

BARNWELL.

Think you I added sacrilege to murder? Oh! had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer: (alas, alas! he knew not then that his nephew was his murderer) how wou'd you have wish'd as I did, tho' you had a thousand years of life to come to have given them all to have lengthen'd his one hour! but being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done; nor cou'd I, to have gain'd the empire of the world, have violated, by theft, his sacred corpse.

MILLWOOD.

Whining, preposterous, canting villain! to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury; then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your penury and guilt! Do you think I'll hazard my reputation; nay, my life, to entertain you?

BARNWELL.

O Millwood!—this from thee!—but I have done—If you hate me, if you wish me dead, then are you happy—for oh! 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

MILLWOOD.

In his madness he will discover all and involve me in his ruin; we are on a precipice from whence there's no retreat for both—then to preserve myself—[*Pauses.*]—There is no other way—'tis dreadful—but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing—and there's no room for choice.—It must be done. [*Aside. Rings a bell. Enter a servant.*] Fetch me an officer and seize this villain, he has  
con-