

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, Officers, &c.

LUCY.

Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way [*To THOROWGOOD*] and note her behaviour: I have observ'd her, she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Re-enter MILLWOOD with a Pistol. TRUEMAN
secures her.

TRUEMAN.

Here thy power of doing mischief ends, deceitful, cruel, bloody woman!

MILLWOOD.

Fool, hypocrite, villain—Man! thou canst not call me that.

TRUEMAN.

To call thee woman were to wrong thy sex, thou devil!

MILLWOOD.

That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

THOROWGOOD.

Think not by aggravating the faults of others to extenuate thy own; of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

MILLWOOD.

If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who rob'd me of 'em, ere I knew their worth;

M 4

then