

BLUNT.

That's much indeed : but how did Barnwell be-  
have ?

LUCY.

He griev'd, and at length, enrag'd at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone : when, making towards the door, he shew'd a sum of money, which he had brought from his master's, the last he's ever likely to have from thence.

BLUNT.

But then Millwood ?

LUCY.

Ay, she, with her usual address, return'd to her old arts of lying, swearing and dissembling : hung on his neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest ; 'till the amorous youth melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

BLUNT.

Strange infatuation !

LUCY.

But what follow'd was stranger still. As doubts and fears follow'd by reconciliation ever increase love where the passion is sincere ; so in him it caus'd so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature in him seem'd sinking with the weight, and the charm'd soul dispos'd to quit his breast for hers—just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevail'd, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood prevail'd upon the wretched youth to promise—what I tremble but to think on.

BLUNT.