

BARNWELL.

I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

MILLWOOD.

My friend, your arm. [*To Lucy.*] Now I am gone for ever. [*Going.*]

BARNWELL.

One thing more—sure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? if you think otherwise—

MILLWOOD.

Alas! [*Weeping.*]

LUCY.

We are right I find; that's my cue. [*Aside.*] Ah! dear sir, she's going she knows not whither; but go she must.

BARNWELL.

Humanity obliges me to wish you well; why will you thus expose yourself to needless troubles?

LUCY.

Nay, there's no help for it: she must quit the town immediately; and the kingdom as soon as possible; it was no small matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

MILLWOOD.

No more, my friend; since he for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me. Whene'er I wander through wilds and deserts benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

BARNWELL.

For my sake! O tell me how; which way am I so curs'd as to bring such ruin on thee?