Kate and Mr Hardcastle

HARDCASTLE. So, madam. So, I find THIS is your MODEST lover. This is
your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only
adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive
your father so?

MISS HARDCASTLE. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest
man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

HARDCASTLE. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is
infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul
you about like a milkmaid? And now you talk of his respect and his
modesty, forsooth!

MISS HARDCASTLE. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he
has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that
will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

HARDCASTLE. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you,
I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarce been three hours
in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives.
You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law,
madam, must have very different qualifications.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

HARDCASTLE. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of
turning him out this very hour.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

HARDCASTLE. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling
with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me.

MISS HARDCASTLE. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered
your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as
yet has been inclination