

sing soul at once with grief and horror, pity and aversion. I will indulge the thought. The wife man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind. When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future selves, how does each inordinate passion and desire cease, or sicken at the view? the mind scarce moves; the blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps slowly thro' the veins: fix'd, still, and motionless we stand, so like the solemn object of our thoughts, we are almost at present—what we must be hereafter; till curiosity awakes the soul, and sets it on enquiry. [*Enter GEORGE BARNWELL at a distance.*] O death, thou strange mysterious power; seen every day, yet never understood but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? the extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars, that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempt to pass in vain: lost and bewilder'd in the horrid gloom, defeated she returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain—but of labour lost.

[*During this speech, BARNWELL sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again.*]

BARNWELL.

Oh, 'tis impossible! [*throwing down the pistol.*  
Uncle starts and attempts to draw his sword.—

UNCLE.

A man so near me, arm'd and masqu'd!—

BARNWELL.

Nay, then there's no retreat.

[*Plucks a poniard from his bosom and stabs him.*]

UNCLE,