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W. M. Maitland



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# JUSTINA;

A Play.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

OF

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

By J. H.

198839  
23 / 11 / 25

LONDON:

JAMES BURNS, 17 PORTMAN STREET,

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MDCCCXLVIII.

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## P R E F A C E.

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WHEN I undertook this version of what I conceive to be one of the best and prettiest of Calderon's plays, I was fully conscious of the difficulty of my task, and of the objections which might be made to my verse, and, mayhap, to the want of fidelity in the translation; and the only encouragement I feel in this my humble effort, is the hope that, with all its faults, my readers will see quite enough to be convinced that Calderon is an author whose acquaintance is worth being made. The moral of the play will be apparent, notwithstanding a feeble and defective version; and should it prove that "I undertook what was too much," I trust the motive that prompted me to the undertaking will somewhat plead in my favour, and create indulgence in the hearts of my readers.

I have altered the original title for obvious reasons, by substituting "Justina," the heroine of the play, for the "Wonderful Magician;" "Misaletes," which is a compound of two Greek words, meaning "hater of truth," I have substituted for the "Devil." These liberties are immaterial, and I do not think they can affect, in the least, the merits of the original play.

I have endeavoured to ascertain if there are any translations of Calderon's works into English; but could never hear of any.

The exact date of this play I do not know; but, as Calderon was born in the year 1601, and died at the age of

81; and, as we may presume, he only commenced writing his religious plays after he had taken holy orders, at the age of 50, this one may have been written between the years 1651 and 1682.

The scene is laid at Antioch, during the reign of the Emperor Cæsar Decius, 249 years after the birth of Christ. Decius is described in history as having been a relentless persecutor of the Christian race, and some of the *raffinemens de cruauté* which he practised upon them were frightful in the extreme.

Those who have read Göthe's "Faust" may recall to mind that learned Doctor in Cipriano—Mephistopheles in Misaletes—and the unfortunate Margaret in Justina; but this parallel will soon vanish, to appear no more.

J. H.

LONDON, *May 1st*, 1848.

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JUSTINA.

## Dramatis Personae.

CIPRIANO.

MISALETHES.

FLORO.

The GOVERNOR of ANTIOCH.

LELIO, his Son.

LYSANDER, an old Man.

MOSCO, }  
CLARIN, } Servants to CIPRIANO.

FABIO, Servant to the GOVERNOR.

JUSTINA, a Lady.

LIBIA, her Servant.



ACCOMPANIMENTS.

## PART I.

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*Enter CIPRIANO, dressed like a student ; CLARIN and  
MOSCO, with books.*

CIPRIANO.

Now leave me ;—with my books alone I'll stay ;  
And here I'll taste the sweets of solitude ;  
Amidst these trees my time I'll while away,  
And in this grove, where noise does ne'er intrude.  
For meanwhile Antioch doth celebrate  
The op'ning of yon temple, which to Jove  
With joy and feasting she doth consecrate  
This day, and the god's image doth remove  
To where 'tis more befitting it have place ;  
From all the din of its streets away I run ;  
And here, what yet remains of day, will chase  
In meditation deep. Now haste, begone ;  
And go to Antioch ; enjoy the glee.  
But hither return, when the setting sun  
Sinks to his burial-place in the sea ;—  
That silver monument, midst dark grey clouds,  
The pond'rous golden fabric that enshrouds.—  
Ye'll find me here.

JUSTINA.

MOSCO.

I long to see the sight ;  
 I do confess it, sir. But ere I go,  
 A thousand words or two I'll say outright.  
 How is it, sir, so little wish you shew  
 To see the feasting of this happy day,  
 When others are so merry and so gay ?  
 With your four books, out here you come, alack !  
 And on the merriment you turn your back !

CLARIN.

Our master is quite right ; and to my mind  
 There 's nothing so wearisome one can find  
 As one of your merry procession-days,  
 With all your dancing, your music, and plays.

MOSCO.

I'll tell you, Clarin, in plain words, with art  
 And management, you are a cunning bird.  
 You say my master's right, though in your heart  
 You think not what you say, no, not a word.

CLARIN.

Art wrong ;—for when 'tis spoken face to face,  
 A lie hath always something more of grace ;  
 And what I say I think.

CIPRIANO.

Mosco, enough ;  
 And, Clarin, cease this nonsensical stuff ;

Leave off this bickering and this pother,  
And cease to contradict one another.  
Hence, away ; and return as I have bid,  
When parts the day in sable shadows hid,  
That clothe in darkness this great universe.

MOSCO.

Well, what if you did speak against the fun  
Of seeing feasts ; you might have said much worse.  
Then come along, since you no harm have done.

CLARIN.

That's logic plain ; for who himself would take  
Advice he gives to others ?

MOSCO.

Oh, for wings  
To fly to Libia, 'twould my comfort make !      [*Exit.*]

CLARIN.

Though truth I speak, 'tis Libia's self that brings  
Such workings on my heart, for her I love ;  
But I'm afraid she will a traitress prove.      [*Exit.*]

CIPRIANO.

And now I'm all alone ; my genius now,  
Must meditate upon and try to sound  
This question deep, that I, with fever'd brow,  
Have studied long — that's kept my soul spell-bound,

Since I that dark and mystic passage read,  
 Which Plinius wrote, concerning what is God.  
 My mind, with books and meditation fed,  
 As yet knows not this God, whose awful nod  
 Can miracles perform, and wonders shew :  
 This hidden truth my soul doth long to know.

*Enter MISALETHES in holyday dress.*

MISALETHES (*aside*).

Ponder away, Cipriano ; though clever,  
 With all thy books and learning, thou shalt never  
 Pierce this mystery ; from thee I'll conceal it.

CIPRIANO.

There's noise amongst those branches, I did feel it.  
 Who's there ? who are ye ?

MISALETHES.

Sir, I am a stranger,  
 Who, in this mountain's breast, have lost my road,  
 And ever since the morn have been a ranger ;  
 And I my horse, that's jaded with its load,  
 Have left behind, to rest and graze at will  
 Upon the verdant sward that decks this hill.  
 To Antioch I'm bound on matters pressing ;  
 And, lost in thought, which is a common thing,  
 From all my friends and servants I did stray,  
 And thus I lost friends, servants, and my way.



CIPRIANO.

With Antioch's high towers before your eyes,  
You can't find your way? you give me surprise;  
There's not a path or road, 'mongst so many,  
That does not lead right to it, choose any.

MISALETHES.

'Tis all my folly, with knowledge in view  
To take no benefit; but it won't do  
In a strange town to now appear alone,  
Asking questions, and by nobody known;  
And, till the coming night assert her sway,  
I'll here remain the remnant of the day.  
By your dress and books, sir, I guess should make  
You are a student learn'd. I always take  
A great delight in those who students are.

CIPRIANO.

Have you read?

MISALETHES.

No, but I can boast my share  
Of knowledge; and that's quite enough I trow  
To 'scape being call'd ignorant.

CIPRIANO.

Let me know  
What science you do then possess.

MISALETHES.

Many.

CIPRIANO.

Oh, what vanity! without books you've acquired  
 So much knowledge, when others cannot any  
 Science reach, although they work until they're tir'd?

MISALETHES.

Yes,—for I come from a land where knowledge  
 Is got without books, study, or college.

CIPRIANO.

Oh, would I belong'd to that land! for here,  
 Though study we may, we never come near  
 To knowledge enough.

MISALETHES.

There you're in the right ;  
 And I confess my vanity was such,  
 Although at books I'd never had a sight,  
 I once did undertake what was too much.  
 For a professorship I did compete,  
 And though I'd many votes, I lost my prize.  
 But what then, if I did sustain defeat?  
 Defeats are oft as good as victories.  
 If you doubt my word, we'll a point discuss.  
 Now say, what study is't you like the best?  
 Choose which side you like, and without more fuss,  
 Though right you choose, I'll put you to your test.

CIPRIANO.

Oh! I rejoice to find a man so clever.

In Plinius there's a passage that does give  
 My mind much thought, and I fear I will never  
 Know its meaning, however long I live.  
 What god he means, I cannot understand.

MISALETHES.

I remember ; I have the words at hand.  
 " God is all goodness, one essence, one being ;  
 One substance—all powerful, and all seeing."

CIPRIANO.

That's it.

MISALETHES.

Well, what difficulty d'ye find ?

CIPRIANO.

Who is that God, is mystery to my mind.  
 For if he is all goodness, even Jove  
 Himself is not ; for he's not sin above.  
 We've seen it often ; Danae witness,  
 And Europa ; that can't hold him guiltless :  
 How can in all goodness these passions meet,  
 Where actions should be sacred and discreet ?

MISALETHES.

Tush, man ; these are mere fables, to be found  
 In books profane. No one with senses sound  
 But would see the names of the gods' disguis'd,  
 For what they call philosophy devis'd.

CIPRIANO.

Your answer satisfies me not ; respect

To God ought such to be that none reflect  
 The slightest sin, though false, upon his name.  
 And further, if all goodness does proclaim  
 The gods' essence, of reason 'tis the test,  
 They'd always do their actions for the best.  
 For how can some be willing, others not?  
 See the doubtful answers their statues make.  
 Then do not say in books profane I got  
 My knowledge. Now, we will two armies take,  
 To whom their idols did give guarantee  
 That each would surely have the victory.  
 One lost it; then I may clearly deduce,  
 That wills oppos'd can't to one end conduce;  
 And if oppos'd, you must admit perforce,  
 If one is good, the other's bad in course:  
 Then how is it the gods all goodness are,  
 If they no union have, but constant war?

## MISALETHES.

Your proposition I deny—because  
 These answers given thus to ends do go,  
 Which are decreed by Providence's laws,  
 Too deep for us poor mortals here to know.  
 And the loss of the battle to the loser  
 Might be of more avail than victory  
 To him that won it,—though you will say no, sir.

## CIPRIANO.

You may be right; but you must surely see

That this god, since the gods do not deceive,  
 Ought not have made both armies to believe  
 They'd gain the battle—and if God sees all,  
 Any god might well see what would befall ;  
 And seeing, surely would not promise make  
 Of a thing which effect would never take.  
 And if he be so great a deity,  
 Distinct in persons, he perforce must be,  
 At all times, one sole will essentially.

## MISALETHES.

He had his reasons thus to stir the heart  
 With his voice.

## CIPRIANO.

Well, we will suppose he had ;  
 But spirits are not there both good and bad  
 'Mongst men, who good and bad advice impart ?  
 And this is an argument that does prove  
 The soul's immortal. Then this god might move  
 The heart without the telling of a lie.

## MISALETHES.

But you'll admit, though oppos'd the gods are  
 In will, disunion this does not imply ;  
 For the gods disunited never were  
 In matters serious. See man's noble frame,  
 One sole conception, and one will the same.

## CIPRIANO.

Then, if he's one, he's stronger than the rest ;

But if they equal are, and jar they may  
 Sometimes as you admit, and here's your test ;  
 When he attempted it—another 'd say,  
 This must not be. How then is 't this God can  
 All things? When he created man, since all  
 In power but not in will are equal,  
 Another god might uncreate this man—  
 Which of the two would conquer ?

## MISALETHES.

I dismiss  
 All idea of argument and logic  
 On propositions false, that make me sick ;  
 But tell me, what do you infer from this ?

## CIPRIANO.

That there is but one God I do believe,  
 All goodness,—an all-powerful Being ;  
 All grace, infallible, and all-seeing ;  
 Superior, and who never does deceive ;  
 Without a rival, and without equal,  
 A beginning without a beginning ;  
 One sole essence, and one substantial thing ;  
 One power alone, and one will in all.  
 And although like him more persons than one  
 There be, one sov'reign Deity alone  
 In essence he can be—of all things cause.

MISALETHES (*rising*).

How can I deny you ? 'tis very clear.

CIPRIANO.

Are you really convinc'd?

MISALETHES.

Sooth, I must pause  
Before your learning superior, I fear ;  
Though something more I might certainly say ;  
But I see some people coming this way.  
For Antioch's fair town I must depart.

CIPRIANO.

Peace be with you !

MISALETHES.

May peace rejoice your heart !  
With all thy learning, thou shalt forget thy books, [*Aside.*  
And yield thee to the spell of a fair maid's looks.  
Justina :—I'll persecute and trouble thee,  
And my revenge shall both sweet and double be. [*Exit.*

CIPRIANO.

So strange a man mine eyes did never see.  
But since my men come not too hastily,  
I'll sit me down again, and try to find  
The cause of all these doubts that plague my mind.

*Enter* FLORO and LELIO.

LELIO.

We need no further go : these rocks alone

And branches that defy the sun's bright beams  
Can witness our strife.

FLORO.

With words have done,  
And draw your sword; mere talk but ill beseems  
A place like this—although elsewhere it might.

LELIO.

The field is the place for the glitt'ring sight  
Of the blade, I know it full well. [*They fight.*]

CIPRIANO.

Hold—stay!

Lelio, what means this? Floro, step aside.  
Though all unarm'd, your swords I will divide.

LELIO.

How came you here, Cipriano, in my way  
My vengeance to interrupt?

FLORO.

The offspring  
Art thou of these hollow trees and these rocks?

*Enter* MOSCO *and* CLARIN.

MOSCO.

O Clarin, run, run; quick, assistance bring,  
They're on our master, he's had such hard knocks.



CLARIN.

When I run, it's away from fighting folks.

BOTH.

Master—

CIPRIANO.

Be silent ;—How is this ? two friends,  
By blood and name of Antioch the pride ;  
Two lives which might aspire to glorious ends,  
Ye risk, and set your country's good aside ?  
The one, our most noble Governor's son,  
The other, in whose noble veins do run  
The blood of the Colalti ? Oh, have done !

LELIO.

Cipriano, though my great respect for thee  
Suspends my sword, it will not find repose  
Within its scabbard. Thou art one who knows  
More of books than duel laws—and dost not see  
That when two nobles are met in the field,  
There's no respect can break bright honour's rules ;  
And 'tis the law that one his breath do yield.

FLORO.

And so say I of men who live in schools.  
I beg therefore you'll leave us with your men,  
That we may draw, and set to work again.

CIPRIANO.

Deem not that books have caus'd me overlook

The code of honour, which all brave men know ;  
 My birth has taught me no affront to brook ;  
 And that books have not cow'd me I can shew.  
 Letters and arms have often been akin,  
 And oft in one their qualities unite.  
 Then if your cause of meeting was to fight,  
 Since you have fought full well—you both do win  
 Your honour back. But if, you will but say  
 Your quarrel's cause, and give me proof indeed  
 That one of you does satisfaction need,  
 I swear to leave you, and to go my way.

## LELIO.

Well, since you promise make to let us fight  
 When you know the cause, I'll tell it outright.  
 I love a maiden—Floro loves her too ;  
 What else then can two noble rivals do ?  
 To come to terms I see no other way,  
 Then we must fight, and one the other slay.

## FLORO.

That lady I do love, and I desire  
 The sun itself look not at her. 'Tis plain  
 We can't agree ; then let us not again.  
 Your word you've pledg'd, and you must now retire.

## CIPRIANO.

Hold yet awhile—I must know more—her name ?  
 Have ye hopes, or is she all hopes beyond ?

LELIO.

So noble and so spotless is her fame,  
 Floro need not fear the sun, though fond ;  
 For the sun itself dare not look at her.

CIPRIANO.

Would'st marry her ? for that's the chief matter.

FLORO.

There lie my hopes !

CIPRIANO.

Would'st thou too ?

LELIO.

O heaven,

Would that so much bliss to me were given !  
 'Tis true she is a maiden passing poor,  
 But she can bring her virtue for her dower.

CIPRIANO.

Then since you both to gain her hand do aim,  
 Why expose her name and reputation,  
 By such behaviour rash ? You're much to blame.  
 What would be said of one in her station,  
 If one she married, that the other slew  
 Because of her ? She'd have the deed to rue.  
 But do not think that I do mean ye cease  
 To make your court at once, and try to please ;  
 For I wish not on my account a thing

Be done that might the name of coward bring  
 Upon a suitor who would overlook  
 All rivalry, and then an insult took.  
 But which she favours, you must ascertain,  
 And then.—

LELIO.

Oh, say no more ; for I maintain  
 It is an action mean, and most unfair  
 To ask the lady which she'd rather wed.  
 Floro it must be or me ; then if there,  
 I have the luck, much more I'd have to dread,  
 Than I do now ; since she, in love with me,  
 By another would be lov'd ; if Floro she  
 Do choose—I'll rage my present rage above,  
 To see her whom I love, another love.  
 'Tis therefore useless saying she must choose  
 Which lover she will have, or which refuse.  
 Then let us again to the bright blade appeal,  
 The lover that's favour'd his honour to heal,  
 The lover rejected his vengeance to seal.

FLORO.

Methinks of certain easy ladies, this  
 Might spoken be—who would not take amiss,  
 If ask'd to take their choice or leave alone.  
 This very day, I'll ask her of her father,  
 And since I've drawn my sword, held back by one  
 Who would step in—why, Lelio, I'd much rather  
 Put it up again, though I came to fight.

LELIO.

Floro, I'm half inclin'd to think you're right ;  
And I'll make sure, and quick her father see.

CIPRIANO.

Since for this lady you do both confess  
Pure love—than tell her name, you can't do less.  
Besides, she hath virtue and honesty.  
Ye know in Antioch I've influence.  
To speak to her myself I promise make,  
That she prepar'd may be to give sentence  
To her father, which of the two she'll take.

LELIO.

Well, be it so.

CIPRIANO.

Who is she ?

FLORO.

Justina ;

Old Lysander's daughter.

CIPRIANO.

You don't mean her ?

Oh, how stale your praises for such a name !

She is virtuous and of spotless fame.

I go forthwith to see her.

FLORO.

May heaven

Grant by the cruel girl some hope be given ! [*Exit.*

JUSTINA.

LELIO.

And when she hears my name, my hopes, O love,  
With laurels crown! [Exit.

CIPRIANO.

Oh, may heaven remove  
All cause for evil talk, and heavy woes! [Exit.

MOSCO.

Do you hear that? our master straightway goes  
To Justina's house.

CLARIN.

Well, and if he does?

MOSCO.

What if, eh? why you've no business there.

CLARIN.

Why?

MOSCO.

Libia's her servant—and for her I die;  
And I desire the sun dare not look at her.

CLARIN.

Oh, is that all? to me it is no matter  
For fighting, and risking my precious life,  
When I am sure the maid will be my wife.

MOSCO.

You reason well ; then let her say her choice,  
And which of us to have, she'll most rejoice.

CLARIN.

That's a good plan—though thee I fear she'll take.

MOSCO.

Think so, eh ?

CLARIN.

Yes, for such Libias always make  
Bad choices.

[*Exeunt.**Scene 11**Enter JUSTINA and LYSANDER.*

JUSTINA.

Oh, my lord, I have no solace  
In seeing the blind and vulgar error,  
Whereby are consecrated in this place  
Yon altar and yon image ; with terror  
I behold the profanity. They say  
'Tis a god ; I make no doubt, that some day  
It will a token give as such. The devil  
Will give it life with his spirit of evil.

LYSANDER.

O fair Justina, if thou didst not deplore  
This tragedy, this outrage gross upon Christ's faith,  
Thou could'st not be thyself.

JUSTINA.

JUSTINA.

My sire truly saith ;  
I am thy daughter ; but such would be no more,  
If what I see to-day made me not weep.

LYSANDER.

O Justina, thou art not my daughter born.  
Such bliss I own not :—why could I not keep,  
O God, this secret ? 'Twas from my bosom torn  
By love for thee !

JUSTINA.

My lord, what is't you say ?

LYSANDER.

I do not know ; my senses are astray.

JUSTINA.

I've often heard my lord this language speak,  
But did not wish, for fear of giving pain,  
To sift your grief, nor moist with tears your cheek,  
And always would from questioning refrain.  
But since you oft repeat those words—impart,  
My lord, what they do mean, to my sad heart,  
For 'tis a tale thy bosom cannot hold.

LYSANDER.

Justina, this secret from thee I've hid,  
For I did fear thy youth, and was not bold  
To tell the tale, by love for thee forbid.



But now I see thee grown to woman's state,  
 Myself upon a staff, and at death's gate,  
 My conscience bids these things to hide no more.  
 Then list to all the ills that I deplore.

JUSTINA.

I'm awed with fear !

LYSANDER.

My heart is full of grief ;  
 But I must speak.

JUSTINA.

My lord, I pray relief  
 From all my anxious doubts.

LYSANDER.

Justina, list ;  
 I am Lysander ; but marvel not if I  
 By my name begin—which well thou knowest  
 Is such. But my tale it will not satisfy  
 If I omit it ; then Lysander am I :—  
 A native of that city, which on seven  
 Hills, is like unto a hydra made of stone,  
 That rears its seven heads ; that city even,  
 Which is the Christian's hope and refuge alone.  
 For 'tis a name that none can claim, save Rome !—  
 Of humble parents born, 'twas my first home ;  
 If humble may be said of those, who left  
 Behind a heritage of virtues. They

Both were Christians, whose sires were reft  
Of life, which for their faith they gave away,  
And gloried in their death. In Christian faith  
I zealous grew ; and I would welcome death  
A thousand times in its defence. I still  
Was young, when secretly did come to Rome,  
The prudent Alexander, who did fill  
The holy chair, though yet it had no home.  
For since their thirst the cruel heathens slake,  
With the blood which innocent martyrs shed ;  
As yet the Church of Christ doth hide its head.  
Not that her sons do fear their lives to stake,  
Or martyrs die ; but lest our impious foe  
Might all at once destroy at one fell blow ;  
And none remain, who the Gentile may shew,  
And teach to comprehend the doctrine true.  
I said to Rome Pope Alexander came ;  
In secret I did see him, and obtain'd  
His blessing ; and from his pious hands I gain'd  
Those orders so holy, whose sacred name  
The angels envy. The Pope did command  
Me next for Antioch depart, to preach  
Christ's Church in secret, and its doctrines teach.  
I did obey, and to my native land  
I bid adieu ; and in my pilgrimage,  
'Mongst tribes distinct in custom and in law,  
I wander'd long, until at last I saw,  
From yon high mountain's top, my journey's stage ;  
Proud Antioch's glitt'ring towers I had in view,  
When sank the sun, that took with it the day,

But left the stars as pledge that he would shew  
Himself ere long again. I lost my way,  
And in those fastnesses I sadly stray'd,  
Until I found myself within a groat,  
Where the trembling beams of the stars had not  
An entrance found. I resolution made  
To stay until the sun again would rise.  
And to my thoughts their full freedom giving,  
I held communion with my fantasies.  
I thus was rapt, when the gentle heaving  
Of a groan with its echo caught mine ear.  
I eagerly did list, and then drew near.  
Distincter came the sound, though faint it was,  
Like the mute speech of one who sorrow has ;  
For sighs are sorrow's best interpreter.  
Those groans did from a woman's breast proceed ;  
And 'twas a voice of man that said to her  
In half-chok'd words : " for that foul deed,  
For that foul stain upon most noble blood,—  
Perish by my hands, though 'tis death too good,  
Ere on the scaffold thou do yield thy breath."  
In stiff'd words, the hapless woman said—  
" Oh, pity take upon thy blood ; to death  
I am resign'd—for *this* alone I dread."  
I hasten'd then the cruel deed to stay ;  
But all too late ; the words had died away.  
And then I saw a man upon a steed  
Amongst the hollow trees at fastest speed.  
Like loadstone to my heart was that faint voice,  
Which said, midst sobs and groans, most plaintively :

" A martyr I do die ; and I rejoice  
 A Christian and a martyr's death to die."  
 I follow'd quick to where my heart did tell  
 These words were spoke ; and soon I reach'd the place.  
 I saw a female form, but not full well  
 To mark the hand of death upon her face.  
 Her arms outstretch'd, did struggling hard appear ;  
 And of my presence scarce aware, she said :—  
 " O fell assassin, why art thou still near ?  
 Canst thou not leave me here in peace to die ?"  
 " I come," I said, " perchance by Heaven sent,  
 To give you aid in your extremity."  
 She faintly groan'd, " Since this your good intent  
 Can naught avail my life, which fast does flow,  
 Oh, on this child your piety bestow ;  
 This child, to whom it is the will of Heaven,  
 My woes for an inheritance be given."  
 She ceas'd to speak ; and then . . . . .

*Enter* LIBIA.

LIBIA.

The trader, sir,  
 You owe money to, with the law is near  
 The house. But oh, my master need not stir !  
 I said you were not in, so do not fear.  
 But you can run through there . . . . .

JUSTINA.

How I bewail,  
 My lord, this interruption to a tale

That's froze my soul, my reason, and my life !  
But go, my lord.

LYSANDER.

Oh, how with insults rife  
Is hard necessity ! [Exit.

JUSTINA.

They come no doubt ;  
For I can hear their voices' sound without.

LIBIA.

Oh, it's all a mistake ; Cipriano, 'tis.

JUSTINA.

What wants Cipriano here ? What meaneth this ?

*Enter CIPRIANO, CLARIN, and MOSCO.*

CIPRIANO.

My coming here, lady, is but to serve you ;  
For seeing near your house the law's blood-hounds,  
My duty bade me from affront preserve you,  
And keep those men within their proper bounds,  
My friendship for your father, Lysander,  
Was cause alone (oh, my senses wander !) [Aside.  
To see if I (oh, I'm a block of ice !) [Aside.  
Could be of any use with my advice.  
(Alas !) 't would be the height of my desire,—  
(Oh, I was wrong, for I am all on fire !) [Aside.

JUSTINA.

Long life may Heaven grant you ; but my father,

Ere he receive your favours kind, would rather  
Wait a cause more pressing.

CIPRIANO.

Your servant ever

I am (I never felt so shy—no never!) [*Aside.*]

JUSTINA.

Lysander is not within.

CIPRIANO.

Then I'll make bold ;

And my cause of coming here I'll let you know.  
Lady, it is not the motive I have told  
That brings me to your presence.

JUSTINA.

Then what want you ?

CIPRIANO.

Attentive be to me, and I'll be brief.  
Justina fair, in whom the sweetest charms  
That human nature boasts are met ;—my chief  
Desire is your bliss ; though I feel alarms  
For mine, and deem it hard, as time will shew,  
That I should be the giver of your bliss,  
And you should take from me my happiness.  
Lelio, (whose love is pure as drifting snow,)  
Floro, (whose love is honour's own essence,)  
Have been upon the point, for you, to slay

Each other ; and but for my stern presence  
 Would have done it ; but I did stop the fray  
 For you. But I was wrong from death to save  
 Those who will make you send me to my grave.  
 To stay the tongue of scandal I am here,  
 As their ambassador.—Would I were not !  
 Your choice would fall like death upon mine ear !  
 Then see how melancholy is my lot !  
 That I for both their loves should pleading make,  
 And you in me should jealousy awake.  
 In fine, I promise gave that I would ask  
 You, madam, which you choose (ungrateful task !)  
 May ask you of your father. (Oh, how sad !)  
 And this my object is, (Oh, I am mad !)  
 I speak for others, for myself I feel !

## JUSTINA.

I cannot, sir, my indignation conceal  
 At your insolent proposal. You give  
 A check to both my reason and my speech ;  
 And I can scarce your conduct's meaning reach.  
 I swear I never gave, as I do live,  
 Either to Floro or to Lelio cause,  
 That you should trample thus decorum's laws.  
 My contempt for them you may feel likewise.

## CIPRIANO.

If you another love, and I aspire  
 To your heart, base would be my love, unwise

And mean. But 'tis because I do admire  
 To see a rock resist such stormy seas,  
 That I do love you. But I cannot share  
 In their disappointment.—It does not please  
 Me to lament for those who love-sick are.  
 To Lelio what shall I say?

JUSTINA.

His labour  
 Tell him for so many years he has lost.

CIPRIANO.

And Floro?

JUSTINA.

I don't wish to see him more.

CIPRIANO.

And me?

JUSTINA.

Speak to me of love at your cost.

CIPRIANO.

Why not, if 'tis a god?

JUSTINA.

Is it to you  
 A god then, more than to the other two?

CIPRIANO.

It is.



JUSTINA.

Then ye my answer have all three. [*Exeunt.*

CLARIN.

Mistress Libia!

MOSCO.

Mistress Libia!

CLARIN.

Here we be.

LIBIA.

Well, what want ye? and you, what do you want?

CLARIN.

You must know, if yet you don't, that we can't  
Help loving you—and would have had a fight;  
But fearing scandal, we did think it right  
And only fair to let you take your choice.

LIBIA.

This language, sirs, so great a sensation  
Upon my heart has wrought, with grief my voice  
Is mute. Oh, 'tis a sad situation!  
I choose one? Alas! it will kill me straight.  
Choose one? when I can take you both at once?  
One sure ye cannot mean? Oh, cruel fate!

CLARIN.

You can't love both, to that you must renounce,  
For surely would not two plague out your life?

JUSTINA.

LIBIA.

Not they ; for we women by couples lead.

MOSCO.

How can that be ? to both you can't be wife.

LIBIA.

I'd love you both I say ; so peace, blockhead.

MOSCO.

How ?

LIBIA.

Alternately.

CLARIN.

Eh ! what does that mean ?

LIBIA.

That turn about I'll love ye, each his day. [*Exit.*]

MOSCO.

Then I choose first, and lucky have I been.

CLARIN.

To-morrow's better ; so take this you may.

MOSCO.

And so Libia, for whom I long have pin'd,  
Loves me to-day, and to-day I love her !  
But I deserve this joy, it strikes my mind.

CLARIN.

Hearken, Mosco ; you know me, don't you, sir ?

MOSCO.

Yes, but why ?

CLARIN.

That she's not yours ye may know,  
As sure as twelve it is the clock does shew. [*Exeunt.*]

*Night.* FLORO and LELIO at a distance from each other.

LELIO.

The pitchy night hath scarce her sable veil  
Outspread, when I at this threshold appear,  
The star to worship that's within its sphere.  
What though to-day, Cipriano did prevail  
My sword to stay? He hath not stay'd my love,  
For lovers are forgetfulness above.

FLORO.

The dawn shall find me here ; myself elsewhere  
I'm not ; for in another I do live.  
O love, an answer send, or foul or fair ;  
And Cipriano, hope I pray thee give !

LELIO.

I heard a noise ; 'twas at that window, sure.

FLORO.

I heard a noise at yonder window's door.

[MISALETHES appears on the balcony.]

JUSTINA.

LELIO.

'Tis a man's form, her window coming out.

FLORO.

Though dark it be—it is a man, no doubt.

MISALETHES.

My plan is good ; Justina shall be disfam'd,  
And her virtue's loss be publicly proclaimed.

*[He descends the steps of the balcony.]*

LELIO.

Oh, heavens ! what is this mine eyes do see !

FLORO.

Oh, what is this I see ? unhappy me !

LELIO.

He's leapt from the balcony to the ground !

FLORO.

A man coming from her room ! Till I've found  
Who 'tis, O jealousy, do not yet slay me !

LELIO.

This man I'll know, and I will make him pay me,  
For robbing thus my bosom's sweetest treasure.

MISALETHES.

This day, not only will I have the pleasure

Of heaping contempt on the maiden's head,  
But I will quarrels stir till some one's dead.  
Now earth receive me, and confusion her!

*[He disappears.]*

LELIO.

Whoe'er you be, I must know your name, sir ;  
And come what may, upon it I insist.  
Say, who are you ?

FLORO.

If your spite you can't resist,  
Because your am'rous secret hath a witness ;  
I have a greater stake than you, and no less  
Have curiosity to know who are you.  
But you're inquisitive, and I am jealous ;  
But by the heavens, who 's master here I'll know.  
And who does make Justina so rebellious  
To my love, and robs me of what has made me weep  
At these rails, and made me such useless vigils keep.

LELIO.

Your jest is pleasant, sir, but does not blind me ;  
You blame me for a thing which is your own,  
And I must know your name—or you will find my  
Sword shall force ye straight to tell the name of one  
Who's wrong'd me so, and kill'd me thus with jealousy.

FLORO.

Since love has shewn itself, we need not hidden be.

JUSTINA.

LELIO.

Then let the sword decide what words cannot.

*[They fight.]*

FLORO.

Then with my sword, my answer you have got.

LELIO.

And now I'll know who is Justina's lover.

FLORO.

Kill me, if who you are I don't discover.

*Enter CIPRIANO, MOSCO, and CLARIN.*

CIPRIANO.

Hold, gentlemen! put up your swords,  
If I'm in time to put off harm.

FLORO.

Not I indeed; persuasive words  
You use in vain to stop my arm.

CIPRIANO.

Floro!

FLORO.

Yes, Floro—with my blade  
In hand, I ne'er deny my name.

CIPRIANO.

I am near you, then die who's made  
This vile attack on thee ; 'tis shame !

LELIO.

Ye all at once will cause less fear  
Than I've receiv'd at Floro's hand.

CIPRIANO.

What, Lelio ?

LELIO.

Yes.

CIPRIANO.

I won't come near ;  
Between ye both, I'll take my stand.  
What means all this ? twice in one day,  
Must I step in and stop your fray ?

LELIO.

It's over now, and we're agreed ;  
For now we know Justina's lord.  
I have no hopes, since fate 's decreed  
It so, and I'll put up my sword.  
Speak not, I pray, to Justina  
Of my hopes and disappointment,  
If already you've not seen her ;  
For I saw with what contentment  
Floro did from her window leap ;  
And with a sad heart did witness

My loss, and Floro's happiness.  
 And since my love was pure and deep,  
 I'll not be base, since now reliev'd  
 From doubt, and by love undeceiv'd. [Exit.

FLORO.

Stay!

CIPRIANO.

Follow not, but let him go.  
 (Heavens! his words have killed me ; [Aside.  
 I cannot stand this heavy blow !)  
 Since he has lost what thou didst gain,  
 You must not, Floro, willing be,  
 To add more pangs to his sad pain,  
 For he won't think on her again.

FLORO.

You both do madden me with grief  
 At once, with all this pleasant talk.  
 Speak not of her to me. Relief  
 I'll find in my revenge. What, balk  
 My hopes? But since I know the truth,  
 I'll cease to pay my court forsooth,  
 For I'm well bred and noble both. [Exit.

CIPRIANO.

Did I hear right? Heavens, what meaneth this?  
 How strange! for jealousy they both have cause,  
 And I, because of both, am in distress?



They must mistaken be, and I must pause,  
Ere I lament ; my thanks they do deserve,  
I say, since they do both their suit relinquish.  
O my torments ! this parley did but serve  
To give ye solace sweet ; and since you did wish  
My steps should hither roam, I give ye thanks.  
Ho there ! Mosco, Clarin ; my feathers bring  
And sword forthwith. Now, Love, within thy ranks  
Thy sprucest subject take. It's just the thing !  
I've done with books, for books I can't endure ;  
Though books, I've always heard, are love's best cure.

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## PART II.

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*Enter CIPRIANO, MOSCO, and CLARIN, gaily attired.*

CIPRIANO.

My fever'd thoughts ! O whither, whither will  
Ye drag me to ? If ye have certitude  
That this is madness all my brains do fill,  
Then why this daring madness let intrude ?  
What ! ye that once did seek the Heavens high,  
In dark abyss of misery now lie ?  
I saw Justina ;—O Justina, would  
Thy sunny presence I had not gone near !  
Nor all entranc'd my soul, I ever stood  
Within the light of thy celestial sphere !  
Two lovers warm there are, who to her heart  
Aspire, who of each other do complain.  
For both with cruel jealousy I smart,  
Though one alone can really cause me pain.  
But which it is I cannot tell ;—I know  
But this ;—my doubts do make me furious go.  
Her haughtiness and proud disdain do make  
My heart and brain with racking torments ache.  
The rest I know not.—O Justina fair,

I worship thee, and worship in despair!  
By Heaven I do.—Ho there, Mosco!

MOSCO.

Sir.

CIPRIANO.

See if Lysander is within.

MOSCO.

I will.

CLARIN.

No, you won't; I'll go. Master, I demur  
To Mosco's going.

CIPRIANO.

What, these quarrels still  
Must I witness? Why cannot Mosco go?

CLARIN.

Because this is not his day—it is mine,  
And I am off to let Lysander know  
Your pleasure. Oh, this is all very fine,  
Mosco; but you must wait till to-morrow.

CIPRIANO.

What new folly's this? are ye in your senses right?  
But none need go. I see the starry light  
That makes Justina's face appear a Heaven bright.

JUSTINA.

CLARIN.

Yes, I see her coming ; she's now quite near.

*Enter JUSTINA and LIBIA with veils on.*

JUSTINA.

O Heavens ! Libia, Cipriano's here.

CIPRIANO.

Now I must needs my jealousy conceal,  
 Until I ascertain if I have cause  
 To jealous be ; my love I won't reveal,  
 If I can but my jealousy make pause. [*Aside.*  
 Lady, let not this change of raiment plead  
 In vain the offer of my services.  
 This honour great does make me sigh indeed.  
 And since I may not love, pure friendship's wishes  
 Pray accept.

JUSTINA.

My plain-spoken language, sir,  
 You have little heeded, for it has not,  
 It seems, convinc'd you how it idle were  
 To persecute me thus ; in vain you've sought  
 For hope, Cipriano ;—and now of this be sure ;—  
 That days, months, years, and ages at my door,  
 Would be time lost ; I can't convince thee more.  
 For such my woe, for such my fate so cruel saith ;—  
 I cannot love thee Cipriano save in death !

CIPRIANO.

This hope alone has made me happy feel.  
If in death to love me you do promise,  
The time so brief I take, and you shall seal,  
By loving now, my earthly dreams of bliss,  
For I begin to die for happiness.

[*Exit* JUSTINA.]

CLARIN.

Now, Libia, my dear, whilst master is thinking  
And talking about his love ; and, madman  
Like, to nothing but skin and bones is shrinking ;  
Give me your arms.

LIBIA.

Have patience, thou bad man,  
And let me calculate if it's your day,  
For I don't wish to have a conscience sore.  
Tuesday, yes ; Wednesday, no.

CLARIN.

Why count away  
Like that, since Mosco's mum your eyes before ?

LIBIA.

He may have mistaken been ; but mistaken  
I do not wish to be ; for since justice  
I do preach, it must not be forsaken  
By me, by not giving each one what's his.  
But you are right, Clarin, this is your turn.

JUSTINA.

CLARIN.

To hug thee, Libia, with my arms, I burn !

LIBIA.

Then come along, and thousand welcomes take !

MOSCO.

Hearken, my queen ; to-day you can embrace  
Right well and gladly ; this remark I make,  
That you to-morrow shew as good a grace.

LIBIA.

Your suspicions spare ; you'll be satisfied.  
O Jupiter ! to think of me such thing,  
As be too free with any one ! abide  
The thought I can't ; when comes your turn I'll fling  
My arms around your neck, just as you please. [*Exit.*]

CLARIN.

By Jupiter, it won't be done before me !

MOSCO.

Why do you grumble ? I am not ill at ease  
For all I said, since the girl most surely  
Is not mine.

CLARIN.

I should say not.

MOSCO.

Then I maintain,

Since it was not my turn, I could not complain.  
But what's our master thinking upon there ?

CLARIN.

If he is speaking, I'll listen and draw near.

CIPRIANO.

Oh love ! why art thou to lover's sighs so loath ?

*CIPRIANO turns round, and meets them suddenly.*

CLARIN.

Oh, oh !

MOSCO.

Oh, oh !

CLARIN.

The island of oh, oh !  
This place might well be call'd.

CIPRIANO.

Were ye here both ?

CLARIN.

I'll swear I was.

MOSCO.

And I will swear also.

CIPRIANO.

O Heaven kind, my life at once do end,  
And to my heavy griefs sweet comfort send.

No heart such misery did e'er endure!

CLARIN.

Where's he taking us to, Mosco?

MOSCO.

I'm sure

I cannot tell; methinks it's out of town.

CLARIN.

What's the use of us walking up and down  
The fields, if we no books have need to use?

CIPRIANO.

Clarín, return home.

MOSCO.

And me?

CLARIN.

Do you choose

To stay?

CIPRIANO.

Begone both.

CLARIN.

Obeys, we can't refuse. [*Exeunt.*]

CIPRIANO.

Confusion of my brain! Oh, be not yet  
So powerful to make my soul forget



Itself: this soul, alas! though sadly changed,  
 From its ownself is not quite yet estranged.  
 A beauty I do idolize; and blind,  
 I worship it. Ambition's lost my mind!  
 With fever'd thoughts, in wakeful dreams my heart  
 Knows whom it loves; but nothing will impart  
 To me my rival's name. My frantic rage  
 Knows not the means its fury to assuage;  
 I feel distract; my torments fierce, O heaven!  
 Do make my mind to wander. I would even  
 (Oh, madness unworthy a noble breast!)  
 Give to the most infernal genius (hell  
 Do I invoke?), if he would only tell . . . .  
 (For by such hellish racks I am oppress'd,  
 My reason's fled,—my tongue has no control).  
 Me how to win this maid, . . . . I'd give . . . . my soul!

MISALETHES' *voice*.

I accept it.

CIPRIANO.

Heavens, what's this? the flash  
 Of the forked lightning see! Visible  
 At once both light and darkness are! The crash  
 Of the rolling thunder,—how terrible!  
 That makes the air so awfully vibrate.  
 The caverns of the ocean now seem free  
 Their prodigies to yield so dread, but great!  
 The sky is crown'd with clouds, all black to see,  
 And in their breast what horrors dark abound,  
 That seem to threaten this mountain's lofty crest!

All glowing red is the horizon round ;  
 The air is dull with smoke, the sun is drest  
 In mist ; all heaven seems to be on fire.  
 O philosophy ! is't so long since we  
 Have separated been, I now desire  
 In vain these mighty wonders' cause to see ?  
 And now the waves, like mountains huge, the clouds  
 Appear to touch ; then like a ruin's crash  
 The foaming billows fall in boiling shrouds.  
 Methinks I see a ship ; the waters dash  
 Around her fierce. 'Twould seem the ocean's plain  
 She seeks ; nor does the noble fabric court  
 The land. It's safety 's on the open main ;  
 Nor does it heed the sure and friendly port.  
 Those shrieks and yells are omens of her fate ;  
 But death his eyes upon the living dead  
 Will feast—and yet awhile he'll make them wait,  
 Ere he consign them to their doom so dread !  
 The elements alone are not her only foes.  
 Some potent prodigy must there command ;  
 A power strange her safety must oppose ;  
 See now the hurricane back for the land  
 Does sweep her on the ocean's raging breast,  
 And threatens her with yon rocks' projecting crest.  
 The waves alone wage not this war, 'tis clear.  
 She nears the rock—she strikes—she's dash'd away—  
 As tells yon blood commingl'd with the spray !

## VOICES.

We are sinking !

MISALETHES' *voice*.

I'll take a plank, and steer  
For land ; and then my plan accomplish will.

CIPRIANO.

O heavens ! To add to these horrors more  
Of marvels yet ; I see, with wond'rous skill,  
A man upon a plank, who for the shore  
Is making fast, and seems to mock full well  
These prodigies ; meanwhile the fated bark  
Is gone to where 'tis said the Tritons dwell ;  
And, save the whirling eddies, left no mark  
To tell what happ'd that noble forest-pine,  
That lies a corpse beneath the salty brine.

*Enter MISALETHES dripping wet.*

MISALETHES (*aside*).

To gain my purpose, I was fain to-day  
Invent these wonders of the glassy main.  
But now I'm come in a disguised way  
From that in which he saw me erst. A pain  
Unpleasant I did feel, when in this place  
My knowledge got a check. 'Tis a disgrace  
I cannot bear. I now new war will wage ;  
But will his heart and not his head engage.—  
O my sweet mother earth, I'm so distress'd !  
Oh, give me aid ; and from that monster's breast,  
That threw me here, thy kind protection give.

JUSTINA.

CIPRIANO.

Forget thy recent hap, and cease to grieve,  
My friend; believe me, this great misfortune  
But proves there's nothing constant 'neath the moon.

MISALETHES.

Who art thou, at whose kind feet my fate  
Has thrown me?

CIPRIANO.

One who by sympathy mov'd  
For sufferings so great, would fain abate  
Them; by my services my words be prov'd.

MISALETHES.

'Tis impossible; they would not avail.

CIPRIANO.

Why not?

MISALETHES.

With life the mem'ry of my woes  
Must cease! My wealth all gone; what need bewail?  
And why should I complain of fortune's blows?

CIPRIANO.

The hurricane is o'er; the sky again  
Resumes its wonted calm and crystal blue,  
So quickly, that these horrors of the main,  
Methinks it rous'd thy vessel to undo.  
Now tell me who you are. I can't conceal

My wish to know a man who's made me feel  
So much.

MISALETHES.

More than you've seen, and I could tell,  
It cost me here to come. My loss though great,  
My bark is least of all ; I'll prove it well  
If you but like.

CIPRIANO.

I would.

MISALETHES.

Then I'll relate.

Of wonders, events, and of woes,  
I'm a calendar great and rare ;  
The mem'ry of some I can lose,  
With others I grieve in despair.  
For talent and polish so known ;  
A hero quite perfect in splendour ;  
By my birth full brightly I shone,  
In knowledge to none would surrender.  
A king,—who is greatest of all,  
And awfully fear'd when around  
Him his looks all frowningly fall,  
If angry his temper is found ;  
When seated on his sparkling throne,  
All deck'd with glitt'ring diamonds bright,  
And every shining precious stone,  
That like the stars make glad the night ;  
For stars no brighter shine, I ween,  
And faint my simile and mean :—

His favourite made me.—So full  
Of conceit with this royal mark,  
I thought myself all-powerful ;  
And dar'd upon a deed embark,  
To place myself upon his throne ;  
And I defied his royal power,  
And thought to make his crown my own.  
Oh, it was rash ! I rue the hour !  
I mad became ; but madder still  
Would have been had I repented ;  
I'd rather with my fiery will  
Have bravely lost than relented  
Like a coward. I did not rush  
Alone upon this hot-brain'd scheme ;  
For many subjects join'd to crush  
The king, who, like me, rash must seem.  
Subdued at last, I left my foes,  
Victorious, though so nearly ;  
Vomiting through mouth, eyes, and nose,  
Both revenge and blood—and dearly  
To make his people pay my wrong  
I swore, with every blackest crime.  
The sea I scour, and sail along  
The main to every land and clime,  
A bloody pirate ; Argos like  
Avoiding shoals and hidden rocks.  
The ship which you did witness strike  
Against the cliff, by whose rude shocks  
A ruin she became ; this day  
Did bear me on the glassy main,

That I might greedily survey,  
Step by step, a certain mountain,  
Where dwells a man whom I do seek,  
To do a thing which he did make  
A promise of. To him I'd speak ;  
But me that storm did overtake.  
Although my art, I do assert,  
Could at any time the north wind,  
The east, the south, and west, convert  
To fav'ring breezes ; still my mind,  
For certain reasons, did not wish  
To curb the storm. I've said I could.--  
(I mark how his mind does relish [Aside.  
These magic words.)—But I would  
Not have you marvel at my first  
Mishap ; for if my temper fail,  
I could kill myself ; and I durst  
Say I could make the sun look pale  
With wonder at the art I know.  
Then at my second wonder not.  
Of all that's in this world below,  
My magic art has knowledge got ;  
Enough I know to be a book,  
For every where I've had a look.  
Now, if you think it's all vain boast,  
I'll make yon rocks, that now are seen  
So bare and rugged, on this coast,  
All deck'd appear with foliage green.  
For such am I, an orphan guest  
Of these grey elms and poplars tall ;

And though I'm such, I do request  
     Your services, however small.  
 But on condition you consent,  
     I'll pay the kindness you do sell  
 With magic art, o'er which I've spent  
     My life ; I'll teach it you full well ;  
 And I will summon at your will—  
     (His tender point I see I touch)— [*Aside.*  
 Whatever thing your heart can fill  
     With strong desire ; and if too much  
 Of courtesy and modesty  
     You have, the treaty to conclude,  
 Indulge your fondest wish, and I  
     For friendship's sake will make it good.  
 And such my gratitude and love  
     For all your kindness shewn this day,  
 That I your friend so firm will prove ;  
     That fortune, whose tyrannic sway,  
 Midst contumely and graciousness,  
     Appears at times with frowns and smiles  
 Both niggardly and generous ;  
     Nor time, that time itself beguiles  
 In endless course with rapid flight,—  
     Not time, of ages the loadstone,  
 No, nor Heaven with all its might,  
     Whose stars adorn this earthly zone,  
 Shall have the power to remove  
     Me from thy side one sole instant,  
 If you will but your pity prove  
     By giving shelter to my want.



And even this falls short indeed,  
 I swear, of all I mean to do,  
 If but my wishes do succeed.

CIPRIANO.

I thank the sea, since it did throw  
 You on this coast, and sent you here,  
 Where you my friendship may command,  
 And share in my most welcome cheer.  
 Then follow me, and take this hand,  
 Which I do give in friendship sure ;  
 My guest you are, and you will find  
 My house your own ;—this offer's pure.

MISALETHES.

Your guest am I ? 'tis really kind !

CIPRIANO.

Let this embrace our friendship seal  
 In lasting bonds.—Oh, if this man  
 Would but his magic art reveal !  
 'Twould aid me well to gain my plan,  
 And partly soothe my love-sick soul.  
 Perchance my heart might e'en obtain  
 Its cause of torment, love, and pain !

[*Aside.*]MISALETHES (*aside*).

He's under love and art's control !

*Enter CLARIN and MOSCO, running.*

CLARIN.

Are you hurt, my lord ?

MOSCO.

You are civil  
For a wonder ; you see my lord's alive.

CLARIN.

Thou noble lackey, why wilt thou cavil ?  
I only wonder'd how he could contrive  
To escape the lightning on this mountain ;  
That's why I spoke.

MOSCO.

Then you see your mistake.

CIPRIANO.

These are my servants.—Why come back again ?

MOSCO.

My lord, to give your temper sweet a shake.

MISALETHES.

They're merry fellows both.

CIPRIANO.

My life they tease,  
Such fools they are.

MOSCO.

My lord, who is this man ?

CIPRIANO.

My guest : now hold thy tongue.

CLARIN.

In times like these

A guest ?

CIPRIANO.

Guess what he's worth, ye never can.

MOSCO.

My lord is right. My lord, are you his heir ?

CLARIN.

I should say not ; this guest has all the air,  
It striketh me, of one who'd make his stay  
A year or more before he went away.

MOSCO.

Why so ? I think a queer remark you've made.

CLARIN.

Mosco, of guests that make short stays 'tis said,  
With proverb true, much smoke they won't consume.  
And as for this guest—

MOSCO.

Well ?

JUSTINA.

CLARIN.

Why, I presume,  
A mighty deal of smoke he'll burn at home.

CIPRIANO.

Now follow me, and from your hardships rest,  
You suffer'd on the ocean's angry breast.

MISALETHES.

I obey you.

CIPRIANO.

Your rest I go prepare. [*Exit.*

MISALETHES (*aside*).

And I your ruin ;—for fast within my snare  
I hold you now ; I'm driven by my hate  
To seal another way Justina's fate. [*Exit.*

CLARIN.

Can you guess, Mosco, what 'tis I think?

MOSCO.

No.

CLARIN.

I think the storm has burst some volcano,  
There's such a smell of sulphur.

MOSCO.

I did think  
It was our guest, for he did strongly stink.

CLARIN.

He uses bad scent ; but I can guess the smell.

MOSCO.

Why ?

CLARIN.

The itch the poor gentleman must have,  
And he has daub'd himself with brimstone salve.

MOSCO.

Why, Clarin, you have guess'd it really well. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LELIO, *and* FABIO *his servant.*

FABIO.

My lord again, in this street ?

LELIO.

In this street

I lost my life—I come to seek it here.

O love, but grant my life I here may meet !

Ah me !

FABIO.

You are Justina's house quite near.

LELIO.

What boots it, if I do hazard once more

This day to make avowal of my love ?

Surely, since I did see a sight so sore,

When she at night another's did approve,

I may by day my misery console !  
 I must go in alone ; Fabio, away !  
 O'er Antioch my father has control,  
 As Governor ; I think I venture may,  
 With this excuse and my distracting flame ;  
 And if I'm bold, Justina's all to blame.

*Enter* JUSTINA.

JUSTINA.

Libia . . . . but who is there ?

LELIO.

Madam, 'tis I.

JUSTINA.

What can have caus'd, sir, this temerity,  
 May I ask ?

LELIO.

Since love such ruin 's made  
 Upon my heart, else can your honour do ?  
 But pardon me, since thus your virtues fade,  
 If I thus bold, such truthful candour shew.  
 But with my hopes, your honour's gone and fled.

JUSTINA.

How can you be so bold and so ill-bred . . . .

LELIO.

Because I'm mad !

JUSTINA.

As to enter . . . .

LELIO.

Jealous !

JUSTINA.

This house . . . .

LELIO.

Lost !

JUSTINA.

In a way so treacherous,  
Of talk all heedless, and what it may cost ?

LELIO.

Don't grieve ; for there is little to be lost.

JUSTINA.

Lelio, oh, my good name do not forget !

LELIO.

There's one, Justina, nightly steals from here  
You'd better tell these words. But I regret  
To say your fickleness I've seen full near ;  
And this I wish'd to say, that less severe  
Your virtue to my love may now appear.

JUSTINA.

Peace, mortal, peace ; I say, arrest thy tongue.

Who art thou, thus to enter my abode ?  
 Who darest thus to breathe a word of wrong  
 Against mine honour, and heapest this load  
 Of infamy on my name ? So blind  
 Are you, so bold, so mad, so gone your mind,  
 To think to dim the lustre of a name  
 The sun itself may equal but not shame ?  
 What ! a man from my house ?

LELIO.

I say it's true.

JUSTINA.

Through my window ?

LELIO.

O cruel maid, you do  
 But force my grief to let it out.

JUSTINA.

O Heaven,  
 I pray thee grant my honour back be given ;  
 For my sweet honour's sake, and for my own,  
 Let not my honour thus away be flown !

MISALETHES *appears by a door behind* JUSTINA.

MISALETHES.

My hate is busy with my double task,  
 And here I come to throw a guilty mask  
 On virtue bright. Such scandal I will raise,



The world ne'er saw since its primeval days.  
 This lover is so spiteful and so blind,  
 I'll fan his flame, and heat his heated mind.  
 Before him I will place myself, and then,  
 As running off, I will come back again.

*[He appears; and being seen by LELIO, he muffles himself, and retreats.]*

JUSTINA.

You do not wish to kill me?

LELIO.

No, to die!

JUSTINA.

Oh, say, what's caus'd this look of vacancy?

LELIO.

Your secret I have seen. Now, say my love  
 My cruel words did cause. I swear, by Jove,  
 A man I saw this room come in; who, when  
 He saw me here, went muffl'd back again.

JUSTINA.

Delusion 'tis of your all wand'ring brain.

LELIO.

'Tis truly hard!

*[He moves for the door; she detains him.]*

JUSTINA.

JUSTINA.

By day as well as night,  
Lelio, deception still will haunt your sight?

LELIO.

Deception or not, the truth I will know,  
And I will make this man his visage shew.

*[He removes JUSTINA, and rushes through  
the door by which MISALETHES went.]*

JUSTINA.

This conduct has not excuse; this freedom  
So dearly to mine innocence will come,  
That I no patience have by day or night.

*Enter* LYSANDER.

LYSANDER.

Justina.

JUSTINA (*aside*).

I am undone!

LYSANDER.

To make more light  
My sorrows and my woes, I come to thee.

JUSTINA.

What ails my lord? you are all sad to see.

LYSANDER.

Justina, marvel not, my heart is broke ;  
I cannot speak, for grief my words do choke.

[LELIO returns.]

LELIO.

I now begin to think 'twas all a dream  
Of my jealous soul, for though it did seem  
To me a man I saw, I cannot guess  
How the fellow could have made his egress.

JUSTINA (*aside*).

Lelio, remain conceal'd ; my father 's here.

LELIO.

I'll wait until he 's gone ; I've lost all fear.

[*He retires.*]

JUSTINA.

These sighs, my lord, these tears, what do they mean ?

LYSANDER.

The heaviest woe the world has ever seen,  
The saddest grief that pity ever knew,  
The direst news the foulest winds e'er blew,  
Are mine. I grieve for Christian blood that's spilt  
To quench the thirst of sacrilegious guilt.  
Cæsar Decius has sent our governor  
A stern decree . . . but I can say no more !

JUSTINA (*aside*).

Oh sad and fatal hap, without its like!  
 Lysander speaks to me of Christian wrongs!  
 His words may chance on Lelio's ear to strike.  
 Lelio! the son of him to whom belongs  
 This heartless duty.

LYSANDER.

Justina, in fine . . . .

JUSTINA.

Oh, say no more—to speak do not incline.

LYSANDER.

Let me say on, you'll comfort give: he bids . . . .

JUSTINA.

Oh, cease to speak, your age and moisted lids  
 Repose do need.

LYSANDER.

When I in anguish tell  
 Thee of the foulest deed that e'er befell  
 Our race, or Tiber's margin ever saw  
 Pollute with stains its winding crystal stream;  
 Of that tyrannous, cruel, bloody law;  
 You bid me cease to speak? I could not dream  
 Of thee such thing, who would'st so glad appear  
 In former times, to give such comfort sweet

To my sad heart, and list with willing ear.  
Then why this solace I no longer meet ?

JUSTINA.

My lord, there is a season for all things.

LELIO (*from his concealment*).

I can only catch a word here and there.

*Enter FLORO by another way.*

FLORO.

My spiteful jealousy it is that brings  
Me here, false virtue's mask away to tear,  
With a fig for all respect ; but I see  
Her father there, so I'll wait patiently.

LYSANDER.

Who is there ?

FLORO.

Oh, I cannot now refuse  
To speak ; but I will make a good excuse.  
'Tis I.

LYSANDER.

You here ?

FLORO.

With your licence I come,  
Sir, on business-matters most burdensome.

JUSTINA (*aside*).

Have pity on me, fate ; this is too much !

LYSANDER.

Well, what want ye ?

FLORO (*aside*).

What shall I say, from such  
A pickle to escape ?

LELIO (*from his concealment*).

What, Floro here ?  
He comes in and goes out at his pleasure.  
Jealousy did not cause me needless fear,  
This is truth I see.

LYSANDER.

You change colour, sir.

FLORO.

Oh, be not alarmed—it is mere nothing.  
My coming to your house is but to bring  
Advice upon a matter which concerns  
Your life. You have an enemy who burns  
To see your death,—I've said enough, I think

LYSANDER (*aside*).

He knows that I a Christian am, no doubt,

And me he comes to save from peril's brink.  
Say on, Floro, — come, man — now speak it out.

*Enter LIBIA.*

LIBIA.

Sir, you are wanted by the Governor ;  
He sent to say he's waiting at the door.

FLORO (*aside*).

(Now I will meditate upon my lie,  
You'd better go and see what's his behest.

LYSANDER.

My thanks accept, I return instantly. [*Exit.*

FLORO.

Are you that maiden rare, whose tyrant breast,  
The gentle sighing of the winds does call  
Outrage boundless ? Then how did it befall,  
The key you lost of house, and matchless fame ?

JUSTINA.

Floro, withhold ; do not insult a name,  
The sun's all piercing eye ne'er saw with stain !

FLORO.

This boasting comes too late ; who had access  
Here, I know. . . . .

JUSTINA.

JUSTINA.

Oh, from such language refrain.

FLORO.

Through a window. . . . .

JUSTINA.

You drive me to madness.

FLORO.

To your honour. . . . .

JUSTINA.

Floro, why this treatment?

FLORO.

Of low hypocrisy 'tis punishment.

LELIO (*from his concealment*).

It was not Floro at the balcony,  
It was another man my eyes did see,  
Since plain it is, 'twas neither I nor he,

JUSTINA.

Your blood is noble, then do not offend  
A noblewoman.

FLORO.

What! do you pretend



To say you noble are, when you admit  
 Him to your arms, and he the house does quit  
 Through the window ? 'Twas power made you yield ;  
 For he is son to Antioch's Governor ;  
 And vanity did break your honour's shield.

LELIO (*from his concealment*).

He speaks of me.

FLORO.

Without heeding other  
 Greater faults, which authority does cloak,  
 With all its usages and noble blood.  
 But . . . .

LELIO *appears*.

LELIO.

Hold, Floro, such words must not be spoke  
 Behind my back ; to speak so is not good  
 Of a rival ; 'tis of a coward breast  
 Worthy alone ; and I will stay thy tongue.  
 And if in vain we've fought so often and long,  
 My sword shall now thy insolence arrest.

JUSTINA.

Oh, how sad this is ; and I so blameless !

FLORO.

What I have said behind, I'll say before  
 Your face, and prove it too, which is much more.

[*They seize their blades.*]

JUSTINA.

JUSTINA.

Lelio,—Floro,—Oh, be not so shameless !

LELIO.

Where I did hear my insult, I will find  
A satisfaction for my injur'd mind.

FLORO.

And with my lips and sword, I will maintain  
What I have said wherever I did say it.

JUSTINA.

Oh heavens ! in my calamities sustain  
Poor me.

LELIO.

Then with my sword, I'll make thee pay it.

*Enter the GOVERNOR, and LYSANDER with followers.*

ALL.

Put up your swords.

JUSTINA (*aside*).

Ah, hapless me !

GOVERNOR.

How now ?

But by your swords the matter I discover.

JUSTINA (*aside*).

Ah, wo is me !

LYSANDER.

Wo, wo !

ALL.

My lord . . . .

GOVERNOR.

What thou,

My son at strife ? what, Lelio, under cover  
Of my favour, dost put this town in flame ?

LELIO.

My lord, if you but will . . . .

GOVERNOR.

Away with them !

There is no exception or privilege of birth  
Can make the punishment less than the crime is worth.

LELIO (*aside*).

I brought jealousy, and take away affront !

FLORO (*aside*).

My pains are gathering thick ; but 'tis their wont !

[*Exeunt prisoners.*]

GOVERNOR.

Away with them to prisons separate,  
 And guard them well ! Lysander, can it be  
 Such noble parts, and so immaculate,  
 You suffer. . . .

LYSANDER.

Oh, believe not what you see.  
 The cause of this Justina does not know.

GOVERNOR.

What! she in her own house is unaware ;  
 With two young handsome men, and she so fair ?  
 But I my wrath will quell ; lest I do shew  
 The sentence of a partial judge. But you :—*[To Justina.*  
 Since you all shame have lost, will give me yet  
 A reason why your conduct you shall rue.  
 And your false virtue I will not forget,  
 But make you your hypocrisy regret.

*[Exit with followers.*

JUSTINA.

My tears my answer make.

LYSANDER.

'Tis all too late,  
 And vain to weep. Oh, why did I relate  
 That tale to thee ? Oh, why could I not hide  
 From thee, alas ! that on the chilly earth,

Within that mountain by a streamlet's side,  
A cold and lifeless corpse did give thee birth!

JUSTINA.

I. . . . .

LYSANDER.

Silence!

JUSTINA.

Heaven is my guarantee.

LYSANDER.

Methinks 'tis late.

JUSTINA.

No time it striketh me  
Is late, while life does last.

LYSANDER.

To punish guilt.

JUSTINA.

To sift the truth.

LYSANDER.

'Gainst appearances wilt  
Still fight, when they condemn?

JUSTINA.

They you condemn,  
My lord, for trusting blindly thus to them.

JUSTINA.

LYSANDER.

Leave me to die, and yield me to my woes !

JUSTINA.

And I will die, ere I your friendship lose !     [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MISALETHES *and* CIPRIANO.

MISALETHES.

Since I have been with you, I've mark'd your face  
 All sadness looks ; your sunken cheeks reveal  
 Of profoundest melancholy the trace.

If you your sorrows thus from me conceal,  
 You cannot comfort have ; since with my art  
 I could unhinge the structure of this orb,  
 To gratify whatever wish your heart  
 May wear with grief, and with sad thoughts absorb.

CIPRIANO.

No magic art there is, that can compel  
 Impossibilities. My hopes are vain.

MISALETHES.

If you're a friend, the reason you will tell.

CIPRIANO.

I love a maid.

MISALETHES.

Is this your cause of pain ;  
Impossible you say ?

CIPRIANO.

You know her not.

MISALETHES.

Then let me know her name, and I will laugh,  
To hear who's made you such a love-sick calf,  
And pine away so like a coward sot.

CIPRIANO.

The blushing cradle of the infant dawn,  
    With sun that dries the frost and tearlike dews ;  
The rose, that smiling April looks upon,  
    And from its verdant cell triumphant views  
The genial month bedeck the gardens fair ;  
    And sees midst gentle frosts the laughing fields  
With flowers sweetly scent the crystal air,  
    When heaven's self at dawn to weeping yields.  
The murmur of the softly flowing stream,  
    Whose rippling notes the cruel frosts have stay'd ;  
The pink, that doth a coral star besem ;  
    The bird with richly painted plumes array'd ;  
The rock, that mocks the sun, which melts alone  
    Its snowy cap—but leaves the rock upright ;  
The laurel-tree, that at its feet a throne  
    Of snow beholds—and in the mirror bright,

Narcissus like upon its form will gaze,  
 But heedless view its matchless beauty's rays ;  
 In a word, cradle, dew, field, sun, and snow,  
     The stream, the rose, the bird with am'rous song ;  
 The smiles that like to pearls the heavens throw ;  
     The pink that crystal quaffs,—the rock too strong  
 To be destroy'd—the laurel-tree that rears  
     Its head on high to watch the sunbeams shine  
 That like a crown its glossy foliage wears,—  
     Are parts that constitute this maid divine.  
 So blind and lost am I with frantic love,  
     You will not wonder feel, when I do say  
 That I to seem my former self above,  
     My raiment chang'd, and threw my books away.  
 My fame I heeded not ; my thoughts I gave  
     To burning flame,—control was drown'd in sighs ;  
 The winds did hear my hopes, and I did rave  
     Till reason fled, and now despised lies.  
 I said it, and say it again I will ;  
     My soul I'd freely give to any hellish sprite,  
 Who'd help my love ; who'd help my flame to kill,  
     Justina's charms by yielding to my might.  
 But why lament ? my soul is nothing worth,  
     Since for my soul they will not yield her forth.

## MISALETHES.

To what reward can coward lovers aim,  
 If first defeats their timid hearts can tame ?  
 Are beauties now so rare ; too vain to yield



To sighs? so proud, no flattery can bend?  
If you but choose, the power you shall wield,  
That very soon will make you gain your end.

CIPRIANO.

Surely I would.

MISALETHES.

Then send away these men.  
For it is fitting we alone remain.

CIPRIANO.

Begone both of you!

MOSCO.

Master, I obey.

CLARIN.

And so do I; the devil this must be.

*[He conceals himself.]*MISALETHES (*aside*).

It matters not if that fellow does stay.

CIPRIANO.

Now speak.

MISALETHES.

First shut that door, and we'll be free.

CIPRIANO.

We are alone.

MISALETHES.

Your lips just now did say,  
To have the maid, you'd give your soul away.

CIPRIANO.

'Tis true.

MISALETHES.

If so, your offer I do take.

CIPRIANO.

What ?

MISALETHES.

I accept the offer which you make.

CIPRIANO.

How so ?

MISALETHES.

I say such is my skill and art,  
To you a mystery I will impart,  
Whose spell can make you bring your eyes before,  
This maiden whom your heart does so adore ;  
And though I am so learned and so wise,  
I could not summon her to others' sighs.

CIPRIANO.

Will you exasperate with torments new,  
My sufferings? I offer'd what is mine ;  
But do you promise more than you can do.

To credit what you say I disincline ;  
 For I believe no craft or magic art  
 Can curb the human will, or human heart.

MISALETHES.

Give me to that effect your signature,  
 And I will make the maiden yours for sure.

CIPRIANO.

'Mongst merry friends, such jests as these may pass ;  
 But do not think me yet so great an ass.

MISALETHES.

My words I'll prove, your doubts I'll satisfy ; —  
 Now say what see you from this gallery ?

CIPRIANO.

A sky,—a mount,—a wood,—a mead,—a stream.

MISALETHES.

And which to you the pleasantest doth seem ?

CIPRIANO.

The mount, whose varied charms, and steadfast air,  
 Is like to her that drives me to despair.

MISALETHES.

Thou proud competitor of fleeting time,  
 Whose head the clouds do crown, and make thee lord

Of all the plain with majesty sublime ;  
 Remove thyself, obedient to my word.  
 Now judge, my friend, if I could bring a maid,  
 When to my voice that mountain has obey'd.

CIPRIANO.

Oh, most prodigious sight ; 'tis wond'rous rare !

CLARIN (*from his concealment*).

Oh, I tremble ; this sight I cannot bear !

CIPRIANO.

Thou bird, whose wings are branches, through the air,  
 That carry thee ; thou vessel, that do'st steer  
 Athwart the winds, now seek again thy sphere.  
 Amazement leave behind, and wild suspense ;  
 And quickly take thy bulky frame from thence.

MISALETHES.

If this is not enough, I'll shew you more.—  
 Suppose we see the maiden you adore ?

CIPRIANO.

O yes !

MISALETHES.

Thou monster, ope thy flinty womb,  
 And shew the maid its darkness doth entomb.

[*A rock opens ; and JUSTINA is seen sleeping.*

Is that the lady makes your heart so sore ?

CIPRIANO.

'Tis she, 'tis she, my heart does idolize!

MISALETHES.

You surely cannot need convincing more,  
When I have brought the maid before your eyes?

CIPRIANO.

O sweet impossibility divine ;  
This day, thy arms shall know my burning love ;  
And I will quaff the beams of thy sunshine,  
And joy in bliss that's worth the bliss above !  
*[He wishes to go to the rock—it closes.]*

MISALETHES.

Until you sign the offer you did make,  
You cannot with this maiden freedom take.

CIPRIANO.

Oh, stay, thou darkest cloud that e'er didst blot  
The brightest sun that on my hopes e'er dawn'd !  
But I embrace the air. Now, I will not  
Gainsay your skill ; and I will give my bond.  
Your slave I am, I swear it, as I live.

MISALETHES.

I guarantee must have ;—a treaty sign'd  
With hand and blood ; security to give.

CLARIN.

I'd give my soul, not to have stay'd behind.

CIPRIANO.

This dagger be the pen—this kerchief white  
The paper be,—and ink wherewith to write,  
This blood which now is dripping from my arm.

*[Having drawn blood with his dagger, he writes.*

(O horrible! all frozen with alarm  
I feel!) I, the great Cipriano, say,  
My soul immortal I will give away  
(I must be mad! myself I overreach!)  
To him who sciences to me will teach,  
(I shudder with confusion and amaze!)  
To bring Justina to my longing gaze;  
That cruel maid that doth my heart inflame;  
And this I swear, and sign it with my name.

MISALETHES.

This wav'ring fool, so madden'd with despair, *[Aside.*  
I hold at last within my well-set snare.  
Have you written?

CIPRIANO.

I have, and sign'd.

MISALETHES.

That you adore is yours. The maid

CIPRIANO.

And I have said  
My soul is yours for ever.

MISALETHES.

Soul for soul  
I pay ; for yours Justina's soul I give.

CIPRIANO.

And ere I learn your art, what time must roll ?

MISALETHES.

A year, provided that. . . . .

CIPRIANO.

Oh, never fear !

MISALETHES.

Confin'd within a grot we both do live,  
And study nothing else ; and this man here,  
Our servant be, whose curiosity

[*Drags out* CLARIN.

Has kept him back ; with us his person we  
Will take, and thus will make our secret sure.

CLARIN.

Oh, why did I stay ? from behind a door  
I'm not the only one that stops to hear.  
And I do think it very odd and queer,  
I should be pull'd about so by the ear.

CIPRIANO.

'Tis good ; then lucky is my genius and my love.  
Justina shall be mine, and I will prove

That I, the wonder of the world shall be,  
With science new, and magic mystery !

MISALETHES.

My plan's succeeded to my heart's content.

CLARIN.

Faith, all I've got by mine is to repent !

MISALETHES *to* CLARIN.

Come on with me. (*Aside.*) It is a conquest rare !

CIPRIANO.

Oh, happy me, if but the prize I bear !

MISALETHES (*aside*).

Till both are mine, my malice shall not rest.—  
Now let us seek this mountain's mazy breast ;  
Where, in a grot, your lesson first you'll take  
In magic art.

CIPRIANO.

Then let us go ; with you  
To guide my head, and love my heart, I'll make  
This world its wonder at my knowledge shew.  
Amaz'd this globe shall be with my rare fame,  
And Cipriano be a deathless name !

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### PART III.

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CIPRIANO, *coming out of a grot.*

CIPRIANO.

The blissful day ; the happy day at last  
Has shone upon my hopes. O cruel maid,  
This day my sighs shall cease, my love be paid  
With sweet oblivion of my sorrows past.  
This day, I swear, thy proud disdain shall quell,  
And break the bond of thy enchanting spell.  
This lofty mount,—its crested peak that rears  
So high, as seems to touch the starry spheres ;  
This gloomy, dark, and melancholy cave  
Of living souls, so long a horrid grave ;  
The rugged school have been, wherein I've learnt  
Of magic art enough, with modest front,  
To say, my master now might lessons take  
From me ; so great the progress I did make.  
This day fulfils the space the glowing sun  
From sphere to sphere his yearly course does run.  
And I my prison leave to seek the light,  
And trial make of my most skilful might.  
Ye heavens pure—serenely fair—attend  
To my enchanting art's most wond'rous end.  
Ye gently sighing winds, your flight arrest,

And be my learned words by you confess'd.  
 Thou huge destroying rock, with wonder quake,  
 When, with my thund'ring sounds, the air I shake.  
 Ye stubborn trunks, with verdant foliage clad,  
 With horror shudder at my groans so sad.  
 Ye plants that bloom with nature's fairest glow,  
 When rise my plaintive notes, your terror shew.  
 Ye tuneful birds, whose notes the woods adore,  
 Behold with awe my deep and mystic lore.  
 Ye savage brutes, that roam abroad at will,  
 The first proofs see of my astounding skill.  
 And ye will know 'twas not with study vain,  
 Cipriano sought the mystic art to gain!

*Enter* MISALETHES.

Cipriano!

CIPRIANO.

O 'tis my preceptor wise.

MISALETHES.

This conduct, sir, your promises belies;  
 For what end, I ask, with so little grace,  
 You dare to view the sun's all shining face?

CIPRIANO.

I thought I knew enough to frighten hell  
 With all my art. Methinks you cannot tell  
 Which knows the most, or I, or you.  
 For in my studies I such care did shew,  
 There's not of all the craft one single part

That I've not reach'd with industry and art.  
 In necromantic lore I so excel,  
 And trace its dark and mystic lines so well,  
 That I can cause the horrid graves to gape,  
     And yield their tenants to my magic charms,  
 Whose hideous ghastly air and fleshless shape  
     The stinging earth confines within her arms.  
 And since the sun has now fulfill'd the age  
 For which my soul and life I did engage ;  
 Around whose orb, though strange it may appear,  
 The world the fated period of a year  
 Has roll'd ; this day in bliss I will rejoice,  
 And bring the maiden to my luring voice.  
 This day the fair, divine Justina's charms  
 I'll oft and oft enfold within my arms.—  
 —No longer can my hopes delay withstand !

## MISALETHES.

Nor otherwise to you do I command,  
 Since 'tis your wish. Now trace upon the earth  
 Mysterious words, and to the winds send forth,  
 With subtlety and skill, your mystic art,  
 And love's success will gratify your heart.

## CIPRIANO.

Then to a lonely spot I will retire,  
 And cause the skies my science to admire.      [*Exit.*]

## MISALETHES.

Full licence you have got from me. My skill  
 And thine, have taught that hell's inclement will,

Invoked by thee,—Justina as thy cause,—  
 For me will yield obedience to thy laws.  
 For though I can't the human will subdue,  
 Such strange delights 'tis mine the soul to shew,  
 That if I cannot force, I can the mind  
 Seduce and lure, these burning joys to find.

*Enter CLARIN.*

CLARIN.

Ungrateful maid! not Libia warm, but cold.  
 The time is come when I do hope to know  
 If true thy love, and if with forehead bold  
 Thy modest chastity was all mere show.  
 The art of magic I have learnt so well,  
 That I will try, ah me! to make it tell  
 If thou hast play'd me false. Ye wat'ry skies,  
 (Pure, some one said,) receive my plaintive sighs.  
 Ye mounts—

MISALETHES.

Hollo, Clarin; what meaneth this?

CLARIN.

O learned master, company like yours  
 Has made me learn so many mysteries!  
 And since this art the truth of things assures,  
 I now do wish discovery to make  
 If Libia any liberties did take  
 Upon that fatal day that was my turn.

## MISALETHES.

This folly cease, and go thy lord attend  
 Those cliffs among ; go, if thy heart does burn  
 To witness how his enterprise will end.—  
 I fain would be alone.

## CLARIN.

Not I indeed ;  
 For of your company I feel the need.  
 And since I've not deserved your art to learn,  
 By promise writing with my body's blood,  
 Upon this kerchief now (more cleanly worn  
 It could not be by one who weeps a flood  
 A-day) I'll write ; and with some lusty blows,  
 If you're agreed, I'll draw it from my nose.  
 It matters not, and you'll not think it harm,  
 If from my nose I draw it, or my arm ?

*[He draws blood, and writes with his fingers.]*

The mighty Clarin, I, do swear and say,  
 My soul to the devil I'll give away,  
 If Libia I but see. . . . .

## MISALETHES.

Now hence, begone,  
 And join your master, who is all alone.

## CLARIN.

Don't lose your temper, sir, for I will go.  
 Since you refuse to take my signature,

And you so little heed to keep me shew,  
 It's sign of me already you've made sure. [Exit.

## MISALETHES.

Up, up from your caves, ye dark spirits of hell,  
 Up, up, from your depths of despair.  
 Ye prisons terrific, where horrors do dwell,  
 Your wantons give up to the air.  
 Justina, your victim, that fortress reduce  
 And destroy, so virgin and chaste ;  
 To the winds let thousands of fantasies loose,  
 To lay her in ruins and waste.  
 Her innocent heart with sweet harmony fill,  
 And all that to love can provoke ;  
 Birds, flowers, and plants, their sweet poison instil,  
 And plaintively sing of love's yoke.  
 Let naught strike her ears but love's tenderest sighs.  
 Let naught but love drooping appear to her eyes.  
 For Justina this day, her faith must find vain,  
 And fly to the arms of her passionate swain.  
 Cipriano will summon, and she shall obey,  
 For him have I taught an infallible way.  
 Then up, ye spirits of hell, ye motley throng,  
 And I will be silent, till ended your song.

## A VOICE.

What bliss in this life is the sweetest of all ?

## VOICES.

'Tis love ! 'tis love !

*Enter JUSTINA, running into her room.*

A VOICE.

Oh, 'tis love with his fire,  
 All mortals for ever will burn and inthral,  
 And inflame them with the sweetest desire.  
 The heart of a man is love's warmest abode,  
 And keener his flame than where it took birth.  
 Things animate only know love's blissful road,  
 Birds—flowers—and trees, to know it are worth.  
 Then tell me what bliss is the sweetest of all ?

VOICES ALL.

'Tis love ! 'tis love !

JUSTINA.

Can this delusion be,  
 That all my weary thoughts can thus appal ?  
 When, oh when, my heart, did I give cause to thee  
 To grieve me thus with such affliction deep ?  
 How comes this fire that makes my cheeks to glow,  
 That o'er my trembling frame at times will creep,  
 And make my blood so rapidly to flow ?

VOICES.

'Tis love ! 'tis love !

JUSTINA.

Yon am'rous nightingale  
 It is that answer sends with swelling throat,  
 That constant charms his partner of the vale,  
 That ever near does catch the thrilling note.  
 Cease, cease, thou nightingale, thy song is vain ;

All plaintive though it be, it never can  
 Persuade my heart, that melancholy strain,  
 Love's flame burns stronger in the heart of man.  
 Or comes response from yonder wanton vine,  
 That seeks the sturdy oak to be its friend ;  
 Around whose trunk its laughing tendrils twine,  
 Till with their verdant weight to earth they bend ?  
 'Tis all in vain thy green embraces try,  
 O vine ! to make me think thou knowest love.  
 If tendrils thus embrace, I'll doubt the tie ;  
 And arms their constancy no better prove.  
 And if 'tis not the vine, yon plant perforce  
 It is, that face to face the sun does stare,  
 And follows ever in his radiant course.  
 But oh, to droop and fade in sad despair !  
 My heavy heart, what will it think to see  
 That leaves their tears can weep—the eyes as well ?  
 Then cease, O nightingale thy notes to me.  
 Unclasp thy arms, such hollow love that tell  
 Thou spreading vine. Thou constant flower, stay,  
 And tell what poison 'tis ye use ; O say—

## VOICES.

'Tis love ! 'tis love !

## JUSTINA.

'Tis love ? For whom I pray,  
 This love I ever felt ? your songs all idle are.  
 Did I not send my suitors three away,  
 With cold disdain, their longing hopes to mar ?  
 Did I not Lelio treat with proud contempt ?



To Floro did I not my hatred shew ?

And Cipriano. . . . He was not exempt

[*She hesitates.*]

From cold and harsh neglect, that made him go

To whither none can tell. Alas! poor me.

I now begin to think I see the cause

That makes my heart so boldly beat less free.

For when I say he's gone,—I needs must pause.

Alas! I cannot tell, I cannot know

What grief it is my throbbing heart does feel.

'Twas pity sure, my tender heart did shew,

[*She becomes calmer.*]

To see a hapless youth himself conceal,

And all for me his fame and books forget.

And I such cause should give to make him sad.

But if this pity was—the same regret

[*She becomes uneasy again.*]

For Floro and Lelio I might have had.

For both these youths in gloomy prison pine,

Bereft for me of their sweet liberty.

Stay my tongue ; too much thou dost incline

To speak. Well then, if it but pity be,

Let it but pity be ; but you will speak

Such lengths, my tongue,—I cannot swear . . . .

The hapless youth I would not straightway seek,

If I but knew . . . . alas! . . . . to find him where . . . .

MISALETHES *appears.*

MISALETHES.

Come, and I'll shew thee.

JUSTINA.

JUSTINA.

Who are you that's made  
 This bold intrusion here, though all be lock'd?  
 Art thou a monster, man—a haunting shade  
 That thus my wand'ring mind with fear has shock'd?

MISALETHES.

Not so. But I am one, that mov'd to hear  
 How deeply love has bound and quell'd your heart,  
 This day did promise make to bring you near  
 To where Cipriano long has liv'd apart  
 From thee.

JUSTINA.

Your promise then is all in vain.  
 Although imagination, I avow,  
 And passion, caus'd me feel this burning pain;  
 I have a will to nothing that will bow.

MISALETHES.

You've thought upon 't, and that's one half the deed.  
 And sin is always sin, the world all o'er;  
 For when half-way you've gone, it is agreed  
 The will must on, and travel back no more.

JUSTINA.

Your arguments are vain to shake my soul,  
 Though thoughts I had; for though 'tis clear, to think  
 Is to begin, I can't my thoughts control.  
 But from a deed I have the force to shrink.

To follow you, I both must rise and walk,  
 And there, my will your purposes can balk  
 For one thing is to do—one thing to talk.

MISALETHES.

If science from a world unknown to thee,  
 Could force thy charms to yield its power to ;  
 How could Justina then victorious be ?  
 Since such its might, it lures the mind to do  
 Whate'er it likes ; though inclination 's ill.

JUSTINA.

My aid I'd seek and find in my free will.

MISALETHES.

I grieve to say your will might forced be.

JUSTINA.

If so, free will it would not seem to me.

MISALETHES.

O come where sweetest joys await thee, maid !  
   [*He tries to drag her away.*]

JUSTINA.

To know such joys as those I am afraid.

MISALETHES.

They're joys, the soul that lull to sweet repose.

JUSTINA.

JUSTINA.

Captivity unjust.

MISALETHES.

No heart that knows  
Such bliss supreme!

JUSTINA.

'Tis wo of darkest hue.

MISALETHES.

How canst defend thyself? What canst thou do,  
If I my might employ to drag thee hence?

*[He tries to drag her.]*

JUSTINA.

On God I call, who is my sole defence!

*[He releases her.]*

MISALETHES.

Woman, thou hast conquer'd; conquer'd me!  
But since thy God has thus protected thee,  
My frantic wrath, my boiling rage shall know  
How yet thine image feign'd to send and shew,  
Since real I can't. A spirit thou shalt see,  
This fiendish purpose sole to execute,  
Shall picture on thy form's reality,  
That fame shall say itself it did pollute.  
Disfam'd thy life shall be; and I do hope  
To my revengeful hate to give such scope;  
Two triumphs I will have: thine honour gone,  
Because thy virtue is offence, be one;

And I will make the other be a joy,  
Albeit false—a crime without alloy.

[*Exit.*

JUSTINA.

For this offence, to God I do appeal,  
That Heaven may protect my honest name,  
And banish all appearance may reveal  
Against my innocence ; no less than flame  
The winds do chase, the frosts the flowers kill,  
You I defy. O God ! am I awake ?  
Did I this room with words unmeaning fill ?  
Was there not here a man to whom I spake ?  
There was.—It cannot be, for I'm alone.  
No—yes—but it must be. I saw him there !  
But then so quickly how can he be gone ?  
Or did I see some spirit of the air ?  
Perils dark above me hang : Lysander,  
My father, come ; O my brains do wander !

*Enter LIBIA and LYSANDER.*

LYSANDER.

What is the matter, say ?

LIBIA.

What can it mean ?

JUSTINA.

Did you not see a man who here has been  
Just now ? Ah me ! I will distracted go.

JUSTINA.

LYSANDER.

A man here ?

JUSTINA.

You saw him not ?

LIBIA.

Madam, no.

JUSTINA.

But I saw him.

LYSANDER.

Justina, you must err ;  
For all the doors, you know, well closed were.

LIBIA (*aside*).

O heaven ! could it by any chance have been  
Mosco that in my room is lock'd, she's seen ?

LYSANDER.

This man, no doubt a shadow was your mind  
Did form ; your heart so lately has repin'd  
And dwelt on thoughts that gnaw the soul away,  
That you have seen this phantom in your way.

LIBIA.

My master 's right.

JUSTINA.

'Twas no delusion sooth,  
And I suspect it is a mournful truth ;

For I do feel within my breast that grief  
 That rends my heart, and seeks, in vain, relief.  
 There is some mortal art, whose magic spell  
 Enchantment tries my stubborn will to quell.  
 This magic charm so potent might have been,  
 That, but for God, myself I might have seen  
 In sin ; and would have gone to meet it hence,  
 Had he not interposed his kind defence ;  
 My humble innocence he does protect,  
 And on my name he'd let no sin reflect.  
 Libia, my veil I pray,—for I must go  
 And meekly kneel, where I may ease my wo,  
 Where sons of Christ a sacred altar rais'd,  
 And secretly God's wond'rous works are prais'd.

LIBIA.

My lady, here's your veil.

JUSTINA.

And there the flame  
 Shall quenched be that thus consumes my frame.

LYSANDER.

With thee I'll go, Justina.

LIBIA (*aside*).

When they're gone  
 I'll freely breathe, to see myself alone.

JUSTINA.

JUSTINA.

That aid and comfort may to me be given,  
I place my trust and hope in thee, O heaven !

LYSANDER.

Then let us hence.

JUSTINA.

The cause is thine, O Lord,  
Then give protection and thy help accord.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter MOSCO, from his hiding place.*

MOSCO.

Are they gone ?

LIBIA.

Yes.

MOSCO.

I never felt such fright.

LIBIA.

How could you dare to come before their sight ?

MOSCO.

Why faith, my Libia dear, with best of grace,  
I'll swear I never left my hiding place.

LIBIA.

Then who could have alarm'd Justina so ?



MOSCO.

The devil's self perhaps for all I know ;  
 But don't be angry, love, no harm did come ;  
 I'm sure you need not look so cross and glum.

LIBIA.

It isn't that.

MOSCO.

Then say, what can it be ?

LIBIA.

What a question ! a day you've been with me,  
 And you have been so blind as not to see  
 Poor Clarin's been the cause of grief like this,  
 And that I weep for one that absent is ?  
 And did I not shed tears all yesterday ?  
 And must bad tongues have it of me to say,  
 That I, good easy woman, did forget  
 In one half year, without the least regret,  
 The mutual love that I myself confess'd  
 Sincerely I did feel within my breast ?

MOSCO.

A fiddlestick, I say, with your half year.  
 'Tis twice as long he's gone—or very near.

LIBIA.

You're wrong ; I cannot count the days  
 I did not love him ; and my reason says,  
 That if you had one half the year ; ah me !  
 To count the whole to him unjust would be.

MOSCO.

Ungrateful thing! when I did think your will  
Was all my own, you count of pity still?

LIBIA.

Mosco, I do; for good accounts and sense  
You know are ever friendship's best defence.

MOSCO.

Then since your constancy is such, adieu;  
And when to-morrow comes to me be true.  
And all I ask, that you, who've caus'd this ague,  
Won't cut it short, or with my ghost I'll plague you.

LIBIA.

Then you're convinc'd it's not hypocrisy?

MOSCO.

Yes, I am.

LIBIA.

Then your face I must not see  
Again to-day; so off, and say no more;  
But come to-morrow without being sent for.

*Enter CIPRIANO, looking amazed, and CLARIN, as if  
eaves-dropping.*

CIPRIANO.

The twinkling troops that deck the azure sky,  
Do they my mystic influence deny?

Have they rebell'd, united to oppose  
 The toil of days that never knew repose?  
 The dark abyss of Hell, its fiendish hordes,  
 Has it combin'd to mock my magic words?  
 In conclave met in their abode below,  
 Obedience they refuse to me they owe?  
 A thousand times and more the air will shake  
 And echo with the sound my words do make.  
 A thousand times and more upon the sand  
 Dark mystic words I trace with skilful hand;  
 But all in vain I seek with greedy eyes,  
 That human sun, that marvel of the skies,  
 I long to press within my arms.

CLARIN.

What then;

If I a thousand times and more in vain  
 Make drawings on the ground with skilful fingers;  
 And with my lusty voice the air I shake?  
 I nothing get for it, it will not take;  
 For still behind my darling Libia lingers.

CIPRIANO.

Once more I'll try the power of my charms.  
 Justina, hark! and come to my fond arms.

*The Image of JUSTINA appears.*

IMAGE.

Thy words I've heard, whose luring magic spell

My will has forc'd to seek this lonely dell.  
 What is't ye want, what is't? Cipriano, say.

CIPRIANO.

I'm all confus'd, my wits are fled away.

IMAGE.

And since I'm come. . . .

CIPRIANO.

All troubl'd is my heart.

IMAGE.

By thee invok'd. . . .

CIPRIANO.

With horror I do start!

IMAGE.

To whither love did call. . . .

CIPRIANO.

I pause with awe.

IMAGE.

And since I have obey'd thy magic law,  
 From hence, and from thy sight I fly away.

*[She veils herself and goes.]*

CIPRIANO.

Oh, go not yet, Justina, sweetest, stay.

But why amaz'd do I thus stand and rave?  
 I'll follow her, and in this mountain's cave,  
 Where I have brought her with my science keen,  
 My bridal couch shall be the leafy scene,  
 Of all that love most wond'rous ever saw.

## CLARIN.

Strange woman this, to call herself a bride!  
 And smell so strong of smoke; for sure her paw  
 The ashes must have rak'd, and cook'd a side  
 Of meat, when she was caught by magic art.  
 But no; of kitchens veils don't form a part.  
 I've hit it now: a maiden in this plight,  
 If she be honest, sure will smell with fright.  
 He's caught her now, and in yon shady dell  
 I see the maiden struggling wond'rous well.  
 And now he holds her fast within his arms.  
 (I think my master's wrong to force her charms.)  
 They're coming back—I'll watch and see the fun,  
 And learn how in this world these things are done.

CIPRIANO *appears, dragging JUSTINA'S Image.*

## CIPRIANO.

Justina fair, beneath these spreading trees,  
 Whose foliage mocks the sun's refulgent rays,  
 And bids defiance to the passing breeze;  
 Thy beauty now my magic toil repays.  
 To clasp thee to my heart all fear I lost,

And sold my soul for thee, Justina sweet—  
 But since I've toil'd so much, no great the cost  
 My soul could have,—such perils great to meet !  
 O now thy veil withdraw, thou maid divine.  
 Behind that cloud so dark,—that cloud so gray,  
 O force not thus the glowing sun to shine,  
 But shew its blushing beams to wond'ring day.

*[He withdraws her veil, and sees a corpse.]*

O heavens, what is this ? a corpse behold !  
 A clammy corpse my loving arms did fold !  
 O who could thus the bloom of youth have chang'd,  
 And all its purple hues so wan have made—  
 Such features fair so suddenly derang'd ?

IMAGE.

'Tis thus the glories of this world do fade,  
 Cipriano !

*Image disappears, CLARIN comes running, and strikes  
 against CIPRIANO.*

CLARIN.

I have fear enough to spare  
 For any one that has not got his share.

CIPRIANO.

Hold, stay—thou shade earth's yawning prison sends,  
 I seek to know thee now for other ends.

CLARIN.

That I'm a shade, my looks can't make you guess ?

CIPRIANO.

Who're you ?

CLARIN.

I feel so queer, I must confess,  
That though myself I know, my doubts I have.

CIPRIANO.

Athwart the atoms of the atmosphere,  
Or deep within this centre's gloomy grave ;  
Didst see a form sepulchral disappear,  
That brought the pomp of beauty's brightest glow,  
And then mere dust and clay itself did shew ?

CLARIN.

Have you found out at last the custom bad  
Of prying into things I've always had ?

CIPRIANO.

What came of it ?

CLARIN.

It vanish'd on the spot.

CIPRIANO.

Then let us seek it.

CLARIN.

No, I'm sure I'll not.

CIPRIANO.

My doubting mind must undeceived be.

JUSTINA.

CLARIN.

I've seen enough, and wish no more to see.

*Enter MISALETHES, as if unaware of CIPRIANO'S presence.*

MISALETHES.

O heaven just ! if, when a spirit pure,  
My science and my favour both were sure,  
And you your favour took, but science left ;  
How is it now ye so unjust become,  
And make me feel of science use bereft ?

CIPRIANO.

Lucifer, is that you that hither roam ?

CLARIN.

O master, do not call him : I surmise  
It is the corpse that's come in new disguise.

MISALETHES.

What want ye ?

CIPRIANO.

Ransom give, and chase away  
These horrors dark that on my mind do prey.

CLARIN.

I want no ransom, faith ; I'll step aside,  
And from this fellow I myself will hide.

[*Exit.*



## CIPRIANO.

The earth my thund'ring accents scarce did feel,  
 When, lo ! I saw Justina's form reveal  
 Its blushing beauties to my longing eyes.  
 But I must pause, my tongue the task denies—  
 But you know all,—she came to my embrace,  
 And when the veil I drew that hid her face,  
 A sight . . . . before me stood ; . . . . that beauty rare,  
 A corpse . . . . transform'd to death's most ghastly stare.  
 And statue like thus spoke the alter'd maid :—  
 “ 'Tis thus the glories of this world do fade,  
 Cipriano !” Oh, tis horrid to relate !  
 And I cannot withstand these wonders great.  
 The magic art to me you did explain—  
 Did not deceive ; of that I don't complain.  
 I us'd such skill ; nor did my tracing fail  
 Of letters dark ; nor sounds that shook this vale,  
 When I my mortal art essay'd. Then you,  
 Therefore, have play'd me false, with things untrue ;  
 For when I hope to see, with fever'd mind,  
 This maiden fair, a phantom I do find.

## MISALETHES.

The fault I know, Cipriano, was not thine ;  
 But you must know the fault was neither mine :  
 For you :—we'll say you work'd with wondrous skill—  
 For me :—my craft I taught with right good-will.  
 A greater art was cause of this sad blunder,  
 That made your hair to stand with fear and wonder.

But heed it not, your rest I will procure,  
And make you of Justina master sure.  
By other means I'll do't, more safe and true.

## CIPRIANO.

I'll hear no more, for I my bargain rue.  
Your science I disown, that gives such fright,  
And awes the soul with such a ghastly sight.  
You now must know, since you have fail'd to do  
What this my love did promise get from you,  
That what I wish, is from your sight to fly.  
My written bond to me restore, whereby  
Unfairly you obtain'd my freedom full ;  
For this your fraud has made the bargain null.

## MISALETHES.

I promise made my mystic art to shew,  
Whereby with study you would learn to know  
How you might bend the fair Justina's will,  
And cause the winds to waft her to this hill ;  
Justina, call'd by thee, has hither crept.  
The bargain's good, and I my word have kept.

## CIPRIANO.

You promis'd me my love I would enjoy,  
Whereon my heart with hope so long has fed.

## MISALETHES.

To shew you science which, if you'd employ,  
The girl would come to you : that's all I said.

CIPRIANO.

Not so ; you said the maiden you would give.

MISALETHES.

I saw her in your arms as I do live.  
I'll swear it's true.

CIPRIANO.

It was a spectral shade.

MISALETHES.

A miracle !

CIPRIANO.

By whom could it be done ?

MISALETHES.

By him that loves the girl, and gives her aid.

CIPRIANO.

And who is he ?

MISALETHES (*trembling*).

I cannot tell the one.

CIPRIANO.

Your art I'll use your very self against.  
Oh, tell me why to say it thou refrain'st ?  
Who can it be ?

MISALETHES.

A god ; Justina's guide.

CIPRIANO.

A god? I thought they fill'd the heavens wide.

MISALETHES.

He rules, and over all he has command.

CIPRIANO.

Then one, be sure must be, if with his hand  
He can perform much greater works than all?

MISALETHES.

I nothing know, nothing.

CIPRIANO.

My written bond  
I then heed not; and on thee I do call,  
In that God's name my question to respond.  
What caus'd him thus Justina to protect?

MISALETHES.

He wish'd no stain upon her name reflect.

CIPRIANO.

Then this all goodness is; since he no stain  
Will suffer her to know. But it is plain,  
If she concealed came within this cave,  
She would her honour and her virtue save?

MISALETHES.

Not she indeed: if but that foul-tongu'd set,  
The world—the slightest hint of it could get.

CIPRIANO.

This God must surely be all-seeing then,  
Since future wrongs he could so well foresee.  
But could not you so far your science strain,  
To make him yield to you, and vanquish'd be ?

MISALETHES.

No, no, indeed ; his power is too great.

CIPRIANO.

If so, this God must be all-powerful,  
Since all he wish'd he did—though it had weight  
So vast. But will you tell my senses dull  
Who is this God, in whom to-day I've found  
Such goodness and such power great combin'd ?  
Whose eyes, all-seeing, pierce through every bound ?  
For years I've tried to know, with longing mind ;  
But vain have been my toils.

MISALETHES (*faltering*).

I cannot say.

CIPRIANO.

Speak ; I bid thee.

MISALETHES.

I shudder at the name.  
The God of Christians 'tis !

CIPRIANO.

Now tell, I pray ;

What rous'd his wrath 'gainst me? Was I to blame  
For aught?

MISALETHES.

No, but because Justina's one.

CIPRIANO.

Then does he so protect his children true?

MISALETHES.

Yes, yes—but better leave this talk alone.  
You cannot have with things like these to do.  
You try too late to find this God; and since  
I see your stubborn mind I must convince;  
You've made yourself my slave, I say again.  
His subject then you cannot be; that's plain.

CIPRIANO.

Your slave! I?

MISALETHES.

Yes: I've got your written word.

CIPRIANO.

I'll have it back, 'twas all conditional.  
I'll have it back.

MISALETHES.

How?

CIPRIANO.

Thus.

*[He draws his sword and lunges at him.]*

MISALETHES.

Your temper'd sword  
Against me though you've drawn, does harmless fall,  
Despite your foaming rage. I'll tell you now  
A word will make your haughty head to bow.  
Now hark ; since you have shewn yourself so civil,  
Your master is no other than the devil.

CIPRIANO.

Eh ! what ?

MISALETHES.

Your master and the devil I !

CIPRIANO.

My soul with horror you do terrify.

MISALETHES.

And now you know a slave you are, and whose.

CIPRIANO.

What ! for the devil I my soul did lose ?  
What ! I obey a master so unjust ?

MISALETHES.

Your soul you gave, then be convinc'd you must.  
'Tis ever mine.

CIPRIANO.

What! then I have no hope?  
 No guide—defence—resource—this heavy sin  
 To blot?

MISALETHES.

None! none!

CIPRIANO.

'Tis useless then to cope  
 With fate; why pause . . . this blade to plunge within  
 My heart, that idle in my hand remains,  
 And end myself at once my mortal woes?  
 But I do rave; . . . who sav'd Justina pains,  
 'Twixt sin and me himself might interpose?  
 Has he not got the power?

MISALETHES.

He does not give  
 His aid to those that sin; to virtue, yes.

CIPRIANO.

But if all-powerful he is, forgive  
 As well as recompense surely he can?

MISALETHES.

Distress  
 Yourself no more. He will give recompense  
 To virtue; but will punish sin's offence.

CIPRIANO.

But him that for his sins is penitent,



No one would surely meet with punishment.  
And truly I repent.

MISALETHES.

You are my slave,  
And cannot thus another master have.

CIPRIANO.

That, I doubt.

MISALETHES.

What? your bond within my might,  
Which with your very blood you did indite?

CIPRIANO.

Him, that all-power is, and all above,  
My sad misfortunes will to pity move,  
And them he will oppose.

MISALETHES.

How can he, pray?

CIPRIANO.

He sees all things, and knows the fittest way.

MISALETHES.

And so do I.

CIPRIANO.

His might can break my chains.

MISALETHES.

My arms shall sooner close thy mortal pains.

*[They struggle.]*

JUSTINA.

CIPRIANO.

Great God of Christians! I to Thee appeal,  
To succour give, and my sad woes to heal!

[*He dashes MISALETHES from him.*]

MISALETHES.

That God has saved your life.

CIPRIANO.

He will do more ;  
For him I seek in my misfortunes sore.

[*Exeunt, each his way.*]

*Enter GOVERNOR, FABIO, and retinue.*

GOVERNOR.

How did you arrest them ?

FABIO.

I caught the set  
Conceal'd within their fane, where they had met  
Their God to venerate in prayer profound.  
With armed men the house I did surround,  
And seiz'd them all ; and dungeons separate  
Their bodies hold,—until be seal'd their fate.  
I've said ; but now, to crown the deed and your desire,  
I took likewise the fair Justina and her sire.

GOVERNOR.

What ! Fabio, you that wealth and honours court,  
You ask no recompense for such sweet news ;  
And treat it all as if 'twere idle sport ?

FABIO.

Reward I ask, and you will not refuse  
What I demand of you.

GOVERNOR.

I'm nothing loath  
To grant it ; speak.

FABIO.

Floro and Lelio both  
In prison still do pine ; their pardon grant.

GOVERNOR.

Though rigour I did shew, 'twas all mere cant.  
I merely wish'd to make this city think,  
That I from justice fair could never shrink.  
But quite a diff'rent reason did incline  
My mind these youths in prison to confine.  
Lelio, my son, I thought it wise to screen  
From harm. And Floro, his competitor,  
Has potent friends ; and as I knew between  
The two bad feeling dwelt ; and, as before,  
They would return to strife and deadly feud ;  
Until the cause of both I could exclude,  
I hesitated so. With this intent,  
A reason why Justina might be sent  
Away, I sought ; but none could ever find.  
But now it 's prov'd her virtue's all behind  
A mask conceal'd. The girl from hence away  
Not only can I send, but make her pay

Her life for this offence. Then off with speed,  
And Lelio and Floro both hither lead.

FABIO.

Your feet, my lord, a thousand times I kiss,  
For mercy great that grants a boon like this. [*Exit.*]

GOVERNOR.

Justina I now hold both tight and fast  
A prisoner, and guilty found, at last.  
Then let her yield her life in sad despair  
Upon the bloody scaffold high—Ho, there!

[*To his followers.*]

I bid ye bring Justina here; her shame  
This city great must publicly proclaim.  
For if 'tis hid within a prison gate,  
Her shame will lose its better half of weight.

*Enter FABIO, LELIO, and FLORO.*

FABIO.

My lord, you sent for both, and they are here.

LELIO.

My lord, 'tis not before a judge severe,  
I wish like one who's guilty to appear;  
But I am come, an all-repentant son,  
To ask my sire's grace for what I've done.

FLORO.

And I surmise, my lord, I'm come in haste,

Of punishment I don't deserve to taste.  
 You sent for me, your eyes I'm now before,  
 And at your feet, your mercy I implore.

## GOVERNOR.

Lelio and Floro, both : that I have shewn  
 Impartial law and justice, all must own.  
 And if, I being judge, did not chastise ;  
 A father, not a judge, in Antioch's eyes  
 I would appear. But as I well do know,  
 In noble hearts, resentment is not slow  
 To die ; and since your cause of hate is gone,  
 In friendship now, I make you both be one.  
 Now give your hands, and with a cordial shake,  
 Again the voice of friendship be awake ;  
 Your feuds forget, and lasting union make.

## LELIO.

I count myself in luck to be his friend,  
 And swear my love for him with life shall end.

## FLORO.

The same, I swear ; my hand and word I give.

## GOVERNOR.

Then, on the strength of this, in freedom live.  
 In freedom mark ; for when the mask I tear,  
 Of which your silly flames are unaware,  
 I doubt not ye will be completely free.

MISALETHES (*within*).

He's mad! he's mad!

GOVERNOR.

What's this?

LELIO.

I'll go and see.

[*He goes, and quickly returns.*]

GOVERNOR.

What can be cause within these palace walls  
Of all this noise?

FLORO.

Some great event befalls.

LELIO.

Of all this noise, my lord, (most wond'rous rare!)  
Cipriano's cause. All mad—with haggard air—  
To Antioch return'd, from which he's been  
So long away. Such sight I've never seen!

FLORO.

No doubt his subtle mind, with learning fed,  
The hapless youth to such a state has led.

ALL (*within*).

He's mad, seize him!

*Enter CIPRIANO, his clothes torn, and looking wild  
and distracted.*

CIPRIANO.

I never was so sound,  
And you it is have lost your wits profound.

GOVERNOR.

Cipriano, what is this ?

CIPRIANO.

O governor

Of Antioch, viceroy of Decius Cæsar ;  
Floro and Lelio both, my friends before,  
So true and fast ; and ye who nobles are ;  
Ye people great ; I beg attention lend :  
For to this place my footsteps I did bend  
To speak unto you all. Cipriano, I,  
For wit and learning once a prodigy ;  
When in the schools I shone, I caus'd amaze,  
And at my skill all would with wonder gaze.  
But all I got, as I have since found out,  
Was nothing but a most perplexing doubt.  
And with this doubt my mind but darkness knew,  
When fair Justina met my wond'ring view ;  
I then the sage Minerva quick forsook,  
And Venus' luring charms my senses took.  
Her virtue gave dismissal to my love ;  
And I, with passion rous'd, all vainly strove  
To win the maid. With quick impatience spent,  
At last to opposite extremes I went.

A man the raging billows wreck'd, my aid  
Implor'd, and him my friendly guest I made.  
To bend Justina's will to my control,  
To him I made an offer of my soul ;  
For love with hopes my heart did captivate ;  
And I for knowledge toil'd my flame to sate.  
Within yon mountain I have dwelt so long  
His pupil, living sciences among.  
Such wond'rous knowledge I to him do owe,  
Which he with skilful head and hand did shew,  
That I can mountains move from place to place ;  
And though those marvels all I can perform,  
My accents could not bring to my embrace  
The beauty that within my heart this storm  
Did raise. The reason why I could not curb  
This prodigy of beauty rare, was this :—  
A God who does protect the maid there is,  
And none allows her honour to disturb.  
This truth I feel ; and I come here to make  
Confession of this God ; whom I conceive  
All-powerful to be ; whom I believe  
Is goodness all and great ! And I will shake  
These palace walls with words that may proclaim  
The God of Christian's most benignant name.  
I am a slave of hell ; and gave my bond  
With blood-drops of my arm. But why despond,  
Since I have hope a martyr's blood will blot  
The deed away, and make it be forgot ?  
And now, since thou art judge ; if Christian name  
Thy heart with fierce and bloody hate inflame,—



A Christian I! A venerable sage  
 Upon that mount the glorious name did give,  
 With first of sacramental rite! Your rage  
 Why then delay? Why longer let me live?  
 Go quick, the headsman bring; that he my head  
 May sever from my neck, and leave me dead.  
 Or on the rack with torments fierce and new,  
 See evidence of constancy so true.  
 For I'm prepar'd a thousand deaths to die;  
 Since now I know, without the God I seek  
 With reverence and adoration meek,  
 All human things in dust and ashes lie!

*[He swoons, and falls on his face.]*

GOVERNOR.

Thy boldness, Cipriano, such amaze  
 Has caus'd my wond'ring mind, that doubts I raise  
 Upon chastisement fit. We'll see. Come, rise.

*[He kicks him.]*

FLORO.

He's swoon'd, and like a marble statue lies!

*Enter JUSTINA a prisoner.*

A SERVANT.

My lord, Justina is before your highness.

GOVERNOR.

Her countenance my eyes wish not to witness;  
 But with this prostrate lifeless block alone

Leave her ; and let us all from hence begone.  
 Perchance they both, within one prison pent,  
 Upon each other's death will think with fear ;  
 And of their sacrilege may yet repent.  
 Or if my gods to worship they forbear,  
 The fiercest racks that fiercest tortures give  
 Shall rend their limbs until they cease to live. [Exit.

LELIO.

'Twixt love and awe my troubl'd senses reel ! [Exit.

FLORO.

I feel so much, I know not what I feel ! [Exit.

JUSTINA.

Ye all do go, and leave me thus alone ?

When all content I am to yield my breath,  
 And long to kneel before my guardian's throne,

Why will ye thus delay my coming death ?

[*She goes after them, and sees CIPRIANO.*

I see now why my latest hour ye stay ;

Within these gloomy walls ye leave with me  
 A lifeless corpse, to cheer my dismal day,

And give sweet comfort to my misery !

O happy youth ! who hast return'd to dust

From which thou camest first ! O happy thou,  
 If but the faith in which I place my trust,

Has caus'd thee thus thy prostrate head to bow !

CIPRIANO (*reviving*).

Proud monster ! What !—Must I yet longer wait,

Ere I my breath do yield? Why hesitate?

[*He sees JUSTINA, and rises.*

O heavens! Is not that Justina's face?

JUSTINA.

Can this Cipriano be my eyes behold?

CIPRIANO.

A phantom it must be, my brains do trace!

JUSTINA.

It cannot be! With fear I feel all cold!  
The winds have sent this spectre to my view,  
Which ever does my weary mind pursue!

CIPRIANO.

Thou shadow of my dreams!

JUSTINA.

Illusive shade,

That haunts my soul!

CIPRIANO.

Thou horror of my brain!

JUSTINA.

That's froze my blood with awe.

CIPRIANO.

What want ye, maid?

JUSTINA.

What wantest thou?

JUSTINA.

CIPRIANO.

Ye haunt me all in vain ;  
I call'd thee not !

JUSTINA.

I think on thee no more.  
Why seekest me, oh, say ?

CIPRIANO.

I do not seek  
Thee, Justina.

JUSTINA.

Nor am I come before  
Your eyes because you call'd on me.

CIPRIANO.

Then speak  
Your cause of coming here.

JUSTINA.

In durance here,  
I am ; and you ?

CIPRIANO.

I am a captive too.  
But say, Justina ;—you, from sin so clear,  
What can you have with prison walls to do ?

JUSTINA.

No crime of mine ;—'twas hatred to Christ's faith,  
Whom, as my God, I worship and adore !

CIPRIANO.

And so you ought, Justina, prove in death  
 Your love for One, such blessings that does pour  
 Upon your head, and guards you so. O pray  
 To him that He won't turn his head away  
 From my repentant prayers.

JUSTINA.

Your prayers he'll hear,  
 If you but pray to him with faith sincere.

CIPRIANO.

With faith sincere I call on him. But though  
 I trust in all his goodness so benign,  
 I fear my sins can never pardon know ;  
 And on my head his mercy will not shine ;  
 They are so heavy and so strange !

JUSTINA.

Have trust.

CIPRIANO.

My sins are numerous as specks of dust !

JUSTINA.

His many favours are more num'rous still.

CIPRIANO.

Then will he really pardon give ?

JUSTINA.

He will.

CIPRIANO.

When to the devil I my soul did sell,  
And for thy beauty's sake in sin I fell?

JUSTINA.

More stars not heaven boasts—more sand the sea—  
More sparks the fire—the day more atoms—nor  
Sail on the fleeting winds more plumes, than He  
Does sins forgive.

CIPRIANO.

I am convinced; and for  
This God a thousand times I'd die, and more.  
Justina, hark! I hear them at the door.

*Enter FABIO, with MOSCO, CLARIN, and LIBIA,  
as prisoners.*

FABIO.

Get in there, and with your masters safe remain.

LIBIA.

If they Christians wish'd to be, are we to blame?

MOSCO.

Indeed we are; we poor servants can't complain.  
Don't we serve? and don't that make it all the same?

CLARIN.

I fled from yonder mount as fast as I could run,  
And 'scap'd one danger but to meet another one.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

SERVANT.

Aurelius, our great governor, demands  
Justina and Cipriano both.

JUSTINA.

My hands

I raise aloft with joy, to think that this  
Is signal of long-hop'd celestial bliss!  
Cheer up, Cipriano.

CIPRIANO.

Faith, courage, and heart  
Are mine. If I with liberty did part,  
And pay for it with life, 'tis no great feat  
That life to give to God, and calmly meet  
My death, when I did give my soul for thee.

JUSTINA.

I said in death thou should'st be lov'd by me.  
And now, Cipriano, since our God does will,  
I die with thee, my promise I fulfil!

[*Exeunt.*]

MOSCO, CLARIN, and LIBIA remain.

MOSCO.

How gladly they go to die!

LIBIA.

Much gladder we

Remain to live.

CLARIN.

Not much ; we have a bone  
To pick ; and, though 'tis not a fitting place,  
We 'd better pick it now, and quick have done,  
Lest late perchance we find it be the case.

MOSCO.

To pick what bone ?

CLARIN.

I was a year entire

Absent.

LIBIA.

Oh, so you were !

CLARIN.

I say a year ;  
And Mosco all that year has been your squire ;  
And every day he 's been your person near :  
And now to settle things, and make them square,  
Another year for me will be but fair.

LIBIA.

O Clarin, could you of me such things presume,  
That I to thee could give offence ?  
O, did I not weep, and every day consume  
My health in tears, at thy absence ?  
I mean to say, each day my duty 'twas to weep.

MOSCO.

And I 'll bear witness to what Libia says, I do.



And every day was yours, my friendship made me keep  
Myself within respectful bounds. I'll swear it's so.

CLARIN.

I don't believe a word you say—it's all a lie ;  
For when to-day I call'd, I saw her eyes were dry ;  
And you beside the girl were sitting at your ease.

LIBIA.

To-day was not my weeping day.

CLARIN.

It was, I say.  
For if my recollection only rightly sees,  
The very day was mine on which I went away.

LIBIA.

That's a mistake.

MOSCO.

The error now is clear,  
It leap year was, and all the days were even.

CLARIN.

I'm satisfied ; and man ought not be given  
To prying deep. But what's the noise I hear ?

*Enter all, running in confusion.*

LIBIA.

The house is tumbling down, I think.

JUSTINA.

MOSCO.

Something

Ominous it must be, this crash does bring.

GOVERNOR.

Unhing'd must be the fabric of the sky.

FABIO.

Justina and Cipriano scarce their breath  
 Had yielded on the bloody scaffold high,  
 When shook the earth, as if it felt the death.

LELIO.

A cloud, whose blazing breast does pregnant seem  
 With crashing thunder and the lightning's gleam,  
 And forms abortive like, more hideous yet ;  
 Above us darkly broods, with low'ring threat.

FLORO.

From out its womb a monstrous shape appears ;  
 A scaly serpent all deform'd to see ;  
 That now itself upon the scaffold rears,  
 And beckons all to hark, and silent be.

MISALETHES (*upon the scaffold*).

List, O mortals list, to heaven's behest ;  
 For mine it is its mandates to obey.  
 Then list, whilst I to all make manifest  
 What I am bid for virtue's sake to say.  
 'Twas I, the fair Justina to dis fame,

Did scale her house, and in her room was seen ;  
 And I come here to save her honest name  
 From evil talk, and scandal foul to screen.  
 Justina's pure ; Cipriano, once my slave,  
 And she now lie within the silent grave ;  
 And with his blood, that with his life did flow,  
 Was blotted out the bond I did obtain  
 From him. The bloody words forthwith did go,  
 And on the kerchief white there is no stain.  
 Their souls, the starry spheres, I grieve to tell,  
 Are now within ; where stands God's sacred throne,  
 And both in realms of happiness now dwell ;  
 The truth it is I speak, and truth alone.  
 And if the truth I speak, it is because  
 I cannot disobey God's potent laws.  
 So little taught am I to say what is,  
 It cost my temper much to say all this.

[MISALETHES *vanishes*.

LIBIA.

Oh, wonderful !

FLORO.

Confusion great and rare !

LIBIA.

Prodigious !

MOSCO.

Oh, it's ominous i' faith !

GOVERNOR.

It's all a trick of magic art to scare  
 Our souls he's play'd upon us after death.

JUSTINA.

FLORO.

I cannot doubt or credit what I see !

LELIO.

And I from doubtful thoughts do not feel free !

CLARIN.

Methinks that if magician it do prove,  
It must have been the one that lives above.

MOSCO.

Then we will set aside, I vote, all doubt,  
Our long and well-divided love about ;  
And beg this wonderful magician's grace,  
Our many sins with kindness to efface.

THE END.

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