

BLUNT.

Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the sad relation.

LUCY.

Yes—with joy, that she had gain'd her point.—She gave him no time to cool, but urg'd him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone; if he performs it and escapes, there's more money for her; if not he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

BLUNT.

'Tis time the world were rid of such a monster.

LUCY.

If we don't do our endeavours to prevent this murder, we are as bad as she.

BLUNT.

I'm afraid it is too late.

LUCY.

Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We have run too great a length with her already.—I did not think her or myself so wicked as I find, upon reflection, we are.

BLUNT.

'Tis true, we have all been too much so.—But there is something so horrid in murder, that all other crimes seem nothing, when compared to that.—I wou'd not be involv'd in the guilt of that for all the world.

LUCY.

Nor I, heaven knows;—therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way, that to me