

strongest curb; take heed of a relapse: when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

BARNWELL.

Hear me, on my knees, confess—

THOROWGOOD.

Not a syllable more upon this subject; it were not mercy but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

BARNWELL.

This generosity amazes and distracts me.

THOROWGOOD.

This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended; whatever is your fault, of this I'm certain; 'twas harder for you to offend than me to pardon. *[Exit THOROWGOOD.]*

BARNWELL.

Villain! villain! villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man. Shou'd I again return to folly?—detested thought!—but what of Millwood then?—Why, I renounce her;—I give her up.—The struggle's over, and virtue has prevail'd. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlook'd-for generosity has sav'd me from destruction. *[Going.]*

*Enter a Footman.*

FOOTMAN.

Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country desire to see you.

BARNWELL.

What shou'd they be? *[Aside.]* Tell them I'll wait upon 'em. *[Exit Footman.]* Methinks I dread to see 'em.—Now every thing alarms me.—Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me? *[Exit.]*

SCENE