

*Hard.* I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know *me*?

*Mrs Hard.* Mr Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

*Hard.* Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door?—*(To him.)* This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you.—*(To her.)* Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree? and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

*Mrs Hard.* Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live: I have caught my death in it.—*(To TONY.)* And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

*Tony.* Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on 't.

*Mrs Hard.* I'll spoil you, I will.

*Hard.* There's morality, however, in his reply. *[Follows him off the stage. Exit. [Exit.]*

*Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.*

*Hast.* My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

*Miss Nev.* I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

*Hast.* Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will increase what we possess, beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.