

BARNWELL.

All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

TRUEMAN.

Something dreadful is lab'ring in your breast; O give it vent, and let me share your grief; 'twill ease your pain should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

BARNWELL.

Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observ'd; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

TRUEMAN.

So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

BARNWELL.

O torture insupportable!

[*Afide.*]

TRUEMAN.

Then why am I excluded? have I a thought I would conceal from you?

BARNWELL.

If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

TRUEMAN.

'Tis strange,—but I have done, say but you hate me not.

BARNWELL.

Hate you!—I am not that monster yet.

TRUEMAN.

Shall our friendship still continue?

BARN-