

Sides for HARDCASTLE & MRS. HARDCASTLE

MRS HARDCASTLE: I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there not a creature in the whole country but ourselves that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little?

HARDCASTLE: Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home! In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach.

MRS HARDCASTLE: Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but we never see company. Our best visitors are the curate's wife and the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment is your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Malborough. . I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

HARDCASTLE: And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine, and, I believe Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

MRS HARDCASTLE: Lord, Mr. Hardcastle. I'm not so old as you'd make me. Add twenty to twenty and make money of that.

HARDCASTLE: Let me see; twenty added to twenty makes just fifty and seven.

MRS HARDCASTLE: It's false, Mr. Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I was brought to bed with Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.