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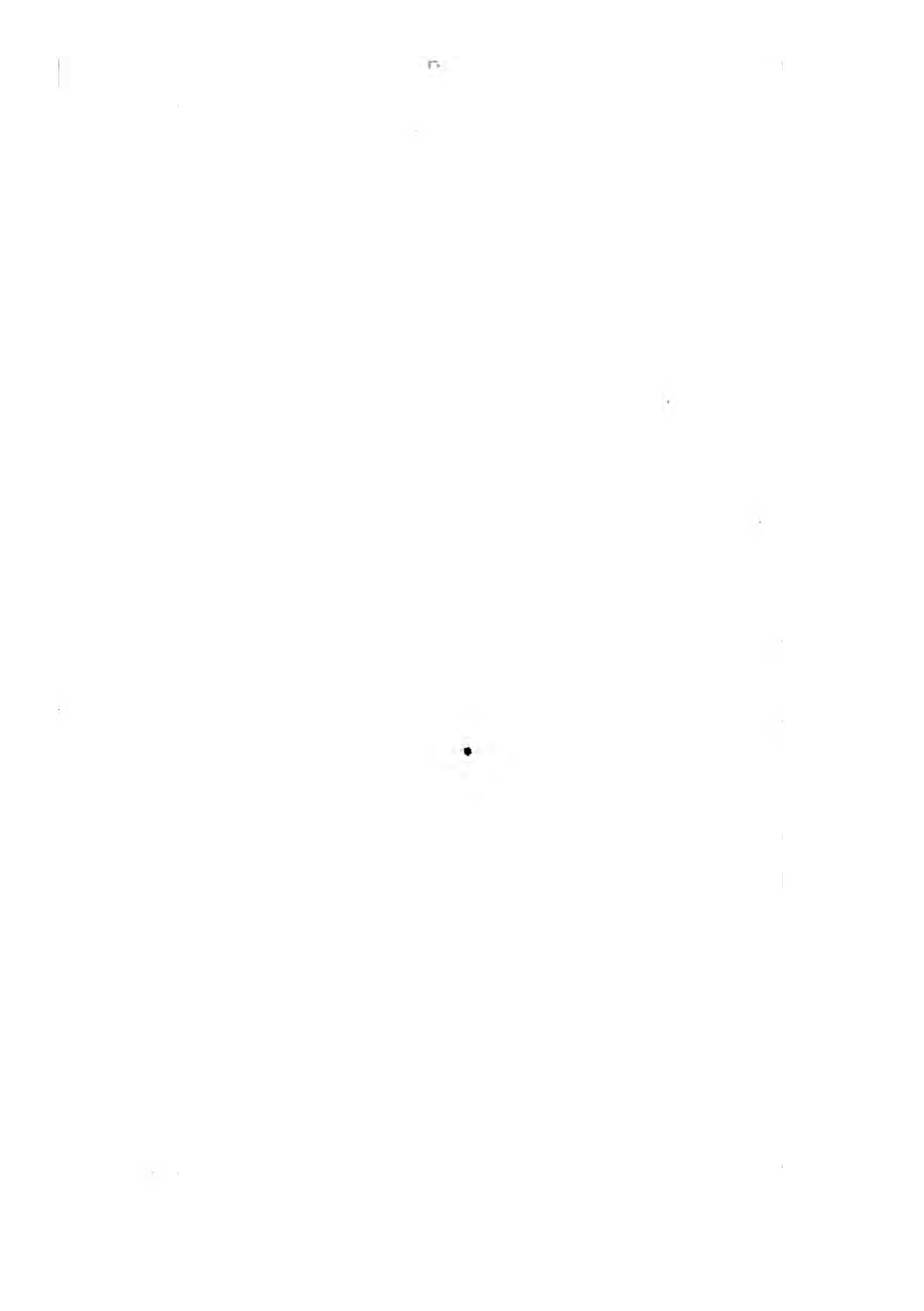
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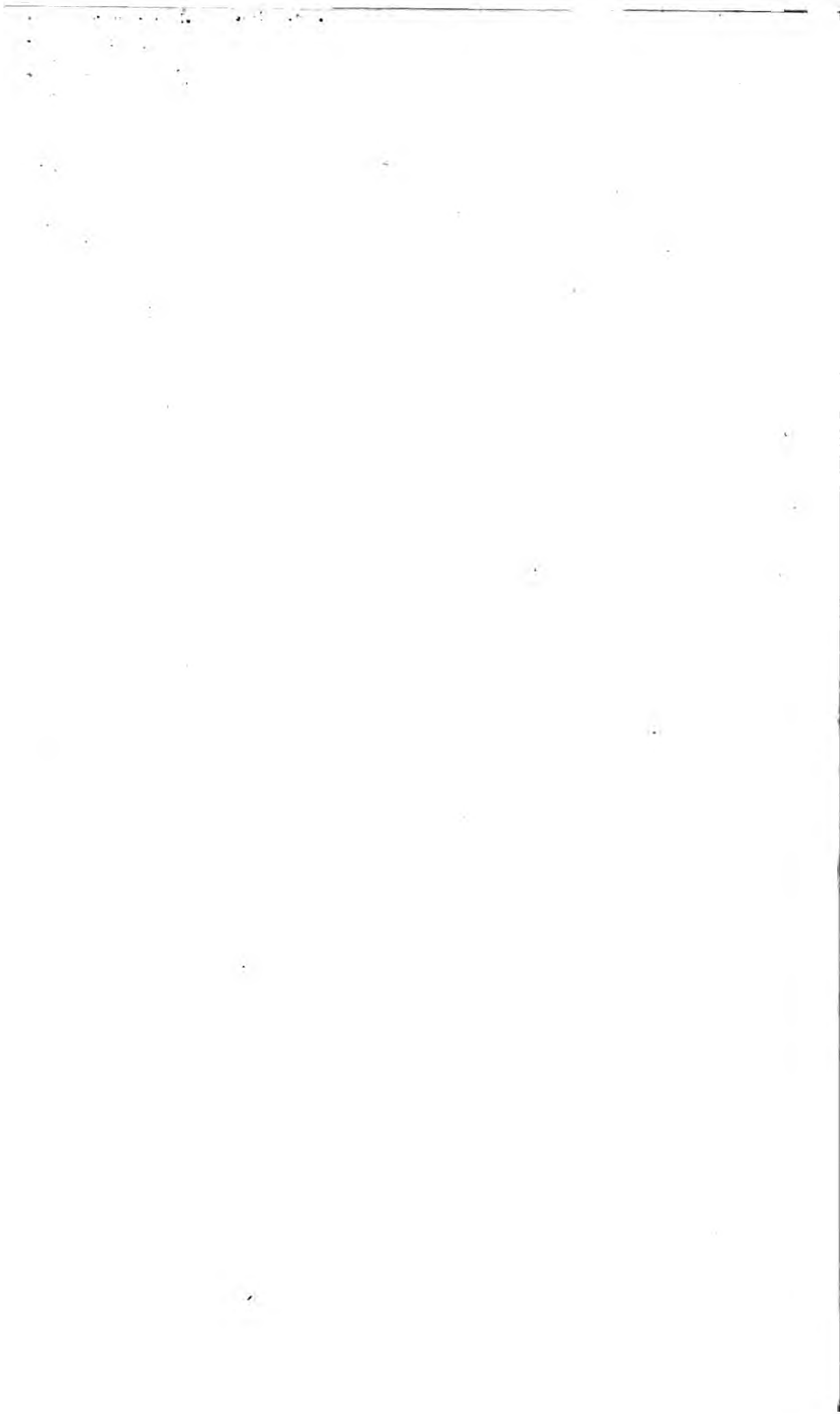
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N. H. Martin



O S O R I O

A TRAGEDY

As Originally Written in 1797

BY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM A COPY RECENTLY DISCOVERED BY THE
PUBLISHER WITH THE VARIORUM READINGS OF "REMORSE"
AND A MONOGRAPH ON THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY
IN ITS EARLIER AND LATER FORM BY THE
AUTHOR OF "TENNYSONIANA"



LONDON

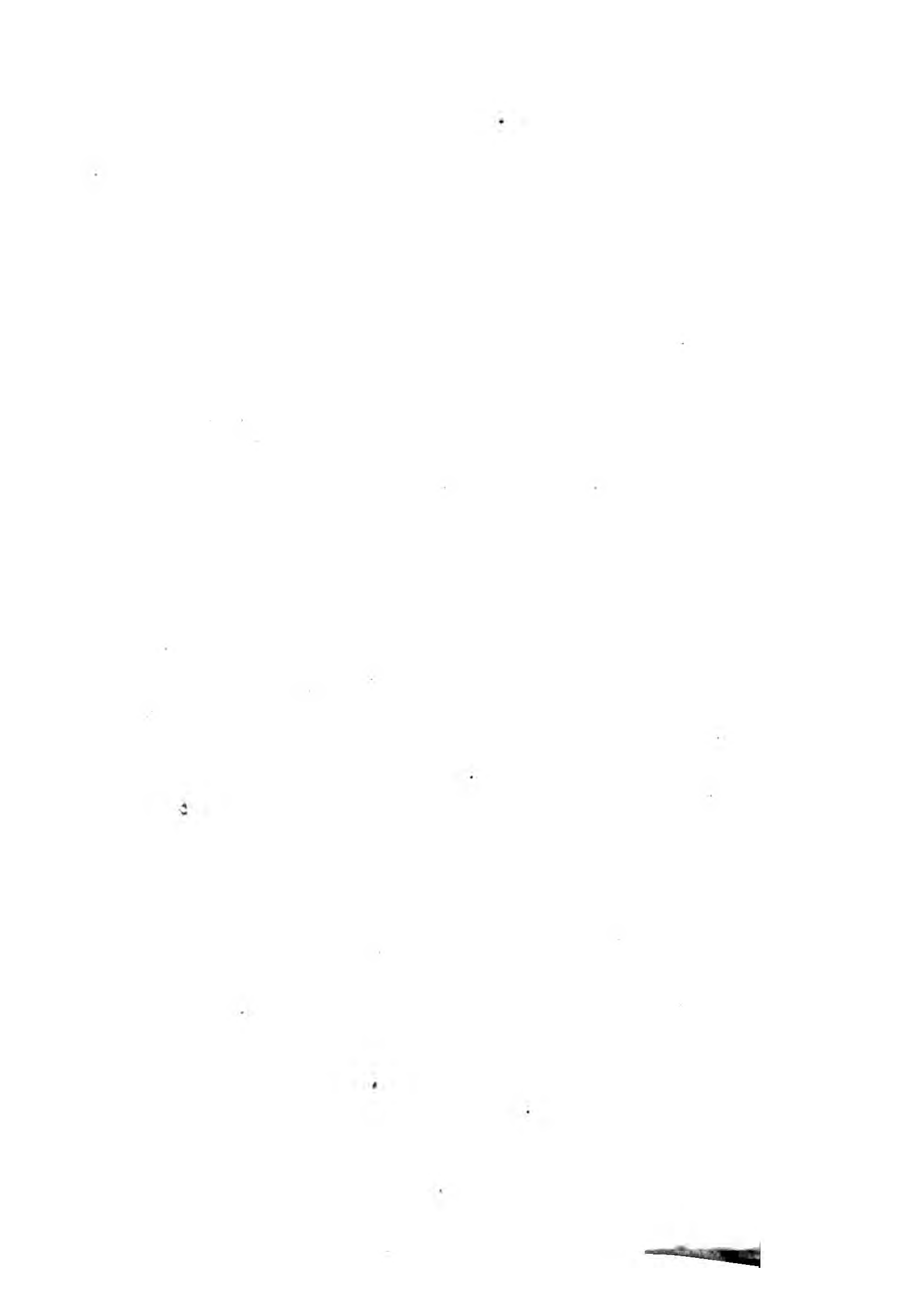
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DEDICATED,
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BY HIS
OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,
THE PUBLISHER.

York Street, Covent Garden.
August, 1873.



A Monograph on
COLERIDGE'S "OSORIO."

IN the summer of 1797 two of the greatest of modern English poets, Coleridge and Wordsworth, met for the first time at Racedown in Dorsetshire. Wordsworth was in his twenty-eighth and Coleridge in his twenty-fifth year, in the spring-tide of his creative faculty. He had come over on a visit to Wordsworth from Nether-Stowey in Somersetshire, where he had been engaged in writing the tragedy of *Osorio*. Wordsworth was also occupied with a tragedy, *The Borderers*, which was completed in the following November, offered to the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, and summarily rejected by them, and which only saw the light forty-five years afterwards.

The story of the fortunes and misfortunes of Coleridge's *Osorio*, with which alone we are concerned here, will take longer to tell.

Charles Lamb writes to Coleridge (June 13th, 1797):—"Lloyd tells me that Sheridan put you upon writing your tragedy. I hope you are only Coleridgeizing when you talk of finishing it in a few days. Shakespeare was a more modest man; but you best know your own power."

During the time of the visit above-mentioned, Miss Wordsworth writes from Racedown to a friend:—"After tea he (Coleridge) repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy, *Osorio*." Coleridge writing at the time of this visit to his friend Cottle (June, 1797) says:—"He (Wordsworth) admires my tragedy, which gives me great hopes."

In a letter received by Cottle from Coleridge soon after, he says:—"I shall now stick close to my tragedy (called *Osorio*), and when I have finished it, shall walk to Shaftesbury to spend a few days with Bowles." This letter, as was usual, has no date, but a letter from Wordsworth determines about the time when Coleridge had nearly completed his play. Wordsworth says, under date September 13, 1797:—"Coleridge is gone over to Bowles with his tragedy, which he has finished to the

middle of the fifth Act. He set off a week ago."*

In the meantime, Wordsworth himself was hard at work on *The Borderers*. Both the poets, however, were doomed to witness the disappointment of their hopes.

"William's play," says Miss Wordsworth (20th Nov., 1797), "is finished, and sent to the managers of the Covent Garden Theatre. We have not the faintest expectation that it will be accepted." On 21st Dec. she writes:—"We have been in London: our business was the play; and the play is rejected. It was sent to one of the principal actors at Covent Garden, who expressed great approbation, and advised William strongly to go to London to make certain alterations." "Coleridge's play," she adds, "is also rejected;" and for this she expresses great sorrow and disappointment.

In the following year (1798) two scenes from *Osorio*, under the titles of *The Dungeon* and *The Foster-Mother's Tale*, were published, together with other pieces by Coleridge, in the volume of *Lyrical*

* *Early Recollections, chiefly relating to the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, during his long residence in Bristol.* By Joseph Cottle. Lond., 1837. Pp. 234, 235.

Ballads which he produced conjointly with Wordsworth. Here, with the omission of some of the opening lines of the latter scene, they continued to appear in the successive editions of 1800, 1802, and 1805.

“The manuscript of *Osorio*,” says Mr. Gillman, “had been sent to Sheridan, who did not even acknowledge the receipt of the letter which accompanied the drama; he, however, observed to a friend that he had received a play from Coleridge, but there was one extraordinary line in the Cave Scene, *drip, drip*, which he could not understand: ‘in short,’ said he, ‘it is all dripping.’ This was the only notice he took of the play; but the comment was at length repeated to the author through the medium of a third party.”*

In reference to this celebrated story, the accomplished daughter of the poet writes as follows:—

“The ‘dripping,’ whatever its unction may once have been, is stale enough now; but the story has freshness in it yet. Such neglects as that of Mr. Sheridan in not returning the MS. of *Remorse* are always excusable in public men of great and

* Gillman's *Life of Coleridge* (Pickering, 1838), p. 265.

various occupation; but the lesson to the literary aspirant is just the same as if he had been ever so blameable.

"I repeat this story as told by Mr. Coleridge himself, because it has been otherwise told by others. I have little doubt that it was more pointedly than faithfully told to him, and can never believe that Mr. Sheridan represented a ludicrous line as a fair specimen of the whole play, or his tenacious adherence to it as the reason for its rejection. . . . However, in lighter moods, my father laughed at Sheridan's joke as much as any of his auditors could have done in 1806, and repeated with great effect and mock solemnity,

"'Drip!—Drip!—Drip!—nothing but dripping.'

When first written this play had been called *Osorio*, from the principal character, whose name my father afterwards improved into *Ordonio*. I believe he in some degree altered, if he did not absolutely recast, the three last acts after the failure with Mr. Sheridan, who probably led him to see their unfitness for theatrical representation. But of this point I have not certain knowledge. . . . After all, I am happy to think that this drama is a strain of *poetry*, and like all, not only

dramatic poems, but highly poetic dramas, not to be fully appreciated on the stage.”*

On the stage, nevertheless, after a lapse of fifteen years, it was destined to be performed with brilliant success, at the very theatre where it had before been so ignominiously rejected. This happy result was owing mainly to the good offices of Lord Byron, whose interest at the newly-rebuilt house secured its acceptance. The generous aid so opportunely extended by the noble poet to his less fortunate brother is one of the pleasantest episodes in the history of the much-maligned author of *Childe Harold*.

In Crabb Robinson's Diary we find the following entry, under date Nov. 3rd, 1812:—"Coleridge informs me that his tragedy is accepted at Drury Lane. Whitbread admires it exceedingly, and Arnold, the manager, is confident of its success."

Under date "Keswick, Jan. 17, 1813," Southey writes to his friend C. W. Wynn:—"Coleridge's tragedy, which Sheridan and Kemble rejected fifteen years ago, will come out in about a fortnight at Drury Lane."

* *Biographical Supplement to the Biographia Literaria* (1847). By the late Sara Coleridge. Pp. 412—415.

After its successful appearance, Southey wrote to Grosvenor Bedford (Jan. 27, 1813):—"I never doubted that Coleridge's play would meet with a triumphant reception. Be it known and remembered hereafter, that this self-same play, having had no other alterations made in it now than Coleridge was willing to have made in it then, was rejected in 1797 by Sheridan and Kemble. Had these sapient caterers for the public brought it forward at that time, it is by no means improbable that the author might have produced a play as good every season; with my knowledge of Coleridge's habits I verily believe he would."*

The tragedy, which had been remodelled with a view to stage effect, was performed for the first time, under the title of *Remorse*, at Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday, Jan. 23, 1813. The Prologue was written by Charles Lamb, and the Epilogue by the author himself. The success was immediate and decisive, and the play had a run of twenty nights. The cast of the characters was as follows:—

* *Southey's Life and Correspondence* (Lond., 1850), iv., 12, 13.

MARQUIS VALDEZ, Father to the two } brothers, and Donna Teresa's Guardian	MR. POPE.
DON ALVAR, the eldest son	MR. ELLISTON.
DON ORDONIO, the youngest son	MR. RAE.
MONVIEDRO, a Dominican and Inquisitor.	MR. POWELL.
ZULIMEZ, the faithful attendant on Alvar.	MR. CROOKE.
ISIDORE, a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a } Christian	MR. DE CAMP.
FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.	
NAOMI	MR. WALLACK.
MOORS AND SERVANTS, &c.	
DONNA TERESA, an Orphan Heiress... ..	MISS SMITH.
ALHADRA, wife to Isidore	MRS. GLOVER.

Crabb Robinson thus records his presence on the first night:—

“Jan. 23rd, 1813.—In the evening at Drury Lane, to see the first performance of Coleridge's tragedy, *Remorse*. My interest for the play was greater than *in* the play, and my anxiety for its success took from me the feeling of a mere spectator. I have no hesitation in saying that its poetical is far greater than its dramatic merit, that it owes its success rather to its faults than to its beauties, and that it will have for its less meritorious qualities applause which is really due to its excellences. Coleridge's great fault is that he indulges before the public in those metaphysical and philosophical speculations which are becoming only in solitude or with select minds. His two principal characters are philosophers of

Coleridge's own school; the one a sentimental moralist, the other a sophisticated villain—both are dreamers. Two experiments made by Alvar on his return, the one on his mistress by relating a dream, and the other when he tries to kindle remorse in the breast of Ordonio, are too fine-spun to be intelligible. So when Ordonio enigmatically reproaches Isidore with his guilt, he tries the cunning of his audience to find out his drift. However, in spite of these faults, of the improbability of the action, of the clumsy contrivance with the picture, and the too ornate and poetic diction throughout, the tragedy was received with great and almost unmixed applause, and was announced for repetition without any opposition."

The following notice in the *Examiner** we may suppose to have been written by Leigh Hunt:—
"The fable is managed and developed with a rapidity which never languishes, an intelligibility which a child might follow, and a surprise which would keep awake the most careless attention. The skill, indeed, with which the situations are disposed, so as to create effect, would have done honour to a veteran dramatist; for this, we suppose, Mr. Coleridge is indebted to his

* January 31, 1813.

acquaintance with the German drama, which, in the hands of Schiller at least, redeems all its faults by its excellence, and among its other striking beauties, abounds in the picturesque. We never saw more interest excited in a theatre than was expressed at the sorcery-scene in the third act. The altar flaming in the distance, the solemn invocation, the pealing music of the mystic song, altogether produced a combination so awful as nearly to overpower reality, and make one half believe the enchantment which delighted our senses. The characters most laboured by the author are Ordonio and Alhadra. Both are developed with a force of thinking and a power of poetry which have been long strangers to the stage, and the return of which we hail as the omen of better days. In none of his works has Mr. Coleridge exhibited so much of his sentimental and descriptive power, so little deformed with his peculiar affectations. His images have his usual truth and originality without their usual meanness: his tenderness is as exquisite as in his best pieces, and does not degenerate into his usual whining."

The following criticism of *Remorse* is from the *Times* of Monday, Jan. 25, 1813:—

"The drama was presented for the first time on Saturday, and called, or in the more scrupulous phrase of the author, *is to be called, Remorse*. The plot was singularly involved and laboured. . . .

"Mr. Coleridge is a poet, and it would be next to impossible that a work of his could be utterly destitute of poetic value; but he is one of a school whose conceptions scorn the bounds of humble taste, and his 'vaulting ambition hath o'erleapt them all.' There are, however, intermingled with those fierce ventures, occasional passages of true poetic cadence. The speech of the Moresco woman, describing her imprisonment, is a strong and deep picture of feelings that could scarcely be coloured too strongly. Her story of her husband's murder is finely told; her eager listening,—her hearing his last groan from the bottom of the chasm,—her finding his sword,—and her solemn determination to have blood for blood, did honour to the capacity that conceived and expressed them; and in defiance of the foolish blasphemy, in which she is made to talk about 'plucking the dead out of Heaven,' and other exploded plagiarisms from the German school, the whole dialogue of the part received great applause.

. . . . " We speak with restraint and unwillingly of the defects of a work which must have cost its author so much labour. We are peculiarly reluctant to touch the anxieties of a man who has already exhibited talent, and whose various acquirements and manly application of them deserve the favour of those who value literature. But to conceal the truth is only to do final injury, and it must be acknowledged that this drama has sins, nay, a multitude, almost beyond the covering of charity. Its first fault is its unwieldy length : it was almost five hours long. Its next is its passion for laying hold of everything that could allow an apology for a description. Murderers stop short with the dagger in their hands to talk of 'roses on mountain sides;' fathers start back from their children to moralise; and a lover, in the outrage of disappointed love, lingers to tell at what hour of the day he parted from his mistress,—how she smiled, and how the sun smiled,—how its light fell upon the valleys, and the sheep, and the vineyards, and the lady,—and *how red her tears were* in 'the slant beam.' This may be poetical, but it has no connexion with the plain, rapid, and living truth of the drama. There is an essential difference in those two

branches of the art. With the mere poet, time is as nothing,—he may wonder and rest, and indulge his eye—like a pilgrim offer his hymn at every shrine by the way—and then resume his sandals and his staff, and pace onward to the altar of his patron. To the dramatist, time is as everything. He has not a moment to waste,—he carries an important mission,—life and death are hanging on his steps,—and he must speed forward without venturing to turn his eye from that spot in the horizon which at every moment enlarges as he speeds, and where his coming is to agitate or appease so many hearts. We are slow to speak of faults as applied to this writer: but he has not yet learned this value of time. His plot is intolerably curved and circuitous, indistinct beyond all power of pleasurable apprehension, and broken beyond all reach of continued interest.

“The Prologue was, we hope, by some ‘d——d good-natured friend,’ who had an interest in injuring the play;* it was abominable. The

* Poor Lamb! One can imagine the mingled dismay and amusement with which he must have read the above pleasant piece of criticism; and the jokes that were doubtless cut on the subject at his next Wednesday evening supper.—ED.

Epilogue seemed to come from the same hand, and had precisely the same merits. It seemed to be composed for the express purpose of trying how many pure stupidities might be comprised in fifty lines, and how far Miss Smith's popularity might be proof against her performance. This specimen of her recitation was singularly lachrymose and lamentable. The applause was violent at the fall of the curtain."

The *Morning Post* of the same date says:—"The Epilogue is lively, and makes several happy hits at some of the reigning follies of the day."

The *Theatrical Inquisitor* for February, 1813, says:—"The Prologue and Epilogue were among the most stupid productions of the modern muse; the former was in all probability a Rejected Address, for it contained many eulogiums on the beauty and magnificence of the 'dome' of Drury; talked of the waves being not quite dry, and expressed the happiness of the bard at being the first whose muse had soared within its limits. More stupid than the doggerel of Twiss, and more affected than the pretty verses of Miles Peter Andrews, the Epilogue proclaimed its author and the writer of the Prologue to be *par nobile fratrum, in rival dulness* both pre-eminent."

On Feb. 14, 1813, Coleridge wrote thus to his friend Poole:—"The receipt of your heart-engendered lines was sweeter than an unexpected strain of sweetest music;—or in humbler phrase, it was the only pleasurable sensation which the success of the *Remorse* has given me. . . . No grocer's apprentice, after his first month's permitted riot, was ever sicker of figs and raisins than I of hearing about the *Remorse*. The endless rat-a-tat-tat at our black-and-blue bruised door, and my three master fiends, proof-sheets, letters, —and worse than these—invitations to large dinners, which I cannot refuse without offence and imputation of pride (&c.), oppress me so that my spirits quite sink under it. I have never seen the play since the first night. It has been a good thing for the theatre. They will get eight or ten thousand pounds by it, and I shall get more than by all my literary labours put together; nay, thrice as much."

Two years after the success of *Remorse*, Lord Byron wrote to Coleridge from "Piccadilly, March 13, 1815," urging him to make a second attempt:—"In Kean there is an actor worthy of expressing the thoughts of the characters which you have every power of embodying, and I cannot but

regret that the part of Ordonio was disposed of before his appearance at Drury Lane. We have had nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with *Remorse* for very many years, and I should think that the reception of that play was sufficient to encourage the highest hopes of author and audience."

With the calmer criticism which the lapse of half a century brings, Mr. Swinburne writes of *Remorse* in these measured terms:—"There is little worth praise or worth memory in the *Remorse* except such casual fragments of noble verse as may readily be detached from the loose and friable stuff in which they lie imbedded. In the scene of the incantation, in the scene of the dungeon, there are two such pure and precious fragments of gold. In the part of Alhadra there are lofty and sonorous interludes of declamation and reflection. The characters are flat and shallow; the plot is at once languid, violent, and heavy."*

In the original *Osorio*, however, these "fragments of noble verse" are much more numerous and frequent than in the play as remodelled to suit the exigencies of the stage. Speaking of the

* Swinburne's *Essay on Coleridge* (1869), xiv., xv.

beautiful scene from the first draft of the tragedy, the Foster-Mother's Tale, and of another fragment omitted in the drama, but printed in an appendix to the later editions, the poet's surviving son thus writes:—"Both these scenes appear more or less necessary for the perfect understanding of the plot. If there were many such curtailments, or if for the sake of a more rapid action the reflective character of the piece were in any degree sacrificed, it might almost be regretted that the rejected *Osorio*, for such was the original title, had not been preserved as it came from the author's pen."*

Now that the original *Osorio* is at length given to the world, and placed beyond the chance of future loss, the reader will see that *there were many such curtailments*, amounting not only to innumerable verbal differences, all the most important of which are indicated in footnotes, but to the omission of whole scenes of great poetic beauty and the entire remodelling of others. Preserved from destruction by one of those strange and unaccountable freaks of chance or fortune which

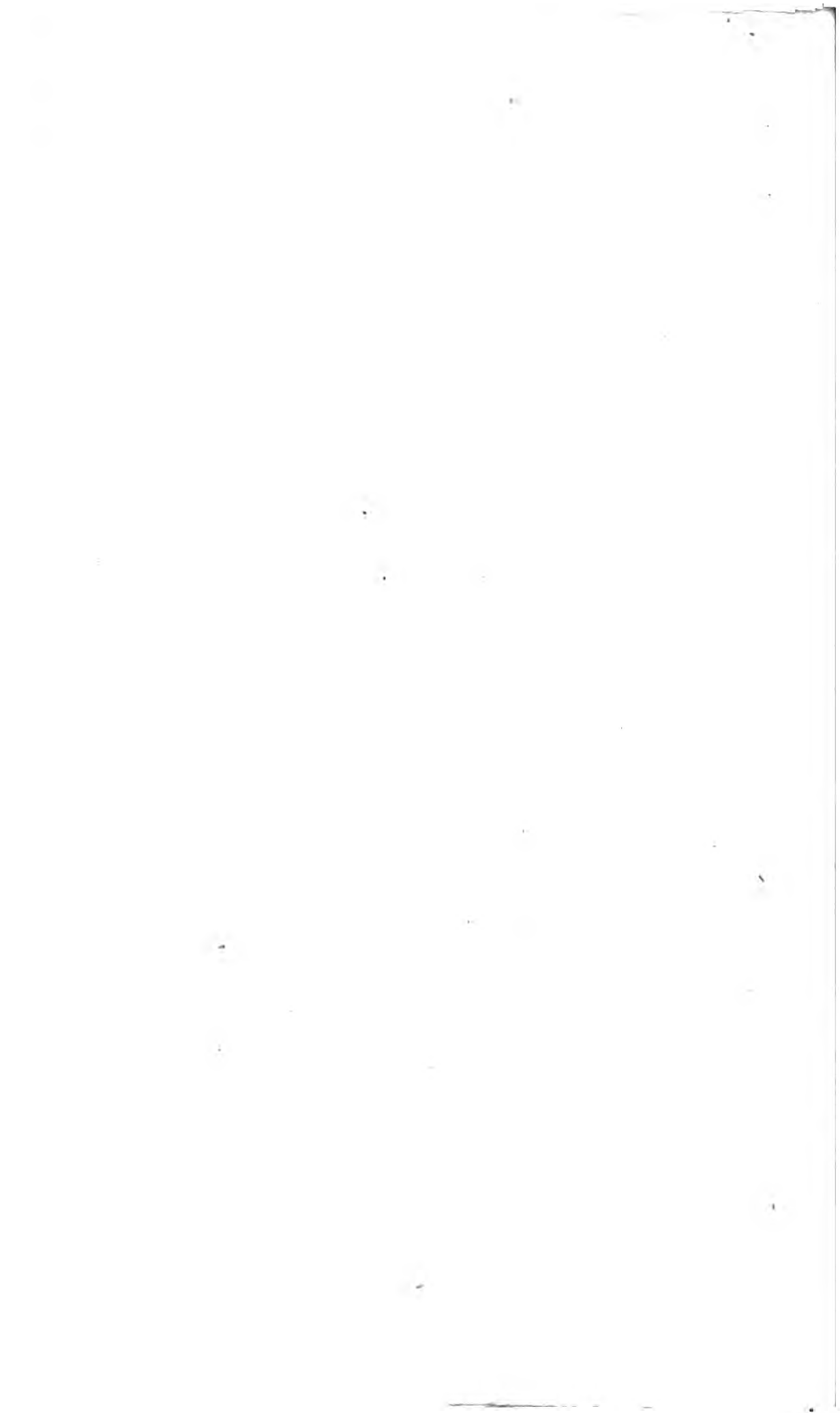
* Preface to the *Dramatic Works of S. T. Coleridge*, by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge (1852).

seem little short of miraculous, the transcript of *Osorio*, retained and treated with such contumely by Sheridan, and long supposed to be lost, has come forth from its hiding-place and reached our hands. In giving publicity to this interesting relic of one of the greatest of modern English poets, we shall be doing a service to all who love noble verse, and to all who honour and reverence the name of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

[The Publisher desires gratefully to acknowledge the kind suggestions received from the poet's son, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, in the course of the present undertaking.]

OSORIO:

A TRAGEDY.



O S O R I O :

A TRAGEDY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE.—*The sea shore on the coast of Granada.**

VELEZ, MARIA.

MARIA.

I hold Osorio dear : he is your son,
And Albert's brother.

VELEZ.

Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

MARIA.

I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord
Velez !

* For the opening scene added in the published *Remorse*, see Appendix at the end of this volume.

But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Albert, be he dead or living.

VELEZ.

Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves ;
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts !
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee
to me :

I held thee in mine arms,* a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fix'd her faint eyes on mine : ah, not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

MARIA.

There are woes
Ill-barter'd for the garishness of joy !
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean ;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant sea-breeze,

* In my arms.—*Remorse* (1813).

To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight; if it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Albert there;
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the bless'd meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell
 them:

(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and play'd the self-same tune
He used to play, and listen'd to the shadow
Herself had made); if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died—died, just ere his return;
Then see him listening to my constancy;
And hover round, as he at midnight ever*
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Albert's sire! if this be wretchedness

* Or hover round, as he at midnight oft.—*Remorse.*

That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
 If in a most assured reality
 He should return, and see a brother's infant
 Smile at him from *my* arms?

[*Clasping her forehead.*

O what a thought?*

'Twas horrible! it pass'd my brain like lightning.

VELEZ.

'Twere horrible, if but one doubt remain'd
 The very week he promised his return.

MARIA.

Ah, what a busy joy was ours—to see him
 After his three years' travels! tho' that absence
 His still-expected, never-failing letters
 Almost endear'd to me! Even then what
 tumult!†

* The line following is omitted in *Remorse*, and the reply of Valdez runs:—

“A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought,
 The very week, &c.”

† The above speech is thus altered in *Remorse*:—

Ter. (abruptly.) Was it not then a busy joy? to see him
 After those three years' travels! we had no fears—
 The frequent tidings, the ne'er-failing letter,
 Almost endear'd his absence! Yet the gladness,
 The tumult of our joy! What then if now——

VELEZ.

O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant dreams—
Hectic and unrefresh'd with rest.

MARIA [*with great tenderness*].

My father!

VELEZ.

Aye, 'twas the morning thou didst try to cheer me
With a fond gaiety. My heart was bursting,
And yet I could not tell me, how my sleep
Was throng'd with swarthy faces, and I saw
The merchant-ship in which my son was captured—
Well, well, enough—captured in sight of land—
We might almost have seen it from our house-top!

MARIA [*abruptly*].

He did not perish there!

VELEZ [*impatiently*].

Nay, nay—how aptly thou forgett'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn—my brave Osorio
Saw them both founder in the storm that parted

Him and the pirate : both the vessels founder'd.*
Gallant Osorio !

[*Pauses, then tenderly.*

O belov'd Maria,

Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous
Albert

And most delight his spirit, go and make †
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave with joy !

MARIA.

For mercy's sake

Press me no more. I have no power to love him !

* *Ter.* (*with great tenderness.*) My father !

Vald. The sober truth is all too much for me !

I see no sail which brings not to my mind
The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
By the Algerine—to perish with his captors !

Ter. Oh no ! he did not !

Vald. Captured in sight of land !

From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch tower
We might have seen——

Ter. His capture, not his death.

Vald. Alas ! how aptly thou forgett'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn ! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
And thus twice snatch'd a brother from his hopes.—*Remorse.*

† Go thou, make.—*Ib.*

His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow
Chill me, like dew-damps of the unwholesome
night.

My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.

VELEZ.

You wrong him, maiden.
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toil'd to smother. 'Twas not well—
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roamed the coast of Afric for your Albert.
It was not well—you have moved me even to tears.

MARIA.

O pardon me, my father! pardon me.
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but dream of one*
Who aims to rival Albert. Were we not
Born on one day, like twins of the same parent?

* If I but hear of one.—*Remorse.*

Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
 A six years' absence is an heavy thing;
 Yet still the hope survives——

VELEZ [*looking forwards*].

Hush—hush! Maria.

MARIA.

It is Francesco, our Inquisitor;
 That busy man, gross, ignorant, and cruel!

Enter FRANCESCO and ALHADRA.

FRANCESCO [*to VELEZ*].

Where is your son, my lord! Oh! here he comes.*

Enter OSORIO.

My Lord Osorio! this Moresco woman
 (Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

* The three preceding speeches are thus altered in
Remorse :—

Vald. (*looking forwards.*) Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

Ter. The Inquisitor, on some new scent of blood!

Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.

Monv. (*having first made his obeisance to VALDEZ and
 TERESA.*) Peace and the truth be with you!

Good, my lord,

My present need is with your son.

(*Looking forward.*)

We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

OSORIO.

Hail, reverend father! What may be the
business?

FRANCESCO.

O the old business—a Mohammedan!
The officers are in her husband's house,
And would have taken him, but that he mention'd
Your name, asserting that you were his friend,
Aye, and would warrant him a Catholic.
But I know well these children of perdition,
And all their idle falsehoods to gain time;
So should have made the officers proceed,
But that this woman with most passionate outcries,
(Kneeling and holding forth her infants to me)
So work'd upon me, who (you know, my lord!)
Have human frailties, and am tender-hearted,
That I came with her.

OSORIO.

You are merciful.*

[*Looking at ALHADRA.*]* Thus in *Remorse* :—*Ordon.* Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

Mon. My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To their false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the Inquisition

I would that I could serve you ; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

[ALHADRA is about to speak, but is interrupted by

FRANCESCO.

Aye, aye—I thought so ;
And so I said to one of the familiars.
A likely story, said I, that Osorio,
The gallant nobleman, who fought so bravely
Some four years past against these rebel Moors ;
Working so hard from out the garden of faith
To eradicate these weeds detestable ;
That he should countenance this vile Moresco,

Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Tho' lessen'd by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevail'd with me that——

Ord. Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services.
(then to ALHADRA.

I would that I could serve you ; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

Nay, be his friend—and warrant him, forsooth !
Well, well, my lord ! it is a warning to me ;*
Now I return.

ALHADRA.

My lord, my husband's name
Is Ferdinand : you may remember it.
Three years ago—three years this very week—
You left him at Almeria.

FRANCESCO [*triumphantly*].

Palpably false !
This very week, three years ago, my lord !
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and fought the Moorish fiends
Who took and murder'd your poor brother
Albert.†

* Thus in *Remorse* :—

Mon. My mind foretold me
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel !
The guarantee of a Moresco's faith !
Now I return.

† You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar !—*Remorse*.

[**MARIA** looks at **FRANCESCO** with disgust and horror. **OSORIO**'s appearance to be collected from the speech that follows].

FRANCESCO [to **VELEZ** and pointing to **OSORIO**].

What? is he ill, my lord? How strange he looks?

VELEZ [*angrily*].

You started on him too abruptly, father!
The fate of one, on whom you know he doted.

OSORIO [*starting as in a sudden agitation*].

O heavens! I doted!

[*Then, as if recovering himself.*

Yes! I DOTED on him!

[**OSORIO** walks to the end of the stage. **VELEZ** follows soothing him.]

MARIA [*her eye following them*].

I do not, cannot love him. Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me—yet I feel it!

FRANCESCO.

The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return—in very truth I grieve

To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me,
woman!

ALHADRA [*to MARIA*].

O gentle lady, make the father stay
Till that my lord recover.* I am sure
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

MARIA.

Stay, father, stay—my lord will soon recover.
[*OSORIO and VELEZ returning.*]

OSORIO [*to VELEZ as they return*].

Strange! that this Francesco
Should have the power so to distemper me.

VELEZ.

Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

FRANCESCO [*to OSORIO*].

My lord, I truly grieve—

OSORIO.

Tut! name it not.
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.

* Until my lord recover.—*Remorse.*

As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him :
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.

FRANCESCO.

I hope, my lord, your sensibility*
Doth not prevail.

OSORIO.

Nay, nay. You know me better.
You hear what I have said. But 'tis a trifle.
I had something here of more importance.
[Touching his forehead as if in the act of recollection.

Hah !

The Count Mondejar, our great general,
Writes, that the bishop we were talking of
Has sicken'd dangerously.

FRANCESCO.

Even so.

OSORIO.

I must return my answer.

FRANCESCO.

When, my lord ?

* Your merely human pity.—*Remorse.*

OSORIO.

To-morrow morning, and shall not forget
How bright and strong your zeal for the Catholic
faith.

FRANCESCO.

You are too kind, my lord! You overwhelm me.

OSORIO.

Nay, say not so. As for this Ferdinand,*
'Tis certain that he *was* a Catholic.
What changes may have happen'd in three years,
I cannot say, but grant me this, good father!
I'll go and sift him :† if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.

FRANCESCO.

My lord you have it.‡

* The twelve preceding lines are omitted in the printed *Remorse*, which runs on :—

Mon. I hope, my lord, your merely human pity
Doth not prevail——

Ord. 'Tis certain that he *was* a Catholic, &c.

† Myself I'll sift him.—*Remorse*.

‡ This speech is thus amplified in *Remorse* :—

Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

OSORIO [*to ALHADRA*].

I will attend you home within an hour.
Meantime return with us, and take refreshment.*

ALHADRA.

Not till my husband's free, I may not do it.
I will stay here.

MARIA [*aside*].

Who is this Ferdinand ?

VELEZ.

Daughter !

MARIA.

With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter a few minutes, and then join you.†

[*Exeunt VELEZ, FRANCESCO, and OSORIO.*

ALHADRA.

Hah ! there he goes. A bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse !

[*ALHADRA had been betrayed by the warmth of her feelings into an imprudence. She checks herself, yet recollecting MARIA'S manner towards FRANCESCO, says in a shy and distrustful manner*]

You hate him, don't you, lady !

* The second line of this speech is assigned to Valdez in *Remorse*.

† I'll loiter yet awhile t' enjoy the sea breeze.—*Remorse*.

MARIA.

Nay, fear me not! my heart is sad for you.

ALHADRA.

These fell Inquisitors, these sons of blood!
As I came on, his face so madden'd me
That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger
And half unsheathed it.

MARIA.

Be more calm, I pray you.

ALHADRA.

And as he stalk'd* along the narrow path
Close on† the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager.
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his foul officers‡ held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge
And hurl'd him down the ragged precipice,
O—it had been most sweet!

MARIA.

Hush, hush! for shame.

Where is your woman's heart?

* walk'd—*Remorse*.

† Close by.—*Ib.*

‡ his familiars.—*Ib.*

OSORIO :

ALHADRA.

O gentle lady!

You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
 Many and strange. Besides I am a Christian,
 And they do never pardon,* 'tis their faith!

MARIA.

Shame fall on those who so have shown it to
 thee!

ALHADRA.

I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me!
 Five years ago, and he was the prime agent.
 Five years ago the Holy Brethren seized me.

MARIA.

What might your crime be?

ALHADRA.

Solely my complexion.†

They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
 Into a dungeon of their prison house.
 There was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
 No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,

* Christians never pardon.—*Remorse.*

† I was a Moresco!

They cast me, &c.—*Ib.*

It was a toil to breathe it! I have seen
 The gaoler's lamp, the moment that he enter'd,
 How the flame sunk at once down to the socket.*
 O miserable, by that lamp to see
 My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
 Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
 My rage had dried away its natural food!
 In darkness I remain'd, counting the clocks†
 Which haply told me that the blessed sun
 Was rising on my garden. When I dozed,
 My infant's moanings mingled with my dreams‡
 And waked me. If you were a mother, lady,
 I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
 And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
 That I have struck the innocent babe in anger!

MARIA.

O God! § it is too horrible to hear!

* It was a toil to breathe it! When the door,
 Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
 One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
 Cower'd as it enter'd and at once sank down.—*Remorse.*

† counting the bell.—*Ib.*

‡ with my slumbers.—*Ib.*

§ O Heaven! &c.—*Ib.*

ALHADRA.

What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it. Know you not
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you
heal?

Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
And whirlwinds fittest scatter pestilence.

MARIA.

You were at length deliver'd?*

ALHADRA.

Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven.
'Twas the first time my infant smiled! No more.
For if I dwell upon that moment, lady,
A fit comes on,† which makes me o'er again
All I then was, my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh
That you would start and shudder!

MARIA.

But your husband?

* You were at length released?—*Remorse.*

† A trance comes on.—*Ib.*

ALHADRA.

A month's imprisonment would kill him, lady!

MARIA.

Alas, poor man!

ALHADRA.

He hath a lion's courage,
But is not stern enough for fortitude.*
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships Nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all!

[*Enter ALBERT disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.*]

ALBERT [*not observing MARIA and ALHADRA*].

Three weeks have I been loitering here, nor ever
Have summon'd up my heart to ask one question,
Or stop one peasant passing on this way.†

MARIA.

Know you that man?

* He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance.—*Remorse*.

† This speech is omitted in *Remorse*.

ALHADRA.

His person, not his name.
 I doubt not, he is some Moresco chieftain
 Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.
 A week has scarcely pass'd since first I saw him ;
 He has new-roof'd the desolate old cottage
 Where Zagri lived—who dared avow the prophet
 And died like one of the faithful ! There he lives,
 And a friend with him.

MARIA.

Does he know his danger
 So near this seat ?

ALHADRA.

He wears the Moorish robes too,
 As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALBERT, who has walked
 to the back of the stage near the rocks. MARIA drops
 her veil.]

ALHADRA.

Gallant Moresco ! you are near the castle
 Of the Lord Velez, and hard by does dwell
 A priest, the creature of the Inquisition.*

* The four preceding speeches are thus altered in
Remorse :—

Ter. Know you that stately Moor ?

Alhad.

I know him not :

ALBERT [*retiring*].

You have mistaken me—I am a Christian.

ALHADRA [*to MARIA*].

He deems that we are plotting to ensnare him.
Speak to him, lady! none can hear *you* speak
And not believe you innocent of guile.

[ALBERT, *on hearing this, pauses and turns round.*

MARIA.

If aught enforce you to concealment, sir!

ALHADRA.

He trembles strangely.

[ALBERT *sinks down and hides his face in his garment.*]

But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.

Ter. The Alpuxarras? Does he know his danger,
So near this seat?

Alhad. He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA *advances to ALVAR, who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks. TERESA drops her veil.*]

Alhad. Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—

MARIA.

See—we have disturb'd him.

[*Approaches nearer to him.*

I pray you, think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows
healing.

I pray you, think us friends!

ALBERT [*raising his head*].

Calm—very calm ;

'Tis all too tranquil for reality!

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice.

That voice! that innocent voice! She is no
traitress!*

It was a dream, a phantom of my sleep,

A lying dream.

[*He starts up, and abruptly addresses her.*

Maria! you are not wedded?

MARIA [*haughtily to ALHADRA*].

Let us retire.

[*They advance to the front of the stage.*

ALHADRA.

He is indeed a Christian.

* The rest of the speech is omitted in *Remorse*.

† The rest of this speech and the two following speeches
are omitted in *Remorse*.

Some stray Sir Knight, that falls in love of a sudden.

MARIA.

What can this mean? How should he know my name?

It seems all shadowy.

ALHADRA.

Here he comes again.

ALBERT [*aside*].

She deems me dead, and yet no mourning garment!*

Why should my brother's wife wear mourning garments?

God of all mercy, make me, make me quiet!†

[*To MARIA.*

Your pardon, gentle maid!‡ that I disturb'd you. I had just started from a frightful dream.

ALHADRA.

These renegado Moors—how soon they learn

* yet wears no mourning garment.—*Remorse.*

† This line is omitted in *Remorse.*

‡ Your pardon, noble dame!—*Remorse.*

The crimes and follies of their Christian tyrants !*

ALBERT.

I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I lean'd
 With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid
 Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me,
 For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her !
 This maid so idolized, that trusted friend,
 Polluted in my absence† soul and body !
 And she with him and he with her conspired
 To have me murder'd in a wood of the mountains :‡

* For the above speech the three following are substituted in the published *Remorse* :—

Ter. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said,
 They prophesy—

Alv. The Past lives o'er again
 In its effects, and to the guilty spirit,
 The ever frowning Present is its image.

Ter. Traitress! (*then aside*)

What sudden spell o'ermasters me?
 Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman.

[*TERESA looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as ALVAR proceeds in the next speech.*

† Dishonour'd in my absence.—*Remorse.*

‡ For the above two lines the two following were substituted in *Remorse* :—

Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
 And murderers were suborn'd against my life.

But by my looks and most impassion'd words
I roused the virtues, that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts. They made their
terms,
And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.

ALHADRA [*to MARIA*].

You are lost in thought. Hear him no more,
sweet lady!

MARIA.

From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood.
Well, sir, what happen'd then?

ALBERT.

On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs
Whose thready leaves to the low breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stay'd as tho' the hour of death were past,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits,
For all things seem'd unreal! There I sate.
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear

That woods and sky and mountains seem'd one
havock !

The second flash of lightning show'd a tree
Hard by me, newly-scathed. I rose tumultuous :
My soul work'd high : I bared my head to the
storm,

And with loud voice and clamorous agony
Kneeling I pray'd to the great Spirit that
made me,

Pray'd that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
And cling, with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite !

MARIA.

A fearful curse !

ALHADRA.

But dreamt you not that you return'd and kill'd
him ?*

Dreamt you of no revenge ?

ALBERT [*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep
distress*].

She would have died,
Died in her sins†—perchance, by her own hands !

* and kill'd them.—*Remorse*.

† Died in her guilt.—*Ib.*

And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds
 I might have met the evil glance of frenzy
 And leapt myself into an unblest grave !
 I pray'd for the punishment that cleanses hearts,
 For still I loved her !

ALHADRA.

And you dreamt all this ?

MARIA.

My soul is full of visions, all is wild !*

ALHADRA.

There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales.
 Lady ! your servants there seem seeking us.†

MARIA [*lifts up her veil and advances to ALBERT*].

Stranger, farewell ! I guess not who you are,
 Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.
 Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplex'd me
 With obscure memory of something past,
 Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
 Tricks of a fancy pamper'd with long-wishing.

* All as wild.—*Remorse*. (The reading in the text may possibly be an error of the transcriber.)

† This line is omitted in *Remorse*.

If (as it sometimes happens) our rude startling,
 While your full heart was shaping out its dream,
 Drove you to this, your not ungentle wildness,*
 You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
 But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,
 And you need strength to drag them into light,
 The generous Velez, and my Lord Osorio
 Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
 Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt* MARIA and ALHADRA.]

ALBERT [*alone*].

'Tis strange! it cannot be! *my* Lord Osorio!
Her Lord Osorio! Nay, I will not do it.
 I cursed him once, and one curse is enough.
 How sad she look'd and pale! but not like guilt,
 And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
 If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
 Hell scarce were hell. And why not innocent?
 Who meant to murder me might well cheat her.
 But ere she married him, he had stain'd her
 honour.
 Ah! there I am hamper'd. What if this were
 a lie

* your not ungentle kindness,—*Remorse*.

Framed by the assassin? who should tell it him
If it were truth? Osorio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? All else, I know, was truth.
No start! no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referr'd to me—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here, if that she were a traitress?*

Here where we play'd together in our childhood?
Here where we plighted vows? Where her cold
cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd
feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die, believing
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips!
I'll haunt this scene no more—live she in peace!
Her husband—ay, her husband! May this
Angel
New-mould his canker'd heart! Assist me,
Heaven!
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother!

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

* If she had been a traitress?—*Remorse.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST—*A wild and mountainous country. OSORIO and FERDINAND are discovered at a little distance from a house,* which stands under the brow of a slate rock, the rock covered with vines.*

FERDINAND and OSORIO.

FERDINAND.

Thrice you have saved my life. Once in the
battle
You gave it me, next rescued me from suicide,
When for my follies I was made to wander
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them.

* In the published *Remorse* the remainder of this stage direction is omitted, and the Scene opens thus:—

Ord. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.

Isid. Now indeed
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock
That overbrows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
Thrice have you saved my life, &c.

D

Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had pillow'd my snapt joints.*

OSORIO.

Good Ferdinand!

Why this to me? It is enough you know it.

FERDINAND.

A common trick of gratitude, my lord!
Seeking to ease her own full heart.

OSORIO.

Enough.

A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

FERDINAND.

As how,† my lord? I pray you name the thing!
I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied.

OSORIO [*with embarrassment and hesitation*].

Why—that—lady—

FERDINAND.

'Tis now three years, my lord! since last I
saw you.

Have you a son, my lord?

* Had been my bed and pillow.—*Remorse.*

† And how,—*Ib.*

OSORIO.

O miserable!

[*Aside.*

Ferdinand! you are a man, and know this world.*
 I told you what I wish'd—now for the truth!
 She loved the man you kill'd!

FERDINAND [*looking as suddenly alarmed*].

You jest, my lord?

OSORIO.

And till his death is proved, she will not wed me.

FERDINAND.

You sport with me, my lord?

OSORIO.

Come, come, this foolery
 Lives only in thy looks—thy heart disowns it.

FERDINAND.

I can bear this, and anything more grievous
 From you, my lord!—but how can I serve you
 here?

OSORIO.

Why, you can mouth set speeches solemnly,†

* and know mankind.—*Remorse.*† Why you can utter with a solemn gesture
 Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,—*Ib.*

Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious
antics.

FERDINAND.

I am dull, my lord ! I do not comprehend you.

OSORIO.

In blunt terms you can play the sorcerer.
She has no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true.
Her lover school'd her in some newer nonsense :
Yet still a tale of spirits works on her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye.
Such ones do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind her up*
With a strange music, that she knows not of,
With fumes of frankincense, and mummery—
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's
neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.†

* And such do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy—*Remorse.*

† In the published *Remorse* the two following speeches are
here added :—

Isid. Will that be a sure sign ?

Ord. Beyond suspicion.

FERDINAND [*with hesitation*].

Just now I should have cursed the man who told me
You could ask aught, my lord! and I refuse.
But this I cannot do.

OSORIO.

Where lies your scruple?

FERDINAND.

That shark Francesco.

OSORIO.

O! an o'ersized gudgeon!

I baited, sir, my hook with a painted mitre,
And now I play with him at the end of the line.
Well—and what next?*

Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitch'd her senses)
She whisper'd such dark fears of me forsooth,
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly bound it round his neck,
She made him promise silence; and now holds
The secret of the existence of this portrait
Known only to her lover and herself.
But I had traced her, stoln unnoticed on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

* The two preceding speeches are omitted in *Remorse*; and
Isidore (Ferdinand) replies:—

Why—why, my lord,
You know you told me, &c.

FERDINAND [*stammering*].

Next, next—my lord !

You know, you told me that the lady loved you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness.
That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Return'd, yourself, and she, and an unborn
babe,
Must perish. Now, my lord ! to be a man !*

OSORIO [*aloud, though to express his contempt he
speaks in the third person*].

This fellow is a man ! He kill'd for hire
One whom he knew not — yet has tender
scruples.

[*Then turning to FERDINAND.*

Thy hums and ha's, thy whine and stammering.
Pish—fool ! thou blunder'st through the devil's
book, †
Spelling thy villainy !

* That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Return'd, yourself, and she, and the honour of both,
Must perish. Now, though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being *native* to the heart—
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man.

—*Remorse.*

† These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Pish, fool ! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt.—*Ib.*

FERDINAND.

My lord—my lord!
 I can bear much, yes, very much from you.
 But there's a point where sufferance is meanness!
 I am no villain, never kill'd for hire.
 My gratitude——

OSORIO.

O! ay, your gratitude!
 'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done
 with it?

FERDINAND.

Who proffers his past favours for my virtue*
 Tries to o'erreach me, is a very sharper,
 And should not speak of gratitude, my lord!
 I knew not 'twas your brother!

OSORIO [*evidently alarmed*].

And who told you?

FERDINAND.

He himself told me.

* In the published *Remorse* Osorio (Ordonio) here interposes:—

Ord. (with bitter scorn.) Virtue——

OSORIO :

OSORIO.

Ha! you talk'd with him?
 And those, the two Morescoes, that went with
 you?*

FERDINAND.

Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga.

OSORIO [*in a low voice*].

My brother!

FERDINAND.

Yes, my lord! I could not tell you :
 I thrust away the thought, it drove me wild.
 But listen to me now. I pray you, listen!

OSORIO.

Villain! no more! I'll hear no more of it.

FERDINAND.

My lord! it much imports your future safety
 That you should hear it.

OSORIO [*turning off from FERDINAND*].

Am I not a man?

'Tis as it should be! Tut—the deed itself
 Was idle—and these after-pangs still idler!

* And these, the two Morescoes who were with you?—

Remorse.

FERDINAND.

We met him in the very place you mention'd,
Hard by a grove of firs.

OSORIO.

Enough! enough!

FERDINAND.

He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;
In fine, compell'd a parley!

OSORIO [*sighing as if lost in thought*].

Albert! Brother!

FERDINAND.

He offer'd me his purse.

OSORIO.

Yes?

FERDINAND.

Yes! I spurn'd it.

He promised us I know not what—in vain!
Then with a look and voice which overawed me,
He said—What mean you, friends? My life is
dear.

I have a brother and a promised wife

Who make life dear to me, and if I fall
That brother will roam earth and hell for
 vengeance.

There was a likeness in his face to yours.
I ask'd his brother's name ; he said, Osorio,
Son of Lord Velez ! I had well-nigh fainted !
At length I said (if that indeed *I* said it,
And that no spirit made my tongue his organ),
That woman is now pregnant* by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck—he look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propp'd
 him back ;†

Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly !
At last recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life—
It was not worth his keeping.

OSORIO.

 And you kill'd him ?
O blood-hounds ! may eternal wrath flame round
 you !

* That woman is dishonour'd.—*Remorse.*

† that propt his back.—*Ib.*

He was the image of the Deity.

[*A pause.*]

It seizes me—by hell! I will go on!

What? would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks
won't save thee!

[*Then suddenly pressing his forehead.*]

Oh! cold, cold, cold—shot thro' with icy cold!

FERDINAND [*aside*].

Were he alive, he had return'd ere now.

The consequence the same, dead thro' his plotting!

OSORIO.

O this unutterable dying away here,

This sickness of the heart!

[*A pause.*]

What if I went

And lived in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?

Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool!
fool!

[*A pause.*]

What have I done but that which nature destined

Or the blind elements stirr'd up within me?

If good were meant, why were we made these
beings?

And if not meant——

OSORIO :

FERDINAND.

How feel you now, my lord ?*

[OSORIO starts, looks at him wildly, then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile].

OSORIO.

A gust of the soul ! i'faith, it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all ! idle as laughter !
Now, Ferdinand, I swear that thou shalt aid me.

FERDINAND [*in a low voice*].

I'll perish first ! † Shame on my coward heart,
That I must slink away from wickedness
Like a cow'd dog !

OSORIO.

What dost thou mutter of ?

FERDINAND.

Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

OSORIO.

There's some sense in that scruple ; but we'll
mask you.

* You are disturb'd, my lord !—*Remorse*.

† The remainder of this speech is omitted in *Remorse*.

FERDINAND.

They'll know my gait. But stay! of late I have
watch'd

A stranger that lives nigh, still picking weeds,
Now in the swamp, now on the walls of the ruin,
Now clambering, like a runaway lunatic,
Up to the summit of our highest mount.
I have watch'd him at it morning-tide and noon,
Once in the moonlight. Then I stood so near,
I heard him muttering* o'er the plant. A
wizard!

Some gaunt slave, prowling out for dark employ-
ments.

OSORIO.

What may his name be?†

* Last night I watch'd

A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seem'd was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had follow'd him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stoln after him unnoticed. There I mark'd
That mid the chequer work of light and shade,
With curious choice he pluck'd no other flowers
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering, &c.—*Remorse.*

† *Ord.* Doubtless you question'd him?—*Ib.*

FERDINAND.

That I cannot tell you.

Only Francesco bade an officer
 Speak in your name, as lord of this domain.
 So he was question'd, who and what he was.
 This was his answer : Say to the Lord Osorio,*
 " He that can bring the dead to life again."

OSORIO.

A strange reply !

FERDINAND.

Ay—all of him is strange.
 He call'd himself a Christian—yet he wears
 The Moorish robe, as if he courted death.

OSORIO.

Where does this wizard live ?

* *Isid.* 'Twas my intention,
 Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
 But lo ! the stern Dominican, whose spies
 Lurk every where, already (as it seem'd)
 Had given commission to his apt familiar
 To seek and sound the Moor ; who now returning,
 Was by this trusty agent stopp'd midway.
 I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
 In that lone place, again conceal'd myself :
 Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd
 And in *your* name, as lord of this domain.
 Proudly he answer'd, Say to the Lord Ordonio, &c.—*Remorse.*

FERDINAND [*pointing to a distance*].

You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backwards, thro' a narrow
opening
It leads you to the place.

OSORIO.

How shall I know it?

FERDINAND.

You can't mistake. It is a small green dale*
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood, that branches
over
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there (a curious sight) you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite—you cannot miss it.
Some three yards up the hill a mountain ash

* You cannot err. It is a small green dell.—*Remorse*.

Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the new thatch.*

OSORIO.

I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exit OSORIO.* FERDINAND *goes into his house.*

Scene changes.

*The inside of a cottage, around which flowers and
plants of various kinds are seen.*

ALBERT and MAURICE.

ALBERT.

He doth believe himself an iron soul,
And therefore puts he on an iron outward ;
And those same mock habiliments of strength
Hide his own weakness from himself.

MAURICE.

His weakness !
Come, come, speak out ! Your brother is a
villain !

* O'er the old thatch.—*Remorse.*

Yet all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours
You suffer him to hold!

ALBERT.

Maurice! dear Maurice!
That my return involved Osorio's death*

* Up to the point indicated this scene is entirely different in the printed *Remorse*. As will be seen, Alhadra is introduced, and Zulimez replaces Maurice, who is only alluded to.

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ, and ALHADRA, as on the point of leaving.

Alhad. (addressing ALVAR.)

Farewell then! and though many thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

Alv. Nobly-minded woman!

Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith,
Have bled and suffer'd bonds. Of this be certain,
Time, as he courses onwards, still unrolls
The volume of Concealment. In the FUTURE,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim PAST collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image,
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,

E

I trust would give me an unmingled pang—
 Yet bearable. But when I see my father
 Strewing his scant grey hairs even on the
 ground
 Which soon must be his grave ; and my Maria,
 Her husband proved a monster,* and her
 infants
 His infants—poor Maria!—all would perish,
 All perish—all!—and I (nay bear with me!)
 Could not survive the complicated ruin!

And what I sought I found : but ere the spear
 Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
 Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
 To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart!
 Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
 Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee :
 For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
 Once more farewell. [Exit ALHADRA.

Yes, to the Belgic states

We will return. These robes, this stain'd complexion,
 Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
 Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
 Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
 Of our past services.

Zul. And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours
 You let a murderer hold?

Alv. O faithful Zulimez!
 That my return involved Ordonio's death, &c.

* proved a murderer.—*Remorse.*

MAURICE [*much affected*].

Nay, now, if I have distress'd you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes! true, 'tis tiresome.
You are a painter—one of many fancies—
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas, and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You've learnt to name—but *I*——

ALBERT.

Well, to the Netherlands
We will return, the heroic Prince of Orange
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past service.

MAURICE.

Heard you not some steps?*

ALBERT.

What if it were my brother coming onward!
Not very wisely (but his creature teased me)†
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

* The preceding speech of Albert is omitted in *Remorse*,
and the former speaker continues:—

You have learnt to name——

Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

† This line is omitted in *Remorse*.

OSORIO :

MAURICE.

Would he not know you ?

ALBERT.

I unfearingly
Trust this disguise. Besides, he thinks me dead ;
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.
Add to my youth, when last we saw each other ;
Manhood has swell'd my chest, and taught my
voice
A hoarser note.

MAURICE.

Most true ! And Alva's Duke
Did not improve it by the unwholesome viands
He gave so scantily in that foul dungeon,
During our long imprisonment.*

[Enter OSORIO.]

ALBERT.

It is he !

MAURICE.

Make yourself talk ; you'll feel the less. Come,
speak.
How do you find yourself ? Speak to me, Albert.

* The three preceding speeches are omitted in *Remorse*.

ALBERT [*placing his hand on his heart*].

A little fluttering here; but more of sorrow!*

OSORIO.

You know my name, perhaps, better than me.
I am Osorio, son of the Lord Velez.

ALBERT [*groaning aloud*].

The son of Velez!

[OSORIO *walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*]

MAURICE.

Why, what ails you now?

[ALBERT *grasps MAURICE's hand in agitation.*]

* The two preceding speeches are omitted in *Remorse*, and the following speech of Osorio (Ordonio) runs thus:—

Ord. (to himself as he enters).

If I distinguish'd right her gait, and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That pass'd me as I enter'd. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

(*addressing ALVAR.*)

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio, &c.

OSORIO :

MAURICE.

How your hand trembles, Albert! Speak! what
wish you?

ALBERT.

To fall upon his neck and weep in anguish!*

OSORIO [*returning*].

All very curious! from a ruin'd abbey
Pluck'd in the moonlight. There's a strange
power in weeds†
When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er
them.

Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks‡
Some serviceable imp. There's one of you,
Who sent me a strange message.

ALBERT.

I am he!

* and weep forgiveness!—*Remorse*.

† In the published *Remorse* this speech begins as follows:—
Ord. (returning, and aloud).

Pluck'd in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey—
Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds, &c.

‡ but underneath it works.—*Remorse*.

OSORIO.

I will speak with you, and by yourself.

[*Exit MAURICE.**]

OSORIO.

“He that can bring the dead to life again.”
Such was your message, sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!

ALBERT.

'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such!

OSORIO.

Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journey'd
hither
To sport with thee?

ALBERT.

No, no! my lord! to sport
Best fits the gaiety of *Innocence!*

* In *Remorse* thus:—

Ord. With you, then, I am to speak.

[*Haughtily waving his hand to ZULIMEZ.*]

And mark you, alone.

[*Exit ZULIMEZ.*]

OSORIO [*draws back as if stung and embarrassed,*
then folding his arms].

O what a thing is Man! the wisest heart
A fool—a fool, that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool!

[*Looks round the cottage.*
It strikes me* you are poor!

ALBERT.

What follows thence?

OSORIO.

That you would fain be richer.
Besides, you do not love the rack, perhaps,
Nor a black dungeon, nor a fire of faggots.
The Inquisition—hey? You understand me,
And you are poor. Now I have wealth and
power,†
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty.

* *It strikes me.* These three words are omitted in *Remorse*.

† The second and third lines of this speech are omitted in the printed *Remorse*, where it opens thus:—

Ord. That you would fain be richer.
The Inquisition, too. You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power, &c.

And for this service, all I ask you is*
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

ALBERT [*solemnly*].

Thou art the son of Velez! Would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee!

OSORIO.

The canting scoundrel softens.†

[*Aside.*

You are my friend!

“He that can bring the dead to life again.”

Nay, no defence to me. The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies. I know thee better.

[*Then with great bitterness.*

Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

ALBERT.

Alas, this hollow mirth! Declare your business!

OSORIO.

I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.

* And for the boon I ask of you but this.—*Remorse.*

† The slave begins to soften.—*Id.*

Have you no servants round the house?* no
listeners?

[OSORIO *steps to the door.*

ALBERT.

What! faithless too? false to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Maria! Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away! and I will probe his conscience.

OSORIO [*returned*].

In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perish'd.

ALBERT.

What? you kill'd him? hey?

OSORIO.

I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it,
Thou slave! thou galley-slave! thou mountebank!
I leave thee to the hangman!†

* Have you no servants here?—*Remorse.*

† Thus altered and transposed in *Remorse* :—

Ord. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how dared'st thou—

(*turns abruptly from ALVAR, and then to himself.*

Why! what's this?

'Twas idiocy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

ALBERT.

Fare you well!
 I pity you, Osorio! even to anguish!
 [ALBERT retires off the stage.]

OSORIO [*recovering himself*].

'Twas idiotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
 And wear a fool's cap. Ho!
 [*Calling after ALBERT.*]

ALBERT [*returning*].

Be brief, what wish you?

OSORIO.

You are deep at bartering—you charge yourself
 At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

ALBERT.

I listen to you.

OSORIO.

In a sudden tempest
 Did Albert perish—he, I mean, the lover—
 The fellow—

Alv. (watching his agitation.) Fare thee well—
 I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[ALVAR retires to the back of the stage.]

Ord. (having recovered himself.)
 Ho! (*calling to ALVAR.*)

ALBERT.

Nay, speak out, 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain! Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals!

OSORIO [*hesitating and half doubting whether he
should proceed*].

Now till she knows him dead she will not
wed me!

ALBERT [*with eager vehemence*].

Are you not wedded, then? Merciful God!*
Not wedded to Maria?

OSORIO.

Why, what ails thee?
Art mad or drunk? Why look'st thou upward
so? †
Dost pray to Lucifer, prince of the air?

ALBERT.

Proceed. I shall be silent.

[ALBERT *sits, and leaning on the table hides his face.*

* Merciful Heaven!—*Remorse.*

† What, art thou mad? Why look'st thou upward so?—*Ib.*

OSORIO.

To Maria!

Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself
 proficient
In all my fortunes! Hah! you prophesied
A golden crop!—well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.

ALBERT [*lifting up his head*].

Well—and this lady!

OSORIO.

If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck
Entreating him to wear it.

ALBERT [*sighing*].

Yes! he did so!

OSORIO.

Why, no! he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep
Till his return.

OSORIO :

ALBERT.

What, he was your friend then ?

OSORIO [*wounded and embarrassed*].

I was his friend.

[*A pause.*

Now that he gave it me

This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call this dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then!—there you have no
influence—

Still there are tokens ; and your imps may bring
you

Something he wore about him when he died.

And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left* this picture.
What say you now ?

ALBERT [*after a long pause*].

Osorio, I will do it.

OSORIO.

Delays are dangerous. It shall be to-morrow†
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Velez.

* Can have left.—*Remorse.*

† We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night.—*Ib.*

I will prepare him. Music, too, and incense,
 All shall be ready. Here is this same picture—
 And here what you will value more, a purse.
 Before the dusk——*

ALBERT.

I will not fail to meet you.

OSORIO.

Till next we meet, farewell !

ALBERT [*alone, gazes passionately at the portrait*].

And I did curse thee ?
 At midnight ? on my knees ? And I believed
Thee perjured, *thee* polluted, thee a murderess ? †
 O blind and credulous fool ! O guilt of folly !
 Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
 Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows,

* Thus in *Remorse* :—

Music, too, and incense,
 (For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense)
 All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
 And here, what you will value more, a purse.
 Come early for your magic ceremonies.

† *Thee* perjured, *thee* a traitress ! thee dishonour'd ?—
Remorse.

Have come upon my heart? And this sweet
image

Tied round my neck with many a chaste endear-
ment

And thrilling hands, that made me weep and
tremble.

Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant

Who spake pollutions* of thee!

I am unworthy of thy love, Maria!

Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,

Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not
scorn me.

I lisp'd thy name ere I had learnt my mother's!

[*Enter MAURICE.*

ALBERT.

Maurice! that picture, which I painted for thee,
Of my assassination.

MAURICE.

I'll go fetch it.

ALBERT.

Haste! for I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd.

[*MAURICE goes out.*

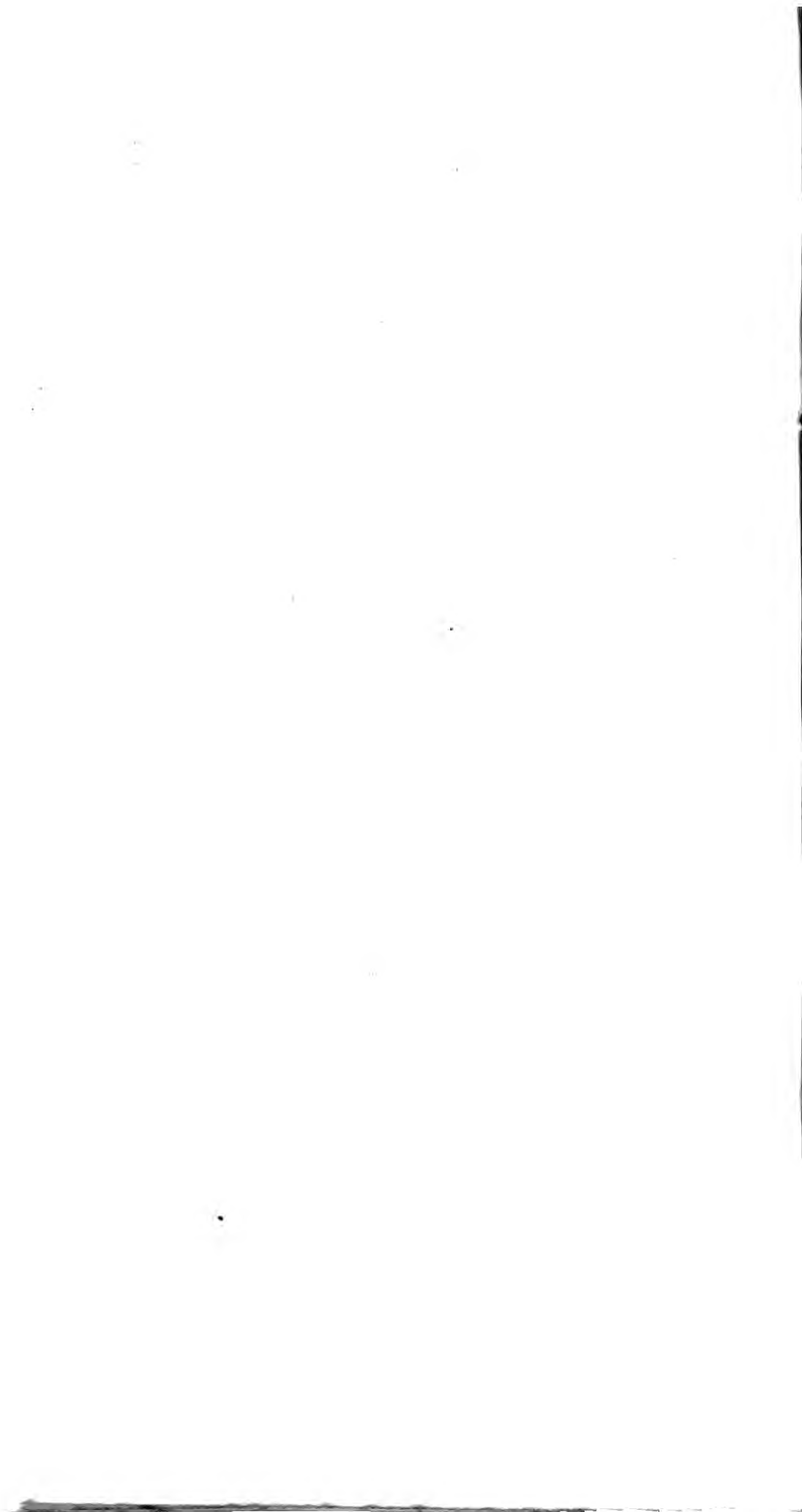
* Pollution.—*Remorse.*

ALBERT [*gazing at the portrait*].*

Dear image! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy image!
To a dark trick! That worst bad man shall find
A picture which shall wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience!

* The ten preceding lines, from the entrance of Maurice, are omitted in *Remorse*, and the speech of Albert (Alvar) continues uninterrupted.

END OF ACT THE SECOND.



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A hall of armoury, with an altar
in the part farthest from the stage.*

VELEZ, OSORIO, MARIA.

* MARIA.

Lord Velez! you have ask'd my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me!)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery!†

[*Here ALBERT enters in a sorcerer's robe.*

* See note on page 72.

† The following passage is here inserted in the published
Remorse :—

Ord. Believe you then no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing: and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

MARIA [*to ALBERT*].

Stranger! I mourn and blush to see *you* here
On such employments! With far other thoughts
I left you.

OSORIO [*aside*].

Ha! he has been tampering with her!

ALBERT.

O high-soul'd maiden, and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name, I swear to thee,
I will uncover all concealed things!*

Doubt, but decide not!

Stand from off the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scenes, from an instrument of glass or steel†—the harmonica or Celestina stop, or Clagget's metallic organ.*]

ALBERT.

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed soul of Albert!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spells:
So may the gates of Paradise unbarr'd

* all concealed guilt.—*Remorse.*

† The remaining part of this stage direction is omitted in *Remorse.*

Cease thy swift toils, since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company,
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard—
Fitliest unheard! For, O ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion,
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night.
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness. Ye too split
The ice-mount, and with fragments many and
 huge,
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff.
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye
 dance,
Till from the blue-swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.

Soul of Albert!

Hear the mild spell and tempt no blacker charm.
 By sighs unquiet and the sickly pang
 Of an half dead yet still undying hope,
 Pass visible before our mortal sense ;
 So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
 Her knells and masses that redeem the dead.

THE SONG. [*Sung behind the scenes, accompanied
 by the same instrument as before.*]

Hear, sweet spirit ! hear the spell
 Lest a blacker charm compel !
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep long-lingering knell.
 And at evening evermore
 In a chapel on the shore
 Shall the chanters sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chant for thee,
 Miserere, Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away
 On the quiet moonlight sea,*
 The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
 Miserere, Domine !

[*A long pause.*]

* On the yellow moonlight sea.—*Remorse.*

OSORIO.

This was too melancholy, father !

VELEZ.

Nay !

My Albert loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost ; and after weary search
We found him in an open place of the wood,
To which spot he had follow'd a blind boy
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely-moving notes, and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream ; him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-
bank ;
And, lower down, poor Albert fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog—it pleased me
To mark, how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy, his grandmother had given him.
Methinks I see him now, as he then look'd.
His infant dress was grown too short for him,
Yet still he wore it.*

* Thus in *Remorse* :—

A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
Even so !—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

OSORIO :

ALBERT [*aside*].

My tears must not flow—
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, my father !*

OSORIO.

The innocent obey nor charm nor spell.
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant !
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see
thee,
O 'twere a joy to me.

ALBERT [*abruptly*].

A joy to thee !
What if thou heard'st him now ? What if his
spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee,
With many a stab from many a murderer's
poniard ?
What if, his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love, he turn'd his head aside,

* The three preceding speeches stand at the opening of the Third Act in the published *Remorse*, with the following stage direction :—

“ VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a sorcerer's robe, are discovered.”

Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

VELEZ.

These are unholy fancies!

OSORIO [*struggling with his feelings*].

Yes, my father!

He is in heaven!

ALBERT [*still to OSORIO*].

But what if this same brother
Had lived even so,* that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convulsed his
face
More than the death-pang?

MARIA.

Idly-prating man!

He was most virtuous. †

* But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, &c.—*Remorse*.

† In the published *Remorse* this speech is assigned to
Valdez (Velez), but in the following amplified form:—

Val. Idly prating man!
Thou hast guess'd ill; Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

ALBERT [*still to OSORIO*].

What if his very virtues
 Had pamper'd his swoln heart, and made him
 proud ?
 And what if pride had duped him into guilt,
 Yet still he stalk'd, a self-created God,
 Not very bold, but excellently cunning ;*
 And one that at his mother's looking-glass,
 Would force his features to a frowning sternness ?
 Young lord ! I tell thee, that there are such
 beings,—
 Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
 To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
 At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
 Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites !
 Away ! away ! Now let me hear more music.†

[*Music as before.*

* exquisitely cunning.—*Remorse.*

† The following passage is here added in the published
Remorse :—

[*Music again*].

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures !
 But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer
 Be present at these lawless mysteries,
 This dark provoking of the hidden Powers !
 Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
 Yet Alvar's memory !—Hark ! I make appeal

ALBERT.

The spell is mutter'd—come, thou wandering
 shape,
 Who own'st no master in an eye of flesh,
 Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it or foul,
 If he be dead, come quick, and bring with thee
 That which he grasp'd in death; and if he
 lives,
 Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*The whole orchestra crashes into one chorus.**

Wandering demon! hear the spell
 Lest a blacker charm compel!

[*A thunder-clap. The incense on the altar takes
 fire suddenly.*] †

Against th' unholy rite, and hasten hence
 To kneel before a lawful shrine, and seek
 That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
 Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

Alv. (*To TERESA anxiously.*)

O full of faith and guileless love, thy spirit
 Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
 Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt TERESA and Attendant.*

* *The whole music clashes into a Chorus.—Remorse.*

† The rest of this Act is entirely different in the published
Remorse. [See *Appendix.*]

MARIA.

This is some trick—I know, it is a trick.
Yet my weak fancy, and these bodily creepings,
Would fain give substance to the shadow.

VELEZ [*advancing to the altar*].

Hah !

A picture !

MARIA.

O God ! *my picture ?*

ALBERT [*gazing at MARIA with wild impatient distressfulness*].

Pale—pale—deadly pale !

MARIA.

He grasp'd it when he died.

[*She swoons. ALBERT rushes to her and supports her.*]

ALBERT.

My love ! my wife !

Pale—pale, and cold ! My love ! my wife ! Maria !

[*VELEZ is at the altar. OSORIO remains near him in a state of stupor.*]

OSORIO [*rousing himself*].

Where am I ? 'Twas a lazy chilliness.

VELEZ [*takes and conceals the picture in his robe*].

This way, my son! She must not see this picture.

Go, call the attendants! Life will soon ebb back!

[*VELEZ and OSORIO leave the stage.*]

ALBERT.

Her pulse doth flutter. Maria! my Maria!

MARIA [*recovering—looks round*].

I heard a voice—but often in my dreams,
I hear that voice, and wake; and try, and try,
To hear it waking—but I never could!
And 'tis so now—even so! Well, he is dead,
Murder'd perhaps! and I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!

ALBERT [*eagerly*].

Believe it not, sweet maid! believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.

MARIA.

Ha! who art thou?

ALBERT [*exceedingly agitated*].

My heart bursts over thee!

OSORIO :

MARIA.

Didst *thou* murder him ?
And dost thou now repent ? Poor troubled man !
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee !

ALBERT [*aside*].

Let me be gone.

MARIA.

If thou didst murder him,
His spirit ever, at the throne of God,
Asks mercy for thee, prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in heaven !

ALBERT.

Albert was not murder'd.
Your foster-mother——

MARIA.

And doth she know aught ?

ALBERT.

She knows not aught—but haste thou to her
cottage
To-morrow early—bring Lord Velez with thee.
There ye must meet me—but your servants come.

MARIA [*wildly*].

Nay—nay—but tell me!

[*A pause—then presses her forehead.*

Ah! 'tis lost again!

This dead confused pain!

[*A pause—she gazes at ALBERT.*

Mysterious man!

Methinks, I cannot fear thee—for thine eye

Doth swim with pity—I will lean on thee.

[*Exeunt ALBERT and MARIA.*

Re-enter VELEZ and OSORIO.

VELEZ [*sportively*].

You shall not see the picture, till you own it.

OSORIO.

This mirth and raillery, sir! beseem your age.

I am content to be more serious.*

VELEZ.

Do you think I did not scent it from the first?

An excellent scheme, and excellently managed.

* The transcriber had here written "superstitious," which is marked through with ink, and the word in the text substituted, in an entirely different hand, apparently that of Coleridge himself.

'Twill blow away her doubts, and now she'll wed
you.

I'faith, the likeness is most admirable.

I saw the trick—yet these old eyes grew dimmer
With very foolish tears, it look'd so like him!

OSORIO.

Where should I get her portrait?

VELEZ.

Get her portrait?

Portrait? You mean the picture! At the
painter's—

No difficulty then—but that you lit upon
A fellow that could play the sorcerer,
With such a grace and terrible majesty,
It was most rare good fortune. And how deeply
He seem'd to suffer when Maria swoon'd,
And half made love to her! I suppose you'll
ask me

Why did he so?

OSORIO [*with deep tones of suppressed agitation*].

Ay, wherefore did he so?

VELEZ.

Because you bade him—and an excellent thought!

A mighty man, and gentle as he is mighty.
 He'll wind into her confidence, and rout
 A host of scruples—come, confess, Osorio!

OSORIO.

You pierce through mysteries with a lynx's eye,
 In this, your merry mood! You see it all!

VELEZ.

Why, no!—not all. I have not yet discover'd,
 At least, not wholly, what his speeches meant.
 Pride and hypocrisy, and guilt and cunning—
 Then when he fix'd his obstinate eye on you,
 And you pretended to look strange and tremble.
 Why—why—what ails you now?

OSORIO [*with a stupid stare*].

Me? why? what ails me?
 A pricking of the blood—it might have happen'd
 At any other time. Why scan you me?

VELEZ [*clapping him on the shoulder*].

'Twon't do—'twon't do—I have lived too long in
 the world.

His speech about the corse and stabs and
 murderers,

Had reference to the assassins in the picture :
That I made out.

OSORIO [*with a frantic eagerness*].

Assassins ! what assassins ?

VELEZ.

Well acted, on my life ! Your curiosity
Runs open-mouth'd, ravenous as winter wolf.
I dare not stand in its way.

[*He shows OSORIO the picture.*]

OSORIO.

Duped—duped—duped !
That villain Ferdinand ! [*aside.*]

VELEZ.

Duped—duped—not I.
As he swept by me——

OSORIO.

Ha ! *what* did he say ?

VELEZ.

He caught his garment up and hid his face.
It seem'd as he were struggling to suppress——

OSORIO.

A laugh! a laugh! O hell! he laughs at me!

VELEZ.

It heaved his chest more like a violent sob.

OSORIO.

A choking laugh!

[A pause—then very wildly.

I tell thee, my dear father!

I am most glad of this!

VELEZ.

Glad!—ay—to be sure.

OSORIO.

I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down
Thro' darkness without light—dark—dark—
dark—

And every inch of this my flesh did feel
As if a cold toad touch'd it! Now 'tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely thro' its channels!

*[He turns off—then (to himself) mimicking
FERDINAND'S manner.]*

“A common trick of gratitude, my lord!
Old gratitude! a dagger would dissect
His own full heart,” 'twere good to see its colour!

VELEZ [*looking intently at the picture*].

Calm, yet commanding! how he bares his breast,
 Yet still they stand with dim uncertain looks,
 As penitence had run before their crime.
 A crime too black for aught to follow it
 Save blasphemous despair! See *this* man's face—
 With what a difficult toil he drags his soul
 To do the deed.

[*Then to OSORIO.*

O this was delicate flattery
 To poor Maria, and I love thee for it!

OSORIO [*in a slow voice with a reasoning laugh*].

Love—love—and then we hate—and what? and
 wherefore?

Hatred and love. Strange things! both strange
 alike!

What if one reptile sting another reptile,
 Where is the crime? The goodly face of Nature
 Hath one trail less of slimy filth upon it.
 Are we not all predestined rottenness
 And cold dishonour? Grant it that this hand
 Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
 Somewhat too early. Where's the guilt of this?
 That this must needs bring on the idiocy
 Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!

VELEZ.

Wild talk, my child! but thy excess of feeling
 [*Turns off from OSORIO.*]
 Sometimes, I fear, it will unhinge his brain!

OSORIO.

I kill a man and lay him in the sun,
 And in a month there swarm from his dead body
 A thousand—nay, ten thousand sentient beings
 In place of that one man whom I had kill'd.
 Now who shall tell me, that each one and all,
 Of these ten thousand lives, is not as happy
 As that one life, which being shoved aside
 Made room for these ten thousand?

VELEZ.

Wild as madness!

OSORIO.

Come, father! you have taught me to be merry,
 And merrily we'll pore upon this picture.

VELEZ [*holding the picture before OSORIO*].

That Moor, who points his sword at Albert's
 breast——

OSORIO :

OSORIO [*abruptly*].

A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,
Whom I will strangle !

VELEZ.

And these other two——

OSORIO.

Dead—dead already !—what care I for the dead ?

VELEZ.

The heat of brain and your too strong affection
For Albert, fighting with your other passion,
Unsettle you, and give reality
To these your own contrivings.

OSORIO.

Is it so ?

You see through all things with *your* penetration.
Now I am calm. How fares it with Maria ?
My heart doth ache to see her.

VELEZ.

Nay—defer it !

Defer it, dear Osorio ! I will go.

[*Exit* VELEZ.]

OSORIO.

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea—
And now 'tis gone! all may be done this night!

[*Enter a SERVANT.*

OSORIO.

There is a man, once a Moresco chieftain,
One Ferdinand.

SERVANT.

He lives in the Alpuxarras,
Beneath a slate rock.

OSORIO.

Slate rock?

SERVANT.

Yes, my lord!

If you had seen it, you must have remember'd
The flight of steps his children had worn up it
With often clambering.

OSORIO.

Well, it may be so.

SERVANT.

Why, now I think on't, at this time of the year
'Tis hid by vines.

OSORIO [*in a muttering voice*].

The cavern—ay—the cavern.
He cannot fail to find it.

[*To the SERVANT.*

Where art going ?
You must deliver to this Ferdinand
A letter. Stay till I have written it.

[*Exit the SERVANT.*

OSORIO [*alone*].

The tongue can't stir when the mouth is fill'd
with mould.

A little earth stops up most eloquent mouths,
And a square stone with a few pious texts
Cut neatly on it, keeps the earth down tight.

Scene changes to the space before the castle.

FRANCESCO and a SPY.

FRANCESCO.

Yes! yes! I have the key of all their lives.
If a man fears me, he is forced to love me.
And if I can, and do not ruin him,
He is fast bound to serve and honour me!

[ALBERT enters from the castle, and is crossing
the stage.]

SPY.

There—there—your Reverence! That is the sorcerer.

[FRANCESCO runs up and rudely catches hold of ALBERT. ALBERT dashes him to the earth. FRANCESCO and the SPY make an uproar, and the servants rush from out the castle.]

FRANCESCO.

Seize, seize and gag him! or the Church curses you!

[The servants seize and gag ALBERT.]

Enter VELEZ and OSORIO.

OSORIO [*aside*].

This is most lucky!

FRANCESCO [*inarticulate with rage*].

See you this, Lord Velez?

Good evidence have I of most foul sorcery,
And in the name of Holy Church command you
To give me up the keys—the keys, my lord!
Of that same dungeon-hole beneath your castle.
This imp of hell—but we delay enquiry
Till to Granada we have convoy'd him.

OSORIO [*to the servants*].

Why haste you not? Go, fly and dungeon him!
Then bring the keys and give them to his
Reverence.

[*The servants hurry off ALBERT. OSORIO goes up to FRANCESCO, and pointing at ALBERT.*]

OSORIO [*with a laugh*].

“He that can bring the dead to life again.”

FRANCESCO.

What? did *you* hear it?

OSORIO.

Yes, and plann'd this scheme
To bring conviction on him. Ho! a wizard,
Thought I—but where's the proof! I plann'd
this scheme.
The scheme has answer'd—we have proof enough.

FRANCESCO.

My lord, your pious policy astounds me.
I trust my honest zeal——

OSORIO.

Nay, reverend father!
It has but raised my veneration for you.

But 'twould be well to stop all intertalk
Between my servants and this child of darkness.

FRANCESCO.

My lord! with speed I'll go, make swift return,
And humbly re-deliver you the keys.

[*Exit* FRANCESCO.]

OSORIO [*alone*].

"The stranger, that lives nigh, still picking
weeds."

And this was his friend, his crony, his twin-
brother!

O! I am green, a very simple stripling—
The wise men of this world make nothing of me.
By Heaven, 'twas well contrived! And I, forsooth,
I was to cut my throat in honour of conscience.
And this tall wizard—ho!—he was to pass
For Albert's friend! He *hath* a trick of his
manner.

He was to tune his voice to honey'd sadness,
And win her to a transfer of her love
By lamentable tales of her dear Albert,
And his dear Albert! Yea, she would have
loved him.

He, that can sigh out in a woman's ear

Sad recollections of her perish'd lover,
And sob and smile with veering sympathy,
And, now and then, as if by accident,
Pass his mouth close enough to touch her cheek
With timid lip, he takes the lover's place,
He takes his place, for certain! Dusky rogue,
Were it not sport to whimper with thy mistress,
Then steal away and roll upon my grave,
Till thy sides shook with laughter? Blood!
 blood! blood!
They want thy blood! thy blood, Osorio!

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A cavern, dark except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side of the further end of it, supposed to be cast on it from a cranny in a part of the cavern out of sight.*

FERDINAND *alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

FERDINAND.

Drip! drip! drip! drip!—in such a place as this
It has nothing else to do but drip! drip! drip!
I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.*
Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
His life in danger—no place safe but this.
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude!

* These are the identical lines which furnished Sheridan with his famous joke at the poet's expense. Coleridge's disavowal of their existence in the preface to the first edition of *Remorse* (see Appendix), shows remarkable forgetfulness, if not disingenuousness. Of course it is needless to observe that they entirely disappear in the published play, and the Act opens with the line which stands here as the fourth.

And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It cannot be!

Thanks to that little cranny*
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit
by it.

To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep,
'Twere better than this dreary noise of water-
drops! †

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight, returns after a minute's elapse in an ecstasy of fear.*]

A hellish pit! O God—'tis like my night-mare! ‡
I was just in!—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha! what's that?
it moved!

[*Ferdinand stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the meantime Osorio enters with a torch and hollas to him.*]

* crevice [and so also in the stage-direction above].—
Remorse.

† Any thing but this crash of water-drops!
These dull abortive sounds, that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.—*Ib.*

‡ A hellish *pit!* The very same I dreamt of!—*Ib.*

FERDINAND.

I swear, I saw a something* moving there!
The moonshine came and went, like a flash of
lightning.

I swear, I saw it move!

[OSORIO goes into the recess, then returns, and
with great scorn.]

OSORIO.

A jutting clay-stone
Drips† on the long lank weed that grows beneath;
And the weed nods and drips.

FERDINAND [*forcing a faint laugh*].

A joke to laugh at!
It was not that which frighten'd me, my lord!

OSORIO.

What frighten'd you?

FERDINAND.

You see that little cranny?‡

* I swear that I saw something.—*Remorse*.

† Drops.—*Ib.*

‡ Thus in *Remorse* :—

Isid. (*forcing a laugh faintly.*) A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scared me, good my lord.

Ord. What scared you then?

Isid. You see that little reft?

But first permit me,

[Lights his torch at OSORIO'S, and while lighting it.

A lighted torch in the hand
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many
colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.
You see that cranny there ?

OSORIO.

Well, what of that ?

FERDINAND.

I walk'd up to it, meaning to sit there.
When I had reach'd it within twenty paces——
*[FERDINAND starts as if he felt the terror over
again.]*
Merciful Heaven! Do go, my lord! and look.

[OSORIO goes and returns.

OSORIO.

It must have shot some pleasant feelings thro'
you ?*

* You see that crevice there ?
My torch extinguish'd by these water drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,

FERDINAND.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh
 Should move,* each one with a particular
 life,
 Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
 Or if it drizzled needle-points of frost
 Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

OSOBIO [*interrupting him*].

Why, Ferdinand! I blush for thy cowardice.

I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;
 But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
 My body bending forward, yea o'erbalanced
 Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
 Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
 Filling the Void so counterfeited Substance,
 That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
 Was it my own fear?

Fear too hath its instincts!

And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
 And there are Beings that live, yet not for the eye—
 An arm of frost above and from behind me,
 Pluck'd up and snatch'd me backward. Merciful Heaven!
 You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
 My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

Ord. It must have shot some pleasant feelings through
 you.—*Remorse.*

* Should creep.—*Ib.*

It would have startled any man, I grant thee.
But *such* a panic.*

FERDINAND.

When a boy, my lord !
I could have sat whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them thump
and rattle†
Against its horrid sides ; and hung my head
Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments
Sunk, with faint splash,‡ in that still groaning
well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near ; unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens§ on the ropy mould,
Close at its edge.

OSORIO.

Art thou more coward now ?

* In *Remorse* the above speech stands thus :—

Ord. (interrupting him.) Why Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a *brave* man for a moment—
But such a panic——

† strike and rattle.—*Remorse*.

‡ with faint crash.—*Ib.*

§ fattens.—*Ib.*

FERDINAND.

Call him that fears his fellow-men a coward.
I fear not man. But this inhuman cavern
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Besides (you'll laugh,* my lord!) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
By what had pass'd between us in the morning.
I saw you in a thousand hideous ways,
And dozed and started, dozed again and started.
I do entreat your lordship to believe me,†
In my last dream——

OSORIO.

Well?

FERDINAND.

I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Waked me. She heard my heart beat!

OSORIO.

Strange enough!
Had you been here before?

* you'll smile.—*Remorse.*

† I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes,
And I entreat your lordship to believe me.—*Ib.*

OSORIO :

FERDINAND.

Never, my lord !

But my eyes do not see it now more clearly
Than in my dream I saw that very chasm.

[OSORIO *stands in a deep study—then, after a pause.*]

OSORIO.

There is no reason *why* it should be so.
And yet it *is*.*

FERDINAND.

What is, my lord ?

OSORIO.

Unpleasant†

To kill a man !

FERDINAND.

Except in self-defence.

OSORIO.

Why that's my case : and yet 'tis still unpleasant.
At least I find it so ! But you, perhaps,
Have stronger nerves ?

* I know not why it should be ! yet it *is*.—*Remorse*.

† Abhorrent from our nature.—*Ib.*

FERDINAND.

Something doth trouble you.

How can I serve you ?* By the life you gave me,
 By all that makes that life of value to me,
 My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
 Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
 If it be innocent ! But this, my lord !
 Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
 No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness
 (When ten yards off, we know, 'tis cheerful
 moonlight)
 Collects the guilt and crowds it round the heart.
 It must be innocent.

OSORIO.

Thyself be judge.

[OSORIO walks round the cavern—then looking
 round it.]

One of our family knew this place well.

FERDINAND.

Who ? when ? my lord.

* *Ord.* Why that's my case ! and yet the soul recoils
 from it—

'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
 Have sterner feelings ?

Isid. Something troubles you,
 How shall I serve you ?—*Remorse.*

OSORIO :

OSORIO.

What boots it who or when ?
 Hang up the torch. I'll tell his tale to thee.
 [*They hang their torches in some shelf of the cavern.**]

OSORIO.

He was a man different from other men,
 And he despised them, yet revered himself.

FERDINAND.†

What? he was mad?

OSORIO.

All men seem'd mad to him,
 Their actions noisome folly, and their talk—
 A goose's gabble was more musical.‡
 Nature had made him for some other planet,
 And press'd his soul into a human shape
 By accident or malice. In this world
 He found no fit companion!

* *on some ridge in the cavern.*]—*Remorse.*

† Ferdinand's (Isidore's) speech is amplified in *Remorse* :—

Isid. (aside.)

He? *He* despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!
 I am on my guard however: no surprise.

(*then to ORDONIO.*)

What he was mad?

‡ The above two lines are omitted in *Remorse.*

FERDINAND.*

Ah, poor wretch !
Madmen are mostly proud.

OSORIO.

He walk'd alone,
And phantasies, † unsought for, troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities, and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd,
A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest :
To this in moody murmur, and low voice,
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep.
The man who heard him——

Why didst thou look round ?

FERDINAND.

I have a prattler three years old, my lord !
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray go on ! ‡
And what did this man ?

* Of himself he speaks.

Alas ! poor wretch !—*Remorse.*

† And phantom thoughts.—*Ib.*

‡ pray proceed.—*Ib.*

OSORIO :

OSORIO.

With his human hand
 He gave a being and reality*
 To that wild fancy of a possible thing.
 Well it was done.

[*Then very wildly.*

Why babblest thou of guilt?
 The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off.
 And he, whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?

FERDINAND.

I would, my lord, you were by *my* fireside!
 I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
 Tho' you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
 But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord!

OSORIO.

Where was I?

FERDINAND.

He of whom you tell the tale—

OSORIO.

Surveying all things with a quiet scorn
 Tamed himself down to living purposes,

* He gave a substance and reality.—*Remorse.*

The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd.
But that some over-ready agent—he——

FERDINAND.

Ah! what of him, my lord?

OSORIO.

He proved a villain;
Betray'd the mystery to a brother villain;*
And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death
To share the wealth of a most noble family,
And stain the honour of an orphan lady
With barbarous mixture and unnatural union.†
What did the Velez? I am proud of the name,
Since he dared do it.

[OSORIO *grasps his sword and turns off from*
FERDINAND, *then, after a pause, returns.*]

OSORIO.

Our links burn dimly.

* *He proved a traitor,*
Betray'd the mystery to a brother traitor.—*Remorse.*

† The above three lines are omitted in *Remorse.*

OSORIO :

FERDINAND.

A dark tale darkly finish'd! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.

OSORIO [*fiercely*].

That which his wisdom prompted.
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the traitor.

FERDINAND.

No!—the fool.

He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he, who gull'd thee with a whimper'd lie
To murder *his own brother*, would not scruple
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

OSORIO.

Thou would'st not then have come, if——

FERDINAND.

O yes, my lord!
I would have met him arm'd, and scared the
coward!

[FERDINAND *throws off his robe, shows himself
armed, and draws his sword.*]

OSORIO.

Now this is excellent, and warms the blood !
 My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
 With womanish pules of pity. Dusky slave,
 Now I will kill thee pleasantly, and count it*
 Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

FERDINAND.

And all my little ones fatherless ! Die thou first.

[They fight. OSORIO disarms FERDINAND, and in disarming him, throws his sword up that recess, opposite to which they were standing.]

FERDINAND *[springing wildly towards OSORIO]*.

Still I can strangle thee !

OSORIO.

Nay, fool ! stand off.

I'll kill thee—but not so ! Go fetch thy sword.

[FERDINAND hurries into the recess with his torch. OSORIO follows him, and in a moment returns alone.]

* My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
 With weak and womanish scruples. Now my Vengeance
 Beckons me onwards with a Warrior's mien,
 And claims that life my pity robb'd her of—
 Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it, &c.

—*Remorse.*

OSORIO.

Now—this was luck! No blood-stains, no dead
body!

His dream, too, is made out. Now for his friend.

[*Exit.**]

SCENE *changes to the court before the Castle of*
VELEZ.

† *MARIA and her FOSTER-MOTHER.*

MARIA.

And when I heard that you desired to see me,
I thought your business was to tell me of him.

* *ORDONIO follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO returns alone.*

Ord. I have hurl'd him down the chasm! Treason for
treason,

He *dreamt* of it: henceforward let him sleep,

A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.

His *dream* too is made out—Now for his friend.

[*Exit ORDONIO.*

—*Remorse.*

† The whole of this scene between Maria and her foster-mother was omitted as unfit for the stage in the acted *Remorse*, but was afterwards, with the exception of the first two speeches, printed in an appendix to the third edition

FOSTER-MOTHER.

I never saw the Moor,* whom you describe.

MARIA.

'Tis strange! he spake of you† familiarly
As mine and Albert's common foster-mother.

‡ FOSTER-MOTHER.

Now blessings on the man, who'er he be,
That join'd your names with mine! O my sweet
lady,
As often as I think of those dear times
When you two little ones would stand at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk

(1813). All of it but the first speech originally appeared, under the title of "The Foster-Mother's Tale; a Dramatic Fragment," as one of Coleridge's contributions to the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, and continued to appear there, with some further omission as regards the opening part, in the later editions of 1800, 1802, and 1805. Cottle in his *Early Recollections of Coleridge* (Lond., 1837, vol. I., pp. 234, 235), prints a version of it, with some slight variations, from a copy in Coleridge's own writing, given to him by the poet in the summer of 1797.

* I never saw the man.—*Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.

† 'Tis said he spake of you.—APPENDIX to *Remorse*.

‡ Cottle's version opens here.

In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you,
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what *has*
been !

MARIA.

O my dear mother ! this strange man has left me
Wilder'd with wilder fancies than yon moon*
Breeds in the love-sick maid—who gazes at it
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye
She gazes idly ! † But that entrance, mother ! ‡

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Can no one hear ? It is a perilous tale !

MARIA.

No one.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Leoni.§ Angels rest his soul !
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw

* Troubled with wilder fancies than the moon.—*Lyrical Ballads* (1798) and *Cottle's version*.

† In the later editions of the *Lyrical Ballads* the previous part is omitted, and the scene opens here.

‡ But that entrance, Selma. APPENDIX to *Remorse*, where the previous part of this speech is omitted.

§ Poor old Sesina.—APPENDIX to *Remorse*.

With lusty arm. You know that huge round
beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of
wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him
home,
And rear'd him at the then Lord Velez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy.
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mock'd their
notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To get the seeds* of wild flowers, and to plant
them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A friar who gather'd simples in the wood,
A grey-hair'd man—he loved this little boy,
The boy loved him—and, when the friar taught
him,

* To gather seeds.—APPENDIX to *Remorse*.

He soon could write with the pen ; and from that
time

Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle .

So he became a very learned youth.*

But O ! poor wretch†—he read, and read, and
read,

Till his brain turn'd—and ere his twentieth year,
He had unlawful thoughts of many things.

And though he pray'd, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.

But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,

The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him,

And once as by the north side of the chapel

They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse,

The earth heaved under them with such a groan,

That the wall totter'd, and had well-nigh fall'n

Right on their heads. My lord was sorely
frighten'd ;

A fever seized him ;‡ and he made a confession§

* So he became a very learned man.—*Cottle's version*.

So he became a rare and learned youth.—APPENDIX to
Remorse.

† But O ! poor youth.—*Cottle's version*.

‡ a fever seized the youth.—*Ib*.

§ he made confession.—*Cottle*, APPENDIX to *Remorse*,
and *Lyrical Ballads*. The insertion of the article in the
text was probably an error of the transcriber.

Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was
 seized
And cast into that hole.* My husband's father
Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart.
And once as he was working in the cellar,†
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described:
And the young man escaped.

MARIA.

'Tis a sweet tale:
Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.
And what became of him?

FOSTER-MOTHER.

He went on shipboard

* And cast into that den.—APPENDIX to *Remorse*.

† working near this dungeon.—*Ib.*

With those bold voyagers, who made discovery
 Of golden lands ; Leoni's* younger brother
 Went likewise, and when he return'd to Spain,
 He told Leoni* that the poor mad youth,
 Soon after they arrived in that new world,
 In spite of his dissuasion seized a boat,
 And all alone set sail by silent moonlight,
 Up a great river, great as any sea,
 And ne'er was heard of more ; but 'tis supposed
 He lived and died among the savage men.†

* Sesina.—APPENDIX to *Remorse*.

† Here ends *The Foster-Mother's Tale* as given in the *Lyrical Ballads*, in the Appendix to *Remorse*, and in Cottle's *Recollections*. In the published *Remorse* the entrance of Valdez (Velez) is preceded by the following sololiquy of Teresa (Maria) :—

SCENE II.

The Sea Coast.

Ter. Heart-chilling Superstition ! thou canst glaze
 Even Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
 In vain I urge the tortures that await him ;
 Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
 My second mother, shuts her heart against me !
 Well, I have won from her what most imports
 The present need, this secret of the dungeon
 Known only to herself.—A Moor ! a Sorcerer !
 No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
 Baseness to wear a form so noble. True;

Enter VELEZ.

VELEZ.

Still sad, Maria? This same wizard haunts you.

MARIA.

O Christ! the tortures that hang o'er his head,
If ye betray him to these holy brethren!*

VELEZ [*with a kind of sneer*].

A portly man, and eloquent, and tender!
In truth, I shall not wonder if you mourn
That their rude grasp should seize on *such* a
victim.

I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborn'd him
To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
But my resolve is fix'd! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he know aught of Alvar.

* In the published *Remorse* this speech is omitted, and the former speaker continues uninterruptedly:—

Val. Still sad, Teresa! This same wizard haunts you,
A stately man, and eloquent and tender——
(with a sneer)

Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans——

MARIA.

The horror of their ghastly punishments
 Doth so o'ertop the height of sympathy,
 That I should feel too little for mine enemy—
 Ah ! far too little—if 'twere possible,
 I could feel more, even tho' my child or husband
 Were doom'd to suffer them !* That such things
 are——

VELEZ.

Hush ! thoughtless woman !

MARIA.

Nay—it wakes within me
 More than a woman's spirit.

VELEZ [*angrily*].

No more of this—
 I can endure no more.

* Thus in *Remorse* :—*Ter. (with solemn indignation.)*

The horror of their ghastly punishments
 Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
 That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
 If it were possible I could feel more,
 Even tho' the dearest inmates of our household
 Were doom'd to suffer them, &c.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

My honour'd master!
Lord Albert used to talk so.

MARIA.

Yes! my mother!
These are my Albert's lessons, and I con them
With more delight than, in my fondest hour,
I bend me o'er his portrait.

VELEZ [*to the* FOSTER-MOTHER].

My good woman,
You may retire.
[*Exit the* FOSTER-MOTHER.]

VELEZ.

We have mourn'd for Albert.
Have I no living son?

MARIA.

Speak not of HIM!
That low imposture—my heart sickens at it,
If it be madness, must I wed a madman?*

* Thus in *Remorse* :—

Vald. No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
I dare not listen to you.

And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it!

VELEZ.

Is this well?

MARIA.

Yes! it is truth. Saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,
Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
If this were all assumed, as you believe,
He must needs be a most consummate actor;
And hath so vast a power to deceive me,
I never could be safe. And why assume
The semblance of such execrable feelings?*

Ter. My honour'd lord

These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute Image.

Vald. We have mourn'd for Alvar,
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son?

Ter. Speak not of him!
That low imposture! That mysterious picture!
If this be madness, &c.

* For the last five lines of this speech the following
twenty-five are substituted in the published *Remorse* :—
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power—
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first born.

VELEZ.

Ungrateful woman ! I have tried to stifle
 An old man's passion ! Was it not enough
 That thou hast made my son a restless man,
 Banish'd his health and half-unhinged his reason,
 But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion,
 And toil to blast his honour ? I am old—

His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
 His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips !
 That spiritual and almost heavenly light
 In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
 Virtue's own native heraldry ! to man
 Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
 Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
 Wide round him ! and when oft with swelling tears,
 Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
 The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
 Oh, what a grief was there for Joy to envy,
 Or gaze upon enamour'd !

O my father !

Recall that morning when we knelt together,
 And thou didst bless our loves ! O even now,
 Even now, my sire ! to thy mind's eye present him
 As at that moment he rose up before thee,
 Stately, with beaming look ! Place, place beside him
 Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance !
 Then bid me (oh thou couldst not) bid me turn
 From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind !
 To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
 Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

A comfortless old man !* Thou shalt not stay
Beneath my roof !

[FRANCESCO *enters and stands listening.*

VELEZ.

Repent and marry him—
Or to the convent.

* Here the speech of Valdez (Velez) breaks off in *Remorse*,
and

“ *Enter a peasant and presents a letter to VALDEZ. VALDEZ
reading it.*

“ He dares not venture hither !” Why what can this mean ?

“ Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,

“ That watch around my gates, should intercept him ;

“ But he conjures me, that without delay

“ I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me

“ To guard from danger him I hold imprison’d—

“ He will reveal a secret, the joy of which

“ Will even outweigh the sorrow,”—Why what can this be ?

Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,

To have in me an hostage for his safety.

Nay, that they dare not ? Ho ! collect my servants !

I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

[*Exit VALDEZ.*

Ter. (alone.) The moon is high in heaven, and all is
hush’d.

Yet anxious listener ! I have seem’d to hear

A low dead thunder mutter thro’ the night,

As ’twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar ! Alvar ! that they could return,” &c.

FRANCESCO [*muttering*].

Good! good! very good!

MARIA.

Nay, grant me some small pittance of my fortune,
And I will live a solitary woman,
Or my poor foster-mother and her grandsons
May be my household.

FRANCESCO [*advancing*].

I abhor a listener ;
But you spoke so, I could not choose but hear you.
I pray, my lord ! will you embolden me
To ask you why this lady doth prefer
To live in lonely sort, without a friend
Or fit companion ?

VELEZ.

Bid her answer you.

MARIA.

Nature will be my friend and fit companion.

[*Turns off from them.*]

O Albert ! Albert ! that they could return,
Those blessed days, that imitated heaven !
When we two went to walk at evening-tide ;

When we saw nought but beauty; when we
heard

The voice of that Almighty One, who loved us,
In every gale that breathed, and wave that
murmur'd!

O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought
pleasure

Hath half-assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that press'd too heavy on the heart.*

† FRANCESCO.

But in the convent, lady, you would have
Such aids as might preserve you from perdition.
There you might dwell.

* The above ten lines are preserved in *Remorse*, where the
speech of Teresa (Maria) is thus concluded:—

(*a pause.*)

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery
Be groping for him with envenom'd poignard—
Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him.

[*Exit TERESA.*]

† All the rest of this Scene is omitted in the published
Remorse.

MARIA.

With tame and credulous faith,
Mad melancholy, antic merriment,
Leanness, disquietude, and secret pangs!
O God! it is a horrid thing to know
That each pale wretch, who sits and drops her
 beads
Had once a mind, which might have given her
 wings
Such as the angels wear!

FRANCESCO [*stifling his rage*].

Where is your son, my lord?

VELEZ.

I have not seen him, father, since he left you.

FRANCESCO.

His lordship's generous nature hath deceived him!
That Ferdinand (or if not he his wife)
I have fresh evidence—are infidels.
We are not safe until they are rooted out.

MARIA.

Thou man, who call'st thyself the minister
Of Him whose law was love unutterable!
Why is thy soul so parch'd with cruelty,

That still thou thirstest for thy brother's blood ?

VELEZ [*rapidly*].

Father ! I have long suspected it—her brain—
Heed it not, father !

FRANCESCO.

Nay—but I *must* heed it.

MARIA.

Thou miserable man ! I fear thee not,
Nor prize a life which soon may weary me.
Bear witness, Heaven ! I neither scorn nor hate
him—

But O ! 'tis wearisome to mourn for evils,
Still mourn, and have no power to remedy !

[*Exit* MARIA.]

FRANCESCO.

My lord ! I shall presume to wait on you
To-morrow early.

VELEZ.

Be it so, good father !

[*Exit* FRANCESCO.]

VELEZ [*alone*].

I do want solace, but not such as thine !

The moon is high in heaven, and my eyes ache,
 But not with sleep. Well—it is ever so.
 A child, a child is born ! and the fond heart
 Dances ! and yet the childless are most happy.

SCENE changes to the mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress, her eyes fixed on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in their Moorish garments. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA. After a pause one of the Morescoes to the man who stands next to him.]

FIRST MORESCO.

The law which forced these Christian dresses on us,
 'Twere pleasant to cleave down the wretch who
 framed it.

SECOND.

Yet 'tis not well to trample on it idly.

FIRST.

Our country robes are dear.

SECOND.

And like dear friend,

May chance to prove most perilous informers.*

A third Moresco, NAOMI, advances from out the circle.]

NAOMI.

Woman ! may Alla and the prophet bless thee !
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief ?
And why didst thou enjoin the Moorish garments ?

ALHADRA [*lifting up her eyes, and looking round on the circle*].

Warriors of Mahomet, faithful in the battle,
My countrymen ! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed ? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb ? Curse on those Christian
robes !

They are *spell*-blasted ; and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften !

NAOMI.

Where is Ferdinand ?

ALHADRA [*in a deep low voice*].

This night I went from forth my house, and left

* The four preceding speeches, together with the last clause of the preliminary stage directions, are omitted in *Remorse*.

His children all asleep ; and he was living !
 And I return'd, and found them still asleep—
 But he had perish'd.

ALL.

Perished ?

ALHADRA.

He had perish'd !
 Sleep on, poor babes ! not one of you doth know
 That he is fatherless, a desolate orphan !
 Why should we wake them ? Can an infant's arm
 Revenge his murder ?

ONE to ANOTHER.

Did she say his murder ?

NAOMI.

Murder'd ? Not murder'd ?

ALHADRA.

Murder'd by a Christian !

[They all, at once, draw their sabres.]

ALHADRA *[to NAOMI, who on being addressed again
 advances from the circle].*

Brother of Zagri ! fling away thy sword :

This is thy chieftain's !

[He steps forward to take it.]

Dost thou dare receive it ?

For I have sworn by Alla and the prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the blood of all the house of Velez !*

[Enter MAURICE.]

ALL.

A spy ! a spy !

[They seize him.]

MAURICE.

Off ! off ! unhand me, slaves !

[After much struggling he disengages himself and draws his sword.]

NAOMI *[to ALHADRA]*.

Speak ! shall we kill him ?

MAURICE.

Yes ! ye can kill a man,
Some twenty of you ! But ye are Spanish slaves !
And slaves are always cruel, always cowards.

ALHADRA.

That man has spoken truth. Whence and who
art thou ?

* Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez !—*Remorse.*

MAURICE.

I seek a dear friend, whom for aught I know
 The son of Velez hath hired one of you
 To murder! Say, do ye know aught of Albert?

ALHADRA [*starting*].

Albert?—three years ago I heard that name
 Murmur'd in sleep! High-minded foreigner!
 Mix thy revenge with mine, and stand among us.

[MAURICE *stands among the Morescoes.*]

ALHADRA.

Was not Osorio my husband's friend?

OLD MAN.

He kill'd my son in battle; yet our chieftain
 Forced me to sheathe my dagger. See—the point
 Is bright, unruined with the villain's blood!

ALHADRA.

He is your chieftain's murderer!*

NAOMI.

He dies by Alla!

* All the preceding part, from the entrance of Maurice, is omitted in *Remorse*, and Alhadra continues *after a pause* :—

“Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!”

ALL [*dropping on one knee*].

By Alla !

ALHADRA.

This night a reeking slave came with loud pant,
Gave Ferdinand a letter, and departed,
Swift as he came. Pale, with unquiet looks,
He read the scroll.

MAURICE.

Its purport ?

ALHADRA.

Yes, I ask'd it.

He answer'd me, " Alhadra ! thou art worthy
A nobler secret ; but I have been faithful
To this bad man, and faithful I will be."
He said, and arm'd himself, and lit a torch ;
Then kiss'd his children, each one on its pillow,
And hurried from me.* But I follow'd him
At distance, till I saw him enter *there*.

* The arrival of the slave, the interruption of Maurice, and the kissing of the babes, are all omitted in *Remorse*, where Alhadra relates briefly :—

"This night your chieftain arm'd himself
And hurried from me," &c.

NAOMI.

The cavern ?

ALHADRA.

Yes—the mouth of yonder cavern.

After a pause I saw the son of Velez
Rush by with flaring torch ; he likewise enter'd—
There was another and a longer pause—
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords,
And soon the son of Velez reappear'd.
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seem'd as he were mirthful ! I stood
listening
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband !

MAURICE.

Thou called'st him ?

ALHADRA.

I crept into the cavern :
'Twas dark and very silent.

[Then wildly.]

What said'st thou ?

No, no ! I did not dare call, Ferdinand !
Lest I should hear no answer. A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came ! After that pause,

O God!* I heard a groan!—and follow'd it.
 And yet another groan—which guided me
 Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,
 A *hideous* light! his torch lay on the ground—
 Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink.
 I spake—and while I spake, a feeble groan
 Came from that chasm! It was his last! his
 death groan!

MAURICE.

Comfort her, comfort her, Almighty Father!†

ALHADRA.

I stood in unimaginable trance
 And agony, that cannot be remember'd,
 Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
 But I had heard his last—my husband's death-
 groan!

NAOMI.

Haste! let us go!‡

* O Heaven!—*Remorse*.

† In *Remorse* it is Naomi who here interposes with
 “Comfort her, Alla.” After which—

All. Haste let us seek the murderer!

‡ Haste! let us onward!—*Remorse*.

ALHADRA.

I look'd far down the pit.

My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment,
And it was stain'd with blood! Then first I
shriek'd!

My eyeballs burnt! my brain grew hot as fire!
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turn'd into blood. I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm
When on the further brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance! Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Ferdinand!
Spirit of Ferdinand! thy murderer lives!
Away! away!

[She rushes off, all following.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*The Sea Shore.*

NAOMI and a MORESCO.

MORESCO.

This was no time for freaks of useless vengeance.

NAOMI.

True! but Francesco, the Inquisitor,
Thou know'st the bloodhound—'twas a strong
temptation.

And when they pass'd within a mile of his house,
We could not curb them in. They swore by
Mahomet,

It were a deed of treachery to their brethren
To sail from Spain and leave that man alive.

MORESCO.

Where is Alhadra?

NAOMI.

She moved steadily on
Unswerving from the path of her resolve.
Yet each strange object fix'd her eye: for grief
Doth love to dally with fantastic shapes,

And smiling, like a sickly moralist,
 Gives some resemblance of her own concerns
 To the straws of chance, and things inanimate.
 I seek her here ; stand thou upon the watch.

[*Exit* MORESCO.]

NAOMI [*looking wistfully to the distance*].

Stretch'd on the rock! It must be she—Alhadra!
 [ALHADRA *rises from the rock, and advances slowly,*
as if musing.]

NAOMI.

Once more, well met! what ponder'st thou so
 deeply?

ALHADRA.

I scarce can tell thee! For my many thoughts
 Troubled me, till with blank and naked mind
 I only listen'd to the dashing billows.
 It seems to me, I could have closed my eyes
 And waked without a dream of what has pass'd ;
 So well it counterfeited quietness,
 This wearied heart of mine !

NAOMI.

'Tis thus by nature
 Wisely ordain'd, that so excess of sorrow
 Might bring its own cure with it.

ALHADRA.

Would to Heaven
That it had brought its last and certain cure!
That ruin in the wood.

NAOMI.

It is a place
Of ominous fame; but 'twas the shortest road,
Nor could we else have kept clear of the village.
Yet some among us, as they scaled the wall,
Mutter'd old rhyming prayers.

ALHADRA.

On that broad wall
I saw a skull; a poppy grew beside it,
There was a ghastly solace in the sight!

NAOMI.

I mark'd it not, and in good truth the night-bird
Curdled my blood, even till it prick'd the heart.
Its note comes dreariest in the fall of the year:

[*Looking round impatiently.*

Why don't they come? I will go forth and meet
them.

[*Exit NAOMI.*

ALHADRA [*alone*].

The hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn
seem'd

As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold,
 The hanging woods, most lovely in decay,
 The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
 Lay in the silent moonshine ; and the owl,
 (Strange ! very strange !) the screech owl only
 waked,

Sole voice, sole eye of all that world of beauty !
 Why such a thing am I ! Where are these men ?
 I need the sympathy of human faces
 To beat away this deep contempt for all things
 Which quenches my revenge. Oh !—would to
 Alla

The raven and the sea-mew were appointed
 To bring me food, or rather that my soul
 Could drink in life from the universal air !
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff,
 Along some ocean's boundless solitude,
 To float for ever with a careless course,
 And think myself the only being alive !

[NAOMI *re-enters.*

NAOMI.

Thy children——

ALHADRA.

Children ? *Whose* children ?

[*A pause—then fiercely.*

Son of Velez,
This hath new-strung my arm! Thou coward
tyrant,
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forgot even that she was a mother!

[A noise—enter a part of the MORESCOES; and from the opposite side of the stage a MOORISH SEAMAN.]

MOORISH SEAMAN.

The boat is on the shore, the vessel waits.
Your wives and children are already stow'd;
I left them prattling of the Barbary coast,
Of mosques, and minarets, and golden crescents.
Each had her separate dream; but all were gay,
Dancing, in thought, to finger-beaten timbrels!

[Enter MAURICE and the rest of the MORESCOES dragging in FRANCESCO.]

FRANCESCO.

O spare me, spare me! only spare my life!

AN OLD MAN.

All hail, Alhadra! O that thou hadst heard him
When first we dragg'd him forth!

[Then turning to the band.]

Here! in her presence——

[*He advances with his sword as about to kill him.*
MAURICE leaps in and stands with his drawn sword
between FRANCESCO and the MORESCOES.]

MAURICE.

Nay, but ye shall not!

OLD MAN.

Shall not? Hah? Shall not?

MAURICE.

What, an unarm'd man?
 A man that never wore a sword? A priest?
 It is unsoldierly! I say, ye shall not!

OLD MAN [*turning to the bands*].

He bears himself most like an insolent Spaniard!

MAURICE.

And ye like slaves, that have destroy'd their
 master,
 But know not yet what freedom means; how holy
 And just a thing it is! He's a fall'n foe!
 Come, come, forgive him!

ALL.

No, by Mahomet!

FRANCESCO.

O mercy, mercy! talk to them of mercy!

OLD MAN.

Mercy to thee! No, no, by Mahomet!

MAURICE.

Nay, Mahomet taught mercy and forgiveness.
I am sure he did!

OLD MAN.

Ha! Ha! Forgiveness! Mercy!

MAURICE.

If he did not, he needs it for himself!

ALHADRA.

Blaspheming fool! the law of Mahomet
Was given by him, who framed the soul of man.
This the best proof—it fits the soul of man!
Ambition, glory, thirst of enterprise,
The deep and stubborn purpose of revenge,
With all the boiling revelries of pleasure—
These grow in the heart, yea, intertwine their roots
With its minutest fibres! And that Being
Who made us, laughs to scorn the lying faith,

Whose puny precepts, like a wall of sand,
Would stem the full tide of predestined Nature !

NAOMI [*who turns toward FRANCESCO with his
sword.*]

Speak !

ALL [*to ALHADRA*].

Speak !

ALHADRA.

Is the murderer of your chieftain dead ?
Now as God liveth, who hath suffer'd him
To make my children orphans, none shall die
Till I have seen his blood !

Off with him to the vessel !

[*A part of the MORESCOES hurry him off.*]

ALHADRA.

The tiger, that with unquench'd cruelty,
Still thirsts for blood, leaps on the hunter's spear
With prodigal courage. 'Tis not so with man.

MAURICE.

It is not so, remember that, my friends !
Cowards are cruel, and the cruel cowards.

ALHADRA.

Scatter yourselves, take each a separate way,
And move in silence to the house of Velez.

[*Exeunt.**]

SCENE.—*A Dungeon.*

ALBERT [*alone*] *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

ALBERT.

And this place my forefathers made for men!†
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt till changed to poison,

* The whole of the above portion of the fifth act was omitted in the published *Remorse*, where Act V. opens with the Dungeon Scene.

† And this place our forefathers made for man!—*Lyrical Ballads* (1798).

my forefathers made for man!—*Remorse*.

They break out on him like a loathsome plague-spot !

Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks—

And this is their best cure ! uncomforted

And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,

And savage faces at the clanking hour

Seen thro' the steaming vapours* of his dungeon

By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies

Circled with evil, till his very soul

Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd

By sights of ever more deformity !

With other ministrations thou, O Nature !

Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child :

Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,

Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing
sweets,

Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,

Till he relent, and can no more endure

To be a jarring and a dissonant thing

Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;

But bursting into tears wins back his way,

His angry spirit heal'd and harmonised

* the steam and vapours.—*Remorse*.

the steams and vapour.—*Lyrical Ballads* (1798).

By the benignant touch of love and beauty.*

[*A noise at the dungeon-door. It opens, and OSORIO enters with a goblet in his hand.*]

OSORIO.

Hail, potent wizard! In my gayer mood
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto;†
And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought of thee!

ALBERT‡ [*in a low voice*].

I have not summon'd up my heart to give
That pang, which I must give thee, son of Velez!

OSORIO [*with affected levity*].

Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not!
Why should I hate thee? This same world of
ours—

* The above soliloquy was published in the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798, pp. 139-140), under the title of *The Dungeon*. After this and before the entrance of Osorio (Ordonio), a new scene was added in the published *Remorse*. (See APPENDIX.)

† a libation to oblivion.—*Remorse*.

‡ This interruption of Albert (Alvar) is omitted in *Remorse*.

It is a puddle in a storm of rain,*
 And we the air-bladders, that course up and down,
 And joust and tilt in merry tournament,
 And when one bubble runs foul of another,
 [*waving his hand at ALBERT*]
 The lesser must needs break !†

ALBERT.

I see thy heart!
 There is a frightful glitter in thine eye,
 Which doth betray thee. Crazy-conscienced man,
 This is the gaiety of drunken anguish,‡
 Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
 And quell each human feeling!

OSORIO.

Feeling! feeling!
 The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble.
 'Tis true, I cannot sob for such misfortunes!
 But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me
 If willingly I e'er inflicted them!

* 'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain.—*Remorse.*

† The weaker needs must break.—*Ib.*

‡ Inly-tortured man,
 This is the wildness of a drunken anguish.—*Ib.*

Come, share the beverage—this chill place demands
it.*

Friendship and wine!

[OSORIO *proffers him the goblet.*

ALBERT.

Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred
legs,†
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Osorio! life and thought;‡
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly, to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brink,
I would remove it§ with an eager terror.

OSORIO.

What meanest thou?

* Here the speech of Osorio (Ordonio) ends in *Remorse*.

† its hundred limbs.—*Remorse*.

‡ But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!—*Ib.*

§ The remaining words of Albert's speech are omitted in *Remorse*.

OSORIO :

ALBERT.

There's poison in the wine.

OSORIO.

Thou hast guess'd well. There's poison in the
wine.

Shall we throw dice, which of us two shall drink
it?*

For one of us must die!

ALBERT.

Whom dost thou think me?

OSORIO.

The accomplice and sworn friend of Ferdinand.

ALBERT.

Ferdinand! Ferdinand! 'tis a name I know not.†

* Thou hast guess'd right; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?—

Remorse.

† In the published *Remorse* this speech of Albert (Alvar) is
somewhat amplified:—

“ I know him not.

And yet, methinks, I have heard the name but lately.

Means he the husband of the Moorish woman ?”

OSORIO.

Good! good! that lie! by Heaven! it has restored
me.

Now I am thy master! Villain, thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.

ALBERT.

What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?

[ALBERT *takes the goblet, and with a sigh throws
it on the ground.*]

My master!

OSORIO.

Thou mountebank!

ALBERT.

Mountebank and villain!

What then art thou? For shame, put up thy
sword!

What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?

I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!

I speak—and fear and wonder crush thy rage,

And turn it to a motionless distraction!

Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,

Thy faith in universal villainy,
 Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
 For all thy human brethren—out upon them!
 What have they done for thee? Have they given
 thee peace?
 Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
 The darkness pleasant, when thou wakest at mid-
 night?
 Art happy when alone? canst walk by thyself
 With even step, and quiet cheerfulness?
 Yet, yet thou mayst be saved.

OSORIO [*stupidly reiterating the word*].*

Saved? saved?

ALBERT.

One pang—
 Could I call up one pang of true remorse!

OSORIO.

He told me of the babe, that prattled to him,
 His fatherless little ones! Remorse! remorse!
 Where gott'st thou that fool's word? Curse on
 remorse!
 Can it give up the dead, or recompact

* *vacantly repeating the words.—Remorse.*

A mangled body—mangled, dash'd to atoms!
 Not all the blessings of an host of angels
 Can blow away a desolate widow's curse;
 And tho' thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
 It will not weigh against an orphan's tear.

ALBERT [*almost overcome by his feelings*].

But Albert——

OSORIO.

Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,
 Even thee! and yet, I pray thee, speak it out.
 Still Albert! Albert! Howl it in mine ear!
 Heap it, like coals of fire, upon my heart!
 And shoot it hissing through my brain!

ALBERT.

Alas——

That day, when thou didst leap from off the rock
 Into the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,
 And bore him to the strand, then, son of Velez!
 How sweet and musical the name of Albert!
 Then, then, Osorio! he was dear to thee,
 And thou wert dear to him. Heaven only knows
 How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate
 him?
 O Heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
 And weep forgiveness!

OSORIO :

OSORIO.

Spirit of the dead !
Methinks I know thee ! Ha !—my brain turns
wild
At its own dreams—off—off, fantastic shadow !

ALBERT [*seizing his hand*].

I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not !

OSORIO [*retiring from him*].

Cheat, villain, traitor ! whatso'er thou be
I fear thee, man !*

[*He starts, and stands in the attitude of listening.*]

And is *this* too my madness ?

ALBERT.

It is the step of one that treads in fear
Seeking to cheat the echo.

* The stage direction and five speeches that follow are omitted in *Remorse*, where after the above speech of Ordonio (Osorio), Teresa enters:—

“ *Ter. (rushing out and falling on ALVAR'S neck.)*

Ordonio, 'tis thy brother !

[ORDONIO *with frantic wildness runs upon ALVAR with his sword. TERESA flings herself on ORDONIO and arrests his arm.*]

Stop, madman, stop !”

OSORIO.

It approaches —

This nook shall hide me.

[*MARIA enters from a plank which slips to and fro.*]

MARIA.

I have put aside
The customs and the terrors of a woman,
To work out thy escape. Stranger! begone,
And only tell me what thou know'st of Albert.

[*ALBERT takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her with unutterable tenderness.*]

ALBERT.

Maria! my Maria!

MARIA.

Do not mock me.

This is my face—and thou—ha! who art thou?
Nay, I will call thee Albert!

[*She falls upon his neck. OSORIO leaps out from the nook with frantic wildness, and rushes towards ALBERT with his sword. MARIA gazes at him, as one helpless with terror, then leaves ALBERT, and flings herself upon OSORIO, arresting his arm.*]

MARIA.

Madman, stop !

ALBERT [*with majesty and tenderness*].

Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Albert from thee ? Toil and painful wounds,
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marr'd perhaps all trace and lineament
Of what I was ! But chiefly, chiefly, brother !
My anguish for thy guilt. Spotless Maria,
I thought thee guilty too !* Osorio, brother !
Nay, nay, thou *shalt* embrace me !

OSORIO [*drawing back and gazing at ALBERT with a
countenance expressive at once of awe and terror.*]

Touch me not !

Touch not pollution, Albert !—I will die !

[*He attempts to fall on his sword. ALBERT and
MARIA struggle with him.*]

ALBERT.

We will invent some tale to save your honour.
Live, live, Osorio !†

* The words addressed to Maria are omitted in *Remorse*.

† We will find means to save your honour, live !
Oh live, Ordonio, for our father's sake !
Spare his grey hairs !—*Remorse*.

MARIA.

You may yet be happy.

OSORIO [*looking at MARIA*].

O horror! Not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy.
Live! live!—why yes! 'Twere well to live with
you—
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!
[Throws himself at ALBERT'S feet.
Forgive me, Albert!—*Curse me with forgiveness!*

ALBERT.

Call back thy soul, my brother! and look round
thee.
Now is the time for greatness. Think that
Heaven——

MARIA.

O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

OSORIO [*pointing at vacancy*].

Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it.
Thou said'st thou didst not know him. That is he!
He comes upon me!

ALBERT [*lifting his eye to heaven*].

Heal, O heal him, Heaven!

OSORIO.

Nearer and nearer! And I cannot stir!
 Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake
 me?
 He would have died to save me, and I kill'd him—
 A husband and a father!

MARIA.

Some secret poison
 Drinks up his spirit!

OSORIO [*fiercely recollecting himself*].

Let the eternal Justice
 Prepare my punishment in the obscure world.
 I will not bear to live—to live! O agony!
 And be myself alone, my own sore torment!

[*The doors of the dungeon are burst open with a
 crash. ALHADRA, MAURICE, and the band of
 Morescoes enter.*]

ALHADRA [*pointing at OSORIO*].

Seize first that man!

[*The Moors press round.*]

ALBERT [*rushing in among them*].

Draw thy sword, Maurice! and defend my brother.

[*A scuffle, during which they disarm MAURICE.**]

OSORIO.

Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
 Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it.
 Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
 I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
 With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes!

ALHADRA.

My husband——

OSORIO.

Yes! I murder'd him most foully.

ALBERT [*throws himself on the earth*].

O horrible!†

ALHADRA.

Why didst thou leave his children?
 Demon! thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell
 To lap *their* blood. Then, then, I might have
 harden'd

* Omitted in *Remorse*, as is the name of Maurice among the persons who enter.

† This exclamation of Albert is omitted in *Remorse*.

My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
 I would have stood far off, quiet tho' dark,
 And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
 For the deep horror of a desolation
 Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
 Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

[Struggling to suppress her anguish.]

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish—
 I have not seen his blood. Within an hour
 Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
 Where is our father?

[Looks at OSORIO.]

I shall curse thee then!

Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee
 thence.

MARIA.

See—see! he doth repent. I kneel to thee.
 Be merciful!

[MARIA kneels to her. ALHADRA regards her face wistfully.]

ALHADRA.

Thou art young and innocent;
 'Twere merciful to kill thee! Yet I will not.
 And for thy sake none of this house shall perish,
 Save only he.

MARIA.

That aged man, his father !*

ALHADRA [*sternly*].

Why had he such a son ?

[*The Moors press on.*]

MARIA [*still kneeling, and wild with affright*].

Yet spare his life !

They must not murder him !

ALHADRA.

And is it then

An enviable lot to waste away

With inward wounds, and like the spirit of chaos

To wander on disquietly thro' the earth,

Cursing all lovely things ? to let him live—

It were a deep revenge !

[*All the band cry out*]—

No mercy ! no mercy !

[*NAOMI advances with the sword towards OSORIO.*]

* In the published *Remorse* the appeal of Maria (Teresa) is uninterrupted, thus :—

“ He doth repent ! See, see, I kneel to thee !

O let him live ! That aged man, his father !”

ALHADRA.

Nay, bear him forth! Why should this innocent
 maid
 Behold the ugliness of death?

OSORIO [*with great majesty*].

O woman!*

I have stood silent like a slave before thee,
 That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
 And satiate this self-accusing spirit
 With bitterer agonies than death can give.†

‡[*The Moors gather round him in a crowd, and
 pass off the stage.*]

* The preceding part is entirely different in the published *Remorse*, where it stands thus:—

“*Alhad. (sternly.)* Why had he such a son?

(*Shouts from the distance of, RESCUE! RESCUE! ALVAR!
 ALVAR! and the voice of VALDEZ heard.*)

Alhad. Rescue?—and Isidore’s spirit unrevenged?

The deed be mine!

(*Suddenly stabs ORDONIO.*)

Now take my life!

Ord. (with great majesty.)

’Tis well thou hast aveng’d thyself. O woman!”

† The following line is added in *Remorse*:—

“Forgive me, Alvar! Oh, couldst thou forget me!

[*Dies.*”

‡ The conclusion of the published *Remorse* is entirely different to this. The speech of Alhadra disappears, and

ALHADRA.

I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordain'd it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point

Alvar winds up with some grandiloquent maxims and sentiments in the old-fashioned conventional rhymed couplets:—

Alv. (while with TERESA supporting ORDONIO.)

Arm of avenging Heaven!

Thou hast snatch'd from me my most cherish'd hope—

But go! my word is pledged to thee. Away!

Brave not my father's vengeance!

[*The Moors hurry off ALHADRA. The stage fills with armed peasants and servants, ZULIMEZ and VALDEZ at their head. VALDEZ rushes into ALVAR'S arms.*]

Alv. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

(*Both kneel to VALDEZ.*)

Vald. My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!

Ter. Me too, my father?

Vald. Bless, oh bless my children!

(*both rise*)

Alv. Delights so full, if unalloy'd with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events,
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,
If listen'd to; but if repell'd with scorn,
At length as dire REMORSE, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate!"

In misery, which makes the oppressed man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the oppressor's. Knew I an hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair.
This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world ;
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath
 them ;
The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers
 should fall ;
Till desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
And all that wore and had the spirit of life
Sang a new song to him who had gone forth
Conquering and still to conquer !

THE END.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF "REMORSE" (1813).*

THIS Tragedy was written in the summer and autumn of the year 1797; at Nether Stowey, in the county of Somerset. By whose recommendation, and of the manner in which both the Play and the Author were treated by the recommender, let me be permitted to relate: that I knew of its having been received only by a third person; that I could procure neither answer nor the manuscript; and that but for an accident I should have had no copy of the work itself. That such treatment would damp a young man's exertions may be easily conceived: there was no

* *Remorse*. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By S. T. Coleridge. London: Printed for W. Pople, 67, Chancery Lane. 1813.

need of after-misrepresentation and calumny, as an additional sedative.

* As an amusing anecdote, and in the wish to prepare future Authors, as young as I then was and as ignorant of the world, of the treatment they may meet with, I will add, that the person who by a twice conveyed recommendation (in the year 1797) had urged me to write a Tragedy: who on my own objection that I was utterly ignorant of all stage-tactics had promised that *he* would himself make the necessary alterations, if the piece should be at all representable; who together with the copy of the play (hastened by his means so as to prevent the full development† of the characters) received a letter from the Author to this purport, "*that conscious of his inexperience, he had cherished no expectations, and should therefore feel no disappointment from the rejection of the play; but that if beyond his hopes Mr. ——— found in it any capability of being adapted to the stage, it was delivered to him as if it*

* The whole of this paragraph of the Preface was omitted in the later editions of *Remorse*.—ED.

† I need not say to authors, that as to the *essentials* of a poem, little can be superinduced without dissonance, after the first warmth of conception and composition.

had been his own manuscript, to add, omit, or alter, as he saw occasion; and that (if it were rejected) the Author would deem himself amply remunerated by the addition to his experience which he should receive, if Mr. ——— would point out to him the nature of its unfitness for public representation;”— that this very person returned me no answer, and, spite of repeated applications, retained my manuscript when I was not conscious of any other copy being in existence (my duplicate having been destroyed by an accident); that he suffered this manuscript to wander about the town from his house, so that but ten days ago I saw the song in the third Act *printed* and set to music, without my name, by Mr. Carnaby, in the year 1802; likewise that the same person asserted (as I have been assured) that the play was rejected, because I would not submit to the alteration of one ludicrous line; and finally in the year 1806 amused and delighted (as who was ever in his company, if I may trust the universal report, without being amused and delighted?) a large company at the house of a highly respectable Member of Parliament, with the ridicule of the Tragedy, as “*a fair specimen*” of the *whole* of which he adduced a line:

“Drip! drip! drip! there's nothing here but dripping.”

In the original copy of the Play, in the first Scene of the fourth Act, Isidore *had* commenced his Soliloquy in the Cavern with the words:

“Drip! drip! a ceaseless sound of water-drops”

as far as I can at present recollect: for on the possible ludicrous association being pointed out to me, I instantly and thankfully struck out the line. And as to my obstinate *tenacity*, not only my old acquaintance, but (I dare boldly aver) both the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre, and every actor and actress, whom I have recently met in the Green-room, will repel the accusation: perhaps not without surprise.

I thought it right to record these circumstances; but I turn gladly and with sincere gratitude to the converse. In the close of last year I was advised to present the Tragedy once more to the Theatre. Accordingly having altered the names, I ventured to address a letter to Mr. Whitbread, requesting information as to whom I was to present my Tragedy. My letter was instantly and most kindly answered, and I have now nothing to tell but a tale of thanks. I should scarce know where to begin, if the good-

ness of the Manager, Mr. ARNOLD, had not called for my first acknowledgements. Not merely as an *acting Play*, but as a dramatic *Poem*, the REMORSE has been importantly and manifoldly benefited by his suggestions. I can with severest truth say, that every hint he gave me was the ground of some improvement. In the next place it is my duty to mention Mr. RAYMOND, the Stage Manager. Had the "REMORSE" been his own Play—nay, that is saying too little—had I been his brother, or his dearest friend, he could not have felt or exerted himself more zealously.

As the Piece is now acting, it may be thought presumptuous in me to speak of the Actors: yet how can I abstain, feeling, as I do, Mrs. GLOVER'S powerful assistance, and knowing the circumstances under which she consented to act Alhadra? A time will come, when without painfully oppressing her feelings, I may speak of this more fully. To Miss SMITH I have an equal, though different acknowledgement to make, namely, for her acceptance of a character not fully developed, and quite inadequate to her extraordinary powers. She enlivened and supported many passages, which (though not perhaps, wholly uninteresting in the closet) would but for

her have hung heavy on the ears of a theatrical audience. And in speaking the Epilogue, a composition which (I fear) my hurry will hardly excuse, and which, as unworthy of her name, is here omitted,* she made a sacrifice, which only her established character with all judges of tragic action, could have rendered compatible with her duty to herself. To Mr. DE CAMP'S judgment and full conception of Isidore; to Mr. POPE'S accurate representation of the partial, yet honourable Father; to Mr. ELLISTON'S energy in the character of Alvar, and who in more than one instance *gave* it beauties and striking points, which not only delighted but surprised me; and to Mr. RAE, to whose zeal and unwearied study of his part I am not less indebted as a *man*, than to his impassioned realization of ORDONIO, as an *author*;—to these, and to all concerned with the bringing out of the Play, I can address but one word—THANKS!—but that word is uttered sincerely! and to persons constantly before the eye of the public, a public acknowledgment becomes appropriate, and a duty.

* This suppressed *Epilogue* has been disinterred from the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, and is now printed here (see page 202).—ED.

I defer all answers to the different criticisms on the Piece to an Essay, which I am about to publish immediately, on Dramatic Poetry, relatively to the present state of the Metropolitan Theatres.*

From the necessity of hastening the publication I was obliged to send the manuscript intended for the Stage: which is the sole cause of the number of directions printed in italics.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* This is one of the many projects announced by Coleridge, which through his habitual and growing indolence and irresolution, never came to any maturity.—ED.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE TRAGEDY OF "REMORSE,"

BY C. LAMB.*

Spoken by Mr. Carr.

THERE are, I am told, who sharply criticise
 Our modern theatres' unwieldy size.
 We players shall scarce plead guilty to that charge,
 Who think a house can never be too large :
 Grieved when a rant, that's worth a nation's ear,
 Shakes some prescribed Lyceum's petty sphere ;
 And pleased to mark the grin from space to space
 Spread epidemic o'er a town's broad face.—
 O might old Betterton or Booth return
 To view our structures from their silent urn,
 Could Quin come stalking from Elysian glades,
 Or Garrick get a day-rule from the shades—

* I am unable to discover that this Prologue has been included in any collection of the writings of Charles Lamb ; it seems to have escaped the notice of the most diligent collectors of *Eliana*.—ED.

Where now, perhaps, in mirth, which Spirits
approve,
He imitates the ways of men above,
And apes the actions of our upper coast,
As in his days of flesh he play'd the ghost:—
How might they bless our ampler scope to please,
And hate their own old shrunk-up audiences.—
Their houses yet were palaces to those,
Which Ben and Fletcher for their triumphs chose.
Shakespeare, who wish'd a kingdom for a stage,
Like giant pent in disproportion'd cage,
Mourn'd his contracted strength and crippled
rage.

He who could tame his vast ambition down
To please some scatter'd gleanings of a town,
And, if some hundred auditors supplied
Their meagre meed of claps, was satisfied,
How had he felt, when that dread curse of Lear's
Had burst tremendous on a thousand ears,
While deep-struck wonder from applauding bands
Return'd the tribute of as many hands!
Rude were his guests; he never made his bow
To such an audience as salutes us now.
He lack'd the balm of labour, female praise.
Few Ladies in his time frequented plays,

Or came to see a youth with awkward art
And shrill sharp pipe burlesque the woman's part.
The very use, since so essential grown,
Of painted scenes, was to his stage unknown.
The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest,
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—
The forest walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein,—
No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye.
Those scenic helps, denied to Shakespeare's page,
Our Author owes to a more liberal age.
Nor pomp nor circumstance are wanting here ;
'Tis for himself alone that he must fear.
Yet shall remembrance cherish the just pride,
That (be the laurel granted or denied)
He first essay'd in this distinguish'd fane,
Severer muses and a tragic strain.

NOTE TO PAGE 1.

The following is the opening scene added in the published *Remorse* :—

Time. *The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.

DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a Boat Cloak*, and ZULIMEZ
(*a Moresco*) both as just landed.

Zul. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!

Alv. My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us
To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!

Zul. Then claim your rights in it! O, revered
 Don Alvar,
 Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
 It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,
 And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!

Alv. Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,
 Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet
 Ordonio's brother.

Zul. Nobly minded Alvar!
 This sure but gives his guilt a blacker die.

Alv. The more behoves it, I should rouse within
 him
 REMORSE! that I should save him from himself.

Zul. REMORSE is as the heart, in which it grows:
 If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
 Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
 It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
 Weeps only tears of poison!*

Alv. And of a brother,
 Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort
 To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to
 tell thee,
 That this same life, which he conspired to take,

* This speech of Zulimez stands as a motto on the title-page of the original edition.—ED.

Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
 And at the imminent hazard of his own.
 Add too my oath—

Zul. You have thrice told already,
 The year of absence and of secrecy,
 To which a forced oath bound you : if in truth
 A suborn'd murderer have the power to dictate
 A binding oath—

Alv. My long captivity
 Left me no choice : the very *Wish* too languish'd
 With the fond *Hope*, that nursed it ; the sick babe,
 Droop'd at the bosom of its famish'd mother.
 But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy ;
 The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
 No motive could have tempted him to falsehood ;
 In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
 When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
 The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
 Fell from his palsied hand—

Zul. Heavy presumption !

Alv. It weigh'd not with me—Hark ! I will tell
 thee all.

As we pass'd by, I bade thee mark the base
 Of yonder cliff—

Zul. That rocky seat you mean
 Shaped by the billows ?—

Alv. There Teresa met me
 The morning of the day of my departure.
 We were alone: the purple hue of dawn,
 Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
 And blending with the blushes on her cheek
 Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
 There seem'd a glory round us, and Teresa
 The angel of the vision! (*then with agitation.*)

Hadst thou seen,
 How in each motion her most innocent soul,
 Beam'd forth and brighten'd, thou thyself wouldst
 tell me,
 Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
 She must be innocent!

Zul. (*with a sigh*) Proceed, my Lord!

Alv. A portrait which she had procured by
 stealth,
 (For even then it seems her heart foreboded
 Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
 A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
 She tied around my neck, conjuring me
 With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
 To my own knowledge: nor did she desist,
 Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
 That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
 Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,

Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

Zul. A damning proof!

Alv. My own life wearied me !
 And but for the imperative voice within
 With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
 That voice, which quell'd me, calm'd me, and I
 sought
 The Belgic states ; there join'd the better cause ;
 And there too fought as one that courted death !
 Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
 In death-like trance : a long imprisonment follow'd.

The fulness of my anguish by degrees
 Waned to a meditative melancholy ;
 And still the more I mused, my soul became
 More doubtful, more perplex'd : and still Teresa—
 Night after night, she visited my sleep,
 Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
 Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me !
 And still as in contempt of proof and reason,
 I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless.
 Hear then my fix'd resolve : I'll linger here
 In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
 The Moorish robes?—

Zul. All, all are in the sea-cave,

Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

Alv. Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

Zul. Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

Alv. Thus disguised
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—*wife!*
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

Zul. Will they not know you?

Alv. With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other.
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead:
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognise.

Zul. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I will seek our mariners; and in the dusk

Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpuxarras—there where Zagri lived.

Alv. I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains— (both stand listening.

Voices at a distance!

Let us away!

[*Exeunt.*

PAGE 3.

(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid, &c.)

In the *third* edition of *Remorse* the following footnote is appended to this passage:—" [Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing, half-playful tone and manner apologises for her fancy by the little tale in the parenthesis.] "

Note to the words "you are a painter," p. 51.
(Act II. Scene II.)

The following lines I have preserved in this place not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so, without disrespect to the public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere *fancy* portrait; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of one who

still lives, *nobilitate felix, arte clarior, vitá colendis-*
*simus.**

Zul. (*speaking of ALVAR in the third person.*)

Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;
There won the love of that divine old man,
Courtèd by mightiest kings, the famous TITIAN!
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet mystery of lines and colours,
Changed the blank canvas to a magic mirror,
That made the Absent present; and to Shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought
and motion.

He loved the old man, and revered his art:
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But his inalienable ornament,

* In later editions, after the death of the person alluded to, these prefatory observations were thus altered:—"The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere fancy portrait; but a slight yet not unfaithful profile of the late Sir George Beaumont."

To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
 By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
 Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
 The Art, he honour'd thus, requited him :
 And in the following and calamitous years
 Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

Alhad. And then he framed this picture? and
 unaided

By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman?

Alv. A potent spell, a mighty talisman!
 The imperishable memory of the dead,
 Sustain'd by love, and grief, and indignation!
 So vivid were the forms within his brain,
 His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!*

NOTE TO PAGE 75.

Remorse. Act III.

[The following is entirely different to the close
 of the third Act of *Osorio*. See p. 75 *suprà*:—]

Wandering Demons! hear the spell!
 Lest a blacker charm compel—

* Printed in the Appendix to the third edition of *Remorse*
 (1813).

[The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of ALVAR'S assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.]

Ord. (starting in great agitation.)

Duped! duped! duped! the traitor Isidore!

[At this instant the doors are forced open, MONVIEDRO and the Familiars of the Inquisition, servants, &c., enter and fill the stage.]

Mon. First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!

The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words. Look you pale, Lord
Valdez?

Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

Ord. (recovering himself as from stupor, to the servants.)

Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

[All rush out in tumult.]

SCENE II.

Interior of a Chapel, with painted windows.

Enter TERESA.

When first I enter'd this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart : but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
Of trampling uproar, fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet-room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter VALDEZ.

Vald. Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's
blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril !

Ter. Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of
peril ?

Vald. O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted !
This was no feat of mortal agency !
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all !
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanish'd,
Self-kindled, self-consumed : bright as thy life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy fate,
Alvar ! My son ! My son !—The Inquisitor—

Ter. Torture me not ! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar!

Vald. How often wouldst thou plead* for these
Morescoes!

The brood accursed ! remorseless, coward murderers!

Ter. (*wildly.*)

So ? so ?—I comprehend you—He is——

Vald. (*with averted countenance.*)

He is no more !

Ter. O sorrow ! that a Father's voice should
say this,

A Father's heart believe it !

Vald. And how painful

Are Fancy's wild hopes† to a heart despairing !

Ter. These rays that slant in from those gorgeous
windows,

From yon bright orb—tho' colour'd as they pass,
Are they not Light ?—Even so that voice, Lord
Valdez !

Which whispers to my soul, tho' haply varied
By many a fancy, many a wishful hope,
Speaks yet the truth : and Alvar lives for me !

* How often would he plead.—*Third Edition.*

† A worse sorrow
Are Fancy's wild hopes, &c.—*Third Edition.*

Vald. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and
no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.

Ter. I breathed to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,
Yet impious Sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?

Vald. O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—

(turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.

Accursed assassins!

Disarm'd, o'erpower'd, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relic
More dear than was his life—

Ter. (with faint shriek.)

O Heavens! *my* portrait!
He grasp'd it in his death-pang!*

Off, false Demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!

[ORDONIO *enters with the keys of the dungeon
in his hand.*]

* And he *did* grasp it in his death-pang!—*Third Edition.*

Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's
employer!

Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield
us

From wicked thoughts—

[VALDEZ moves toward the back of the stage
to meet ORDONIO, and during the con-
cluding lines of TERESA'S speech appears
as eagerly conversing with him.]

Is Alvar dead? what then?

The nuptial-rites and funeral shall be one.

Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—

Away! they see me not—*Thou* seest me, Alvar!

To thee I bend my course.—But first one
question,

One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—

There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore
me. *(retires out of sight.)*

Ord. (as he advances with VALDEZ.)

Those are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew
not,

That I too had received the wizard's message,

"He that can bring the dead to life again."

But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme

To work a full conviction on the culprit,

And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

Vald. 'Tis well, my son! But have you yet
discover'd

(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—
Pride, and hypocrisy, and guilt, and cunning?

Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trem-
bled—

Why—why, what ails you now?—

Ord. (confused.) Me? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me?

Vald. His speech about the corse, and stabs,
and murderers,
Bore reference to the assassins—

Ord. Duped! duped! duped!
The traitor, Isidore! (*a pause, then wildly.*)
I tell thee, my dear father!

I am most glad of this.

Vald. (confused.) True—Sorcery
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.

I have their statures and their several faces
So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.

Ord. Yes! yes! we recognize them!
I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down

Thro' darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
 My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
 As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis
 sunshine,

And the blood dances freely thro' its channels!

[Turns off abruptly: then to himself.]

This is my virtuous, *grateful* Isidore!

[then mimicking ISIDORE'S manner and voice—

"A common trick of gratitude, my lord!"

Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect

His "own full heart"—'twere good to see its
 colour.

Vald. These magic sights! O that I ne'er had
 yielded

To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
 But that in spite of your own seeming faith
 I held it for some innocent stratagem,
 Which Love had prompted, to remove the doubts
 Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

Ord. *(in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself.)*

Love! Love! and then we hate! and what? and
 wherefore?

Hatred and Love! Fancies opposed by fancies!
 What? if one reptile sting another reptile!
 Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
 Hath one disfiguring stain the less upon it.

Are we not all predestined transiency,
 And cold dishonour? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
 Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?
 That this must needs bring on the idiocy
 Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!

Vald. Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of
 feeling—— *(averting himself.*

Almost I fear, it hath unhinged his brain.

Ord. *(now in soliloquy, and now addressing his
 father: and just after the speech has com-
 menced, TERESA reappears and advances
 slowly.)*

Say, I had laid a body in the sun!

Well! in a month there swarm forth from the
 corse

A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
 In place of that one man.—Say, I had *kill'd* him!

[TERESA starts, and stops listening.

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
 Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
 As that one life, which being push'd aside,
 Made room for these unnumber'd——

Vald. O mere madness!

*[TERESA moves hastily forwards, and places
 herself directly before ORDONIO.]*

The rock! the fir-grove! (To VALDEZ)

Didst *thou* hear him say it?

Hush! I will ask him!

Vald. Urge him not—not now!

This we *beheld*. Nor *He* nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery reveal'd.

The assassin, who press'd foremost of the three——

Ord. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, *grateful*
villain,

Whom I will strangle!

Vald. (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son,*
yet attempting to proceed with his description.)

While his two companions——

Ord. Dead! dead already! what care we for
the dead?

Vald. (To TERESA.)

Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!
These supernatural shows, this strange disclosure,
And his too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy.

Ord. Is it so?

Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep

Starts up bewilder'd, and talks idly.

(*Then mysteriously.*) Father!

What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours! What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar?

Vald. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—
say rather,

He was their advocate; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.

Ord. Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murder'd.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady?

Vald. What seek you now?

Ter. A better, surer light,
To guide me——

Both. Whither?

Ter. To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!
Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.

Vald. To find a lover!
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty?
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!

Ter. Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms—O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved!

[*Exit, VALDEZ following after her.*

Ord. This, then, is my reward! and must I
love her?
Scorn'd, shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes!
yes!

By the deep feelings of revenge and hate
I will still love her—woo her—*win* her too!
(*a pause.*) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd
To escape the crueller flames—My soul shouts
triumph!

The mine is undermined! blood! blood! blood!
They thirst for thy blood! *thy* blood, Ordonio!

(*a pause.*)

The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek
A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

To Isidore I will despatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern! ay, that cavern!
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,

Whence he shall never, never more return!

(Looks through the side window.)

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night.

[Exit.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

NOTE TO PAGE 145.

Act V.

In the published *Remorse*, the Dungeon soliloquy of Alvar has some additional lines, and the following scene with Teresa is interpolated. Alvar continues:—

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the
heart,

Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

(Retires out of sight.)

Enter TERESA with a taper.

Ter. It has chill'd my very life-blood!* my own
voice scares me!

* My very life.—*Third Edition.*

Yet when I hear it not, I seem to lose
 The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
 Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
 I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
 Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here?
 As in a dream I ask; if it be a dream?*

(Looking round.)

O for one human face here—but to see
 One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
 It is but my own fear!—The life within me,
 It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
 Beyond which I scarce dare to look! *(shudders.)*†
 If I faint? If this inhuman den should be
 At once my death-bed and my burial vault?
 Ho! *(with a faint scream as ALVAR emerges from
 the recess and moves hastily toward her.)*

*Alv. (Rushes towards her, and catches her as she
 is falling.)*

O gracious heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
 Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
 Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
 And joy complete what terror has begun.

* This line is omitted in the later editions of *Remorse*.

† In the later editions of *Remorse* this line runs:—

"Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh
(shuddering.)"

O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
 Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
 Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

Ter. (Recovering, looks round wildly.)

I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
 I hear that voice! and wake, and try—and try—
 To hear it waking! but I never could—
 And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
 Murder'd perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
 As if it were no painful thing to die!

Alv. (eagerly.)

Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
 Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture,
 Framed by a guilty wretch.

Ter. (Retires from him, and feebly supports herself against a pillar of the dungeon.)

Ha! Who art thou?

Alv. (exceedingly affected.)

Suborn'd by his brother—

Ter. Didst thou murder him?

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled
 man,

I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

Alv. Ordonio—he—

Ter. If thou didst murder him—

His spirit ever at the throne of God

Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!

Alv. Alvar was not murder'd.
Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!

Ter. (wildly.) Nay, nay, but tell me!

(a pause, then presses her forehead.)

O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain—

(a pause, she gazes at ALVAR.)

Mysterious man!

Methinks I cannot fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And *he* suborn'd thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower
on thee,

As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

Alv. I can endure no more. The Moorish
sorcerer

Exists but in the stain upon this face.

That picture—

Ter. (advances towards him.) Ha! speak on!

Alv. Beloved Teresa!

It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!

Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

[Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.]

Ter. (receiving the portrait.)

The same—it is the same. Ah! Who art thou?
Nay I will call thee, Alvar. (*She falls on his neck.*)

Alv. O joy unutterable!

But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief
while

Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

Ter. O my all-virtuous love! I fear to leave
thee

With that obdurate man.

Alv. Thou dost not leave me!

But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round
thee!

Ter. The sound of thy voice shall be my music!

[Retiring, she returns hastily and embracing

ALVAR.]

Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?

Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar!

[Exit.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. COLERIDGE'S NEW TRAGEDY CALLED
"REMORSE."*

*Written by the Author, and spoken by MISS SMITH in the
character of TERESA.*

OH! the procrastinating idle rogue,
The Poet has just sent his Epilogue ;
Ay, 'tis just like him!—and the *hand*!—
 (*Poring over the manuscript*)—The stick!
I could as soon decipher Arabic!
But, hark! my wizard's own poetic elf
Bids me take courage, and make one myself!
 An heiress, and with sighing swains in plenty,
From blooming nineteen to full-blown five-and
 twenty,
Life beating high, and youth upon the wing,
"A six years' absence was a heavy thing!"
Heavy!—nay, let's describe things as they are,
With sense and nature 'twas at open war—

* Printed in the *Morning Chronicle*, Thursday, January
28, 1813.

Mere affectation to be singular.
Yet ere you overflow in condemnation,
Think first of poor Teresa's education ;
'Mid mountains wild, near billow-beaten rocks,
Where sea-gales play'd with her dishevel'd
locks,
Bred in the spot where first to light she sprung,
With no Academies for ladies young—
Academies—(sweet phrase !) that well may claim
From Plato's sacred grove th' appropriate name !
No morning visits, no sweet waltzing dances—
Then for reading—what but huge romances,
With as stiff morals, leaving earth behind 'em,
As the brass-clasp'd, brass-corner'd boards that
bind 'em.
Knights, chaste as brave, who strange adventures
seek,
And faithful loves of ladies, fair as meek ;
Or saintly hermits' wonder-raising acts,
Instead of—novels *founded upon facts* !
Which decently immoral, have the art
To spare the blush, and undersap the heart !
Oh, think of these, and hundreds worse than
these,
Dire disimproving disadvantages,
And grounds for pity—not for blame you'll see,

E'en in *Teresa's* six years' constancy.

(Looking at the manuscript.)

But stop! what's this?—Our Poet bids me say,
That he has woo'd your feelings in this Play,
By no too *real* woes, that make you groan,
Recalling kindred griefs, perhaps your own,
Yet with no image compensate the mind,
Nor leave one joy for memory behind.
He'd wish no loud laugh, from the sly, shrewd
sneer,
To unsettle from your eyes the quiet tear,
That Pity had brought, and Wisdom would leave
there.
Now calm he waits your judgment! (win or miss),
By no loud plaudits saved, damn'd by no factious
hiss.

FINIS.

