

150 THE HISTORY OF

seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this curs'd design?

BLUNT.

With all my heart. He who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law, and reason, is a murderer.

LUCY.

Let us lose no time; I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*A Walk at some Distance from a Country Seat.*

BARNWELL.

A dismal gloom obscures the face of day; either the sun has slipt behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven, with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I am doom'd to act. Since I set forth on this accurs'd design, where'er I tread, methinks the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Yonder limpid stream, whose hoary fall has made a natural cascade, as I pass'd by, in doleful accents seem'd to murmur—Murder. The earth, the air, and water seem'd concern'd; but that's not strange, the world is punish'd, and nature feels a shock, when Providence permits a good man's fall!—Just heaven! Then what should I be! for him that was my father's only brother, and since his death has been to me a father, who took me up an infant, and an orphan; rear'd me with tenderest care, and still indulg'd me with most paternal fondness;—yet here I stand avow'd his destin'd murderer:—I stiffen with horror at my own impiety;—'tis yet unperform'd.—What if I quit