

GEORGE BARNWELL. 163

My ruin is resolv'd ;—I see my danger ; but scorn both it and them ; I was not born to fall by such weak instruments. *[Going.*

*Enter* THOROWGOOD.

THOROWGOOD.

Where is the scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours ?

MILLWOOD.

What means this insolence ? Who do you seek ?

THOROWGOOD.

Millwood.

MILLWOOD.

Well, you have found her then.—I am Millwood.

THOROWGOOD.

Then you are the most impious wretch that e'er the sun beheld.

MILLWOOD.

From your appearance, I shou'd have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners bely your aspect. What is your business here ? I know you not.

THOROWGOOD.

Hereafter you may know me better ;—I am Barnwell's master.

MILLWOOD.

Then you are master to a villain ; which, I think, is not much to your credit.

THOROWGOOD.

Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blush'd to own him.

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MILL-