. Feelings like mine should be soothed; therefore stand back. What I have to say to the King has no connexion with your oaths of loyalty—See how bloody his hands are!—Look at him—Oh! look here, likewise. [*Pointing to the body.*] This hath he done: This is his work.

KING,

[*To the Nobles, who press anxiously round him.*]

Stand back all. What fear you? Are we not father and son? I will now see to what infamous offence against nature—

CARLOS.

Nature! I know it not. Murder is now the word. The bonds of humanity are dissolved. Thou Sire, hast thyself rent them. Shall I regard what thou despisest?—Oh, look here! Murder was not committed till to-day. Is there no longer a God, that Kings dare thus to ravage his creation? Since mothers have borne sons, one, one only has died so undeservedly. Dost thou know what thou hast done? Alas! no; he knows not. He knows not that he has deprived this world of a soul more precious, more noble, and more dear than his, or those of all the generation in which he lives. A wretched beggar is he, who broke into a sanctuary and stole a matchless pearl to sell it for two reals—Oh, it is dreadful!

KING.

KING.

[In a gentler tone.]

If I have been too precipitate, does it befit thee, for whom I have been so, thus to upbraid me?

CARLOS.

How! Is it possible? You imagine not, you yet conjecture not, what the dead was to me. So poor is reason in poor hearts! The dead—Oh, tell him, thou lifeless corse! aid his wisdom to solve the dark enigma—The dead was my friend. *[The Nobles shew signs of great surprize.]* And would you know why he died?—He died for me.

KING.

Ah! My suspicions!

CARLOS.

Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding body, that I praise the virtue that resided in thee to such ears. But let this mighty politician sink with shame, that he was over-reached by a youth. Yes, Sire, we were brothers; brothers by a nobler tie than that which nature binds. His life was love; and love for me the cause of his noble death. Mine he was when he made thee great by his regard; when, by his powerful eloquence, he wielded at will thy haughty giant spirit. Thou didst think to govern him, but wast only the instrument of his noble plans. My confinement was the work of his friendship. For my deli-

very

very he wrote the letter addressed to William of Orange. O God ! it was the first fallhood of his life. To save me he exposed himself to the death he has suffered. You bestowed on him your favour—he died for me—Your heart, your royal confidence, your friendship, were all his : your sceptre was his toy—he cast it away, and died for me ! [*The King stands motionless, and fixes his eyes upon the ground. All the Nobles look at him with astonishment and alarm.*] And was it possible ! Could you believe so gross a fallhood ? How little must he esteem your judgment to suppose an artifice so glaring could succeed ! You dared to aspire to his friendship, yet failed in this easy trial.—Oh ! no, no ; he was not for you. The finely strung instrument broke in your iron hand—You could only murder him !

ALBA.

[*Who has never taken his eyes from the King, observes the changes of his countenance with visible uneasiness, and now approaches him timidly.*]

Sire—Be not thus silent—Look round you—Speak to us.

CARLOS.

You were not indifferent to him ; long had you his regard. Probably he might have made you happy. His heart was rich enough to supply you from its overflowing. The fragments of his mind would have rendered you a divinity.

nity. You have robbed yourself of him—
O royal folly ! which can thus destroy such god-
like excellence ! What shouldst thou not give
to be able to restore a soul like this ! Couldst
thou recal the spring of life, couldst thou
change the inexorable law of mortality, and
wear thy crown till the day of the world's final
doom, thou couldst not attain to the wisdom that
once resided in that body. This was a man the
like of whom Nature has produced not during
all your long reign ; and here, here [*With an
exclamation of anguish*] Saviour of the world !
Here he lies, dead at my feet. [*A deep silence,
several of the Nobles turn aside their faces, or
cover them with their cloaks.*]—O ye who
stand around, struck dumb with astonishment
and wonder, condemn not the youth who
uses this language to his father and his sove-
reign—Look here—He died for me—Have you
tears ? Flows human blood in your veins ?—Look
here and condemn me not. [*Turns to the King,
with more calmness.*] Perhaps you would wish to
know how this unnatural history must end—Here
is my sword. You are my king again. Think not
that I tremble at thy vengeance. Thou may'st
murder me as thou hast murdered the noblest man
in thy empire. My life is consummated, I know
it. What is life now to me ? I renounce every
expectation in this world. Seek among strangers
for

for a son. There lie my kingdoms—[*He falls on the body, and takes no more notice of what passes. In the mean time a confused noise of voices, bells, and thronging multitudes, is heard at a distance. All the attendants of the King observe a profound silence. His eyes glance through the whole circle, but no one meets them.*]

KING.

What! Does no one answer? Every eye nailed to the ground; every face covered! My sentence is pronounced. I read it in these mute gestures. My subjects have judged me. [*The silence still continues. The tumult becomes nearer and louder. The Nobles whisper and make signs to each other. Count Lerma, at length, speaks in a low voice to the Duke of Alba.*]

LERMA.

Certainly there is some tumult.

ALBA.

[*In a low voice.*]

So I fear.

FERIA.

Is there not a commotion among the populace?

SEVERAL GRANDEES.

[*Hasten to the window and exclaim.*]

Riot! Alarm from all the towers!

LERMA.

It approaches—Some one comes.

SCENE

SCENE V.

An OFFICER of the body guard. The FORMER.

OFFICER.

[With vehemence.]

Rebellion! Where is the King? *[He makes his way through the attendants, and reaches the King.]*
All Madrid is in arms. The enraged soldiery, and the populace by thousands surround the palace. Prince Carlos, they say, is in prison, and his life in danger. The multitude demand to see him alive, or threaten that all Madrid shall soon be in flames.

ALL THE GRANDEES.

[In great agitation.]

Save! Save the King!

ALBA.

[To the King, who stands unconcerned and motionless.]

Fly, Sire—There is danger—We know not yet who arms the multitude.

LERMA.

Through the subterranean passages to Aranjuez—

ALBA.

[To the King, who appears not to notice them.]

You do not answer, Sire—There is rebellion—
Rebellion!—Why are you silent?—

U

KING.

KING.

[Roused from his reverie, and with dignity.]

Does my throne yet stand? Am I still King of this country? No! I am no longer sovereign. These puppets weep, rendered effeminate by a boy. All only wait the signal to leave me. I am betrayed by rebels.

ALBA.

Sire! What a dreadful thought!

KING.

There! There kneel to your young king—kneel there—I am only a feeble old man.

ALBA.

Is it come to this? *[With a significant nod to the other attendants.]* Spaniards! *[They all press round the King, and kneel before him, with drawn swords. Carlos remains alone, and forsaken by all, near the body.]*

KING.

[Tears off his robe, and throws it from him.]

Clothe him with the royal spoil—Bear him over my trampled body. *[He faints, and falls into the arms of Alba and Lerma.]*

LERMA.

Assistance! O heavens!

FERIA.

O God! what an event.

LERMA.

His reason is disturbed!—Now!

ALBA.

ALBA.

Only a fit—Say not a word. Let it not be known abroad, on your lives.

LERMA.

Rebellion in the heart of the capital, and the kingdom without a head!

ALBA.

[*Rising with dignity.*]

Who said that? [*Leaves the King in the arms of Lerma and Feria.*] Let him be borne to bed. In the mean time I will give peace to Madrid. [*Exit. The King is carried out, and the Nobles follow him.*]

SCENE VI.

Carlos continues alone with the body. After some moments MERCADO, the Queen's physician, enters, looks at him for some time with surprise and alarm, unseen by the Prince. At length he approaches, and the Prince looks round.]

MERCADO.

I come from her Majesty the Queen—[*Carlos turns away his eyes and does not answer.*] My name is Mercado, I am physician to her Majesty, and here is my credential. [*Shews a seal ring to the*
U 2 *Prince,*

Prince, who still continues silent.] The Queen wishes much to speak with you to-day—matters of importance—

CARLOS.

Important is nothing more to me in this world.

MERCADO.

A commission, she said, left by the Marquis Posa.

CARLOS.

[Rising hastily.]

How? Immediately. *[Offering to go with him.]*

MERCADO.

No, not now, your Highness, you must wait till night. Every avenue is doubly guarded. It is impossible to pass through this wing of the palace unseen: every thing will be risked.

CARLOS.

But——

MERCADO.

There is but one means: the Queen herself has imagined it; and submits it to you by me—But is bold, singular, and romantic.

CARLOS.

What is it?

MERCADO.

It has long been reported, as well you know, that in the arched gallery of the royal tower, the departed spirit of the late emperor walks in the habit of a monk. The multitude believe it, and
the

the guards take their posts near this part of the palace with dread. If you will put on this habit, you may pass all the guards, unmolested, to the chamber of the Queen, which this key will open. Your sacred vestments will protect you from any attack. But your resolution must be immediately taken. The proper habit, and the mask, you will find in your chamber—I must hasten to carry your answer to her Majesty.

CARLOS.

And the time?

MERCADO.

Midnight.

CARLOS.

[After reflecting a moment.]

Tell her she may expect me.

[Exit Mercado.]

SCENE VII.

DON CARLOS, COUNT LERMA.

Save yourself, Prince. The King rages against you. An attempt will be made on your liberty, if not on your life. Question me no farther. I have come privately to warn you. Fly without delay; it is yet time. Soon will it be too late.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

I commit myself to Providence.

LERMA.

The Queen has informed me that you will this day leave Madrid, and fly to Brussels. Delay not, I conjure you. The tumult will favour your flight. The Queen excited it with that view. They will not at present dare to employ force against you. Letters await you at the Carthusian Convent; and here are arms, should you be compelled to use them. [*Gives him a dagger and pistols.*]

CARLOS.

I am your grateful debtor, Count Lerma.

LERMA.

Fare you well. The events of this day have moved my inmost soul—Such a friend!—All our true patriots lament your fate. More I dare not say.

CARLOS.

Count Lerma, you stiled the deceased a man of a noble mind!

LERMA

Once more—fly, and fare you well. Better times will come, though then I shall be no more—Receive my homage now. [*Kneels to the Prince.*]

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

[Endeavouring to prevent him, and greatly moved.]

Not so—not so, Count. You greatly affect me.
I would not be unmanned.

LERMA.

[Kisses his hand with great emotion.]

King of my children! Oh! my children will die for you. I must not. Remember me in my children. May you return in peace to Spain, and ascend the throne of your father. You have learned to suffer. But engage in no sanguinary violence against thy father—Shed no blood—Philip the second forced your grandfather from the throne, that he might ascend it—The same Philip now trembles before his own son—Remember this, Prince, and so may Heaven guide you.

[Exit, hastily, Carlos is about to go out at the other door, but suddenly returns, and throws himself before the body of the Marquis, which he again takes in his arms. He then takes a ring from one of the fingers, rises, and rushes hastily out.]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The Anti-chamber of the King.

The Dukes ALBA and FERIA: DOMINGO, a Number of Nobles.—It is Evening, and the Apartments lighted up.]

ALBA.

The city is quiet. How left you the King?

FERIA.

In the wildest frenzy. He has shut himself up, and will suffer no person to approach him, whatever may happen. The treason of the Marquis has changed his whole nature. We no longer know him.

ALBA.

I must go to him: I cannot delay. An important discovery which I have just now made—

FERIA.

A new discovery!

ALBA.

A Carthusian monk, who had privately entered the Prince's chamber, and enquired, with suspicious curiosity concerning the death of the Marquis Posa, fell in with my guards. He was stopped and questioned. The dread of death extorted from him the secret, that he had about him papers of great importance, which the deceased

ceased had ordered him to deliver into the hands of the Prince, if he should not see him before sun-set.

FERIA.

Well?

ALBA

The letters import, that Carlos is to leave Madrid between midnight and morning.

FERIA.

How!

ALBA.

That a ship lies at Cadiz ready to carry him to Flushing—that the States of the Netherlands only wait his arrival to throw off the Spanish yoke.—

FERIA.

Ha! Traitor!

ALBA.

Other letters mention, that a fleet of the Turkish Emperor, Solyman, had put to sea from Rhodes, to attack Spain in the Mediterranean, in consequence of a treaty that had been concluded.

FERIA.

Is it possible!

ALBA.

The same letters state the object of the late travels of the Maltese Knight through Europe, to have been no other than to excite all the Northern

Northern powers to arm in support of the liberties of the Flemings.

FERIA.

Can it be?

ALBA.

Besides these letters, there is likewise a plan of the whole war, which is for ever to separate the Netherlands from the Spanish monarchy. Nothing is omitted. The strength and resources of the different powers are accurately stated, and those which Spain can oppose to them; the principles on which they are to act, and the alliances they are to conclude. The plan is infernal in its object, but, in its arrangement,—divine.

FERIA.

What inscrutable treason!

ALBA.

In the letters mention is likewise made of a secret interview which the Prince, on the night of his departure, is to have with the Queen.

FERIA.

How? That must be this night.

ALBA.

At midnight—I have therefore given the proper orders, in case such an attempt should be made. You perceive the exigence of the circumstances: not a moment is to be lost.

DOMINGO.

DOMINGO.

[Advances to them.]

Where is the Prince? Have no measures been taken to secure him?

FERIA.

[Looking at Alba.]

Have you proposed any?

ALBA.

I?—No.

DOMINGO.

And can the King be out of danger while this madman is at liberty and has his arms?

ALBA. *[Going.]*

I must go to the King in his closet.

FERIA.

That it will be in vain to attempt: the doors are locked.

ALBA.

I will break them open; the threatening danger justifies this violence to Majesty. The King must be saved. *[As he goes towards the door, it opens, and the King comes out.]*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

*The KING, ALBA, FERIA, DOMINGO, and
GRANDEES.*

KING.

[He appears sunk in a profound revery; his dress and manner shew marks of the disorder in which he was left by the fainting fit. He passes slowly through the Nobles, who draw back at his approach, and gazes vacantly at each. At length he stops, lost in thought, and with his eyes fixed on the ground.]

Give me again that dead man: I must have him again.

DOMINGO.

[To Alba, in a whisper.]

Speak to him.

KING.

He thought meanly of me, and died. I must have him again: he must think otherwise of me.

ALBA.

[Approaching with fear.]

Sire—

KING.

Who speaks here? *[Casts his eyes round the whole circle.]* Have you forgotten whom I am? Why are you not on your knees before me, creatures! Still am I a King, and I will see sub-
jection

jection. Because one has slighted me, shall all despise me?

ALBA.

Forget that worthless man, Sire.

KING.

Worthless! who dares so to blame such excellence? Worthless! By my immortality! it were easier for you to die immaculate than to rise to such worthlessness!

ALBA.

Grant us audience, most gracious Sovereign; a new enemy, more formidable than he, is still in the heart of your kingdom.

FERIA.

Prince Carlos—

KING.

He had a friend who died for him—for him—though with me he had shared the kingdom.—O shame! canst thou also tinge the cheeks of sovereigns! Disgraced in the midst of my kingdom; excluded from their friendship as unworthy and base.—Is it not insupportable?

ALBA.

Do you know us no longer, Sire? Do you no longer know your faithful servants?

KING.

How did he survey me as beneath him! Pride cannot so look down from a throne on inferiors. How much he valued what he had acquired

quired is manifest. What he lost his^t anguish confessed. It was for no phantom that he threw away two lives, and disgraced my diadem. He knew what he lost. I believe it—I forgive him, that he could derive no consolation from sovereign power.

DOMINGO.

[*To Alba uneasily.*]

We must no longer—

KING.

Oh, that he could be recalled to life! Feeble power of monarchs, which extends not to the grave, and cannot retrieve an error with respect to the life of man. The dead return no more. Who will tell me that I am fortunate and happy? Where now are all your falsehoods? Fill my ears with your flatteries, play off all the machinery of admiration, declare me a god, and fall down and worship me.—Have I not long known how my mirror reflects me? You I still have—You remain. But in the grave is he who had my esteem. What are the living to me? A man endowed with mind, free, standing alone, arose in this age—He contemned me and died.

ALBA.

We, then, live in vain! Let us also, Spaniards, descend to the grave. This man, even in the tomb, wrests from us the heart of the King.

KING.

KING.

[*Sits down, and leans his head upon his arm.*]

Had he but died for me ! I loved him ; loved him much. He was dear to me as a son. In this youth, a new, a brighter morning arose upon me. None can conceive what I intended to bestow. All Europe curses me ; Europe may curse me. From him I deserved gratitude.

DOMINGO.

By what enchantment—

KING.

And to whom offered he this sacrifice ? To the boy, my son ?—No, I will not believe it. Posa would not have died for a boy—The poor flame of friendship could not fill the heart of Posa : that beat for all mankind. The objects of his love were the world, and all future generations. He had it in his power to benefit them from a throne ; could he neglect the opportunity ? Could Posa pardon himself this high-treason against humanity. Oh ! I know him better. He did not sacrifice Philip to Carlos ; but the aged man to the youth his pupil. The setting-sun of the father was unpropitious to his designs. He turned to the rising light, to the new day.

ALBA.

Will your Majesty be pleased to read the important information contained in these letters ?

KING.

KING. [*Rising.*]

He may have been mistaken. I yet am myself. I thank thee, Nature. 'I feel in my sinews the strength of youth. [*In extasy.*] I will render him the object of laughter. His virtue shall appear a chimera. He died as a fool dieth. His fall has crushed his friend, and the age in which he lived. The world is yet mine for one evening; I will so use the short time which remains to me, that no improver, in ten generations, shall reap a harvest on the ruins I will leave. [*Strides up and down the apartment.*] I will be revenged for his sake, on mankind, and begin first with his darling. [*To Duke Alba.*] Where is the Prince?—What have we in these letters?

ALBA.

These letters, Sire, contain the legacy of the Marquis Posa to Prince Carlos.

KING.

[*Looks over the papers, during his perusal of which all the Nobles fix their eyes on him. After he has read for some time, he lays them aside, and walks thoughtfully through the apartment.*]

Let the Cardinal Grand Inquisitor be sent for: inform him I request an hour's discourse with him. [*One of the Grandees goes out. Every countenance appears full of expectation. Alba and Domingo make signs to each other. The King takes up the*

the papers again, reads them awhile, and again lays them aside.] This night is it?

TAXIS.

When it strikes two, the post will stop before the Carthusian convent.

ALBA.

And persons whom I have sent out to watch, saw several travelling packages, marked with the royal arms, carried to the convent.

FERIA.

It is likewise said, that great sums have been remitted to Brussels, by Moorish agents, in the name of the Queen.

KING.

Where was the Prince left?

ALBA.

By the body of the Maltese knight.

DOMINGO.

Which he has now probably forsaken, called away by business of greater moment.

KING.

Is there still a light in the Queen's apartments?

ALBA.

Every thing is still there. She has, likewise, dismissed her attendants sooner than usual; the Duchess of Arcos, who last came out of her chamber, left her already in a sound sleep. [*An officer*

of the body-guard enters, takes the Duke de Feria aside, and whispers him; the latter turns to Duke Alba, with

X

a look

a look expressive of astonishment; others press around and a general whispering ensues.]

FERIA, TAXIS, DOMINGO.

[All at the same time.]

Extraordinary!

KING.

What has happened?

FERIA.

There is a rumour, Sire, which it is scarcely possible to believe.

DOMINGO.

Two Swiss-guards who have just left their posts, relate—But it is ridiculous to repeat it.

KING.

What do they say?

ALBA.

That in the left wing of the palace, the ghost of the late emperor has been seen to pass with a firm and solemn step. This report all the guards posted in that part of the palace confirm, and add, that the appearance vanished at the Queen's apartment.

FERIA.

There surely can be no deception in this?

KING.

And in what form did he appear?

OFFICER.

In the habit of a monk, which he wore at the time of his death in the monastery of St. Just.

KING.

KING.

In the habit of a monk!—How then did the guards know it was the emperor?

OFFICER.

By the sceptre he carried in his hand.

DOMINGO.

It has been long ago currently reported that the same appearance has been seen there.

KING.

Did any one speak to him?

OFFICER.

None dared. The foldiers said a prayer, and suffered him to pass, with reverential dread.

KING.

And this phantom disappeared at the apartment of the Queen.

OFFICER.

In the Queen's anti-chamber. [*A general silence.*]

KING.

[*Turning suddenly round.*]

What say ye?

ALBA.

Sire, we can say nothing.

KING.

[*After reflecting for a moment, to the officer.*]

Order my guards immediately under arms, and let every entrance to this wing of the palace be barred. I wish to speak a word with this ghost.

[*The officer goes out. A page enters.*]

PAGE.

The Grand Inquisitor, Sire—

KING. •

[*To the Nobles.*]

Leave us. [*The Cardinal Grand Inquisitor, an old man of ninety years, and blind, enters, led by two Dominicans, and supported by a staff. All the Grandees fall down before him as he passes between them, and touch the edge of his robe. He gives them his blessing. They all retire. The King follows them through two chambers, and bolts all the doors.*]

SCENE X.

The KING, GRAND INQUISITOR.

[*A long silence.*]

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Stand I before the King?

KING.

You stand before the King.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

I did not expect to be again called before him.

KING.

I renew a scene of former years. Philip, the Prince, asks counsel of his tutor.

GRAND

GRAND INQUISITOR.

My pupil Charles, your great father, never needed counsel.

KING.

The more fortunate was he. I have sent to entreat you to afford me the aid of which I stand in need.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Mine, or that of the church?

KING.

The arm of the church, and your judgment.
[*After a pause.*] I have committed murder, and have no peace.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

On what account have you committed murder?

KING.

An act of deceit and treachery beyond example.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

I know it.

KING.

You know it? From whom? Since when?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

For years past have I known, what you only knew since sun-set.

KING.

[*With surprise.*]

You, then, knew this man?

GRAND

GRAND INQUISITOR.

All the acts of his life are chronicled in the sacred registers of the Holy Office.

KING.

And yet he was at liberty!

GRAND INQUISITOR.

The chain which held him was long, but not to be broken.

KING.

He had been long in distant countries on his travels.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Wherever he was I was with him.

KING.

[Walks up and down disturbed.]

If it was so well known in what danger I was, why was I not warned?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

This question I return you. Why did you not make enquiry when you threw yourself into the arms of this man? You knew him. A glance discovered to you the heretic. Why did you refuse this sacrifice to the Holy Office? Are we thus to be sported with? When Majesty degrades itself to conceal crimes, and kings, behind our backs, unite with our worst enemies, what shall become of us? If *one* is to find pardon and favour, why should three hundred thousand be sacrificed.

KING.

He also is sacrificed.

GRAND

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No, he has been murdered — disgracefully, meanly, murdered. The blood which should have flowed gloriously to our honour, has been shed by the hand of a bravo. He was ours. By what right did you invade the property of the holy order? He should have died by us; an example at which innovators should have shuddered. A plan which we had been years maturing, you have rashly overthrown, and have gained nothing yourself but hands stained with blood.

KING.

Passion hurried me away. Forgive me.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Passion! Am I speaking to Philip the young Prince? Am I alone become an old man?—Passion! [*With energy and warmth.*] Give liberty to all consciences in your kingdom, if you are yourself shackled with such chains.

KING.

In these things I am yet a novice: have patience with me.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No, I am not pleased with you. How have you sullied all your former reign? Where was then the Philip whose firm soul was fixed and unchangeable as the pole star in heaven? Had the past all disappeared, and the world vanished from your eyes, at the moment you gave him your hand?

hand? Was poison no longer poison? Had the wall of separation between good and evil, truth and falsehood, fallen down? What is the resolution, the constancy of man, when, in one feeble minute, the inflexible firmness of a reign of sixty years vanishes like a woman's dream!

KING.

I looked upon his countenance. Forgive my thus yielding to the feelings of human nature—Such feelings find one avenue less to enter your heart. You have eyes no longer.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What was this man to you? What new instruction could you derive from him? Are you so little acquainted with enthusiasm and innovation? Is your ear so unaccustomed to the specious language of the new reformers of the world? If the edifice of your faith depends on words, with what front, suffer me to ask, can you sign the mortal sentence of a hundred thousand feeble souls, who ascend the flaming pile, for no other offence?

KING.

I wished to be served by a man; that Domingo whom you gave me as such—

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What are men to you? Mere counters, nothing more. Must I again go over the elements of the art of government with my grey-headed pupil.
The

The earthly god should accustom himself to wish for nothing that may be denied him.—If you sigh after sympathy and social feelings, you yield the world to your equals, and what rights have you above your equals?

KING.

[*Throws himself into a chair.*]

Oh! I am a feeble man; I feel it. You require from the creature what can only be performed by the creator.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No, Sire; I am not to be deceived. You are discovered. You wish to escape us. You find the chains of the Church too heavy for you, and would be free and independent [*He pauses; the King is silent.*] We have detected you—Render thanks to the Church, that she is contented to chasten you as a mother. The choice which you were left blindly to make was your punishment. You have received instruction: now return to us.—Had I not to-day stood before you—by the living God! to-morrow you had stood before me.

KING.

Moderate thyself, Priest. This I shall not suffer. To be thus spoken to I will not submit.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Why have you called up the ghost of Samuel? I had given two kings to the Spanish throne, and thought the work of my day done. To have
lived

lived in vain must grieve him whose life has extended through nearly a century.—Pardon me, Sire—And now for what purpose was I sent for?—My time is precious—Moments are valuable at the age of ninety. Why am I here? I am not disposed to repeat this visit.

KING.

One labour more, and that the last—then shalt thou be dismissed. Let there be peace, therefore, between thee and me. What is past is gone. We are reconciled.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

[*Giving him his hand.*]

Since Philip yields with such humility.

KING.

[*After a pause.*]

My son is suspected of high treason.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What have you determined?

KING.

Extremities or nothing.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What call you extremities?

KING.

He shall be permitted to escape unmolested, unless—I put him to death.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

[*In a significant manner.*]

Well!

KING.

KING.

Can you teach me any apology which shall divest of its apparent cruelty the act of putting my son to death.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

To reconcile eternal justice the Son of God died on the cross.

KING.

You will propagate this opinion through all Europe?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Far as the cross is revered.

KING.

I have struggles with offended nature; what influence have you over this tribunal?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Faith listens not to the voice of Nature.

KING.

I resign my office of judge to you. May I not wholly retire from acting in this scene?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Deliver him into my hands.

KING.

He is my only son.—For whom have I gathered?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

[*With vehemence.*]

Desolation rather than liberty!

KING. [*Rising.*]

We are agreed. Come on.

GRAND

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Whither?

KING.

To receive the victim from my hand. [*Takes him by the arm and leads him out.*]

SCENE XI.

The Chamber of the Queen.

DON CARLOS, the QUEEN—*Afterwards the*
KING *with Attendants.*

CARLOS.

[*In the habit of a monk, with a mask on, which he takes off as he enters, and under his arm a drawn sword—It is entirely dark. He approaches a door which is opened to him. The Queen comes out in a night-dress, with a candle, which she sets down on a slab. Carlos kneels before her on one knee.*]

Elizabeth!

QUEEN.

[*With silent grief gazing on him for some moments.*]

Thus do we see each other again?

CARLOS.

Thus we see each other again. [*A pause.*]

QUEEN.

[*Endeavouring to recover herself.*]

Rise—We will not unnerve each other—The great deceased shall not be dishonoured by feeble tears;

set all the power of the kingdom to himself, when either one of them was slain, or both weakened and broken; and therefore the hopes of both their safeties were placed in their common and mutual agreement. Thus the threatening dangers easily reconciled those two, who were, upon all other accounts, prudent enough. William, according to agreement, gave up the keys of the castle to the king, professing, That both himself, and it, were at his service; and that he never entertained any other thought than that of obedience to the king's will. Upon this profession he was received into favour with the universal assent of all that were present. The king supped that night in the castle, thus surrendered to him, and the next day, the government of the castle was bestowed on William, and the regency on Alexander. Thus, after a deadly hatred between them, it was hoped, that for ever after, the foresight of their mutual advantage, and the fear of their common enemy, had bound them up in one firm and indissoluble knot of friendship.

After these civil broils between the factions were composed; besides robberies, and the murders of some of the common sort, which were committed in many places, without punishment, there were some remaining feuds, which broke out between some noble families. The year after the king's death, on the 21st of September, Thomas Boyd of Kilmarnock had treacherously slain Allan Stuart of Darnly in a truce, as he met him between Linlithgow and Falkirk. The next year after, on the 9th of July, Alexander, Allan's brother, with his party, fought Thomas, where many were slain on both sides, their numbers being almost equal; and, amongst the rest, Thomas himself fell.

The death of Archibald Douglas happened very opportunely at this time, because, in his life-time, his power was universally formidable. He died of a fever, the next year after the death of James I. His son William succeeded him, being the sixth earl of that family; he was then in the fourteenth year of his age, a young man of great hopes, if his education had been answerable to his ingenuity. But *flattery, which is the perpetual pest of great families*, corrupted his tender age, puffed up by entering so soon on his estate. For such men as were accustomed to idleness, and who made a gain of the folly and indiscretion of the rich, did magnify his father's magnificence, power, and almost more than royal retinue; and, by this means, they easily persuaded a plain, simple disposition, unarmed against such temptations, to maintain a great family, and to ride abroad with a train beyond the state of any other nobleman; so that he kept his old vassals about him, in their former offices, and obtained also new, by his profuse largesses; he also made knights and senators, and so distinguished

whom all did assent; so that an order was made, that every one should go home, and levy what force they could to besiege the castle of Edinburgh, from which they were not to depart till they had taken it. And that this might be accomplished with greater facility, the queen promised to send thither a great quantity of provision which she had in her store-houses in Fife; but dispatch was the main thing to be consulted at that juncture, while their counsels were yet private, and the enemy had no warning to provide things fit and necessary for a siege: And in the interim, they had no room to apprehend any thing from Douglas, who was, they knew, a mortal enemy to the chancellor; so that now, as they had all the power, treasure enough, and likewise the authority of the king's name (that being now taken from the chancellor) he could have no hope, no other resource, but to put himself upon their mercy.

Thus, the assembly being dissolved, all things were speedily provided for the expedition, and a close siege laid to the castle. The chancellor was acquainted well enough with their designs, but he placed the greatest hope of his safety, and of maintaining his dignity, in bringing over Douglas to concur with him in his defence.

For this end he sent humble suppliants to him, to acquaint him, ' That he would always be at his devotion if he would aid him in his present extremity; urging, that he was deceived if he thought that their cruelty would rest in the destruction of himself alone; but that they would make his overthrow as a step to destroy Douglas too.'

Douglas answered his message with more freedom than advantage, viz. ' That both Alexander and William were equally guilty of perfidiousness and avarice, and that their falling out was not for any point of virtue, or for the good of the public, but for their own private advantages, animosities, and feuds; and that it was no great matter which of them had the better in the dispute; nay, if they fell both in the contest, the public would be a great gainer by it; and that no good man would desire to see a happier sight, than two such fencers hacking and hewing one another.'

This answer being noised abroad in both armies (for the castle was already besieged) was the occasion of a peace being sooner clapt up, than any one thought was possible. A truce was made for two days, and Alexander and William had a meeting, where they debated it together, how dangerous it would be, both for their public and their private estates too, if they should persist in their hatred, even to a battle; insomuch as Douglas did but watch the event of the combat, that he might come fresh, and fall upon the conqueror, and by that politic means at-

He went aboard, and, with a fair gale, made for Stirling. The king's servants waited late in the morning, expecting still when he would awake, and arise out of bed; so that, before the fraud was detected, the ship was quite out of danger, and the wind was so favourable, that before the evening, they landed at Stirling. There the king and queen were received with great joy and mighty acclamations of the regent, and of all the promiscuous multitude. The craft of the queen was commended by all, and the great fame for wisdom which the chancellor had obtained, became now to be a ridicule, even to the vulgar. This rejoicing and thanksgiving of the populace lasted (as is usual) two days, and was celebrated with general shouts and acclamations of joy.

The third day, those of Alexander's faction came in, some out of new hopes, others invited by authority of the king's name; to whom, when the series of the project was declared in order; the courage of the queen, in undertaking the matter; her wisdom in carrying it on; and her happiness in effecting it, were extolled to the skies. The avarice, and universal cruelty of the chancellor, and especially his ingratitude to the queen and regent, were highly inveighed against. He was accused as the only author of all the disorders, and consequently of all the mischiefs arising from thence; moreover, that he had converted the public revenue to his own use; that he had violently seized on the estates of private persons, and what he could not carry away, he spoiled; that he alone had all the wealth, honour, and riches, when others were pining in ignominy, solitude, and want; these grievances, though great, yet were like to be seconded with more oppressive ones, unless, by God's aid and counsel, the queen had, no less valiantly than happily, freed the king out of prison, and so delivered others from the chancellor's tyranny; for, if he kept his king in prison, it was evident what private men might fear and expect from him. What hope could there ever be, that he would be reconciled to his adversaries, who had so perfidiously circumvented his friends? And how could the inferior sort expect relief from him, whose insatiable avarice, all their estates were not able to satisfy? And therefore, since by God's help, in the first place, and next, by the queen's sagacity, they were freed from his tyranny, all courses were to be taken that this joy might be perpetual: And to make so, there was but one way, which was to pull the man, as it were, by the ears, out of his castle, that nest of tyranny; and either kill him, or in such a manner to disarm him, that, for the future, he should not have the ability of doing them any more mischief; though (said they) merely disarming him was not a very good way, because such a savage as he, who had been accustomed to blood and rapine, would never be at quiet so long as the breath was in his body.

able to apply some remedy to these spreading evils. And, see this was a motherly care implanted in her by nature, she hoped would procure to her the envy of nobody: That, as for other parts of the government, she desired they might take it, who thought they were fit to manage and undergo so great a burden; but yet, that they would manage it so, as to remember, that they were to give an account to the king, when he came of age.

This harangue she made with a countenance so composed, that the chancellor was fully convinced of her sincerity; neither did he discover any thing in her train of followers, which gave him the least hint to suspect either fraud or force; so that hereupon he gave her free admission to her son when she pleased; and they were often alone together, and sometimes she staid with him all night in the castle. In the mean time, the artful woman frequently discoursed the governor about making up of matters between the parties; and she called also some of the contrary faction to the conferences; and thus she insinuated herself so far into the man, that he communicated freely with her touching almost all his affairs.

Having thus gained the chancellor, she easily persuades the young king to follow her, as the author of his liberty, out of this prison, and so to deliver himself out of the hands of a person who used the royal name for a cloke to his wickedness; who had monopolized all public offices to himself; and neglecting the good of the public, had highly advanced his own particular fortune. To bring this happily to pass, she told him there wanted only a will in him to hearken to the good counsel of his friends; and as for other matters, he might leave them to her care and management. By such kind of speeches, she, being his mother, and a sharp woman, easily persuaded him, who was her son, and but a youth, to put his whole trust and confidence in her; especially, seeing a freer condition of life was proposed to him.

Accordingly she, having prepared all things for their flight, went to the chancellor, and told him, that she would stay that night in the castle, but early in the morning she was to go to White-kirk (that was the name of the place) to perform a vow which she had made for the safety of her son, and in the mean time, commended him to his care, till she returned. He suspecting no deceit in her words, wished her a good journey and safe return, and so parted from her.

Hereupon (as was agreed before) the king was put into a coach wherein she was wont to put her woman's furniture, and, the next day, after, carried by faithful servants out of the castle to the sea at Leith. The queen followed after with a few attendants to prevent all suspicion: There, a ship lying ready to receive

(A. C. 143)

THE
HISTORY
OF
SCOTLAND.



BOOK XI.

JAMES II. *the hundred and third king.*

AFTER the punishment of the parricides, James the only son of the deceased king, as yet scarce entered into the seventh year of his age, began his reign on the 27th day of March, in the abbey of Holyrood-house at Edinburgh. The king being as yet not fit for government, there was a great dispute among the nobles, who should be elected viceroy or regent. Archibald, earl of Douglas, exceeded all the Scots at that time in wealth and power; but Alexander Livingston, and William Crichton, both of them of knightly families, bore the best character in point of authority, and in the fame which they got for their prudence in the administration of affairs in the then late reign. The nobility were unanimously inclined to give these two their votes, because they were jealous of Douglas his power, which was great enough to make even monarchs themselves uneasy at it. Accordingly Alexander Livingston was made regent, and William Crichton chancellor, which office he had borne under the former king. The nobility was scarce gone from the assembly, but presently factions arose: For while the chancellor kept close with the king in the castle, Edinburgh; and the regent with the queen, at Stirling; Douglas, fretting that he was put by in the last assembly, not knowing what faction he hated most, was well pleased to see all things in disorder; so that rather by his connivance, than consent, the men of Annandale, who were always accustomed to thieving and rapine, infested all the neighbouring parts, ransacked them, and carried off plunder, as if they had been in an enemy's country. And of it to the governors, they

ere under his regulation and power) but these not prevail-
they wrote others in a sharper style, to put him in mind
his duty; but he was so far from punishing past offences, that
he rather emboldened the offenders, by screening them from pu-
nishment; for he gave forth a command, that none of them
should obey the king's officers if they summoned them into courts
of justice, or performed any other act of magistracy; in regard,
as he alleged, that this exemption was a privilege granted to him
(they commonly call it Regale, or Royalty) by former kings; and
that if any one should go about to infringe it, it should cost him
his life.

The regent and the chancellor did bewail the state of things,
but they could not rectify it; so that the gangrene spread farther
and farther, and soon infected all those parts of Scotland which
lay within the Forth. And they themselves also disagreed, inso-
much that proclamations were publicly made in market towns
and villages, by Alexander, that no man should pay obedience to
the chancellor; and by the chancellor, that none should obey A-
lexander. And if a man addressed himself to either of them, to
complain of any wrongs, he was sure, at his return, to meet with
severe treatment from the men of the contrary faction; and mat-
ters were now and then carried with so high a hand, that the
complainant had his house fired about his ears, and was ruined to
all intents and purposes; so that both parties went beyond the
length of hostile fury, in their mutual butcheries of one another.
But the good men, who had joined neither faction, not knowing
well what to do, kept close at home, privately bewailing the de-
plorable state of their country. Thus, whilst every party sought
to strengthen itself, the public was neglected, and stood as it were
in the midst, forsaken and abandoned by every body.

The queen who was with the regent at Stirling, in order consi-
derably to strengthen her party, performed an attempt both bold
and manly. For she undertook a journey to Edinburgh, under
pretence of visiting her son, and so was admitted into the castle by
the chancellor. There she was courteously entertained, and, af-
ter some compliments had passed, her discourse turned upon a la-
mentation of the present state of the kingdom. She made a long
oration about the many and great mischiefs that flowed from this
public discord, as from a fountain of ills; and signified, That, for
her part, she had alwas endeavoured to compose all differences so,
if they could not attain to a perfect tranquillity, they might,
however, have some face of a civil government. But, seeing she
could not prevail, either by her authority or counsel, to do any
good abroad, and in a public manner, she was now come to try
what she could do privately; for she was resolved to try her
that her son, who was the hopes of the kingdom, should be
instructed in a liberal education.