

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him! Alonzo! Know him! Our nation's benefactor! the guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but, finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage!—I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not! the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have trembled before God; why should I tremble before man? Why before thee, thou less than man?

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian!

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee! [Stabs him]

Piz. Hold!

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured?

Oro. True! Observe, young man.—[To DAVILLA.] Thy unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and thou thyself hast lost the opportunity of a useful lesson; thou might'st thyself have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments—and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Elv. [Supporting OROZEMBO's head upon her bosom.] Oh, ye are monsters all! Look up, thou martyred innocent—look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. God! how I pity thee!

Oro. Pity me!—me! so near my happiness! Bless thee, lady!—Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do.

Piz. Away!—[*OROZEMBO is borne off dying.*] Away! Davilla! if thus rash a second time——

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which——

Piz. No more! Unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart: 'tis well he should report the mercy which we show to insolent defiance—Hark! our troops are moving.

Attend. [*On passing ELVIRA.*] If through your gentle means my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult——

Elv. I understand thee.

Attend. His sons may yet thank your charity, if not avenge their father's fate. [*Exit*

Piz. What says the slave?

Elv. A parting word to thank you for your mercy.

Piz. Our guards and guides approach.—[*SOLDIERS march through the tents.*] Follow me, friends—each shall have his post assigned, and ere Peruvia's god shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito.

[*Exeunt all but ELVIRA and VALVERDE*

Val. Is it now presumption that my hopes gain strength with the increasing horrors which I see appal Elvira's soul?

Elv. I am mad with terror and remorse! Would I could fly these dreadful scenes!

Val. Might not Valverde's true attachment be thy refuge?

Elv. What wouldst thou do to save or to avenge me?

Val. I dare do all thy injuries may demand—a word—and he lies bleeding at your feet.

Elv. Perhaps we will speak again of this. Now leave me.—[*Exit VALVERDE.*] No! not this revenge—no! not this instrument. Fie, Elvira! even for a moment to counsel with this unworthy traitor! Can a wretch, false to a confiding master, be true to any pledge of love or honour?—Pizarro will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his sake, have sacrificed—oh, God! what have I not sacrificed for him! Yet, curbing the avenging pride that swells this bosom, I still will further try him. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the wanton's flattery a new delight, oh, ye may insult and leave the hearts to which your faith was pledged, and, stifling self-reproach, may fear no other peril; because such hearts, howe'er you injure and desert them, have

yet the proud retreat of an unspotted fame—of unreproaching conscience. But beware the desperate libertine who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection—of all self-consolation! What has he left her! Despair and vengeance! [Exit

ACT TWO

SCENE I.—A Bank surrounded by a wild wood, and rocks

CORA is discovered playing with her CHILD; ALONZO, hanging over them with delight

Cora. Now confess, does he resemble thee, or not?

Alon. Indeed he is liker thee—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo.—Oh, my lord's image, and my heart's adored!

[Presses the CHILD to her bosom

Alon. The little darling urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. At least he shares caresses, which till his birth were only mine.

Cora. Oh no, Alonzo! a mother's love for her sweet babe is not a stealth from the dear father's store; it is a new delight that turns with quickened gratitude to Him, the author of her augmented bliss.

Alon. Could Cora think me serious?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon: then will be the last of the three holidays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond, anxious mother's heart.

Alon. What are those three?

Cora. The ecstasy of his birth I pass: that in part is selfish; but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did incase them, that is a day of joy; next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knees, that is the mother's heart's next holiday; and sweeter still the third, when'er his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of father! mother!—Oh, that is the dearest joy of all!

Alon. Beloved Cora!

Cora. Oh, my Alonzo! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to Heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

Alon. To Heaven and Rolla!

Cora. Yes, to Heaven and Rolla: and art thou not grateful to them, too, Alonzo! art thou not happy?

Alon. Can Cora ask that question?

Cora. Why then of late so restless on thy couch? Why to my waking, watching ear so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs?

Alon. Must not I fight against my country, against my brethren?

Cora. Do they not seek our destruction? and are not all men brethren?

Alon. Should they prove victorious?

Cora. I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

Alon. Fly, with thy infant, Cora?

Cora. What! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child?

Alon. Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest?

Cora. Oh yes! yes! yes!

Alon. Hasten then to the concealment in the mountains; where all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the issue of the war. Cora will not alone resist her husband's, her sisters', and her monarch's wish.

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot leave you. Oh! how in every moment's absence would my fancy paint you, wounded, alone, abandoned! No, no, I cannot leave you.

Alon. Rolla will be with me.

Cora. Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger, he will leave even thee. But I have sworn never to forsake thee but with life. Dear, dear Alonzo! canst thou wish that I should break my vow?

Alon. Then be it so. Oh! excellence in all that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and truth; my pride, my content, my all! Can there on this earth be fools who seek for happiness, and pass by love in the pursuit?

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot thank thee: silence is the gratitude of true affection: who seeks to follow it by sound will miss the track.—[*Shouts without.*] Does the king approach?

Alon. No, 'tis the general placing the guard that will surround the temple during the sacrifice. 'Tis Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes. [Trumpets sound.]

Rol. [*Without.*] Then place them on the hill fronting the Spanish camp.

Enter ROLLA

Cora. Rolla! my friend, my brother!

Alon. Rolla! my friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe thee?

Rol. Pass them in peace and bliss. Let Rolla witness it, he is overpaid.

Cora. Look on this child. He is the life-blood of my heart; but, if ever he loves or reveres thee less than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him!

Rol. Oh, no more! What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness. I see her happy. Is not my object gained, and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, listen to a friend's advice. Thou must away; thou must seek the sacred caverns, the unprofaned recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, and e'en the Virgins of the Sun, retire.

Cora. Not secure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

Rol. We have heard Pizarro's plan is to surprise us. Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

Cora. Impede?

Rol. Yes, yes. Thou knowest how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us? our thoughts, our valour—vengeance will not be our own. No advantage will be pursued that leads us from the spot where thou art placed; no succour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is absent from the peril of the fight.

Alon. Thanks to my friend! 'tis this I would have urged.

Cora. This timid excess of love, producing fear instead of valour, flatters, but does not convince me: the wife is incredulous.

Rol. And is the mother unbelieving too?

Cora. [*Kisses child.*] No more! do with me as you please. My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

Alon. My adored! we thank you both.—[*March without.*] Hark! the king approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise. A servant of mine, I hear,

is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

Rol. It matters not. We are everywhere prepared. Come, Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks thou 'lt implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife, and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The Temple of the Sun*

The HIGH-PRIEST, PRIESTS, and VIRGINS OF THE SUN, discovered. A solemn march. ATALIBA and the PERUVIAN WARRIORS enter on one side; on the other ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA with the CHILD.

Ata. Welcome, Alonzo!—[*To ROLLA.*] Kinsman, thy hand.—[*To CORA.*]—Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora. May the sun bless the father of his people!

Ata. In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king.—Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

Rol. Such as becomes the cause which they support; their cry is, Victory or death! our king! our country! and our God.

Ata. Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valour knows so well to guard.

Rol. Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed. My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger desolation tracks their progress! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they

come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes. They will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection: yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us.

[*Loud shouts of the PERUVIAN WARRIORS*

Ata. [*Embracing ROLLA.*] Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice.—[*A solemn procession commences. The PRIESTS and VIRGINS arrange themselves on either side of the altar, which the HIGH-PRIEST approaches and the solemnity begins. The invocation of the HIGH-PRIEST is followed by the choruses of the PRIESTS and VIRGINS. Fire from above lights upon the altar. The whole assembly rise, and join in the thanksgiving.*] Our offering is accepted. Now to arms, my friends; prepare for battle.

Enter ORANO

Ora. The enemy.

Ata. How near?

Or. From the hill's brow, e'en now as I o'erlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

Rol. They must be met before they reach it.

Ata. And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

Cora. Oh, Alonzo!

[*Embracing him*

Alon. We shall meet again.

Cora. Bless us once more ere you leave us.

Alon. Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent!

Ata. Haste, haste! each moment is precious!

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

Rol. [*As she is passing him.*] Not one farewell to Rolla?

Cora. [*Giving him her hand.*] Farewell! The god of war be with you: but bring me back Alonzo.

[*Exit with the CHILD*

Ata. [*Draws his sword.*] Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valour. Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts. If successful, let mercy be the first. Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me straight forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their monarch fall. Be the word of battle—God! and our native land.

[*A march. Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Wood between the Temple and the Camp*

Enter ROLLA and ALONZO

Rol. Here, my friend, we separate—soon, I trust, to meet again in triumph.

Alon. Or perhaps we part to meet no more.—Rolla, a moment's pause; we are yet before our army's strength; one earnest word at parting.

Rol. There is language now no word but battle.

Alon. Yes, one word—one—Cora!

Rol. Cora!—speak!

Alon. The next hour brings us—

Rol. Death or victory!

Alon. It may be victory to one—death to the other.

Rol. Or both may fall.

Alon. If so, my wife and child I bequeath to the protection of Heaven and my king. But should I only fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

Rol. How?

Alon. Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my child.

Rol. Rouse thee, Alonzo! banish these timid fancies.

Alon. Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppresses me: thou knowest it will not shake me in the fight: but give me the promise I exact

Rol. If it be Cora's will—yes—I promise.

[*Gives his hand*

Alon. Tell her it was my last wish; and bear to her and to my son my last blessing!

Rol. I will.—Now then to our posts, and let our swords speak for us. [*They draw their swords*]

Alon. For the king and Cora!

Rol. For Cora and the king.

[*Exeunt severally. Alarms without*]

SCENE IV.—*The Peruvian Camp.*

Enter an OLD BLIND MAN and a BOY

Old Man. Have none returned to the camp?

Boy. One messenger alone. From the temple they all marched to meet the foe.

Old Man. Hark! I hear the din of battle. Oh, had I still retained my sight, I might now have grasped a sword, and died a soldier's death!—Are we quite alone?

Boy. Yes!—I hope my father will be safe!

Old Man. He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee, my child.

Boy. I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

Old Man. But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

Boy. Impossible, grandfather! for they will see at once that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me.

Old Man. Poor child! thou little knowest the hearts of these inhuman men.—[*Discharge of cannon heard.*] Hark! the noise is near. I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers.—[*Shouts at a distance.*] At every shout, with involuntary haste, I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword! Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. Heaven preserve the Inca and his gallant soldiers!

Boy. O father! there are soldiers running—

Old Man. Spaniards, boy?

Boy. No, Peruvians!

Old Man. How! and flying from the field!—It cannot be.

Enter two PERUVIAN SOLDIERS

Oh, speak to them, boy?—whence come you? how goes the battle?

Sold. We may not stop; we are sent for the reserve behind the hill. The day's against us. [*Exeunt SOLDIERS*]

Old Man. Quick, then, quick.

Boy. I see the points of lances glittering in the light.

Old Man. Those are Peruvians. Do they bend this way ?

Enter a PERUVIAN SOLDIER

Boy. Soldier, speak to my blind father.

Sold. I'm sent to tell the helpless father to retreat among the rocks ; all will be lost, I fear. The king is wounded.

Old Man. Quick, boy ! Lead me to the hill, where thou mayst view the plain. [Alarms

Enter ATALIBA, wounded, with ORANO, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS

Ata. My wound is bound ; believe me the hurt is nothing : I may return to the fight.

Ora. Pardon your servant ; but the allotted priest who attends the sacred banner has pronounced that the Inca's blood once shed, no blessing can await the day until he leave the field.

Ata. Hard restraint ! Oh my poor brave soldiers ! Hard that I may no longer be a witness of their valour.—But haste you ; return to your comrades ; I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren.—[*Exeunt ORANO, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS.*] I will not repine ; my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear.

Old Man. [*Coming forward.*] Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate ?—Who is it complains thus ?

Ata. One almost by hope forsaken.

Old Man. Is the king alive ?

Ata. The king still lives.

Old Man. Then thou art not forsaken ! Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

Ata. And who shall protect Ataliba ?

Old Man. The immortal powers, that protect the just. The virtues of our monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people and the benign regard of Heaven.

Ata. How impious, had I murmured ! How wondrous, thou supreme Disposer, are thy acts ! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life—it is the assurance of my people's love. [*Aside*

Boy. [*Turning forward.*] O father !—Stranger ! see those hideous men that rush upon us yonder !

Ata. Ha! Spaniards! and I Ataliba—ill-fated fugitive, without a sword even to try the ransom of a monarch's life.

Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and SPANISH SOLDIERS

Dav. 'Tis he—our hopes are answered—I know him well—it is the king!

Alm. Away! Follow with your prize. Avoid those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

[*Exeunt DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and SOLDIERS, with ATALIBA prisoner*

Old Man. The king!—wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form!—Boy, would thou hadst led me to the reach of those ruffians' swords!

Boy. Father! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

Old Man. No—to the rescue of their king—they never will desert him.

[*Alarms without*

Enter PERUVIAN OFFICERS and SOLDIERS, flying across the stage; ORANO following

Ora. Hold, I charge you! Rolla calls you.

Officer. We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

Enter ROLLA

Rol. Hold! recreants! cowards! What, fear ye death, and fear not shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stirs, or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the king?

Ora. From this old man and boy I learn that the detachment of the enemy, which you observed so suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him; they are yet in sight.

Rol. And bear the Inca off a prisoner?—Hear this, ye base, disloyal rout! Look there! The dust you see hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging with ruffian taunts your king, your father—Ataliba in bondage! Now fly, and seek your own vile safety if you can.

Old Man. Bless the voice of Rolla—and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale, trembling wretches who dare not follow Rolla, though to save their king!

Rol. Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe—and fall ye not at this rebuke? Oh! had ye each but one drop of the

loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this sightless veteran! Eternal shame pursue you, if you desert me now!—But do—alone I go—alone—to die with glory by my monarch's side!

Soldiers. Rolla! we'll follow thee.

[*Trumpets sound; ROLLA rushes out, followed by ORANO, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS*

Old Man. O godlike Rolla!—And thou sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid! Haste, my boy; ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest.

Boy. I can climb this rock, and the tree above.—[*Ascends a rock, and from thence into the tree.*] Oh—now I see them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

Old Man. Rolla follows them?

Boy. He does—he does—he moves like an arrow! Now he waves his arm to our soldiers.—[*Report of cannon heard.*] Now there is fire and smoke.

Old Man. Yes, fire is the weapon of those fiends.

Boy. The wind blows off the smoke: they are all mixed together.

Old Man. Seest thou the king!

Boy. Yes—Rolla is near him! His sword sheds fire as he strikes!

Old Man. Bless thee, Rolla! Spare not the monsters.

Boy. Father! father! the Spaniards fly!—Oh—now I see the king embracing Rolla.

[*Waves his cap for joy. Shouts of victory, flourish of trumpets, &c.*

Old Man. [*Falls on his knees.*] Fountain of life! how can my exhausted breath bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life!—My boy, come down, and let me kiss thee—my strength is gone.

Boy. [*Running to the Old Man.*] Let me help you, father—you tremble so—

Old Man. 'Tis with transport, boy!

[*BOY leads the OLD MAN off. Shouts, flourish, &c.*

Re-enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, and PERUVIAN OFFICERS and SOLDIERS

Ata. In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign thou hast this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude.—[*Giving ROLLA his sun of diamonds.*] The

tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

Rol. It was the hand of Heaven, not mine, that saved my king.

Enter PERUVIAN OFFICER and SOLDIERS

Rol. Now, soldier, from Alonzo?

Off. Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic which early broke our ranks; but I fear we have to mourn Alonzo's loss: his eager spirit urged him too far in the pursuit!

Ata. How! Alonzo slain?

1st Sold. I saw him fall.

2nd Sold. Trust me, I beheld him up again and fighting—he was then surrounded and disarmed.

Ata. O victory, dearly purchased!

Rol. O Cora! who shall tell thee this?

Ata. Rolla, our friend is lost—our native country saved! Our private sorrows must yield to the public claim for triumph. Now go we to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which belongs to victory—to dry the widowed and the orphaned tear of those whose brave protectors have perished in their country's cause.

[Triumphant march, and exeunt

ACT THREE

SCENE I.—A wild retreat among stupendous rocks

CORA and her CHILD, with other WIVES and CHILDREN of the PERUVIAN WARRIORS, discovered. They sing alternately stanzas expressive of their situation, with a Chorus, in which all join

1st Wom. Zuluga, seest thou nothing yet?

Zul. Yes, two Peruvian soldiers—one on the hill, the other entering the thicket in the vale.

2nd Wom. One more has passed.—He comes—but pale and terrified.

Cora. My heart will start from my bosom.

Enter a PERUVIAN SOLDIER, panting for breath

Wom. Well! joy or death?

Sold. The battle is against us. The king is wounded and a prisoner.

Wom. Despair and misery!

Cora. [*In a faint voice.*] And Alonzo!

Sold. I have not seen him.

1st Wom. Oh! whither must we fly?

2nd Wom. Deeper into the forest.

Cora. I shall not move.

2nd Sold. [*Without.*] Victory! victory!

Enter another PERUVIAN SOLDIER

2nd Sold. Rejoice! rejoice! we are victorious!

Wom. [*Springing up.*] Welcome, welcome, thou messenger of joy:—but the king!

2nd Sold. He leads the brave warriors who approach.

[The triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance. The WOMEN and CHILDREN join in a strain expressive of anxiety and exultation]

Enter the PERUVIAN WARRIORS, singing the Song of Victory. ATALIBA and ROLLA follow, and are greeted with rapturous shouts. CORA, with her CHILD in her arms, runs through the ranks searching for ALONZO

Ata. Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well, believe it; the blood once stopped, my wound is nothing.

Cora. [*To ROLLA.*] Where is Alonzo?—[*ROLLA turns away in silence.*] Give me my husband; give this child his father. [*Falls at ATALIBA'S feet*]

Ata. I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

Cora. Hoped you to find him?

Ata. Most anxiously.

Cora. Ataliba! is he not dead?

Ata. No! the gods will have heard our prayers.

Cora. Is he not dead, Ataliba?

Ata. He lives—in my heart.

Cora. O king! torture me not thus! Speak out, is this child fatherless?

Ata. Dearest Cora! do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

Cora. The little hope! yet still there is hope! [*Turns to ROLLA.*] Speak to me, Rolla: you are the friend of truth.

Rol. Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. Not found! what mean you? Will not you, Rolla, tell me truth? Oh! let me not hear the thunder

rolling at a distance ; let the bolt fall and crush my brain at once. Say not that he is not found : say at once that he is dead.

Rol. Then should I say false.

Cora. False ! Blessings on thee for that word ! But snatch me from this terrible suspense.—[*CORA and CHILD kneel to ROLLA.*] Lift up thy little hands, my child ; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony.

Rol. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner ! and by the Spaniards ?—Pizarro's prisoner ? Then is he dead.

Ata. Hope better—the richest ransom which our realm can yield, a herald shall this instant bear.

Peruv. Wom. Oh ! for Alonzo's ransom—our gold, our gems ! all ! all ! Here, dear Cora—here ! here !

The PERUVIAN WOMEN eagerly tear off all their ornaments, and offer them to CORA

Ata. Yes, for Alonzo's ransom they would give all !—I thank thee, Father, who has given me such hearts to rule over !

Cora. Now one boon more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

Ata. Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother too : hazard not your own honour and the safety of your infant. Among these barbarians the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster your Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee. Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

Cora. Teach me how to live till then.

Ata. Now we go to offer to the gods thanks for our victory, and prayers for our Alonzo's safety.

[*March and procession. Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Wood*

Enter CORA and CHILD

Cora. Mild innocence, what will become of thee ?

Enter ROLLA

Rol. Cora, I attend thy summons at the appointed spot.

Cora. O my child, my boy ! hast thou still a father ?

Rol. Cora, can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives ?

Cora. Will he not soon want a mother too ? For canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss ?

Rol. Yes ! for his child's sake. Yes, as thou didst love Alonzo, Cora, listen to Alonzo's friend.

Cora. You bid me listen to the world.—Who was not Alonzo's friend ?

Rol. His parting words——

Cora. His parting words !—[*Wildly.*] Oh, speak !

Rol. Consigned to me two precious trusts—his blessing to his son, and a last request to thee.

Cora. His last request ! his last !—Oh, name it !

Rol. If I fall, said he (and sad forebodings shook him while he spoke), promise to take my Cora for thy wife ; be thou a father to my child.—I pledged my word to him, and we parted. Observe me, Cora, I repeat this only, as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo : for myself, I neither cherish claim nor hope.

Cora. Ha ! does my reason fail me, or what is this horrid light that presses on my brain ? O Alonzo ! it may be thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart : hadst thou been silent, hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms——

Rol. Cora ! what hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind ?

Cora. Yes, yes, 'tis clear !—his spirit was ensnared ; he was led to the fatal spot, where mortal valour could not front a host of murderers. He fell—in vain did he exclaim for help to Rolla. At a distance you looked on and smiled : you could have saved him—could—but did not.

Rol. Oh, glorious sun ! can I have deserved this ?—
Cora, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart.

Cora. No !—live ! live for love !—for that love thou seekest ; whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave of thy betrayed and slaughtered friend ! But thou hast borne to me the last words of my Alonzo ! now hear mine : sooner shall this boy draw poison from this tortured breast—sooner would I link me to the pallid corse of the meanest wretch that perished with Alonzo, than he call Rolla father—than I call Rolla husband !

Rol. Yet call me what I am—thy friend, thy protector !

Cora. [*Distractedly.*] Away ! I have no protector but

my God! With this child in my arms will I hasten to the field of slaughter: there with these hands will I turn up to the light every mangled body, seeking, howe'er by death disfigured, the sweet smile of my Alonzo: with fearful cries I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the smallest spark of life remain, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look. But if we find him not—oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp—that look of thine will win my passage through a thousand swords—they too are men. Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprisoned father? No, no, my child, everywhere we shall be safe. A wretched mother, bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has nature's passport through the world. Yes, yes, my son, we'll go and seek thy father.

[Exit with the CHILD

Rol. [After a pause of agitation.] Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, Cora, I should be the wretch I think I was not formed to be. Her safety must be my present purpose—then to convince her she has wronged me!

[Exit

SCENE III.—PIZARRO'S Tent

PIZARRO discovered traversing the scene in gloomy and furious agitation

Piz. Well, capricious idol, Fortune, be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true. Yet, ere I fall, grant me thy smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

Enter ELVIRA

Who's there? who dares intrude? Why does my guard neglect their duty?

Elv. Your guard did what they could—but they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

Piz. And what is it you desire!

Elv. To see how a hero bears misfortune. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—nor thyself.

Piz. Wouldst thou I should rejoice that the spears of the

enemy, led by accursed Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers ?

Elv. No ! I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm ; still and sullen as the awful pause that precedes nature's convulsion : yet I would have thee feel assured that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth—nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

Piz. Woman ! Elvira !—why had not all my men hearts like thine ?

Elv. Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito.

Piz. Oh ! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

Elv. Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther : not now his courage, but his magnanimity—Alonzo is your prisoner.

Piz. How !

Elv. 'Tis certain ; Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

Piz. Bless thee, Elvira, for the news !—Alonzo in my power !—then I am the conqueror—the victory is mine !

Elv. Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man whose valour and whose genius awe Pizarro ; whose misfortunes are Pizarro's triumph ; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

Piz. Guard !

Enter GUARD

Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo ! Quick, bring the traitor here. [*Exit* GUARD

Elv. What shall be his fate ?

Piz. Death ! death ! in lingering torments ! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

Elv. Shame on thee ! Wilt thou have it said that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder ?

Piz. Be it said—I care not. His fate is sealed.

Elv. Follow then thy will : but mark me, if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's lost to thee for ever.

Piz. Why this interest for a stranger? What is Alonzo's fate to thee?

Elv. His fate, nothing; thy glory, everything! Think-est thou I could love thee, stripped of fame, of honour, and a just renown? Know me better.

Piz. Thou shouldst have known me better. Thou shouldst have known that, once provoked to hate, I am for ever fixed in vengeance.

Re-enter GUARD with ALONZO in chains

Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina! 'tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it that, amid the toils and cares of war, thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

Alon. Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace still is here.

[Putting his hand to his heart

Piz. Sarcastic boy!

Elv. Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

Piz. And thou art wedded too, I hear; ay, and the father of a lovely boy—the heir, no doubt, of all his father's loyalty, of all his mother's faith?

Alon. The heir, I trust, of all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy—the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth—the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro's hate.

Piz. Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherless to-morrow's sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

Elv. Pizarro—no!

Piz. Hence—or dread my anger.

Elv. I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

Alon. Generous loveliness! spare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tiger with the prey beneath his fangs.

Piz. Audacious rebel! thou a renegade from thy monarch and thy God!

Alon. 'Tis false!

Piz. Art thou not, tell me, a deserter from thy country's legions—and, with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land?

Alon. No ! deserter I am none ! I was not born among robbers ! pirates ! murderers ! When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, they deserted me. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were justice, faith, and mercy. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot, I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

Piz. The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

Alon. Where are my judges ?

Piz. Thou wouldst appeal to the war council ?

Alon. If the good Las-Casas have yet a seat there, yes ; if not, I appeal to Heaven !

Piz. And, to impose upon the folly of Las-Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason ?

Elv. The folly of Las-Casas ! Such, doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom ! Oh, would I might have lived as I will die, a sharer in the follies of Las-Casas !

Alon. To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side ; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito ; there in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would show him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their incense to the ripening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, is my work ! Next I should tell how hurtful customs and superstitions, strange and sullen, would often scatter and dismay the credulous minds of these deluded innocents ; and then would I point out to him where now, in clustered villages, they live like brethren, social and confiding, while through the burning day Content sits basking on the cheek of Toil, till laughing Pastime leads them to the hour of rest—this too is mine ! And prouder yet, at that still pause between exertion and repose, belonging not to pastime, labour, or to rest, but unto Him who sanctions and ordains them all, I would show him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God !—this too I could tell him is Alonzo's work ! Then would Las-Casas clasp me in his aged arms ;

from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head, and that one blessed drop would be to me at once this world's best proof that I had acted rightly here, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward hereafter.

Elv. Happy, virtuous Alonzo! And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death a man who thinks and acts as he does!

Piz. Daring, obstinate enthusiast! but know, the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here: he has fled like thee—like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope is nearer than perhaps you've thought; for, by my country's wrongs, and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death!

Elv. Hold! Pizarro, hear me: if not always justly, at least act always greatly. Name not thy country's wrongs; 'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury 'gainst this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so, and even now thy detected conscience in that look avows it, profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

Piz. Officious advocate for treason—peace! Bear him hence; he knows his sentence. [Retires back

Alon. Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it—to me thy haste is mercy.—[To ELVIRA.] For thee, sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon savages, as they are called, thou 'dst find companions more congenial to thy heart.

Piz. Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

Alon. Inhuman man! that pang, at least, might have been spared me; but thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death—many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. Thou wilt still live, and still wilt be—Pizarro. [Exit, guarded

Elv. Now, by the indignant scorn that burns upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and sickened at the meanness of thy vengeance!

Piz. What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

Elv. He is in your power, and therefore is no more an

enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue, I ask not from thee nobleness of mind, I require only just dealing to the fame thou hast acquired: be not the assassin of thine own renown. How often have you sworn, that the sacrifice which thy wondrous valour's high report had won you from subdued Elvira, was the proudest triumph of your fame! Thou knowest I bear a mind not cast in the common mould, not formed for tame sequestered love, content mid household cares to prattle to an idle offspring, and wait the dull delight of an obscure lover's kindness: no! my heart was framed to look up with awe and homage to the object it adored; my ears to own no music but the thrilling records of his praise; my lips to scorn all babbling but the tales of his achievements; my brain to turn giddy with delight, reading the applauding tributes of his monarch's and his country's gratitude; my every faculty to throb with transport, while I heard the shouts of acclamation which announced the coming of my hero; my whole soul to love him with devotion! with enthusiasm! to see no other object—to own no other tie—but to make him my world! Thus to love is at least no common weakness. Pizarro! was not such my love for thee!

Piz. It was, Elvira!

Elv. Then do not make me hateful to myself, by tearing off the mask at once, baring the hideous imposture that has undone me! Do not an act which, howe'er thy present power may gloss it to the world, will make thee hateful to all future ages—accursed and scorned by posterity.

Piz. And should posterity applaud my deeds, thinkest thou my mouldering bones would rattle then with transport in my tomb? This is renown for visionary boys to dream of; I understand it not. The fame I value shall uplift my living estimation, o'erbear with popular support the envy of my foes, advance my purposes, and aid my power.

Elv. Each word thou speakest, each moment that I hear thee, dispels the fatal mist through which I've judged thee. Thou man of mighty name but little soul, I see thou wert not born to feel what genuine fame and glory are. Go! prefer the flattery of thy own fleeting day to the bright circle of a deathless name—go! prefer to stare upon the grain of sand on which you trample to musing on the starred canopy above thee. Fame, the sovereign deity of proud ambition, is not to be worshipped so; who seeks alone for living homage stands a mean canvasser in her temple's

porch, wooing promiscuously, from the fickle breath of every wretch that passes, the brittle tribute of his praise. He dares not approach the sacred altar—no noble sacrifice of his is placed there, nor ever shall his worshipped image, fixed above, claim for his memory a glorious immortality.

Piz. Elvira, leave me!

Elv. Pizarro, you no longer love me.

Piz. It is not so, Elvira. But what might I not suspect—this wondrous interest for a stranger? Take back thy reproach.

Elv. No, Pizarro, as yet I am not lost to you; one string still remains, and binds me to your fate. Do not, I conjure you—do not, for mine own sake, tear it asunder—shed not Alonzo's blood!

Piz. My resolution's fixed.

Elv. Even though that moment lost you Elvira for ever?

Piz. Even so.

Elv. Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection; bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When escaping, did I not risk, in rushing to thy arms, to bury myself in the bosom of the deep? Have I not shared all thy perils—heavy storms at sea, and frightful 'scapes on shore? Even on this dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

Piz. 'Tis truly spoken all. In love thou art thy sex's miracle, in war the soldier's pattern; and therefore my whole heart and half my acquisitions are thy right.

Elv. Convince me I possess the first; I exchange all title to the latter for—mercy to Alonzo.

Piz. No more! Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate.

Elv. Alonzo then at morn will die?

Piz. Thinkest thou yon sun will set? As surely at his rising shall Alonzo die.

Elv. Then be it done—the string is cracked—sundered for ever. But mark me—thou hast heretofore had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my resolution, howe'er offended; but mark me now—the lips which, cold and jeering, barbing revenge with rancorous mockery, can insult a fallen enemy, shall never more receive the pledge of love: the arm which,

unshaken by its bloody purpose, shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his heart, never more shall press the hand of faith! Pizarro, scorn not my words; beware you slight them not! I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts. Who could not feel as I do, I condemn; who, feeling so, yet would not act as I shall, I despise!

Piz. I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the noble motives which inspire thee—fit advocate in virtue's cause! Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the youth Alonzo! He dies at sunrise! [Exit

Elv. 'Tis well! 'tis just I should be humbled—I had forgot myself, and in the cause of innocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit I should be rebuked—and by Pizarro. Fall, fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakness—the last these eyes shall ever shed. How a woman can love, Pizarro, thou hast known too well—how she can hate, thou hast yet to learn. Yes, thou undaunted!—thou, whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled—thou, who on Panama's brow didst make alliance with the raging elements that tore the silence of that horrid night, when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift; and, stalking o'er the trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth! thou, who went battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters, wast seen, as thou didst bestride a fragment of the smoking wreck, to wave thy glittering sword above thy head, as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity!—come, fearless man! now meet the last and fellest peril of thy life; meet and survive—an injured woman's fury, if thou canst. [Exit

ACT FOUR

SCENE I.—A Dungeon

ALONZO is discovered in chains. A SENTINEL walking near

Alon. For the last time I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light. For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars. For the last time, O sun! (and soon the hour) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew-drops. Then comes

my death, and in the morning of my day I fall, which—no, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run by the mean reckoning of the hours and days which thou hast breathed : a life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line—by deeds, not years. Then wouldst thou murmur not, but bless the Providence which in so short a span made thee the instrument of wide and spreading blessings to the helpless and oppressed. Though sinking in decrepit age, he prematurely falls whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.

Enter a SOLDIER, shows the SENTINEL a passport, who withdraws

Alon. What bear you there ?

Sold. These refreshments I was ordered to leave in your dungeon.

Alon. By whom ordered ?

Sold. By the Lady Elvira : she will be here herself before the dawn.

Alon. Bear back to her my humblest thanks ; and take thou the refreshments, friend—I need them not.

Sold. I have served under you, Don Alonzo. Pardon my saying that my heart pities you. [Exit

Alon. In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt requires forgiveness.—[Looking out.] Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the east. If so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the coming dawn ; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer, to thee, Power Supreme ! shall be for my wife and child ! Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace ; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless

[Retires into the dungeon

Sent. Who's there ? answer quickly ! who's there ?

Rol. [Without.] A friar come to visit your prisoner.

Enter ROLLA, disguised as a MONK

Rol. Inform me, friend—is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon

Sent. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not. [Stopping him with his spear

Rol. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rol. Ha! then I am come in time.

Sent. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sent. Back, back! It is impossible!

Rol. I do entreat thee but for one moment

Sent. You entreat in vain; my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Sent. He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Sent. Away! wouldst thou corrupt me?—me! an old Castilian! I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sent. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children?

Sent. Four—honest, lovely boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them?

Sent. In my native village—even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

Sent. Do I love them!—God knows my heart—I do.

Rol. Soldier!—imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land; what would be thy last request?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh, but if that comrade was at thy prison gate—and should there be told—thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise—yet thou shalt not for a moment see him—nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife—what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sent. How!

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child—I am come but to receive for her and for her babe the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in.

Rol. Oh, holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life,

[Retires

human or savage, native of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her breast soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ringdove sits not more gently! Yes, now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate!—Alonzo! Alonzo! my friend! Ha! in gentle sleep!—Alonzo! rise!

Re-enter ALONZO

Alon. [*Within.*] How! is my hour elapsed? Well—
[*Returning from the recess.*] I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo, know me?

Alon. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's. [*Takes off his disguise*

Alon. Rolla!—my friend!—[*Embraces him.*] Heavens! how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit—

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon—now take it thou, and fly.

Alon. And Rolla—

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And die for me! No! rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy desert; nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband, and a father; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life. Go! go! Alonzo! go! to save not thyself, but Cora, and thy child!

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend! I had prepared to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace! devoting her thou'st sworn to live for to madness, misery, and death! For, be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope but from thy quick return.

Alon. Oh, God!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me

well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment. And by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee, no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence; and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child are lost for ever.

Alon. Oh, Rolla! you distract me!

Rol. Begone! A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me—I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, doubt not, while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, mayst at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo! Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee! Haste! haste! haste!

Alon. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honour, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

Alon. Oh! my preserver! *[Embraces him]*

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek. Go; I am rewarded. *[Throws the FRIAR'S garment over ALONZO.]* There! conceal thy face, and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now—God be with thee!

Alon. At night we meet again. Then, so aid me Heaven! I return to save—or—perish with thee! *[Exit]*

Rol. *[Looking after him.]* He has passed the outer porch. He is safe! He will soon embrace his wife and child!—Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me? This is the first time throughout my life I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of truth! if I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again. Yes—there!—*[Lifting his hands to heaven.]* Assuredly, we shall meet again: there possess in peace the joys of everlasting love and friendship—on earth, imperfect and embittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines. *[Retires into the dungeon]*

Enter ELVIRA

Elv. No, not Pizarro's brutal taunts, not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in my harassed bosom which honour would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has

sworn against the tyrant, whose death alone can save this land, yet shall the delight be mine to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom his virtues guide and valour guards.—Alonzo, come forth!

Re-enter ROLLA

Ha! who art thou? where is Alonzo?

Rol. Alonzo's fled.

Elv. Fled!

Rol. Yes—and he must not be pursued. Pardon this roughness,—[*Seizing her hand.*] but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

Elv. What if I call the guard?

Rol. Do so—Alonzo still gains time.

Elv. What if thus I free myself? [*Shows a dagger*]

Rol. Strike it to my heart—still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold thee fast.

Elv. Release me—I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard nor cause pursuit.

Rol. At once I trust thy word: a feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

Elv. What is thy name? Speak freely: by my order the guard is removed beyond the outer porch.

Rol. My name is Rolla.

Elv. The Peruvian leader?

Rol. I was so yesterday: to-day, the Spaniards' captive.

Elv. And friendship for Alonzo moved thee to this act?

Rol. Alonzo is my friend; I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

Elv. One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

Rol. And that is—

Elv. Love?

Rol. True!

Elv. Gallant, ingenuous Rolla! Know that my purpose here was thine; and were I to save thy friend—

Rol. How! a woman blessed with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

Elv. Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

Rol. Not so, you are worse and better than we are!

Elv. Were I to save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's

vengeance, restore thee to thy native land, and thy native land to peace, wouldst thou not rank Elvira with the good ?

Rol. To judge the action, I must know the means.

Elv. Take this dagger.

Rol. How to be used ?

Elv. I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps—the scourge of innocence, the terror of thy race, the fiend that desolates thy afflicted country.

Rol. Have you not been injured by Pizarro ?

Elv. Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

Rol. And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep !

Elv. Would he not have murdered Alonzo in his chains ? He that sleeps, and he that 's bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla—so may I prosper in this perilous act, as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature and at the call of sacred justice.

Rol. The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

Elv. Then, Peruvian ! since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

Rol. Then is thy destruction certain, and for Peru thou perishest ! Give me the dagger !

Elv. Now follow me. But first—and dreadful is the hard necessity—thou must strike down the guard.

Rol. The soldier who was on duty here ?

Elv. Yes, him—else, seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

Rol. And I must stab that soldier as I pass ? Take back thy dagger.

Elv. Rolla !

Rol. That soldier, mark me, is a man. All are not men that bear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold, denying to admit me, till his own feelings bribed him. For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man !

Elv. Then he must with us—I will answer for his safety.

Rol. Be that plainly understood between us : for, whate'er betide our enterprise, I will not risk a hair of that man's head to save my heart strings from consuming fire.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—PIZARRO'S Tent

PIZARRO is discovered on a couch in disturbed sleep

Piz. [*In his sleep.*] No, mercy, traitor!—Now at his heart!—Stand off there, you!—Let me see him bleed!—Ha! ha! ha!—Let me hear that groan again.

Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA

Elv. There! Now, lose not a moment

Rol. You must leave me now. This scene of blood fits not a woman's presence.

Elv. But a moment's pause may—

Rol. Go, retire to your own tent, and return not here—I will come to you. Be thou not known in this business, I implore you!

Elv. I will withdraw the guard that waits. [*Exit*

Rol. Now have I in my power the accursed destroyer of my country's peace: yet tranquilly he rests. God! can this man sleep?

Piz. [*In his sleep.*] Away! away! hideous fiends! Tear not my bosom thus!

Rol. No; I was in error—the balm of sweet repose he never more can know. Look here, ambition's fools! ye by whose inhuman pride the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing, behold the rest of the guilty!—He is at my mercy—and one blow!—No! my heart and hand refuse the act: Rolla cannot be an assassin! Yet Elvira must be saved!—[*Approaches the couch.*] Pizarro! awake!

Piz. [*Starts up.*] Who?—Guard!—

Rol. Speak not—another word is thy death. Call not for aid! this arm will be swifter than thy guard.

Piz. Who art thou? and what is thy will?

Rol. I am thine enemy! Peruvian Rolla! Thy death is not my will, or I could have slain thee sleeping.

Piz. Speak, what else?

Rol. Now thou art at my mercy, answer me! Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation? Didst thou, or any of thy nation, ever yet show mercy to a Peruvian in thy power? Now shalt thou feel, and if thou hast a heart thou 'lt feel it keenly, a Peruvian's vengeance!—[*Drops the dagger at his feet.*] There!

Piz. Is it possible? [Walks aside confounded]

Rol. Can Pizarro be surprised at this? I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept. Thou seest, at least, it is the Peruvian's practice.

Piz. Rolla, thou hast indeed surprised—subdued me.
[Walks aside again as in irresolute thought]

Re-enter ELVIRA, not seeing PIZARRO

Elv. Is it done? Is he dead?—[Sees PIZARRO.] How! still living! Then I am lost! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more! O Rolla: treacherous, or cowardly?

Piz. How! can it be that—

Rol. Away!—Elvira speaks she knows not what!—[To ELVIRA.] Leave me, I conjure you, with Pizarro.

Elv. How! Rolla, dost thou think I shall retract? or that I meanly will deny that in thy hand I placed a poinard to be plunged into that tyrant's heart? No: my sole regret is that I trusted to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself. Too soon thou 'lt learn that mercy to that man is direct cruelty to all thy race!

Piz. Guard! quick! a guard, to seize this frantic woman.

Elv. Yes, a guard! I call them too! And soon I know they 'll lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment! Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injured heart, prompted me to this design. No! had I been only influenced so—thus failing, shame and remorse would weigh me down. But, though defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish, glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall speak the proud avowal of my purpose—to have rescued millions of innocents from the bloodthirsty tyranny of one—by ridding the insulted world of thee.

Rol. Had the act been noble as the motive, Rolla would not have shrunk from its performance.

Enter GUARDS

Piz. Seize this discovered fiend, who sought to kill your leader.

Elv. Touch me not, at the peril of your souls; I am your prisoner, and will follow you. But thou, their triumphant

leader, first shall hear me. Yet, first—for thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveness; even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admired thee for it. But 'twas myself provoked my doom—thou wouldst have shielded me. Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didst thou but know the fiend-like arts by which this hypocrite first undermined the virtue of a guileless heart! how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud he practised upon those in whom I most confided—till my distempered fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of guilt—

Piz. Why am I not obeyed? Tear her hence!

Elv. 'Tis past—but didst thou know my story, Rolla, thou wouldst pity me.

Rol. From my soul I do pity thee!

Piz. Villains! drag her to the dungeon!—prepare the torture instantly.

Elv. Soldiers, but a moment more—'tis to applaud your general. It is to tell the astonished world that, for once, Pizarro's sentence is an act of justice: yes, rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agonised the human frame, it will be justice. Yes, bid the minions of thy fury wrench forth the sinews of those arms that have caressed—and even have defended thee! Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of these eyes, that so oft—oh, God!—have hung with love and homage on thy looks—then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel—there glut thy savage eyes with the convulsive spasms of that dishonoured bosom which was once thy pillow!—yet will I bear it all; for it will be justice, all! and when thou shalt bid them tear me to my death, hoping that thy unshrinking ears may at last be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek or groan; but to the last gasp my body's patience shall deride thy vengeance, as my soul defies thy power.

Piz. Hearest thou the wretch whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

Rol. Yes! and if her accusation's false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her; if true, thy barbarity cannot make her suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on thee.

Elv. And now, farewell, world!—Rolla, farewell!—farewell, thou condemned of Heaven! [*To PIZARRO*] for repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy

heart.—We shall meet again.—Ha! be it thy horror here to know that we shall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches—hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul. Then will vibrate on thy ear the curses of the cloistered saint from whom thou stolest me. Then the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murdered brother—murdered by thee, fell monster!—seeking atonement for his sister's ruined honour. I hear them now! To me the recollection's madness! At such an hour what will it be to thee?

Piz. A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives—

Elv. I have spoken—and the last mortal frailty of my heart is passed. And now, with an undaunted spirit and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not live nobly has been Pizarro's act; that I will die nobly shall be my own. [Exit guarded

Piz. Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior, valiant and renowned, shouldst credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury—oh! a wanton passion for the rebel youth Alonzo, now my prisoner.

Rol. Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

Piz. How!

Rol. I came to rescue him—to deceive his guard. I have succeeded; I remain thy prisoner.

Piz. Alonzo fled! Is then the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

Rol. Dismiss such passions from thy heart, then thou'lt consult its peace.

Piz. I can face all enemies that dare confront me—I cannot war against my nature.

Rol. Then, Pizarro, ask not to be deemed a hero: to triumph o'er ourselves is the only conquest where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow; but in a contest with thyself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.

Piz. Peruvian! thou shalt not find me to thee ungrateful or ungenerous. Return to your countrymen—you are at liberty.

Rol. Thou dost act in this as honour and as duty bid thee.

Piz. I cannot but admire thee, Rolla : I would we might be friends.

Rol. Farewell ! pity Elvira ! become the friend of virtue—and thou wilt be mine. [Exit

Piz. Ambition ! tell me what is the phantom I have followed ? where is the one delight which it has made my own ? My fame is the mark of envy, my love the dupe of treachery, my glory eclipsed by the boy I taught, my revenge defeated and rebuked by the rude honour of a savage foe, before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk confounded and subdued ! I would I could retrace my steps !—I cannot. Would I could evade my own reflections ! No ! thought and memory are my hell !

[Exit

ACT FIVE

SCENE I.—A Forest. In the background a Hut

CORA is discovered leaning over her CHILD, who is laid on a bed of leaves and moss.—A Storm, with thunder and lightning

Cora. O Nature ! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march ; my wearied shivering frame sinks under it. And for thee, my boy, when faint beneath thy lovely burden, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest ! O my child ! were I assured thy father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side !—but down—down for ever ! —[*Thunder and lightning.*] I ask thee not, un pitying storm ! to abate thy rage in mercy to poor Cora's misery ; nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers will I disturb my sleeping cherub ; though Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reason holds. [Sings

Yes, yes, be merciless, thou tempest dire ;

Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave.

I'll bare my bosom to thy forkéd fire,

Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave ;

O'er his pale corse then, while thy lightnings glare,
I'll press his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
 Again thou 'lt rise to life and joy—
 Thy father never!—
 Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
 Unconscious that eternal night
 Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,
 Oh! safer lies from these chill'd arms apart;
 He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest wild.
 Oh! sweeter sleeps than near this breaking heart.

Alas! my babe, if thou wouldst peaceful rest,
 Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet thou wilt wake again, my boy,
 Again thou 'lt rise to life and joy—
 Thy father never!—
 Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
 Unconscious that eternal night
 Veils his for ever.

[*Thunder and lightning*]

Still, still implacable! unfeeling elements! yet still dost
 thou sleep, my smiling innocent! O Death! when wilt
 thou grant to this babe's mother such repose? Sure I
 may shield thee better from the storm; my veil may—

[*While she is wrapping her mantle and her veil over him,*
 ALONZO'S voice is heard in the distance

Alon. Cora!

Cora. Ha!

[*Rises*]

Alon. Cora!

Cora. Oh, my heart! Sweet Heaven, deceive me not!
 Is it not Alonzo's voice?

Alon. [*Nearer.*] Cora!

Cora. It is—it is Alonzo!

Alon. [*Nearer still.*] Cora! my beloved!

Cora. Alonzo!—Here! here!—Alonzo!

[*Runs out*]

Enter two SPANISH SOLDIERS

1st Sold. I tell you we are near our out-posts, and the
 word we heard just now was the countersign.

2nd Sold. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to have
 discovered their secret passage through the rocks will prove
 a lucky chance to us. Pizarro will reward us.

1st Sold. This way: the sun, though clouded, is on our

left.—[*Perceives the CHILD.*] What have we here?—A child, as I'm a soldier!

2nd Sold. 'Tis a sweet little babe! Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

1st Sold. It would so: I have one at home shall play with it.—Come along. [*Exeunt with the CHILD*]

Cora. [*Without.*] This way, dear Alonzo!

Re-enter CORA, with ALONZO

Now am I right—there—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot? Now wilt thou look at him as he sleeps, or shall I bring him waking with his full, blue, laughing eyes, to welcome you at once? Yes, yes! Stand thou there; I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the perfumed morn.

[*She runs up to the spot, and finding only the mantle and veil, which she tears from the ground, and the CHILD gone, shrieks.*]

Alon. [*Running to her.*] Cora! My heart's beloved!

Cora. He is gone!

Alon. Eternal God!

Cora. He is gone!—my child! my child!

Alon. Where didst thou leave him?

Cora. [*Dashing herself on the spot.*] Here!

Alon. Be calm, beloved Cora; he has waked and crept to a little distance; we shall find him. Are you assured this was the spot you left him in?

Cora. Did not these hands make that bed and shelter for him? and is not this the veil that covered him?

Alon. Here is a hut yet unobserved.

Cora. Ha! yes, yes! there lives the savage that has robbed me of my child.—[*Beats at the door.*] Give me back my child! restore to me my boy!

Enter LAS-CASAS from the hut

Las-Cas. Who calls me from my wretched solitude?

Cora. Give me back my child!—[*Goes into the hut and calls.*] Fernando!

Alon. Almighty powers! do my eyes deceive me? Las-Casas!

Las-Casas. Alonzo, my beloved young friend!

Alon. My revered instructor ! [Embracing

Re-enter CORA

Cora. Will you embrace this man before he restores my boy ?

Alon. Alas, my friend ! in what a moment of misery do we meet !

Cora. Yet his look is goodness and humanity. Good old man, have compassion on a wretched mother, and I will be your servant while I live. But do not—for pity's sake, do not say you have him not ! do not say you have not seen him. [Runs into the wood

Las-Cas. What can this mean ?

Alon. She is my wife. Just rescued from the Spaniards' prison, I learned she had fled to this wild forest. Hearing my voice, she left the child, and flew to meet me : he was left sleeping under yonder tree.

Re-enter CORA

Las-Cas. How ! did you leave him ?

Cora. Oh, you are right ! right ! unnatural mother that I was ! I left my child, I forsook my innocent ! But I will fly to the earth's brink, but I will find him. [Runs out

Alon. Forgive me, Las-Casas, I must follow her ; for at night I attempt brave Rolla's rescue.

Las-Cas. I will not leave thee, Alonzo. You must try to lead her to the right : that way lies your camp. Wait not my infirm steps : I follow thee, my friend. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—*The Outpost of the Spanish Camp. In the background a torrent, over which a bridge is formed by a felled tree. Trumpets sound without.*

Enter ALMAGRO, followed by SOLDIERS, leading ROLLA in chains

Alm. Bear him along ; his story must be false.

Rol. False ! Rolla utter falsehood ! I would I had thee in a desert with thy troop around thee, and I but with my sword in this unshackled hand ! [Trumpets without

Alm. Is it to be credited that Rolla, the renowned Peruvian hero, should be detected, like a spy, skulking through our camp ?

Rol. Skulking!

Alm. But answer to the general; he is here.

Enter PIZARRO

Piz. What do I see? Rolla!

Rol. Oh, to thy surprise, no doubt!

Piz. And bound too!

Rol. So fast, thou needst not fear approaching me.

Alm. The guards surprised him passing our outpost.

Piz. Release him instantly! Believe me, I regret this insult.

Rol. You feel then as you ought.

Piz. Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarmed. Accept this, though it has been thy enemy's.—
[Gives a sword.] The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valour.

Rol. And the Peruvians how to forget offence.

Piz. May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes?

Rol. When the sea divides us; yes! May I now depart?

Piz. Freely.

Rol. And shall I not again be intercepted?

Piz. No! Let the word be given that Rolla passes freely.

Enter DAVILLA and SOLDIERS, with ALONZO'S CHILD

Dav. Here are two soldiers, captured yesterday, who have escaped from the Peruvian hold—and by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover.

Piz. Silence, imprudent! Seest thou not—

[Pointing to ROLLA

Dav. In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who seems—

Piz. What is the imp to me? Bid them toss it into the sea.

Rol. Gracious Heavens! it is Alonzo's child! Give it to me.

Piz. Ha! Alonzo's child!—[Takes the CHILD.] Welcome, thou pretty hostage. Now Alonzo is again my prisoner!

Rol. Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother?

Piz. Will I not! What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight, thinkest thou I shall not have a check upon the valour of his heart, when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

Rol. I do not understand thee

Piz. My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo! and this pledge may help to settle the account.

[Gives the CHILD to a SOLDIER

Rol. Man! Man! Art thou a man? Couldst thou hurt that innocent?—By Heaven! it's smiling in thy face.

Piz. Tell me, does it resemble Cora.

Rol. Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire. If thou dost harm that child, think not his blood will sink into the barren sand. No! faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart, 'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on his accursed destroyer's head.

Piz. Be that peril mine.

Rol. [Throwing himself at his feet.] Behold me at thy feet—me, Rolla!—me, the preserver of thy life!—me, that have never yet bent or bowed before created man! In humble agony I sue to thee—prostrate I implore thee—but spare that child, and I will be thy slave.

Piz. Rolla! still art thou free to go—this boy remains with me.

Rol. Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine!— [Seizes the CHILD.] Who moves one step to follow me dies upon the spot.

[Exit with the CHILD

Piz. Pursue him instantly—but spare his life.—[Exeunt DAVILLA and ALMAGRO with SOLDIERS.] With what fury he defends himself! Ha! he fells them to the ground—and now——

Re-enter ALMAGRO

Alm. Three of your brave soldiers are already victims to your command to spare this madman's life; and if he once gain the thicket——

Piz. Spare him no longer.—[Exit ALMAGRO.] Their guns must reach him—he'll yet escape—holloa to those horse—the Peruvian sees them—and now he turns among the rocks—then is his retreat cut off.—[ROLLA crosses the wooden bridge over the cataract pursued by the SOLDIERS—they fire at him—a shot strikes him.] Now!—quick! quick! seize the child!

[ROLLA tears from the rock the tree which supports the bridge, and retreats by the background, bearing off the CHILD

Re-enter ALMAGRO and DAVILLA

Alm. By hell! he has escaped!—and with the child unhurt.

Dav. No—He bears his death with him. Believe me I saw him struck upon the side.

Piz. But the child is saved—Alonzo's child! Oh! the furies of disappointed vengeance!

Alm. Away with the revenge of words—let us to deeds! Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the secret pass, which through the rocky cavern's gloom brings you at once to the stronghold where are lodged their women and their treasures.

Piz. Right, Almagro! Swift as thy thought, draw forth a daring and a chosen band—I will not wait for numbers. Stay, Almagro! Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day.

Alm. He is—and one request alone she—

Piz. I'll hear of none.

Alm. The boon is small—'t is but for the noviciate habit which you first beheld her in—she wishes not to suffer in the gaudy trappings which remind her of her shame.

Piz. Well, do as thou wilt—but tell Valverde, at our return, as his life shall answer it, to let me hear that she is dead. [*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE III.—ATALIBA'S Tent

Enter ATALIBA, followed by CORA and ALONZO

Cora. Oh! avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom, but to her king, is the wretched mother to address her griefs. The gods refuse to hear my prayers! Did not my Alonzo fight for thee? and will not my sweet boy, if thou 'lt but restore him to me, one day fight thy battles too?

Alon. Oh! my suffering love—my poor heart-broken Cora!—thou but wound'st our sovereign's feeling soul, and not reliev'st thy own.

Cora. Is he our sovereign, and has he not the power to give me back my child?

Ata. When I reward desert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a king—when I hear them suffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

Soldiers. [Without.] Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!

*Enter ROLLA, bleeding, with the CHILD, followed
by PERUVIAN SOLDIERS*

Rol. Thy child!

[Gives the CHILD into CORA'S arms, and falls

Cora. Oh, God! there's blood upon him!

Rol. 'Tis my blood, Cora!

Alon. Rolla, thou diest!

Rol. For thee, and Cora. *[Dies*

Enter ORANO

Ora. Treachery has revealed our asylum in the rocks. Even now the foe assails the peaceful band retired for protection there.

Alon. Lose not a moment! Soldiers, be quick! Your wives and children cry to you. Bear our loved hero's body in the van: 'twill raise the fury of our men to madness. Now, fell Pizarro! the death of one of us is near! Away! Be the word of assault, Revenge and Rolla!

[Exeunt. Charge

SCENE IV.—*A Recess among the Rocks*

*Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, and SPANISH
SOLDIERS*

Piz. Well! if surrounded, we must perish in the centre of them. Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

Enter ALONZO, ORANO, and PERUVIAN WARRIORS

Alon. Alonzo answers thee, and Alonzo's sword shall speak for Rolla.

Piz. Thou knowest the advantage of thy numbers. Thou darest not singly face Pizarro.

Alon. Peruvians, stir not a man! Be this contest only ours.

Piz. Spaniards! observe ye the same.—*[Charge. They fight. ALONZO'S shield is broken and he is beat down.]* Now, traitor, to thy heart!

[At this moment ELVIRA enters, habited as when PIZARRO first beheld her. PIZARRO, appalled, staggers back. ALONZO renews the fight and slays him. Loud shouts from the PERUVIANS

Enter ATALIBA

Ata. My brave Alonzo! [*Embraces ALONZO*]

Alm. Alonzo, we submit. Spare us! we will embark, and leave the coast.

Val. Elvira will confess I saved her life; she has saved thine.

Alon. Fear not. You are safe.

[*SPANIARDS lay down their arms*]

Elv. Valverde speaks the truth; nor could he think to meet me here. An awful impulse, which my soul could not resist, impelled me hither.

Alon. Noble Elvira! my preserver! How can I speak what I, Ataliba, and his rescued country, owe to thee! If amid this grateful nation thou wouldst remain——

Elv. Alonzo, no! the destination of my future life is fixed. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to atone the guilty errors, which, however masked by shallow cheerfulness, have long consumed my secret heart. When, by my sufferings purified and penitence sincere, my soul shall dare address the Throne of Mercy in behalf of others, for thee, Alonzo, for thy Cora, and thy child—for thee, thou virtuous monarch, and the innocent race thou reignest over, shall Elvira's prayer address the God of Nature.—Valverde, you have preserved my life. Cherish humanity, avoid the foul examples thou hast viewed.—Spaniards, returning to your native home, assure your rulers they mistake the road to glory or to power. Tell them that the pursuits of avarice, conquests, and ambition never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.

[*Casts a look of agony on the dead body of PIZARRO as she passes and exit. Flourish of trumpets. VALVERDE, ALMAGRO, and SPANISH SOLDIERS, exeunt, bearing off PIZARRO'S body.*]

Alon. Ataliba! think not I wish to check the voice of triumph, when I entreat we first may pay the tribute due to our loved Rolla's memory.

[*A solemn march. Procession of PERUVIAN SOLDIERS, bearing ROLLA'S body on a bier surrounded by military trophies. The PRIESTS and PRIESTESSES attending chant a dirge over the bier. ALONZO and CORA kneel on either side of it, and kiss ROLLA'S hands in silent agony. The curtain slowly descends.*]

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY THE HON. WILLIAM LAMB

Spoken by Mrs. Jordan

ERE yet suspense has still'd its throbbing fear
 Or melancholy wiped the grateful tear,
 While e'en the miseries of a sinking state,
 A monarch's danger, and a nation's fate,
 Command not now your eyes with grief to flow
 Lost in a trembling mother's nearer woe ;
 What moral lay shall poetry rehearse,
 Or how shall elocution pour the verse
 So sweetly, that its music shall repay
 The loved allusion which it drives away ?
 Mine is the task, to rigid custom due,
 To me ungrateful as 'tis harsh to you,
 To mar the work the tragic scene has wrought,
 To rouse the mind that broods in pensive thought,
 To scare reflection, which, in absent dreams,
 Still lingers musing on the recent themes ;
 Attention, ere with contemplation tired,
 To turn from all that pleased, from all that fired ;
 To weaken lessons strongly now impress'd,
 And chill the interest glowing in the breast—
 Mine is the task ; and be it mine to spare
 The souls that pant, the grief they see, to share ;
 Let me with no unhallow'd jest deride
 The sigh, that sweet compassion owns with pride—
 The sigh of comfort, to affliction dear,
 That kindness heaves, and virtue loves to hear.
 E'en gay Thalia will not now refuse
 This gentle homage to her sister-muse.

O ye, who listen to the plaintive strain,
 With strange enjoyment and with rapturous pain,
 Who erst have felt the Stranger's lone despair,
 And Haller's settled, sad, remorseful care,
 Does Rolla's pure affection less excite
 The inexpressive anguish of delight ?
 Do Cora's fears, which beat without control,
 With less solicitude engross the soul ?

Ah, no! your mind with kindred zeal approve
Maternal feeling, and heroic love.
You must approve: where man exists below,
In temperate climes, or midst drear wastes of snow,
Or where the solar fires incessant flame,
Thy laws, all-powerful Nature, are the same:
Vainly the sophist boasts he can explain
The causes of thy universal reign—
More vainly would his cold presumptuous art
Disprove thy general empire o'er the heart:
A voice proclaims thee, that we must believe—
A voice, that surely speaks not to deceive;
That voice poor Cora heard, and closely press'd
Her darling infant to her fearful breast;
Distracted dared the bloody field to tread,
And sought Alonzo through the heaps of dead,
Eager to catch the music of his breath,
Though faltering in the agonies of death,
To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once more,
And clasp his bosom, though it stream'd with gore;
That voice too Rolla heard, and, greatly brave,
His Cora's dearest treasure died to save;
Gave to the hopeless parent's arms her child,
Beheld her transports, and, expiring, smiled.
That voice we hear—oh! be its will obey'd!
'Tis valour's impulse, and 'tis virtue's aid—
It prompts to all benevolence admires,
To all that heavenly piety inspires,
To all that praise repeats through lengthen'd years
That honour sanctifies, and time reveres.

To the Right Honourable COUNTESS SPENCER, whose approbation and esteem were justly considered by MR. GARRICK as the highest panegyric his talents or conduct could acquire, this imperfect tribute to his memory is, with great deference, inscribed by her ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

March 25th, 1779.

VERSES

TO

THE MEMORY OF GARRICK

SPOKEN AS A MONODY, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE

IF dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabled suff'ers and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret—one tributary line!

His fame requires we act a tenderer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!
The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead favourite passed,
The graced respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakespere's image from its hallow'd base
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place,—
Nor these,—nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,—
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due—
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the hearts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim
To him whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient Fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise.
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminished awe his works are view'd!
E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing Time.

The patient Sculptor owns an humbler part,
 A ruder toil, and more mechanic art ;
 Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
 The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace :
 But once achieved—though barbarous wreck o'erthrow
 The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
 Yet shall the sculptured ruin rise to-day,
 Graced by defect, and worshipp'd in decay !
 Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
 Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the Poet's bosom fire ;
 O proud distinction of the sacred lyre !
 Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
 Diffusive splendour gilds his votary's lay.
 Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
 With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse ;
 Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
 Attempt no prize but favouring beauty's smile ;
 Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
 The soft despair of unprevailing love,—
 Whate'er the theme—through every age and clime,
 Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme ;
 The pride of glory—pity's sigh sincere—
 Youth's earliest blush—and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honours thus secure,
 Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
 The Actor only, shrinks from Time's award ;
 Feeble tradition is his memory's guard ;
 By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
 Unvouch'd by proof—to substance unallied !
 E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
 No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind !

The grace of action—the adapted mien,
 Faithful as nature to the varied scene ;
 Th' expressive glance—whose subtle comment draws
 Entranced attention, and a mute applause ;
 Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
 A sense in silence, and a will in thought ;
 Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
 Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own ;
 As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
 And clothed with orient hues, transcends the day !
 Passion's wild break—and frown that awes the sense
 And every charm of gentler eloquence—

All perishable ! like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame—and as they strike expire ;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes—
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame ?—whose is the trust ?—'Tis yours.

And O ! by every charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares !—by every grief allay'd !
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew !
By his last parting tear, repaid by you !
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight !
Still in your hearts' dear record bear his name ;
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame ;
To you it is bequeath'd,—assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying Time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his graced urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
For these,—when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear—
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse ! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As Fancy, oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb—
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptured bier
With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear ;
With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief ;
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief ;
With looks that speak—He never shall return !
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn ;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverend dust
Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

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