

MILLWOOD.

No matter, I am contented with my lot.

BARNWELL.

Leave me not in this incertainty.

MILLWOOD.

I have said too much.

BARNWELL.

How, how am I the cause of your undoing?

MILLWOOD.

To know it will but increase your troubles.

BARNWELL.

My troubles can't be greater than they are.

LUCY.

Well, well, sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

BARNWELL.

I am bound to you beyond expression.

MILLWOOD.

Remember, sir, that I desir'd you not to hear it.

BARNWELL.

Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

LUCY.

Why, you must know, my lady here was an only child; but her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman, who has a good estate of his own.

MILLWOOD.

Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough; but what are riches when compar'd to love?

LUCY.