

UNCLE.

Oh! I am slain! all gracious heaven regard the prayer of thy dying servant: bless, with the choicest blessings, my dearest nephew: forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

[BARNWELL *throws off his Mask, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.*

BARNWELL.

Expiring faint! Oh, murder'd, martyr'd uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer.—O do not look so tenderly upon me—Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.—By heaven he weeps in pity of my woes.—Tears—Tears, for blood.—The murder'd, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer.—O! speak your pious purpose;—pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you,—He wou'd but cannot.—O why, with such fond affection, do you press my murdering hand?—What! will you kiss me? [BARNWELL *kisses his Uncle, who groans and dies.*] Life, that hover'd on his lips but till he had seal'd my pardon, in that kiss expir'd. He's gone for ever,—and oh! I follow—[*Swoons away upon his Uncle's dead body.*] Do I still live to press the suffering bosom of the earth?—Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air?—Let heaven, from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear murder'd saint, and me the murderer; and, if his vengeance spares, let pity strike and end my wretched being.—Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides. Cain, who stands on record from the birth of time, and must to its last final period, as accurs'd, slew a brother favour'd above him:—

Detested