

*Miss Nev.* No, Mr Hastings; no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised; but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

*Hast.* But though he had the will, he has not the power, to relieve you.

*Miss Nev.* But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

*Hast.* I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes.*

*Enter SIR CHARLES and MISS HARDCASTLE.*

*Sir Charles.* What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

*Miss Hard.* I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

*Sir Charles.* I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit SIR CHARLES.*]

*Enter MARLOW.*

*Marl.* Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

*Miss Hard.* (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me.