

A C T V.

SCENE, *The tomb, &c. as before.**Enter MELVILLE.*

HERE to this hated spot, a fit inhabitant,
 I come, to shun the cheerful smiles of day,
 The vales where frolic pleasure reigns, the woods
 With notes of love resounding. What have I,
 A wretch whose pain exceeds all sufferance,
 With aught of joy to do? My very being
 Is burthenfome. Here would I die: this weapon,
 [Handling Rothfay's sword.
 Bane of my love, well claims to end my life.
 Would it had done so, when the villain's tongue
 Traduced me! Would I then had rush'd upon
 him,
 Despising tedious formal ceremonies,
 And dash'd him to the earth; then leaning here,
 Buried the fatal steel deep in my heart!
 Perhaps when breathing forth my weary soul,
 Vimonda, while she saw the last dim glances

T O A

My

My closing eyes could give still fixt on her,
 Might have believ'd—my fate had been severe.

Enter DUNDORE with a cup in his hand.
 What bring'st thou there?

DUNDORE.

A cordial from thy mistress.
 A small love-token to compose thy fears.
 Her fair hand mix'd the draught, and her bright
 eyes
 Enrich'd it with soft pity's dew-drops. Take it,
 She said; to that deceiver, that barbarian,
 That darkling butcher of unarm'd old men,
 And bid him know its value. It will free
 Me from reproach, knighthood from foul dis-
 grace,
 Earth from a monster. Say, 'tis not for him
 To seek in arms an honourable death.
 Let him take this, find out some dreary hole,
 And there depart in darkness, like his crimes,
 Tho' thy affianced foe, at her request
 I've brought this message.

MELVILLE.

Well—'tis well—I thank thee.
 She never lov'd me!—No—she never knew
 The boundless passion I for her have felt!

K 2

Could

That black, deep, yawning gulph—I'll not dig
yet—

Life—life a moment—horror—darkness—hell!

[Dies,

MELVILLE.

Just, but most dreadful end! Heav'n pardon
thee.

And to thy wretched soul vouchsafe repose!
Lie there; I have with thee no more to do.

[Laying the sword on the tomb,

Thou should'st give rest to this rack'd bursting
heart,

But here Vimonda sends it, I obey her. [Drinks,

Enter ALFRED A.

ALFRED A.

At last I find him—Haste, my Lord, O haste,
Vimonda calls thee—ha—what's here?—a cup!
And blood and death!—What means this? quick—
I tell me;

This empty cup, what held it?

MELVILLE.

Death, I hope,
And speedy,—tho' as yet I feel it not,

ALFRED A.

Poison! and thou hast swallow'd it!—Dis-
traction!

Who

Who gave it? What curst demon gave it thee?
And who could urge thee to the frantic deed?

MELVILLE.

I slew him—there he lies, who brought it me.
Thy mistress sent it; and it was most welcome.
But sure she might have spared her cruel scorn.

ALFRED A.

By Heav'n, she sent it, not! she knows not
of it!

O inconfid'rate, desp'rate deed! How could'st thou
Believe that mouth from which truth never came?

MELVILLE.

Think'st thou she hates me not?

ALFRED A.

I know she loves thee
To madness; even now consumes her life,
In bitterest regrets, for having wrong'd thee;
Ev'n now she raves to see thee— but, O miserable!
To see thee thus—yet live; I'll run,—I'll fly,
And bring her to thee. O afflicting Heav'n,
Preserve him, save him, but some few poor mo-
ments! [Exit.

MELVILLE.

O bloody, ruthless dog! false to the last!
I'll to the open air. God of my life,

Let me but breathe once more to see Vimonda;
And hear her voice of love, then death is wel-
come! [Exit.

SCENE, *An Apartment of the Castle.*

VIMONDA. *Sola.*

I have it here most sure.—To die is nothing—
But I would die in peace with all the world;
And first with thee, my lov'd; my much-wrong'd
Melville!

Fool that I was to fancy he would come!
Or but to wish it!—Could I bear his looks,
So noble once, so full of pleasing grandeur,
Now awful made by sense of injury?
Would I not shrink—kneel—fall beneath his
feet?

O Melville, pardon—pity—pardon me!
Yet if he's justly charged, where lies the blame?
Stern honor will acquit me. That defence
Still wards off madness—Do I wish it so?
Not for ten thousand worlds! It cannot be!
Dundore quick falls; avows his treachery;
Melville, in just disdain, abandons me;
I in despair, and rage, and raving, die.

Enter ALFREDA.

ALFREDA.

If thou wouldst see thy lover, follow me!

Quick

Quick follow me! To thee he cannot come.
Hell has prevail'd, and death and horror reign!

VIMONDA.

What mean'st thou? Have they fought? Is
Melville wounded?

ALFREDA.

Away—'tis worse—Dundore, that gloomy fiend,
Brought him a poison'd cup as sent by thee,
With bitter taunts, provoking him to drink.
I left him now in Rothlay's monument,
Waiting the final moment.—Haste, away!

VIMONDA. [*Confusedly, after a pause.*]

Surely he fought well once—Yes—I have seen
him.

How could Dundore prevail?—There has been
foul play.

Heav'n guard us all from villany!

ALFREDA.

O come!
One moment now is worth eternity.

VIMONDA.

But if we meet the ghost, Alfreda,—No!
I'll stay, and say my prayers.

ALFREDA.

Good Heav'n preserve her!

L

This

This is distraction. Hear me, dear Vimonda!
Friend!—Sister of my soul!—Look not so
wildly—
Dundore is slain.

VIMONDA.

Did I not tell thee so?
What could befall him else?—To seek de-
struction—
To brave my Melville—O fool-hardy knave!
This scarf I'll hang upon the victor's sword;
'Tis my own work. Soft you—here comes my
father.

We'll know the truth on't now.—Old men are
not talkative.

Enter ROTHSA Y.

ROTHSA Y.

Bewilder'd thus in horrors as thou art,
Hop'st thou, Vimonda, e'er to find repose,
Or peace?

VIMONDA.

In death, perhaps.

ROTHSA Y.

Sad hope, poor girl!
But what if Heaven, in pity to thy weakness,
Should interpose, and point the road to joy?

VIMONDA.

VIMONDA.

Impossible!

ROTHSA Y.

'Tis done, my dear Vimonda!
Again thou art my daughter; and I clasp thee
Thus in my arms, with pure paternal rapture.
Shed, Heav'n, thy choicest blessings on this head!
Preserve this dearest comfort of my age
To be a happy wife, a joyful mother,
The bliss, the rapture of a noble youth,
The pride and glory of a fond old man!
Where is thy Melville?

VIMONDA. [*With a vacant look.*]

Ah! poor Melville's dead.

ROTHSA Y.

He lives, Vimonda,
From danger and from foul suspicion safe.
Th' accomplice of that hell-hound, curst Dundore,
Ev'n by the horror of his guilt appall'd,
To me has open'd all the black design.
I seek for Melville, honor's bravest son,
To crave his friendship.

VIMONDA.

No—'tis now too late.
What must he think me—wretched, wretched
girl!

To grant he was a murd'rer—to believe
 The pois'nous tales of creeping coward slaves!
 O had I listen'd to the voice of love,
 I had done well!—Then had I set him up
 Against the world—against ev'n thee, my father;
 Fled from you all—sought shelter in his arms,
 And smiled at danger.—Hark! I heard a groan.
 Alfreda, he's not dead yet;—fly, and tell him—
 I dare not go—tell him, with his last breath—
 He must not curse his poor Vimonda; tell him,
 How they've belied me;—but I'll follow soon,
 And then he shall know all

ROTHSAY.

Recall thyself;
 Comforts still wait Vimonda; see, he comes.

VIMONDA.

Let him not come—let me not see him—hide
 me—
 Guard me, my father,—hide me—guard me from
 him!
 If thou wouldst not behold wild madness seize me,
 And my brain burning,—hide me from Lord
 Melville!

[*Throwing herself into Alfreda's arms.*

Enter MELVILLE.

MELVILLE.

Yet 'tis allow'd me to behold her, yet
 Once

Once more to see this fairest work of heav'n;
 Well pleas'd I die. I blame thee not, Vimonda,
 For years of youth cut off, for joys untasted,
 For hurrying me thus to an early grave—

ALFREDA.

Alas, my lord, I fear the lady dies!
 Help me, for pity.

MELVILLE.

Dies! no—lengthen'd ages,
 Of life, of happiness, and fame await her.

[*Clasping her.*

Yet she is pale and fainting—O Vimonda!
 Awake—look up—speak but one word to me—
 Hear me but bless thee, ere I go for ever!

ALFREDA.

Unhappy youth, she knew not of the poison.
 'Twas, as I told thee, but another lie
 Of that black wretch thou slew'st. Look in that
 face—
 Why flies the blood? why close the rolling eyes?
 Why has distraction seiz'd this lovely frame?
 For thee—for thee—thou rash, thou cruel man!

MELVILLE.

'Tis so, I fear—I have indeed been rash.

VIMONDA.

Where is Alfreda?—Softly—have you seen him?
 I
 Don't

Don't say he's dead;—I swear I shall die first.
 Ha—there he is!—O Melville, don't believe
 them!

Villains, I did it not!—What, poison him?
 Poison my Melville?—O I would have given
 My heart's warm stream, and smil'd to see it flow,
 For the dear youth!—You was not here, my
 father,

Or I'd have told you of him; how he woo'd me
 A long long year: oft by the river's side
 I sung sweet airs to him; and then he bound
 My hair with woven flow'rs. But he was brave too,
 And fearless. How my bosom throbb'd and glow'd
 That night, when from a thousand bloody ruffians
 My blooming hero bore me off in triumph!
 Alfreda,—[*Faltering*].—careless girl,—did I not
 send thee,
 To seek him now—what makest thou—loit'ring
 —here?

MELVILLE.

O torture! torture! see, her eyes are closing!
 She pants for breath—soft lay her on the couch—
 She faints—she dies!

ROTHSAY.

O God of mercy, spare her!
 Spare my poor innocent, my lovely child!

VIMONDA,

VIMONDA.

Gently, kind Sirs; you must not touch my
 heart;

'Tis hurt past cure. I know how that was done
 But I'd not have it spoke of: 'twas Dundore:
 Last night he came behind me with his dagger—
 And ever since, I've pined. Had Melville seen
 him,

He would have—O 'tis worse now—breaking—
 tearing—

If he were here to help—my love—my—Mel-
 ville!

ALLREDA.

Dead—free from pain. O gentle, lovely-maid,
 Thou shalt not go alone! Wretched old man!
 I told thee—but thou feel'st it now—Heav'n pity
 thee!

Enter BARNARD.

BARNARD.

O had I sooner known the villain's fate!
 Where is my lady? Where is fair Vimonda?

ALFREDA.

There, lifeless in her lover's arms she lies.

BARNARD.

Alas! I come too late.

MEL-

MELVILLE.

O tardy poison!
Why must I linger thus? Why must I chide
Thy ineffectual force?—Is there no friend,
To speed me after my departed love?

Yes, my dear lord—here is our end of sorrow.
[*Showing a dagger.*]

She who, as Edwin, joy'd to save thy life;
Now, as Alfreda, smiling gives thee death;
Ay, and will shew the way. For thee I live;
From thee divided, I can have no being——
[*Offers to stab herself, but is prevented by Barnard.*]

BARNARD.
What mean'st thou, maid? Lord Melville's
life is safe.

He drank no poison. The pure wave of Tweed
Is not more innocent, than was the juice,
Which I, with happy fraud, gave to Dundore.

ALFREDA.
Say'st thou?—what—innocent!—O good old
man!

Heav'n, gracious Heav'n will pardon all thy sins
For this one deed.—Away—thou now art useless!

[*Throwing away the dagger.*]

ROTH-

ROTHSAY.

Plunged as I am in grief, o'erwhelm'd with
anguish,

Thy safety, Melville, is a welcome sound.
Live, noble youth; that hapless girl's sad loss
Is load enough for my old heart to bear.
Live, and be happy. To the sacred cloyster
I fly for shelter; where sharp penitence,
Pray'rs, and large alms, must purify my soul.
This castle, and the lands around, I give
To thee, Alfreda. Thou canst best supply
The place of her who there lies pale. Farewel!
[*Exit.*]

ALFREDA.

O Melville, rise; leave this heart-rending
fight;
Let poor Alfreda share and sooth thy sorrow.
There was a time when I could charm thy
pain.
When glorious toil and honourable wounds
Had stretch'd thee on the earth, my plaintive
lute
Could lull thy soul to rest. That lute again
I will new-string, and to soft dying notes,
Tender and melancholy dirges sing.
The song shall be of thy Vimonda's praise,

M

Her

Her peerless beauties, and her faithful love ;
 And, mixt with deeper strains, shall mourn the
 cause,
 That thus in fatal hour has torn her from thee.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

E P I L O G U E,

Written by Mr. MACKENZIE, and spoken by
 Mrs. KEMBLE.

METHINKS our heroine was wond'rous weak,
 To let a goblin-tale her marriage break.
 Now, thank our stars! the childish creed is lost,
 That gave such mighty influence to a ghost.
 Our lovers' nuptials meet with no delays
 From phantom-visitations now-a-days ;
 More solid bars their tender wishes cross,
 Deeds to indite, and parchments to engross,
 Jointures to settle, pin-money debates,
 Weighing of rents, and wedding of estates.
 Or, sometimes, as dark clouds cross brightest skies,
 Perturbed spirits *after* wedlock rise ;
 Spirits of anger, fullness, and strife,
 That blight the genial sweets of married life ;
 Passions that every spell of love can brave,
 And strew indiff'rence o'er affection's grave.
 Or, should the wife have some familiar sprite,
 (Such things there are) that haunts the house by night,
 He, like our spectre, rightly understood,
 May prove perhaps no ghost, but flesh and blood.
 But here, within our mimic kingdom's bound,
 Still antique ghosts may walk their nightly round ;

E P I L O G U E.

Still truncheon'd *Hamlet* glide, or *Banquo*'s shade
Drive Scotland's tyrant from his seat dismay'd.
O, could our magic-spells contrive to bind
Spirits before the curtain, as behind,
Poets no more should dread the fatal sound
Of fierce and angry goblins rising round,
Of those who howl above*, or hiss below † the ground. }
May milder pow'rs now breathe their influence here,
And join the Muse's smile, the Muse's tear;
In this warm soil, may foster'd genius spring,
And here young Fancy stretch a bolder wing!
If such kind spirits hither make resort,
Weak as we are, we'll not be frighten'd for't;
Let them walk here, we'll use no charms to cure it,
And tho' our house be haunted, we'll endure it.

* The Galleries.

† The Pit.

F I N I S.

J U L I A;

O R,

THE ITALIAN LOVER.

A T R A G E D Y.