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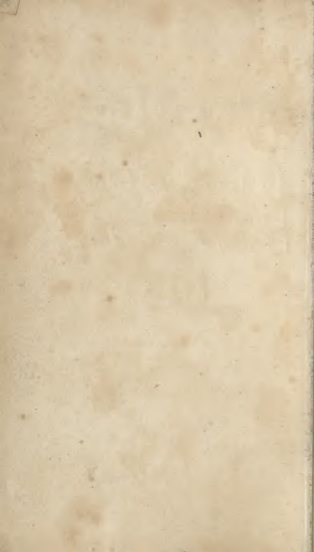
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AP 1814

FAIR PENITENT.



Cal. Ah! how pale he looks

Act 5th Scene

THE
FAIR PENITENT;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY NICOLAS ROWE, Esq.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN;
REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

EDINBURGH:

Published by OLIVER & BOYD, Baroa Grant's Close,
High Street.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sciolto,	Mr Cooke.
Lothario,	Mr C. Kemble.
Altamont,	Mr Brunton.
Horatio,	Mr Kemble.
Rossano,	Mr Claremont.

Women.

Calista,	Mrs Siddons.
Lavinia,	Mrs H. Siddons.
Lucilla,	Mrs Humphries.

SERVANTS to SCIOLTO.

SCENE—*Sciolto's Palace and Garden, with some part of the Street near it, in Genoa.*

THE FAIR PENITENT.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to Sciolto's Palace.

Enter ALTAMONT and HORATIO.

Alt. LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it :
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings :
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chuse it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes,
This happy day, that gives me my Calista.

Hor. Yes, Altamont ; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee ;
Sciolto's noble hand, that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy godlike father's arms ;
Before that country, which he long had serv'd
In watchful councils, and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,
And made their court to faction by his ruin.

Alt. Oh, great Sciolto ! Oh, my more than father !
Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee——
Forget ! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driv'n from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in a desert among brutes,
To be the scorn of earth, and curse of Heav'n !

Hor. So open, so unbounded, was his goodness,
It reach'd ev'n me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man, I lov'd, thy noble father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me Sciolto's son ;
He call'd us his, and, with a parent's fondness,

Indulg'd us in his wealth, bless'd us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love itself.

Alt. By Heav'n, he found my fortunes so abandon'd,
That nothing but a miracle could raise them :
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him ev'n a grave.
Undone myself, and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou couldst, thou didst,
And didst it like a son ; when his hard creditors,
Urg'd and assisted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness)
By sentence of the cruel law forbade
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones.
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.

Alt. But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,
The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty !

Enter SCIOLTO ; he runs to ALTAMONT, and embraces him.

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont ! Joy to myself !
Joy to this happy morn, that makes thee mine :
That kindly grants what nature had deny'd me,
And makes me father of a son like thee !

Alt. My father ! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you !
Show every tender, every grateful thought,
This wond'rous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
And utterance all is vile ; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

Sci. O, noble youth ! I swear, since first I knew thee,
Ev'n from that day of sorrows when I saw thee
Adorn'd, and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down, and seal'd thee for my own :
Thou art my son, ev'n near me as Calista.
Horatio and Lavinia too are mine ; [*Embraces HORATIO.*]
All are my children, and shall share my heart.

But wherefore waste we thus this happy day ?
 The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
 And with new pleasures court thee as they pass ;
 Thy waiting bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
 And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's haste.

Alt. Oh ! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
 One kind remembrance, in Calista's breast,
 The winds, with all their wings, would be too slow
 To bear me to her feet. For, Oh, my father !
 Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
 Bless'd as I am, and honour'd in your friendship,
 There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

Sci. What means my son ?

Alt. When, at your intercession,
 Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,
 Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows
 With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
 As a dead lover's statue on his tomb ;
 A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
 Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,
 And then she sigh'd, as if her heart were breaking.
 With all the tend'rest eloquence of love,
 I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief :
 But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
 Sadly reply'd, her sorrows w're her own,
 Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

Sci. Away ! it is the cozenage of their sex ;
 One of the common arts they practise on us :
 To sigh and weep then, when their hearts beat high
 With expectation of the coming joy.
 Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
 Unknowing in the subtleties of women :
 The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
 To see the end of all her wishes near,
 When blushing, from the light and public eyes,
 To the kind covert of the night she flies,
 With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
 Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves. [Exit.

Enter *LOTHARIO* and *ROSSANO*.

Loth. The father, and the husband !

Ros. Let them pass.

They saw us not.

Loth. I care not, if they did ;
Ere long I mean to meet them face to face,
And gail them with my triumph o'er Calista.

Ros. You lov'd her once.

Loth. I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband :
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with stick on mine.

Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing ;
Till, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Ros. I've heard you oft describe her haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain : it moves my wonder,
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Loth. Hear then, I'll tell thee :

Once, in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Ros. That minute sure was lucky.

Loth. Oh, 'twas great !

I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes ;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas, that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatch'd the glorious golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour, press'd her,
Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair-one gave me perfect happiness.
Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
In extacies too fierce to last for ever ;
At length the morn and cold indiff'rence came ;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Ros. You saw her soon again?

Loth. Too soon I saw her:

For, Oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more heat high with transport,
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
Where every weakness fell before her throne.

Ros. What of the lady?

Loth. With uneasy fondness

She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
She was undone; talk'd of a priest, and marriage;
Of flying with me from her father's power;
Call'd every saint and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you?

Loth. None; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
Escap'd the persecution. Two nights since,
By message urg'd, and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
With all the subtleness and powerful arts
Of wilful women, lab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmov'd, I begg'd her spare th' ungrateful subject,
Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain;
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever-gentle mistress and my friend!
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill nature, cares, and quarrels.

Ros. How bore she this reply?

Loth. At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud.
Mild as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swell'd her breast,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud and disdainful of the love I profess'd,
She call'd me villain! monster! base betrayer!
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,

She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more ;
Then bid me fly that minute : I obey'd,
And, bowing, left her, to grow cool at leisure.

Ros. She has relented since, else why this message,
To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning ?

Loth. See the person whom you nam'd !

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of ?
Come you to menace war, and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message ?
Is your fair mistress calmer ? Does she soften ?
And must we love again ? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my lord ? Have you put off
All sense of human nature ? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

Loth. I see thou'st learn'd to rail.

Luc. I've learnt to weep :

That lesson my sad mistress often gives me :
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world ;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario !

Loth. Oh, no more !

I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune :
Some keeping cardinal shall dote upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Luc. What ! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man ?
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing !
The base, profess'd betrayer of our sex !
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista !

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf ?

I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

Luc. Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad lines,
[Giving a letter.

Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

[LOTHARIO reads.

“Your cruelty—Obedience to my father—Give my hand
to Altamont.”

By Heav'n, 'tis well! such ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates. [*Aside.*
But to go on!

“Wish—Heart—Honour—too faithless—

“Weakness—to-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista.”

Women, I see, can change as well as men.

She writes me here, forsaken as I am,

That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,

For she has'giv'n her hand to Altamont:

Yet, tell the fair inconstant—

Luc. How, my lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks:
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And though you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.

He must not see us here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

Loth. Bear to my love

My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

[LOTHARIO, putting up the letter hastily, drops it as
he goes out.—*Exit* LOTHARIO and ROSSANO *one*
way, LUCILLA *another.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman;
At my approach they started, and retir'd.

What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profess'd and deadly hate—What paper's this?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Ha! To Lothario!—'Sdeath! Calista's name! [*Opening*
Confusion and misfortunes!

[*Reads.*] "Your cruelty has at length determined me
and I have resolv'd this morning to yield a perfect obe-
dience to my father, and to give my hand to Altamont,
spite of my weakness for the false Lothario. I could
most wish I had that heart, and that honour I had to
bestow with it, which you have robbed me of:"

Damnation!—to the rest—

[*Reads again.*] "But, Oh! I fear, could I retrieve them
I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lov-
ingly, Lothario. This is the last weakness of my pen, and
to-morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge mine
eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough
to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall
meet with from

The lost CALISTA.

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As here can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age;
At sight of this black scroll, the gentie Altamont
(For, Oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.—
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow: hard return
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought—

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. My lord!

Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Inquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.

Hor. It were unjust—No, let me spare my friend,
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

Lav. What means my lord ?

Hor. Ha ! saidst thou, my Lavinia ?

Lav. Alas ! you know not what you make me suffer.

Hor. Oh ! Oh !

Lav. Whence is that sigh ? and wherefore are your eyes
Severely raised to heav'n ? The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confusion thinks upon his exit.

Hor. Oh, no ! thou hast mistook my sickness quite ;
These pangs are of the soul. 'Would I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought !

Lav. Alas ! what is it ? Wherefore turn you from me ?
Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
And swear I was Horatio's better half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
And rob me of my partnership of sadness ?

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Aught that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee :
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain ?
Then spare me, I conjure thee ; ask no further ;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let them brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

Lav. It is enough ; chide not, and all is well !
Forgive me, if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes :
I would not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day.
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont !
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes.
He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his marriage,
Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy,

Hor. Oh, never, never! Thou art innocent
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones, in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear this story told.

Lav. False ones, my lord!

Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires, inhabit;
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,^b
And all the heav'n they hope for is variety:
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
Till, having lov'd his hour out he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.

Lav. Can there be such, and have they peace of mind?
Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so different from my sex?
My little heart is satisfied with you;
You take up all her room, as in a cottage,
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.

Hor. Oh, were they all like thee, men would adore them,
And all the bus'ness of their lives be loving:
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease;
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools. [Exeunt.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Hall.—Enter CALISTA and LUCILLA.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale

Of pining discontent, and black despair ;
 For, Oh ! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
 But all are indignation, love, or shame,
 And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever !

Luc. That false Lothario ! Turn from the deceiver ;
 Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont
 Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.

Cal. Away ! I think not of him My sad soul
 Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,
 Such a retreat as I would wish to find ;
 An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
 Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
 Ravens, and birds ill omen'd, only dwell :
 No sound to break the silence, but a brook
 That bubbling winds among the weeds . no mark
 Of any human shape that had been there,
 Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
 Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
 Sought that sad place out, to despair and die in.

Luc. Alas, for pity !

Cal. There I fain would hide me
 From the base world, from malice, and from shame ;
 For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul,
 Never to live with public loss of honour :
 'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence
 Of each affected she, that tells my story,
 And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
 To be a tale for fools ! scorn'd by the women,
 And pity'd by the men ! Oh, insupportable !

Luc. Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature !
 By all the good I wish, by all the ill
 My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you,
 Never to see this faithless man again ;
 Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life,
 I charge thee, no : my genius drives me on ;
 I must, I will behold him once again :
 Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
 And this one interview shall end my cares.
 My lab'ring heart, that swells with indignation,
 Heaves to discharge the burden ; that once done,

The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

Luc. Trust not to that:

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love supplies its place.

Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion: but, alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
Ha, Altamont! [*Exit LUCILLA.*] Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's accesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Begone my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
Calista is the mistress of the year:
She crowns the season with auspicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.

Cal. If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh, wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?

Alt. Oh, mighty love! Shall that fair face profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness!
I swear it shall not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.

Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above:
Ill suited to each other; join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,

Has wrought this fatal marriage, to undo us.
 Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
 How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
 That fills thee with such extacy and transport,
 To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
 Or think it better than the day before,
 Or any other in the course of time,
 That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness
 To know none fair, none excellent but thee;
 If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,
 Be worth the least return of grateful love,
 Oh, then let my Calista bless this day,
 And set it down for happy.

Cal. 'Tis the day
 In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
 As such, I will remember it for ever.

Enter LAVINIA, HORATIO, and SCIOLTO.

Sci. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
 But fill up ev'ry minute of this day.
 'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves:
 The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
 He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
 Let there be music; let the master touch
 The sprightly string, and softly breathing flute,
 Till harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion;
 Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
 And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
 Begin: ev'n age itself is cheer'd with music:
 It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
 Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport. [*Music.*
 Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
 All, who rejoice with me to-day, are friends;
 Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
 Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth:
 The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round,
 None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
 Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
 The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
 In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
 Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
 Oh, grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see these happy,

[*Pointing to ALTAMONT and CALISTA.*

Completely blest, and I have life enough ;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate.

[*Exeunt*]

Re-enter HORATIO.

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario ?
This letter may be forg'd ; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame ;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.
Oh, no ! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, ev'n now I mark'd the stars of guilt
That shook her soul ; tho' damn'd dissimulation
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easy lord ;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell, unthinking, in the fatal snare ;
Nor could believe that such a heav'nly face
Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her wretch'd race.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Street, near SCIOLTO'S Palace.

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts ;
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont :
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

Ros. I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen ; to-day their friends are round them,
And any eye, that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father !
I knew him well ; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful councils,
But of a cold, inactive hand in war ;

Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open, and unartful.

Enter **LOTHARIO** and **ROSSANO**.

Ha! he's here!

Loth. Damnation! He again!—This second time
To-day he has cross'd me, like my evil genius.

Hor. I sought you, sir.

Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.

Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man, who wrongs my friend,
To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue.
No place, tho' e'er so holy, should protect him;
No shape, that artful fear e'er form'd, should hide him,
Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me, that I am Lothario?
As great a name as this proud city boasts of!
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?

Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Still they are found in the fair face of day,
And Heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let them be of mine; there's not a purpose
Which my soul e'er fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify,

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free spirit,
When, but this very morning, I surpris'd thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And, with a forg'd contrivance, blast her virtue?—
At sight of me thou fled'st.

Loth. Ha! fled from thee?

Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer, desery'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd, with mischievous intent,
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

Loth. Slave! villain! [*Offers to draw, ROSSANO holds him;*

Ros. Hold, my lord ! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then, since thou dost provoke my vengeance, know
I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd ?
Oh, no ! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull, doating husband : now I have found him,
And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this.
Yet mark me well, young lord ; I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name :
These are the mean, dishonest arts of cowards,
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter ? Think so still,
Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckoM as he passes.

Hor. Away ! no woman could descend so low :
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are ;
Fit only for yourselves : you herd together ;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
Legends of saints who never yet had being,
Or being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
As the fond tales which you recount of love.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure ;
I could produce such damning proof——

Hor. 'Tis false!

You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they would dig virgins,
And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance, till thou feel'st it.

Hor. Hold, sir; another word, and then farewell:
Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy pow'r to hurt;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expense, I must not have
(Mark me, young sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to restrain the license of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses, and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understanding.

Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order,
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?

Hor. 'Tis well, sir, you are pleasant——

Loth. By the joys

Which my soul yet has uncontroll'd pursu'd,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Tho' all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;
But like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt, in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou shouldst dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks.
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong them much, ev'n death,
Or something worse: an injur'd husband's vengeance,
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fair form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.

Loth. Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation ?

Hor. Away ! thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite ;
A beggar's parasite !

Hor. Now learn humanity.

[*Offers to strike him, ROSSANO interpose.*

Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation ! [*They draw*

Ros. Hold, this goes no further here.

Loth. Oh, Rossano !

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ros. Sciolto's servants, sir, have ta'en th' alarm ;
You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advis'd,
Or I must force you hence.

Loth. This will not brook delay ;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, Oh, my better stars ! to-morrow
Exert your influence ; shine strongly for me ;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love, as well as arms, must grace my triumph.

[*Exit* *LOTHARIO* and *ROSSANO.*

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow ! ha ! ere that
He sees Calista ! Oh, unthinking fool——
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger ?
If any spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.
Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not in vain,
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain :
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd !
Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And, conscious of your worth, can never love you less. [*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in SCIOLTO'S Palace.

Enter SCIOLTO and CALISTA.

Sci. Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much !
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy ?
When ev'ry heart was cheer'd, and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow.

Cal. Is then the task of duty half perform'd ?
Has not your daughter giv'n herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command ?

Sci. Dost thou complain ?

Cal. For pity do not frown then,
If, in despite of all my vow'd obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance :
For, oh ! that sorrow which has drawn your anger,
Is the sad native of Calista's breast.

Sci. Now, by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother ; by her wondrous goodness,
Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,
I swear, some sullen thought, that shuns the light,
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But, mark me well, tho', by yon Heav'n, I love thee
As much, I think, as a fond parent can,
Yet shouldst thou, (which the powers above forbid)
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband !
Consider well his worth ; reward his love ;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so. [Exit SCIOLTO.

Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex,
Thro' ev'ry state of life the slaves of man !
In all the dear delightful days of youth,

A rigid father dictates to our wills,
 And deals out pleasures with a scanty hand.
 To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;
 Proud with opinion of superior reason,
 He holds domestic bus'ness and devotion
 All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
 Like closter'd ideots, from the world's acquaintance,
 And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
 Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
 Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
 And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. She's here! yet, oh! my tongue is at a loss;
 Teach me, some pow'r, that happy art of speech,
 To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
 Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
 And never weaken the tempestuous passions.
 By Heav'n she weeps!—Forgive me, fair Calista,
 If I presume, on privilege of friendship,
 To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
 That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears.

Cal. To steal, unlook'd for, on my private sorrow,
 Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
 But rather means the spy.

Hor. Unkindly said!

For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
 I come to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of Altamont!

Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by Heaven,
 Each interwoven with the other's fate?
 Then who can give his friendship but to one?
 Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
 May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
 But minds will still look back to their own choice.

Hor. When souls, that should agree to will the same,
 To have one common object for their wishes.
 Look different ways, regardless of each other,
 Think what a train of wretchedness ensues;
 Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
 The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
 And ev'ry day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted offices of thy friendship,
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.

Alas! what needed that.

Hor. Oh! rather say,
I came to tell her how she might be happy;
To sooth the secret anguish of her soul;
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way to it,
For, oh! 'tis sure I long to be at rest.

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy—Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend,
'Tb' avenging fiend, that follows us behind,
With whips and stings—The blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

Hor. None should; but 'tis a busy, talking world,
That with licentious breath blows like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou wouldst seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant disbonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lothario!

Cal. Ha! what wouldst thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and Calista! thus they join
Two names, which Heav'n decreed should never meet.
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion! Have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence;
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus like the vilest creature
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy!

Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much ;
 For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
 Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
 I came with strong reluctance, as if death
 Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
 Yours and Sciolto's, yours and Altamont's ;
 Like one who ventures through a burning pile ;
 To save his tender wife, with all her brood
 Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.

Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
 For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd ?
 Is this the tale-bearing, officious fellow,
 That watches for intelligence from eyes ;
 This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
 That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
 And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
 Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
 Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad ?

Hor. Alas ! this rage is vain ; for if your fame
 Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm,
 And listen to the means are left to save them.
 'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
 By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
 Never to see that curst Lothario more ;
 Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shun'd,
 By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons ;
 Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
 To infamy, diseases, prostitution——

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd slave !
 That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex,
 And shock me with the rude, unhallow'd sound !

Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of Heav'n
 Breath out a solemn vow, never to see,
 Nor think, if possible, on him, that ruin'd thee ;
 Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
 This paper ; nay, you must not fly——This paper, [*Holding her.*
 This guilty paper shall divulge your shame——

Cal. What meanst thou by that paper ? What contrivance
 Hast thou been forging to deceive my father ;
 To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
 That Altamont and thou may share his wealth ?
 A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget

The weakness of my sex.—Oh, for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand,
That forg'd the scroll!

Hor. Behold! Can this be forg'd?

See where Calista's name—— [*Showing the letter near.*]

Cal. To atoms thus,

Thus let me tear the vile, detested falsehood, [*Tearing it.*]
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.

Hor. Confusion!

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare ev'n on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes.
Disorder'd! and in tears!—Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze—What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio!

Cal. To that insolent.

Alt. My friend!

Could he do this? Have I not found him just;
Honest as truth itself? And could he break
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what justice I should find from thee:
Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that would blast my fame,
And treat me like a common prostitute.
Thou art, perhaps, confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.

Alt. Oh, impious! what presumptuous wretch shall dare
To offer at an injury like that?
Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.

Cal. The man, who dar'd to do it, was Horatio!

Thy darling friend : 'Twas Altamont's Horatio !
 But mark me well ; while thy divided heart,
 Dotes on a villain, that has wrong'd me thus,
 No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
 Nor can my cruel father's power do more
 Than shut me in a cloister ; there, well pleas'd,
 Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
 To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r :
 Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
 With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell ;
 But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
 Free from the-marriage chain, and from that tyrant man.

[Exit CALISTA.]

Alt. She's gone ; and as she went, ten thousand fires
 Shot from her angry eyes ; as if she meant
 Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
 Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
 What means this wild confusion in thy looks ;
 As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
 Madness and reason combating within thee,
 And thou wert doubtful which should get the better.

Hor. I would be dumb for ever ; but thy fate
 Has otherways decreed it. Thou hast seen
 That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista,
 Thou hast beheld her tears.

Alt. I have seen her weep ;
 I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
 Complaining in the bitterness of sorrow,
 That thou, my friend, Horatio, hast wrong'd her.

Hor. That I have wrong'd her ! had her eyes been fed
 From that rich stream, which warms her heart, and number'd
 For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
 It had not been too much ; for she has ruin'd thee,
 Ev'n thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.

Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name ?
 What is so fair, so exquisitely good ?
 Is she not more than painting can express,
 Or youthful poets fancy, when they love ?
 Does she not come like wisdom, or good fortune,
 Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour ?

Hor. It had been better thou hadst liv'd a beggar,
 And fed on scraps, at great men's surly doors,
 Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal.—

Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.

Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart ;
She has charm'd thee, like a syren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds ;
Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
Then vainly wish thou hadst not left thy friend
To follow her delusion.

Alt. If thy friendship
Do churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping ; I disclaim it.

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to thee !
I shar'd the task of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy unexperienced youth,
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, Oh thou light young man !
Would he have us'd me thus ? One fortune fed us ;
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee : would he have left me
Thus, for a woman, and a vile one too ?

Alt. Thou can'st not, dar'st not, mean it ! Speak again ;
Say, who is vile ; but dare not name Calista.

Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myself ; but since thus urg'd,
I must avow, I do not know a viler.

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend ; he lov'd thee well :
A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.
I cannot, dare not, lift my sword against thee,
But henceforth never let me see thee more. *[Going out.*

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must, and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. *[Holds him.*

Alt. Let go my arm.

Hor. If honour be thy care ; if thou wouldst live
Without the name of credulous, wittol, husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison——

Alt. Off!

To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

Hor. She is polluted, stain'd—

Alt. Madness and raging!

But hence—

Hor. Dishonour'd by the man you hate—

Alt. I pry thee loose me yet, for thy own sake,

If life be worth the keeping—

Hor. By Lothario.

Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the falsehood!

[*Strikes him*]

Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.

Hor. A blow! thou hast us'd me well— [Draws.]

Alt. This to thy heart—

Hor. Yet hold—By Heav'n his father's in his face!

Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness,
And I could rather die myself than hurt him.

Alt. Defend thyself; for by my much wrong'd love,
I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.

Hor. Yet hold.

[*They fight.*]

Enter LAVINIA, and runs between their Swords.

Lav. My brother! my Horatio! Is it possible!

Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.

If you must quench your impious rage in blood,

Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,

To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.

Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safe guard; none but this,
No pow'r on earth could save thee from my fury.

Hor. Safety from thee!

Away vain boy! hast thou forgot the rev'rence

Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,

Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,

And show'd thee what it was to be a man?

Lav. What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to goodness,
Could kindle such a discord?

Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes: 'Twas base in-
gratitude,

He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,

With barb'rous, bloody malice, sought my life.

Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee

The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed;

Therefore, thy husband's life is safe; but warn him

No more to know this hospitable roof.
 He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.
 We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewell.

[*He is going out, LAVINIA holds him.*]

Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay!

Alt. Each minute that I stay
 Is a new injury to fair Calista.
 From thy false friendship, to her arms I'll fly;
 Then own, the joys, which on her charms attend,
 Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.

[*ALTAMONT breaks from LAVINIA, and exit.*]

Hor. Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth.
 It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,
 This wondrous waste of tears, too much to give
 To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.

Lav. Is there not cause for weeping? Oh, Horatio!
 A brother and a husband were my treasure;
 'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
 Sav'd from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.
 One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me;
 If thou shouldst prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
 Whom shall I find to pity my distress,
 To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
 And give her where to lay her wretched head?

Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complain-
 ings?

Tho' Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
 Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
 Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee
 Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.

Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
 And hide me from misfortune in your bosom?

Hor. But for the love I owe the good Sciolto,
 From Genoa; from falsehood and inconstancy,
 To some more honest, distant clime I'd go.
 Nor would I be beholden to my country,
 For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.

Lav. And I would follow thee; forsake, for thee,
 My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have.
 Tho' mine's a little all; yet were it more,
 And better far, it should be left for thee,
 And all, that I would keep, should be Horatio.

So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
 Tho' richly freighted from a foreign coast,
 Gladly for life, the treasure he would give,
 And only wishes to escape, and live ;
 Gold and his gains no more employ his mind ;
 But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,
 Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The Garden.—LOTHARIO and CALISTA discovered.

Loth. Weep not, my fair ; but let the god of love
 Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
 Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
 To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
 Of discord, or disquiet past ; molest thee ;
 But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
 And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Cal. Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,
 To charm me with thy softness : 'tis in vain :
 Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
 The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
 Are wasted all, and fled ; those, that remain,
 Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
 I came to charge thee with a long account,
 Of all the sorrows I have known already,
 And all I have to come ; thou hast undone me !

Loth. Unjust Calista ! Dost thou call it ruin
 To love as we have done : to melt, to languish,
 To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
 And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height ?
 To die with joy, and straight to live again :
 Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport

Cal. Oh, let me hear no more ; I cannot bear it
 'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
 That guilty night, be blotted from the year ;
 Let not the voice of mirth or music know it ;
 Let it be dark and desolate ; no stars

To glitter o'er it ; let it wish for light,
 Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn ;
 For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
 To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Loth. Hear this, ye pow'rs ! mark, how the fair deceiver
 Sadly complains of violated truth !
 She calls false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
 Whom day and night, whom Heav'n and earth have heard
 Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
 Ten thousand times, she would be only mine ;
 And yet behold, she has given herself away ;
 Fled from my arms, and wedded to another ;
 Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.—

Cal. Art thou so base, to upbraid me with a crime,
 Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause !
 If indignation, raging in my soul
 For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
 Urg'd me to do a deed of desperation,
 And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,
 Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
 Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario ;
 Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
 Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
 Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I fail'd in justice, or in love ?
 Burns not thy flame as brightly as at first ;
 Ev'n now my heart beats high,
 As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.

Cal. How ! didst thou dare to think that I would live
 A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures ?
 My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Loth. The driving storm of passion will have way,
 And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
 Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doom'd,
 Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
 To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter ALTAMONT behind them.

Alt. Ha ! do I live, and wake ?

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been !
 Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
 But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee ?
 It is for thee, for thee that ' am curs'd ;

For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
 Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd,
 My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me;
 With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me:
 With Altamont complaining for his wrongs——

Alt. Behold him here—— [Coming forward]

Cal. Ah! [Starting]

Alt. The wretch! whom thou hast made.
 Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
 And vengeance is the only good that's left! [Drawing]

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares, 'tis true:
 But love and war take turns, like day and night,
 And little preparation serves my turn;
 Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.

We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel!
 Earth, Heav'n, and fair Calista, judge the combat!

[They fight. *LOTHARIO* is wounded once or twice,
 and then falls.

Loth. Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!
 Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce ambitious soul
 Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
 Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
 I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd,
 Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
 That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
 Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying. [Dies.]

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shame,
 Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is
 But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

[She catches up *LOTHARIO'S* Sword; *ALTAMONT* turns
 to her and seizes her hand.

Alt. What means thy frantic rage?

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh, thou hast more than murder'd me! yet still,
 Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,
 At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiv'n?
 Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!
 If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only
 The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
 I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
 But dig down deep, to find a grave beneath,
 And hide me from their beams.

Sci. [*Within.*] What, ho! my son!

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father!

Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises,
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter Sciolto.

Sci. Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden wall——

Ha! death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Last night thou hadst a diff'rence with thy friend,
The cause thou gav'st me was a damn'd one.
Didst thou not wrong the man, who told thee truth?
Answer me quick——

Alt. Oh! press me not speak;

Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you. See that body,
And guess my shame, my ruin! Oh, Calista!

Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness——

[*Offers to kill CALISTA. ALTAMONT holds him.*]

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay;
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista:
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont; my heart, that scorn'd thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow:
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable, good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword;

To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
 Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
 But, mark me well ;
 Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunish'd :
 I will see justice executed on thee,
 Ev'n to a Roman strictness ; and thou, nature,
 Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
 Be still ; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doom'd to live ?

To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraiding,
 Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery
 At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me ?
 Is this, is this the mercy of a father ?
 I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence, from my sight ; thy father cannot bear thee
 Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
 Where, on the confines of eternal night,
 Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell ;
 Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
 And death and hell detested rule maintain ;
 There howl out the remainder of thy life,
 And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
 And be more curs'd than you can wish I were ;
 This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
 Fasting, and tears, and hardship shall destroy ;
 Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
 Nor aught that may continue hated life.
 Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd.
 Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
 On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
 Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
 At length her tears have wash'd her stains away ;
 At length 'tis time her punishment should cease ;
 Die, thou poor suff'ring wretch, and be at peace.

[*Exit CALISTA.*]

Sci. Who of my servants wait there ?

Enter Two or Three SERVANTS.

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives,
 Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
 Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[*Exeunt SERVANTS.*]

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage ;
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did ?
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
He slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what should I do ?
But thou hast ty'd my hand,—I will not kill her ;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She shall not 'scape.

Alt. You mean that she shall die then ?

Sci. Ask me not what, nor how, I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
Oh, Altamont ! What a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd ! Well did I hope
This daughter would have bless'd my latter days ;
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good, that none were like you,
While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours :
There, like an old man, talk'd a while, and then
Laid down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave——

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord :
Rossano, who but now escap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety. [Exit.

Sci. By Heav'n, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone.
But thou, Lothario, and thy race, shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state : all shall be summon'd ;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full, and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice. [Exeunt.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A room hung with black; on one side, Lothario's body on a bier; on the other, a table, with a skull and other bones, a book and a lamp on it.—CALIBTA is discovered in black; her hair hanging loose, and disordered. After soft music, she rises and comes forward.

Cal. 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of horror,
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.

Here's room for meditation, ev'n to madness;
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something;—for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow, and contrition,
And penitence.—Is it become an art then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen,
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;

[*Throwing away the book.*

I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all her pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry:—they look uncouthly;
But what of that, if he or she that own'd them
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relicks play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario,
That dear perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead eyes!
Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if you can.

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose;
And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frightful citizens awake.

Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,
[Pointing to CALISTA.]

Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
 Spectatress of the mischiefs which she made.

Cal. It is Scipio! Be thyself, my soul;
 Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
 That he may see thou art not lost so far,
 But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
 In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once
 My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it I had dy'd,
 And never lost that name.

Sci. That's something yet;
 Thou wert the very darling of my age:
 I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
 That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
 By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to Heav'n,
 Were little for my fondness to bestow;
 Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours;
 A poor imperfect copy of my father;
 It was, because I lov'd, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim;
 But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
 Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
 Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
 'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,
 The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
 That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
 Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
 But, when the trial comes, they stand aghast;
 Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
 How thy account may stand, and what to answer?

Cal. I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
 Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste
 Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
 And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit
 That dwells in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome

Was mistress of the world. I would go on,
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poignard here.

Sci. Oh! truly guess'd—seest thou this trembling
hand?—— [*Holding up a dagger.*]

Thrice justice urg'd—and thrice the slack'ning sinews
Forgot their office, and confess'd the father.

At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd;
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then, [*Giving it.*]
And know the rest untaught.

Cal. I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfy'd.

[*She offers to kill herself; Sciolto catches hold of her arm.*]

Sci. A moment; give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge, has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.

I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha! Is it possible? and is there yet
Some little dear remains of love and tenderness,
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,
What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;
How I have stood, and led my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wond'ring, bless'd thee;
By my strong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me;
I could curse nature, and that tyrant honour,
For making me thy father and thy judge:
Thou art my daughter still.

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
'This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years are number'd.

Sci. 'Would it were otherwise—but thou must die.—

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking.
Come then,

Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I'm summon'd hence; ere this my friends expect me.
There is, I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,

And these the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh, my daughter!
[*Exit SCIOLO.*]

Cal. Now think, thou curst Calista, now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head;
And see, another injur'd wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail, to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death;
And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
Oh, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee,
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well, thou art the injur'd Altamont;
Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;
But know, I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falsely, falsely
Dost thou accuse me! Oh, forbid me not
To mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,

Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
 But, Oh, behold! my proud, disdainful heart
 Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
 Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love;
 Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
 That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,
 With thee I might have liv'd for ages bless'd,
 And dy'd in peace within thy faithful arms.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Now, mourn indeed, ye miserable pair;
 For now the measure of your woes is full.
 The great, the good Sciolto, dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,¹
 Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
 I heard which way he took, and straight pursu'd him;
 But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
 Almost alone amidst a crowd of foes.
 Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
 Ere that, his frantic valour had provok'd
 The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
 Dost thou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?
 And you, ye glitt'ring, heav'nly host of stars,
 Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
 For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
 And nature'sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
 This parricide shall be thy plague no more;
 Thus, thus I set thee free.

[*Stabs herself.*]

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!

Enter SCIOLTO, pale and bloody, supported by SERVANTS.

Cal. Oh, my heart!

Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
 The vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
 My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,
 If, after all my crimes, and all your suff'rings,
 I call you once again by that dear name?
 Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?
 Lift up your hand, and bless me, ere I go
 Down to my dark abode?

Sic. Alas, my daughter!

Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy sea,

Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and lost !
 But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the anguish,
 And smarted with the pain. Then, rest in peace :
 Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
 And save thee from the malice of posterity ;
 And may'st thou find with Heav'n the same forgiveness,
 As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds ! Peace dawns upon my soul,
 And ev'ry pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont !
 Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone ;
 But pity me—Had I but early known
 Thy wondrous worth, thou excellent young man,
 We had been happier both—Now, 'tis too late ;
 And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee ;
 Thou art their last dear object—Mercy, Heav'n ! [*Dies.*]

Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont ;
 Come near, and let me bless thee, ere I die.
 To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath
 My fortunes—Lay me by thy noble father,
 And love my memory, as thou hast his ;
 For thou hast been my son—Oh, gracious Heav'n !
 Thou hast endless blessings still in store
 For virtue, and for filial piety,
 Let grief, disgrace, and want, be far away ;
 But multiply thy mercies on his head.
 Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
 And peace in all his ways— [*Dies.*]

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
 And bends him, like a drooping flower, to earth.
 By such examples are we taught to prove
 The sorrows that attend unlawful love.
 Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide
 The injur'd bridedroom from his guilty bride :
 If you would have the nuptial union last,
 Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast, [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

FINIS.

John Brown

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