

MILLWOOD.

So I may hope to see you there again?

BARNWELL.

Answer me not, but fly, lest, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

MILLWOOD.

Say but you'll come.

BARNWELL.

You are my fate, my heaven, or my hell; only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please. [*Exeunt MILLWOOD and LUCY.*] What have I done?—Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made? why then has heaven suffer'd me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. Is virtue inconsistent with itself, or are vice and virtue only empty names? or do they depend on accidents beyond our power to produce, or to prevent; wherein we have no part, and yet must be determin'd by the event?—But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror and remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late erected hopes, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why:

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

[*Exit.*]