

confess'd himself a murderer; should I let him escape, I justly might be thought as bad as he.
[Exit Servant.]

BARNWELL.

O Millwood! sure you do not, cannot mean it. Stop the messenger, upon my knees I beg you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will; for death is all I wish: but thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

MILLWOOD.

Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

BARNWELL.

If there be a pitch of wickedness that seats the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an ignominious death—justly to fall unpitied and abhor'd.—After death to be suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping crowd.—This I cou'd bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it but come from any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, Officer and Attendants.

MILLWOOD.

Heaven defend me! conceal a murderer! here, Sir, take this youth into your custody. I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge.

[They seize him.]