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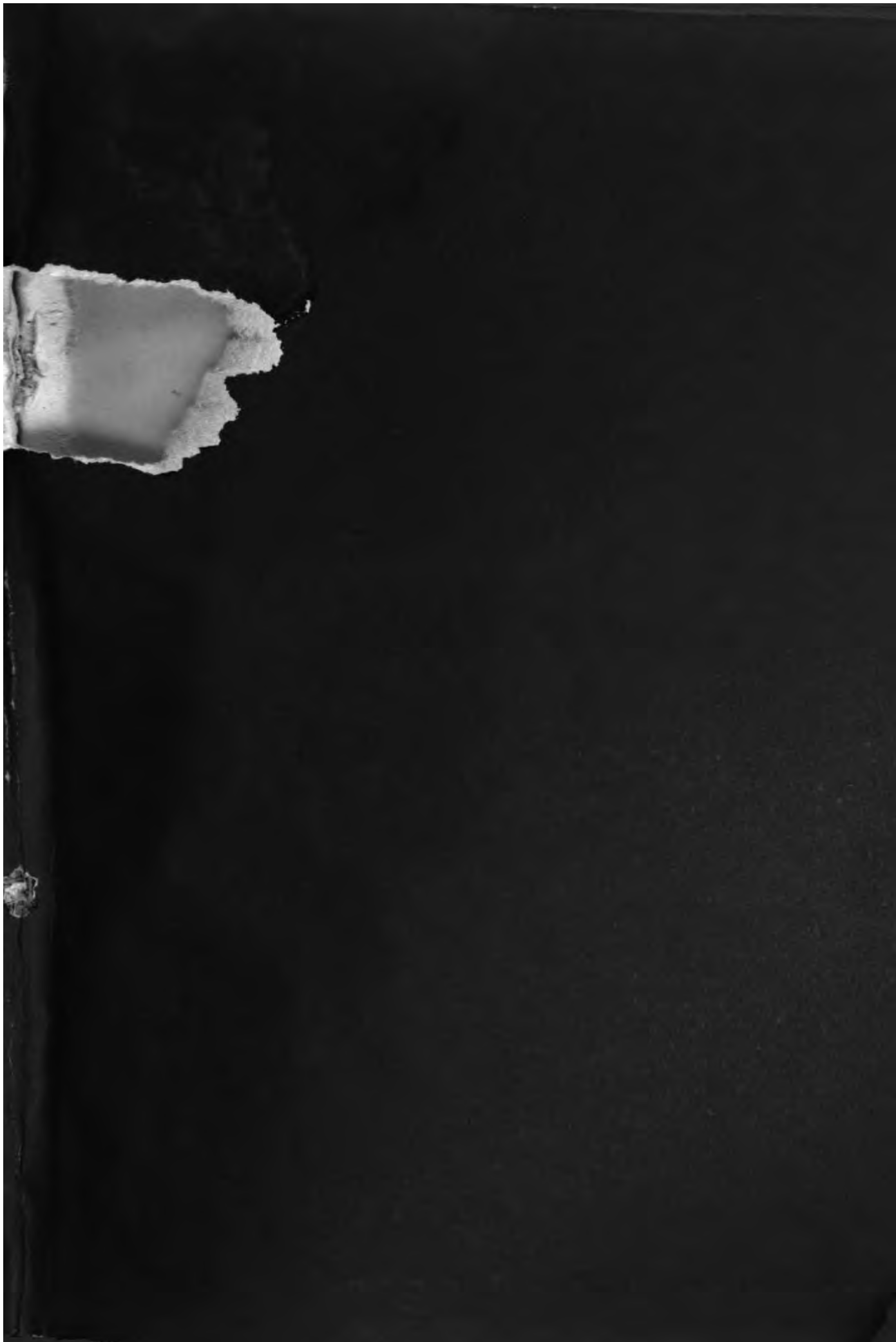
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o Mrs. M. J. Wright

from

Mrs. Gordon,

Evering Road,

Stoke Newington,

London, N. E.

This romance was written by
the Reverend Mr. Gordon, under
the pseudonym of John Elford.

M. adds. 109 e. 679

PHILIP II.

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE

BY

JOHN ELFORD.

LONDON:

C. S. PALMER, 100, SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

J. COVENTRY, MARE STREET, HACKNEY.

1879.



Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by.

MILTON: *Il Penseroso*.

Quapropter, cùm res gestae et eventus, qui verae Historiae subjiuntur non sint ejus amplitudinis, in quâ anima humana sibi satisfaciat, praesto est Poesis, quae facta magis heroica confingat: cùm Historia vera successus rerum minime pro meritis virtutum et scelerum narret, corrigit eam Poesis, et exitus et fortunas secundum merita et ex lege Nemeseos exhibet: cùm Historia vera, obviâ rerum satietate et similitudine, animae humanae fastidio sit, reficit eam Poesis, inexpectata, et varia, et vicissitudinum plena canens. Adeo ut Poesis ista, non solum ad delectationem sed etiam ad animi magnitudinem et ad mores conferat. Quare et merito etiam divinitatis cujuspiam particeps videri possit, quia animum erigit et in sublime rapit; rerum simulacra ad animi desideria accomodando non animum rebus (quod Ratio facit, et Historia) submitiendo.—BACON: *De Augmentis Scientiarum*.

There are a hundred faults in this thing and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors and dull without a single absurdity.
—*Pref. to Vicar of Wakefield*.

PREFACE.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe
May here find truth too.—*Prologue to HENRY VIII.*

No legend of modern times has had as much attention paid to it as that of the loves and sorrows of Don Carlos, Prince of the Asturias, and Isabel of Valois, Philip II's. young and beautiful queen. "The relations in which the two parties stood to each other, their untimely fate, and the mystery in which it was involved, have conspired with the sombre and unscrupulous character of Philip to suggest the most horrible suspicions of the cause of their death. The mystery which hung over them in their own time has not been dissipated by the researches of later chroniclers. For that very reason it has proved an inexhaustible theme for fiction, until it might be thought to have passed from the domain of history into that of romance. It has been found especially suited to the purposes of the drama." (PRESCOTT.) "Beside Otway's *Carlos*, so famous on its first appearance, many tragedies on this subject have been written—most of them are gathered to their final rest—two bid fair to last for ages." (CARLYLE.) The two to which

Mr. Carlyle refers, are the *Filippo* of Alfieri and the *Don Carlos* of Schiller. From a historic point of view these productions are of little value *; judged as poems the place assigned them by the critic is a high one.

No doubt they are works which the world will not willingly let die. Yet, with all their excellence, the most enthusiastic admirer of these two dramas must admit that they are far from yielding a pure and unqualified pleasure. A son enamoured of his father's wife, a mother in love with her step-son, are personages whom neither angels nor men can look upon with complacency. Themes of this kind many hold to be themes which no writer ought to meddle with. Without going so far as that, all will agree that such subjects require very delicate handling to keep them from being offensive. It is only when the incestuous relation between the parties is the result of no choice on their part

* Alfieri's drama makes no pretension to historical accuracy. It has no local or national colouring. "He describes no scene; his personages are not the King of Spain and his courtiers, but merely men; their place of action is not the Escorial or Madrid, but a vacant objectless platform anywhere in space." (CARLYLE: *Life of Schiller*.)

Schiller makes the events of his drama take place after the defeat of the Armada (Act iii. Sc. 6), when Carlos, had he been living, would have been 44, and Isabel about a year older. Egmont (executed in 1568) is still alive (Act iii. Sc. 5), and Alexander Farnese (who governed Flanders from 1578 to 1584,) is set forth as a youth at the Court of Philip (Act iii. Sc. 7). Alva (who died in 1582,) is about to go to the Netherlands (*passim*). The Princess Eboli, who was married to Ruy Gomez, in 1553, when Carlos had scarcely been breeched, Schiller represents as a blooming girl rejecting with scorn the suit of Gomez (Act i. Sc. 3), and yielding herself up a sacrifice to Philip's lust, in order to accomplish the ruin of Carlos (Act ii. Sc. 12,) (an idea, that Schiller seems to have got from Otway). Many other incongruities of the same sort might be pointed out.

that perfect sympathy is elicited. For Œdipus and Jocasta, victims of Fate, whose marriage was a piece of bad fortune, we are touched with a grief as pure and deep perhaps as that which we feel for Romeo and Juliet. Not so, however, for Carlos and Isabel as they have been usually delineated by the dramatist.* Much injured though they have been, guilty they are, guilty they confess themselves to be. We may pity them, but we cannot give them our love or respect. It would have been different, we think, had the story of the mighty wrong which they have endured from Philip been

* Prescott is indignant at the poets and "unscrupulous writers of a later date" who have paid so little respect to the reputation of Isabel. And not without reason. For she was the delight of the courtly circle over which she presided and of which she was the greatest ornament. The Historian quotes two passages from letters written by the Bishop of Limoges (a resident at Madrid for some time after her marriage) to her brother Charles IX. in which her character is seen in a fine light. How completely she seems to have resigned herself to the hard fate of being the wife of such a compound of lust and cruelty as Philip undoubtedly was! Intended originally for Carlos, Brantôme tells us that when the Prince saw her first, "he was so captivated by her charms that he conceived from that time a mortal spite against his father, whom he often reproached for the great wrong he had done him in ravishing from him this fair prize. And this," adds the writer, "was said in part to have been the cause of the Prince's death, for he could not help loving the Queen at the bottom of his soul, as well as honouring and reverencing one who was so truly amiable and deserving of love" (Prescott, Bk. iv. c. 8). Pure and noble in her life, how meek and patient she shewed herself at the hour of death! What can be finer than this? "The ambassador (FOURQUEVAULX) said a few words of comfort, endeavouring to give her some hope of life; but she answered 'You will soon know how near I am to my end. God has given me grace to despise this world and its grandeur, and to fix all my hopes on Him and Jesus Christ. Never did a thought occasion me less anxiety than that of death.'" Well might the Spanish people, on the

put prominently forward, but both Alfieri and Schiller keep it in the background; it is not dramatically unfolded or vividly set before our eyes. The unhappy lovers thus stand out before us as much sinners as sinned against, and rank in our thoughts only with Hugo and Parasina.

In the following version of the legend, I have tried to present the commonly received incidents of the story—the betrothal of the young couple, its rupture by Philip, and the sad consequences thereof—in such a way that our sympathy for Carlos and Isabel in their troubles is, I hope, never felt to be a divided or imperfect one.

announcement of her decease, “fill the air with cries making everywhere the most passionate demonstrations of grief;” “for the Queen,” says Brantôme, “was regarded by them not merely with feelings of reverence but of idolatry.” (*Ibid.*)

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

Such was Isabel in reality. What a different creature we meet in the counterfeit presentment of the dramatist; 'tis as Hyperion to a satyr. Otway's portrait of Isabel is a very gross one; and even Schiller, whom admirers credit with such high moral aims, in a scene where he sinks almost to the level of Kotzebue, puts language into her mouth worthy only of the wife of Potiphar. (*Don Carlos, Act v. Sc. 11.*)

Ich will vor menschen nicht mehr zittern,
Will einmal kühn seyn, wie ein Freund. Mein herz
Soll reden. Tugend nannt'er unsre Liebe.
Ich glaub' es ihm und will mein herz nicht mehr—

Hamlet might well urge Polonius to bestow the players well, on the ground that it was better to have a bad epitaph than their evil report.

PHILIP II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PHILIP II.		ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO.
CARLOS (<i>His Son</i>).		VALDEZ, ARCHBISHOP
SALDANHA (<i>Friend of Carlos</i>).		OF SEVILLE
ALVA	} <i>Grandees.</i>	CARDINAL ESPINOSA
RUY GOMEZ		OLD INQUISITOR
DE LOS VALLES		FRAY VILLACANCIO.
AGUILAR		BISHOP OF ORLEANS
MONDEJAR		DUPRAT
FERIA		AURIGNY
INFANTADO		DIEGO, <i>Host of the Trojan Horse.</i>
LIRIA		GIL
NAHARRO		JOSÉ
IDIAQUEZ		
GUZMAN		A PHYSICIAN.
THE PAPAL NUNCIO		

Musicians, Familiars of the Inquisition, Choirs of Priests, Boys, &c.

WOMEN.

ISABEL (<i>Elizabeth of Valois</i>).	
MARIE FOURQUEVAULX	{ (<i>Her Maid of Honour, Daughter of the French Ambassador.</i>)
PRINCESS EBOLI.	
JACINTA	} (<i>Shepherdesses</i>).
CUELPA	
LOLA	} (<i>Servants in the Royal Kitchen</i>).
INEZ	

Duchesses of Alva, Feria, and Wives and Daughters of Grandees, Choir of Virgins, &c.

The SCENE is in general laid in Madrid; once it changes to the Albaraccin Mountains.

PHILIP II.



ACT I.

SCENE I. MADRID. THE ROYAL PALACE.

IN FRONT OF THE BANQUETING HALL.

Servants passing in and out. Sounds of Revelry distinctly heard. A small door (leading into the Palace Gardens) opens. Enter COUNT DUPRAT with a flagon in his hand.

DUPRAT.

This fresh breeze is more welcome to me than their wine. We asthmatic fellows do not show well off at feasts—we are more at home on the battle field. What with the pompous talk of these thick-pated Grandees, and the heat of the room, and my own fat, I am like oil. I am indeed. I wish I was of a thinner habit of body and able to slip through a narrow-necked bottle. (THE HEALTH *of* PHILIP, KING *of* SPAIN, and the PRINCESS ISABEL *of* FRANCE, *heard from within.*) Fi-z-z. The devil's a

B

guest at every rich man's table, as we say in France, and his cloven foot is being displayed plainly enough at King Philip's Betrothal Feast. But let me curb my appetite, and get a sniff of the cooling air; I'll thus do both soul and body good at the same time. (*deliberately*) I do not think I am drunk, I feel sure I am not drunk, though my Lady Moon there and her attendant stars look doubtful at me as if they thought I was. Why wink so suspiciously on me, ye blessed twinklers? I'm all right, I can tell you. I know the difference between my finger and thumb, though these ensnaring Spanish wines have a sad reputation for upsetting a man and confusing his thoughts. For my part, I like a wine that I can drink a bucket of before either legs or reason give way. But what's the use of complaining? We cannot have things all good, all perfect in this naughty world (*hiccoughing*) as Solomon the wise king of Egypt tells us in the Psalms. There are spots on the face of the moon. The choicest blessings have their bad points, so, if your bewitching Malaga is such that the Pope himself would not turn up his nose at it, it has also the wicked property of toppling one up before ever he has time to unbend himself among his bosom friends.

Enter COUNT AURIGNY, *as if going to the banquet.*

AURIGNY.

Good evening, Count.

DUPRAT.

Glad to see you. You look like an eel in a pond.

AURIGNY.

Well I may, considering. But am I too late?
Are you going already?

DUPRAT.

No; catch me! Only out for a moment. The
banquet's not over yet; scarcely begun, i' faith.

AURIGNY.

You seem to be leaving it, nevertheless.

DUPRAT.

Why, you see, my head was getting like a mill-
wheel—thoughts whirling round, round, round;
and while a venerable bishop, with a face a yard
long, was invoking the benison of the blessed
Virgin on the Pope, and the King, and the Prin-
cess (God bless them!), I watched my opportunity,
and vanished,

AURIGNY.

Ha, ha!

DUPRAT.

(*slowly*) temporarily. But how are all in France?
What sort of a journey had you?

AURIGNY.

Oh, a gamesome enough journey it was; short and sweet as a summer dream. I will tell you all about it to-morrow.

DUPRAT (*drinking*).

You consumed a plaguy deal of liquor on your travels, no doubt.

AURIGNY.

Yes, I dare say we did pretty fair that way; not that one ought to boast in your presence. Travelling through any country is dry work in autumn, and through Spain it is doubly so.

DUPRAT.

A wise remark:—one that a philosopher might father or adopt with honour to himself.

AURIGNY.

Thank you; that's high praise.

DUPRAT.

What the sea is to a fish, and the air to a bird, that is drink to your traveller.

AURIGNY.

It is.

DUPRAT.

So the Princess is to marry the King, and not Don Carlos. Strange turn of the wheel of fortune!

AURIGNY.

Yes, I gave into her own white hand the letter from her brother, stating that it was his royal pleasure she should wed King Philip.

DUPRAT.

Well, the King of France is not of my way of thinking. Hark'ee! (*whispering*) I would as soon have given her in marriage to the Devil.

AURIGNY.

Perhaps; but I must be silent. King Philip received me graciously, and has given me pistoles enough to fill a knapsack; and look here! (*showing a decoration on his breast*).

DUPRAT.

Ah, truly 'tis an odd world! I am not much given to philosophise, but I remark again, it is an odd, odd world. By holy St. Francis, it is.

AURIGNY.

How so?

DUPRAT.

Look here. Three months ago I brought the Princess to Spain to be married to Don Carlos, and the poor pale-face did not give me a doit.

AURIGNY.

Well?

DUPRAT.

But you go to France, as luck would have it, to seek the Princess in marriage for Philip's self, and you come back telling him, the old baboon, that he is to have the pearl of all Christendom for a bride.

AURIGNY.

So.

DUPRAT.

Chut! That news was sure to send him quick enough to his Mexican coffers to fill your gaping purse. By this empty wine-cup he should have given you a province for such tidings.

AURIGNY.

You speak fast. But occasion presses; good things are not always to be had for nothing; so farewell for the present.

DUPRAT.

Aye! Go, if you want only to wet your lips. Saint and sinner are drinking like soldiers after the sack of a town. [*Exit* AURIGNY.

Enter from another door the Abbot of SAN ILDEFONSO, the Bishop of ORLEANS, the Archbishop of SEVILLE, and GUZMAN, a Grandee.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

All things have passed off well.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

A pleasant night indeed.

GUZMAN.

I have enjoyed it much, and not the less on account of the grace given to the banquet through the presence of so many bishops and godly men.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Duke, I fear you use the language most natural to courtiers—flattery.

GUZMAN.

No, truly; I speak so from my heart. The clergy are the most becoming ornaments at the feasts of kings. They give to such an odour of sanctity, and their presence acts as restraint upon the rough and voluptuous.

ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO (*smiling*).

And they need wine no less than other men to bear them up under life's burden in these heretical and godless times.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Wine drives away care. "Pellite curas mero" is good advice, though not to be found in the Fathers.

DUPRAT (*coming up to them*).

Father Abbot, does your holy body need cooling like that of an ordinary sinner's, or have you come out like me to have a peep at the stars?

ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO.

They might well bring one out. The glory of the Alcazar, lit up to-night with the utmost help of art, is but tinsel in comparison with the glory of these.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

How brightly, yet softly, they are looking down upon us, as if instinct with infinite pity and love.

ARCHBISHOP (*coming forward to DUPRAT*).

"Quoniam videbo cœlos tuos, opera digitorum tuorum, lunam et stellas quæ tu fundasti, quid est homo quod memor es ejus, aut filius hominis quoniam visitas eum?"

DUPRAT.

Thank you. Do not quote the Fathers for my benefit. It is a high compliment to pay me to suppose I understand them.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Have you forgot your Latin ?

DUPRAT.

I never had much to forget, and what I had is gone the way of last year's wine crop. But what do these outlandish words mean ?

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

They are from the Psalms of David. The pious king thus sets forth man's insignificance in the mighty universe of God.

DUPRAT.

David ? Was that the king who, when a shepherd lad, killed the giant ?

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

It was. A soldier, you, of course, look at King David more in his martial capacity. We Churchmen cannot forget that he was the Church's poet and singer to all generations.

DUPRAT.

And does David say that night is no whit behind day-light for use and beauty?

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

He insists that night is the mother or cause of holy meditations. Night has always had special attractions for the pious and thoughtful.

DUPRAT.

Aye, and for the sinner too, I reckon. A handsome woman always looks best by candle-light; and the glass that sparkles in the sun has a far brighter lustre when the light of a thousand lamps beams on it.

ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO (*laughing*).

And, as you hinted, starlight is very useful for cooling a man heated with wine.

DUPRAT.

Truly it is; and physicians tell us the tongue is then in the best trim for judging of the quality of what is set before us.

ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO.

Bacchus should have been the son of Nox, and crowned at midnight with a crown of stars.

DUPRAT.

Who Bacchus was I forget for the moment; I ought to remember. But I dare say I can do worse than drink his health. Any relation of the King of Spain's, eh? Here's his health, and the King's too.

ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO (*laughing*).

Bacchus's health and King Philip's.

DUPRAT (*in high glee*).

King Philip is the mirror of kings; he is a charming king, a most Christian king—Rex Christianissimus—is that it? eh?

ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO.

Yes. A very different man from his father, however.

GUZMAN.

I knew the old Emperor well. No solitary he; but one who liked to take his wine pleasantly, sitting in the midst of a knot of heroes; a man who enriched his feasts with beauty, and who was reputed himself to be a capital judge of female charms.

ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO.

King Philip is truly royal. It is a pity he is so fond of solitude.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

His being fond of solitude is no proof that he is less fit for rule than his illustrious father. The lion goes alone.

DUPRAT (*sharply*).

And for no good purpose, I warrant. I never liked your solitaries.

ABBOT OF SAN ILDEFONSO.

No?

DUPRAT.

Hark ye! When I see a fellow sitting alone, with his wine before him, I shake my head and wish him in Purgatory. It shows a bad heart.

GUZMAN.

You think so?

DUPRAT.

Yes, I do, by St. Denis. Are we not all the children of Adam and Eve? And is it not our duty to be friendly with and promote friendliness in one another?

GUZMAN.

It is.

DUPRAT.

But does he do that who sneaks off with his bottle into a corner, to enjoy it himself as if he was a friar going to say his prayers?

ALL.

Ha, ha!

DUPRAT.

It's the trick of the wild beast, that drags his prey into its den, to munch it in private, never asking a starving brother quadruped if he would like a share. The plague take such fellows.

Enter IDIAQUEZ, NAHARRO, LIRIA, INFANTADO
(*Grandeos*), and CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

INFANTADO.

Madrid is mad. None but infants' eyelids will close for the next twelve hours.

LIRIA.

Mirth and music light up with gladness every city home.

IDIAQUEZ.

The streets how enchanting! They have more to attract one than the Alcazar dancing hall, stocked and adorned though it soon will be with the choicest Beauties of Spain the Happy.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Night has all the brightness and life of day.

DUPRAT.

Truly I pity the poor moon and stars. They are thrown quite into the shade.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

What a sight the Prado is yonder, and the Puerto del Sol—with bonfires as thick sown as daisies among the summer grass. Intoxicating sight!

IDIAQUEZ.

In every mouth a song, in every hand a torch.

INFANTADO.

How the surge of sound rises and swells from a thousand steeples, sweet as heavenly voices!

LIRIA.

I can hear the bells of San Isidro above all.

IDIAQUEZ.

Listen. That's the ring of Big Pepe, that hangs like a world's wonder in the tower of the Jeronymite Monastery.

NAHARRO.

What a grand solemn tone! Hark! It rolls through the night air, strong, distinct, measured, like the boom of heavy cannon.

DUPRAT.

He has sound lungs, that Pepe.

GUZMAN.

It is only on great occasions that his voice is heard.

NAHARRO.

Forty strong men are needed to bring the music out of Pepe's throat. The monks must be pulling away like bulls.

DUPRAT.

Monks ring that way! Catch a monk sweating at any thing.

NAHARRO.

Unless it be telling his beads.

DUPRAT.

Bah—no monk ever killed himself at that even, or my name's not Pierre.

INFANTADO.

That monotone is not made by the sweat of holy men.

NAHARRO.

Half the blackguards of Madrid have gone to see the Brethren to-night, to taste their cheer; and the Abbot has set the gabachos to work.

Enter FERIA, MONDEJAR, AGUILAR, *and*
DE LOS VALLES (*Grandees*).

FERIA.

King Philip will be mightily pleased with this proof of the loyalty and affection of the Madrilenos.

INFANTADO.

And Madrid may well show loyalty and affection to King Philip. What was Madrid before he made her the capital of Spain?

GUZMAN.

Madrid is a mere mushroom city—the growth of yesterday—an upstart and not to be named in the same breath with classic Segovia, Toledo, or Valladolid; hoary and rich as they are with memories of a Romantic Past.

MONDEJAR.

But Madrid is a flower that will soon ripen into fulness and beauty; for she sits like a queen, like an Esther, in the sunshine of Royal favour.

NAHARRO.

She to-night shows both her gratitude and her sense in thus rejoicing at the King's approaching marriage.

DE LOS VALLES (*addressing FERIA*).

You remember the King's last marriage, Duke. You and I were with him in England when he got his bride.

FERIA.

I ought never to forget that above all things, for 'twas in England I picked up my wife, the mother of my children. My Duchess was one of the many handsome maids of honour who waited on Queen Mary.

INFANTADO.

She was. The Lady Jane Dormer, queen rose in an Eden of roses.

Enter Three Young GRANDEES.

FIRST YOUNG GRANDEE.

Cardinal, you are wanted to pronounce the benediction. The feast is nearing its end.

GUZMAN (*to the CARDINAL*).

I fear, Cardinal, there is a sad lack of Latin among the guests that remain.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA (*to the Young Grandee*).

I am at your service and his Majesty's.

[*Exit* CARDINAL.]

DE LOS VALLES (*to FERIA*).

Does not this madcap celebration of the Madrileños of to-night somewhat remind you of the glorious entry of King Philip and the Queen into London?

FERIA (*smiling*).

It does. Ah, that was a thing to give your memory charge to keep fresh, even if it should let slip the date of your own birthday. Many a merry English woman, with lips like Hebe's, got up the next morning with a headache; and many a brave Englishman that day had his head broken.

DE LOS VALLES (*laughing*).

We must not rip open old sores.

INFANTADO.

No: the vanities of an idle past are best left undisturbed in their grave; they should have no resurrection even in memory.

DE LOS VALLES.

True; for memory, among her other prime qualities, has that of being a rare Moralist. "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" is a psalm that she never tires of singing.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE (*to the Young Grandees*).

King Philip will be needing you youngsters one of these fine days to go over to England on a different errand; not to a wedding, but to a war.

FIRST YOUNG GRANDEE.

Would it were to-morrow!

SECOND YOUNG GRANDEE.

Mexican and Peruvian savages are scarcely worthy of the steel of a good man.

THIRD YOUNG GRANDEE.

I long to encounter the English.

DUPRAT.

Do you? Perhaps you think the poor things will fly like frightened deer from the presence of such mettlesome lads as you.

YOUNG GRANDEE.

I do.

DUPRAT (*drily*).

Ha, ha! The Cid Campeador was nothing to you three; Samson, Joshua, Goliah, Julius Cæsar, or Dunois the Brave, mere cowards in comparison.

NAHARRO (*to the Young Grandees*).

A man who putteth on his armour should not boast.

Re-enter CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

LIRIA.

The English are desperate dogs; they will fight like demons.

DUPRAT.

That they will. I have lived among them, and so did my father before me. They have their bad qualities, these English; but give the devil his due; every idiot knows they can fight.

NAHARRO.

They can. I am no coward, but just as ready to take my share of any knocks that are going as my neighbour; yet I am not ill satisfied that I shall be laid up in port before the Armada sails.

IDIAQUEZ.

Sail? 'tis only on paper yet; it may never sail—not for the next twenty years.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

I hope the Armada will soon sail; and that (the Blessed Virgin and the Saints being our helpers)

before twenty years pass away England will be again a Catholic kingdom.

GUZMAN.

Alas! before England can be admitted again into the college of Catholic states, there will be a terrible purging of her people by fire and sword.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA. - *a Devil*

No incense is more pleasing to the God of Truth than the smoke of an Auto de Fe,

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

True. The human vermin who rule England, with their upholders, must be exterminated as were the Canaanites of old.

DUPRAT.

The same human vermin, as you call them, will give you trouble enough before you do that.

IDIAQUEZ.

So I think.

DUPRAT (*drinking*).

Now I have always maintained that there are worse people in the world than the English.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

There I differ from you. Are they not heretics?

what terrible religious bigotry.

DUPRAT.

Heretics? of course. One cannot live long in Madrid without being told that often enough. The orthodoxy of Catholic Spain is a phrase that is dinned into one's ears all day long. Such talk is mighty unpleasant to sensible men, worse than the buzzing of nasty flies in summer.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

You must not speak thus.

DUPRAT.

Why not? The Spanish character would be much improved, in my opinion, if it had a few grains less of religious vanity, and a few ounces more of Christian charity.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Remember, Count, that you speak in the hearing of some of the Church's most devoted sons, the very flower of the chivalry of the Most High.

DUPRAT.

The Church's most devoted sons! Faugh! It is not a hundred years since God gave you Spaniards a new world on the other side of the Atlantic to pillage and enrich yourselves in, and you seem to think that He has given you an exclusive right and title to the world to come as well. Bah!

(*bitterly*) It is a comfort, however, to think you cannot carry on your depredations there.

MONDEJAR (*aside*).

He rattles on like a madman.

DUPRAT (*with energy*).

You Spaniards talk as if you were God's chosen people. You would have a man believe that Heaven will swarm with Castilians, will be a mere Spanish province; and that no Englishman, at any rate, will ever be allowed to show his ugly face among the Saints and Angels.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Remember that England is now a heretic nation.

DUPRAT.

Oh, I don't know much, it may be, but I know that. Often have I been present when your holy bishops have cursed the English with curses so fearsome as to make one's hair stand on end; cursed them up to the chin in this world, and doomed them to eternal misery in the next. Yet I like the English, and don't mind saying so; they are not without their good points.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

But remember this, Count: the Fallen Angels have not lost *all* their virtue.

DUPRAT.

Well, that may be so, your Highness. I have nothing to do with the Fallen Angels: you know a deal about them it seems.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Count, I regard that remark as most insulting and offensive.

DUPRAT.

I' faith, now that I've made the remark I am sorry for it myself, and beg your Highness's pardon. Forgive me. As my mind thinks my tongue wags; I wish it didn't always wag as it does. This same tongue has got me into many a sad scrape in my lifetime.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE (*somewhat soothed*).

On such a grave matter as religion light talk is scarcely a less heinous sin than direct blasphemy.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Heresy, let me tell you, Count, is a most fearful thing; it is the sum and abstract of all vice.

DUPRAT.

Perhaps it is. I don't know. I have no nose for smelling out heresy in my neighbours: that's a monk's work, and not a soldier's. Yet I tell you again, there are very many worthy fellows among the English.

Enter ALVA and RUY GOMEZ.

IDIAQUEZ.

Here is the Duke of Alva; he can put us right on this matter.

DUPRAT.

Aye, he ought to know; he has been the cause of the broiling of many a poor wretch in his time. And he is now going to Flanders, I hear, to burn, hang, crucify, and ravish at his pleasure.

NAHARRO (*to ALVA*).

Duke, we were disputing whether a heretic can be a good man. What do you think?

ALVA.

Disputes on religious matters are not suitable to the genius and circumstances of the hour.

RUY GOMEZ.

This is the night when King Philip is betrothed.

GUZMAN.

We ought to remember we meet for pleasure.

ALVA.

I should have thought drinking more suitable to this auspicious occasion than religious disputation.

DUPRAT (*going up close to ALVA and speaking familiarly*).

Duke, you speak like a man of sense ; and, though I never liked you, and do not fear to say so, here's your Health (*snatching a cup of wine from a servant passing*) and King Philip's Health.

ALVA (*with a bow of mock solemnity*).

I thank you from my inmost heart.

DUPRAT (*chuckling*).

Though I must confess the lady's taste is not mine—I never saw the King but once—yet flattery herself would not say he's a beauty. Neither patch nor paint could do much to improve the look of yon face.

NAHARRO.

Hush, hush !

DUPRAT.

Hush, hush!—why? I simply say the King of France is not of my mind as regards this marriage. (*Murmurs among the Grandees.*) Bah! I would as soon have given my sister in marriage to Beelzebub and gone to live with my brother-in-law. The Princess should have had Don Carlos for a husband. The young monkey has jilted her, they say. Pooh! He is not fit to tie her shoe-strings.

RUY GOMEZ.

Hold your tongue, you drunkard.

DUPRAT.

Drunkard, you jackanapes! Oh, thou picture of injured innocence! I am an honest man; can you say as much for yourself?

RUY GOMEZ.

Silence, old fool!

DUPRAT.

Old fool! Fool! Dare you speak thus to me? Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli, let me tell you that my sword has been known and feared on a hundred battle-fields. (*Coming close to RUY GOMEZ, as if he was about to whisper something into his ear, but speaking in a loud measured tone.*) And though (*chuckling*) I am not lucky enough to have a pretty nut-brown sister who can please King Philip with her bright black eyes, I bear an untarnished name. I am sinner enough, God knows; but I'm a saint by the side of you.

RUY GOMEZ.

Old ruffian!

DUPRAT.

You are many rungs up the ladder of fortune, but what was it that lifted you up so high?

ALVA.

This unseemly altercation must be put a stop to.

DUPRAT (*pointing scornfully with his finger at RUY GOMEZ*).

You paid a fine price for your coronet. Your sister—

ALVA (*his eyes flashing with rage*).

He should be gagged till he is sober.

DUPRAT (*to ALVA*).

You look big too, do you? You think to frighten me with your fierce looks perhaps. The lion roars, so let all other beasts tremble.

ALVA.

Drunken idiot!

DUPRAT.

Drunken idiot—that is good, that is good. I thank God I am none of your Dons, but a free-born subject of the King of France. I'm French from the marrow outwards (*laying his hand on his sword*).

GUZMAN.

Peace, peace.

DUPRAT (*looking fiercely at ALVA*).

You human Moloch! I have a thousand minds to spit you with my sword as I would a partridge.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Calm yourself, Count Duprat. For the honour of our dear France, do calm yourself.

DUPRAT (*not heeding him, and with a mocking gesture at ALVA*).

You wholesale murderer! If the Devil were to be crowned King of the Universe, you would apply for the honour of heading the triumphal procession on the day of his coronation.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Duprat, Duprat!

DUPRAT (*vociferating*).

They talk of Turks. I have heard of your pranks. You are worse than any Grand Turk that ever lived; the veriest varlet that ever believed in the false Mahound does not come near to you for cruelty by a hundred leagues.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

He will bring disgrace upon us all.

DUPRAT (*laughing bitterly at ALVA*).

You ought to be made Viceroy of Pandemonium.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Carry him off! Take him away home!

DUPRAT (*shouting*).

Herod, that slaughtered the innocents, was but a babe in wickedness compared to—

[*As DUPRAT is speaking, he is borne off by the Grandees. For a few moments a painful silence prevails.*]

ALVA (*with suppressed emotion*).

The King of France appears to have been unfortunate in his choice of a representative.

RUY GOMEZ.

It is to be hoped the last words of this poor drunkard will never reach King Philip's ear.

ABBOT (*with a forced smile*).

I wonder if there are any more left in France like him.

RUY GOMEZ (*to ALVA*).

The King expects us in his audience chamber in the morning.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]

Enter several MUSICIANS.

1st *M.*—Here you are—choke your windpipe!—an hour behind time. No reliance can be put in any one of you. The best of you act as if your insides were full of false notes. By Santiago, you do.

2nd *M.*—There's no need of your making so much work about the matter. We are in time enough for all that we shall get, I reckon.

3rd *M.*—I want a snack sadly. My belly is aching to make acquaintance with King Philip's frying-pans.

4th *M.*—Truly, it would do his Majesty good to see you eat.

5th *M.*—It is not every day such a piece of luck drops in our way.

2nd *M.*—Luck! Little luck, by St. Pompey!

3rd *M.*—There have been far too many fat monks here to-night for anything to be left worth the eating. They have been feeding like locusts, I warrant: it's their way.

6th *M.*—My old granddad used to say, "Pedro, if ever you go to a great man's feast, and want to know where the good things are, sit down in that corner where friar and bishop meet together."

1st *M.*—True; nothing tasty escapes their grinders.

3rd *M.*—No titbit comes amiss to their gullets.

2nd M.—They have nose enough to smell dainties a mile off.

1st M.—It is provoking we were not here an hour sooner.

2nd M.—It was all you, Miguel. I would rather you had been born with a cork leg than brought us to this pass. I would indeed.

3rd M.—I had prepared my appetite special.

5th M.—Be reasonable. How could I get here any sooner? My bag-pipes wanted mending.

1st M.—There is not a better set in all Madrid.

5th M.—Poor things! they had got a wheezing fit, so I had to take them to the doctor. I got them as a legacy from my godfather.

2nd M.—'Twas all he had to leave you.

5th M.—They are of Salamanca make, and rare pipers.

2nd M.—To old Harry with your bag-pipes! You should be made to eat them.

3rd M.—If we do not get victuals, where is the breath to come from to bring out the music?

2nd M.—If not properly fed, how can we pipe?

1st M.—And you were late too, Jorge.

6th M.—I could not come sooner if ye had offered me Peru. I wanted shaving. Look, there is no more hair on my face than there is on the rock of Gibraltar.

3rd M. (jeeringly).—The sight of you now would please St. Dominic.

1st M.—Hold your tongue, Sancho ; he was right there. Jorge, I commend you. You are not always up to the proper mark, and it would have been shameful had you come here like a dishclout.

2nd M.—Soap and water have done their best for him—soft soap and friendly Manzanares.

3rd M.—Yonder's Lola the cook, with her dear pasty face, on the look out for us.

4th M.—And there's Iñez, with her greasy apron, winking us into the palace kitchens. Gag your tongue, and come along, will you !

2nd M.—There's a chance yet.

1st M.—Our pipes are right tuned ; let us now go and tune ourselves. Tara lara, lara, la.

2nd M.—There's hope of a proper priming yet.

6th M.—I will stay here, and look at the ladies as they enter like butterflies in all their finery.

1st M.—Chito ! that will be no sight for sore eyes.

2nd M.—To look at finery is a poor stay for a hungry stomach in my way of thinking.

6th M.—Perhaps so, but my wife is dying to know the latest fashions, bless her heart ! If I don't carry full particulars home, she will brush my hair the wrong way. So, you rapacious rebel, (*striking his stomach*) you must be quiet. I will give you your fill of dainties before long. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Grandees and Hidalgos (according to their grade and rank), with their Wives and Daughters. They pass on to the Palace Dancing Hall.

SCENE II.—THE ROYAL PALACE.

THE KING'S PRIVATE APARTMENT.

A large image of the Virgin Mary in a niche; on a table before it a crucifix; candles burning. A picture of the Pope hanging up against the wall. KING PHILIP on his throne; his Secretary sitting near a small table. COUNT AURIGNY comes forward, kneels before the King, and then rises.

PHILIP.

Proceed with your relation.

AURIGNY.

Commissioned by your Majesty, I laid
The matter in its length and breadth before
The King of France; your noble son, I said,
Loved not the Princess Isabel, and ne'er could—
Fate's hard decree, and not his fault or hers:
Nature had made them opposites, not halves:
To seek their union was impiety,
Coupling whom Heaven had never meant to link.
I gave the King those letters from the Prince,
Wherein he showed how he had prayed with tears,
Before the Virgin's shrine, for power to love
The Princess, but had prayed and prayed in vain.
He felt he loved her less the more he strove;

For Will may guide but cannot gender feeling.
In burning words, he therefore sought release
From his unhappy contract.

PHILIP.

How looked King Charles on hearing this ?

AURIGNY.

He seemed deep-moved, but less with rage than
grief.

PHILIP.

'Twas natural. Oh, it was light of Carlos
To first feign love and then to fall away !

AURIGNY.

To me you had laid bare your dearest thoughts :
And, as some honey in this cup of gall,
I set forth faithfully your love for Isabel ;
Limning your passion in its myriad hues,—
Her smile your life, her presence Paradise ;
Yours not the fitful fondness of a lad,
But the devotion of a judging mind ;
Your love was gold, pure gold without alloy.

PHILIP.

How answered France ?

AURIGNY.

The King said you were old, too old for Isabel ;
She in her Spring-time, you on Winter's edge ;
The candle of your life burnt near its socket.
Rating the number of your days, he deemed
God soon might call you to a heavenly crown.

PHILIP (*offended*):

He spoke so? Ha!

AURIGNY.

I answered thus:—My liege,
No strict or proper measure of man's age
Are the swift-winged years. Weigh with the years,
Habits, health, character; then those mature
Will often turn the scale against the young.
King Philip's hair is grey, but yet his eyes
Roll full of youthful lustre, and his step
Is firm, his mind is clear, his will is strong.
Compacted, mind and heart, of Nature's best,
Time hath dealt kindly with him; and he seems
No whit in strength impaired, but vigorous as
When in the lists at Brussels he unhorsed
With ease the bravest knights of France and Spain.

PHILIP.

Wisely you spoke, and well. What followed then?

AURIGNY.

The King convened his Council. When two days
Had lapsed, he put the issue thus to me :
New friends were France and Spain, and ne'er was
league

Or mutual friendship needed more than now,
When the Turk threatened Europe, and heresies,
The baleful vomit of the pit of Hell,
Heavened the hapless nations, murdering souls.
Might France and Spain keep ever close to Truth !
No-champions ever be for God and Right !
Such was his heart's prime wish. And so a free
And full consent he to your nuptials gave.

*It is right to
murder the body
to save the
soul of the
soul.*

PHILIP.

Your function you have well fulfilled, dear Count ;
The tribute of a thankful heart is yours.
Such service overleaps precise reward :
How can I ever pay it ?

(Taking a jewelled sword from the table.)

This gift accept, a consecrated sword,
Blessed by the lips of him whose image there

(Looking reverently at the Pope's portrait.)

Hangs both an inspiration and a shield ;
Take it, and use it for the Church's weal :
And when in France, though far from me, feel sure
That long as Philip lives you have a friend.

*(AURIGNY retires. PHILIP pointing to the open
door, the Secretary rises and shuts it.)*

PHILIP.

The King of France has said my sun is setting ;
If so, I fear you stand on slippery ground.

SECRETARY.

O'er me the sword of peril should not hang.
By your express command I forged those letters.

PHILIP.

Forged! a strange word to utter to a king,
Making the king co-partner in the act.

SECRETARY.

What clay is in the potter's hand I was,
Merely your passive instrument, my liege.

PHILIP (*after a short pause*).

The King of France has said that I am old ;
My crown is mine but by a brittle thread ;
My star fast hurries to its hour of setting.
What would become of you were Carlos King ?
How would you fare who wrote those ruthless words,
Which tore from him the idol of his soul ?

SECRETARY.

What hazard I am in is known to God :
May He blot out my sin and shield my life.

PHILIP.

Amen.

SECRETARY.

Would that my hand had withered ere it wrote
Words which have blighted Carlos' hopes for ever!
Could what is done be undone, death were Heaven.

PHILIP.

What say ye?

SECRETARY.

The Eye that never sleeps beheld us both,
When, devil-taught, our trick matured and prospered.

PHILIP (*with a sneer*).

And are you now grown cowardly and weak?

SECRETARY.

'Tis not the judgment-seat of man I fear,
But the tribunal of the Ever-living.
Mistaken or unrighteous judgments here
Are there re-judged, and every act and thought
Weighed in eternal and unerring balances.

PHILIP.

What babble's this? Mean fear provokes your words.

SECRETARY.

Oft have I quieted my conscience thus :
 King Philip's bribe was great, his word was law,
 And I was passive in his rigid hand
 Even as the pen I wrote with was in mine.
 Was it for me to stay a mighty Monarch
 From execution of his evil will ?
 Had I refused, what good ? A thousand tools
 Were at his beck and bidding suppler far,
 Who would have wrought his pleasure to the hilt.
 Was not blind loyalty the path of duty ?
 Let the King will, mine be it to obey.

He did
 excuse it
 to himself
 forger

PHILIP.

Frighted with shadows now !

SECRETARY.

Not so, my liege ;
 It is no idle shadow that I fear :
 Less sure to-morrow's sunrise than the truth
 That God's righthand hath built a Judgment Throne.

PHILIP (*angrily*).

Know you to whom you speak ?

SECRETARY.

To a most gracious Sovereign.

PHILIP,

You have mistook your place and office. Hence!

SECRETARY.

I meant not to offend.

PHILIP.

You are my scribe, not my confessor. Pray,
 Who made you mighty in theology?
 How is't that now your conscience bites like fire?
 Once you were made of other stuff—soft, pliable.
 Why, ghost-like, stare thus at me, answering not?
 (*The SECRETARY remains silent.*)

PHILIP (*fiercely*).

When from my soul first creeped the thought of sin,
 And hung pois'd on my trembling stammering
 tongue,
 That thought fear-struck had shrivell'd and expired
 Had you spoke out full judgment from your heart,
 As beasts of prey shriek frighted to their lair
 When thunders, peal on peal, foretoken doom;
 But you were dumb: so breathed and lived and
 throve
 That crime begetting others in its turn.
 Remorse has come too late.

near an
 saved from
 evil deeds
 by those who
 speak out.
 conscience
 in time &
 M. H. M.

SECRETARY.

Merciful God! It is not yet too late.
Recal the Prince from exile; send to France—

PHILIP.

Proclaim myself a liar to the world;
Hang out a banner with my infamy
There letter'd and emblazon'd, that my name
May match with Judas's and Nero's. Fool!
The action is irrevocable, linked
With other acts so closely. For a web
Made up of myriad threads is woven now,
Which deftest skill of man can ne'er untwist.
It is not in my power, had I the will,
(Which I have not,) to deal with such a web.
Can we prevent the seed we sow from growing
And springing, parent seed of other seed?
As well command the waters of a stream
Back to their native source, or tell the sun
To cease from shining, or the wind to blow.
The tide may raze the footprints on the sand:
No kindly tide of time wipes out the Past.
We die, but not our deeds: these walk abroad
For ever on the earth, like sceptred kings,
Wielding a proud dominion over men.

SECRETARY.

Our guilt will stand out clearly when they meet.

PHILIP.

That meeting leave to me. Long hath the Prince
Been stranger'd from my love. A lengthen'd
sojourn

In some remote retreat will suit his health.
Let the four winds blow bloom into his cheek,
And bitterness and malice from his heart.
Nature may work benignly on the lad :
The quiet of the hills, the light of stars,
Sun's rise and set, music of brook and bird,
Accumulated charm of earth and sky,
May soothe his soul and win him back to me.
Time will set all things right, and Isabel
And he will think past love-play but a dream.
Love's memory's but a waking drunkard's ; so
Long ere they meet, some other angel face,
Will hold the Prince's heart a willing thrall.

SECRETARY.

When my death-hour draws near, should evil
thoughts
Press like a heavy weight upon my soul,
May God his shield of mercy hold o'er me !

PHILIP (*rising from his throne*).

Boldly you have rebuked a monarch's crime,
And played the part of Ancient Prophet well.
Who could have dream'd that your ambition lay

To be a Baptist or Elijah? Go!
Leave me; but ere you leave me, ponder thus:
In that wide world, which bows to Philip's sway,
Aredungeons drear, where darkness reigns supreme,
Fathomless darkness. Their lone inmates know
That they, nor roaring wind, nor moaning wave,
Nor voice of man, shall hear for evermore;
Nor feel sweet light of sun, nor season's change
More than the impassive rock; who enter such,
All hope abandon, and mourn out their lives
In pitiless misery: lost to human love
And the dear sympathising ministry
Of friend or kinsman—outcasts evermore.
'Tis mentioned in hush'd whispers where they lie:
They die unknown, unwept, unknell'd, unshriven:—
Such dungeons were in wisdom built for those
Who might blab out kings' secrets. Think of this:—
And so farewell.—Send me Orleans and Alva.
(Exit SECRETARY.)

PHILIP.

Sweet Heavens! the keen words of this baseborn
churl,
Whom, from obscurity I dug, and set
To work my will, wherever that might stretch,
Have cut and gashed my bosom like a knife.
Not death, but conscience, is the king of terrors.
Owner of half the earth; from earthly foes,
All wielding visible weapons, and in array,

My fleets and armies can ensure me; they,
Guarding my throne like fiery cherubim:
But there are dreader foes than those we see,
And utmost strength of kings thrice multiplied,
Is vain as gossamer to protect the soul,
Stirr'd and appall'd by ghostly enemies.
The wretch spoke softly, and yet his torturing words
Woke swarms of loathsome things to life within me—
Serpents that stung, though with no visible fang.
Oh! it was Hell! Was he divinely missioned
To treat with souls of men to wound or heal,
Forgive or damn? Nor Priest nor Pope was he,
Yet at his voice my abject spirit quailed;
Heart failed me, and I shook, as shakes the ground
When earthquakes riot, or as that Eastern King,
Who in his atheist revel, saw, alarmed,
The mystic hand inscribe upon the wall,
'Dethronement, death, and infamy are thine.'

Enter the BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

PHILIP.

Has she wept much, poor Princess!

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Yes—the stroke
Was almost death. She is now resigned and calm.

PHILIP.

Not without many pleadings you prevailed?

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Wealth, pomp, and fame weigh much with woman
kind,

And who can pair with you in such great gifts?
These she might share, I said. How high her state!
Spouse of earth's mightiest King! the Church's
sword!

Beside, such was her brother Charles's will:
The Pope his richest blessing sent for dower;
All this, and more, I cunningly enjoined,
And yet my words were fruitless long; the tomb
Held more allurements than the throne of Spain;
For to all pleas, the Princess stopp'd her ears
And urged her contract with your son: (*hesitating*)
She said—

PHILIP.

Said what?

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

That when she gave her hand away,
She wished to wed a man and not a crown.

PHILIP (*offended.*)

You might have spared me that. Yet is the pain
That springs from knowledge no unmingled evil.
Go, bring her hither with all tenderness.

(*Exit the BISHOP OF ORLEANS.*)

Enter ALVA.

PHILIP.

At this eventful hour how welcome thou,
Whose friendship rates with me above all gold.
The world accounts thee the right hand of Philip :
Rightly accounts thee such ; but thou art more :
Men only know thee as the Mighty Chief—
Thou art thy King's prime counsellor and friend.
Retire with me a moment.

(They withdraw into a Cabinet.)

*Enter the BISHOP OF ORLEANS and the PRINCESS
ISABEL.*

ISABEL *(looking earnestly into the BISHOP'S face.)*

Think you that I shall ever see him again ?

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

No doubt you will, dear Princess, in due time.

ISABEL.

I long to clasp him in my arms once more ;
As he hath often folded me in his,
Swearing eternal love with solemn lip.
Such fondness were not maidenlike perhaps,
In taking final farewell of the Prince ;
But whether so or not, I yet would do it.

He need not fear reproach if we should meet,
Though he hath wrong'd me and my heart is
breaking,

I would not speak a harsh or bitter word.
This only I might say—"I love you still."—

(Taking the Bishop's hand.)

So you feel certain I shall see him again?

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

As sure as that I live and breathe and move.

ISABEL.

'Tis well, so be it that we meet ere long.
Never to see him more, were more than death;
Though snatched for ever from me, Carlos yet
Is dearer far than life or temporal gain;
For I was taught to love him from a child;
And when men said: The slow but generous year
Have ripen'd thee for wifhood, now go forth,
Crown'd with thy people's blessing, to the Prince,
Thy choice, my heart leaped up at fate's decree:
And all the dreary road from France to Spain,
On windy mountain top, in shady vale,
In rain or sunshine, at the advance of Morn,
Or when Eve saddened into darkness, still
The current of my thoughts coursed on to him:
And when we met, life's crown of life was ours;
Hope smiled on me her minion like an angel,

And every hour unlocked a hoard of joy.
As some rare flower compares with worthless weeds
Which have nor scent nor beauty, Carlos show'd
Amid the common troop, and he was mine :
And having him, I wanted nothing more,
For bliss was mine beyond my fondest dreams.
Alas ! how chang'd my state ! From these fond
dreams

I have been rudely roused, and dark despair
Follows me as a wolf pursues a fawn,
And nought can end the fatal chase but death—
The refuge of the wretched and their rest.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

For every wound Time keeps a healing balm.

ISABEL.

No lapse of time can bring forgetfulness.
Ah me ! where lurks the spell whose power is such
That it can lay the ghost of murdered love ?
Why did we ever meet ? 'oh ! cruel Destiny !
I worshipp'd him, nor felt it sin. And mark—
The Prince oft said : no wealth of words can note
My love for Isabel : and we wept for joy.
What fiendish magic turned his love to hate ?
How strange ! I wonder if he traced these lines.

(showing the forged letter.)

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Your words amaze me, Princess. This suspicion
Is but the wicked offspring of vain hope

And calls for sharp rebuke. You are the victim
Of misplaced love, and much may be allowed you,
Much pardon'd. How I grieve your heart has sunk
The prey of such dishonouring thoughts! bethink
you—

The King gave you that letter;—can you doubt
The oath of him who is the type and mirror
Of Christian princes? Dream you he would stain
His lips with lies? Fie! fie! Sets he such price
On his pure fame that like a common cheat
He'd say the thing which was not? He loves you
deeply;

You little know how much. For when he fathom'd
The Prince's baseness, like a child he wept;
He blushed, he said, to own him. I saw the King
Writhe at the stroke, bow'd down with shame, and
know not

Whether I pited you or him the more.

ISABEL.

Forgive me, Father; heedlessly I spoke.
In sooth, I often say I know not what
Since Carlos left me lonesome, and I need
A guiding wisdom other than my own.
You put it well:—lying lips and Majesty
But ill agree: we look for truth in Princes;
Nor vainly. Ah! the hand whose quickening touch
Might rouse a corpse wrote this then? He never
loved me:

Loved once loved always, thus the poets sing.
My day how dark! How welcome were the grave!
Blest Mary! look in mercy on thy child:
Uphold me in thy kind sustaining arms.

*While ISABEL is kneeling before the image of the
Virgin ALVA and PHILIP come forward.*

PHILIP (*saluting her*).

A Virgin bows before the Virgin's shrine:
Most loath am I to spoil a holy prayer;
But need one pure as you keep frequent vigils?

ISABEL.

I seek for strength to bear the ills of life.

PHILIP.

Sweet gentle Isabel! High Fortune's star
Now shines in full-rayed beauty o'er my head.
Lord of a hundred realms, my life's brief span
Hath been but one long care, the weight of rule
Pressing a heavy load on these weak shoulders.
As fabled Atlas bore the world and groaned,
Beneath like heavy burden have I toiled,
Faint, oft, and sad, and lone and seeking rest;
When, lo! springs up a never failing fount
Of rest and joyance in the wilderness,
For me poor undeserver, and I drink
Refreshed, inspirited as if new made.
Fair Princess! how the guerdon of your love
Strengthens me to endure and do, and adds
Bliss also such as angels know in heaven!

ISABEL.

And so your Majesty doth seek my hand—
My hand and heart were given to Carlos, and—

PHILIP (*hastily*).

Are you not willing to become my wife?

ISABEL (*weeping*).

I have consented. Ask this holy man.
He knows I have, and he will tell you likewise
That millions envy me my hap and rank.
I marvel much his lips could say such words :
'Tis madman's talk, yet he is reputed wise.

PHILIP.

Oh! dearest Isabel, thou wilt learn to love me.

ISABEL.

To reverence and respect thee I may learn,
Alas! I cannot love thee as I ought.

PHILIP.

My love for thee will wake responsive love.

ISABEL.

I fear it much. God be my help in this.

PHILIP.

I have no fears; the wonder-working Hours
Have brought much greater miracles to pass.

ISABEL.

I am to be thy wife then : well, be it so.

What must be, must be ; I will school my heart
To resignation ; for our mortal term
Will reach its end at last, and kindly death
Will come and wake us from life's sickening dream.

PHILIP.

Time hath laid up a store of sweets for thee.

ISABEL.

Time's best is vanity : so it ever was.
Yet grant me one request ; 'tis but a little one.

PHILIP.

Indulge her whims, the way to win her heart (*aside.*)
Far as my range of power possess thy wish ;
If my wide empire were one jewel, thou
Should'st wear it. What would I keep back from
Isabel,
My guiding star and God's choice gift to me ?
Make your request a great one.

ISABEL.

Be not angry.

I am a lowly maiden, but you sit
As on a solitary pinnacle,
The highest throned of Kings. To one so great
I know not how to speak becomingly,
Yet rightly ordered speech hath weight in pleas :
Men never send a beggar in vile clothing
To Princes' courts to seek a mighty boon.
Would, would that I had richer apter words

Wherewith to urge prevailingly my suit ;
Had I a Seraph's tongue—

PHILIP.

Such humbling prologue
Is surely needless : such beating of the bush
Implies unworthy doubt. Trust in my love ;
From its unsounded depths as from a well,
Draw freely, fearing nothing. Test and tempt
Your Philip. Can you ask beyond his will
Or power ? Whom Philip lifts to share his pomp ;
Not even her faintest wish but shall be met.

ISABEL.

The Prince—let him be present at our marriage.

PHILIP (*trying to suppress his emotion*).

The Saints of heaven forbid ! Impossible !
Ask me as soon to raise the dead. Behold !

(*pointing to ALVA.*)

Here stands the hero Carlos sought to murder—
Spain's boast, the crown and flower of chivalry,
Whose martial deeds dwarf those of other men.
Kings envy me his arm ; my enemies
Grow pale at mention of his name ; he trails
Their pride i' the dust ; befools their policy ;
And chains up all their raging spite and malice.
The sky is sown with stars but not with suns :
Wide stretch my realms, yet Alva stands alone.
Through him has Spain become a fear and dread
To other lands ; he trains her valiant youth

To war as eagles tutor their fierce brood
To swoop like lightning on their trembling prey.
For me and mine he would with rapture shed
His heart's last drops. A world of gratitude
I owe him; and owes Carlos less—my heir?
For him—I say for Carlos Alva bled;
Yet Alva's name was wormwood to the boy;
(Who knows why but the devil) and inflamed
With wine and rage the wretch in evil hour
Drew like a vile assassin on the Duke.
Then policy and justice cried to me
'For this thy son must suffer.' Who can weigh
My grief; but other issue there was none.
By a fond father's love beguiled had I
Dealt weakly with him, the pillars of my throne
Had loosen'd: men had jeered and said: 'thus Philip
Pays half a century of faithful service!'
Dear Isabel, can I break my princely word?
Tarnish my name with black unthankfulness?
Or prove a traitor to the holy feelings
Which rank us with the angels?

(The King pauses but the Princess remains silent.)

Next to a heavenly crown I prize thy love,
Yet would I rather want that love and go
My lonely way thro' life unwed than class
As ingrate: are not ingrates worse than fiends?
Ask any boon but this; and it is yours.

(The Princess appears as if about to speak; but her sobs choke her utterance: she bursts into tears, and hurries out of the room. PHILIP watches her anxiously till she disappears.)

PHILIP.

Both follow her and speak soft soothing words.

[*Exit ALVA. The Bishop and the King exchange looks. A painful silence prevails for a time.*

Leave me alone. Why wait? Ye heard my will:
Ha! something more to vex me! Stroke on stroke!
O partial Heavens! your blows fall fast and thick:
But loose the grim beast from its cage: speak out.

The Bishop gives the King a paper. PHILIP starts on seeing that it is in the handwriting of CATHERINE de MEDICIS, the Mother of ISABEL; he reads it slowly: then looks vacantly at the Bishop.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Rumour has reached St. Germain's that a lady,
The Princess Eboli, at your Royal Court,
Queens it in shameless state.

PHILIP.

Insolent Priest!

You are not fit to carry up her train.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Your Majesty knows best; and yet I hold
No mean place in the Church of Christ: the point's
Not worth disputing: but I seek your promise
To send away this Eboli: otherwise
The Princess Isabel ne'er can be your wife.

PHILIP.

Oh! leave me. I'll give answer bye and bye.

[*Exit the Bishop. PHILIP seats himself upon his throne burying his face in his hands.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE BANKS OF THE XAXA, A TRIBUTARY OF THE XUCAR, AMONG THE ALBARRACIN MOUNTAINS IN NEW CASTILE.

A village in the distance. A Royal Residence is seen half hidden among the pine trees.

Enter PRINCE CARLOS *and* COUNT SALDANHA.

CARLOS.

I have thy promise, then?

SALDANHA.

You have, dear Prince.

CARLOS.

Soon as you reach Madrid, you'll send reply
How fares the Princess, and all other news.
And yet, if she be well, all other news
Is weariness, and but as rotting weed.

SALDANHA.

Fear not; at once I'll send a messenger.

CARLOS.

Banished for six months from my father's presence,
And from my destined bride's, in the full sunshine
And summer of a love that knew no measure,
Because I dared, and rightly dared, to say
That Flanders should be governed by a man,
Not by a demon; (and I spurned the wretch
To whom that lofty office was assigned;
Yea, smote him as one smites a villainous cur,
That whines and yelps and shows his teeth and
bites :)
Hard, hard has been my lot! And yet my place
Of exile was a choice one.

SALDANHA.

True, dear Prince.

CARLOS.

Sweet, sweet, Retreat! in harmony and keeping
With my soul's tone and mood. This pastoral life
Is pure and fresh, as is an infant's dream :
Remote from a corrupting court, here seems
Revived the Golden Age which poets sang.
How blest these shepherds, lowly in their ways,
But high in their desires! Their sweet content
Is dearer far to me than royal state.
The simple dwellers on these purple hills
Own joys that kings might envy.

SALDANHA.

It is so.

CARLOS.

A while we part then.

SALDANHA.

So your Highness wills it.

CARLOS.

Go; and good angels be your strength and guard.
Aye in my memory shall your goodness dwell,
Who deigned to share my exile and disgrace.
When Fate shall lift me to the throne of Spain,
You shall be as my eye or hand.

SALDANHA.

Farewell!

Joy crown your every hour till my return.

CARLOS.

Slow, slow will creep the hours till your return.
Since last my eyes beheld my Isabel,
Though but two months, it seems a thousand years;
For when he reckons time, Love reads no dial,
Nor counts by flight of moon or sun or star,
But by the varying beatings of the heart.

SALDANHA.

A moment wait. Lo! those kind shepherdesses,
Who oft have made the tedious hours glide quick
With their sweet artless talk and sweeter song.

CARLOS.

Dearest Saldanha, urgent is the time;
No hour remains for idle compliment.
Thou hast not felt the wasting pang of love,
Else had the eagle's wing'd march through heaven
Seem'd but a snail's pace when thy harrow'd heart
Yearned for the welfare of thy bride, thy life.
Pause not a moment. Let me see you mounted,
And fairly on the road.

SALDANHA.

I fear to leave you so care-pressed and worn.

CARLOS.

Well may I look forlorn and care-consumed;
Last night I had a dark and dismal dream:
In sleep my thought had strayed to Isabel,
And when I pressed her to my throbbing heart
She died within my arms. The storm-toss'd pines
Gave forth a hollow wail as I awoke;
The moon's light shimmered pale and ghastly white;
And nature seemed to yield her dying groan.
There is a weight of fear upon me now.

SALDANHA.

Farewell! God have thee in His holy keeping.
(They embrace fondly for a few moments.)

CARLOS.

Oh, happy horse that bear thee to Madrid!
Oh, happy man that can go anywhere!

*Enter JACINTA and CUELPA, two shepherdesses,
carrying sheep crooks in their hands.*

CUELPA.

That speaks little for their manners.

JACINTA.

Have they fled?

CUELPA.

A blind man may tell that. Both lads have
vanished as if we wanted to bite them.

JACINTA.

Where are they off to?

CUELPA.

Who knows? Ask St. Nicholas.

JACINTA.

They have disappeared like the merry mists at sunrise.

CUELPA.

Or like two sober ghosts at cock-crow.

JACINTA.

How strange!

CUELPA.

I suppose it was because I was with you that they ran off as if the Fiend was at their heels.

JACINTA.

Do you think so?

CUELPA.

Vaya, I do. They do not seem to set much store on my society, though they have a strong liking for yours; yet 'tis said we are as like as roses: many shrewd folk have taken us for twins.

JACINTA.

Have they?

CUELPA.

Yet your Caballero friends yonder do not seem to see the likeness. I should like to pull their ears.

JACINTA.

Would you be so cruel ?

CUELPA.

Oye! I would. Maybe I'm no beauty, but I'm no fright either—a little too square built perhaps, but in the full flower of my youth, not much over thirty. They might have stayed.

JACINTA.

I wish they had.

CUELPA.

I have always marked this, Jacinta, they like to linger by the brook and talk to you when you are alone; but when I am with you, they are satisfied with a "Good morning, Señoras," and a few such humdrum phrases. And then they slip quietly and quickly off like penniless debtors on a reckoning day.

JACINTA.

I cannot understand it.

CUELPA (*with an arch air*).

I can. Perhaps they have been eating garlic, and are afraid we might find it out. No man cares

to kiss his darling when his breath smells like an onion bed.

JACINTA.

Oh, Cuelpa!

CUELPA.

Poor dear chicks! They are either country bred, or the end of the world must be near!

JACINTA.

How strange to have taken leave of us that way, without any ceremony!

CUELPA.

Bless your innocency! It is not at all odd or mysterious to one who is as deeply learned in the ways and whims of men as I am. There is no dependence to be placed in any man, none whatever.

JACINTA.

Do you think so?

CUELPA.

I do. Men either live happy in the oyster-shell of their own selfishness, or they are out in the world doing as much mischief as the Solano.

JACINTA.

What a character you give them?

CUELPA.

A true one. I thank the holy St. Anthony that no man is in love with me, at least so far as I know.

JACINTA.

Why thank the holy Anthony for such Lenten luck as that?

CUELPA.

Why? Because, dear lambkin, the way the most of lovers behave would break my heart into invisible atomies. It would; by the beard of Apollo, it would.

JACINTA.

I do not think of men as you do.

CUELPA.

Don't you? Peace be to your fluttering fancy! that is because you are not so wise and knowing as I am; or, may be, you have not had such a sad and carking experience.

JACINTA.

Perhaps not.

CUELPA.

Oh, you need not burden your speech with any perhapses; I tell you positively you have not. All the young fellows sigh after you, though they never try to conjure with my name. Long have I lived on the windy hillside of their favour; you in its sunshine.

JACINTA.

You flatter me.

CUELPA.

No, I don't. Even the muleteer and the dark-eyed Zincalo loiter to have a peep at your pretty face as they pass over these mountains. It must be a fine sensation, that. I hope I shall one day experience it.

JACINTA.

I hope so too.

CUELPA.

Ay de mi! How refreshing and delightful to sllily watch the passing caballero turn round his admiring head and say, "O Cupid, fat-faced son of Venus, imp of all mischief! if that jovencilla there be not beauty's sister, I should like to know who is."

JACINTA.

How you do talk!

CUELPA.

Chito! it is all true. Well, you are pretty, and I am not vexed at it. I do not envy you, though that I have cause enough to do so the most near-sighted will acknowledge. Yes I love you, cousin; and I hope some day to dance at your wedding.

JACINTA.

Do you?

CUELPA.

I do. Though I have lived in this hulk of a world more years three times summed than I have toes on my two feet, I thank the Fates and the Muses that I am not past dancing.

JACINTA.

My wedding-day is like a far-off land.

CUELPA.

So, so! Your wedding-day may be far enough off according to the Almanack, but it is present to your fancy often enough.

JACINTA.

I may surely confess that without shame.

CUELPA.

Ojalà! you may. I am not a father confessor, and I never asked any holy man for an opinion on the point, but I should think honest wedlock day-dreams are perfectly innocent ones in the eyes of all the Saints and Angels.

JACINTA.

Cousin, the world agrees that you are shrewd
And wise above your sex. Tell me a secret.
I wonder much if, wedded to my Pablo,
I shall be happy then as I am now.

CUELPA.

Wonder! You need not wonder by St. Cupid.
Mark me. I am no prophet, but I would not have
your marriage hopes and prospects for a whole
hill-side full of sheep.

JACINTA.

Say you so?

CUELPA.

True, I would not, I assure you; San Isidro be
your helper! I have known many married women
in my time, but all whom I have ever known have
sung the same song. And a most melancholy song
it was.

JACINTA.

Was it?

CUELPA.

It was; de buena fe. The song had a few variations, for it appeared that some women were more miserable than others. One lot was up to the neck in trouble, another lot was only up to the waist. But the poor wretches were all alike care-crushed; and so their married talk sounded in my judging ears like the midnight wail of a troop of unhappy ghosts keeping a December picnic among yon mountain pines.

JACINTA.

You are no oracle, my knowing cousin;
Yours to tend sheep, and not to prophesy.
My heart's elect ye gave me for a husband;
Accept my thanks for this, ye Holy Ones!
Who wisely order every earthly issue.
Life lived with Pablo will be Paradise.
Bright Morn will come with blessings on his wings;
Sweet Night be ushered in with hope and joy;
Love's star will ever beam its blessed ray
Upon our humble cot, and then its walls
Will seem, though clay, to gleam with emeralds;
And, like an angel—

CUELPA.

Stop, stop, if it is only to take breath. By the

holy nose of San Domingo, I see plainly that Happiness herself will be one of your family circle.

JACINTA.

She will.

CUELPA.

So have thought and dreamed all the deluded daughters of Eve when wedding has been the theme of their thoughts. It is pitiful to see it, but lovers do look at all mortal things through queer peepers.

JACINTA.

Yet I've been happy here among my sheep,
And shall not leave these hills without a sigh.

CUELPA.

No, truly. Often will you think of the poor fleecy four-footers you forsook for Pablo. Often will you wish yourself among them again, an unencumbered shepherdess.

JACINTA.

Cuelpa darling, look me out some luck ;
Not worldly state, or store of pearls or gold ;
(Give these to whom ye will, ye Heavenly Powers !)
But sweet content, and daily bread, and health.
You fright me with your fancies and forebodings.

CUELPA.

Fright you! I have no wish to frighten you, but I cannot help foretelling all this. I see it all, though you cannot with your hooded eyes. San Geronimo! Your eye can, perhaps, pierce as far into a millstone as mine, but nothing like so far into a married woman's Future.

JACINTA.

What does your prophet eye behold in mine?
No fear have I to know what Heaven decrees.
Come, tell me.

CUELPA.

You will know soon enough, to your cost, all that is in store for you.

JACINTA.

Declare it.

CUELPA.

The whole of it?

JACINTA.

Yes.

CUELPA.

No, no. I will only open my prophetic wipers a hair's breadth, that I may take in but the thousandth part of your trouble and care.

JACINTA.

What see you then ?

CUELPA.

Pablo sitting in his hermitage, suspicious, morose, grim, while round your own poor forlorn self gambol a flock of children, helpless as lambs and stupid as asses ; at one time playing like sweet Fairy Princes ; at another yelling like imps from the Nether Gloom. At one time as easily managed as white mice ; at another time, having made up their minds that nothing shall satisfy them but something or other which you have not got to give them ; and you, for all the world, looking as bewildered and crazy as a bull at a bull fight, attacked from fifteen points at once.

JACINTA.

What a picture !

CUELPA.

By St. Nepomuck, you will often wish the priest in purgatory that ringed your finger, and sigh and sigh to be again with Cuelpa, peeling your onion and eating your morsel of brown bread upon the happy mountain side. I am not so old as that chesnut tree, but I know more.

JACINTA.

Your talk is wild as the winter wind, and quite as comforting.

Enter PRINCE CARLOS.

CUELPA.

So you have come back.

CARLOS.

Yes.

CUELPA.

Had you been a proper mannered man, you never would have run away.

CARLOS.

I was in haste.

CUELPA.

A proper mannered man is never in a hurry away from a fine lady.

CARLOS.

Pardon me, Señora.

CUELPA.

No: I cannot. That is asking too much of my Majesty.

CARLOS.

I hope not.

CUELPA.

Well, I forgive you this once. But where have you left your compañero? Sweet lily face! He has an eye that is worth looking at and sighing for. You have not murdered him, have you?

JACINTA.

How your tongue rattles, Cuelpa! Forgive her, Señor; it has never felt the rein.

CUELPA.

And never shall. Jacinta calls you Señor Melancholy, and thinks you are more sour-faced than handsome—a real Jaquéca. But your companion, considering what men are in general, is a tolerable sort of a creature for a man, gallant a las derechas, and as good company as any Asturian donkey I ever held a dialogue with. As for yourself, if you have not made choice of a calling yet, Jacinta thinks you had better hire yourself to an undertaker to follow the coffins.

CARLOS.

I am indeed melancholy. I carry a whole world of sorrow in my heart.

JACINTA.

How sad! Can I do anything to lighten your sorrow, Señor?

CARLOS.

Yes, much. Sing me one of those songs with which you have so often set me a-dreaming of a better world than this.

CUELPA.

I am sure, if it would scare away your melancholy, Señor, I am quite willing to strike up. The few have always relished my music, though the giddier sort call it caterwauling, and seem relieved when I come to an end.

CARLOS.

I would rather that Jacinta sang.

CUELPA.

So be it, Señor. Shall it be a song of her own composure, or one made long ago showing how our forefathers made love?

JACINTA.

Or war?

CUELPA.

They did both in rather a rough way, blessings
be on their bones!

JACINTA.

What shall I sing?

CUELPA (*to* JACINTA).

I should have thought a love ditty would have
suited your state and condition better than a war
song. And who knows but the Señor's sorrow has
its root in some love-sickness? Such a song might
physic you both.

JACINTA.

Choose you, Señor?

CUELPA.

Let us have the song you sang to the fat monk
we met the other day, who stroked your chin and
said you were an angel far too good for this naughty
world.

JACINTA (*sings*).

SONG.

How hard yon crag, around whose head
Unfelt the wildest tempests blow!
And, on Earth's ample bosom spread,
How chilling shines the winter snow!

Yet harder is that heart of thine,
And colder all its frozen streams ;
There never tarries Love Divine,
And there his sunshine never gleams.

Deaf as the surges of the sea,
When—

Enter DIEGO, Host of the Trojan Horse.

DIEGO.

Well ! here you are, chant, chant, chanting away like a skylark that is not expected to do anything in the world for his keep, instead of attending to your own business like honest folk.

CUELPA.

Dear Uncle, there's a time for everything, as the proverb says.

CARLOS.

Forgive her, Father ; 'twas at my request she sang.

DIEGO.

Señor, did you ever hear how our First Parents lost their innocence ?

CUELPA.

How was it ? Do tell me.

DIEGO.

Oh! you heathen; don't you know? It was all because Mother Eve did not attend to her domestic duties.

CUELPA.

You don't say so?

DIEGO.

Yes, it was, I tell you. Had she been busy boiling the pot for Adam, or mending his shirts, she would never have fallen into bad company.

CUELPA.

But what has the loss of Paradise to do with the matter in hand?

DIEGO.

This much. When shepherdesses spend their time in singing songs to please fine gentlemen, the silly sheep are certain to fare the worse for it, and the shepherdess herself often rues the day she misused her talents so abominably.

CUELPA.

Dear Uncle, travellers tell us that mermaidens sing in the sea; the birds are now singing in the sky; and so simple shepherd lasses, if their leisure

and humour allow, can do worse than sing a madrigal to their charge.

DIEGO.

Oh! if it were to edify the sheep, you would not be so fond of singing to them. It's the pleasure you take in hearing your own voices that sets you all on. But, Jacinta, I have news for you—news that will taste like good wine to a thirsty man. Pablo is come.

JACINTA.

What! Pablo come! Oh, father, give me wings! I wish to fly to him.

DIEGO.

I cannot do that either. But you have got swift feet.

[*Exit JACINTA, throwing away her crook.*]

DIEGO.

Now she has set off like the wild roe, or the wilder lightning, and the sheep may look after themselves, simple innocents. The fleece and flesh of a thousand flocks are of no more value in her eyes, when Pablo's here, than a branch of yon rotten cork tree. Fast goes the bark when Love's the helmsman. Poor sheep! I pity you now,

forsaken by your mistress. Cuelpa, give them a glance for the next few days; do, my sweet niece.

CARLOS.

Where is she gone to?

DIEGO.

Gone to? well she may go: she is off to be with her heart's favourite—bless them both. Would not you like to see yours, Señor? that is if your heart has got one.

CARLOS.

Truly, I would.

DIEGO.

I thought so. You look like an honest lover.

CARLOS.

I hope I am an honest lover.

DIEGO.

Amen. Well, suppose your heart's desire was sighing for you in the village yonder: would not you quickly show Cuelpa and me a clean pair of heels.

CARLOS.

Perhaps.

DIEGO.

No question you would. I know it. When I was as young as you, I was as foolish. You would dance away like the whirlwind to join your *buena alhája* in case she were anywhere in hiding within a mile.

CUELPA.

That he would. I'll warrant every inch of him man enough for an exploit like that.

DIEGO.

But, Señor, you look ill.

CARLOS.

No cause whatever have I to look well.

DIEGO.

Haven't you, now? I am sorry for that. Drink of the cup of my sympathy, Señor, and cheer up. I am sometimes a million fathoms deep in the dumps myself, though I look as happy as the jolliest monk in all Spain.

CARLOS.

You do.

DIEGO.

Do I? Ah, you are young, and yet you are old enough to know there's no trusting appearances;

for no turtle dove that ever soothed a lover has mourned more in his lifetime than I have.

CARLOS.

Say you so?

DIEGO.

Yes; true; at least, true as most things. Now, for a person that is uncomfortable in his mind I have an infallible cure. A witch's charm is nothing to it. It will put you right if anything will.

CARLOS.

What is that?

DIEGO.

Pay a visit to the Trojan Horse.

CARLOS.

Indeed!

DIEGO.

My daughter and Cuelpa have often tittle-tattled about meeting you up here among the mountains, and I have said to them, I wonder what your amigo is thinking about. Does he look like a man of sense? If he does, how is it that this Señor Doloroso does not come down to the Trojan Horse to taste the tap, and have the cockles of his heart

charmed and soothed? Comfort is the name of one waiting-maid there, and Humour the name of the other.

CUELPA.

Oh, uncle! Don't slap Truth in the face that way. Juanita is the name of one, and—

DIEGO.

Cuelpa has little poetry in her make-up, you see, Señor, or she would not take exception to any praise I give the Trojan Horse. For wine is to be had there made out of the finest grapes the sun ever ripened. No short measure. Nothing to complain of.

CUELPA.

That's true enough, I allow.

DIEGO.

Come with me now, and your trouble and care will melt away like snow in your palm.

CARLOS.

I cannot.

DIEGO.

Do come, and we will have a talk with Pablo into the bargain, that will smack like old Xerez.

CARLOS.

Who is Pablo?

DIEGO.

My grandmother! Señor, let me ask you this, were you ever in Madrid?

CARLOS.

Yes, often.

DIEGO.

Oiga! Don't you know Pablo then? He is a neighbour's son, in love with my daughter, a soldier in the Guards of Castile.

CUELPA.

Big as a mountain, and brave as a bull.

DIEGO.

You are his mother's second cousin, Cuelpa; and so you ought to know.

CUELPA.

Of course.

DIEGO.

Fresh come from the Court, with no end of news in his mouth: the mule is scarce cool yet that carried him.

CARLOS.

A soldier! In these troublesome times, when talk of war is rife in every mouth, why does he come among these quiet hills?

DIEGO.

Don't you know? I will tell you. He has got leave home for a week in the general rejoicings. You see King Philip is going to venture on matrimony again, God help him!

CUELPA.

God bless him, you should say, uncle.

DIEGO.

God bless him, I should say. And this is the third or fourth time King Philip has undergone that trial and temptation in his day. King Philip has a deal more courage than I have.

CARLOS.

Marry again! To whom?

CUELPA.

Why, to a female Lady, of course.

DIEGO.

You don't happen to know King Philip, Señor, do you?

CARLOS.

I know those who do.

DIEGO.

Do you really? Well, now, can you keep a secret? (*drawing close to CARLOS*) Between ourselves, let me tell you, though Pablo has no dislike to the bright maravedis with King Philip's head stamped on them, he does not much like King Philip's self. "Friend Diego," says he to me, "it is not right to pray for the deaths of kings and dukes and emperors, and such like superfine mortals; it is a greater crime, that, than bewitching one's even fellow-creatures out of their chattels, health, and life; the poorer sort, I mean, who are made out of common flesh and blood. But, Diego," says he, "you are as honest a man as any in all Castile, and I would not say to everybody what I am going to say to you. But, Diego," says he, "I can assure you the day that Philip dies I will have neither crape round my hat nor a tear in my eye."

CARLOS.

Indeed!

DIEGO.

“Don Carlos is my man,” says he.

CARLOS.

Then you think, if ever Don Carlos becomes king, Pablo will be a loyal subject?

CUELPA (*with energy*).

That he will!

DIEGO.

That he will! Why, Señor, he says there never was such a man invented as Don Carlos.

CARLOS.

Indeed!

DIEGO.

The good folks of Madrid think heaps of him. Though many of them look black as thunder at the mention of the father's name, they all agree that the son is a demigod. I don't profess to know what that means, but that it is something very fine I make no question.

CARLOS.

Yes, it expresses high admiration.

DIEGO.

I thought so. I could have done with a little more scholarship, you see, Cuelpa.

CUELPA.

You don't happen to know this Don Carlos, do you, señor?

CARLOS.

I do a little.

DIEGO.

Well, there, I envy you. He is a ripe grape, from all I can hear. But Pablo has no opinion of this royal match.

CARLOS.

No?

DIEGO.

"The lady," Pablo says, "is a seraphim. But if I were she," says he, "if King Philip, the old tup, were to ask me to kiss his sour lips, I would say no—by St. Vitus, I would—though he were King of Egypt and Ethiopia, instead of being merely King of Spain.

CARLOS.

Who is this rare angel that Pablo rates so highly?

DIEGO.

Bless you, don't you know? It is not often one sees an idiot like you, and yet you confess you don't know that.

CARLOS.

I do not.

DIEGO.

How odd! Pablo has just told me all about it. It is the talk of every big and little baby in Madrid.

CARLOS.

Is it?

DIEGO.

It is. Come down to the Trojan Horse; come, and we will talk this affair over, and drink their healths too, Señor, if you are agreeable. Never mind whether you can afford it or not; we'll not quarrel over the reckoning.

CARLOS.

I have no time. I am anxious to be back to my books and dreams.

DIEGO.

Vaya! every ass to his thistle. It is a long time since I have given over improving my mind.

CARLOS.

But who is to be King Philip's bride? You have not told me that yet.

DIEGO.

Haven't I?

CARLOS.

No. Who is she?

DIEGO.

In good time. Never tease your story-teller into hurry paces. By pricking and spurring him over much you may make him miss the finest points of his tale. Let him tell it in his own fashion and with his own mouth.

CARLOS.

Take your own time, then, but tell me.

DIEGO.

Well, then, Pablo thinks King Philip has not acted all fair and square in this matter.

CARLOS.

How so?

DIEGO.

Thus. Three months ago some outlandish Frenchmen brought their Princess into Spain to

be married to Prince Carlos. All went sweet as a new guitar for a time, and the young couple were as pleased with each other as old turtles. But one day, in the palace gardens, a dispute arose among the grandees about the gridirons which Fra Lorenzo has designed for the army to take to the Netherlands to roast the heretics on. And Don Carlos told Duke Alva a bit of his mind. "Beelzebub's self," says he, "though he has but a battered reputation, would be ashamed to go down the street arm in arm with the likes of you." And the Prince drew his sword, and went thus at him.

CUELPA.

Oh, uncle! what a grand captain you would have made had you been brought up to soldiering!

DIEGO.

Perhaps so, Cuelpa; but let us keep to the matter in hand. Many a man has been hanged for telling the truth, as the proverb says. Now the Prince was not exactly hanged; but—would you believe it, Señor?—when King Philip heard of this little bit of a trick, he packed his son off for six months among the mountains. Well, while Prince Carlos is away, Old Grizzle-pate himself makes the young lady an offer. They say she stuck long and long to the Prince; but at last—

What?

CARLOS.

You know.

DIEGO.

What?

CARLOS (*greatly agitated*).

DIEGO.

You understand. The weather, a man's luck, and a fine lady, may differ in many things, but they have this in common—that they are very changeable, all of them.

CARLOS.

I do not understand you.

DIEGO.

Women are only women, eh? They have never been anything else, have they, Cuelpa?

CUELPA.

Never. I am your warrant for that and St. Valentine.

DIEGO.

Why, Señor, the wise affirm that woman's love is a water bubble. I do not go as far as that, but—

CARLOS.

Mean you that the Princess Isabel is to marry King Philip?

DIEGO.

You have hit it nicely, Señor. I could not have guessed better myself had I tried till Candlemas.

CARLOS.

What words are these? Suspicion, Fancy, Fear, Daughters of Truth are ye, or dross and lies?

CUELPA.

What ails the young gentleman? He looks as if he were going into a fit.

CARLOS (*seizing DIEGO by the collar*).

Oh, is this true, old man? Say, is this true? You are not trifling with me?

DIEGO.

Bless me! don't throttle me. Me joking with your reverence's highness! Why should I? It is as true as that Diego is my Christian name, and that my little dog was called Diego after me, in the hope that he would turn out as Christian-like in his general behaviour as myself.

CARLOS.

My Isabel! All I had, or cared to have,
Torn from me without ruth! Lost, lost for ever!
My heaven become a world of empty nothings!
Break, wretched heart! break, break, and give me
peace!

CUELPA.

See, Holy Mary! what a pitiful look he has!

CARLOS.

Beyond belief, I love, I worship her,
The crown, the regal flower of womanhood.
Her smile has inspiration, and her name
A music such as charms away all fear
And prompts the soul to deeds of knightly daring.
And can I think that, like a vulgar thief,
Philip has stolen this jewel? No! I dream!
I feel I dream! If not, the solid Earth
Will melt beneath my feet as water doth,
And Chaos rise again to life and sway.
For firm and sure as the Divine decree
Can fix it is the law that personal good
Weighs but a feather with the parent when
His offspring's bliss or comfort is in doubt.
For that he toils, keeps vigil, bleeds, and dies.
And I am Philip's son, his only child.

DIEGO.

Señor, I wanted to say—

CARLOS (*with energy*).

He is a king, and so I know I dream ;
For kings are mirrors of all truth and virtue.
Forgive me, Father! Stern and harsh thou art,
But yet,—but yet in thought I would not wrong thee.
What man could reach such altitude of crime ?

DIEGO.

Señor, I was going to say—

CARLOS (*to DIEGO*).

It is not true! It cannot be! It cannot be!

DIEGO.

It was a true man that told me the tale. Pablo
told it me with tears in his eyes.

CARLOS (*after a pause, looking wildly round, and
then lifting his hand to Heaven*).

His name shall rot in infamy for ever ;
And, to remotest time, the vilest felons,
Whene'er this horrid deed shall be rehearsed,
Will cross themselves, astounded, and thank God
That they have never sunk so deep in guilt.

King Philip's rape will rank with Satan's fall,
O'ertopping, in its matchless turpitude,
All sin of man or woman.
(falling on his knees.)

CUELPA.

The Señor seems to take this royal wedding a
deal to heart.

DIEGO.

He, perhaps, expected to be invited to the feast,
and has been passed over.

CUELPA.

Perhaps he is not prepared. Had I been a man—

DIEGO *(to CARLOS)*.

I could lend you a proper pair of dancing shoes
or a doublet, Señor, that would fit you to a hair.

CUELPA.

Bless my heart! Look at the mozo! What a
sad sight! Piedad, Cielos!

DIEGO.

You seem as if you needed a glass of something
stronger than water to comfort you, Señor. Come
with me.

CARLOS.

Oh! cureless woe! (*wringing his hands.*)
The sleeping criminal,
Roused rudely by the hangman from sweet dreams
To be led off to death, would not change lots
With one so wretched and forlorn as I.
My Father! hadst thou stabbed me to the heart,
I had died blessing thee! But this!—oh! this—
Would I had ne'er been born!

CUELPA.

I am afraid the jovencillo has fallen into some sad quandary. Don't be down-hearted, Señor. We all have our scrapes and snares and sorrows, every mother's son and daughter among us. Cheer up.

DIEGO.

Yes, cheer up. By the time you have lived as long in the world as I have, you will have seen greater troubles than this. We wept when we were born, Señor; and every day tells us why.

CARLOS.

Oh, my poor heart! Break, break, and let me die!

DIEGO.

No, don't do anything of the sort, poor heart.

CARLOS.

Help me! oh, help me!

DIEGO.

How can I help you?

CARLOS.

How long will it take a man to get to Madrid?

DIEGO.

Mis ojos! that depends upon how fast your traveller goes. That swallow there, if he was in the humour for a sight of the Alcazar at Madrid, could reach it before I could chant a psalm; but you would not have the ghost of a chance to reach it on your own two legs in less than a fortnight. And—Maria Santissima!—the robbers there are on the road! thick as fleas in a gipsy's blanket, and as difficult to catch too. If you went on horseback, I should say you might get there in three days; that is, if your horse had any good points.

CARLOS.

Have you a horse? Here's gold.

DIEGO.

Ay de mi! I have no horse, only a mule, and he a very graceless one too. He has no tail, and only

one eye; but he is a blessing to the household, and dearly beloved. I fear you would not get there with his help much before the next new year.

CARLOS.

Help me! oh, help me, gracious Heavens!

DIEGO.

I have hit it. I remember a friend of mine who has a real Andalusian filly, swift as the wind, and gentle as a tamed rabbit. You might have her for a consideration.

CARLOS.

Come, then! come!

DIEGO.

The Cid's Bavioca, whose good points are known to every one who has sucked an orange or sung a ballad, may have been a better animal, but I won't swear to it. Yo lo digo.

CARLOS.

Haste! Come at once! Haste, haste! Eternal
issues
Hang on our use of every moment!

DIEGO.

Ready I am for you. Venzamos, hijo mio.

[OMNES *exeunt.*

SCENE II. MADRID. THE ROYAL PALACE.

Apartments of the PRINCESS EBOLI.

Sundry rich pieces of furniture lying about. A table with pictures, jewellery, ornaments, etc., lying on it. Large box corded standing in a corner.

Enter GIL and JOSÉ (Royal Valets).

JOSÉ.

Take a pull at the wine, uncle, before you begin again; you are out of breath, and well you may be.

GIL.

I am a, a little out of breath, I con, confess. Packing is no child's play, José; so I might do worse, perhaps, than take a toothful.

JOSÉ.

And you saw all this with your own two precious blessed eyes, did you, uncle? Really? Oh, that I had been with you, sinner that I am!

GIL (*setting down his glass*).

I did, José, I did; I saw it all with my own blessed eyes, as you call them. I happened the high privilege to be present, as luck would have it.



JOSÉ.

The blessed Lady of Atocha may not send you such another piece of luck for ages to come.

GIL.

Ah! you say well; she may not; it was luck's luck, the cream of luck. It all took place here in this very room.

JOSÉ (*looking slowly round*).

Did it though? Truly the room does look altered, uncle, as if something like a whirlwind or an earthquake had been at work, now that I have time to look about me and judge.

GIL (*drinking*).

I was just wiping my lips—my nose, I mean—when in they came—the Princess, the Archbishop, and the King's secretary with a gold pen stuck behind his ear, as if he was going to have his portrait taken.

JOSÉ.

With a gold pen behind his ear, uncle? Bless me! what a martial figure he must have cut.

GIL.

And the Secretary told her Highness that it was his Royal Majesty's Royal pleasure that she should take up her furnishings and march off in a twinkling.

JOSÉ.

I would have changed shirts with a Moor; nay, would have given my ears to have been with you, uncle, when all this happened: I would, por los Santos.

GIL.

And a cheap bargain too, to have bought the sight of such a scene with the loss of your ears, José.

JOSÉ.

You think so, uncle?

GIL.

Yes! I do think so. You are the heir to all my effects, José, and a dear cherub of a nephew to boot; but I tell you this—there will be a thousand transmutations of the moon before such a thing happens again. It was a moving sight, I can assure you.

JOSÉ.

It must have been, uncle? My mouth's watering to hear the whole story inside and outside, end and middle, head and tail.

GIL.

“King Philip is going to live the life of an honest man,” says the Archbishop; “he is going

to take a wife," says he; "he has no longer any need for the likes of you." "Go" says he; "Pax Vobiscum!"

JOSÉ.

That was high quality talk, uncle; truly it was. And how did she look when he said this?

GIL.

She looked at him as if she wanted to grasp the lightning.

JOSÉ.

The Blessed Saints preserve us!

GIL.

You may well call on the Blessed Saints to do their best for us. I quake and shiver when I think about it, I do. You never saw a whirling pool or a volcano mountain, did you, José?

JOSÉ.

Never: How could I, uncle? When was I in the countries where these things grow?

GIL.

Few people would take me for a fool, José. Yet my asking you that question is no sign of my wisdom. For I paid for your education, but

was not able to improve your mind by foreign travel, José. So a fig, an onion, or an orange you may have seen in the flesh, but never a burning mountain or a whirling pool—never, never.

JOSÉ.

No, uncle, but thank Santiago, I've seen mountains of onions in my time.

GIL.

A mountain of onions is a lofty qualification truly. But it would have been much better if you had had some acquaintance with a burning volcano or a whirling pool ; such vanities would have helped you to form a notion how the Princess looked when she was told and commanded to pack off. There was more instruction in that sight, I can tell you, than you could squeeze out of a dozen of sermons. What a rage she was in ! Stamping, raving, cursing. She looked like that (*trying to look fierce.*) You don't happen ever to have seen me in a passion, José. Have you ever seen me provoked to high capers and boiling up to freezing point ?

JOSÉ.

Yes, uncle : often. Many a time have you touched freezing point in your day.

GIL.

Do you say so? Well; that's often most true José which we least care to hear. And now that I properly ponder the matter, I am afraid I do look like a thunder cloud at times, but one cannot help their nature, can they?

JOSÉ.

We cannot, uncle; that's as clear as the spire of a Seo.

GIL.

Of course not; anger is born in our very bones and blood, José. But, after all, even when I'm at my very worst, when the Devil gets fairly the better of me, I am only mild milk and water compared to the Princess.

JOSÉ.

So you are, uncle; you are meek as milk and mild as water, in a general way.

GIL.

Oh, it was awful as thunder itself to see and hear how she stormed, and shrieked, and screamed, and wept.

JOSÉ.

Awful, I make no doubt, uncle.

GIL (*with a theatrical air*).

“Pomp and wickedness and royal grandeur,” says she, “avaunt, off with you! I tell you you are a conclusion and a double delusion. You are a snare. Satan is your parent and father,” says she. “Pack off to the place where you came from,” says she, “and never again conclude and lead astray the young and the beautiful. To the devil with you!” By Santiago, I wished I was far enough off, whether at the top of the sea or the bottom of a mountain made no great matter.

JOSÉ.

Fuego de dios! how vexing! but I was the king and captain of fools for being off the premises when such doings as these were a hatching.

GIL.

That you were, José. I fear you will regret it to your dying day.

JOSÉ (*hesitatingly*).

What a pity, uncle, that folks will not believe all this when you tell them; for it is as fine a story this as ever was invented.

GIL.

An edifying tale, José, and a truer never was printed in my time.

JOSÉ.

But they say you do not always stick to the truth, uncle. Have you any witnesses?

GIL.

Witnesses! Bah! José, this is always my comfort when men will not believe my tales—it is their loss, not mine. Ay de mi! Where will people find truth, if not in my mouth?

JOSÉ.

What happened after that, uncle? My ears are gaping for the whole of it.

GIL.

Oh, not much.

JOSÉ.

Do tell me. Refresh yourself with another kiss of the glass; and tumble the rest of the tale off your tongue, uncle, like a man.

GIL (*pompously.*)

Well, she flung herself out of the room, and the Archbishop went after her; and when they were gone, the Secretary comes to me. "You are a sensible man, Gil; I can trust you," says he. "You are a man of sense, if ever I saw one, there is no man about the Royal Palace I could entrust with

this matter," says he, "but your own self." "Thank you, your Excellency," says I, "for your good opinion." So says he to me, "Gil, my good friend, have her out to-morrow by twelve o'clock, bag and baggage;" and he pointed out what was hers and what was not.

JOSÉ.

By San Bernabé, but that beats the Chronicles hollow: that's something to tell your grandson's grandson, that is.

GIL (*continuing*).

"You surprise me," says I. "You don't mean, your Highness's Excellency," says I, "that the King is going to cast her off, as if she were an old shoe, now that he is having a fresh wife." "Don't thrust your long nose into other folks' concerns," says his Excellency, "or you will get the end of it nipped," says he. "Begging your Excellency's pardon," says I, "I don't wish to dispute" (for one never makes much through arguing with the great, José) —"begging your Excellency's pardon," says I, "I feel confident, says I, that my nose is no longer than it should be," says I. But—

[*While GIL is speaking, JOSÉ is taking down from the wall a small miniature of the King; he overbalances himself, falling with his burden to the ground.*

GIL.

Don't grin and make faces that way, José, as if ye were at death's door. Mi higadillo! I hope the picture has not suffered any damage.

JOSÉ.

But I have, uncle. I'm damaged dreadfully.

GIL.

You? Better you than the picture, José; you will mend sooner. Ah! thank Santiago! it's only a trifle chipped in the frame. It had been a pity had this been hurt, José: this is a particularly exact and fancy likeness of his Majesty. Look at it! You see, the King's features have been much improved by the trick of the painter, and ten years or more have been taken off his age. Yet judges say this is a rare work of Art, José. King Philip was in a pretty humour with the Princess when he gave her this, I reckon; though now he is sending the poor thing adrift to seek her fortune.

JOSÉ.

Vile harlot!

GIL (*looking mysteriously round*).

José, a week ago you had better have had no tongue at all in your mouth than used words like these.

JOSÉ.

Say you so, uncle?

GIL.

And I am not sure that such are proper words yet, at least for a young man.

JOSÉ.

No? isn't such proper language, uncle?

GIL.

I have no fault to find with the language, José; it's the sentiment. You do not want your ears cut off, or your nose slit, or to be roasted at an auto among a lot of heretics, do you? in these nose-slitting, Moor-killing, heretic-burning times.

JOSÉ.

Heaven forbid, uncle. Then you think she may perhaps come back.

GIL (*shaking his head*).

Never, never.

JOSÉ.

Think not? Well, you ought to know, uncle: you are much wiser than a wooden saint.

GIL.

Do you see this beard, José? What colour is it? You have not much divinity or classical learning, but you know enough for that.

JOSÉ.

White.

GIL.

Truly; white, white as the snow on the Guadarama; but once it was a beautiful beard, and black, black as ebony. Once there was no more fashionable beard in all Madrid; it was much admired, I assure you.

JOSÉ.

Was it?

GIL.

It was, I tell you. Now answer me: but reflect first. Will my beard ever be black again, think you?

JOSÉ.

Never, uncle, never.

GIL.

You are right, José; of course not; it is against nature to expect it; and so it is against nature her ever coming here again. You are not much of a philosopher, I fear, José.

JOSÉ.

Well, she takes a deal more away than she brought.

[*The PRINCESS EBOLI enters. They fly hurriedly at her approach.*

PRINCESS EBOLI.

Oh! Worldly Pomp!—thou juggling fiend! go hide
Thy face i' the dust for ever: lo! these varlets
Mock thee in me,—thy Symbol and thy Dupe.
Hearing my footfall, conscience-struck they fled:
They had been babbling of my sad estate;
And these strewn gawds, the pledges of a love
Deep sworn, though hollow, rous'd their scoffing
mirth.

Let them jeer on: all tongues will league with theirs
As far as perjur'd Philip's sceptre stretches.
The sooty workman will recite the tale
Of my eclipse among his laughing mates,
And wash his coarse meals down with 't as with
wine.

Nay, 'neath this Palace roof, where many a year
My name has been a tune that filled all hearts
With joy—where I, though now cast forth as filth,
Have reigned a goddess ring'd with worshippers;
Envy and spite and malice in the guise
Of pity will hold jubilee o'er my fall.
Oh, Holy Heaven! how fix'd and sure the doom

Of that deluded wretch, who slighting grace,
And brib'd with titles, pomp, and wealth, lays all
Her beauty's treasure at the feet of kings ;
The moth that rushes on the murderous flame,
Burning his hissing wings, her very ape
And emblem. In the noontide of her glory
Her pleasures taste like wormwood : for in shining
She shines unblest and hated ; and her day
Ends soon, her day of vanity ; 'tis but
A meteor flash—no more—no more. A moment
With roots no stronger than a spider's web
Towers up the fabric of her golden Fortune ;
Then falls a crashing ruin.

Enter RUY GOMEZ.

My sweet sister.

PRINCESS EBOLI.

How slow have dragged the lonely bitter hours !
But you are here at last, thank Heav'n. O, Ruy,
Did I but dream you lov'd me ?

RUY GOMEZ.

Dearer than life !
Under the King's eye, i' the Council, all my
thoughts
Went forth to you in tenderness and pity.

PRINCESS EBOLI.

The waves roll o'er me : and I fondly hoped
You would have come to me on angel wings.

RUY GOMEZ.

What can I do? what say to ease your grief?

PRINCESS EBOLI.

You serve a mighty lord, high-minded, honourable,
Whose deeds will doubtless find some flattering
chronicler,
And court the acclaim of ages. Pray, i' the record
Let it be writ in capitals, how this monarch,
(Earth's foremost) cheated a poor credulous girl
With lies—then thrust her forth to want and shame.

RUY GOMEZ.

Your talk—how wild!

PRINCESS EBOLI.

Ah, Ruy! I was the centre of all homage
So late as yesterday. Did not gay troops
Obsequions wait upon me—slaves and sycophants—
Mid whom I walked as Dian moves among
Her stars? (*bursting into tears*)

And now these fawning things start from me
As if my touch were leprous.

RUY GOMEZ.

Your fall was sad and sudden.

PRINCESS EBOLI.

Mourn not for that: My long-shut eyes unclose:
My better soul awakes: O, Heaven! it were
A crowning grief if I should cease to grieve
That Philip's smile was once my Paradise.

RUY GOMEZ.

Weep not; life's tree will bud afresh for you;
The gloom will pass, the light will reappear.
Beneath your natal roof in Andalusia
A mother's welcome waits you.

PRINCESS EBOLI.

Adding grief.

Cloth'd with the pomp of guilt I shunn'd her sight
For years. Can she forgive my cold neglect?

RUY GOMEZ.

Forgive? O, what can quench a parent's love?

PRINCESS EBOLI.

But can I wring forgiveness from myself?
Would I had never left my father's house;

Life now shows colder hollower than the tomb :
Match'd with some humble mate I might have been
A happy wife, the mother of sweet babes
Who would have given me love for love. Ah!
 misery !
What am I now ? An outcast, self-condemned,
Self-loathed—hell in me, and around me, hell.
Where'er I turn or look, God's burning eye
Rests on me wrathful.

RUY GOMEZ.

 May His grace descend
Swift-winged to calm the tumult of thy soul.

PRINCESS EBOLI.

Friend of the Magdalen reject me not :
Christ ! show Thy bow of mercy in the cloud.

Enter ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

PRINCESS EBOLI.

Thou here—of all men thee I loathe the most ;
Away—from you I shrink as from a fiend.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

I come—

PRINCESS EBOLI.

Back! Touch me not, thou hoary hypocrite!
You bear a human shape and wear a garb
Saintly enough:—your mitre, crook, and robes
Proclaim high office: wretch! cast these aside
Defil'd; assume the livery of the devil:
Put on thy proper character, that men
May know whose glozing tongue deceives thro' thine

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Be calm dear Princess: 'tis the King's command
That brings me here. He loves you still: behold!
A present worthy him who owns the world.
'Tis for thy beauteous brows: a golden circlet
Cluster'd with gems. See! how they light it up
Like stars. He gave it me to give to you,
Saying—(a gracious smile was on his lip)
'Tell her I am her slave as much as ever.'

PRINCESS EBOLI.

O! faithful Pastor! holy pander!—Services
Like these, which so become thy years and office,
Will be requited with a Cardinal's hat,
Thy King and Master urging it: Go back,
Report to him that thus I treat his gifts—

*(She throws the circlet on the ground and
tramples on it.)*

Incarnate lust! his smile leads down to hell.

(After a pause.)

The abject coward will not come in person
To say farewell, though I have sought it earnestly.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

The cares of half the world consume his hours.

PRINCESS EBOLI.

When first I gave myself a sacrifice,
Beguil'd; o'ersway'd by priestly arguments,
Your heart their fountain, that through me the
Church
Might rule the King—then Philip's dearest duties,
Even those that touch'd the saving of his soul,
He gladly sunk neglectful for my smile:
Now——

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Shall we not part friends?

PRINCESS EBOLI.

Away, vile man!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. MADRID. A STREET.

SALDANHA *meeting* BERGHEN *and* MONTIGNY,
(*Flemish Envoys.*)

BERGHEN.

Thrice welcome to Madrid, my much lov'd friend!
The sight of Flanders—(next to the sight of Heav'n,
The dearest show that these poor eyes can treat
with,)
Would breed less joy than this unlook'd for meeting.
How fares the Prince, our patron and our hope?

SALDANHA.

Well: and he sends kind greetings to you both.
His tongue has had much traffic with your names
Of late, for when we mused in our retreat
And reason'd of kingly power and its just limits;
How the foundations of an empire's weal
Are laid in freedom: and how a King's prime care
Should be his subject's good,—he, aye, remember'd
Who taught him that high music.

BERGHEN.

The noble Carlos!
He is a Prince to brag of.

MONTIGNY.

A man unmatched; the top of human kind.

SALDANHA.

The mouth that speaks so utters simple truth.
O, had King Philip crown'd the Prince's wish,
And sent him to the Netherlands, beneath
His sweet wise sway, your fatherland had grown
Earth's gem and glory; and the name of Carlos
Had mov'd men like a song: of earthly rulers
The paragon and phoenix: more belov'd by you
Than was his mighty grandsire native-born.
But pray, how speeds your business? we oft talk'd
on't.

MONTIGNY.

It has not ripen'd. These limping hours of
Autumn,
With their rich hoards of corn and wine for others,
Offer us only leaves—not fruit.

SALDANHA.

How grievous!

BERGHEN.

Since the ill-fated day the Prince struck Alva,
Cold cheer and sour looks have been ours. The
King
Believes we urged the Prince to that extreme.

SALDANHA.

Poor Flanders! clouds still threaten her, thunder-
charged.

BERGHEN.

We live in hope. The Duke has not yet left
For Brussels, and the King, much urged, at last
Has promised us an audience, (Heaven be prais'd!)
Egmont and Orange write that we must strike
The iron hot. Ye Saints, inspire my tongue;
Lift, lift me high above myself: I crave
Your help that Alva ne'er set foot in Flanders,
Nor plant that Hell, the Inquisition, there.

MONTIGNY.

And now our hopes rise high above the waves
In this: the King goes through a soothing ordeal
To-morrow early. Young and a bachelor
You don't believe that marriage can work miracles;
But, trust me, it has softened many a savage.

SALDANHA.

Ha! plays the King that sorry trick again?

BERGHEN.

Have you not heard of't? you, the Prince's friend.

SALDANHA.

I am new come: my horse is scarcely breath'd.

BERGHEN.

The King to-morrow weds the Princess Isabel.

SALDANHA.

So! Mighty Heavens! she was betroth'd to Carlos.
What fiend has brought about this monstrous issue?


MONTIGNY.

Hell's worst—the one who creeps to tempted lovers,
And whispers that their oaths are words no more,
And that God's angel takes no note of perjuries:
They call him Mammon. Have no dealings with
him,
He has stuffed many a bed with thorns in his time.

BERGHEN.

The crown of Spain's a mighty bribe, and Isabel
Seems a true child of Eve. Pray God the apple
That makes her crack her faith taste not like ashes.

SALDANHA.

Oh, sin beyond redemption! Is she mad?
Spain's crown is Carlos' heritage, therefore hers.
She changes light for darkness, Heaven for Hell!
What can I else but weep, he lov'd her so. 
Strengthen him, gracious Heavens! to bear the
stroke.

O, who will carry him the news? More welcome
Than such a messenger were death itself;
The goodly tree of all his hopes and joys,
Pluck'd up from the very roots! O friends, forgive me,
If I am touch'd. A heart of stone would melt—

BERGHEN.

Play not the woman here. Come apart with us.

MONTIGNY.

This is a public place; the tell-tale streets
Can keep no secrets. Thick swarm in every corner
The spies and minions of the Holy Office;
And you well know you are no pet of theirs.

SALDANHA.

Nor you; but things of late have strangely alter'd.

MONTIGNY.

We! they can scarce keep their hands off us—the
knaves:
They scowl like demons when they meet us. By
St. Gudule,
Were not our persons sacred as ambassadors,
They soon would make choice mince-meat of us
both.

BERGHEN.

Hush, hush! close mouth, wise head. Come. Come
in silence.

SALDANHA.

Poor Carlos! Heaven be with him! What a blow!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. MADRID. THE ROYAL PALACE.

RECEPTION ROOM.

The Princess Isabel's Dressing Room communicates with the Royal Reception Room by a large door ; in the upper panel of which is a small window. Through this window LOLA is gazing, mounted on a stool. On the floor, waiting her turn for a sight, stands INEZ.

Inez.—By the bones of St. Polycarp, but you are selfish, Lola; no tongue can tell how much.—Get off that stool you great clumsy thing. Do you think nobody has eyes but you. That mine are a deal handsomer than yours, all the world knows; but they are quite as curious; and that they have a right to be. So get off the stool at once, or I will knock you off.

Lola.—Wait, my pretty patient angel jewel, wait awhile, till all this wicked passion oozes out of you.

Inez.—How cruel of you to ask me. Here we are in the very thick of a Royal Wedding; and now when we have the Princess Isabel a dressing of herself for the same, and such an opportunity! O, Lola! for you to act in the way you are doing is burning shameful.

Lola.—Just one little peep more Iñez, and then you shall mount up here, as on a watch tower, and look yourself blind. Such splendour! such grandeur! Oh my garters! It is as good as Paradise itself to get a side glimpse of it. It makes my brain turn and my mouth water. O, Iñez, Iñez, you may well wish you were peering at this rare sight through my two eyes, ugly though you think them.

Iñez.—Ay de mi! What dog's-luck I always have to be sure. Let me see too, Lola: do.

Lola (*after gazing long through the window*).—The Princess Isabel looks blinding beautiful, Iñez. I am nearly dumb-founded with the blaze of a hundred diamonds. So bright are they that you might light a candle with the mere smell of them in the darkest night of winter. Mis dedos! a mantilla, blue as the bluest sky you ever saw, and a veil, as white as new-fallen snow at Christmas.

Iñez.—Lucky Lola! to be standing where you can see all this; but poor me! O, I wish I was done and finished with this weary wicked world.

Lola.—And her dress—O, what a dress! it would not misbecome an archangel. Happy, happy Princess! Chispas! but she looks the very image of the picture of Queen of Sheba, that hangs in the King's bedroom.

Iñez.—Sangre de Santiago—but let me see too; let me see too.

Lola.—Wait till I take another observation first ; a moment's patience, Iñez.

Iñez.—Oh, you dirty, low life, selfish, mean monkey: that you are. But may I choke if this hasn't always been your way, Lola, you good-for-nothing creature, ever since I knew you, and that will be three years past Easter. Come down.

Lola (taking a fresh look).—What a heavenly vision! Oh! so beautiful! No painter could ever, ever paint a picture like that, in my poor thought.

Iñez.—If selfishness wasn't bred and born in your system, Lola, I am a heathen or worse. In bed you always take up more than your proper share of blanket and room, and at dinner, if there happens to be any chance choice bit on the table, you are always ready to grab it and have first munch.

Lola.—Don't bear false witness against me, Iñez ; don't tamper with my good name.

Iñez.—False witness! it's true. And I fear we shall have to wait many a twelve month and century before you will mend. (*Seizing her dress*) Mend! you crooked, wicked old camel; there is no mend in you—as soon expect a rotten orange to grow sound again.

Lola.—Don't pull my clothes so roughly, you vixen—they won't stand much tugging, I can tell you; and if you rive and tear them to rags, you will not be so eager to buy me new ones. Compose yourself my soft spoken Señorita. Remember that

patience is a virtue which no woman can ever get along without in her passage through life: at least, if she is in the marrying way, as you are.

Iñez.—So are you; and much more than I am; and that you know.

Lola.—Well, there's neither sin nor wickedness in wanting to be married, Iñez; so be calm, and I will let you up here in a moment or two. But O, I grudge taking my eyes off all this finery. Santos Cielos! the Princess looks like a saint in glory; I would give millions of crusados, if I had them, to be turned into such a lump of loveliness as she is.

Iñez.—By the blessing of St. Peter, but this is too bad, Lola. And when it was I that first put the thought into your head too. Didn't I first put you up to come here, you griffin; and yet you won't let me have a look. O, I wish I was dead, I do; lying snug and lifeless in my shroud (*whimpering*).

Lola (getting down).—Well, come out of the sulks, slim shanks; come, I'll make way for you; and I'll warrant you will get your eyes feasted. Look as long as you like, Iñez; and I'll wager you'll remember more of what you see this morning than you do of your catechism.

Iñez.—Thank you, Lola (*kissing her*). A thousand thanks, you sweet, kind, loving chickabid. Bless you; I am sorry I was angry with you, but I am touchy—it's my liver the doctor says—very

touchy, you know that—like gunpowder ; but I cannot help it, can I ?

Lola.—No ; you cannot dear. Every pig has its grunt, and every bear its growl ; havn't they ?

Iñez.—Of course. But you really are a good, kind, obliging, honey sweet darling, Lola, that you are ; and as patient as a cow a-milking. And whatever I may say in my tantrums (and I do sometimes fly at you, I allow), behind your back my tongue talks of you, and my heart feels for you like a sister.—It does, Lola.

Lola.—I believe you, *cara mia*.

Iñez.—I have always stood up for you among the other servants, and always shall. I have been as good as a guardian angel to you, Lola.

Lola.—That you have, dear, as good as a company of angels.

Iñez (*getting on the stool*).—In the name of goodness who could ever have believed it ? I wish I had ten score of eyes, that I might get a complete view of all this grandeur. Enchanting ! dazzling ! bewitching ! delightful ! O me ! no words can half express its little finger.—It would take the Egyptian or the Hebrew language to do it justice I should think.

Lola.—It would indeed.

Iñez.—The King must have spent all the money in the mints of Mexico on her wedding dress alone.

Ay de mi! Blessed Princess! Don't I wish I stood in her shoes!

Lola.—Do you? Well, opinions differ, Iñez: I don't.

Iñez.—Don't you?

Lola.—No: por los Santos! It's all very well to be dressed up that way, like a shining angel; but to have to marry such a vinegar-faced tom-cat as the King! There's physic for a life-time in that I should think, Iñez.

Iñez.—So there is, Lola.

Lola.—You may wash a toad in the purest morning dew, Iñez, yet the creature will never look a whit the less ugly for all your pains and trouble. And so with his Majesty; no washing or dressing will ever take the ugliness out of him, I fear. In his young days he could never have been much of a cherubim, and now when he is about as old as Pharaoh, how grim and horrid he looks! Depend upon it the Saints in heaven have had little ado with this match, whatever his holiness the Pope may say.

Iñez.—Do you think so?

Lola.—Greasy old scare-crow that he is! The Princess is far too good for the likes of him.

Iñez.—That she is. O you sweet, dear, pretty Seraphim! you need not be in such a hurry to be his wife. Lola, Lola! may wedding ring never

touch my finger if they are not putting a grand crown upon her brow. How beautiful! and yet she does not seem over pleased.

Lola.—Well: she need not be. I know what I know (*shaking her head*). She has but little luck in her husband, whatever other luck she may have had in her day.

Iñez.—Poor thing!

Lola.—She will get enough of him yet, the old pagan that he is! Often will he make her wet her soft white French cheeks, or I'm a Jewess: often will she creep into a corner to have a good cry and wish herself back again among the mountains where she came from. It was a bad day for her, the day she met him, the bald-pated old hypocrite that he is!

Iñez.—You think so?

Lola.—Indeed it was. But pick up that stool, *Iñez*. You are not so fat as I am, so you will not feel its weight half as much. And let us march off before you can wink twice with those handsome eyes of yours. If the palace steward find us here, he will slice a big piece out of our wages next pay-day.

Iñez.—The low blackguard! I wish some one would put poison in his broth.

Lola.—So do I. Ah! it will be long before we make our fortunes here. But come—away—I hear the click of the door. Pick up the escobel.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PRINCESS ISABEL and MARIE FONTALVRAUX
(*her Maid of Honour*).

MARIE.

Would that all France were gazing on thee, thus
Apparell'd, as becomes Spain's Queen.

PRINCESS ISABEL.

Say rather,
Deck'd like a victim for the sacrificer.

Enter BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

God's blessing compass thee! May this bright day
Lead in its train a thousand brighter still!
What! cloudy on thy bridal morn and sad?

PRINCESS ISABEL.

Do I not well to weep? I looked for help
To Charles my brother, and to God. And lo!
No pitying eye regards me in my grief.
What starving wretch e'er cried for food as I
Besought a cell in France: No state I craved,
Nor place i' the Court; I asked but this to bury
My sorrow in a convent's gloom—Christ's bride;
Yet, though the words I wrote were wash'd with
tears,
No touch of pity mov'd my brother's heart;
I might as well have argued with the dead.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

King Philip begg'd your hand through cunning
orators ;

What could your brother do ? whose Council urg'd
That it were shame should you immure your beauty
Within a cloister ; and the Pope enjoined
The match : thereon the peace of kingdoms hung.

PRINCESS ISABEL.

So I was barter'd like a bale of goods
For others' profit. Think ye my brother knew
That Philip was a man, cross, sour, and agéd.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

O speak not thus of him whom, at the altar,
Soon plighted vows will render all thy own.

PRINCESS ISABEL.

I fear I ne'er shall love him. Is it right
That I should marry him then though I may thus
Prop up some necessary policy ?
Where heart and hand join not, such wedlock bears
Upon its brow the mark and brand of God.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

The Saints above will be your help in this.

PRINCESS ISABEL.

We cannot quench our thirst with sand: we need
The waters of a pure and living stream.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

The King ranks worthier of thy love than Carlos.
Better the star that coldly shines and guides
Than flashing wand'ring fires that lead to death.

PRINCESS ISABEL (*as if lost in thought*).

He seem'd a god come down to dwell with men.
As Midas' lips transmuted what they touch'd
To purest gold, so every common thing
Reap'd from his smile a grace and ornament.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

The flower is nothing if the scent be fled;
What matter for the form however fair,
If that far fairer thing—the soul—be leprous?
Did he who cast you off deserve your love.

PRINCESS ISABEL.

Some say that I shall never see him—never again.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Thou dost forget thyself: thou art a Valois;
Thy father's voice speaks softly from the tomb,
And bids thee rise above this wasting grief.

Learn to subordinate thy will to God's.
 Thy heart was set upon an earthly idol :
 That idol He hath broken : for He seeks
 Himself first-fruit and fullness of thy love.
 Who spend themselves for others serve Him best.
 Rough was the path thy Saviour trod for thee ;
 Thou hast a heavenly light to show thy way :
 Doth not the thorn-crown of the dying Christ
 (Sublimest symbol of self-sacrifice)
 Appeal with mute and pitiful eloquence
 To all the holier feelings of thy soul ?
 'O Father, not my will but thine be done,'
 Rings through the ages with a tone that thrills
 Deeper than music made by morning stars :
 Strive thou to reach that lofty strain. Who tramples
 Self under foot is lifted to the state
 Of angels, and though resident on earth,
 Breathes not its air—a heritor of heaven.

PRINCESS ISABEL.

God be my comfort : vain is that of man.

[*Exeunt the PRINCESS ISABEL and MARIE.*]

The BISHOP OF ORLEANS watches them till they disappear, and then fixes his eyes on the ground, as if his mind was engaged with painful thoughts. Meanwhile the Royal Reception Room is continually filling with Grandees. They form themselves into knots or small groups, and converse as they walk to and fro.

Duprat (to the Bishop of Orleans.)—I thank you deeply for your friendly mediation with the Duke on my behalf. It is to your well-timed kindness that I owe the invitation to be here this morning.

Bishop.—I am much pleased to have been of service to you.

Duprat.—They say I talked wildly the other night: eh? Believe me, I have not the remotest idea what were the offensive words that dropped from me.

Bishop.—Well! let them rot in their grave. And you may rest assured that your enemies will be slow to rake up their ashes.

Duprat (laughing.)—You think there was a rich leaven of truth in what I said.

Bishop.—Perhaps there was. But excuse me; I am expected to assist at the marriage ceremonies.

[*They pass on.*]

Naharro.—You were present then when Carlos drew his dagger on the Duke. Do you really think the youngster meant harm?

Mondejar.—He was in rare earnest if ever man was.

Naharro.—I fancy many of our nobles would have grieved little if the Prince had given the Duke his mittimus.

Mondejar.—His appointment to the command in the Netherlands is a false step. The people there hate him.

Naharro.—And no wonder. When with the late Emperor Charles at Ghent, at the time of the suppression of the insurrection, he suggested that the ring-leaders should be flayed alive.

[*They pass on.*]

Young Grandee.—All Spain has been swept from sea to sea for singers, and the organ of the Royal Chapel is considered to be the finest toned in Europe.

Aurigny.—King Philip has determined to render his bride every honour.

Young Grandee.—And well he may! She is the daintiest creature the earth was ever graced with—fit to be the wife of Jove.

[*They pass on.*]

Aguilar.—How lucky it is for you Netherlanders that you come with your petitions for a greater measure of freedom just at this auspicious season.

Berghen.—You think so?

Aguilar.—I do. The King's temper is commonly reputed to be none of the mildest, but there is some hope for you in this that you come here when he is sure to be mollified by the caresses of a youthful bride.

Montigny.—Truly the kiss of such a pair of rosy lips might charm the malice out of Satan.

[*They pass on.*]

Infantado.—It is a painful circumstance that the Archbishop of Toledo is not present this morning

among the other holy men who are honoured to take part in the wedding ceremony.

Guzman.—Ill-fated wretch! I have little doubt he wishes he were among them.

Infantado.—What sad heretical times our lot is cast in to be sure! How it confounds and distresses one to think that the Primate of Spain is lying at this moment unmitred and disgraced in the dungeons of the Inquisition on the frightful charge of heresy.

Guzman.—The Rock of Orthodoxy once! the dearest Oracle of His Majesty: and now cast forth as offal! How are the mighty fallen!

Infantado.—When the King went to England to marry Mary Tudor, it was this very man whom he took with him to deal with the heretics there.

Guzman.—It was; and many a poor creature they burnt between them.

Liria.—Aye. And on his return to Spain, clothed with honours, how proudly Caranza carried himself! He walked about among us as if he had been vested with the power to open and shut Heaven.

Infantado.—True. Often have I seen him in the cathedral of Toledo, in the midst of ten thousand worshippers, his eagle eye dilating with pride, as with rich mellow voice he chanted forth the psalms; looking imperially on the mighty congregation as if he had come down among them from on high.

Guzman.—Quantum mutatus ab illo! Poor Caranza! that handsome Apollo face of his is now quite haggard;—those locks, once black as the raven's wing, sorrow has bleached as white as snow; and that lordly form, tall and straight as a poplar is, through the pressure of trouble, bent like a bow.

[*They pass on.*

Idiaquez.—Nearly twenty years! so much as that?

Feria.—How time flies! It seems but yesterday.

Idiaquez.—I have often wondered if the King's marriage with Mary Tudor was really as grand a thing as it is represented to have been.

Feria.—It is quite impossible to overdo it by any description. No wildest Arabian tale ever enshrined richer scenes of wonder and enchantment, or scenes more calculated to delight, astonish, dazzle, and bewilder the mind. From the day of the nuptials at Winchester, until the day we reached Windsor, (the distance is further than from here to Toledo) we moved under a never-ending series of triumphal arches decked with quaint devices, and deftly festooned with ornaments and flowers. We seemed to walk on charmed ground. Not only from the arches, but from the trees skirting the highway, and even from the windows of the private houses as we passed along, there were suspended banners—white, purple, and golden—(I can see them yet,) O, how

richly they hung, curling in many a graceful fold, or floating and flowing in the air—beautiful to see—like clouds in a Fairy sky.

De los Valles.—And all the way from Windsor to London this scene of Enchantment grew and increased. Our Spanish Monarch was received in the kingdom of his Bride as if he had been a Deity. Especially was he welcomed to the land by its Spiritual Rulers. Monk and nun, priest and sacristan, at once set themselves to work, and soon were all as busy as bees, doing their best to promote his interests and those of his Royal Spouse. Such a chanting of psalms as there was! such liftings of the Host! such a setting forth of Images! such a carrying of Crosses! such processions to Churches and Holy Places, that the somewhat faded Queen might still, like ancient Sarah, catch the special blessing of Heaven—might still, though in the autumn of her days, blossom into motherhood amid the applause of Christendom:—I fear the briefest outline of the story of these matchless rejoicings and ceremonies would weary you. The nation gave itself up to a general jubilee, which outrivalled altogether the farfamed carnivals of Spain and Italy. Such dancing and games! such music! such a ringing of bells! such a lighting of bonfires! such a display of household troops and beefeaters! such a spreading of public tables in the streets where the old English ale flowed like water for passage down the common

throat—(the choicest wines of Spain had been sent over and prepared for patrician relish)—ah! England never saw such doings before and will never see the like of them again.

Idiaquez.—Strange alteration in the King's circumstances! Then he was a young man, leading to the altar an old woman; now he is quite a patriarch, yet he takes to wife a girl in her teens.

De los Valles.—Do not grudge his Majesty the lovely Isabel; he surely needs some compensation for his former purgatorial alliance.

Feria.—You say well. Fú! what a strange wedding that English one was! What a wife jade Fortune gave him then! I can see the Bride in my mind's eye yet—haggard, fat, olive-faced, an utter fright, with a grating masculine voice, and an eye such as we only find glittering under the bushy eyebrows of a genuine Zinca.

Idiaquez.—She was almost old enough to be King Philip's mother.

Feria.—Her only charm was her orthodoxy. (*laughing*) I had often envied the Prince his luck when I had seen him the cynosure of a bevy of beauties, but then from the bottom of my heart I pitied him.

Idiaquez.—I have heard that he married Mary of England to please his father, the Emperor.

Feria.—Of course he did. Like another Isaac he sacrificed himself on the altar of filial duty.

Enter the ROYAL HERALD.

Idiaquez.—Here comes the Herald to marshal us all for the Wedding according to our degree and rank.

De los Valles.—I am heartily glad of it. I was getting weary through long waiting.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. MADRID.

THE ROYAL GARDENS.

On the right hand a wing of the Palace is visible ;—on the left is seen the Chapel Royal, whose organ can be heard playing the Spanish Bridal Hymn.

The main pathway between the Palace and the Chapel is laid with the finest carpeting. Banners and flags curiously emblazoned hang from the trees and the Palace windows, and from a Triumphal Arch which is ornamented with quaint devices and emblematical figures from the Ancient Mythology.

The gardens are thronged in all parts with the leading citizens of Madrid and the servants of the Palace, among whom may be seen GIL and JOSÉ (in gay liveries) and INEZ and LOLA.

Enter from a side path a chorus of Priests in gorgeous robes, accompanied by a train of singing Boys, arrayed in white, with olive branches in their hands, chanting the Psalms appointed for the occasion.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Fiat manus tua super virum dexteræ tuæ: et super filium hominis quem confirmâsti tibi.

CHORUS OF BOYS.

Et non discedimus a te, vivificabis nos: et nomen tuam invocabimus.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Domine Deus virtutum converte nos: et ostende faciem tuam et salvi erimus.

[*Exeunt.*

Tip-staves push back the surging crowd. Then enter the Ecclesiastics who are to take part in the wedding ceremony; then RUY GOMEZ, ALVA, ESPINOZA, and the other members of the Council of State, and the leading Grandees of Spain; then KING PHILIP, dressed in rich bridal vestments of white satin and cloth of gold, thickly powdered with pearls and precious stones—having around his neck the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, and around his knee a brilliant ribbon, the badge of the Order of the Garter; he bows graciously to the multitude as he passes, who salute him with repeated shouts of “Viva el Rey.”

[*Exeunt.*

Enter from another side path a chorus of Priests and Virgins bearing white lilies.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Quare tristis es, anima mea? et quare conturbas me? Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi: salutare vultus mei et Deus meus.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.

[*Exeunt.*

Then enter the Princess ISABEL and her train. The Princess is dressed in white satin and cloth of gold, richly studded and fringed with diamonds, her mantle being of blue velvet. She is accompanied by her French Attendants and by the Wives of the leading Spanish Grandees, the Bishop of ORLEANS, Count AURIGNY, and several other French Nobles. She walks slowly along with her eyes fixed on the ground, the crowd saluting her again and again with their "Vivas."

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GIL and JOSÉ.

Gil.—Come José, there is no chance of our getting inside the Chapel among the Acts and Chronicles, but next to the pleasure of being inside is the pleasure of being outside, my precious mozo: so

come along, if we cannot be among the great folks in our proper person, José, we can be there in spirit.

José.—Stop, uncle, I would like my tongue to wag out a word or two to Lola to make sure to both of us that we have not forgotten or forsaken each other.

Gil.—What? O José! do you really mean it?

José.—Yes, uncle; I am anxious to utter a benedicite to Lola's eyelashes on this blessed morning. And in good time here she is and Iñez with her. Ve! how they move among the moving multitude like two crowned queens!

Gil.—Like two kitchen queans, you mean, José.

José.—Let me let fly a word or two at them, uncle: do.

Gil.—Infatuated child! would you be a chattering with the frail sex now, at this moment, when such high deeds are a brewing.

José.—There's no harm in that uncle, surely.

Gil.—No harm, José! O, for a youth like you, compounded of such heroic parts, to be hankering after such frivolities and manœuvres! No harm in it!

José.—No. There isn't, uncle.

Gil.—San Pablo! There may be no harm in it, José, when kept in its proper place. But is this the hour and season for such fooleries? That I should

have lived to see my mother's grandson sink himself so!

José.—Listen to reason, uncle Gil.

Gil.—Reason! O José, spare my feelings. Be a man. Crush the weakness to death under your shoe-heel, and let us go seek a convenient place where we may get a bird's-eye view of the procession on its return from the chapel.

José.—Come then, I'm ready.

Gil.—Vamos. For depend upon it, José, the finest piece of landscape scenery you will ever look on is the face of such a happy Bride and Beauty as the Princess seems to be.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter INEZ and LOLA.

Iñez.—You speak like Wisdom, Lola; she will find it out betwixt this and next Christmas. I pity her; I fancy she would be a great deal happier if she married your José.

Lola.—I hope when she is queen of Spain she will never take a liking to José.

Iñez.—I hope not. Though (*shaking her head*) there's no saying what low things great ladies set their fancies on at times.

Lola.—Low things!—Impudente!

Iñez.—José has his faults, Lola, you must confess.

Lola.—José may have as many faults as fingers, Iñez, but with faults or without faults you would

be glad enough to catch him ;—stare—stare—staring at him as if you wanted to tangle and tice him away from me, to whom he belongs, every inch of him.

Iñez.—Me want to steal your José from you! Chito! I would not have him as a gift.

Lola.—Don't deny it, Iñez. Everybody notices the way you behave. And they say it's a crying shame for you to go on as you do. José, a low thing! Is he any lower than you? Your father was a —

Iñez.—If you had waited till I had finished, you spit-fire, you would have known what it was I was a-going to add. Whether or not, the Princess would have been happy with your José, is not for the likes of me to say: but this I may surely have leave and liberty to observe, that that there beautiful lily and archangel—(that I should call her so)—would have been a quantity happier if she had married Prince Carlos.

Lola.—O, well—if that was all you wanted to add, I quite hold and agree with you there; that she would.

Iñez.—Far be it from me, Lola, to be a consenting party to the Princess embezzling and robbing you of your José; but it was seven pities that her match with the young Prince did not come off.

Lola.—That it was. I shall always lament it—always till my dying day.

Iñez.—So shall I. I would have cried myself blind to have seen that wedding. The two were what I call fumigated and created for each other by the Fates and Destinies.

Lola.—Do you think so? Well, you have more learning, *Iñez*, than I have.

Iñez.—They were truly intended for one another, *Lola*, like haft and blade. They say the Prince does not care for her now, but when I saw the couple they were quite taken with each other. They walked so lovingly about among the orange trees in these very gardens, like two engaged turtles.

Lola.—Aye: they were far gone in love three months ago. I met them once or twice myself. And what an instructive sight it was, *Iñez*!

Iñez.—Was it?

Lola.—He had his arm round her waist so; and he looked at her just as *José* does at me, only in a more superior and refined manner. There was poetry in the way they set their feet down: and it seemed as if their four eyes, and all the other features of their two sweet faces had taken to thinking, and feeling, and meditating. I wish *José* could look at me half as softly.

Iñez.—It is indeed a pity *José* is not a little more magnified and genteel considering his position in the Royal Palace. Still I have great hopes of *José*, *Lola*; he is young yet, and like wine he will

improve as he grows older. But come, let us off to our work.

Lola.—Aye, we had better go and look after the dinner. These great folks, married or unmarried, would get on badly if it wasn't for such as you and me, Iñez.

Iñez.—That they would, Lola. Their wants want a deal of seeing to, and they would make but a poor figure if left to provide and fend for themselves.

Lola.—You speak like a book, Iñez. Life may be a burden to many of the rich, but it would be a much greater burden if they had not the likes of us to attend to their insides, however little they may think of us in their high altitudes.

Iñez.—True, love; so come along. Come like a sweet tripping fairy which you are.

Lola.—Bless the bride! Has not she got a rare fine day on which to be married?

Iñez.—She has indeed. I hope you and I will have the like luck when our turn comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—MADRID.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

Grouped about the High Altar are the Ecclesiastics, officiating at the Wedding ceremony; near whom stands the Papal Nuncio. KING PHILIP and the PRINCESS ISABEL are before the Altar. The Aisles and all parts of the Chapel Royal are filled with Grandees and their Wives. Organ playing and Choir singing.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Deus Abraham et Deus Isaac et Deus Jacob, ipse vos conjungat, impleatque benedictionem suam in vobis. Et Ego conjungo vos in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.

CHOIR.

Amen.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Dominus vobiscum.

CHOIR.

Et cum Spiritu tuo.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

*Respice, quaesumus, Domine, super hos conjuges ;
ut benedictionis tuae virtute repleti, ac voluntati tuae
fideliter obsequentes in tuo amore et mutua dilectione
consenescant ; per Christum Dominum nostrum.*

CHOIR.

Amen.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

(to the King and Princess).

Twain once—now one for ever. Neither hath
Divided being more, in wedlock join'd.
God's choicest favours crown your plighted troth.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

In every land where beams the Faith's pure light
This is a time of Holy Festival ;
And orisons like incense rise to God
That He would bless the Champion of His Church :
To heretic and infidel alone
The hour is common and immemorable.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

This day the sun sheds o'er fair France, from sea
To sea, a richer radiance than his wont ;
There they lift high the olive branch, and bells,
Like angel voices at the birth of Christ,
Ring out the death knell of that hate which long

Hath kept two mighty nations separate,
Combin'd at last in sisterly embrace.

PHILIP.

How poor my crop of pleasures heretofore!
But O, how rich, how ripe the harvest now!
On earthly ground I taste celestial fruit.
Thou God, whose vassal I proclaim myself,
Accept the offering of a thankful heart!
I owe all gifts to Thee. Come, Isabel.

THE NUNCIO (*stepping in front of the KING*).

Quit not this place nor steal to wedded joys
Till thou hast hearken'd to the voice of God.
Through me Christ's Vicar speaks who sent me here
Charg'd with this burden: that at the altar, ev'n
I' the hour of thy espousals, I should tell thee
What lies a heavy weight upon His soul,
His grief, the grief of every Christian heart.
Thy realm of Flanders is a garden rank
With poisonous weeds. Lo! baleful heresy
Rears high her snaky head devouring daily
Her millions: churches, altars are despoil'd,
And holiest rites profan'd; dear Images
Lie grovelling in the dust, and deeds are now
Enacting such as brought the Flood of old
On sinful men, and drew avenging fires
From God on Sodom. In thy father's birth-land

These crimes are wrought—crimes that might make
him start

Mail-clad and weapon'd from the tomb, and stand
Once more before the world, the Church's shield.
Mournful to tell, inflamed with impious rage
Against the spiritual sovereignty of Rome,
And thee, O King, the Flemings band themselves;
Joined by auxiliars, from the apostate isle,
Where a she-devil reigns, Elizabeth;
Adulterous offspring of the miscreant Henry,
The Jeroboam who in frenzy tore
His people from their ancient hallowed Faith;
And that so ruthlessly, that never since
Have Englishmen drank at the Fount of Truth;
Save when the sweet, bright Occidental star,
Mary, thy Spouse, of precious memory,
Arose to be their Blessing and their Guide:
But soon snatched from the thankless race (unworthy
Of such a jewel), in Heav'n she sits beside
The Virgin Blest, her name-sake, high entron'd.
The Scots, of heretics a still viler spawn,
Led by the devil, have depos'd their Queen;
And the fair Fugitive, once the pride of France,
Of diadem and sceptre robb'd, now lies
Complaining, pining in captivity.
Nay even the holy soil of Spain itself
Swarms with Jehovah's enemies and thine.
Thus like the grass, the wicked flourish. Rise
And rouse thee, offshoot of the mighty Charles!

Put in thy sickle : what hast thou to fear ?
Thy fleets triumphant ride in every sea ;
Thy armies always conquer when they fight ;
Assume thy weapons, gird thy armour on :
All Christendom looks up to thee for help
And succour in this hour of deep perplexity :
Ten thousand swords will from their scabbards leap
To right these wrongs at favouring sign from thee :
Give thou that sign : leave the event to God :
The Church's prayers shall rise for thee unceasing.
Bethink thee of thy lofty origin :
Thou springest from the loins of those great
monarchs
Who broke the power of false Mahound, and drove
Aghast the infidel from Catholic Spain.
Awake ! arouse thee from thy lethargy ;
Root out the Serpent Brood ; destroy the foes
Of Christ, that after ages may repeat
Thy name with reverence, gratitude, and love ;
The Church's Prop, the Scourge of heretics,
The champion of the weak and desolate.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Season and place there is for every thing :
Why so untimely tease the King with cares
And vex the gentle spirit of this hour
With sanguinary dreams ? O fitter far
Were talk of pardons now, than talk of blood,
When Hymen's roses show in every hand.

Soft-nestling in the joys of married love,
I deem the King would fain forget awhile
That bad things creep on earth defiling it.
Bring not a cloud across his Bridal sky :
Leave heretics to offended Heaven, for He

PHILIP (*interrupting him*).

Cease thy superflous prate : which ill agrees
With argument so high : a jester's bells
Would sound as seemly at a solemn requiem.

(*To the NUNCIO.*)

Humbly we thank his Holiness : nor least
For linking this reminder of our duty
With marriage vows of mine and Isabel's ;
Thence apt to be remember'd. Sure a King's
Prime thought should be the glory of his Maker,
Miss'd oft amid the blaze of pomp and state.
But O my God, on the shoreless sea of cares
O'er which I steer, I never would lose sight
Of this—I'm but Thy servant, ever prompt
And bent to execute Thy purposes.
Like lustre-lacking star, or scentless flower,
Is that poor sceptred thing who lives for self ;
He heaps up anguish for his final hour.
How my dear father, dying, groan'd and wept
That he had let the arch-fiend Luther slip,
Though often in his grips ! What fame ! what glory
On earth ! and O, how rich his heavenly meed !
Had my great sire pounc'd on that wretch and sent him

From a fiery bed of death to burning Hell.
That I may never feel such self reproach
When I stand face to face with mans' dread Foe,
All here are urged (as they respect my favour)
To-morrow to an Act of Faith, where victims,
A herd, shall be devoted to the flames,—
Blest Holocaust! the smoke of which will rise
To Heaven, accepted. 'Tis an offering
From me to Christ for this His priceless gift,
The pearl of all her sex, sweet Isabel.
And standing at the altar here, I swear,
(Witness the oath, ye Pillars of my Throne,
And let the oath be registered Above)
I will dispatch my Alva to the Netherlands :
Like a destroying angel sent of God
To a rebellious nation, when the cup
Of their iniquities is full, and ripe
Destruction is assign'd them, he shall go
And carry in his right hand, sword and fire :
Sparing nor young nor aged in his wrath,
Nor maid nor matron. Mercy is but sin
Dealing with heretics: let him therefore kill,
Aye, though he make a desert of their cities.
My Holy Inquisition will I fix
At Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and Amsterdam,

*Enter CARLOS, with a drawn sword in his hand,
at sight of whom PHILIP suddenly stops. Father and
Son look at each for a few moments in rage and silence.
The Grandees watch them in painful suspense.*

PHILIP.

Thou miscreant born to be my shame! how here?
Wert thou not banish'd by a public sentence?
Has the fear'd name of King no dread for thee?
Weighs the sweet name of father nought with thee,
That thus, like wild beast broken loose, thou comest
In rage among the files of peaceful men
With thy assassinating sword unsheath'd?

CARLOS.

Coward! thy lying trembling lips proclaim
None knows so well as thou what brings me here,—
My wrongs: now crying trumpet-tongued to God.

PHILIP.

Away! wilt thou pollute this holy place?
This Temple—will thou make the theatre
Of an unseemly brawl? The Flower of Spain
Assembled here—wilt thou make them the witnesses
Of thy heart's foul depravity and sin.

CARLOS.

Let all look on: and from thy crime conclude
If thou art fit to fill a kingly throne.

(*To the PRINCESS ISABEL.*)

What hast thou done, O Angel-faced, but weak
As water? Hast thou in the sight of Heaven
Consented to become this greybeard's wife.

O say—even though thy tale be worse than
death—
My sweet Hopes—are they blasted evermore?

PHILIP.

She is my wife by God's especial grace

CARLOS.

Peace! take not God's pure name into thy lips:
And let me hear herself tell out my doom.
O Isabel!—(which sweet word is dear as Heaven,)
Wert thou not bound to me by solemn oaths?
If false—no language can depict thy crime;
Never let man believe in woman more:
For Virtue is an empty shade, since thine
Could not resist that cursèd lure—Spain's crown.

ISABEL (*proudly, but with trembling voice*).

I lov'd thee, Carlos, with as rich a love
As ever woman's heart was fill'd withal,
And hoped our love was such that it would last
Through life, and death, Time, and Eternity;
O how canst thou reproach me when thyself
Cancell'd the bond with wanton cruelty.
I never sought or wish'd to wed the King.
The crown of Spain a lure! hadst thou been true
Earth's crown had never wean'd my heart from thee.

CARLOS.

I cast you off! Sweet Heaven! you were my thought
By night and day. Through letters and love tokens
How oft I prov'd that I was all thy own!
And that my ripe love grew and ripen'd still.

ISABEL.

From thee to me love tokens never came,
God is my witness: nothing came but this—
A letter couch'd in hard and cruel terms.
'Tis here: the words have oft been wet with tears;
Yet was its fascination such, being yours,
That though it sounded like a knell of death
I never could find heart to burn it. This
Thy father gave me swearing it was thine.

CARLOS (*glancing over the letter*).

O Mighty God! thy earth hath gaped for less,
Swallowing the evil doer. Isabel! Isabel!
You have been duped: and we have been betray'd,
Betray'd, betray'd. O sickness past all remedy!

(*The PRINCESS ISABEL falls senseless to the ground.
The King places himself behind ALVA for
protection; CARLOS lifting up his sword.*)

CARLOS (*to the King*).

Thou matchless villain!

VOICES.

Would you slay your father?

CARLOS.

I slay my father! say ye—my tender father;
The Lord's Anointed, your king, the mirror of men.
Think ye I'd shed his blood? No, no. To God I
leave him.

My dear, dear loving father!—Beasts of prey
Will face death willingly to shield their young
From harm. And (*laughing bitterly*) hath not Philip
loved me well?

PHILIP.

Alva, I look to thee.

CARLOS (*to the King*).

Come, man, crouch not behind thy hideous likeness;
The cruel tool who works thy cruel will.

Fear me not: are you not my loving father?

(*Looking wildly round on the Grandees and throwing
away his sword.*)

Gather about him if ye will, like worshippers
Round some grim idol. Feed him with flattery's
incense,

Assur'd, he well deserves your deepest homage—

And with God's damning brand upon his brow

And with a load of guilt upon his soul

Let him be happy if he can. For me, for me

What refuge but the grave? the peaceful grave!

(*The Scene closes.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. MADRID.

STATE ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

Enter ALVA, RUY GOMEZ, ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE, FERIA, ESPINOSA, *the* BISHOP OF ORLEANS, *and others.*

Ruy Gomez.—Alas! alas! and so it is all true.

Archbishop of Seville.—Too true. Unhappy Princess! Her condition is one of undoubted and confirmed insanity. When she came out of her trance she seemed as if she had been rudely roused from a confusing and distracting dream. For a while she was as still as a statue; but as soon as her recollection returned she uttered a succession of wild shrieks fearful to hear. Relapsing into a state of unconsciousness, she awoke once more to repeat the same pitiful wailings. At length she issued out of the furnace of her tribulation calm indeed—nay, smiling and radiant as an angel. But alas, it was with the loss of that jewel—her reason.

Ruy Gomez.—God of Mercy! Did ever heart of man melt at a more pitiful tale?

Archbishop of Seville.—Worldly glory! art thou other than a short-lived empty dream? O how poor a stay is kingly pomp, or wealth, or power in the

time of trouble.

Alva.—What thrice-accursed Fiend inspired and drove the Prince to bring all this about by his ill-starred appearance on the marriage morning?

Bishop of Orleans.—Cast not the blame upon the Prince's shoulders: the sin lies with the King. (*Murmurs among the Grandees.*) Him would you acquit of guilt? With my own eyes I beheld his Majesty give into the hands of the almost heart-broken Princess the disavowing letter, which he solemnly alleged was written by his son. Never would she have consented to become the Queen of Spain had she not been deceived. She was led to believe that Carlos had deserted her.

Archbishop of Seville.—If the King has sinned heavily, he has repented bitterly. I have just left him, and it was truly pitiful to see him prostrate beneath his load of guilt, moaning and weeping like a young mother for the death of her first-born, her idol.

Alva.—It is indeed a blow.

Bishop of Orleans.—No doubt it is a blow. But let it never be forgotten, that it is a blow which the King has distinctly brought upon himself. The crime was not a crime into which he was suddenly surprised. By no unforeseen temptation was he beset and caught as with a snare. The deed was deliberately planned and schemed, and could only be slowly and gradually carried into execution. The King was compassed about with

many moral safeguards as with circling walls. Ample time was given him to survey the action on all sides, and to calculate all its possible evil issues: many barriers did God raise up against its commission: but bent on gratifying his passions, King Philip broke through all these barriers. And with what result? The wine for which he put his soul in peril, when lifted to his lips, becomes a deadly poison. God gives him his desire; but lo! that desire becomes his Hell. O that some one, clothed with the power and spirit of an ancient Prophet, would deal plainly with his Majesty, and ask him how he hopes to answer at a higher tribunal than his own for the misery of the Prince, and the insanity of the wretched Princess.

Alva.—As a friend I would advise you to be more careful and guarded in your language.

Bishop of Orleans.—You may report what I have said, to your master, if you like.

Alva (to the Grandees).—His sacred function makes him bold.

Ruy Gomez.—Yes. He shelters himself beneath the shadow of his mitre.

Bishop of Orleans.—Not so. He who fears his God, needs not fear the worst that King Philip can do.

Enter the KING and a PHYSICIAN.

KING.

And so ye think that all may yet be well.

PHYSICIAN.

Is God's hand shortened that it cannot save?
To adjudge her case as hopeless were a rash
And impious thing: for who will dare to limit
The healing power of Nature and of Time?

PHILIP.

Sweet beyond thought these words of blissful hope!
To see my Queen restored in mind and soul,
Once more Earth's gem and pride—were higher joy
Than if my venturous sailors should discover
Another world and add it to my crown.

(Seeing the Grandees.)

My Councillors! never worthier helped a King
In his hard thankless Regal task—Friends rather
Than trusted servants—your sustaining sympathy
Is priceless in this dark calamitous hour,
Like Ocean-islet refuge for the ship-wreck'd.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

For succour lean on the Almighty's arm.

PHILIP.

Beneath the shadow of His wings outspread
I rest, submissive to His sovereign will.

Enter CARLOS.

PHILIP.

Carlos! O Carlos! do I find thee here,

Intrusive witness of thy father's grief?
Thy vicious soul—is it e'en devoid of shame?

CARLOS.

No other choice is left me but to break
Into the sanctuary of thy sorrow:
What can I do? Like some curs'd guilty thing
I roam the empty Palace Halls, where all
Shun me as plague-struck, scarcely deigning
converse.

PHILIP (*to the Grandees.*)

Retire. I would be with my son alone.

[*Exeunt* GRANDEES.]

CARLOS.

A dreadful whisper, Sire, has reached my ears;
Curdling my very blood. O, is it true?

PHILIP.

Too true! Too true! Hear it with shuddering
dread;
Its cause and Author—thou.

CARLOS (*weeping*).

O misery! misery!

PHILIP.

The butcher's pity for the slaughter'd lamb!

With fiendish malice filling every cranny
Of thy depraved and cruel heart, thou comest
To revel in the havoc thou hast wrought.

CARLOS.

Henceforth my day is darkness evermore ;
With grief as deep as thine, I mourn this issue.

PHILIP (*sternly*).

They still keep ringing in mine ears, the words
With which before my Nobles you proclaim'd
My shame unblushingly, calling Heaven to witness
That I had wrong'd you as man ne'er was wrong'd,
Because forsooth of my ten thousand gifts
To thee, one gift it pleas'd me to revoke.
Thy wrongs—thy mighty wrongs, thou hast
 aveng'd,—
Aveng'd indeed. My peace is wreck'd for ever,
And thy dear mother's reason blighted,—Merciful
 God!
From Thy high Throne canst Thou behold unmov'd
This fearful sight ; O, what a spectacle !

*Enter the PRINCESS ISABEL (with disordered
dress, and hair unbound).*

ISABEL.

(*Throwing herself at the King's feet.*)—Do marry
me ; wicked and old and ugly though I am. Do

or I will lie here for ever and longer, and take neither food nor physic. How cruel to think of sending me back to France.

PHILIP.

My poor unhappy wife!

ISABEL (*with great energy*).

Send me back to France! Shameful! Shameful! Shameful! Keep me here. Keep me here in Spain and I'll not give myself any more grand airs. I will be so good. (*She covers her face with her hands.*)

PHILIP.

Come, rise, dear Isabel.

ISABEL.

Well, if that will please you, I will. (*She gets up and puts her hand on the King's shoulder.*) What a sweet creature you are! And how fond we are of each other. And ought to be. If so, what need we care what the world says? Not a fig. How lovely! (*stroking the King's beard*). How lovely! Kiss me. Kiss me, old grey-beard. Ha! ha (*laughing*). That was what the Prince called you on our wedding-day—happy, happy day! What a rage Carlos was in!—the varlet! Do you remember? Capering about the Royal Chapel with his sword drawn, enough to frighten us out of our wits. And all

about such a trifle. Yet we mustn't hate him: neither you nor I. Still it is vexing that his manners are not what they should be.

PHILIP.

O give me help, my God, to bear this blow.

ISABEL.

No one dreams I can be happy with you, neither here, nor hereafter. But you and I know better. So give over grieving at what has happened. It was all fore-ordained, all of it, beginning and end. What must be, must be, and no man can prevent it, nor woman either.

(PHILIP casts anxious looks at CARLOS, and points to a recess which he wishes the PRINCE to enter, lest ISABEL should observe him. CARLOS takes no notice of his father's signal, but continues to watch the PRINCESS with increasing earnestness.)

ISABEL *(caressing the King)*.

How could you help loving me? Could I help loving you if I had tried with both hands and feet? If you had been my mother's son I'd have married you all the same.

PHILIP.

Oh ye blest Saints! have I deserved all this?

ISABEL.

I loved the Prince once, but not much, not much. I am his mother now. I'm his mother; only think of that (*sighing deeply*). If you were to take it into your head to die, I could never marry him; never, it would not be proper.

PHILIP.

Shall I send for some of your maids to be with you?

ISABEL.

By no means. I am so happy with you (*drawing near PHILIP and whispering in his ear*). Some say the Prince loves me still. Well! he need not. I am not such a fool as ever to trust him again. Dear—dear—dear.—I have not seen his sweet old face for a thousand years or more. But what matter? I am Queen of Spain, and I have a crown of my own, all of gold, and as many palaces as I have fingers, and heaps of jewels, and every one bows to me as they do to the Holy Virgin in the Churches. Yet ours was an ill-starred marriage—I fear there will be no good come of it. But that signifies nothing so long as I looked handsome and brave on my wedding day. Yet I have never been well since, for I don't sleep o' nights.

[*Exit.*]

PHILIP.

O tremble at the thought that thou must reckon
For this disaster at God's Judgment Throne.

CARLOS.

Not I, but thou, must answer for the deed.
A student at my books at Alcala,
At your command
I join'd a fair gay laughing troop, despatch'd
To welcome Isabel, my Betroth'd, to Spain.
I' the shadow of the Pyrenees I met
My destin'd Bride. No goddess from the brow
Of old Olympus to the Earth descending
On errand of beneficence to man
Show'd ever half so gracious half so bright.
Our love grew like a stately tree with branches
High-reaching and with roots deep fix'd, widespread;
And holiest oaths confirm'd our plighted troth.
Driven from her side (your harsh decree) her Image
Pursued me: all my thoughts moved on to her
As rivers roll their torrent to the sea.
And when men said that she had been beguil'd,
Betray'd, and had agreed to be your wife,
My passion gave me wings and I was borne,
As smoke is swept before a mighty gale—

PHILIP.

O monstrous hideous plea! plea weak as wicked!
Mean Caitiff! Thou wert banish'd by thy King:

And by the two-fold tie of son and subject,
Wert bound in all things to obey my will,—
Obeying it, could these ills have sprung to life?
What though the Queen were once betroth'd to thee,
Such was by my permission and allowance.
Could I not cancel and rescind the pact,
My rights o'er thee being sovereign. When thou
knewest

That I had chosen the Princess for my wife,
It was thy place at once to yield her up
To me ungrudgingly; you from me deriving
All that you have or are; life, riches, rank,
And heirdom to the crown of Spain. Yet, like
A thankless villain, you demean'd yourself.
Bursting like Satan into Paradise—

(Re-enter ISABEL, making absurd grimaces.)

O what deep grief drinks up my rage!—Behold!
Behold! and then, Remorse, let loose thy furies.

ISABEL.

My maids shall all pack off to France to-morrow.
I am resolved on that. They follow me about
wherever I go—weep—weep—weeping; they could
not groan more if I were to be turned into a shrouded
corpse. And they look so long and pitifully on me
at times, that they will break my heart if I do not
put a stop to their pranks. So off they shall march,
every mother's son and daughter among them.
And Blessed Spirits from the sky shall wait upon
me and attend to my wants and wardrobe. Write

to my mother at once and tell her so. The angels are very fond of me, but they tease me a deal; coming to me often—in my sleep too, the troublesome creatures—and saying that Heaven is such a happy place as never was known or will be. There the poor and the weary and the wretched and the widow, and the orphan, all go direct when they die. And they are fed to the full, and they never never mourn any more, nor feel want, nor hunger, nor oppression, nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor care. And they wear bright bright starry crowns, and they are clothed in shining robes, and walk about over the golden pavement of the Eternal City arm in arm with the Martyrs and Saints like so many lords. And there is neither darkness, nor sin, nor marriage, nor funeral, nor bird, nor beast, nor man, nor woman, in Heaven. Yet for all that I would not go there. No. No. They may die and sleep in coffins that like. I don't intend ever to die;—do you? But O, I sometimes think Heaven was not made for the likes of you and me. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

PHILIP.

My dear dear Isabel!

ISABEL (*coming up to CARLOS*).

I have surely seen you before! I ought to know your face. Ah! I recollect you well—well. You were there when they put my dead father in the

cold ground, deep down among the worms; they will have eaten him all up by this time—the greedy things! You see Montgomery dealt too roughly with him at the jousting. My poor Father! There were many bright eyes wet the day he was buried. But I laughed. Yet it would have been well for me perhaps had my heart broken that day; I should have missed a deal of trouble and care. They ought to have laid my mother in the grave with him, to be company for him. Hush! hush! Is that a bird. Listen to its pretty chirping. What is it saying? Listen! listen with both ears. One, two, three.

CARLOS.

Hope of the hopeless! comfort her and me.

ISABEL (*as awaking from a sleep*).

That is the voice of Carlos. Bliss transcending
My richest dreams! Am I in Heav'n? I surely am.
Translated to a Paradise of Rest;
And here thou art. O rapture! Let me kiss
Those dear dear lips. How often I have kissed them!
Do you remember it, Carlos! I know you do.

(CARLOS *makes no answer but looks long and
mournfully at ISABEL.*)

ISABEL.

Why art thou sad? Have we not cause for joy?
Long parted, but now met no more to part.

CARLOS.

My God! My God!

ISABEL (*embracing* CARLOS).

My love, my own dear love!
Brought to me like one rescued from the tomb,
Faint was my hope of seeing thee again.
Oh! often I have lain awake all night
Restless, half-mad with pain because of thee,
Till Morn emerging in the sanguine East
Op'd a dull, grey, unsympathising eye
Upon me brooding o'er my wasting sorrow:
Since all men said that you were false to me.

CARLOS.

Would I were in my grave!

ISABEL (*as if trying to soothe the* PRINCE).

O scorpion tongues! O wicked lying tongues!
I knew right well you lov'd me. And yet, loving me,
How could you keep away from me so long?

CARLOS.

Time has henceforth no joys to yield me—none.

ISABEL.

Why shrink from me as from a loathsome corpse?
Do you not love me, Carlos? Can it be true
What cruel men have often said to me
That I am dear to you no more? It cannot be.

CARLOS.

Ye gracious Heavens! how shall I bear all this!

ISABEL.

Dear Carlos, if you do not love me now
Be not afraid to say so. I can die.

(kissing him repeatedly.,

CARLOS.

Oh that my heart would break!

PHILIP *(coming forward)*.

This, this before my eyes! Abandon'd wretch!
She is my wife, thy mother. Part them.

*(The GRANDEES enter; and ALVA attempts to place
himself between CARLOS and the PRINCESS.)*

PHILIP.

Part them.

ALVA.

Separate.

ISABEL.

O do not like an angry Demon come,
Divorcing me from all I know of Heav'n;
Here will I hang for ever and for ever.

CARLOS.

O heavy heavy hour! O woful hour!

PHILIP (*loudly*).

Part them; part them.

ISABEL.

They shall not take thee from me. Fear nothing,
love.

ALVA (*dragging CARLOS away from the PRINCESS*).

Prince!

ISABEL (*trying to seize ALVA*).

O be not rough with him; ye know me all of you.
I am a poor, weak, timid, simple maiden:
Little would hurt me now.
A buzzing fly can make me shudder—it can—
And yet ye rush upon him with sharp swords.
Shame on you: (*The PRINCESS sinks to the ground.*)
I am so wretched, weary, sad and worn.

RUY GOMEZ.

Her end draws near,

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Poor child! God help thee in thy misery.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Behold the death shade passing o'er her face!

ISABEL (*feebly*).

I die: grieve not for that. Death is the gate
Of life. We die that we may live for ever.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Be near her, Christ! Sustain her in this hour.

ISABEL.

What's this I hear? Music from heavenly voices—
The mighty swell of anthems like a sea.
And lo! the Walls of Pearl.

(BISHOP OF ORLEANS *holds up a crucifix.*)

I humbly thank you.

So. Let Death find me looking at the cross;
Hold it before me till I pass to Rest,
Its light transmutes this gloom to shining day.
O Blessèd Mary! take me to thyself.
Ye holy Angels! shade me with your wings!
That victor-palm for me?
Thus trouble ends, and tears are wip'd for ever.
False, wicked World farewell.

(*Casts her eyes around the group and then fixes
them on CARLOS.*)

Farewell, dear Carlos.

We yet shall meet; weep not: weep not: farewell.

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

She's gone to be with God for evermore.

PHILIP.

My punishment is more than I can bear.

RUY GOMEZ.

Be Heav'n your strength and light in this dark hour.

(Scene closes.)

SCENE II. MADRID.

HOUSE PROVIDED FOR THE FLEMISH ENVOYS BY
KING PHILIP.

Enter MONTIGNY *and* BERGHEN.

BERGHEN.

Look I as sad and heartsunk as yourself?

MONTIGNY.

Well may we grieve for our poor Fatherland,
Fated to be a slaughter-house. Alas!
With tears of blood we might bewep her doom.
The words the King recited at the altar
Made my flesh shiver and creep : and much I dread
That he will scrupulously keep the vow
He took amid such pomp and circumstance.

BERGHEN.

Ruler of Heav'n and Earth! as with a shield
Compass the Netherlands and nerve this arm
That it may strike a few sharp blows for freedom.

MONTIGNY.

Indulge ye yet the hope to join your friends?
Hope long extinct in me! a flow'r nurs'd tenderly,
But kill'd at last with the winter of long waiting.

BERGHEN.

Humph—die here if you like—you're your own
master—
Have here your grave and fatten Spanish worms:
Me Fortune beckons hence. To-morrow at sun-
down
I bid Madrid farewell.

MONTIGNY.

Can what I hear be true?

BERGHEN.

God favouring me I turn my back to-morrow
On this cursed place—making my way to Xaja,
Two leagues hence. There the Prior of the
Monastery,
A Fleming, my near relative, who follow'd
The Emperor Charles to his retreat, provides me
Means of escape—swift horses, quaint disguises—
By help of which I hope to slip to Portugal,
Thence to be shipp'd to Antwerp.

MONTIGNY.

Beautiful dream!

BERGHEN.

A dream? No more a dream than you're a ghost!

(With an arch air.)

I know 'tis scarce polite to steal away,
Ne'er asking Philip's sanction, but I heard
That for some idle speech of mine his Majesty
Had quite made up his mind to keep me here
Prisoner for life.—This posed me not a little:
To perish in a loathsome dungeon like
A rat in a hole has no great charm for me:
So I shall hence without considering etiquette.

MONTIGNY.

And you have kept all this from me till now?

BERGHEN.

I feared to raise hopes that might never ripen.
Though twice as old as you and thrice as sly
I found it no light task to hoodwink Philip.

(Artfully.)

But maybe you decline to go with me,
Taking my leave in such unmannerly fashion.

MONTIGNY.

Go with you! On my knees I thank Thee, God,
For this release. I could rain tears of joy.

My wife's sweet face is all the world to me ;
My son I have not seen.

BERGHEN.

He'll please you mightily ;
I'm sure on't. He's a beauty—like his father ;
Last week he was promoted out of long clothes—
He has cut five teeth and is improving monthly ;
So writes mamma : I hope she is not fibbing :
For if she is we'll find her out. Well met.

Enter SALDANHA.

SALDANHA.

I bring sweet news for you.

BERGHEN.

With or without
News you are always welcome.

SALDANHA (*looking mysteriously round*).

Are you sure
That no unfriendly ear can guess our talk ?
Spies follow us like shadows everywhere.

BERGHEN.

Pooh ! we should surely mark such were they here ;
They scarce can make themselves invisible
Though the foul knaves would fain conceal them-
selves

In our breech-pocket if they could to catch
One little word of ours to bear to Philip.

MONTIGNY.

But pray what's this same news? some piece of
gossip
How a fair frail Señora—you look grave.

SALDANHA.

Grave looks best fit the part I have to act.
Thy fate and mine the fate of unborn millions
Hangs on our conference. You start back amazed:
The hour is solemn, pregnant, critical.

BERGHEN.

What parable's this?

SALDANHA.

Prince Carlos sends you greeting
And craves your help.

BERGHEN.

Our help!

SALDANHA.

He is resolv'd
To flee to Flanders.

MONTIGNY.

What! my dream fulfill'd!

SALDANHA.

He never can breathe freely near a father
Who has so deeply wrong'd him : One tie only
Bound him to Spain—that tie is snapp'd asunder.

BERGHEN.

He feels the halter tightening round his neck.

SALDANHA.

Since the sad death of her he loved so well
Old thoughts come thronging in upon his mind.
From a mere child he loathed all tyranny
And oft in secret wept for bleeding Flanders ;
To rescue her from her inhuman foes
Has been a wish long nourished—can he realise it ?

BERGHEN.

Rich, glorious news ! Evangel that eclipses
Our wildest hopes, like light of morning breaking
O'er a dark dreary world. Our righteous cause
With such a champion as the Prince, will prove
Resistless : from afar I see its triumph.

MONTIGNY.

The magic of his name will win all hearts.
Sweet is the Grandsire's memory to the Fleming,
Who will receive the grandson with exulting.

BERGHEN.

I know a corner in our orchard where
Unmarked we may debate this weighty thing.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MIGUEL QUEVEDO (*the House-Steward*).

Mig.—These Flemish pigs! I did not hear their grunting; I thought they were out and off for an airing. And vanished they are sure enough, by the Holy Virgin. I'm glad on't—plaguily glad for the dear Fray's sake. God forbid that such a mixture of sweetness and piety as he is should be suffocated in that mouse-hole and die there like a dog or a rat. For my part I'd as lief be lodged in an empty bottle with the cork in. Yet—Saints in in Glory behold it and praise and laud him for it for evermore!—there the gracious man has sat hour upon hour as I know and can swear to, listening to the talk of these two ugly foreigners, weighing every syllable they say for fear they might be up to some wicked trick or other; all ears to find out what it is they are brewing and scheming and plotting. Vaya! Limbs of Satan though they be, the Fray will take good care they shall do no harm to the soul or body of either man or angel as long as he lives. Let the Blessed St. Peter take a note of this, and reward him for it at the last. As no doubt he will. And ought to, say I.

(MIGUEL touches a secret spring; a hidden door opens and FRAY LORENZO DE VILLACANCIO steps out in his Friar's habits.)

Fray.—Benedicat tibi Dominus, fili.

Mig.—May the Saints shield and prosper you! I'm truly glad to let you out; you look so ill and pale.

Fray.—And I'm quite as glad to get out, Miguel.

Mig.—No doubt you are. By San Tito! I have often felt sore and sad for you jammed and screwed in that stye as tight as if you were in your coffin. And that too in all weathers—at times when it's as hot as Purgatory and at times when it's as cold as the bottom of the Bay of Biscay. Gran dios! what's the matter with yon, Fray? you look strange to-night.

Fray.—I may well look so, Miguel. I have strange news for you.

Mig.—Heaven preserve us! you have seen a ghost or worse! Ay de mi! I always feared you would—stuck there all alone like a dead man in a vault.

Fray.—Chito! I have seen no ghost, Miguel. And yet I have come across that which might well make every hair of your head stand on end. Columbus, with whom my dear old grand-dad sailed over the Ocean, never made such a discovery—never. Santiago keep me from dying till my mouth empties itself of all its treasure!

Mig.—What wonder's this you've met? Take a glass of the wine these Flemings have left undrunk and tell me.

Fray.—Well my son as you are so pressing I will take one little drop. I am not so young as I was; and it will help me to steady my steps as I make my way home. (*smacking his lips*) Miguel, this liquor is not bad.

Mig.—Bad? Valgame dios! it could not by any chance be bad. It was intended to go down the throat of Royalty; it is the rarest vino de Toro from King Philip's own cellars.

Fray.—It is superlative.

Mig.—Sent hither by his Majesty out of kindness to these Flemish Señors.

Fray.—I never tasted better wine in my life.

Mig.—Nor would you if you lived to be as old as Adam. But now pray what marvel have you come across? I love a secret dearly.

Fray (*setting down his glass and placing his hand on Miguel's shoulder*).—There will be joy within Santa Casa's gloomy walls to-night, Miguel—much joy. You never were inside the Palace of the Inquisitors—were you?

Mig.—Never, thank God!—never.

Fray.—Many folks shudder as they pass its sombre melancholy gates, Miguel, and feel queer, and sickish, and cross themselves, and look up to Heaven with pious thankful eyes, and hurry away as if the place breathed out infection.

Mig.—That they do by the soul of San Blas! I have often seen them—often.

Fray.—Yet that Palace is the seat of mirth at times, Miguel. And I feel sure there will be laughter — much laughter — within its gloomy boundary to-night—ringing laughter.

Mig.—How is that?

Fray (holding up his clasped hands and speaking with great energy).—O Sangre de Santa Doroteita! to think of poor me being made the instrument of unravelling as diabolical a plot as ever was hatched in hell! Foh! it's enough to make my old mother rise out of her grave and clap her hands with glee!

Mig.—Holy Mary keep her from doing that, Fray; it wouldn't be proper in an old woman.

Fray.—Neither Peter the Hermit, nor Julius Cæsar, nor the Cid, nor the Grand Captain will have a richer purer fame than mine. Cielos! Under this humble frock I carry secrets sufficient to ballast a galleon.

Mig.—Pobre Diablo! He must have gone mad. The bad air in his hiding place has done for him at last. I often feared it would.

Fray (scornfully).—Mad! thou empty-headed fool! And yet if I had gone mad—stark mad—it were indeed excusable in me. Ah! did you but know what I know.

Mig.—Your secret must indeed be a rare jewel; you keep me wait, waiting for it so long.

Fray.—It is indeed a prime secret, a Monster secret, my son. Let me wet my lips again with this royal nectar and then you shall hear it. And when you have heard it, go and blush that you bear a human name. (*drinking*) Your lodgers—

Mig.—My Lodgers San Pepe!—what of them?

Fray.—Are conspiring—

Mig.—Conspiring?

Fray.—Conspiring to dethrone the King of Heaven and to raise the Devil to the sovereignty of the Universe.

Mig.—The irredeemable villains!

Fray (*sipping his wine*).—To say that pulling down the sun, moon, and stars, annihilating the four winds, or turning sea into land and land into sea, is in their programme, were perhaps to slander them. And far be it from me to bear false witness against my enemy. Yet this much I can swear to, Miguel, (may my tongue blister if it isn't true!) these two sons of Belial—Berghen and Montigny—are endeavouring to turn the sacred soil of Spain into Pandemonium.

Mig.—Higos del Diablo! Who could have believed it? Two such smooth-tongued sweet-looking Señors as they be. Why, they speak as if butter would never melt in their mouth.

Fray.—Matchless rogues and rascals!

Mig.—How one may be deceived! I took them for little less than doves or Seraphim.

Fray.—Doves or Seraphim forsooth ! Why, my son, you will not find their like and parallel outside of the Bottomless Pit.

Mig.—Godless brutes that they are ! (*striking the table with his fist*). O let King Philip say the word and I'll mix a little sweet stuff with the next Valdepeñas they drink, which will taste rather queer to them in the end.

Fray (laughing).—Miguel, Miguel !

Mig.—One nod from the King, only a nod ! and, Santiago helping me, I'll give them such a quieting cup that their faces will look pale and their gills white enough in the morning.

Fray.—There would be neither law nor justice in your so dealing with them, Miguel.

Mig.—There would be both law and justice in it—let me tell you that, Fray. Have n't I done the like trick scores of times to lodgers whom King Philip has recommended here ? They turned into this house to sojourn, but this was the last lodging they ever needed. It was, I assure you.

Fray (laughing).—Ha, ha, ha !

Mig.—I was ordered to do my duty by my masters and betters ; and I did it like a Christian, without flinching or shrinking.

Fray.—Right, Miguel !

Mig.—And so it happened that many who walked into this house on their own legs never walked out of it again : they were carried out feet first—carried to their grave.

Fray (*laughing heartily*).—Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mig.—Their disease was called jaundice or epilepsy or dropsy or any name I had a fancy for. But by the bones of the Saint Antony, I knew better all the time; (*whispering*) it was poison that killed them.

Fray.—Poison!

Mig.—Yes, poison! These hands prepared and mixed it all for the glory of God.

Fray.—Buen Dios! How I envy you, Miguel! Thrice blessed man! Duty has always been the pole-star of your life.

Mig.—You may say so.

Fray.—I speak but the bare truth; you have a large circle of enviers and admirers. Yet deal you gently with these Flemings, my son. Leave them to the thunder and lightning of our tender mercies. (*smiling*) We have bowels, Miguel, you might be too rough.

Mig.—Should they escape! They look slippery dogs.

Fray.—Escape! no danger of that by the Keys of St. Peter. Our chain is round their legs, our hook is in their jaws. The Holy Office never yet lost her hold of any whom she ever clapped her claws on.

Mig.—No?

Fray.—Her grip is like the grip of Fate. Moreover, Miguel, were you to do the deed it would be murder.

Mig.—Murder! God preserve me from cold-blooded murder!

Fray.—With us of the Holy Office it is a different matter. We present the slain as an offering to the Lord of Hosts. And such sacrifices are as acceptable to Him as incense or the songs of Angels.

Mig.—O that I served in your ranks as familiar—apparitor—anything!

Fray (drinking).—You may well pant and yearn for that dear honour, Miguel. But I fear your chances of such lofty promotion are small at present—very small; you might almost as soon expect the Pope to present you with the next golden rose he has to give away. The myriad applications we have for every vacancy! And no wonder—no wonder! For what a career is now opened up to every young Catholic of spirit and energy!

Mig.—Say you so?

Fray.—King Philip—whom the Pope can blow about as the wind can a feather—hounded on by his Holiness, has at length made up his mind to suppress Satan everywhere, and confine him to his own settlements.

Mig.—Has he indeed? What an enterprise!

Fray.—Majestic idea! worthy of the mind of an archangel!

Mig.—What a work his Majesty has laid out for himself! Do you think he'll be able to do it?

Fray.—That remains to be seen, Miguel: he'll try at least.

Mig.—Bless him! bless his grey beard!

Fray.—He is determined to root up and destroy every form of error, schism, heterodoxy, sin, and iniquity under the sun.

Mig.—Saints of Heaven! what a King he is!

Fray.—The fate of the Netherlands is sealed already, I may say. And England, Scotland, Germany, will all be called upon in their turn to wriggle and writhe beneath his iron flail.

Mig.—God grant it! Grub up heresy everywhere, say I.

Fray.—England is the feeder and heart of all the evil and mischief, Miguel: so she is double-damned by Pope and King: and on her will his Most Gracious Majesty pour out the first and fiercest vials of his wrath. He hath sworn it. Proud Island! Thou shalt be brought down to hell—to the sides of the pit! How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! *Infernus subter conturbatus est in occursum adventus tui, suscitavit tibi gigantes.*

Mig.—The English heathen! I hope the King will serve it out to them!

Fray.—Fear him not. (*putting his hand on Miguel's shoulder and speaking as if in confidence*) Many evil counsellors, like false prophets, are at the ear of his Majesty dissuading him from this pious crusade, hinting that he will never be able to cleanse Europe of its abominations. Ruy Gomez, Feria, and a time-serving tribe of milk-sops and

old women are all for trying mild measures with the heretics; they would use argument, persuasion and so forth—fools that they are! But I raised my voice like a trumpet against such compromising, unpatriotic, unchristian policy. “Extirpate and kill,” cried I. “Who would reason with panthers, bears, or serpents?” And—the Holy Virgin helping me—I have gained my point.

Mig.—I’m glad on’t—truly glad.

Fray.—You cannot read, my son, or I would have made you a present of my new book. The King was delighted with my arguments; he sat up till day-break studying them, apples of gold he called them, set in pictures of silver: *mala aurea in lectis argenteis*.

Mig.—Beautiful arguments they are, no doubt.

Fray.—The upshot and issue is, Miguel: the Duke is to set off in a few days for Flanders, and I am to go with him as his spiritual adviser and oracle.

Mig.—What an honour!

Fray.—And an opportunity. O Miguel! if the Pope has promised an indulgence of forty days to all who attend an *Auto da Fe*, what Seraphs’ crowns will be sufficient reward for the likes of the Duke and myself, who hope and intend by the Divine favour, to feed the flames with a thousand hecatombs of heretics?

Mig.—Truly your work is a glorious one; I do envy you.

Fray (drinking).—Best of all, Miguel, while the Duke and I are dealing with foreign heretic vermin, efficient means will be taken to root them all out at home.

Mig.—Capital!

Fray.—A bull came hot from Rome last night, denouncing under penalty of everlasting damnation every one who dares to wink at heresy even in their nearest and dearest. Should a son suspect his father of holding the new opinions, a wife her husband, a sister her brother, a lover her betrothed, all are ordered to present themselves without delay before the Judges of the Holy Office and denounce the criminals. Neglect of such a prime duty entails excommunication here and eternal burnings hereafter. “Cut every such offender off from the common wealth of Israel and the covenant of promise. *Anathema Maranatha sit*”—so runs the bull.

Mig.—What a blessed King ours is! he feels like a father for his subjects.

Fray.—You say well, my son. Soon shall we all be able to sit under our vine and fig tree, none making us afraid: Soon will our favoured native land be purified from every taint of heresy. Let no Spanish Protestant be so foolish and demented as to think that henceforth he will escape the fangs of the Holy Office by taking refuge with his pigs, ascending a chimney, diving into a cellar, or burying himself in his family vault: the day of all

such pastimes and practices is past, Miguel—past never to return. As weasels are sent into holes to drive out rats and rabbits, so will our Familiars penetrate into the dirty hiding-places of the heretics and drag them forth into the open day: there's no chance of any of the wretches dodging us now: as wisely might they hope to hoodwink Providence as elude the spies of the King. The Confessional lays bare to us the mysteries and secrets of every household: and so we have the heretics on the hip, Miguel—we have them! and shall sweep them into our prisons at the rate of a thousand a day. “Gather ye the tares into bundles and burn them”—so runs the bull.

Mig.—Maria Santissima! I'm so thankful that though I cannot read a word, I'm sound in the faith: What a comfort to think there's no more heretic blood in my veins than there is in the veins of the Pope!

Fray.—Give God the praise, Miguel, and don't be blown up with vanity. But now—farewell—I must be going.

Mig.—O, how much I wish I was in the employ of the Holy Office!

Fray.—A laudable ambition, Miguel; for without question such is the highest form of service man can engage in, ranking next in honour to that of being an angel before the Heavenly Throne. In your prayers to the Virgin put in this daily as a

fresh petition that you may soon be found grinding at our mill.

Mig.—I shall not fail to breathe such a prayer on my knees night and morning.

Fray.—Right, Miguel. And be not down in the mouth. The next time I see the Grand Inquisitor with his cup of Canary before him, I'll state to him all your qualifications with a little aggravation and exaggeration. Don't be downcast, I feel sure of your promotion, and that soon.

Mig.—Santos y Angeles! won't my blind old grandmother at Barcelona be delighted!

Fray.—Likely enough, Miguel. And who knows what your first exploit may be? Perhaps operating on those very Flemings who have eaten their bread and drunk their wine out of your own hand.

Mig.—I hope it may: the abandoned wretches!

Fray.—It will have a fine effect on you my son to begin your apprenticeship with us by killing friends and acquaintances: it will harden your heart and fit you for first-class work at once. Meanwhile take this for your pains. A well-filled purse and a good conscience are two precious jewels.

Mig.—Cuerpo de Santiago! they are jewels truly.

Fray.—Philosophers have written fine things against money, Miguel, and have given it many wicked names. Yet after all has been said and written, there is no companion on earth like it. Here then (*giving him a purse*).

Mig.—Thanks; a thousand thanks.

Fray.—You may take it with a safe conscience, my son; it's heretic money; put it to a Catholic use. I found it in the pockets of some English vermin whom we have at present in our dungeons, fattening for the next *Auto. da Fe*. Vile rascals! caught in the very act of smuggling Bibles into our blessed Spain, wherewith to corrupt the faith and morals of the people. See! it's English coinage—real gold, by San Joseph; behold stamped upon it the likeness of the far-famed harlot Queen Elizabeth!

Mig.—Daughter of old Harry.

Fray.—Old Harry you may well call him—now gone to live for ever with his name-sake. Good bye, Miguel (*kissing him*). You are neither wife, maid, nor widow, yet I cannot help saluting you so. You will hear from me again, my son, before twelve hours pass away. You know my knock—rat tat. Keep all your eyes and all your ears open, but be still with your tongue—still as the grave. Bury what you have heard deep in your ear, as in a pit. I am no prophet, but I feel sure you will meet with wonders and miracles and signs soon. Kings might give crowns to see what you will be sure to see. Meanwhile God bless you and Santiago. Adios.

[*Exit* FRAY.]

Mig. (*shaking his head*).—What dismal diabolical times we do live in to be sure! The wickedness

that abounds on every hand is awful! Well may all true Spaniards thank God thrice a day that they have the King they have—a Majesty so pious that if his own son were to turn out a tainted heretic, he would not scruple to roast or fry him any more than he would a rasher of bacon. Smooth-tongued hypocrites that they are! Low-bred Flemish frogs! I never liked them from the first! I'll have this house fumigated as soon as I get it properly cleared of them and their abominations. There's a rascally brimstone odour about the place; there always has been ever since they lodged here; but I never felt the smell as I do now; one might fancy a party of demons from the Pit had been holding their carnival in my kitchen. By Holy Pablo! a world like ours is a world hardly worth living in!

SCENE III. MADRID.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

The Chapel is filled with the High Ecclesiastics, Grandees, and Cavaliers of the Court, and the Queen's Ladies of Honour, among whom are the Duchesses—ALVA, FERIA, &c. The Coffin of the deceased Queen covered with a gorgeous pall of brocade is seen placed on a scaffold shrouded in black and surrounded with numerous silver sconces bearing wax tapers. Solemn Music broken at intervals by the sobs and wailings of the women. Enter the KING in deep mourning, followed by ALVA, GOMEZ, FERIA, and others.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Ashes to ashes, dust to its native dust!
 What's mortal of Spain's Queen we now deliver
 To the refining earth like precious seed,
 Sure what is sown in weakness shall be rais'd
 In power, and what is sown, corruption's heir,
 Shall uncorrupted rise to cloudless glory.

(To the weeping women.)

O, ye who place your love-wreaths on this bier,
 Why as devoid of hope, lament her change
 Who quits an earthly for a heavenly crown?

BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Soft be thy slumbers, Gentle Bride! In France
How many an eye will moisten at thy tale!

CHOIR.

*Et audivi vocem de coelo, dicentem mihi : Scribe :
Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur. Amodo jam
dicit Spiritus ut requiescant a laboribus suis, opera
enim illorum sequuntur illos.*

PHILIP.

She reigns in Heaven the brightest Spirit there!
And little recks it where her body rests
Entomb'd, yet will I find it fitting shrine
In my Escorial,—the brightest gem
E'er cut and polished for the Earth's fair brow.
Time soon will show each tow'r and dome complete;
And there among Spain's Royal Dead shall lie
Her ashes whom King Philip loved so well.

[Exeunt King PHILIP and his train.]

*Enter SALDANHA and CARLOS (who kneels for a
few moments before the Coffin of the Queen).*

CARLOS.

To join their weeping fellowship who stor'd
Thy relics here—this sternly was denied me;
Yet who of all that train felt equal sorrow?
With an Immortal's love from thy Bright Throne
O markest thou the pangs I feel, dear Isabel?

SALDANHA.

Sweet! sweet her life! whose end was peace and
bliss.

CARLOS.

She dwelleth now among the Cherubim,
High set above the reach of Chance or Fate,
Exempt from every form of mortal ill;
Nor care nor sickness, anguish nor dismay
Nor war's alarm shall vex or pain her more,
Assum'd and borne away to be with God.

SALDANHA.

How sad to think she should have died so young!

CARLOS.

I would not have her back again on earth
Though life without her is an utter void.
This paltry world—was it the place for her
Whose kin were angels? What had she in common
With the false, cringing, flattering things who,
dower'd
With reptile grace, infest the Courts of Kings?
She was of higher quality and strain,
And shall abide my first and only Love.
Yet it was well her lot was never link'd
With mine, for at my birth malignant stars
Rul'd baleful in the sky, and much I fear
Time has laid up but cares and griefs for me.



SALDANHA.

God wisely veils the Future from our eyes,
But Duty's path gleams out as clear as day.
Haste then and hence. The birth-land of thy
 grandsire
Bleeds at each vein, a victim, and appeals
To thee for help. Shall that fell butcher Alva,
Whose deeds out-darken those of murdering Cain,
Crush and consume a nation's life and hopes,
Thou idle or vainly grieving? Prince! awake!
Round thee, the true heir of Imperial Charles,
In throngs will rally all the brave of Flanders,
Eager for battle, sure of victory
And fame, beneath thy leadership and sway.

CARLOS.

It is an awful hour! O! never more
Shall I behold my father, never Spain.
Yet pause or shrink I dare not. Grant me, Isabel,
To triumph o'er vain empty fears, aspiring,
Strong in the strength God only can supply,
To break the chains of myriads; charg'd to be
The herald of their freedom. Great Jehovah!
Who didst lay bare thy arm and interpose
Of old by miracle on miracle,
Releasing Israel from the whips and scourges
Of Egypt's tyrant, vindicate the right;
Rise, judge and smite the oppressor, nor let vainly
Assail Thine ear an outrag'd nation's cries
Borne to Thy Throne on high by every wind.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. MADRID.

*A dismal and gloomy vaulted Chamber in the Palace
of the Inquisition, dimly lighted.*

Enter CARDINAL ESPINOSA, FRAY LORENZO, *and*
an OLD INQUISITOR.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Oh! Mighty God! Thine, Thine be all the glory,
Who hast deliver'd him into our hands.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA (*lifting up his hands*).

Exurge, Domine, judica causam tuam.

(*To the ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE entering.*)

This is a bright day in the Church's calendar.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Rejuvenescent Hour! my veins are fill'd
As if with fresh young blood: the air tastes sweeter;
The ground I tread on echoes back my joy.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Now could I say my Nunc Dimittis thankfully.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

What weary years we spent in prayer that Heaven
In mercy would cut off the Prince, our fear
And horror! For his advent to the throne
Had been the death-blow of our holy policy;
His iron hand had shatter'd all our schemes.
How many pits we dug for him in vain,
Check'd, foil'd, defeated ever: when the madman
To the relief of infinite Christian souls
Walks straight into a snare of his own setting!

FRAY LORENZO (*to the ARCHBISHOP*).

Shall I arrest them ere they leave Madrid?

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Thy mother bore no fool when you were born:
Yet now you counsel like one. What other proof
Of their grand treason can we have so clear,
Superb, and perfect as their baffled flight?

CARDINAL ESPINOSA (*laughing*).

The Fray forgets it were a delicate task
To go to the Palace with apparitors
And take the Prince from under his father's nose.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Let their plot bud and blossom to its fullest.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Not ours to stay, but to assist its growth.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Give the young serpent time to leave the shell.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Right right. Pounce on them at the Monastery;
There catch them—catch them all in one vast trap.

FRAY LORENZO.

A hundred cavaliers await my beck—
Crusaders born, fierce champions of the Faith.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

These limbs are old or I would gladly go with you.
O! what a feast it were to see their hang-dog,
Blank, haggard faces, you swooping down upon
them!

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE (*gleefully*).

Scarce will they look more fear-struck when the
Devil
Seizes and carries off their souls to Hell.

FRAY LORENZO.

How shall I act when I have caught the traitors?

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Bring them all hither. Once under lock and key
Our good Familiars know well how to deal with
them.

FRAY LORENZO.

Shall I do this by day or under night?

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Let the sun shine his brightest as you drag
The miscreants back. And bear ye them in triumph
Through the most thickly-peopled streets, and
through
The busiest throngs of men. For every Spaniard
Must feel this treason as a private wrong.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Would-be dismemberers of an ancient Monarchy!
The Flower and Queen of Christian States! What
punishment
Proportions such a monstrous matchless crime?

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

The Prince send to the Palace under guard.

OLD INQUISITOR (*with a smile*).

A sojourn in the cheeriest of our dungeons
Would do him good: a touch of rack or thumb-screw
Would conjure all taint of heresy out of his blood.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Dream not of curing him now; his doom is seal'd.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Great Heavens! no more half measures. We must
kill him.

FRAY LORENZO (*to the ARCHBISHOP*).

I go; but crave your blessing ere I go.

(*The FRAY kneels while the ARCHBISHOP gives
him his benediction.*)

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

St. James go with thee on his snow-white steed!
[*Exit FRAY LORENZO.*]

OLD INQUISITOR.

O glorious moment! I feel my youth renew'd:
My eighty years roll off like flakes of snow.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

You'll need no wine to warm your blood to-night,
Stirr'd and exhilarated with such sweet news.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

The grape will taste the sweeter if we first
Unite in a Te Deum.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Come then, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. MADRID.

LODGINGS PROVIDED FOR BERGHEN AND MONTIGNY
BY KING PHILIP.

Enter FRAY LORENZO *and* MIGUEL QUEVEDO.

Mig.—By the coffin of San Domingo! your tale tastes just like music. (*laughing*) O how plaguily queer they must have felt when you burst down on them as if you had been a blast of thunder and lightning.

Fray.—They did feel queer, Miguel, no doubt. I could see their hypocritical faces lengthen like noon-tide shadows. Saldanha fought like a fiend and wounded half-a-dozen of my troopers in a twinkling; and the Holy Virgin only knows how many more he would have hacked and maimed had he not been luckily shot in the head—the hound. The Prince likewise laid about like a Trojan, and is responsible for a corpse or two. But Berghen and Montigny—bah—they showed no more valour than a couple of rabbits; one would have fancied they had got the gout in both hands.

Mig.—Such brawny, stalwart fellows—burly and big as bulls—to act in that cowardly fashion.—Shameful!

Fray.—Their evil conscience had dried up all the springs of their courage, my son.

Mig.—Like enough : A bad conscience is an ugly bed-fellow and a poor backer of a man in a quarrel — my old grandmother used to say.

Fray.—There's a heap of sense in that saying of your grandmother's, Miguel. Yet after all it's not much to be wondered at that the poor wretches behaved as they did. Pobres diablos ! they were so taken aback at my appearance ; they never dreamed for a moment that I was on their track.

Mig. (laughing).—Ha ! ha ! So much the better. By San Goy it's as good as a ballad to hear about it : the story should be put in the Chronicles.

Fray.—No doubt it will be, Miguel, to my credit : *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* I spread my men all round the Monastery as skilfully as ever fisher set his nets to catch fish. And we came down on the fugitives so slily — so very slily. No soft-creeping velvet-pawed pussy ever pounced upon a mouse more cunningly and cautiously. For I had made up my mind that none of the runagates should escape the gridiron if I could help it.

Mig.—Right too ! Root out the seed of the old serpent, say I. The hulking heathen fellows ! O it was glorious as the gates of Paradise to see you leading them about through the streets as a terror to all evil doers for ever more ; the crowd flinging their caps in the air for joy, and shouting curses

and perdition at the two brutes whom you had in tow. It was a sweet sight by San Blas! You must have felt like a Royal Emperor coming home to his Palace with a lot of conquered Kings at his heels.

Fray.—It was a proud hour, Miguel—the proudest of my life. I feel I ought to have died there and then.

Mig.—Ought to have died! God forbid that you should die for a hundred years to come; we could ill afford to lose the likes of you; you are as useful to the world as moonlight.

Fray.—You flatter me.

Mig.—Not an inch. A pair of dear friends of mine, Gil and José, who were out looking at you riding about like a Grandee on a Coronation-day with your captives at your horse's tail, were highly edified at the show you made. "The Fray's a black swan if ever there was one," says José; "don't you think so, uncle?" "There are few men turned out like him now-a-days," says Gil, "at least in our atmosphere," says he. "We must go back to the times of Columbus and Goliath to find his match. I look upon him as the greatest patriarch and circumnavigator living. Madrid may well be proud of him," says he; "he's a feather in her cap if any body is."

Fray.—I feel thankful for the admiration of such worthy señors. Discerning praise is like oil to the bones.

Mig.—But what had you done with the Prince?

Fray.—Sent him to the Royal Palace under guard. It would have been neither right nor becoming to have paraded him about among the mob as if he had been a juggler's monkey.

Mig.—What a rare piece of luck it was that he did not get killed or hurt in the tussle!

Fray.—I guarded against that contingency, Miguel. I warned my men against shedding a dram of the Prince's blood, just as the Jewish King David instructed his Life-guards when he sent them out to hunt after his dear Absalom. "Caballeros," said I, "halt and listen to me. Rather than spill a drop of the blood Royal of Spain, have the goodness to be killed yourselves—will you?" And by the help of the Blessed Saints Carlos was taken alive without a graze on his skin, fighting to the last like a tiger.

Mig. (laughing).—O what a forecasting conjurer you are to be sure!

Fray.—A little prudence will do more miracles in this world than a whole chapter of witchcraft.

Mig.—I warrant King Philip was rare glad to see his son again.

Fray.—He was, Miguel; he fell on the neck of his prodigal and wept—for joy.

Mig. He might well. What a sad thing if these rascally Flemings had shipped the Infant away into their own godless country. They would have made an idolator or a heretic of him there—sure. But I feel convinced they would poisoned the Prince as

soon as they had got him fairly out of Spain. Any thing to spite his dear old father, though they had gone to perdition for it. Where are the gabachos now?

Fray.—Where? Ah! in safe keeping, my son.

Mig.—I hope two such disreputable characters will never be sent here again for me to see to. They give one's house a bad name.

Fray.—Make yourself easy on that score, my son: the Holy Office has taken charge of them; you will never again be troubled with a sight of their ugly faces.

Mig.—I'm glad of that at any rate.

Fray.—But, Miguel, are you quite certain there are no papers? The Grand Inquisitor said he felt sure there would be some lying about.

Mig.—I've searched and rummaged every corner of the house. The deep designing knaves! they burnt all their writings and letters the night before they left.

Fray.—Cunning rogues! I dare say they could teach Old Harry tricks.

Mig.—That they could.

Fray.—Well it makes little matter, Miguel—papers or no papers—we'll get the truth out of them or I'm a pagan. If they don't make a clean breast of it at once, we have only to apply a little fire to their fingers, or stretch their joints a bit on the rack.

Mig. (laughing).—Ha! ha! ha! You will screw

their treason out of them somehow or other. By the ghost of Fray Xarillo you will.

Fray.—They will find it no light matter, my son, to descend at midnight into a dimly-lighted chamber far from the hum and riot of Madrid, indicted before the stern Tribunal of the Holy Office with cord and pulley, and screw, and rack, and sword, displayed before their very eyes, while at their elbow stands the executioner, greedy for his prey, shrouded from head to foot in a black robe, and glaring at them like a demon through holes cut in the hood that muffles his face. Many would just as soon meet the Devil himself at once as go through that ordeal.

Mig.—Cielos! The thought of it is enough to kill me. I should think they are down in the mouth at the prospect.

Fray.—Down in the mouth! Not they; one of them—the fat one—Berghen—actually cracked a joke when I introduced him into the presence of some of the Judges of the Holy Office.

Mig.—What profanity!

Fray.—It was a breach of good manners to say the least of it, Miguel.

Mig.—Are they going to do anything to the Prince for being in such bad company?

Fray.—H-m, h-m. They are about to sit in judgment on him at the Palace. And—that reminds me, Miguel—I was asked by the Grand Inquisitor if I knew of a strong trust-worthy fellow who would stick at nothing when the good of the

Church or the glory of the Holy Virgin was concerned. I named you.

Mig.—Thank you, thank you.

Fray.—Give your face a scouring, shave these stubs out of your beard, put on your Sunday garments and make yourself as like a full-blown rose as the nature of things will allow. Then slip off at once with my blessing and say I sent you; you may be wanted.

Mig.—Wanted!

Fray.—Yes. But before you go, my son, let me take a pious look at the relics of that vino de Toro which I handled the other night. I should not mind trying the liquid again if you please: the taste of it is in my mouth yet; it's a drink fit for Jove.

Mig.—Truly one does require a drop extra in these wasting trying times.

Fray.—Unhelped, my son, the best of men in these troublesome times can do but little in the way of performing a tithe of their duty. So lend me your cellar-key while you set off to find out what Fortune has in store for you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. MADRID.

STATE ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

Enter GIL and JOSÉ.

Gil.—I don't often find fault, José, but these chairs are not well set. Nor have they been cleaned and purified with your usual taste and sublimity. (*GIL goes up to a picture and blows dust off the frame.*) One needs no magnifying eye-glass to find out that you have not been equal to yourself this morning, truly ; but I can make all allowance for you in these dolorous days with the Queen scarce cold in her coffin, the Prince a prisoner (after narrowly escaping being smuggled out of the country), and the King himself half mad through bereavements and mortifications. Santa Maria ! How trouble has come upon us, rattling on the heels of trouble. More tears have been shed and perpetrated in this Palace lately than have been dropped in all the church-yards of Spain for a twelve-month.

José.—These are indeed rare dolorous days, uncle.

Gil.—Ah ! your heart's as tender as a calf's, José, and has been beating a trifle too fast owing to these uncommon catastrophes. I fear you have been plunging head and ears into the Ocean of his Majesty's trials and tribulations—which was only

proper and right. So your neglecting your duty a bit is not very much to be wondered at. For who but a fool could remember it up to all its thirty-two points in such dismal times as these.

José.—To tell you the truth, uncle, I have had so great a hatch of miseries of my own that I have not had much time to think of the King's.

Gil.—Ay de mi! What sad song is this you are singing? Are you really ill, José? Cielos! you look as if you needed physic.

José.—I have never felt well since the night of the King's Betrothal Feast.

Gil.—Hav'nt you now? Ah José, José, you ate too much I wager.

José.—No uncle, I did'nt.

Gil.—You thought it is not every day we kill a pig. Salvame Dios! you ought to have been on your guard. The belly has strangled and assassinated far more Christians than the hangman.

José.—You're quite out of your reckoning this time, uncle—leagues out. I had as little appetite that night as a wooden image, and what I ate and drank would not have upset the stomach of a fly.

Gil.—You usually ply your grinders to some purpose, José, how was it that your appetite forsook you just then? I warrant every other mouth present was a watering.

José.—It will all have to come out some time or other. (*hesitatingly*) Ah! uncle, you were once young yourself so I know you'll feel for me.

Gil.—What is it, José?

José.—I have had a sad tune to dance to lately. Lola is neither the gilly-flower nor the angel we took her for. She has forsaken me and taken up with Sancho the piper. And that's the reason why I look like a newly-buried corpse.

Gil.—That's news and philosophy to me truly.

José.—Old Serpent that he is! He came to the Palace Kitchen on the night of the King's betrothal-feast after his puffing and blowing was all over, dressed in a dandy suit which he got on credit and will never pay for, and looking as ready as gunpowder for all sorts of mischief and sin. And he so coiled and worked himself into Lola's Sunday graces, that she has never been the same Lola to me since. Pobre de mi! You seem vexed, uncle.

Gil.—Vexed, José? I have reason to be. The family honour is deeply touched by this event; it's a blot on our scutcheon and more. A red herring like Lola to dare to jilt a relation of mine! Impossible!

José.—It's as true as a printed book, uncle; she neither looks the same nor speaks the same.

Gil.—Fair face—foul traitor: how true! No wonder you've got as lean as a lizard, José, with a trouble like this upon your back.

José.—I am indeed wasting away very fast, uncle: see what a sad mis-fit my clothes are getting through my growing so thin! I ought to have told you all this long since, but I did not like to

confess to you that I had been conquered and crowed over by such a mis-begotten flea as Sancho.

Gil.—A scoundrel with neither rank nor manners, nor a decent feature to his face to make a nut-shell fool of my heir! But, José, are you quite sure you are not dreaming? Jealousy has lunatic eyes.

José.—I'm not mistaken half a grain, uncle; I only wish I was. The Saints know well enough that Sancho comes to the Royal Kitchen now every night and swaggers about as if the place from roof to ceiling had belonged to him and his family for generations. He comes to see Lola, he says, and the shameless pair make love to each other as fast as the candles will let them.

Gil.—So?

José.—And many a snack of Lola's giving does the hungry ragamuffin gobble up. I'd like to cut him into slices. O uncle! I never felt what it was to be an orphan till now.

Gil (after a pause).—She shows a poor taste, José, leaving the likes of you for such a hog as Sancho. For you are as well-shaped and good-mannered a muchacho as can be found in all Castile. But courage! carry a Captain's heart behind your ribs. Rise above your calamity; heroes always do.

José.—I wish I knew how.

Gil (with great solemnity).—Ever since you were a baby in long clothes, José, you have been music and light to my ears and eyes. So I'll try to fulfil and put this matter right and square for you.

José.—Holy Mary reward you, uncle (*kissing GIL repeatedly*).

Gil.—Basta! don't take away my breath. I'm too old to stand much hugging. (*looking at JOSÉ with pride*) Well I hope I shall always prove a blessing and a privilege and a fortification to you, mozo mio. And let your smitten heart keep holiday and festival. I'm no conjurer, but still I know a thing or two, and can put an end to all your misery. I know a way to make Lola's love grow again like spring flowers; I've not lived forty years in a Royal Palace for nothing. But see—here come our betters, José; let us vanish. Sigueme.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE, CARDINAL ESPINOSA, *and* OLD INQUISITOR.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Here had I hoped to meet his majesty.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Bow'd down with woe, commingling words and sobs
Before the Virgin's shrine he spreads his case,
Fondly disposed to spare the Prince's life.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

O wise ordaining Heaven! avert such issue.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Forbid it Saints and Angels! Carlos crown'd

Would tread beneath his sacrilegious feet
The holiest symbols of the Catholic Faith.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Why should your heart be troubled and dismayed ?
God sits as sovereign. Let the Heathen rage
And Kings combine to cast away His cords,
High-thron'd He mocks and frustrates all their
schemes,
Sweeping the wicked to their doom as chaff
Drives on before the wind. Imperial Thrones
Convuls'd may tumble to the ground, His Church
As on a rock firm-fix'd shall stand unshaken,
Her deep foundations resting on His love.
Girdled as with a wall of guardian fire,
Infinite Power her shield, how can the Gates
Of Hell prevail against her, so secur'd ?

OLD INQUISITOR.

Quote not such dear assurance as a cloke
For sloth ; be it a whetstone to our energy ;
By human means God works his perfect will.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Join all our counsels to one bloody end.

OLD INQUISITOR.

The Prince, forgiven for this abortive treason,
Such fool's trick never will reiterate.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Let slip this chance offended Providence
Will call us to account for our neglect—

(The CARDINAL stops suddenly on observing PHILIP, who enters with unsteady step and haggard look. At sight of the Inquisitors the KING sighs deeply and for a few moments seems completely overmastered by his emotion. At length he collects himself and fixes his eyes mournfully on a crucifix hanging up against the wall.)

PHILIP.

Thou bleeding thorn-crown'd Christ! whose mighty
love

Led Thee to die for man and bear his woes
At infinite cost Thy Majesty obscur'd,
Say, Man of Sorrows, say by all Thy pains,
Thy Cross and Agony, since men have been
On earth—whose sorrow ever equall'd mine?
What have I done that thou should'st try me so?
I have not serv'd Thee with divided heart
Nor reign'd for personal ends; my policy
Was ever guided by Thine Oracle,
The Pope—Thus moulded, fashion'd, could it need
A Sacramental seal so ghaſt and horrible—
Blood of my child, my only child!

(Trembling and glancing timorouſly at the Inquisitors.)

Incens'd,

As wolves that ſight their prey, theſe plot his death,
Leſt, regnant, he ſhould quench the torch of Faith

Hell-urged—and so Spain's glory sink for ever.
Were it a sin to snatch him from their fangs?
Ah me! I fear it were:
Priests of the God of Mercy, deep adepts
In holy lore, who wait in the audience chamber
Of the Most High—they know, they surely know,
Heaven-taught, when Mercy is a crime in kings.
O that an Angel would descend to Earth
And end my doubts, saying with emphasis—
Thus must thou act, or thus.

*(Pausing a while and then speaking with great
deliberation.)*

Counsell'd to slay
My son by men who speak as if inspir'd,
The guilt—if guilt it be—will cling to them.

OLD INQUISITOR *(saluting the KING)*.

God crown your days with happiness and joy.

PHILIP.

Such prayer but mocks me, bruis'd and desolate.
Dare I indulge in dreams of earthly bliss
Who bear in trembling hands these hideous proofs
Of a son's guilt? How black his treason! foil'd
Essaying to escape from Spain to mix
With God's sworn foes and mine in impious league.
By Hell's worst arts he must have been beguil'd,
Whom not the dread of Heaven's avenging arm
Nor Nature's holiest ties could keep from crime.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

It was a deed unnatural, appalling ;
May God in mercy blot it from His book.

PHILIP.

With thorns I am beset on every hand—
Wounded where'er I move. Condemn my son,
I clothe myself with infamy for ever :
Absolve him—broadcast through a hundred realms
Are sown the seeds of heresy and death.
Wherein, O God, have I offended Thee
That Thou shouldst crush me with a cross like this ?

OLD INQUISITOR.

Cast all thy load on Him who died for thee.

PHILIP.

Ye cannot rate the greatness of the trial,
Ye, who were never fathers—O ! I feel
This is a stroke too much for me to bear.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Thine is no common sorrow. But remember
Through suffering are all heroes perfected :
Plac'd in the furnace they come forth as gold.

PHILIP.

How are my hopes all blasted and destroy'd !
Was he not once the joy of Christendom ?
The pride of Spain ? the nursling of the Church ?

Baptis'd amid hosannas? compass'd round
From childhood with a cloud of prayers and
blessings?

What words went forth on him! 'Twas prophesied
He would restore the golden age of Faith;
Root up the tares now mingled with the wheat;
Walk in my steps more loyal still to truth;
Assume my burden when I laid it down;
His star would shine when mine was sunk in night.
Heir of my glory and prosperity
In him would men be blest; long would he reign,
And die the father of a line of kings.
Vain dreams! all vanished like the dew of morning;
Where are ye fled? What woes usurp your place!
The light will ne'er illumine my path again,
Nor peace possess my torn and anguish'd heart.
O, who on earth would now change lots with me?

OLD INQUISITOR.

In thy high day of trial faintest thou,
Whom long the Church has rank'd her foremost man?

PHILIP.

Would I had never liv'd to see this day.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

God will not suffer thee to faint or fall—

OLD INQUISITOR.

Here comes thy son.

(Enter CARLOS guarded.)

PHILIP.

The poor misguided thing!
 How shall my trembling lips rehearse his doom?
 His crimes against myself I could forgive;
 But dare not wink at those he schem'd and purposed
 Against the sovran Majesty of Heav'n.

[The soldiers, who guard CARLOS, retire into the background while PHILIP places himself between the Prince and the Inquisitors. A painful silence prevails for a few moments, the KING eagerly scanning CARLOS.]

PHILIP.

How canst thou unabash'd behold my face?

CARLOS.

What have I done that I should fear to meet thee?

PHILIP.

What hast thou done? O shame, where art thou
 fled?
 Since Absalom's revolt, which drew on him
 A signal doom from God, there is no record
 Of crime which matches thine in loathsomeness;
 And yet ye dare to ask—*What have I done?*

CARLOS.

What sin have I been guilty of?

PHILIP.

What sin ?

Were you not caught attempting to escape
To Flanders, join'd in an unholy bond
With wretches whom Hell gapes for. They have
sworn
To cancel and destroy all holy things,
And yet you sought their friendship.

CARLOS.

True it is,
I sought their friendship.

PHILIP.

Infamous !

CARLOS.

I would have fled to them.

PHILIP.

Your father's foes—

CARLOS.

I cherish no remorse
Nor sorrow for the attempt.

PHILIP.

O Carlos !

CARLOS.

Who can blame me?
All that made life a blessing, you had torn
From me remorselessly. My Isabel
You lur'd, by fraud and lying, to the altar,
Wrecking her peace for ever in this world.
God, in His mercy, took her to Himself,
And willingly would I have follow'd her.
This was denied me to my infinite grief.
Brooding o'er my sad fate, with rankling memories,
I felt that I must flee; the air of Spain
Was stifling, and I breath'd as in a vault.
To be where you were not, was Paradise:
How could we dwell beneath the self-same roof?
Let seas and mountains be between us. So
My thoughts went forth to Flanders, where a people,
Groaning beneath oppression, whom I lov'd,
Were ready to receive me, open-arm'd.

PHILIP.

Monstrous avowal! ye could thus abandon
Your home and Spain without a pang, and seek
Refuge among a mob of rebels.

CARLOS.

Rebels!
Who made them rebels? 'Twas your cruelty
Which conjur'd up the tempest. Cease to play
The tyrant, their revolt will likewise cease.

PHILIP.

I have not play'd the tyrant—far from that.
The past hath found me weak and full of ruth,
And tender in my dealings with the heretics,
Whose wickedness has reach'd high flood thereby.
The past I will redeem : so help me, God.
Thy fall fills up my vengeance to the brim.
On Easter Eve, before St. James's shrine,
Stirr'd up from Rome, I took a solemn oath
To purge the Netherlands with fire and sword.
Men, women, young and old, babes at the breast,
The Pope enjoins their indiscriminate slaughter,
Or good or bad. The Lord will know His own.

CARLOS (*warmly*).

Such hellish scheme He will confound and shatter.
What madness, to imagine the Most High
Takes pleasure in the slaughter of His children
Created in His image ! O Religion !
What crimes are perpetrated in thy name !
The spirit of that Holy Faith, whose prop
And champion you profess to be, is Love.
Ye make it murder ; Moloch is your god.
The dying Christ breath'd blessings on His foes ;
They stood around His cross, reviling Him,
And yet for them He pray'd. In every clime,
In every age, the hardest hearts have melted
At that sweet story of Divine compassion.
Now mark its contrast. In the name of Him

Who interceded for His murderers,
 You and the Pope, and these most saintly men,
 Plan deeds which fiends might shrink from with
 disgust.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Blaspheme not; Rome's voice is the voice of Heav'n.

CARLOS.

When she hounds on her vassal kings to slaughter,
 Her inspiration's from below.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Thy evil thoughts,
 Carlos, betray their origin.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Alas!

PHILIP.

O, my unhappy child!

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE (*drawing near the Prince*).

When first I took thee in these arms, a babe,
 Brought by thy widow'd father to the font,
 And mark'd thy forehead with the cross, in token
 Thou wert Christ's soldier, sworn henceforth to battle
 For Truth and Right, I little dreamt thy sun
 Would set ere noonday, set amid such darkness.
 How is the gold grown dim! the fine gold chang'd!

OLD INQUISITOR.

What hopes we had of thee when young!

CARLOS (*bitterly*).

Exquisite hopes!

Most precious hopes! Ye hoped to put my mind
In bonds. Ye hoped that I would blindly follow
Your lead, and be your slave and instrument.
Ye hoped, if e'er I wore my father's crown,
I'd meekly do your bidding; nursing tenderly
Your Holy Inquisition, which sends, daily,
The best and bravest of the land, in myriads,
To those grim fires your bigotry lights up.
Ye weigh me in your scales and find me wanting.
"We must be rid of him: who fills the throne
Of Spain, must be our creature and our tool;
The King must be a cipher, we supreme."
Long, long have ye resolved to shed my blood,
Assur'd I never could be bent or moulded
To execute your sanguinary will.
Your end is gained. I have to die; I murmur not:
But bow submissive to the stroke; in meekness,
Casting myself on the Redeemer's grace,
The joy and refuge of the contrite. Ye
Reckon my chances of salvation poor,
I lean ye think upon a broken reed,
I build my house upon the shifting sand;
But God is other than ye deem Him, and Heav'n,
The abode of Love, is wider than your mercy.

At a sign from PHILIP, CARLOS is led away.

PHILIP.

Hell's worst and wickedest fiend, it must have been,
Who wrought him to this pitch. O fearful hardihood!
He stood and mock'd us glorying in his sin.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Deprav'd I knew him, but I never dream'd
That he was such a monster.

OLD INQUISITOR (*decisively*).

He must die.
The harvest of long years must not be lost.
The temple we have rear'd with toil and prayer,
For God, must not be levell'd with the dust.

PHILIP.

The infamy—Have we no other choice?

OLD INQUISITOR.

There is no other issue. Sparing him,
How can we justify the doom of thousands
Who have, for less offence, been burnt alive?

PHILIP (*in an imploring manner*).

No other choice!

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Should he ascend the throne,
Where then would be our altars? where that
Church,
Outside whose pale there lies no hope of Heaven?

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

The fire which he would kindle, who could quench?

PHILIP.

This is a trial, hard to flesh and blood.

OLD INQUISITOR (*angrily*).

Betray'd by sinful fondness, wouldst thou draw,
As Eli did, the curse upon thy house?

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Christ will sustain thee; look to Him for strength.

PHILIP (*weeping*).

In this dark hour I need Thy help, O Lord!

OLD INQUISITOR (*fixing his eye sternly on PHILIP*).

The Roman, guided by no heavenly light,
Spared not his son, when earthly policy
Requir'd the sacrifice; shall Philip shrink

When God requires like sacrifice of him?
He that loves son or daughter more than Me
Is all unworthy of Me—

PHILIP (*remains silent a long while, betraying
strong emotion. At length he speaks slowly
and with unfaltering voice*).

He is yours;
My son is yours. Do with him as ye will.
[*Exit* PHILIP.]

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

Accept our hallelujahs, gracious God!

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Let us at once complete our work, affixing
The Holy Inquisition's bloody seal.

OLD INQUISITOR.

In the next room I have the murderers ready.
[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III. MADRID.

THE ROYAL PALACE.

A low-roofed room ; on a bed is seen the body of CARLOS ; MIGUEL QUEVEDO is holding up the head of the PRINCE ; FAMILIARS of the Inquisition are standing around.

1st F.—Is it all over with him, think you ?

2nd F.—Si. He is finished with this world. He'll never either swear or pray more ; never.

3rd F.—Nor stir off this bed either ; nor vex his poor father's heart again.

4th F.—You speak wisely. He has done all the mischief he'll ever do. He is as dead as a nail.

3rd F.—No : that he isn't, by the sword of St. Peter. Hush ! he is now drawing his last breath. Listen ! that's the death gurgle in his throat.

(CARLOS utters a deep groan and expires. The FAMILIARS remain silent a few moments.)

2nd F.—Ve ! The light has faded out of both his eyes ; he will never peep or wink with them again at any rate.

1st F.—I must congratulate you, Miguel. You did well for a beginner,—exceedingly well. The Holy Virgin has blessed you with a rare nerve.

You held the Prince like a vice while I attended to his wind-pipe.

Miguel.—Worthy Señors! I'm so glad to think I pleased you.

4th F.—The poor Prince! Where is he now, I wonder?

5th F.—In Purgatory mayhap.

2nd F.—Bless your heart! there's small chance of the likes of him getting within a thousand leagues of Purgatory.

1st F.—Purgatory! No such luck for him! They say he died without either confession or shrift.

4th F.—Monstrous! Monstrous!

1st F.—Salvame Dios! That he did. He chose deliberately to go off and perish like a dog.

2nd F.—He said he would have neither holy man nor holy woman mumming about his bed-side, the maniac!

3rd F.—Poor wretch! I fancy he would gladly change his present quarters for the hottest corner in all Purgatory.

5th F.—You think his soul is lost, Bernabé?

1st F.—Marry, do I!

4th F.—Santos Cielos! How strange that a man like the King, as good a Christian as any Prophet or Apostle or Pagan Emperor that ever lived, should have been the father of such a son! I'd as soon have expected his Majesty to be the father of a fish or a fiend.

5th F.—Ah! but bethink ye many a holy man's son comes to a bad end.

3rd F.—The gallows often puts in a claim for the pick and flower of a good man's family.

5th F.—Look at the children of the Blessed St. David the King of Israel! What unnatural vipers! Yet sweet-faced lads some of them were—Absalom for instance.

2nd F. (*pointing to CARLOS.*) The Absalom of our beloved Spain lies there.

1st F.—He makes rather a fine-looking corpse, doesn't he?

2nd F.—He does, truly. To me the most of people seem to look best when they are dead.

4th F.—He will have a grand funeral.

3rd F.—He is sure to have, seeing as he is a King's son, and that King the King of Spain.

1st F.—What fine soft hair! (*passing his fingers through the Prince's hair.*)

5th F.—His mother was a Portuguese.

1st F.—I remember her well; she was a good sort of woman as women go.

2nd F.—Pretty—very—but rather too stout for my taste.

3rd F.—The Prince, poor mozo! had her very eyes. And see this dimple!—his mother had just such another on her chin. Do you remember his christening, Bernabé?

1st F.—Well do I. We had a proper spree that

day; some of us got as drunk as lords and didn't know sun from moon. The wine was given out by pailfuls.

3rd F.—The old Emperor sent horse-loads of presents from Flanders. Dear old Charles! Bless his soul! how proud he was of his grandson! He little dreamt what an end the niño would come to.

2nd F.—I recollect it as if it had all happened yesterday. My little Pepe died the following Christmas.

3rd F.—Poor Pepe with his wise fair face and laughing eyes!

1st F.—He was a bright one was Pepe. Your wife has enriched your family with many a chick since, Juan, but never with such a cherub as him.

2nd F.—Never: that's her opinion too, bless her! Ay de mi! but she took that child's death sore to heart, and often I used to say this to comfort her: Depend on't, Dorotea, the Blessed Virgin knew what was best both for us and for him; depend on't, our loss is his gain; Pepe is far better off, dead and up among the Angels than alive and down here in Madrid following my trade.

Enter OLD INQUISITOR.

Old Inq.—Is the Prince dead?

2nd F.—He is, your Eminence.

1st F.—Dead enough in all conscience.

Old Inq.—O God of Heaven! Thy Holy Name be

praised: *In nomine tuo levabo manus meas: Sicut adipe et pinguedine repleatur anima mea: et labiis exultationis laudabit os meum.*

1st F.—We have never shed the Blood Royal of Spain before.

Old Inq.—God in His Infinite Mercy grant that that sacred blood may never be spilt again.

1st F.—Seeing as he was the son of a King and of such a King too, your Eminence, I did at first feel some qualms and compunction about the job. Didn't I, Enrique? Was n't I all of a shiver when we were making away with him? (ENRIQUE *nods.*) I felt so thankful we had such a lion as Miguel near to help us.

Old Inq.—My son, the path of Duty is often a hard and thorny one.

1st F.—Your ordinary heretic it is rather a pleasure for me to slaughter than otherwise. I make no more conscience of it than I would of crushing a wasp or a bug or a fly.

Old Inq.—Nor should you, my son. Are not all heretics the declared enemies of your God and King?

1st F.—That they are. I surely ought to know: I have been in your employ many years.

Old Inq.—You have indeed been a faithful servant of the Holy Office.

1st F.—I have tried to be; I have truly. I've strangled heretics in scores on the quiet—deep

down where no mortal ear could hear their dying groans; and I have burnt them in dozens, like chopped straw, under the open heavens, while thousands on thousands of Spanish eyes were looking on with admiration and thankfulness. And I never winced or sickened at the business before—never. Yet I must confess I did feel a little queerish when we were making away with the Prince.

Old Inq.—Believe me, Children, a more acceptable sacrifice was never offered to the Most High than that which you have now rendered.

1st F.—That may be, your Eminence; you ought to know. Yet for all that, I shook like an aspen leaf.

2nd F.—It was easy work however, killing the Prince, as easy as snuffing a candle or smothering a new-born babe. But we did not treat him roughly, your Eminence, seeing as he was a King's son.

Old Inq.—Right. Do your duty rigidly, faithfully, and as to God. Never use more violence than is necessary.—He died quietly you say.

1st F.—O bless you! he was easy to slay as a gnat.

3rd F.—Some heretics make a deal of dying,—groan, groan, groaning out of all sense and reason. And some that have been sent to us to be done for have been so strong and stout that there was no getting the life out of them at all.

2nd F.—You're thinking of those Englishmen we

made away with the other night, who had been caught on the high seas and were brought to us to be dealt with.

3rd F.—Strong as bulls they were—all of them, and as hard to kill as eels.

1st F.—The Prince did not give us much trouble however.

3rd F.—He didn't; he had been far from comfortable in his mind and had suffered much from want of food and sleep. Folks will talk and tittle-tattle, your Eminence. But sa! he resigned himself to his fate as sweetly and pleasantly as could be.

2nd F.—What use was it making faces at the physic when he had got to swallow it?

Old Inq.—True.

2nd F.—He seemed to wish to die; saying death was a cure for all diseases. See! there's a smile on his lips now, as if his last hour was welcome.

3rd F.—His face is like an angel's, isn't it? You would fancy he was alive if it was not that one can see there is no breath coming out of his mouth.

Old Inq.—Did he speak much?

2nd F.—Not much. He said he forgave his enemies, and died at peace with everybody. At times he sang and at other times he muttered some strange words: I'm not much of a scholar, but I think they were Latin.

3rd F.—Belike it was a verse out of an ancient hymn or psalm.

Old Inq.—Likely enough.—But now go. God have you all in His Holy keeping. You have done your duty like Children of the Faith. Receive an old man's blessing.

[*Exeunt* FAMILIARS.]

Old Inq. (*with closed eyes and clasped hands as in prayer*).—

Dentes peccatorum contrivisti :

Domini est salus ;

Et super populum tuum benedictio tua.

Enter KING PHILIP, CARDINAL ESPINOSA, *the* ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE, *and* ALVA.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

How calm he lies in Death's soft slumber lapp'd!

PHILIP.

Oh! let me look on him again. My child,
My idol once, my glory and my hope,
The love thy treason slew revives afresh :
Borne with triumphal honours to thy tomb
Near thy belov'd mother thou shalt rest.
Would God that I had died for thee, my son!

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

There's balm in Gilead for this bleeding wound,
And He who tries thee thus will make thy cross
A blessing both to thee and to the Church :
The stars show brightest in a darkening sky :

'Twas from the stricken Rock the stream emerg'd
Which cheer'd the wanderers in the wilderness.

PHILIP.

It lies a heavy weight upon my heart
The doom which men will pass upon this deed.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Need the sad tale be publish'd to the world?
The grave can keep her secrets: so can we.

PHILIP.

O Thou who read'st our every thought, Thou knowest
From no light motive did I yield him up.

CARDINAL ESPINOSA.

The fabric of thy glorious policy
Had fallen a ruin had he reached the throne.

PHILIP (*weeping*).

More bitter was the sacrifice than death.

ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

Not Abraham's faith, O King, o'ershadows thine,
Withholding not thy son, thy only son.

ALVA (*to the KING*).

For Berghen and Montigny who misled him,—

PHILIP (*sharply*).

For them no mercy! Secretly kill them both;
And seize on all their wealth; it is thine own.
To-morrow you must leave for Flanders. The
thorns
Array themselves against the fire. Consume them.

ALVA.

My liege, I live but to achieve thy will.

PHILIP.

And I, but for Thy glory, God of Heaven!

(*Scene closes.*)

How devilishly
men can be
mistaken?

THE END.

NOTES.

MADRID.

p. 16. *What was Madrid before Philip made her the capital of Spain?*

“Having completed his arrangements, Philip established his residence at Madrid in 1563. The town then contained about twelve thousand inhabitants. Under the forcing atmosphere of a court, the population rose by the end of his long reign to three hundred thousand, a number which it has probably not since exceeded.”—PRESCOTT: *Philip ii.*, *Book ii.*, c. 4.

PHILIP ENTERING LONDON.

p. 18. *The glorious entry of King Philip and the Queen into London.*

“On the 28th of August, Philip and Mary made their public entry into London. They rode in on horseback, passing through the borough of Southwark, across London Bridge. Every preparation was made by the loyal citizens to give them a suitable reception. The columns of the buildings were festooned with flowers, triumphal arches spanned the streets, the walls were hung with pictures, or emblazoned with legends in commemoration of the illustrious pair, &c.”—PRESCOTT: *Philip i.*, *Book ii.*, c. 4.

ECCLESIASTICAL CURSING.

p. 23. *Often have I been present when your holy bishops have cursed the English with curses so fearsome as to make one's hair stand on end.*

“The disciples of Him who ordered His followers to bless their persecutors, and to love their enemies, invented such Christian

formulas as these :—“In the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, the blessed Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, Peter and Paul, and all other Saints in Heaven, do we curse and cut off from our Communion him who has thus rebelled against us. May the curse strike him in his house, barn, bed, field, path, city, castle. May he be cursed in battle, accursed in praying, in speaking, in silence, in eating, in drinking, in sleeping. May he be accursed in his taste, hearing, smell, and all his senses. May the curse blast his eyes, head, and his body, from his crown to the soles of his feet. I conjure you, Devil, and all your imps, that you take no rest till you have brought him to eternal shame; till he is destroyed by drowning or hanging, till he is torn to pieces by wild beasts, or consumed by fire. Let his children become orphans, his wife a widow. I command you, Devil, and all imps, that even as I now blow out these torches, you do immediately extinguish the light from his eyes. So be it—so be it. Amen. Amen.” So speaking, the curser was wont to blow out two waxen torches which he held in his hands, and, with this practical illustration, the anathema was complete.

“Such insane ravings, even in the mouth of some impotent beldame, were enough to excite a shudder, but in that dreary epoch, these curses from the lips of clergymen were deemed sufficient to draw down celestial lightning upon the head, not of the blasphemer, but of his victim. Men who trembled neither at sword nor fire, cowered like slaves at such horrid imprecations, uttered by tongues gifted, as it seemed, with superhuman power. Their fellow-men shrank from the wretches thus blasted, and refused communication with them as unclean and abhorred.”—MOTLEY : *Dutch Republic, Introduction.*

PHILIP AT BRUSSELS.

p. 36.

—*vigorous as*

When in the lists at Brussels he unhors'd

With ease the bravest knights of France and Spain.

“At length the trumpets sounded, and announced the entrance of four cavaliers, whose brilliant train of followers intimated them to be persons of high degree. The four knights were Prince Philip, the duke of Savoy, Count Egmont, and Juan Manriquez de Lara, majordomo of the emperor. They were clothed in complete mail, over which

they wore surcoats of violet-coloured velvet, while the caparisons of their horses were of cloth of gold.

“Philip ran the first course. His antagonist was the Count Mansfeldt, a Flemish captain of great renown. At the appointed signal, the two knights spurred against each other, and met in the centre of the lists, with a shock that shivered their lances to the very grasp. Both knights reeled in their saddles, but neither lost his seat. The arena resounded with the plaudits of the spectators, not the less hearty that one of the combatants was the heir apparent.

“The other cavaliers then tilted, with various success. A general tournament followed, in which every knight eager to break a lance on this fair occasion took part; and many a feat of arms was performed, doubtless long remembered by the citizens of Brussels.”—PRESCOTT: *Book i., c. 2.*

IDIÁQUEZ (TO PHILIP) ON THE PROJECTED INVASION OF ENGLAND.

p. 20. Sail! the Armada is only on paper yet; it may never sail.

“The situation of England (said that prudent statesman), which is surrounded on every side with a tempestuous ocean, and has few harbours upon its coasts; the numerous forces which defend it; the genius of the people, and the nature of their government, concur in making me believe that it will be found almost impossible to succeed in an attempt to conquer it.

“The English navy is alone equal to that of any other nation; and when joined with the ships belonging to the revolted provinces, must prove an overmatch for any fleet that can be sent from Spain. And even allowing that the king’s forces should effectuate a descent, yet what ground is there to hope that they will be able either to subdue so great a nation, or to maintain, for any considerable time, such conquests as may be made? In order to accomplish the most ordinary conquests, some favourable disposition in the people towards the conquerors is necessary, &c.”—WATSON: *Philip ii., Book 20.*

CONSECRATED WEAPONS.

*p. 37. This gift accept, a consecrated sword,
Blest by the lips, &c.*

“It was precisely at this moment, while the agents of the duke’s

government were thus zealously enforcing his decrees, that a special messenger arrived from the Pope, bringing as a present to Alva a jewelled hat and sword. It was a gift rarely conferred by the Church, and never save upon the highest dignitaries, or upon those who had merited her most signal rewards by the most shining exploits in her defence. The duke was requested, in the autograph letter from his Holiness which accompanied the presents, "to remember, when he put the hat upon his head, that he was guarded with it as with a helmet of righteousness, and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who support the Holy Church and the Roman Catholic faith." The motto on the sword ran as follows, "*Accipe sanctum gladium, munus a Deo in quo dejicies adversarios populi mei Israel.*"—MOTLEY: *Dutch Republic, Part iii., c. 5.*

p. 46. *When she gave her hand away,
She wished to wed a man and not a crown.*

See SCHILLER'S *Don Carlos, Act iii., Scene III.*

STRUGGLE BETWEEN ALVA AND CARLOS.

p. 55. *Yet Alva's name was wormwood to the boy;
(Who knows why but the Devil) and inflamed
With wine and rage the wretch in evil hour
Drew like a vile assassin on the duke.*

"That Carlos regarded himself as the proper person to be intrusted with the mission to the Netherlands is evident from his treatment of Alva, when that nobleman was appointed to the command of the army.

"On that occasion, as the duke came to pay his respects to him previous to his departure, the prince fiercely said, "You are not to go to Flanders; I will go there myself." Alva endeavoured to pacify him, saying that it was too dangerous a mission for the heir to the throne; that he was going to stop the troubles of the country, and prepare it for the coming of the king, when the prince could accompany his father, if his presence could be spared in Castile. But this explanation served only to irritate Carlos the more; and, drawing his dagger, he turned suddenly on the duke, exclaiming, "You shall not

go; if you do, I will kill you." A struggle ensued,—an awkward one for Alva, as to have injured the heir-apparent might have been construed into treason. Fortunately, being much the stronger of the two, he grappled with Carlos, and held him tight, while the latter exhausted his strength in ineffectual struggles to escape. But no sooner was the prince released, than he turned again, with the fury of a madman, on the duke, who again closed with him, when the noise of the fray brought in one of the chamberlains from an adjoining room; and Carlos, extricating himself from the iron grasp of his adversary, withdrew to his own apartment."—PRESCOTT: *Book iv., c. 5.*

JACINTA'S SONG.

*p. 76. How hard yon crag, around whose head
Unfelt the wildest tempests blow!*

HERRERA: (1534—1597) *Bowring's Translation (altered).*

FRAY LORENZO.

p. 91. But one day, in the palace gardens, a dispute arose among the grandees about the gridirons which Fray Lorenzo has designed for the army to take to the Netherlands to roast the heretics on.

"Among those who urged the king to violent measures, no one was so importunate as Fray Lorenzo de Villacancio, an Augustin monk, who distinguished himself by the zeal and intrepidity with which he ventured into the strongholds of the Reformers, and openly denounced their doctrines. Philip, acquainted with the uncompromising temper of the man, and his devotion to the Catholic Church, employed him both as an agent and an adviser in regard to the affairs of the Low Countries, where Fray Lorenzo was staying in the earlier period of the troubles. Many of the friar's letters to the king are still preserved in Simancas, and astonish one by the boldness of their criticisms on the conduct of the ministers, and even of the monarch himself, whom Lorenzo openly accuses of a timid policy towards the Reformers.

"In a memorial on the state of the country, prepared, at Philip's suggestion, in the beginning of 1566, Fray Lorenzo urges the necessity of the most rigorous measures towards the Protestants in the Netherlands. "Since your majesty holds the sword which God has

given to you, with the divine power over our lives, let it be drawn from the scabbard, and plunged in the blood of the heretics, if you do not wish that the blood of Jesus Christ, shed by these barbarians, and the blood of the innocent catholics whom they have oppressed, should cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance on the sacred head of your majesty! The holy King David shewed no pity for the enemies of God. He slew them, sparing neither man nor woman. Moses and his brother, in a single day, destroyed three thousand of the children of Israel. An angel, in one night, put to death more than sixty thousand enemies of the Lord. Your majesty is a king, like David; like Moses, a captain of the people of Jehovah; an angel of the Lord,—for so the Scriptures style the kings and captains of his people;—and these heretics are the enemies of the living God!” And in the same strain of fiery and fanatical eloquence he continues to invoke the vengeance of Philip on the heads of his unfortunate subjects in the Netherlands.

“That the ravings of this hard-hearted bigot were not distasteful to Philip may be inferred from the fact that he ordered a copy of his memorial to be placed in the hands of Alva, on his departure for the Low Countries. It appears that he had some thoughts of sending Fray Lorenzo to join the duke there,—a project which received little encouragement from the latter, who probably did not care to have so meddlesome a person as this frantic friar to watch his proceedings.”—PRESCOTT: *Book ii., c. 11.*

THE VIRGIN OF ATOCHA.

p. 101. The Blessed Lady of Atocha may not send you such another piece of luck for ages to come.

“The masses and many in Spain have their own tutelars and refuges for the destitute; the kings and queens—whom God preserve!—have their own especial patroness by prerogative in the image of the Virgin of Atocha at Madrid, which they and the rest of the royal family visit every Sunday in the year when in royal health. No sooner was the sovereign taken dangerously ill, and the Court physicians at a loss what to do, than the image used to be brought to his bedside.”—FORD: *Gatherings from Spain.*

THE PRINCESS EBOLI.

- 112 *Nay, 'neath this Palace roof, where many a year
My name has been a tune that filled all hearts
With joy—where I, though now cast forth as filth,
Have reigned a goddess ring'd with worshippers.*

“The Princess Eboli, daughter of Mendoza, Viceroy of Peru, and wife of Ruy Gomez, was the favourite mistress of Philip for over twenty years. Her beauty, and still more, her genius for intrigue, gave her an ascendancy which only partially declined on the marriage of the king to Elizabeth of Valois (Isabel de la Paz).”—See MIGNET'S *Antonio Perez et Philippe II.*

CARLOS AND THE FLEMISH ENVOYS.

- p. 119. *How the foundations of an empire's weal
Are laid in freedom, and how a king's prime care
Should be his subjects' good—he aye remembered
Who taught him that high music.*

“The revolutionary movement in the Netherlands was at this time the great subject that engaged the attention of the Spaniards; and Carlos is reported to have taken a lively interest in it. According to Antonio Perez, the Flemings then at the court made positive overtures to the prince to head the revolt. Strada speaks of Bergen and Montigny, then at Madrid, as the channel of communication through which Carlos engaged to settle the affairs of that distracted country.”—PRESCOTT: *Book iv., c. 6.*

LUKEWARMNESS OF THE ENVOYS.

- p. 121. *I crave
Your help that Alva ne'er set foot in Flanders,
Nor plant that Hell, the Inquisition, there.*

“Granvelle, however, could find little satisfaction in the exertions of subordinates so long as men in high station were remiss in their duties. The Marquis Berghen, he informed Philip, showed but little disposition to put down heresy in Valenciennes, while Montigny was equally remiss at Tournay. They were often heard to say, to any who

chose to listen, that it was not right to inflict the punishment of death for matters of religion."—MOTLEY: *Dutch Republic*, c. 4, Part II.

ALVA'S PROPOSAL.

p. 136. *When with the late Emperor Charles at Ghent, at the time of the suppression of the insurrection, he suggested that the ring-leaders should be flayed alive.*

"Another anecdote of Alva had left a still more unfavourable impression of his character. He had accompanied Charles on his memorable visit to Ghent, on occasion of its rebellion. The emperor asked the duke's counsel as to the manner in which he should deal with his refractory capital. Alva instantly answered, "Raze it to the ground!" Charles, without replying, took the duke with him to the battlements of the castle; and as their eyes wandered over the beautiful city spread out far and wide below, the emperor asked him, with a pun on the French name of Ghent (*Gand*), how many Spanish hides it would take to make such a *glove* (*gant*). Alva, who saw his master's displeasure, received the rebuke in silence. The story, whether true or not, was current among the people of Flanders, on whom it produced its effect."—PRESCOTT: *Book iii.*, c. 1.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO A HERETIC.

p. 137. *How it confounds and distresses one to think that the Primate of Spain is lying at this moment unmitred and disgraced in the dungeons of the Inquisition.*

"Before this august assembly, the archbishop presented himself unsupported and alone, while no one ventured to salute him. His head was bare. His once robust form was bent by infirmity more than by years; and his careworn features told of that sickness which arises from hope deferred. He knelt down at some distance from the Pope, and in this humble attitude received his sentence.

"He was declared to have imbibed the pernicious doctrines of Luther. The decree of the Inquisition prohibiting the use of his catechism was confirmed. He was to abjure sixteen propositions found in his writings; was suspended from the exercise of his episcopal functions for five

years, during which time he was to be confined in a convent of his order at Orvieto; and, finally, he was required to visit seven of the principal churches in Rome, and perform mass there by way of penance.

“This was the end of eighteen years of doubt, anxiety, and imprisonment. The tears streamed down the face of the unhappy man, as he listened to the sentence; but he bowed in silent submission to the will of his superior. The very next day he began his work of penance. But nature could go no further; and on the second of May, only sixteen days after his sentence had been pronounced, Carranza died of a broken heart. The triumph of the Inquisition was complete.”—
PRESCOTT: *Book ii., c. 3.*

QUEEN MARY'S HOPES OF AN HEIR.

p. 139. Such processions to Churches and Holy Places, that the somewhat faded Queen might still, like ancient Sarah, catch the special blessing of Heaven.

“The symptoms continued to be favourable; and as the time approached for Mary’s confinement, messengers were held in readiness to bear the tidings to the different courts. The loyal wishes of the people ran so far ahead of reality, that the rumour went abroad of the actual birth of a prince. Bells were rung, bonfires lighted; *Te Deum* was sung in some of the Churches; and one of the Preachers “took upon him to describe the proportions of the Child, how fair, how beautiful and great a prince it was, as the like had not been seen!” “But for all this great labour,” says the caustic chronicler, “for their yoong maister long looked for coming so surely into the world, in the end appeared neither yoong maister nor yoong maistress, that any man to this day can hear of.”

“The queen’s disorder proved to be a dropsy. But, notwithstanding the mortifying results of so many prognostics and preparations, and the ridicule which attached to it, Mary still cherished the illusion of one day giving an heir to the crown. Her husband did not share in this illusion; and, as he became convinced that she had no longer prospect of issue, he found less inducement to protract his residence in a country which, on many accounts, was most distasteful to him.”—
PRESCOTT: *Book i., c. 4.*

PHILIP LIKE ISAAC.

p. 140. *Like another Isaac, he sacrificed himself on the altar of filial duty.*

"Higo en esto lo que un Isaac dexandose sacrificar por hazer la voluntad de su padre, y por el bien de la Iglesia."—SANDOVAL.

LUTHER.

p. 154. *The arch-fiend Luther.*

"As it appears," says the edict of 1521, "that the aforesaid Martin is not a man, but a devil under the form of a man, and clothed in the dress of a priest, the better to bring the human race to hell and damnation, therefore all his disciples and converts are to be punished with death, and forfeiture of all their goods." This was succinct and intelligible. The bloody edict, issued at Worms," etc.—MOTLEY: *Dutch Republic, Introduction.*

CHARLES V. IN HIS RETIREMENT.

p. 154. *How my dear father, dying, groan'd and wept
That he had let the arch-fiend Luther slip.*

"So far from having entertained and even expressed that sentiment of religious toleration for which he was said to have been condemned as a heretic by the Inquisition, and for which Philip was ridiculously reported to have ordered his father's body to be burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds, he became in retreat the bigot effectually, which during his reign he had only been conventionally. Bitter regrets that he should have kept his word to Luther, as if he had not broken faith enough to reflect upon in his retirement; stern self-reproach for omitting to put to death, while he had him in his power, the man who had caused all the mischief of the age; fierce instructions thundered from his retreat to the Inquisitors to hasten the execution of all heretics,—including particularly his ancient friends, preachers and almoners, Cazalla and Constantine de Fuente; furious exhortations to Philip—as if Philip needed a prompter in such a work—that he should set himself to "cutting out the root of heresy with rigour and rude chastisement;"—such explosions of savage bigotry as these, alternating with exhibitions of revolting gluttony, with surfeits of

Note the "mind"
of the author, is the
edict!
no shadow
of doubt
abt the
"I wish
- hence
- with a
intensity.

sardine omelettes, Estramadura sausages, eel pies, picked partridges, fat capons, quince syrups, iced beer, and flagons of Rhenish, relieved by copious draughts of senna and rhubarb, to which his horror-stricken doctor doomed him as he ate—compose a spectacle less attractive to the imagination than the ancient portrait of the cloistered Charles. Unfortunately it is the one which was painted from life.”—MOTLEY: *c.* 1.

PHILIP AT AN AUTO DA FE.

p. 155. *All here are urged (as they respect my favour)
To-morrow to an act of faith, where victims,
A herd, shall be devoted to the flames.*

“Upon the 8th October, accordingly, another *auto-da-fé* took place at Valladolid. The king, with his sister and his son, the high officers of state, the foreign ministers, and all the nobility of the kingdom, were present, together with an immense concourse of soldiery, clergy, and populace. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Cuença. When it was finished, Inquisitor General Valdez cried with a loud voice, “O God, make speed to help us!” The king then drew his sword. Valdez, advancing to the platform upon which Philip was seated, read the protestation: “Your majesty swears by the cross of the sword, whereon your royal hand reposes, that you will give all necessary favour to the holy office of the Inquisition against heretics, apostates, and those who favour them, and will denounce and inform against all those who, to your royal knowledge, shall act or speak against the faith.” The king answered aloud, “I swear it,” and signed the paper. The oath was read to the whole assembly by an officer of the Inquisition. Thirteen distinguished victims were then burned alive before the monarch’s eyes, besides one body which a friendly death had snatched from the hands of the holy office, and the effigy of another person who had been condemned, although not yet tried or even apprehended. Among the sufferers was Carlos de Sessa, a young noble of distinguished character and abilities, who said to the king as he passed by the throne to the stake, “How can you thus look on and permit me to be burned?” Philip then made the memorable reply, carefully recorded by his historiographer and panegyrist: “I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal, were he as wicked as you.””

“Such were the religious ceremonies with which Philip celebrated his escape from shipwreck, and his marriage with Isabella of France, immediately afterwards solemnized. These human victims, chained and burning at the stake, were the blazing torches which lighted the monarch to his nuptial couch.”—MOTLEY: *Part i., c. 3.*

WHOLESALE CONDEMNATION.

p. 155. *I will despatch my Alva to the Netherlands;
Like a destroying angel, etc.*

“Early in the year, the most sublime sentence of death was promulgated which has ever been pronounced since the creation of the world. The Roman tyrant wished that his enemies’ heads were all upon a single neck, that he might strike them off at a blow; the Inquisition assisted Philip to place the heads of all his Netherland subjects upon a single neck for the same fell purpose. Upon the 16th February, 1568, a sentence of the Holy Office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. From this universal doom *only a few persons, especially named,* were excepted. A proclamation of the King, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex, or condition. This is probably the most concise death warrant that was ever framed. Three millions of people, men, women, and children, were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines; and, as it was well known that these were not harmless thunders, like some bulls of the Vatican, but serious and practical measures, which were to be enforced, the horror which they produced may be easily imagined.”—MOTLEY: *Dutch Republic, c. 2, Part III.*

16 Feb.
1568
"HOLY OFFICE"
sentences
to death
3,000,000
people.

DEATH OF HENRY II.

p. 173. *You see Montgomery dealt too roughly with him at the jousting.
My poor father!*

“Towards evening, when the games had drawn to a close, he observed the young Count of Montgomery, a Scotch noble, the captain of his guard, leaning on his lance, as yet unbroken. The king challenged the cavalier to run a course with him for his lady’s sake. In vain the queen, with a melancholy boding of some disaster, besought

her lord to remain content with the laurels he had already won. Henry obstinately urged his fate, and compelled the Count, though extremely loth, to take the saddle. The champions met with a furious shock in the middle of the lists. Montgomery was a rude jouster. He directed his lance with such force against the helmet of his antagonist that the bars of the visor gave way. The lance splintered; a fragment struck the king with such violence on the temple as to lay bare the eye. The unhappy monarch reeled in his saddle, and would have fallen but for the assistance of the constable, the Duke of Guise, and other nobles, who bore him in their arms senseless from the lists. Henry's wound was mortal. He lingered ten days in great agony, and expired on the ninth of July, in the forty-second year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. It was an ill augury for the nuptials of Elizabeth."—PRESCOTT: *Book i., c. 8.*

BERGHEN'S OUT-SPOKENNESS.

*p. 179. I know 'tis scarce polite to steal away,
Ne'er asking Philip's sanction; but I heard
That, for some idle speech of mine, his Majesty
Had quite made up his mind to keep me here
Prisoner for life.*

“Montigny was of the ancient house of the Montmorencys, being a younger brother of the unfortunate Count Hoorne. He occupied several important posts,—among others, that of Governor of Tournay, and, like Bergen, was a knight of the Golden Fleece. In the political disturbances of the time, although not placed in the front of disaffection, the two lords had taken part with the discontented faction, had joined in the war upon Granvelle, and had very generally disapproved of the policy of the crown. They had, especially, raised their voices against the system of religious persecution, with a manly independence, which had secured for them—it seems undeservedly—the reputation of being the advocates of religious reform. This was particularly the case with Bergen, who to one that asked how heretics should be dealt with replied, “If they were willing to be converted, I would not trouble them. If they refused, still I would not take their lives, as they might hereafter be converted.” This saying, duly reported to

POPULARITY OF THE INQUISITION AMONG THE SPANIARDS.

190. *The myriad applications we have for every vacancy! and no wonder—no wonder! For what a career is now opened up to every young Catholic of spirit and energy!*

“The Holy Office presented a vast and complicated machinery, skilfully adapted to the existing institutions of Castile. It may be said to have formed part of the Government itself, and, however restricted in its original design, it became in time a formidable political engine, no less than a religious one. The grand-inquisitor was clothed with an authority before which the monarch himself might tremble. On some occasions, he even took precedence of the monarch. The courts of the Inquisition were distributed throughout the country, and were conducted with a solemn pomp that belonged to no civil tribunal. Spacious buildings were erected for their accommodation, and the gigantic prisons of the Inquisition rose up, like impregnable fortresses, in the principal cities of the kingdom. A swarm of menials and officials waited to do its bidding. The proudest nobles of the land held it an honour to serve as familiars of the Holy Office. In the midst of this external pomp, the impenetrable veil thrown over its proceedings took strong hold of the imagination, investing the tribunal with a sort of supernatural terror. An individual disappeared from the busy scenes of life. No one knew whither he had gone, till he reappeared, clothed in the fatal garb of the *san benito*, to take part in the tragic spectacle of an *auto de fé*. This was the great triumph of the Inquisition, rivalling the ancient Roman triumph in the splendour of the show, and surpassing it in the solemn and mysterious import of the ceremonial. It was hailed with enthusiasm by the fanatical Spaniard of that day, who, in the martyrdom of the infidel, saw only a sacrifice most acceptable to the Deity. The Inquisition succeeded in Spain, for it was suited to the character of the Spaniard.”—PRESCOTT: *Book ii., c. 1.*

RIVAL PARTIES IN THE COUNCIL.

p. 191. Ruy Gomez, Feria, and a time-serving tribe of milksops and old women, are all for trying mild measures with the heretics; they would use argument, persuasion, and so forth—fools that they are!

“The question was warmly discussed in the council. Ruy Gomez,

the courtly favourite of Philip, was for the latter alternative. A civil war he deprecated, as bringing ruin even to the victor. Clemency was the best attribute of a sovereign, and the people of Flanders were a generous race, more likely to be overcome by kindness than by arms. In these liberal and humane views the Prince of Eboli was supported by the politic secretary, Antonio Perez, and by the Duke of Feria, formerly ambassador to London, a man who to polished manners united a most insinuating eloquence.

“But very different opinions, as might be expected, were advanced by the Duke of Alva. The system of indulgence, he said, had been that followed by the regent, and its fruits were visible. The weeds of heresy were not to be extirpated by a gentle hand; and his majesty should deal with his rebellious vassals as Charles the Fifth had dealt with their rebel fathers at Ghent. These stern views received support from the Cardinal Espinosa, who held the office of president of the council, as well as of grand inquisitor, and who doubtless thought the insult offered to the Inquisition not the least of the offences to be charged on the Reformers.”—PRESCOTT: *Book iii., c. 1.*

PAPAL BULLS AGAINST THE SPANISH PROTESTANTS.

p. 193. A bull came hot from Rome last night, denouncing, under penalty of everlasting damnation, every one who dares to wink at heresy, even in their nearest and dearest.

“In the following January, Paul, to give greater efficacy to this edict, published another bull, in which he commanded all confessors, under pain of excommunication, to enjoin on their penitents to inform against all persons, however nearly allied to them, who might be guilty of such practices. To quicken the zeal of the informer, Philip, on his part, revived a law fallen somewhat into disuse, by which the accuser was to receive one fourth of the confiscated property of the convicted party. And finally, a third bull from Paul allowed the inquisitors to withhold a pardon from the recanting heretic, if any doubt existed of his sincerity: thus placing the life as well as fortune of the unhappy prisoner entirely at the mercy of judges who had an obvious interest in finding him guilty. In this way the pope and the

king continued to play into each other's hands, and while his holiness artfully spread the toils, the king devised the means for driving the quarry into them.

"Fortunately for these plans, the Inquisition was at this time under the direction of a man peculiarly fitted to execute them. This was Fernando Valdés, Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville, a person of a hard, inexorable nature, and possessed of as large a measure of fanaticism as ever fell to a grand inquisitor since the days of Torquemada. Valdés readily availed himself of the terrible machinery placed under his control. Careful not to alarm the suspected parties, his approaches were slow and stealthy. He was the chief of a tribunal which sat in darkness, and which dealt by invisible agents. He worked long and silently under ground before firing the mine which was to bury his enemies in a general ruin."—PRESCOTT: *Book ii., c. 3.*

SIMULTANEOUS ARREST OF ALL THE PROTESTANTS IN SPAIN.

p. 194. The confessional lays bare to us the mysteries and secrets of every household; and so we have the heretics on the hip, Miguel—we have them, and shall sweep them into our prisons.

"At length, the preliminary information having been obtained, the proscribed having been marked out, the plan of attack settled, an order was given for the simultaneous arrest of all persons suspected of heresy throughout the kingdom. It fell like a thunderbolt on the unhappy victims, who had gone on with their secret associations, little suspecting the ruin that hung over them. No resistance was attempted. Men and women, churchmen and laymen, persons of all ranks and professions, were hurried from their homes, and lodged in the secret chambers of the Inquisition. Yet these could not furnish accommodations for the number, and many were removed to the ordinary prisons, and even to convents and private dwellings. In Seville alone eight hundred were arrested on the first day. Fears were entertained of an attempt at rescue, and an additional guard was stationed over the places of confinement. The inquisitors were in the condition of a fisherman whose cast has been so successful that the draught of fishes seems likely to prove too heavy for his net.

"The arrest of one party gradually led to the detection of others. Dragged from his solitary dungeon before the secret tribunal of the Inquisition, alone, without counsel to aid or one friendly face to cheer him, without knowing the name of his accuser, without being allowed to confront the witnesses who were there to swear away his life, without even a sight of his own process, except such garbled extracts as the wily judges thought fit to communicate, is it strange that the unhappy victim, in his perplexity and distress, should have been drawn into disclosures fatal to his associates and himself? If these disclosures were not to the mind of his judges, they had only to try the efficacy of the torture,—the rack, the cord, and the pulley,—until, when every joint had been wrenched from its socket, the barbarous tribunal was compelled to suspend, not terminate, the application, from the inability of the sufferer to endure it. Such were the dismal scenes enacted in the name of religion, and by the ministers of religion, as well as of the Inquisition,—scenes to which few of those who had once witnessed them, and escaped with life, dared ever to allude: for to reveal the secrets of the Inquisition was death."—PRESCOTT: *Book ii., c. 3.*

HORRORS OF THE INQUISITION.

p. 212. *They will find it no light matter, my son, to descend at midnight into a dimly-lighted chamber far from the hum and riot of Madrid, indicted before the stern Tribunal of the Holy Office.*

"In the eighteen years of Torquemada's administration, ten thousand two hundred and twenty individuals were burned alive, and ninety-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-one punished with infamy, confiscation of property, or perpetual imprisonment, so that the total number of families destroyed by this one friar alone amounted to one hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and one. In course of time the jurisdiction of the office was extended. It taught the savages of India and America to shudder at the name of Christianity. The fear of its introduction froze the earlier heretics of Italy, France, and Germany into orthodoxy. It was a court owing allegiance to no temporal authority, superior to all other tribunals. It was a bench of monks without appeal, having its familiars in every

107.541 victims

10220 burned
7221 punished
with infamy
confiscation of
property
perpetual imprisonment

house, diving into the secrets of every fireside, judging, and executing its horrible decrees without responsibility. It condemned not deeds, but thoughts. It affected to descend into individual conscience, and to punish the crimes which it pretended to discover. Its process was reduced to a horrible simplicity. It arrested on suspicion, tortured till confession, and then punished by fire. Two witnesses, and those to separate facts, were sufficient to consign the victim to a loathsome dungeon. Here he was sparingly supplied with food, forbidden to speak, or even to sing—to which pastime it could hardly be thought he would feel much inclination—and then left to himself, till famine and misery should break his spirit. When that time was supposed to have arrived he was examined. Did he confess, and forswear his heresy, whether actually innocent or not, he might then assume the sacred shirt, and escape with confiscation of all his property. Did he persist in the avowal of his innocence, two witnesses sent him to the stake, one witness to the rack. He was informed of the testimony against him, but never confronted with the witness. That accuser might be his son, father, or the wife of his bosom, for all were enjoined, under the death-penalty, to inform the inquisitors of every suspicious word might fall from their nearest relatives. The indictment being thus supported, the prisoner was tried by torture. The rack was the court of justice; the criminals only advocate was his fortitude—for the nominal counsellor, who was permitted no communication with the prisoner, and was furnished neither with documents nor with power to procure evidence, was a puppet, aggravating the lawlessness of the proceedings by the mockery of legal forms. The torture took place at midnight, in a gloomy dungeon, dimly lighted by torches. The victim—whether man, matron, or tender virgin—was stripped naked and stretched upon the wooden bench. Water, weights, fires, pulleys, screws—all the apparatus by which the sinews could be strained without cracking, the bones bruised without breaking, and the body racked exquisitely without giving up its ghost—was now put into operation. The executioner, enveloped in a black robe from head to foot, with his eyes glaring at his victim through holes cut in the hood which muffled his face, practised successively all the forms of torture which the devilish ingenuity of the monks had invented. The imagination sickens when striving to keep pace with these dreadful realities.”—MOTLEY: *Dutch Republic*, c. 3, Part II.

Arrest
Torture
Fire

CARLOS AND PHILIP.

*p. 241. The fabric of thy glorious policy
Had fall'n a ruin had he reach'd the throne.*

“It is a common saying—as old as Machiavelli, —that to a deposed prince the distance is not great from the throne to the grave. Carlos, indeed, had never worn a crown. But there seemed to be the same reasons as if he had, for abridging the term of his imprisonment. All around the prince regarded him with distrust. The king, his father, appeared to live, as we have seen, in greater apprehension of him after his confinement than before. ‘The ministers, whom Carlos hated,’ says the nuncio, ‘knew well that it would be their ruin should he ever ascend the throne.’ Thus, while the fears and the interests of all seemed to tend to his removal, we find nothing in the character of Philip to counteract the tendency. For when was he ever known to relax his grasp on the victim once within his power, or to betray any feeling of compunction as to sweeping away an obstacle from his path? One has only to call to mind the long confinement, ending with the midnight execution, of Montigny, the open assassination of the Prince of Orange, the secret assassination of the secretary Escovedo, the unrelenting persecution of Perez, his agent in that murder, and his repeated attempts to despatch him also by the hand of the bravo. These are passages in the history of Philip which yet remain to be presented to the reader, and the knowledge of which is necessary before we can penetrate into the depths of his dark and unscrupulous character.”—*PRESCOTT: Book iv., c. 7.*

DID PHILIP MURDER CARLOS?

*p. 241. Need the sad tale be published to the world?
The grave can keep her secrets: so can we.*

“Llorent found nothing in the records of the Inquisition to prove that the Holy Office had ever condemned the Prince or instituted any process against him. He states that he was condemned by a commission, but that he died of a sickness which supervened. It must be confessed that the illness was a convenient one, and that such diseases are very apt to attack individuals whom tyrants are disposed to remove from their path, while desirous, at the same time, to save appearances. It would certainly be presumptuous to accept implicitly the narrative of

De Thou, which is literally followed by Hoofd, and by many modern writers. On the other hand, it would be an exaggeration of historical scepticism to absolve Philip from the murder of his son, solely upon negative testimony. The people about court did not believe in the crime. They saw no proofs of it. Of course, they saw none. Philip would take good care that there should be none if he had made up his mind that the death of the Prince should be considered a natural one. An *à priori* argument, which omits the character of the suspected culprit, and the extraordinary circumstances of time and place, is not satisfactory. Philip thoroughly understood the business of secret midnight murder. We shall soon have occasion to relate the elaborate and ingenious method by which the assassination of Montigny was accomplished and kept a profound secret from the whole world, until the letters of the royal assassin, after three centuries' repose, were exhumed, and the foul mystery revealed. Philip was capable of any crime. Moreover, in his letter to his aunt, Queen Catharine of Portugal, he distinctly declares himself, like Abraham, prepared to go all lengths in obedience to the Lord. "I have chosen in this matter," he said, "to *make the sacrifice to God of my own flesh and blood*, and to prefer His service and the universal welfare to all other human considerations." —MOTLEY: *Dutch Republic, c. 2, Part III.*

COURTLY FLATTERY.

p. 241. *Not Abraham's faith, O King, o'ershadows thine,
Withholding not thy son, thy only son.*

"It is in this view that Dr. Salazar de Mendoza does not shrink from asserting, that, if Philip did make a sacrifice of his son, it rivalled in sublimity that of Isaac by Abraham, and even that of Jesus Christ by the Almighty! "Han dicho de él lo que del Padre Eterno, que no perdonó á su propio Hijo. Lo que del Patriarca Abraham en el sacrificio de Isaac su unigénito. A todo caso humano excede la gloria que de esto le resulta, y no hay con quien comparralla."—(Dignidades de Castilla y Leon, p. 417.) He closes this rare piece of courtly blasphemy by assuring us in point of fact Carlos died a natural death. The doctor wrote in the early part of Philip the Third's reign, when the manner of the prince's death was delicate ground for the historian." —PRESCOTT: *Book iv., c. 7.*

*Historians, when dealing with
contemporary events, get out of
the habit of truth*

FATE OF THE FLEMISH ENVOYS.

p. 242. *For them no mercy! Secretly kill them both,
And seize on all their wealth; it is thine own.
To-morrow you must leave for Flanders.*

“Such were the instructions of Philip to Eboli, and precisely in accordance with the programme was the horrible comedy enacted at the deathbed of the envoy. Three days after his parting interview with his disinterested friend, the marquis was a corpse. Before his limbs were cold, a messenger was on his way to Brussels, instructing the Regent to *sequester his property, and to arrest, upon suspicion of heresy, the youthful kinsman and niece, who, by the will of the marquis, were to be united in marriage, and to share his estate.* The whole drama, beginning with the death-scene, was enacted according to order. Before the arrival of Alva in the Netherlands, the property of the marquis was in the hands of the Government, awaiting the confiscation, which was but for a brief season delayed; while on the other hand, baron Montigny, Berghen’s companion in doom, who was not, however, so easily to be carried off by home-sickness, was closely confined in the alcazar of Segovia, never to leave a Spanish prison alive.”—MOTLEY: *Dutch Republic, c. 1, Part III.*

PHILIP’S POLICY.

ALVA.

My liege, I live but to achieve thy will.

PHILIP.

And I, but for Thy glory, God of Heaven!

“Obedience and the catholic faith at home, the catholic faith and subjection in all other countries, this was what he had at heart, this was the aim of all his labours. He was himself devoted, with monkish attachment, to the outward observances of the catholic worship. He kissed the hand of a priest after mass, to show archdukes who visited him what reverence is due to such men. To a lady of rank, who stood upon the steps of the altar, he said “That is no place either for you or me.””—RANKE’S *Spanish Empire, Introduction, c. 1.*







