

BARNWELL.

The thought of that already is too painful.

MILLWOOD.

If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least you do not hate me?

BARNWELL.

No—no—I never said I did—O my heart!—

MILLWOOD.

Perhaps you pity me?

BARNWELL.

I do—I do——indeed I do.

MILLWOOD.

You'll think upon me?

BARNWELL.

Doubt it not while I can think at all.

MILLWOOD.

You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour—though it would be the last. [*He draws back.*] A look shall then suffice—farewell—for ever.

[*Exeunt MILLWOOD and LUCY.*]

BARNWELL.

If to resolve to suffer be to conquer—I have conquer'd.——Painful victory!

*Re-enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.*

MILLWOOD.

One thing I had forgot;—I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you shou'd seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that perhaps was needless.

BARN-