



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



(5)

Orberry's Edition.



THE
HYPOCRITE,

A Comedy,

ALTERED FROM COLLEY CIBBER'S NON-JUROR,

By Bickerstaff.



THE ONLY EDITION, EXISTING, WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY W. SIMPKIN AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET;
AND C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL.



Price One Shilling.



**W. OXBERRY AND CO. PRINTERS,
8, WHITE-HART-YARD, DRURY-LANE, LONDON.**

Remarks.

Moliere's *Tartuffe* was introduced upon the English stage by Cibber in his "NON-JUROR;" which was altered by Bickerstaff into "The Hypocrite." "The Hypocrite" is a lively but very provoking comedy, and it is provoking from the nature of the subject. If such things are, it is provoking; or if they are not, that we should be made to believe them.

In the *Tartuffe*, the glaring improbability of the plot, the absurdity of a man's imposing on the credulity of another against the evidence of his senses, and without any proof of the sincerity of a religious charlatan but his own professions, is carried off by long formal speeches and pompous casuistry. We find our patience tired out and our understandings perplexed, as if we were sitting in a court of law. *Tartuffe* is a plausible fair-spoken, long-winded knave, who, if he could not be supposed to convince, might be supposed to confound his auditors. In the *Hypocrite* of Bickerstaff, the insidious, fawning, sophistical, accomplished French priest, is modernised into a low-lived, canting, impudent methodist preacher. Dr. Cantwell is a sturdy beggar, and nothing more; he is not an impostor, but a bully. There is not in any thing he says or does, the least reason why Sir John Lambert should admit him into his family and friendship; suffer him to make love to his wife and daughter; disinherit his son in his favour; and obstinately refuse to listen to any insinuation or proof offered against the virtue and piety of his treacherous inmate. It might be said that in the manners of the old French *regime*, there was something to account for the blind ascendancy acquired by the good priest over his benefactor, who might have submitted to be cuckolded, robbed, cheated, and insulted, as a tacit proof of his religion and loyalty. The inquisitorial power exercised by the church was then so great, that a man who refused to be priest-

ridden, might very soon be suspected of designs against the state. Such, at least, is the best account we can give of the tameness of Moliere's *Orgon*. But in this country, nothing of the kind could happen. A fellow like Dr. Cantwell could only have got admittance into the kitchen of Sir John Lambert, or to the ear of old Lady Lambert. The animal magnetism of such spiritual guides is, with us, directed against the weaker nerves of our female devotees. In the original, we admire the talents of the principal character; in the translation, we only wonder at the incredible weakness of his dupes. In short, the fault of the piece is that the author has attempted to amalgamate two contradictory characters, by engrafting our vulgar methodist on the courtly French impostor; and this defect could not be remedied in the execution, however spirited or forcible. Mawworm is quite a local and national character, and admirably fitted into the piece.

We shall take this opportunity of saying a few words on the general character of Moliere, as a comic writer, as several of our stock-pieces are borrowed from him. In fact, he is as much an English as a French author—quite a *barbare* in all in which he excels. He was unquestionably one of the greatest comic geniuses that ever lived, a man of infinite wit, gaiety, and invention, full of life and laughter, the very soul of mirth and whim. But it cannot be denied that his plays are in general mere farces, without real nature or refined character, or common probability. They could not be carried on for a moment without a perfect collusion between the parties, to wink at impossibilities, by contradicting and acting in defiance of all common sense. For instance, take the *Medecin Malgre lui*, (*The Mock Doctor*) in which a common wood-cutter voluntarily takes upon himself, and supports through a whole play, the character of a learned physician, without exciting the least suspicion, but which is, notwithstanding the absurdity of the plot, one of the most laughable and truly comic things that can be imagined. The rest of his lighter pieces are of the same description—mere gratuitous fictions and exaggerations of nature. As to his serious comedies, the *Tartuffe* and *Misanthrope*, nothing can be more objectionable, and the chief objection to them is, that nothing is more hard than to read them through. They have

the improbability and extravagance of the rest, united with the tedious common-place prosing of French declamation. What can exceed the absurdity of the *Misanthrope*, who leaves his mistress after every proof of her attachment and constancy, merely because she will not submit to the *technical formality* of going to live with him in a desert? The character which she gives of his friends in the beginning of the play, are very admirable satires, but not comedy. The same remarks apply in a greater degree to the *Tartuffe*. The improbability is excessive. In one point of view, this play is indeed invaluable, as a lasting monument of the credulity of the French to all verbal professions of virtue or wisdom; and its existence can only be accounted for, from that astonishing and tyrannical predominance, which words exercise over things in the mind of every Frenchman. The *Ecole des Femmes*, from which Wycherly has borrowed the Country Wife, with the true spirit of original genius, is in our judgment by far the best of Moliere's serious comedies.

Bickerstaff, the author of the *Hypocrite*, and of several other popular pieces, was a native of Ireland, born probably about the year 1735, having been appointed one of the pages to Lord Chesterfield, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1746. He was one of the most successful dramatic writers of his day. Besides the *Hypocrite*, he was the author of *Love in a Village*, *The Maid of the Mill*, *Lionel and Clarissa*, *The Padlock*, and *The Sultan*. The *Spoil'd Child* has been attributed to him.

W. H.

Costume.

SIR JOHN LAMBERT.

A Brown cloth suit, lined with white silk.

DOCTOR CANTWELL.

A Black cloth suit and speckled stockings.

COLONEL LAMBERT.

Full dress of a colonel.

DARNLEY.

Plain modern suit.

SEYWARD.

Plain modern suit.

MAWWORM.

Black coat, flowered waistcoat, black breeches, light blue stockings, and shoes, with small brass buckles.

OLD LADY LAMBERT.

A black satin dress, with black velvet cuffs, and bobins, white stomacher, and black hood for the head.

YOUNG LADY LAMBERT.

White satin dress, white leno upper dress with white satin trimming and lace.

CHARLOTTE.

A blue satin body trimmed, silver leno skirt festooned at bottom with blue and silver flowers.

BETTY.

Coloured cotton gown.

The time this piece takes in representation is one hour and fifty-four minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty minutes—the second, thirty-nine—the third, thirty—the fourth, twenty-five—the fifth, thirty.—The half price commences, generally, at a quarter before nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

- By R. H..... is meant..... Right Hand.
L. H..... Left Hand.
S. E..... Second Entrance.
U. E..... Upper Entrance.
M. D..... Middle Door.
D. F..... Door in Flat.
R. H. D..... Right Hand Door.
L. H. D..... Left Hand Door.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.



		1785.
	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Sir John Lambert</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Hull.
<i>Doctor Cantwell</i>	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. F. Aickin.
<i>Colonel Lambert</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Darnley</i>	Mr. S. Penley.	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Seyward</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Farren.
<i>Mawworm</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Edwin.
<i>Old Lady Lambert</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Webb.
<i>Young Lady Lambert</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Bates.
<i>Charlotte</i>	Mrs. Davison.	Mrs. Abington.
<i>Betty</i>	Mrs. Scott.	Miss Stuart.

THE HYPOCRITE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Hall in Sir John Lambert's House.

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT, followed by COLONEL LAMBERT, L.H.

Col. Lamb. Pray consider, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. So I do, sir, that I am her father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. Lamb. I do not dispute your authority, sir; but as I am your son too, I think it my duty to be concerned for your honour. Have not you countenanced his addresses to my sister? Has not she received them?—Mr. Darnley's birth and fortune are well known to you; and I dare swear, he may defy the world to lay a blemish on his character.

Sir J. Lamb. Why then, sir, since I am to be catechised, I must tell you, I do not like his character: he is a world-server, a libertine, and has no more religion than you have.

Col. Lamb. Sir, we neither of us think it proper to make a boast of our religion; but, if you will please to enquire, you will find that we go to church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! you go to church! you go to church!—Wonderful! wonderful! to bow, and grin, and cough, and sleep: a fine act of devotion indeed.

Col. Lamb. Well, but dear sir,—

Sir J. Lamb. Colonel, you are an atheist.

Col. Lamb. Pardon me, sir, I am none: it is a cha-

racter I abhor; and, next to that, I abhor the character of an enthusiast.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, you do so; an enthusiast!—this is the fashionable phrase, the bye-word, the nick-name, that our pleasure-loving generation give to those few who have a sense of true sanctity.

Col. Lamb. Say canting, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. I tell you what, son, as I have told you more than once, you will draw some heavy judgment on your head one day or other.

Col. Lamb. So says the charitable Doctor Cantwell: you have taken him into your house, and, in return, he gives over half your family to the devil.

Sir J. Lamb. Do not abuse the doctor, Colonel; it is not the way to my favour. I know you cannot bear him, because he is not one of your mincing preachers.—He holds up the glass to your enormities, shows you to yourselves in your genuine colours.

Col. Lamb. I always respect piety and virtue, sir; but there are pretenders to religion, as well as to courage; and as we never find the truly brave to be such as make much noise about their valour; so, I apprehend, the truly good seldom or never deal much in grimace.

Sir J. Lamb. Very well, sir; this is very well.

Col. Lamb. Besides, sir, I would be glad to know, by what authority the Doctor pretends to exercise the clerical function. It does not appear clearly to me that he ever was in orders.

Sir J. Lamb. That is no business of your's, sir.—But I am better informed.—However, he has the call of zeal.

Col. Lamb. Zeal!

Sir J. Lamb. Why, Colonel, you are in a passion.

Col. Lamb. I own, I cannot see with temper, sir, so many religious mountebanks impose on the unwary multitude; wretches, who make a trade of religion, and show an uncommon concern for the next world, only to raise their fortunes with greater security in this. (*Cross to R.H.*)

Sir J. Lamb. Colonel let me hear no more: I see

you are too hardened to be converted now; but since you think it your duty as a son, to be concerned for my errors, I think it as much mine, as a father, to be concerned for your's. If you think fit to amend them, so; if not, take the consequence.

Col. Lamb. Well, sir, may I ask you without offence, if the reasons you have given me are your only reasons for discountenancing Mr. Darnley's addresses to my sister?

Sir J. Lamb. Are they not flagrant? Would you have me marry my daughter to a pagan?

Col. Lamb. He intends this morning paying his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent; and desired me to be present as a mediator of articles between you.

Sir J. Lamb. I am glad to hear it.

Col. Lamb. That's kind indeed, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. May be not, sir; for I will not be at home when he comes; and because I will not tell a lie for the matter, I will go out this moment.

(*Cross to R.H.*)

Col. Lamb. Nay, dear sir—

Sir J. Lamb. And, do you hear—because I will not deceive him, either tell him I would not have him lose his time in fooling after your sister—In short, I have another man in my head for her. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Col. Lamb. Another man! It would be worth one's while to know him: pray heaven this canting hypocrite has not got some beggarly rascal in his eye for her. I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement I can hope for from my father, is a castle in the air.—My sister may be ruined too—(*Charlotte sings without.*)—Here she comes. If there be another man in the case, she, no doubt, can let me into the secret.

Enter CHARLOTTE, L.H.

Sister, good morrow; I want to speak with you.

Charl. Pr'ythee then, dear brother, don't put on that wise politic face, as if your regiment was going to be

disbanded, or sent to the West Indies, and you obliged to follow it.

Col. Lamb. Come, come, a truce with your raillery; what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Charl. Well then, provided it is not upon the subject of love, I will be so—but make haste too—for I have not had my tea yet.

Col. Lamb. Why, it is, and it is not, upon that subject.

Charl. Oh, I love a riddle dearly—Come—let's hear it.

Col. Lamb. Nay, psha! if you will be serious, say so.

Charl. O lard, sir; I beg your pardon—there—there's my whole form and features totally disengaged, and lifeless, at your service; now, put them in what posture of attention you may think fit.

(Leaning against him awkwardly.)

Col. Lamb. Was there ever such a giddy devil!—Pr'ythee stand up, I have been talking with my father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any further addresses from Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Are you serious?

Col. Lamb. He said so this minute, and with some warmth.

Charl. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col. Lamb. How! glad!

Charl. To a degree. Do you think a man has any more charms for me for my father's liking him? No, sir; if Mr. Darnley can make his way to me now, he is obliged to me, and to me only. Besides, now it may have the face of an amour indeed, now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too—Oh! I like it mightily.

Col. Lamb. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of Darnley—but a father's consent might have clapt a pair of horses more to your coach perhaps, and the want of it may pinch your fortune.

Charl. Burn fortune; am not I a fine woman? and have not I twenty thousand pounds in my own hands?

Col. Lamb. Yes, sister, but with all your charms, you have had them in your hands almost these four years.

Charl. Psha! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? but if I humour my father, I warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlick'd lout—A comfortable equivalent, truly!—No, no; let him light his pipe with his consent, if he please. Wilful against wise, for a wager.

Col. Lamb. But pray, sister, has my father ever proposed any other man to you?

Charl. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Lamb. Why, the last words he said to me were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Charl. And who is it? who is it? tell me, dear brother!

Col. Lamb. Why, you don't so much as seem surprised.

Charl. No; but I'm impatient, and that's as well.

Col. Lamb. Why, how now, sister?

Charl. Why, sure, brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprise of a new lover ought to shock a woman of my temper—don't you know that I am a coquette?

Col. Lamb. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Charl. To a lover, I grant you; but not to you; I make no more of you than a sister: I can say any thing to you.

Col. Lamb. I should have been better pleased, if you had not owned it to me—its a hateful character.

Charl. Ay, its no matter for that, its violently pleasant, and there's no law against it, that I know of.

Col. Lamb. Darnley's like to have a hopeful time with you.

Charl. Well; but don't you really know who it is my father intends me?

Col. Lamb. Not I, really; but I imagined you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Charl. Nay, he has not opened his lips to me yet—are you sure he's gone out?

Col. Lamb. You are very impatient to know, methinks; what have you to do to concern yourself about any man but Darnley?

Charl. O lud! O lud! Pr'ythee, brother, don't be so wise; if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeas'd to hear there were two people about it? Besides, to be a little serious, Darnley has a tincture of jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial rival can cure.

Col. Lamb. Oh, your servant, madam! now you talk reason. I am glad you are concern'd enough for Darnley's faults, to think them worth your mending—ha! ha!

Charl. Concern'd! why, did I say that?—look you, I'll deny it all to him—well, if I ever am serious with him again—

Col. Lamb. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Charl. Psha!

Enter DARNLEY, L.H.

(Charlotte sits down, takes a book and reads.)

Darn. My dear Colonel, your servant.

Col. Lamb. I am glad you did not come sooner; for in the humour my father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time for you to have press'd your affair—I touch'd upon't—but—I'll tell you more presently; in the meantime lose no ground with my sister.

Darn. I shall always think myself oblig'd to your friendship, let my success be what it will—*(Cross to centre.)* Madam—your most obedient—what have you got there, pray?

Charl. (Reading.) *Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose;*

Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those—

Darn. Pray, madam, what is it?

Charl. Favours to none, to all she smiles extends—

Darn. Nay, I will see.

Charl. Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Col. Lamb. Have a care: she has dipt into her own character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her go through with it.

Darn. I beg your pardon, madam.

Charl. Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike—um—

Darn. That is something like, indeed.

Col. Lamb. You would say so, if you knew all.

Darn. All what! pray what do you mean?

Col. Lamb. Have a little patience: I'll tell you immediately.

Charl. If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face—and you'll forget them all.

Is not that natural, Mr. Darnley?

Darn. For a woman to expect, it is indeed.

Charl. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time a proof of the poor man's passion, and her power?

Darn. So that you think, the greatest compliment a lover can make his mistress, is to give up his reason to her.

Charl. (*Rises.*) Certainly; for what have your lordly sex to boast of but your understanding, and till that's entirely surrendered to her discretion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a woman must be downright vain to think her conquest completed?

Darn. There we differ, madam; for, in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity could value or desire such a conquest.

Charl. Oh, d'ye hear him, brother! the creature reasons with me; nay, has the effrontery to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make an horrid tyrant—positively I won't have him.

Darn. Well; my comfort is, no other man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Charl. Am I not an horrid vain, silly creature, Mr. Darnley?

Darn. A little bordering upon the babby, I must own.

Charl. Laud! how can you love a body so then? but I don't think you love me tho'—do you?

Darn. Yes, 'faith, I do; and so shamefully, that I'm in hopes you doubt it.

Charl. Poor man! he'd fain bring me to reason.

Darn. I would indeed.—Nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, I should think you the most amiable——

Charl. O lud! he's civil——

Darn. Come, come, be generous, and swear at least you'll never marry another.

Charl. Ah, laud! now you have spoiled all again:—besides, how can I be sure of that, before I have seen this other man my brother spoke to me of?

Darn. What riddle's this?

Col. Lamb. I told you, you did not know all. To be serious, my father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you.—In short, he absolutely retracts his promises; says, he would not have you fool away your time after my sister; and, in plain terms told me, he had another man in his head for her.

Darn. Another man! who? what is he? did not he name him?

Col. Lamb. No; nor has he yet spoke of him to my sister.

Darn. This is unaccountable!—what can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. Lamb. Some whim our conscientious doctor has put in his head, I'll lay my life.

Darn. He! he can't be such a villain; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. Lamb. So much the worse.

Darn. But on what pretence, what grounds, what reason? what interest can he have to oppose me?

Col. Lamb. Are you really now as unconcerned as you seem to be? (*Cross to centre.*)

Charl. You are a strange dunce, brother—you know no more of love than I do of a regiment—You shall see now how I'll comfort him—Poor Darnley, ha, ha, ha!
(*Cross to centre.*)

Darn. I don't wonder at your good humour, madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Charl. O lud! how sententious he is! well, his reproaches have that greatness of soul—the confusion they give is insupportable.—Betty!—is the tea ready?

Enter BETTY, R.H. door.

Betty. Yes, madam.

Charl. Mr. Darnley, your servant.

[*Exeunt. Charlotte and Betty, R.H. door.*]

Col. Lamb. So; you have made a fine piece of work on't, indeed!

Darn. Dear Tom, pardon me if I speak a little freely; I own, the levity of her behaviour, at this time, gives me harder thoughts than I once believed it possible to have of her.

Col. Lamb. Indeed, my friend, you mistake her.

Darn. Nay, nay; had she any real concern for me, the apprehensions of a man's addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarmed her to some degree of seriousness.

Col. Lamb. Not at all; for let this man be whom he will, I take her levity as a proof of her resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Darn. And pray, sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good-nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this man, she should think it convenient to prefer him.

Col. Lamb. No, no: she's giddy, but not capable of so studied a falsehood.

Darn. But still, what could she mean by going away so abruptly?

Col. Lamb. You grew too grave for her.

Darn. Why, who could bear such trifling?

Col. Lamb. You should have laughed at her.

Darn. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. Lamb. No—if you could, the uneasiness would lie on her side.

Darn. Do you then really think she has any thing in her heart for me?

Col. Lamb. Ay, marry, sir—ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now—Lord! how you could love her!

Darn. And so I could, by heaven!

Col. Lamb. Well, well; I'll undertake for her; if my father don't stand in the way, we are well enough.

Darn. What says my lady? you don't think she's against us?

Col. Lamb. I dare say she is not. She's of so soft, so sweet a disposition—

Darn. Pr'ythee, how came so fine a woman to marry your father, with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. Lamb. Want of fortune, Frank: she was poor and beautiful—he, rich and amorous—she made him happy, and he her—

Darn. A lady—

Col. Lamb. And a jointure—now she's the only one in the family, that has power with our precise doctor; and, I dare engage, she'll use it with him to persuade my father from any thing that is against your interest. By the way, you must know I have some shrewd suspicion, that this sanctified rogue is in love with her.

Darn. In love!

Col. Lamb. You shall judge by the symptoms—but hush!—here he comes with my grandmother—step this way, and I'll tell you. [*Exeunt, R.H.*

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL and OLD LADY LAMBERT, followed by SEYWARD, L.H.

Dr. Cant. Charles, step up into my study; bring down a dozen more of those manuals of devotion, with the last hymn I composed; and, when he calls, give them to Mr. Mawworm; and, do you hear, if any one

enquires for me, say I am gone to Newgate, and the Marshalsea to distribute alms. [*Exit Seyward, L.H.*

Old Lady Lamb. Well; but, worthy doctor, why will you go to the prisons yourself—cannot you send the money?—ugly distempers are often caught there—have a care of your health; let us keep one good man, at least, among us.

Dr. Cant. Alas, madam! I am not a good man; I am a guilty, wicked sinner, full of iniquity; the greatest villain that ever breathed; every instant of my life is clouded with stains; it is one continued series of crimes and defilements; you do not know what I am capable of; you indeed take me for a good man; but the truth is, I am a worthless creature.

Old Lady Lamb. Have you then stumbled? alas! if it be so, who shall walk upright? What horrid crime have you been hurried into, that calls for this severe self-recrimination?

Dr. Cant. None, madam, that perhaps humanity may call very enormous; yet am I sure, that my thoughts never stray a moment from celestial contemplations; do they not sometimes, before I am aware, turn to things of this earth? am I not often hasty, and surprised into wrath? nay, the instance is recent; for, last night, being snarled at, and bit by Minxy, your daughter-in-law's lap-dog, I am conscious I struck the little beast with a degree of passion, for which I have never been able to forgive myself since.

Old Lady Lamb. Oh! worthy, humble soul! this is a slight offence, which your suffering and mortifications may well atone for.

Dr. Cant. No, madam, no; I want to suffer; I ought to be mortified; and I am obliged now to tell you, that, for my soul's sake, I must quit your good son's family; I am pampered too much here, live too much at my ease.

Old Lady Lamb. Good Doctor!

Dr. Cant. Alas, madam! It is not you that should shed tears; it is I ought to weep; you are a pure woman.

Old Lady Lamb. I pure! who, I? no, no; sinful, sinful—but do not talk of quitting our family; what will become of us—for friendship—for charity—

Dr. Cant. Enough; say no more, madam; I submit: while I can do good, it is my duty.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT and DARNLEY, R.H. U.E.

Col. Lamb. Your ladyship's most humble servant.

Old Lady Lamb. Grandson, how do you?

Darn. Good day to you, Doctor!

Dr. Cant. Mr. Darnley, I am your most humble servant; I hope you and the good Colonel will stay, and join in the private duties of the family.

Old Lady Lamb. No, doctor, no; it is too early; the sun has not risen upon them; but I doubt not, the day will come.

Dr. Cant. I warrant they would go to a play now!

Old Lady Lamb. Would they?—I am afraid they would.

Darn. Why, I hope it is no sin, madam; if I am not mistaken, I have seen your ladyship at a play.

Old Lady Lamb. Me, sir! see me at a play! you may have seen the prince of darkness, or some of his imps, in my likeness, perhaps—

Darn. Well but, madam—

Old Lady Lamb. Mr. Darnley, do you think I would commit a murder?

Dr. Cant. No, sir, no; these are not the plants usually to be met with in that rank soil; the seeds of wickedness indeed sprout up every where too fast; but a play-house is the devil's hot-bed—

Col. Lamb. And yet, doctor, I have known some of the leaders of your tribe, as scrupulous as they are, who have been willing to gather fruit there for the use of the brethren—as in case of a benefit—

Dr. Cant. The charity covereth the sin; and it may be lawful to turn the wages of abomination to the comfort of the righteous

Col. Lamb. Ha, ha, ha!

Dr. Cant. Reprobate! reprobate!

Col. Lamb. What is that you mutter, sirrah?

Old Lady Lamb. Oh heavens!

Darn. Let him go, colonel.

Col. Lamb. A canting hypocrite!

Dr. Cant. Very well, sir; your father shall know my treatment. [*Exit, R.H.*

Old Lady Lamb. Let me run out of the house; I shall have it fall upon my head, if I stay among such wicked wretches. O grandson! grandson! [*Exit, L.H.*

Darn. Was there ever so insolent a rascal!

Col. Lamb. The dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Darn. But what the devil is he? whence comes he?—what is his original? how has he so ingratiated himself with your father, as to get footing in the house?

Col. Lamb. Oh, sir, he is here in quality of chaplain; he was first introduced by the good old lady that's just gone out. You know, she has been a long time a frequenter of our modern conventicles, where, it seems, she got acquainted with this sanctified pastor. His disciples believe him a saint, and my poor father, who has been for some time tainted with their pernicious principles, has been led into the same snare.

Darn. Hah! here's your sister again.

Enter CHARLOTTE and DOCTOR CANTWELL, R.H.

Charl. You'll find, sir, I will not be used thus; nor shall your credit with my father protect your insolence to me.

Col. Lamb. What's the matter?

Charl. Nothing; pray be quiet.—I don't want you—stand out of the way—how durst you bolt with such authority into my chamber, without giving me notice?

Darn. Confusion!

Col. Lamb. Hold—if my father won't resent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it.

Dr. Cant. Compose yourself, madam; I came by your father's desire, who being informed that you were entertaining Mr. Darnley, grew impatient, and gave his positive commands that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Darn. Ay, now the storm is rising.

Dr. Cant. So, for what I have done, madam, I had his authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Charl. 'Tis false. He gave you no authority to insult me; or, if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? your function? does that exempt you from the manners of a gentleman?

Dr. Cant. Shall I have an answer to your father, lady?

Charl. I'll send him none by you.

Dr. Cant. I shall inform him so. [Exit, R.H.]

Charl. A saucy puppy!

Col. Lamb. Pray, sister, what has the fellow done to you?

Charl. Nothing.

Darn. I beg you would tell us, mad'am.

Charl. Nay, no great matter—but I was sitting carelessly in my dressing-room—a—a fastening my garter; and this impudent cur comes bounce in upon me.

Darn. The rogue must be corrected.

Col. Lamb. Yet, egad; I cannot help laughing at the accident; what a ridiculous figure must she make! ha! ha!

Charl. Hah! you're as impudent as he, I think.

Darn. Now, dear Tom, speak to her before she goes.

Charl. What does he say, brother?

Col. Lamb. Why, he wants to have me speak to you; and I would have him do it himself.

Charl. Ay, come do, Darnley; I am in a good humour now.

Darn. Oh, Charlotte! my heart is bursting—(Cross to centre.)

Charl. Well, well; out with it then.

Darn. Your father now, I see, is bent on parting us—nay, what's worse perhaps, will give you to another—I cannot speak—imagine what I want from you—

Charl. Well—O lud! one looks so silly tho' when one is serious—O gad—in short, I cannot get it out.

Col. Lamb. I warrant you; try again.

Charl. O lud—well—if one must be teased, then—why, he must hope, I think.

Darn. Is't possible!—thus—

Col. Lamb. Buz—not a syllable; she has done very well. I bar all heroics; if you press it too far, I'll hold six to four she's off again in a moment.

Darn. I'm silenced.

Charl. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd fellow my father has found out for me.

Darn. I'd give something to know him.

Charl. He's in a terrible fuss at your being here, I find.

Col. Lamb. 'Sdeath! here he comes.

Charl. Now we are all in a fine pickle.

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT hastily, R.H. and, looking sternly at Darnley, takes Charlotte under his arm, and carries her off; R.H. Colonel Lambert and Darnley, Exeunt, L.H.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-Chamber in Sir John Lambert's House.*

Enter SEYWARD, with a writing in his Hand, from the folding doors.

Seyw. 'Tis so—I have long suspected where his zeal would end, in the making of his private fortune. But then, to found it on the ruin of his patron's children!—I shudder at the villany!—what desperation may a son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited!—Besides, his daughter, fair Charlotte, too, is wronged; wronged in the tenderest point: for so extravagant is this settlement, that it leaves her not a shilling unless she marries with the doctor's consent, which is intended, by what I have heard, as an expedient to oblige her to

marry the doctor himself. Now, 'twere but an honest part to let Charlotte know the snare that's laid for her. This deed's not signed, and may be yet prevented. It shall be so.—Yes, charming creature!—I adore you!—And though I am sensible my passion is without hope, I may indulge it thus far, at least; I may have the merit of serving you, and perhaps the pleasure to know you think yourself obliged by me.

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT, LADY LAMBERT, and CHARLOTTE, L.H.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! Seyward, your uncle wants you to transcribe some hymns.

Seyw. Sir, I'll wait on him. (*Cross and Exit, L.H.*)

Charl. A pretty well-bred fellow that.

Sir J. Lamb. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his good breeding.

Charl. He's always clean, too.

Sir J. Lamb. I wonder, daughter, when you will take notice of a man's real merit. Humph—well-bred and clean, forsooth. Would not one think now she was describing a coxcomb? When do you hear my wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young as your fantastical ladyship.

Lady Lamb. Charlotte is of a cheerful temper, my dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir J. Lamb. I shall try that presently; and you, my dear, shall judge between us. In short, daughter, your course of life is but one continued round of playing the fool to no purpose; and therefore I am resolved to make you think seriously and marry.

Charl. That I shall do before I marry, sir, you may depend upon it.

Sir J. Lamb. Um——That I am not so sure of; but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well; for the person I intend you, is, of all the world, the only man who can make you truly happy.

Charl. And of all the world, sir, that's the only man I'll positively marry.

Lady Lamb. You have rare courage, Charlotte; if I had such a game to play, I should be frightened out of my wits.

Charl. Lord! madam, he'll make nothing of it, depend upon it. (*Cross to centre.*)

Sir J. Lamb. Mind what I say to you. This wonderful man, I say—first, in his public character, is religious, zealous, and charitable.

Charl. Very well, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. In his private character, sober.

Charl. I should hate a sot.

Sir J. Lamb. Chaste.

Charl. A hem! (*Stifling a laugh.*)

Sir J. Lamb. What is it you sneer at, madam? You want one of your fine gentleman rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every woman they meet with.

Charl. No, no, sir; I am very well satisfied.—I—I should not care for such a sort of a man, no more than I should for one that every woman was ready to snap at.

Sir J. Lamb. No, you'll be secure from jealousy; he has experience, ripeness of years—he is almost forty-nine. Your sex's vanity will have no charms for him.

Charl. But all this while, sir, I don't find that he has charms for our sex's vanity.—How does he look?—Is he tall, well made?—Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well?—Has he good hair, good teeth, fine eyes?—Does he keep a chaise, coach, and vis-a-vis?—Has he six prancing ponies?—Does he wear the prince's uniform, and subscribe to Brookes's?

Sir J. Lamb. Was there ever so profligate a creature? What will this age come to?

Lady Lamb. Nay, Charlotte, here I must be against you. Now you are blind indeed. A woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure her husband takes in his own person.

Sir J. Lamb. Right.

Lady Lamb. It is not how he looks, but how he loves, is the point.

Sir J. Lamb. Good again.

Lady Lamb. And a wife is much more secure that has charms for her husband, than when the husband has only charms for her.

Sir J. Lamb. Admirable! go on, my dear.

Lady Lamb. Do you think a woman of five-and-twenty may not be much happier with an honest man of fifty, than the finest woman of fifty with a young fellow of five-and-twenty.

Sir J. Lamb. Mark that!

Charl. Ay, but when two five-and-twenties come together—dear papa, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicsome.

Sir J. Lamb. Frolicsome! Why, you sensual idiot, what have frolics to do with solid happiness? I am ashamed of you—Go, you talk worse than a girl at a boarding school.—Frolicsome! as if marriage was only a licence for two people to play the fool according to law. Methinks, madam, you have a better example of happiness before your face.—Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Charl. Lord, sir, how you talk! you don't consider people's tempers. I don't say my lady is not in the right; but then, you know, papa, she's a prude, and I am a coquette; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it; and I hope you see every thing I do, is as consistent with mine.—Your wise people may talk what they will, but 'tis constitution governs us all; and be assured, you will no more be able to bring me to endure a man of forty-nine, than you can persuade my lady to dance in church to the organ.

Sir J. Lamb. Why, you wicked wretch! could any thing persuade you to do that?

Charl. Lord, sir; I won't answer for what I might do, if the whim was in my head; besides, you know I always loved a little flirtation.

Sir J. Lamb. O horrible! flirtation! My poor sister has ruined her; leaving her fortune in her own hand, has turned her brain. In short, Charlotte, your senti-

ments of life are shameful, and I am resolved upon your instant reformation; therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall first insist that you never see young Darnley more; for in one word, the good and pious Doctor Cantwell's the man that I have decreed for your husband.

Charl. Ho! ho! ho! (*Lady Lambert retires up the stage.*)

Sir J. Lamb. 'Tis very well; this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth—no more—give me a serious answer.

Charl. I ask your pardon, sir: I should not have smiled indeed, could I have supposed it possible that you were serious.

Sir J. Lamb. You'll find me so.

Charl. I'm sorry for it; but I have an objection to the doctor, sir, that most fathers think a substantial one.

Sir J. Lamb. Name it.

Charl. Why, sir we know nothing of his fortune; he's not worth a groat.

Sir J. Lamb. That's more than you know, madam; I am able to give him a better estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Charl. How! sir!

Sir J. Lamb. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter SEYWARD, L.H.

Seyw. Sir, if you are at leisure, the doctor desires to speak with you, upon business of importance.

Sir J. Lamb. I will come to him immediately.—
(*Exit Seyward, L.H.*)—Daughter, I am called away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last resolution, Doctor Cantwell is your husband, or I'm no more your father. [*Exit, L.H.*]

(*Lady Lambert, advances.*)

Charl. O madam! I am at my wit's end; not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my father, but it

startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has over all his actions.

Lady Lamb. Here's your brother.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT, R.H.

Col. Lamb. Madam, your most obedient.—Well, (*Cross to centre.*) sister, is the secret out? Who is this pretty fellow my father has picked up for you?

Charl. Even our agreeable doctor.

Col. Lamb. You are not serious?

Lady Lamb. He's the very man, I can assure you, sir.

Col. Lamb. Confusion! what would the cormorant devour the whole family? Your ladyship knows he is secretly in love with you too.

Lady Lamb. Fie, fie, colonel.

Col. Lamb. I ask your pardon, madam, if I speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady Lamb. I am sorry any body else has seen it; but I must own, his behaviour to me of late, both in private and before company, has been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. Lamb. How are these opposites to be reconciled? Can the rascal have the assurance to think both points are to be carried?

Charl. Truly, one would not suspect the gentleman to be so termagant.

Col. Lamb. Especially while he pretends to be so shocked at all indecent amours. In the country he used to make the maids lock up the turkey cocks every Saturday night, for fear they should gallant the hens on a Sunday.

Lady Lamb. Oh! ridiculous!

Col. Lamb. Upon my life, madam, my sister told me so.

Charl. I tell you so, you impudent——

Lady Lamb. Fie, Charlotte; he only jests with you.

Charl. How can you be such a monster to stay playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be

frighted out of your wits? You don't know perhaps, that my father declares he'll settle a fortune upon this fellow too.

Col. Lamb. What do you mean?

Lady Lamb. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes since he said so.

Col. Lamb. Nay, then, it is time indeed his eyes were opened; and give me leave to say, madam, 'tis only in your power.

Lady Lamb. What is't you propose?

Col. Lamb. Why, if this fellow, which I'm sure of, is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady Lamb. I should be loth to do a wrong thing.

Charl. Dear madam, it is the only way in the world to expose him to my father.

Lady Lamb. I'll think of it.

Col. Lamb. Pray do, madam; but in the mean time I must leave you—poor Darnley stays for me at the Smyrna, and will sit upon thorns till I bring him an account of his new rival.

Charl. Well, well, get you gone then; here is my grandmother.

[*Exit Col. L.H. door.*]

Enter OLD LADY LAMBERT, L.H.

Lady Lamb. This is kind, madam; I hope your ladyship's comes to dine with us.

Old Lady Lamb. No; don't be afraid: only in my way from Tottenham Court, I just called to see whether any dreadful accident happened to the family since I was here last.

Lady Lamb. Accident! did your ladyship say?

Old Lady Lamb. I shall be sorry, daughter, but not surprised, when I hear it; for there are goings on under this roof, that will bring temporal punishments along with them.

Lady Lamb. Indeed, madam, you astonish me!

Old Lady Lamb. We'll drop the subject; and I beg leave to address myself to you, Miss Charlotte; I see

you (*Cross to centre.*) have a bit of lace upon your neck; I desire to know what you wear it for.

Charl. Wear it for, madam! its the fashion.

Old Lady Lamb. In short, I have been at my linen-draper's to-day, and have brought you some thick muslin which I desire you will make handkerchiefs of—for I must tell you that slight covering is indecent, and gives much offence.

Lady Lamb. Indecent, did your ladyship say?

Old Lady Lamb. Yes, daughter-in-law. Doctor Cantwell complains to me that he cannot sit at table, the sight of her bare neck disturbs him so; and he's a good man, and knows what indecency is.

Charl. Yes, indeed; I believe he does, better than any one in this house. But you may tell the doctor from me, madam, that he is an impudent coxcomb, a puppy, and deserves to have his bones broke.

Old Lady Lamb. Fie, Charlotte, fie! He speaks but for your good, and this is the grateful return you make.

Charl. Grateful return, madam!—how can you be so partial to that hypocrite?—The doctor is one of those who start at a feather.—Poor good man; yet he has his vices of the graver sort—

Old Lady Lamb. Come, come; I wish you would follow his precepts, whose practice is conformable to what he teaches.—Virtuous man!—Above all sensual regards, he considers the world merely as a collection of dirt and pebble-stones.—How has he weaned me from temporal connections! My heart is now set upon nothing sublunary; and, I thank heaven, I am so insensible to every thing in this vain world, that I could see you, my son, my daughters, my brothers, my grandchildren, all expire before me; and mind it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candle.

Charl. Upon my word, madam, it is a very humane disposition you have been able to arrive at, and your family is much obliged to the doctor for his instructions.

Old Lady Lamb. Well, child I have nothing more to say to you at present; heaven mend you, that's all.

Lady Lamb. But pray, madam, stay and dine with us.

Old Lady Lamb. No, daughter; I have said it, and you know I never tell a lie; but here's my son, if you'll give me leave, I'll stay and speak to him.

Lady Lamb. Your ladyship's time is your own.

Charl. Ay, and here's that abominable doctor.—This fellow puts me beyond my patience. (*Cross to L.H.*)
[*Exeunt, Lady Lambert and Charlotte L.H.*]

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT, and DR. CANTWELL, R.H.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, madam, madam! I'm glad you're here to join me in solicitations to the doctor.—Here is my mother, friend, my mother; a pious woman; you will hear her, more worthy to advise you than I am.

Dr. Cant. Alas! the dear good lady, I will kiss her hand!—but what advice can she give me? The riches of this world, sir, have no charms for me; I am not dazzled with their false glare; and was I, I repeat it, to accept of the trust you want to repose in me, heaven knows, it would only be lest the means should not fall into wicked hands, who would not lay it out as I should do, for the glory of heaven, and the good of my neighbour.

Old Lady Lamb. What is the matter, son?

Dr. Cant. Nothing, madam; nothing.—But you were witness how the worthy colonel treated me this morning—Not that I speak it on my own account—for to be reviled is my portion.

Sir J. Lamb. O the villain! the villain!

Dr. Cant. Indeed, I did not think he had so hard a nature.

Old Lady Lamb. Ah, your charitable heart knows not the rancour that is in his.—His wicked sister, too, has been here this moment abusing this good man.

Dr. Cant. O sir, 'tis plain, 'tis plain; your whole family are in a combination against me—your son and daughter hate me; they think I stand between them and your favour; and indeed it is not fit I should do so; for, fallen as they are, they are still your children, and

I an alien, an intruder, who ought in conscience to retire and heal those unhappy breaches.

Old Lady Lamb. See, if the good man does not wipe his eyes!

Dr. Cant. Oh Heavens! the thought of their ingratitude wounds me to the quick—but I'll remove this eyesore—here, Charles!

Enter SEYWARD, L. H.

Sir J. Lamb. For goodness sake—

Dr. Cant. Bring me that writing I gave you to lay up this mourning.

Sir J. Lamb. Make haste, good Charles; it shall be signed this moment. *[Exit Seyward, L. H.]*

Dr. Cant. Not for the world, Sir John—every minute tends to corroborate my last intentions—I must not, will not take it, with the curses of your children.

Sir J. Lamb. But, consider, Doctor—shall my wicked son then be heir to my lands, before repentance has entitled him to favour—No, let him depend upon you, whom he has wronged; perhaps, in time he may reflect on his father's justice, and be reconciled to your rewarded virtues.—If Heaven should at last reclaim him, in you, I know, he still would find a fond forgiving father.

Dr. Cant. The imagination of so blest an hour, softens me to a tenderness I cannot support!

Old Lady Lamb. Oh! the dear good man.

Sir J. Lamb. With regard to my daughter, Doctor, you know she is not wronged by it; because, if she proves not obstinate, she may still be happy.

Old Lady Lamb. Yes, but the perverse wretch slights the blessing you propose for her.

Dr. Cant. We must allow, madam, female modesty a time, which often takes the likeness of distaste: the commands of your good son might too suddenly surprise her—Maids must be gently dealt with—and, might I humbly advise—

Sir J. Lamb. Any thing you will; you shall govern me and her.

Dr. Cant. Then, sir, abate of your authority, and let the matter rest awhile.

Sir J. Lamb. Suppose we were to get my wife to speak to her; women will often hear from their own sex, what, sometimes, even from the man they like, will startle them.

Dr. Cant. Then, with your permission, sir, I will take an opportunity of talking to my lady.

Sir J. Lamb. She's now in her dressing-room; I'll go and prepare her for it. [Exit, R.H.]

Dr. Cant. You are too good to me, sir—too bountiful.

Enter SEYWARD, L.H.

Seyw. Sir, Mr. Mawworm is without, and would be glad to be permitted to speak with you.

Old Lady Lamb. Oh, pray, doctor admit him; I have not seen Mr. Mawworm this great while; he's a pious man, tho' in an humble estate; desire the worthy creature to walk in.

Enter MAWWORM, L.H.

—How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. Thank your ladyship's axing—I'm but deadly poorish, indeed; the world and I can't agree—I have got the books, doctor—and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her service to you, and thanks you for the eighteen pence.

Dr. Cant. Hush (*cross to L.H.*) friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blaz'd about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady Lamb. Give her this.

(*Offers a purse to Mawworm.*)

Dr. Cant. I'll take care it shall be given to her.

(*Puts it up and cross to R.H.*)

Old Lady Lamb. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me—I'm a breaking my heart—I think it's a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady Lamb. Why, if you think it a sin, indeed—pray what's your business?

Maw. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brick-dust, and the like.

Old Lady Lamb. Well; you must consult with your friendly director here.

Maw. (*Cross to doctor.*) I wants to go a preaching.

Old Lady Lamb. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady Lamb. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons already. I does them extrumperry, because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says, as how my head's turned.

Old Lady Lamb. Ay, devils indeed—but don't you mind them.

Maw. No, I don't—I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men, and, sometimes, I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady Lamb. Did you ever preach in public?

Maw. I got up on Kennington Common, the last review day; but the boys threw brick-bats at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount, your ladyship, ever since.

Old Lady Lamb. Do you hear this, doctor! throw brick-bats at him, and pin crackers to his tail! can these things be stood by?

Maw. I told them so—says I, I does nothing clandestently; I stand here contagious to his majesties guards, and I charges you upon your apparels, not to mislist me.

Old Lady Lamb. And it had no effect?

Maw. No more than if I spoke to so many postesses; but if he advises me to go a preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an excessance farther into the country.

Old Lady Lamb. An excursion, you would say.

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my bleatings shall be heard afar off, and that sheep shall become a shepherd; nay, if it be only, as it were, a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady Lamb. He wants method, doctor.

Dr. Cant. Yes, madam, but there is matter; and I despise not the ignorant.

Maw. He's a saint.

Dr. Cant. Oh!

Old Lady Lamb. Oh!

Maw. If ever there was a saint he's one—till I went after him, I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin, like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a roving after fantastical delights: I used to go, every sunday evening, to the Three Hats at Islington; it's a public house; mayhap your ladyship may know it: I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old Lady Lamb. What a blessed reformation!

Maw. I believe, doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated one of the stewards of the reforming society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last thursday was a se'nnight, at the Pewter-platter, in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trap-ball in St. George's Fields: I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady Lamb. But how do you mind your business?

Maw. We have lost almost all our customers; because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into the shop.

Old Lady Lamb. And how do you live?

Maw. Better than ever we did: while we were worldly minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of every thing; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman—we have had a child too.

Old Lady Lamb. Merciful!

Maw. And between *you* and *me*, doctor, I believe Susy's breeding again.

Dr. Cant. Thus it is, madam; I am constantly told,

though I can hardly believe it, a blessing follows wherever I come.

Maw. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife; saying, as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then; but, as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door; I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. Cant. I believe 'tis near dinner time; and Sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you, doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell; doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady Lamb. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will, indeed. (*Going, returns.*) Oh, doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Dr. Cant. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady Lamb. No, doctor, my coach waits at the door.

Enter SEYWARD, L.H.

Dr. Cant. Charles, you may lay those papers by again, but in some place where you'll easily find them; for I believe we shall have occasion for them some time this afternoon.

Seyw. I'll take care, sir.

[*Exeunt Doctor and Old Lady Lambert, L.H.*
—Occasion for them this afternoon!—Then there's no time to be lost; the coast is clear, and this is her chamber.—What's the matter with me? The thought

of speaking to her throws me into a disorder. There's nobody within, I believe—I'll knock again.

Enter BETTY, R.H.D.

Is your lady busy?

Betty. I believe she's only reading, sir.

Seyw. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she's at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

Enter CHARLOTTE, R.H.D.

Charl. Who's that?

Betty. She's here.—Mr. Seyward, madam, desires to speak with you.

Charl. Oh, your servant, Mr. Seyward.—Here, take this odious Homer, and lay him up again; he tires me.—[*Cross and Exit Betty, R.H.*—How could the blind wretch make such an horrid fuss about a fine woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her amours? You have read him, I suppose, in the Greek, Mr. Seyward.

Seyw. Not lately, madam.

Charl. But do you so violently admire him now?

Seyw. The critics say he has his beauties, madam; but Ovid has been always my favourite.

Charl. Ovid—Oh, he is ravishing!

Seyw. So art thou, to madness! (*Aside.*)

Charl. Lord! how could one do to learn Greek?—Were you a great while about it?

Seyw. It has been half the business of my life, madam.

Charl. That's cruel now; then you think one could not be mistress of it in a month or two?

Seyw. Not easily, madam.

Charl. They tell me it has the softest tone for love of any language in the world—I fancy I could soon learn it.—I know two words of it already.

Seyw. Pray, madam, what are they?

Charl. Stay—let me see—Oh—ay—Zoe kai psuche.

Seyw. I hope you know the English of them, madam?

Charl. Oh lud! I hope there is no harm in it—I'm sure I heard the doctor say it to my lady—pray, what is it?

Seyw. You must first imagine, madam, a tender lover gazing on his mistress; and then, indeed, they have a softness in them; as thus—*Zoe kai psuche!*—my life! my soul!

Charl. Oh the impudent young rogue! how his eyes spoke too!—What the deuce can he want with me? It always run in my head that this fellow had something in him above his condition; I'll know immediately.—Well, but your business with me, Mr. Seyward? You have something of love in your head, I'll lay my life on't.

Seyw. I never yet durst own it, madam.

Charl. Why, what's the matter?

Seyw. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as yours.

Charl. Oh, I love melancholy stories of all things:—pray, how long have you lived with your uncle, Mr. Seyward?

Seyw. With doctor Cantwell, I suppose you mean, madam?

Charl. Ay.

Seyw. He's no uncle of mine, madam.

Charl. You surprise me! not your uncle?

Seyw. No, madam; but that's not the only character the doctor assumes, to which he has no right.

Charl. Lord! I am concerned for you.

Seyw. So you would, madam, if you knew all.

Charl. I am already; but if there are any farther particulars of your story, pray let me hear them; and should any services be in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Seyw. You treat me with so kind, so gentle a hand, that I will unbosom myself to you.—My father, madam, was the younger branch of a genteel family in the north; his name, Trueman—but dying while I was

yet in my infancy, I was left wholly dependant on my mother; a woman really pious and well-meaning, but —In short, madam, doctor Cantwell fatally got acquainted with her, and as he is now your father's bosom counsellor, soon became her's. She died, madam, when I was but eight years old; and then I was, indeed, left an orphan.

Charl. Poor creature!—Lord! I cannot bear it!

Seyw. She left doctor Cantwell her sole heir and executor: but I must do her the justice to say, I believe it was in the confirmation that he would take care of, and do justice to me, and, indeed, he has so far taken care of me, that he sent me to a seminary abroad, and for these three years last past has kept me with him.

Charl. A seminary! Oh! heavens! but why have you not strove to do yourself justice?

Seyw. Thrown so young into his power, as I was—unknown and friendless, to whom could I apply for succour? Nay, madam, I will confess, that on my return to England, I was at first tainted with his enthusiastic notions myself; and, for some time, as much imposed upon by him, as others; till, by degrees, as he found it necessary to make use of, or totally discard me (which last he did not think prudent to do) he was obliged to unveil himself to me in his proper colours—And I believe, I can inform you of some parts of his private character, that may be the means of detecting one of the wickedest impostors that ever practised upon credulity.

Charl. But how has the wretch dared to treat you?

Seyw. In his ill and insolent humours, madam, he has sometimes the presumption to tell me, that I am the object of his charity; and I own, madam, that I am humbled in my opinion, by his having drawn me into a connivance at some actions, which I can't look back on without horror!

Charl. Indeed, you can't tell how I pity you; and depend upon it, if it be possible to serve you, by getting you out of the hands of this monster, I will.

Seyw. Once more, madam, let me assure you, that your generous inclination would be a consolation to me in the worst misfortunes; and, even in the last moment of painful death, would give my heart a joy.

Charl. Lord! the poor unfortunate boy loves me, too—what shall I do with him?—Pray, Mr. Seyward, what paper's that you have in your hand?—Is it relative to—

Seyw. Another instance of the conscience and gratitude which animates our worthy doctor.

Charl. You frighten me! pray what is the purport of it? Is it neither signed nor sealed—

Seyw. No, madam; therefore to prevent it, by this timely notice, was my business here with you; your father gave it to the doctor first, to show his counsel; who having approved it, I understand this evening it will be executed.

Charl. But what is it?

Seyw. It grants to doctor Cantwell, in present, four hundred pounds per annum, of which this very house is part; and, at your father's death, invests him in the whole remainder of his freehold estate.—For you, indeed, there is a charge of four thousand pounds upon it, provided you marry with the doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my lady's jointure—But your brother, madam, is, without conditions, utterly disinherited.

Charl. I am confounded!—What will become of us! My father now, I find, was serious—Oh, this insinuating hypocrite!—let me see—ay—I will go this minute. Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Seyw. Any thing to serve you—(*Bell rings.*)

Charl. Hark! they ring to dinner: pray, sir, step in: say I am obliged to dine abroad; and whisper one of the footmen to get a chair immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's chambers in the Temple; there I shall have time to talk further with you.

[*Exeunt, Charlotte, L.H. Seyward, R.H.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A Dressing-room, with table and chairs.

Enter CHARLOTTE, and BETTY, taking off her cloak, &c. L.H.

Charl. Has any one been to speak with me, Betty?

Betty. Only Mr. Darnley, madam; he said, he would call again, and bid his servant stay below, to give him notice when you come home.

Charl. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, madam; he seemed very uneasy at your being abroad.

Charl. Well, go, I'll see him— [*Exit, Betty, L.H.*]
Ten to one but his wise head has found out something to be jealous off: if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy—here he comes.

Enter DARNLEY, L.H.

Darn. Your humble servant, madam.

Charl. Your servant, sir.

Darn. You have been abroad, I hear?

Charl. Yes, and now I am come home, you see.

Darn. You seem to turn upon my words, madam! Is there any thing particular in them?

Charl. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Darn. Might I not say you have been abroad, without giving offence?

Charl. And might I not as well say, I was come home, without your being so grave upon't?

Darn. Do you know any thing that should make me grave?

Charl. I know if you are so, I am the worst person in the world you can possibly show it to.

Darn. Nay, I don't suppose you do any thing you won't justify.

Charl. Oh, then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Darn. I don't say that neither ; perhaps I am wrong in what I have said ; but I have been so often used to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolved henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Charl. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart speech of yours is very dull ; but, since that's a fault you can't help, I will not take it ill ; come now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously—Is not what real business I had abroad the very thing you want to be made easy in ?

Darn. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Charl. Now we come to the point.—To-morrow morning, then, I give you my word, to let you know it all ; till when, there is a necessity for it being a secret ; and I insist upon your believing it.

Darn. But pray madam what am I to do with private imagination in the mean time ? that is not in my power to confine ; and sure, you won't be offended, if to avoid the tortures that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the secret now.

Charl. Don't press me ; for positively I will not.

Darn. Will not—cannot had been a kinder term—Is my disquiet of so little moment to you ?

Charl. Of none, while your disquiet dares not trust the assurances I have given you. If you expect I should confide in you for life, don't let me see you dare not take my word for a day ; and, if you are wise, you'll think so fair a trial a favour. Come, come, there's nothing shows so low a mind, as those grave and insolent jealousies.

Darn. However, madam, mine you won't find so low as you imagine ; and since I see your tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your power ? you use it now beyond my bearing ; not only impose on me to disbelieve my senses,

but do it with such an imperious air, as if my manly reason were your slave; and this despicable frame, that follows you, durst show no signs of life but what you vouchsafe to give it. (*Cross to R.H.*)

Charl. You are in the right; go on—suspect me still—believe the worst you can—'tis all true—I don't justify myself.—Why do you trouble me with your complaints? if you are master of that manly reason you have boasted, give a manly proof of it; at once resume your liberty; despise me; go off in triumph now, like a king in a tragedy.

Darn. Is this the end of all then; and are those tender protestations you have made me (for such I thought them) when, with a kind of reluctance, you gave me something more than hope—what all—Oh, Charlotte! all come to this?

Charl. Oh, lud! I am growing silly; If I hear on, I shall tell him every thing; 'tis but another struggle and I shall conquer it.—So you are not gone, I see.

Darn. Do you then wish me gone, madam?

Charl. Your manly reason will direct you.

Darn. This is too much—my heart can bear no more!—What, am I rooted here?

Enter SEYWARD, through M.D.

Charl. At last I am relieved.—Well, Mr. Seyward, is it done?

Seyw. I did not stir from the desk till it was entirely finished.

Charl. Where's the original?

Seyw. This is it, madam.

Charl. Very well; that, you know, you must keep; but come, we must lose no time; we will examine this in the next room—now I feel for him. [*Exit, thro' M.D.*]

Darn. This is not to be borne—Pray, Mr. Charles what private business have you with that lady?

Seyw. Sir!

Darn. I must know, young man.

Seyw. Not quite so young, but I can keep a secret and a lady's too—you'll excuse me, sir!

[*Exit, through M.D.*

Darn. 'Sdeath! I shall be laughed at by every body—I shall be distracted—this young fellow should repent his pertness, did not this house protect him—this is Charlotte's contrivance to distract me—but—but what?—Oh! I have love enough to bear this, and ten times as much.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT, L.H.

Col. Lamb. What, in raptures!

Darn. Pr'ythee—I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. Lamb. What, is Charlotte in her airs again?

Darn. I know not what she is. (*Cross to L.H.*)

Col. Lamb. Do you know where she is?

Darn. Retired this moment to her chamber with the young fellow there—the doctor's nephew.

Col. Lamb. Why, you are not jealous of the doctor, I hope?

Darn. Perhaps she'll be less reserved to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. Lamb. Poor Frank! every plot I lay upon my sister's inclination for you, you are sure to ruin by your own conduct.

Darn. I own I have too little temper, and too much real passion, for a modish lover.

Col. Lamb. Come, come! make yourself easy once more; I'll undertake for you: if you'll fetch a cool turn in the Park, upon Constitution Hill, in less than half an hour I'll come to you, and make you perfectly easy.

Darn. Dear Tom, you are a friend indeed!—I have a thousand things—but you shall find me there.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter CHARLOTTE and SEYWARD, through M.D.

Col. Lamb. How now, sister what have you done to

Darnley? the poor fellow looks as if he had killed your parrot.

Charl. Psha! you know him well enough; I've only been setting him a love lesson; it a little puzzles him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow—you will be sure to be in the way, Mr. Seyward.

Seyw. Madam, you may depend upon me; I have my full instructions. [*Cross and Exit, L.H.*

Col. Lamb. O ho! here's the business then; and it seems Darnley was not to be trusted with it; ha! ha!—and pr'ythee, what is the mighty secret that is transacting between Seyward and you?

Charl. That's what he would have known, indeed; but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. Lamb. Pray take your own time, dear madam; I am not in haste to know, I assure you.

Charl. Well, but hold; on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between Seyward and me; nay, I give you leave to tell Darnley too, on some conditions; 'tis true, I did design to have surpris'd you—but now my mind's altered, that's enough.

Col. Lamb. Ay, for any mortal's satisfaction—but here comes my lady.

Enter LADY LAMBERT, L.H. D.

Lady Lamb. Away, away, Colonel and Charlotte, both of you away this instant.

Charl. What's the matter, madam?

Lady Lamb. I am going to put the doctor to his trial that's all. I have considered the proposal you have made me to-day, Colonel, and am convinced it ought not to be delayed an instant: so just now, I told the doctor in a half-whisper, that I should be glad to have a word in private with him here; and he said he would wait upon me presently; but must I play a traitorous part now, and instead of persuading you to the doctor, persuade the doctor against you?

Charl. Dear madam, why not? one moment's truce with the prude, I beg of you; don't startle at his first declaration, but let him go on, till he shows the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady Lamb. I warrant you, I'll give a good account of him—but, as I live, here he comes!

Charl. Come then, brother, you and I will be comode, and steal off. [*Exeunt, Charl. and Col. R.H.U.E.*

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL, L.H.D. The Col. listening.

Dr. Cant. Here I am madam, at your ladyships command; how happy am I that you think me worthy—

Lady Lamb. Please to sit, sir.

Dr. Cant. Well, but, dear lady, ha! You can't conceive the joyousness I feel at this so much desired interview. Ah! ah! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you; and how stands your precious health? is your naughty cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights with my concern for you.

Lady Lamb. Your charity is too far concerned for me.

Dr. Cant. Ah! don't say so; don't say so: You merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady Lamb. Indeed you over-rate me.

Dr. Cant. I speak it from my heart: indeed, indeed indeed I do. (*Pressing her hand.*)

Lady Lamb. O dear! you hurt my hand, sir.

Dr. Cant. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words for expression: precious soul! I would not harm you for the world; no, it would be the whole business of my life—

Lady Lamb. But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Dr. Cant. Ah! thou heavenly woman?

(*Placing his hand on her knee.*)

Lady Lamb. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. Cant. I was admiring the softness of this silk. They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures: how wonderful is human art! Here it

disputes the prize with nature: that all this soft and gaudy lustre should be wrought from the labours of a poor worm!

Lady Lamb. But our business, sir, is upon another subject: Sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore resolves to give his daughter to you.

Dr. Cant. Such a thing has been mentioned, madam; but, to deal sincerely with you, that is not the happiness I sigh after; there is a soft and serious excellence for me, very different from what your step-daughter possesses.

Lady Lamb. Well, sir, pray be sincere, and open your heart to me.

Dr. Cant. Open my heart! can you then, sweet lady, be yet a stranger to it? Has no action of my life been able to inform you of my real thoughts?

Lady Lamb. Well, sir; I take all this, as I suppose you intend it, for my good and spritual welfare.

Dr. Cant. Indeed I mean you cordial service.

Lady Lamb. I dare say you do: you are above the low momentary views of this world.

Dr. Cant. Why, I should be so; and yet, alas! I find this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other men's, of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady Lamb. We all have those, but yours are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. Cant. Alas! madam, my heart is not of stone: I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears and penance to my aid; but yet, I am not an angel; I am still but a man; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love you then, madam.

Lady Lamb. Hold, sir!—suppose I now should let my husband, your benefactor, know the favour you design him?

Dr. Cant. You cannot be so cruel!

Lady Lamb. Nor will, on this condition: that instantly you renounce all claim and title to Charlotte, and use your utmost interest with Sir John, to give her, with her full fortune, to Mr. Darnley.

COLONEL LAMBERT *advances between them.*

Col. Lamb. Villain! monster! perfidious and ungrateful traitor! Your hypocisy, your false zeal is discovered; and I am sent here by the hand of insulted heaven, to lay you open to my father, and expose you to the world.

Dr. Cant. Ha!

Lady Lamb. O unthinking Colonel!

Col. Lamb. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Dr. Cant. I have nothing to say to you, Colonel, nor for you—but you shall have my prayers.

Col. Lamb. Why, you profligate hypocrite! do you think to carry off your villany with that sanctified air?

Dr. Cant. I know not what you mean, sir; I have been in discourse here with my good lady, by permission of your worthy father.

Col. Lamb. Dog! did my father desire you to talk of love to my lady?

Dr. Cant. Call me not dog, Colonel: I hope we are both brother christians.—Yes, I will own I did beg leave to talk to her of love; for alas! I am but a man; yet if my passion for your dear sister, which I cannot controul, be sinful—

Lady Lamb. Your noise, I perceive, is bringing up Sir John; manage with him as you will at present: I will withdraw, for I have an after-game to play, which may yet put this wretch effectually into our power.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT, L.H.

Sir J. Lamb. What uproar is this?

Col. Lamb. Nothing, sir; nothing; only a little broil of the good doctor's here—You are well rewarded for your kindnesses; and he would fain pay it back with triple interest to your wife: in short, sir, I took him here in the very fact of making a criminal declaration of love to my lady.

Dr. Cant. Why, why, Sir John, would you not let me leave your house? I knew some dreadful method would be taken to drive me hence—O, be not angry, good Colonel: but indeed, and indeed, you use me cruelly.

Sir J. Lamb. Horrible, wicked creature!—Doctor, let me hear it from you.

Dr. Cant. Alas, sir! I am in the dark as much as you; but it should seem, for what purpose he best knows, your son hid himself somewhere hereabouts; and while I was talking to my lady, rushed in upon us—you know the subject, sir, on which I was to entertain her; and I might speak of my love to your daughter, with more warmth than perhaps I ought; which the Colonel overhearing might possibly imagine I was addressing my lady herself; for I will not suspect, no; heaven forbid: I will not suspect that he would intentionally forge a falsehood to dishonour me.

Sir J. Lamb. Now, vile detractor of all virtue! is your outrageous malice confounded—what he tells you is true; he has been talking to my lady by my consent; and what he said, he said by my orders—good man, be not concerned; for I see through their vile design—Here, thou curse of my life, if thou art not lost to conscience, and all sense of honour, repair the injury you have attempted, by confessing your rancour, and throwing yourself at his feet.

Dr. Cant. Oh, Sir John! for my sake—I will throw myself at the Colonel's feet; nay if that will please him, he shall tread on my neck.

Sir J. Lamb. What, mute, defenceless, hardened in thy malice?

Col. Lamb. I scorn the imputation, sir; and with the same repeated honesty avow (however cunningly he may have devised this gloss) that you are deceived—what I tell you, sir, is true—these eyes, these ears, were witnesses of his audacious love, without the mention of my sister's name; directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the honour of your bed.

Sir J. Lamb. Villain! this instant leave my sight, my house, my family, for ever.

Dr. Cant. Hold, good Sir John: I am now recovered from my surprise; let me then be an humble mediator—on my account, this must not be—I grant it possible, your son loves me not; but you must grant it too as possible, he might mistake me; to accuse me then, was but the error of his virtue; you ought to love him, and thank him for his watchful care.

Sir J. Lamb. Hear this, perverse and reprobate! Oh! couldst thou wrong such more than mortal virtue?

Col. Lamb. Wrong him?—the hardened impudence of this painted charity—

Sir J. Lamb. Peace, graceless infidel!

Col. Lamb. No, sir; though I would hazard life to gain you from the clutches of that wretch; could die to reconcile my duty to your favour; yet on the terms his villany offers, it is merit to refuse it—but, sir, I'll trouble you no more; to-day is his, to-morrow may be mine. [*Exit, R.H.*

Sir J. Lamb. Come, my friend; we'll go this instant, and sign the settlement—for that wretch ought to be punished, who, I now see, is incorrigible, and given over to perdition.

Dr. Cant. And do you think I take your estate with such views?—no, sir—I receive it, that I may have an opportunity to rouse his mind to virtue, by showing him an instance of the forgiveness of injuries; the return of good for evil!—

Sir J. Lamb. O, my dear friend! my stay and my guide! I am impatient till the affair is concluded.

Dr. Cant. The will of heaven be done in all things.

Sir J. Lamb. Poor dear man! [*Exeunt, L.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Parlour in Sir John Lambert's House.

Enter CHARLOTTE and SEYWARD, L.H.

Charl. You were a witness, then?

Seyw. I saw it signed, sealed, and delivered, madam.

Charl. And all passed without the least suspicion?

Seyw. Sir John signed it with such earnestness, and the doctor received it with such a seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Charl. Well, Mr. Seyward, whether it succeeds to our ends or not, we have still the same obligation to you. You saw with what friendly warmth my brother heard your story; and I don't in the least doubt his being able to do something for you.

Seyw. What I have done, my duty bound me to; but pray, madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Charl. Freely.

Seyw. Have you never suspected, that in all this affair, I have had some secret, stronger motives than barely duty?

Charl. Yes.—But have you been in no apprehensions I should discover that motive?

Seyw. Pray, pardon me; I see already I have gone too far.

Charl. Not at all; it loses you no merit with me; nor is it in my nature to use any one ill that loves me, unless I loved that one again: then, indeed, there might be danger. Come, don't look grave; my inclinations to another shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit: I shall, therefore, always think myself obliged to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Seyw. Your good opinion is all I aim at.

Charl. Ay; but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better

of you again; and then you the better of me, upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. Seyward, your good sense will prevent all this.

Seyw. I see my folly, madam, and blush at my presumption. Madam, I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Charl. Well, he's a pretty young fellow after all, and the very first sure that ever heard reason against himself with so good an understanding.—Lord, how one may live and learn!—I could not believe that modesty in a young fellow could have been so amiable. And though I own there is, I know not what, of dear delight in indulging one's vanity with them; yet upon serious reflection, we must confess, that truth and sincerity have a thousand charms beyond it. I believe I had as good confess all this to Darnley, and e'en make up the bustle with him, too; but then he will so teaze one for instances of real inclination.—O gad!—I can't bear the thought on't; and yet we must come together too. Well, nature knows the way to be sure, and so I'll e'en trust to her for it.

Enter LADY LAMBERT, L.H.

Lady Lamb. Dear Charlotte, what will become of us?

Charl. Pray explain, madam.

Lady Lamb. In spite of all I could urge, he has consented that the doctor shall this minute come, and be his own advocate with you.

Charl. I'm glad on't; for the beast must come like a bear to the stake. I'm sure he knows I shall bait him.

Lady Lamb. No matter for that; he presses it, to keep Sir John still blind to his wicked design upon me.—Therefore I come to give you notice, that you might be prepared to receive him.

Charl. I'm obliged to your ladyship. Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady Lamb. But I think I hear the doctor coming

up stairs. My dear girl, at any rate keep your temper. I shall expect you in my dressing-room, to tell me the particulars of your conduct. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Charl. He must have a great deal of impudence to come in this manner to me.

Enter BETTY, introducing DR. CANTWELL, L.H.

Betty. Dr. Cantwell desires to be admitted, madam.

Charl. Let him come in.—Your servant, sir.—Give us chairs, Betty, and leave the room.—*[Exit Betty, L.H.]*—Sir, there's a seat.—What can the ugly cur say to me!—he seems a little puzzled.

(Cross to L.H. humming a tune.)

Dr. Cant. *(They sit.)* Look ye, young lady, I am afraid, notwithstanding your good father's favour, I am not the man you would desire to be alone with upon this occasion.

Charl. Your modesty is pleased to be in the right.

Dr. Cant. I'm afraid, too, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, that you entertain a pretty bad opinion of me.

Charl. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing!

Dr. Cant. Which opinion is immovable.

Charl. No rock so firm!

Dr. Cant. I am afraid, then, it will be a vain pursuit, when I solicit you, in compliance with my worthy friend's desire, and my own inclinations, to become my partner in that blessed estate, in which we may be a comfort and support to each other.

Charl. I would die rather than consent to it.

Dr. Cant. In other words you hate me.

Charl. Most transcendently!

Dr. Cant. Well, there is sincerity, at least, in your confession: you are not, I see, totally deprived of all virtue; though, I must say, I never could perceive in you but very little.

Charl. Oh, fie! you flatter me!

Dr. Cant. No; I speak it with sorrow, because you

are the daughter of my best friend. But how are we to proceed now? are we to preserve temper?

Charl. Oh! never fear me, sir; I shall not fly out, being convinced, that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's aversion, as good breeding; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Dr. Cant. Well then, young lady, be assured, so far am I from the unchristian disposition of returning injuries, that your antipathy to me causes no hatred in my soul towards you; on the contrary, I would willingly make you happy, if it may be done according to my conscience, with the interest of heaven in view.

Charl. Why, I can't see, sir, how heaven can be any way concerned in a transaction between you and me.

Dr. Cant. When you marry any other person, my consent is necessary.

Charl. So I hear, indeed!—but pray, doctor, how could your modesty receive so insolent a power, without putting my poor father out of countenance with your blushes?

Dr. Cant. I sought it not; but he would crowd it in among other obligations. He is good-natured; and I foresaw it might serve to pious purposes.

Charl. I don't understand you.

Dr. Cant. I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. Darnley. Am I right?

Charl. Once in your life, perhaps you are.

Dr. Cant. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Charl. You're mighty nice, methinks.—Well, I would.

Dr. Cant. Then I will not consent.

Charl. You won't.

Dr. Cant. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly-minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world, those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Charl. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.—

Dr. Cant. If you can think of any project to satisfy

my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady, in case of our disagreement.

Charl. That's enough, sir.—You think we should have a fellow-feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. Cant. What do you think of half?

Charl. How! two thousand pounds! (*rises.*)

Dr. Cant. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less. (*rises.*)

Charl. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Dr. Cant. Leave that to my management.

Charl. And what security do you expect for the money?

Dr. Cant. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank bills.

Charl. Pretty good security!—On one proviso though.

Dr. Cant. Name it.

Charl. That you immediately tell my father, that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Dr. Cant. Hum!—stay—I agree to it; but in the mean time, let me warn you, child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your father. I am satisfied of the piety of my own intentions, and care not what the wicked think of them; but force me not to take advantage of Sir John's good opinion of me, in order to shield myself from the consequences of your malice.

Charl. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I know your conscience and your power too well, dear doctor!

Dr. Cant. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank heaven, I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Charl. No doubt on't.

Dr. Cant. Farewel, and think me your friend.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Charl. What this fellow's original was, I know not; but, by his conscience and cunning, he would make an admirable jesuit.

Enter Servant, L.H.

Servant. Madam, Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Desire him to walk in. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*

Enter DARNLEY, L.H.

Darn. To find you thus alone, madam, is an happiness I did not expect, from the temper of our last parting.

Charl. I should have been as well pleased now, to have been thanked, as reproached, for my good-nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Darn. Indeed, you take me wrong. I literally meant that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserved this favour.

Charl. Well, but were not you silly now?

Darn. Come, you shall not be serious: you can't be more agreeable.

Charl. Oh! but I am serious.

Darn. Then I'll be so.—Do you forgive me all?

Charl. What?

Darn. Are we friends, Charlotte?

Charl. O lord! but you have told me nothing of poor Seyward?

Darn. Must you needs know that, before you answer me?

Charl. Lord! you are never well till you have talked one out of countenance.

Darn. Come, I won't be too particular; you shall answer nothing.—Give me but your hand only.

Charl. Psha! I won't pull off my glove, not I.

Darn. I'll take it as it is then.

Charl. Lord! there, there; eat it, eat it.

Darn. And so I could, by heaven!

Charl. Oh, my glove! my glove! my glove! you are in a perfect storm! lord! if you make such a rout with one's hand only, what would you do if you had one's heart?

Darn. That's impossible to tell. But you were asking me of Seyward, madam?

Charl. Oh, ay, that's true. Well, now you are very good again.—Come, tell me all the affair, and then you shall see—how I will like you.

Darn. There is not much to tell—only this: we met the Attorney General, to whom he has given a very sensible account of himself, and the doctor's proceedings.—The Attorney General seems very clear in his opinion, that, as the doctor, at the time of the death of Seyward's mother, was intrusted with her whole affairs, the Court of Equity will oblige him to be accountable.

Charl. If Seyward does not recover his fortune, you must absolutely get him a commission, and bring him into acquaintance.

Darn. Upon my word, I will.

Charl. And show him to all the women of taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty fellow, too.

Darn. I will, indeed!—but hear me—

Charl. You can't conceive how prettily he makes love.

Darn. Not so well as you make your defence, Charlotte.

Charl. Lord! I had forgot, he is to teach me Greek, too.

Darn. Trifling tyrant! how long, Charlotte, do you think you can find new evasions for what I say unto you?

Charl. Lord! you are horrid silly; but since 'tis love that makes you such a dunce—poor Darnley! I forgive you.

The Colonel enters, behind, R.H. U.E.

Darn. That's kind, however.—But to complete my joy, be kinder yet—and—

Charl. Oh! I can't! I can't!—Lord! did you never ride a horse-match?

Darn. Was ever so wild a question!

Charl. Because, if you have, it runs in my head you galloped a mile beyond the winning-post, to make sure on't.

Darn. Now, I understand you. But since you will have me touch every thing so very tenderly, Charlotte, how shall I find proper words to ask you the lover's last necessary question?

Charl. Oh! there's a thousand points to be adjusted before that's answered.

Col. Lamb. (*In the centre.*) Name them this moment; for, positively, this is the last time of asking.

Charl. Psha! who sent for you?

Col. Lamb. I only came to teach you to speak plain English, my dear.

Charl. Lord! mind your own business; can't you?

Col. Lamb. So I will; for I will make you do more of yours in two minutes, than you would have done without me in a twelvemonth. Why, how now!—do you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for ever?

Charl. This is mighty pretty!

Col. Lamb. You'll say so on thursday se'nnight, (*for let affairs take what turn they will in the family*) that's positively your wedding-day—(*Charl. attempts to go.*) Nay, you shan't stir.

Charl. Was ever such assurance!

Darn. Upon my life, madam, I'm out of countenance! I don't know how to behave myself.

Charl. No, no; let him go on only—this is beyond whatever was known, sure!

Col. Lamb. Ha! ha! if I was to leave you to yourselves, what a couple of pretty out of countenanced figures you would make! humming and hawing upon the vulgar points of jointure and pin-money.—Come, come, I know what's proper on both sides; you shall leave it to me.

Darn. I had rather Charlotte would name her own terms to me.

Col. Lamb. Have you a mind to any thing particular, madam?

Charl. Why, sure! what, do you think I'm only to be filled out as you please, and sweetened and sipped up like a dish of tea?

Col. Lamb. Why, pray, madam, when your tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it?—but you, I suppose, expect a lover's heart, like your lamp, should be always flaming at your elbow; and when its ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the spirit of contradiction.

Charl. And so you suppose that your assurance has made an end of this matter?

Col. Lamb. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Charl. That then would complete it.

Col. Lamb. Perfectly.

Charl. Why, then, take it Darnley.—Now I presume you are in high triumph, sir. (*To the Colonel.*)

Col. Lamb. No, sister; now you are consistent with the good sense I always thought you mistress of.

Charl. And now I beg we may separate; for our being seen together, at this critical juncture, may give that devil, the doctor, suspicion of a confederacy, and make him set some engine at work, that we are not aware of.

Col. Lamb. Its a very proper caution. Come along, Darnley: nay, you must leave her now, whatever violence you do yourself.

Charl. Ay, ay, take him with you, brother—or stay, Darnley; if you please, you may come along with me.

[*Exeunt, Col. Lamb. L.H. Charl. and Darn. R.H.D.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A Parlour in Sir John Lambert's House.

Enter DARNLEY and CHARLOTTE, R.H.

Charl. But really, will you stand to the agreement though, that I have made with the doctor?

Darn. Why not? you shall not break your word upon my account, though he might be a villain you gave it to.

Darn. Suppose I should talk with Sir John myself? —'tis true he has slighted me of late.

Charl. No matter—here he comes—This may open another scene of action to that, I believe, my brother's preparing for.

Enter SIR JOHN, and LADY LAMBERT, L.H.

Sir J. Lamb. Mr. Darnley, I am glad I have met you here.

Darn. I have endeavoured twice to-day, sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir J. Lamb. Sir, I'll be plain with you—I went out to avoid you; but where the welfare of a child is concerned, you must not take it ill if we don't stand upon ceremony—However, since I have reason now to be more in temper than perhaps I was at that time, I shall be glad to talk with you.

Darn. I take it as a favour, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. You must allow, Mr. Darnley, that conscience is the rule which every honest man ought to walk by.

Darn. 'Tis granted, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. Then give me leave to tell you, sir, that giving you my daughter, would be to act against that conscience I pretend to, while I thought you an ill

lover; and consequently the same tie obliges me to bestow her on a better man——

Darn. Well but, sir, to come to the point.—Suppose the doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his interest?

Sir J. Lamb. But why do you suppose, sir, he will give up his interest?

Darn. I only judge from what your daughter tells me, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. My daughter.

Darn. I appeal to her.

Charl. And I appeal even to yourself, sir—has not the doctor, just now, in the garden, spoke in favour of Mr. Darnley to you? Nay, pray, sir, be plain; because more depends on that than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir J. Lamb. What senseless insinuation have you got into your head now?

Charl. Be so kind, sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir J. Lamb. Well, I own he has declined his interest in favour of Mr. Darnley; but I must tell you, madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good-natured, so conscientious a manner, that I now think myself more than ever bound in honour to espouse him.

Charl. But now, sir (only for argument's sake) suppose I could prove that all this seeming virtue was artificial; that his regard for Mr. Darnley was neither founded upon modesty, friendship, good-nature, nor conscience; or in short, that he has, like a villain, bartered, bargained, to give me to Mr. Darnley for half the four thousand pounds you valued his consent at; I say, sir, suppose this could be proved, where would be his virtue then?

Sir J. Lamb. It is impious to suppose it.

Charl. Then, sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir J. Lamb. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Charl. That's too hard, sir. But the worst your

opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Darnley, without either his consent or yours.

Sir J. Lamb. What, do you brave me, madam?

Charl. No, sir; but I scorn a lie; and will so far vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a child you abandon, I have a right to throw myself into other arms for protection.

Darn. Dear Charlotte, how your spirit charms me!

Sir J. Lamb. I am confounded. These tears cannot be counterfeit; nor can this be true.

Lady Lamb. Indeed, my dear, I fear it is. Give me leave to ask you one question. In all our mutual course of happiness, have I ever yet deceived you with a falsehood?

Sir J. Lamb. Never.

Lady Lamb. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him even of crimes which virtue blushes but to mention?

Sir J. Lamb. To what extravagance would you drive me?

Lady Lamb. I would before have undeceived you, when his late artifice turned the honest duty of your son into his own reproach and ruin; but knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it.—But suppose I should be able to let you see his villany, make him repeat his odious love to me in your own hearing; at once throw off the mask, and show the barefaced traitor?

Sir J. Lamb. Is it possible?

Lady Lamb. But then, sir, I must prevail on you to descend to the poor shifts we are reduced to.

Sir J. Lamb. All; to any thing, to ease me of my doubts: make me but witness of this fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my folly equal to his baseness.

Lady Lamb. Behind that screen you may easily conceal yourself.

Sir J. Lamb. Be it so.

Lady Lamb. Mr. Darnley, shall we beg your leave,

and you, Charlotte, take the least suspected way to send the doctor to me directly?

Charl. I have a thought will do it, madam.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, Charlotte! Oh, Mr. Darnley!

Darn. Have but resolution, sir, and fear nothing.

[*Exeunt Darnley and Charlotte, L.H.D.*]

Lady Lamb. Now, sir you are to consider what a desperate disease I have undertaken to cure; therefore be sure keep close and still; and when the proof is full, appear at your discretion.

Sir J. Lamb. Fear not; I will conform myself— Yet, be not angry, my love, if in a case like this, where I should not believe even him accusing you; be not angry, I say, if I have also charity enough to hope you may yet be deceived in what you charge him with, till the evidence of my own senses assure me to the contrary.

Lady Lamb. 'Tis just.

Sir J. Lamb. Hark! I think I hear him coming.

Lady Lamb. Now, my dear, remember you promise to have patience.

Sir J. Lamb. Rely upon't.

Lady Lamb. To your post then,
(*Sir John goes behind the screen.*)

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL, L.H.D. with a book.

Dr. Cant. Madam, your woman tells me, that being here, and alone, you desired to speak with me.

Lady Lamb. I did, sir—but, that we may be sure that we are alone, pray shut the outward door—another surprise might ruin us—is all safe?

Dr. Cant. (*Fastens L.H.D.*) I have taken care, madam.

Lady Lamb. But I am afraid I interrupt your meditations.

Dr. Cant. No, madam, no; I was only looking over some pious exhortations here, for the use of a society of chosen brethren.

Lady Lamb. Ah, doctor! what have you done to

me? the trouble of my mind since our last unfortunate conference, is not to be expressed. - You indeed discovered to me, what, perhaps, for my own peace, 'twere better I had never been acquainted with; but I had not sufficient time to lay my heart open to you.

Dr. Cant. Whither, madam, would you lead me?

Lady Lamb. I have been uneasy too, not knowing how far you might mistake my behaviour on the last accident that happened; but I was really so shocked, so terrified, I knew not what I was doing: only had I joined in your defence against the Colonel, it would have been evident that I was his enemy, and I have uses for his friendship. Silence, therefore, was my only prudent part; and I knew your credit with Sir John needed no support.

Dr. Cant. Let me presume then to hope, that what I did, you judge was self-defence, and pure necessity.

Lady Lamb. And perhaps, after all, the accident was lucky; for Sir John, in order to obviate any ill constructions that may be put upon it, insists now that we should be more together, to let the world see his confidence in us both. This relieves us from restraint, and I now dare tell you—but no—I won't—

Dr. Cant. But why, madam? let me beseech you—

Lady Lamb. No—besides—what need you ask me—

Dr. Cant. Ah! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot, sure, think kindly of me?

Lady Lamb. Well, well; I would have you imagine so.

Dr. Cant. Besides, may I not with reason suspect, that this apparent goodness is but artifice, a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter.

Lady Lamb. Methinks this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolution not to resign her.—I am convinced of it. I can assure you, sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Dr. Cant. Tears—then I must believe you—but in-

deed you wrong me. To prove my innocence, it is not an hour since I pressed Sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady Lamb. Mere artifice. You knew that modest resignation would make Sir John warmer in your interest.

Dr. Cant. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you—

Lady Lamb. Well, sir; now I'll give you reason to guess the reason why, at our last meeting, I pressed you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Dr. Cant. Ah dear! ah dear!

Lady Lamb. You cannot blame me for having opposed your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it.

Dr. Cant. Spare me, spare me; you kill me with this kindness.

Lady Lamb. But, now that I have discovered my weakness, be secret;—for the least imprudence—

Dr. Cant. It is a vain fear.

Lady Lamb. Call it not vain: my reputation is dearer to me than life.

Dr. Cant. Where can it find so sure a guard? the grave austerities of my life will dumb-found suspicion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady Lamb. Well, doctor, 'tis you must answer for my folly.

Dr. Cant. I take it all upon myself.

Lady Lamb. But there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. Cant. Nothing, nothing.

Lady Lamb. My husband, Sir John.

Dr. Cant. Alas, poor man! I will answer for him. Between ourselves, madam, your husband is weak; I can lead him by the nose any where.

SIR JOHN LAMBERT advances in the centre.

Sir J. Lamb. No, caitiff, I'm to be led no farther.

Dr. Cant. Ah! woman.

Sir J. Lamb. Is this your sanctity? this your doctrine? these your meditations?

Dr. Cant. Is then my brother in a conspiracy against me?

Sir J. Lamb. Your ^{earr}brother! I have been your friend, indeed, to ^{and}my shame; your dupe; but your spell has lost its hold: no more canting; it will not serve your turn any longer.

Lady Lamb. Now heaven be praised.

Dr. Cant. It seems you want an excuse to part with me.

Sir J. Lamb. Ungrateful wretch! but why do I reproach you? Had I not been the weakest of mankind, you never could have proved so great a villain. Get out of my sight; leave my house: of all my follies, which is it tells you, that if you stay much longer, I shall not be tempted to wrest you out of the hands of law, and punish you as you deserve?

Dr. Cant. Well; but first let me ask you, sir, who it is you menace? consider your own condition, and where you are.

Sir J. Lamb. What would the villain drive at? leave me; I forgive you: but once more I tell you, seek some other place; out of my house. This instant be gone, and see my shameful face no more.

Dr. Cant. Nay, then, 'tis my duty to exert myself, and let you know that I am master here. Turn you out, sir, this house is mine; and now, sir, at your peril, dare to insult me.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, heavens! 'tis true; whither shall I fly to hide me from the world?

Lady Lamb. Whither are you going, sir?

Sir J. Lamb. I know not—but here, it seems, I am a trespasser—the master of the house has warned me hence—and, since the right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady Lamb. You shall not stir. He dares not act with such abandoned insolence. No, sir, possession still is yours. If he pretends a right, let him, by open course of law, maintain it.

Dr. Cant. Ha! Here! Seyward! [*Exit, L.H.D.*]

Enter MAWWORM, L.H.D.

Sir J. Lamb. Who is this fellow? what do you want, man?

Maw. (*Going to L.H.D.*) My lady, come up.

Enter OLD LADY LAMBERT, L.H.D.

Old Lady Lamb. How now!

Maw. He wants to know who I be.

Old Lady Lamb. The gentleman is a friend of mine, son. I was carrying him in a coach to attend a controversy that's to be held this evening, at the Reverend Mr. Scruple's, about an affair of simony, and called to take up the doctor. But what strange tales are these I hear below?

Sir J. Lamb. The doctor is a villain, madam; I have detected him; detected him in the horrible design of seducing my wife.

Maw. It's impossible.

Sir J. Lamb. What do you say, man?

Maw. I say it's impossible. He has been locked up with my wife for hours together, morning, noon, and night, and I never found her the worse for him,

Old Lady Lamb. Ah, son! son!

Sir J. Lamb. What is your ladyship going to say now?

Old Lady Lamb. The doctor is not in fault.

Sir J. Lamb. 'Slife, madam!

Old Lady Lamb. Oh, he swears! he swears! Years in growing good, we become profligate in a moment. If you swear again, I won't stay in the house.

Maw. Nor I neither: aren't you ashamed of yourself? have you no commenseration on your soul?—Ah! poor wicked sinner! I pity you.

Sir J. Lamb. 'Sdeath! and the devil!

Maw. If you swear any more, I'll inform against you.

Sir J. Lamb. Why would you bring this idiot, madam?

Maw. Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it; I likes to be despised. (*Retires up the stage.*)

Enter CHARLOTTE, L.H.D.

Charl. Oh, dear papa, I shall faint away; there's murder doing.

Sir J. Lamb. Who! where! what is it?

Charl. The doctor, sir, and Seyward, were at high words just now in the garden; and, upon a sudden, there was a pistol fired between them. Oh! I'm afraid poor Seyward is killed.

Sir J. Lamb. How?

Charl. Oh, here he comes himself; he'll tell you more.

Enter CANTWELL, DARNLEY, SEYWARD, and SERVANTS, L.H.D.

Darn. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Here, bring in this ruffian; this is villany beyond example.

Sir J. Lamb. What means this outrage?

Lady Lamb. I tremble.

Seyw. (*In the centre.*) Don't be alarmed, madam—there is no mischief done: what was intended, the doctor here can best inform you.

Sir J. Lamb. (*R.H.*) Mr. Darnley, I am ashamed to see you.

Maw. (*Advances to the centre.*) So you ought; but this good man is ashamed of nothing. (*Retires up the stage.*)

Dr. Cant. Alas! my enemies prevail.

Seyw. In short, gentlemen, the affair is circumstantially this—The doctor called me out into the pavilion in the garden; appeared in great disorder; told me there was a sudden storm raised, which he was not sufficiently prepared to weather. He said, his dependence was upon me; and, at all events, I must be ready to swear, when he called upon me, I had seen him pay Sir John several large sums of money. He talked confusedly about giving value for an estate; but I boldly refused to perjure myself; and told him, on the contrary, I was satisfied he had fleeced Sir John of se-

veral large sums, under pretence of charitable uses, which he secretly converted to his own.—This stung him—and he fastened at my throat. Then, indeed, all temper left me; and, disengaging myself from his hold, with a home-blow, I struck him down. At this, grown desperate, he ran with fury to some pistols that hung above the chimney; but in the instant he reached one, I seized upon his wrist; and as we grappled, the pistol firing to the ceiling, alarmed the family.

Old Lady Lamb. This is a lie, young man, I see the devil standing at your elbow.

Maw. So do I, with a great big pitchfork, pushing him on.

Dr. Cant. Well, what have you more against me?

Darn. More, sir, I hope is needless—but, if Sir John is yet unsatisfied—

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! I have seen too much.

Dr. Cant. I demand my liberty.

Sir J. Lamb. Let him go.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT and Attendants, L.H.D.

Col. Lamb. Hold, sir! not so fast; you can't pass.

Dr. Cant. Who, sir, shall dare to stop me?

Col. Lamb. Within there!

Enter Tipstaff, L.H.D.

Tipstaff. Is your name Cantwell, sir?

Dr. Cant. What if it be, sir?

Tipstaff. Then, sir, I have my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against you.

Dr. Cant. Against me?

Tipstaff. Yes, sir, for a cheat, and impostor.

Old Lady Lamb. What does he say?

Sir J. Lamb. Dear son what is this?

Col Lamb. Only some action of the doctor's, sir, which I have affidavits in my hand here to prove, from more than one creditable witness; and I think it my duty to make the public acquainted with: if he can acquit himself of them, so; if not, he must take the consequence.

Dr. Cant. Well, but stay; let the accusations against me be what they will, by virtue of this conveyance, I am still master here; and, if I am forced to leave the house myself, I will shut up the doors—nobody shall remain behind.

Sir J. Lamb. There! there! indeed he stings me to the heart! for that rash act, reproach and endless shame will haunt me!

Charl. No, sir!—be comforted.—Even there, too, his wicked hopes must leave him; for know, the fatal deed, which you intended to sign, is here, even yet unsealed and innocent!

Sir J. Lamb. What mean you?

Charl. I mean, sir, that this deed, by accident falling into this gentleman's hands, his generous concern for our family discovered it to me; and that, in concert, we procured that other to be drawn exactly like it; which, in your impatience to execute, passed unsuspected for the original. Their only difference is, that wherever here you read the doctor's name, there you'll find my brother's.

Dr. Cant. Come, sir; lead me where you please,
[*Exit, L.H.D. guarded.*]

Old Lady Lamb. I don't know what to make of all this.

Maw. They'll all go to the devil for what they are doing.—Come away, my lady, and let us see after the good dear doctor. Ay, do laugh, you'll go to the devil for all that.—Come, my lady, you go first.

[*Exeunt Mawworm, and Old Lady Lamb. L.H.D.*]

Charl. Now, Darnley, I hope I have made atonement for your jealousy.

Darn. You've banished it for ever! this was beyond yourself surprising.

Col. Lamb. Sister—

Charl. Come, no set speeches; if I deserve your thanks, return them in friendship to your first preserver.

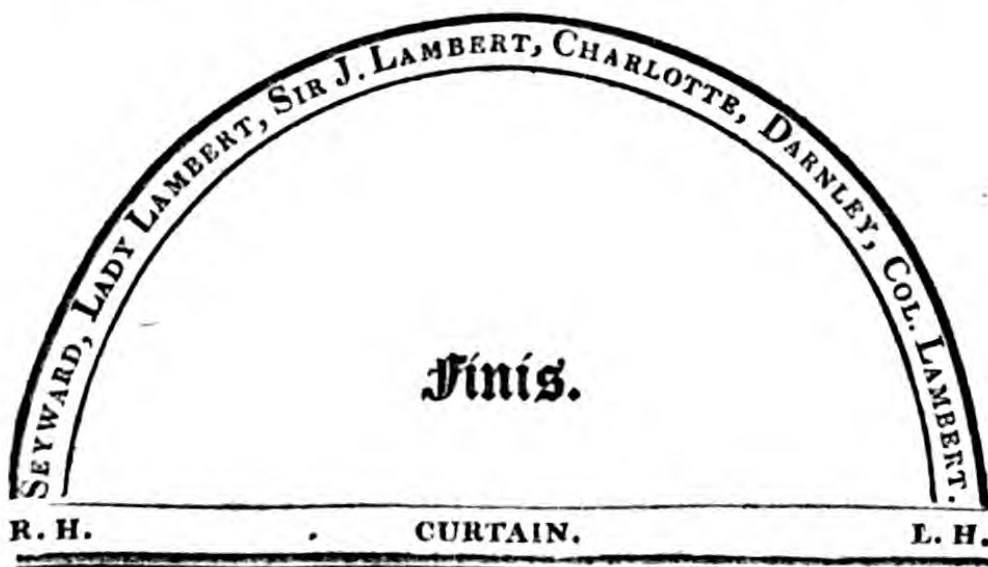
Col. Lamb. The business of my life shall be to merit it.

Seyw. And mine, to speak my sense of obligations.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, my child! for my deliverance, I can only reward you here.—For you, my son, whose filial virtue I have injured, this honest deed shall in every article be ratified.—And, for the sake of that hypocritical villain, I declare, that from henceforward I renounce all pious folks; I will have an utter abhorrence for every thing that bears the appearance—

Charl. Nay, now, my dear sir, I must take the liberty to tell you, you carry things too far, and go from one extreme to another.—What? because a worthless wretch has imposed upon you, under the fallacious show of austere grimace, will you needs have it, every body is like him? confound the good with the bad, and conclude, there are no truly religious in the world?—Leave, my dear sir, such rash consequences to fools and libertines.—Let us be careful to distinguish between virtue and the appearance of it. Guard, if possible, against doing honour to hypocrisy.—But, at the same time, let us allow there is no character in life, greater or more valuable than that of the truly devout—nor any thing more noble, or more beautiful, than the fervour of a sincere piety.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





W. OXBERRY AND CO. PRINTERS,
8, WHITE-HART-YARD.