

THOROWGOOD.

Madam, you pass not this way: I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

MILLWOOD.

I hope you will not use your influence and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, Sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

THOROWGOOD.

I do—and of betraying him when it was done.

MILLWOOD.

That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, tho' she contriv'd the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with horror at his crimes, have done.

THOROWGOOD.

How shou'd an unexperienc'd youth escape her snares? the powerful magick of her wit and form might betray the wisest to simple dotage, and fire the blood that age had froze long since. Even I, that with just prejudice came prepar'd, had by her artful story been deceiv'd, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible. [*Aside.* Those whom subtly you wou'd accuse, you know are your accusers; and (which proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt) they accus'd you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to prevent it.

MILLWOOD.

Sir, you are very hard to be convinc'd; but I have such a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections.

[*Exit* MILLWOOD.]

Enter