

LUCY.

For a while he perform'd the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hir'd her servants —But you have seen in what manner she liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

MILLWOOD.

How I shall live hereafter, heaven knows.

LUCY.

All things went on as one cou'd wish; till, some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and wou'd fain have marry'd her: now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a man, but I don't know how it was, she cou'd never endure him; in short, her ill usage so provok'd him, that he brought in an account of his executorship; wherein he makes her debtor to him——

MILLWOOD.

A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had strip'd of all before.

LUCY.

Now she having neither money, nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compell'd her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being inform'd by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family) that you were entertain'd at her house, and stay'd with her all night, he came this morning raving and storming like a madman, talks no more of marriage; so there's no hopes of making up matters that way, but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.