

the mind, weaken'd and dissolv'd by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes its own desires.—What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures, such as these?

*Enter* TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

O Barnwell!—O my friend! how art thou fallen!

MARIA.

Ha! Barnwell! what of him? speak, say, what of Barnwell!

TRUEMAN.

'Tis not to be conceal'd: I've news to tell of him that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who know him,

MARIA.

Defend us heaven!—

TRUEMAN.

I cannot speak it.—See there.

[*Trueman gives a letter; Maria reads.*]

“ I KNOW my absence will surprize my honour'd master, and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you that I intend never to return again: though this might have been known, by examining my accounts; yet to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost

“ GEORGE BARNWELL.”

TRUE-