

with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

*Marl.* By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

*Miss Hard.* Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

*Marl. (Kneeling.)* Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam; every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

*Sir Charles.* I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

*Hard.* Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to say now?

*Marl.* That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

*Hard.* It means, that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

*Marl.* Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

*Hard.* Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

*Marl.* Oh, the devil!

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir, that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. (*Curtseying.*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of