

MILLWOOD.

'Twas some relief to think, tho' absent, you would love me still; but to find, tho' fortune had been indulgent, that you, more cruel and inconsistent, had resolved to cast me off—This, as I never cou'd expect, I have not learnt to bear.

BARNWELL.

I am sorry to hear you blame in me a resolution that so well becomes us both.

MILLWOOD.

I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

BARNWELL.

Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met?

MILLWOOD.

Look on me, Barnwell; am I deform'd or old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment? nay, look again; am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex? whose hand, trembling with extasy, you prest and moulded thus, while on my eyes you gazed with such delight, as if desire increas'd by being fed.

BARNWELL.

No more; let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

MILLWOOD.

Why?

BARNWELL.

Such is my frailty that 'tis dangerous.

MILLWOOD.

Where is the danger, since we are to part?