

BLUNT.

I am amaz'd! what can it be?

LUCY.

You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.—

BLUNT.

His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of as a gentleman of a large estate, and fair character in the country, where he lives.

LUCY.

The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demanded this horrid sacrifice.—Barnwell's near relation, and unsuspected virtue must give too easy means to seize the good man's treasure: whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

BLUNT.

Is it possible she cou'd persuade him to do an act like that? he is by nature honest, grateful, compassionate and generous: and tho' his love and her artful persuasions, have wrought him to practise what he most abhors; yet we all can witness for him, with what reluctance he has still comply'd: so many tears he shed o'er each offence, as might, if possible, sanctify theft, and make a merit of a crime.

LUCY.

'Tis true, at the naming the murder of his uncle, he started into rage; and breaking from her arms, where she 'till then had held him, with well dissembled love and false endearments, call'd her cruel, monstrous,