

## MILLWOOD.

My arts!—I don't understand you, Sir! if he has done amiss, what's that to me? was he my servant, or yours?—You shou'd have taught him better.

## THOROWGOOD.

Why shou'd I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arriv'd to such a height of wickedness? when innocence is banish'd, modesty soon follows. Know, forcerefs, I'm not ignorant of any of thy arts, by which you first deceiv'd the unwary youth: I know how, step by step, you've led him on, (reluctant and unwilling) from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contriv'd, and by your cursed wiles even forced him to commit.

## MILLWOOD.

Ha! Lucy has got the advantage, and accused me first; unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [*Aside.*]

## THOROWGOOD.

Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented; to see you punish'd as the law directs is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compar'd to you, must suffer too. But heaven, who knows our frame, and graciously distinguishes between frailty and presumption, will make a difference, tho' man cannot; who sees not the heart, but only judges by the outward action.

## MILLWOOD.

I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surpriz'd at such ill treatment, without cause, from a gentleman of your appearance, and therefore