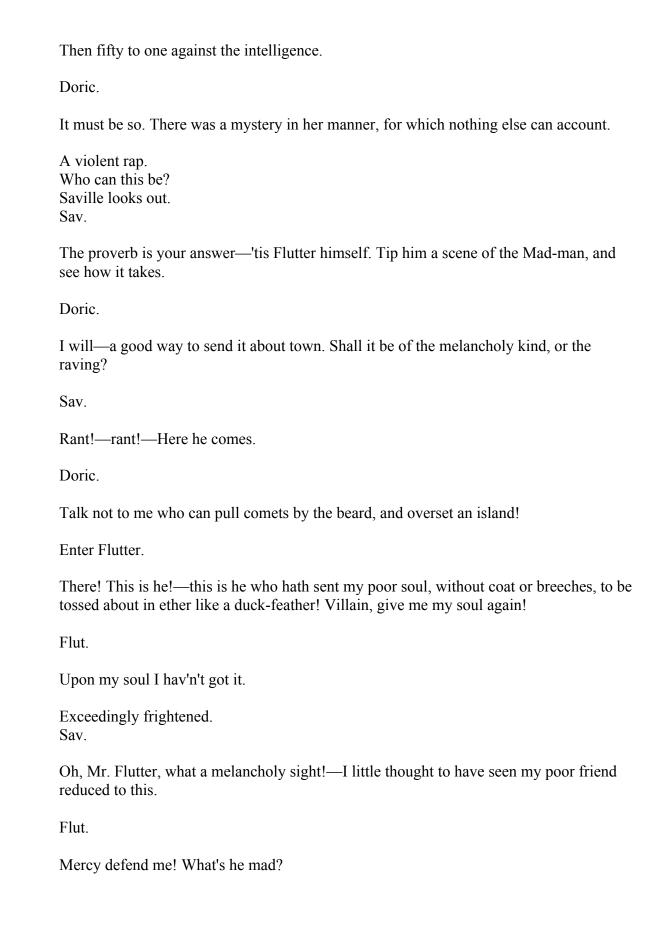
Doricourt in his Robe-de-Chambre. Enter Saville. Sav.
Undress'd so late?
Doric.
I didn't go to bed 'till late—'twas late before I slept-late when I rose. Do you know Lord George Jennett?
Sav.
Yes.
Doric.
Has he a Mistress?
Sav.
Yes.
Doric.
What sort of a creature is she?
Sav.
Why, she spends him three thousand a year with the ease of a Duchess, and entertains his friends with the grace of a Ninon. Ergo, she is handsome, spirited, and clever.
Doricourt walks about disordered. In the name of Caprice, what ails you? Doric.
You have hit it—Elle est mon Caprice—The Mis tress of Lord George Jennett is my caprice—Oh, insuf ferable!
Sav.
What, you saw her at the Masquerade?
Doric.

Saw her, lov'd her, died for her—without know ing her—And now the curse is, I can't hate her.
Sav.
Ridiculous enough! All this distress about a Kept Woman, whom any man may have, I dare swear, in a fortnight—They've been jarring some time.
Doric.
Have her! The sentiment I have conceived for the Witch is so unaccountable, that, in that line, I can not bear her idea. Was she a Woman of Honour, for a Wife, I cou'd adore her—but, I really believe, if she should send me an assignation, I should hate her.
Sav.
Hey-day! This sounds like Love. What be comes of poor Miss Hardy?
Doric.
Her name has given me an ague. Dear Saville, how shall I contrive to make old Hardy cancel the en gagements! The moiety of the estate which he will for feit, shall be his the next moment, by deed of gift.
Sav.
Let me see—Can't you get it insinuated that you are a dev'lish wild fellow; that you are an Infidel, and attached to wenching, gaming, and so forth?
Doric.
Aye, such a character might have done some good two centuries back.—But who the devil can it frighten now? I believe it must be the mad scheme, at last.—There, will that do for the grin?
Sav.
Ridiculous!—But, how are you certain that the Woman who has so bewildered you, belongs to Lord George?
Doric.
Flutter told me so.

Sav.



Sav.
You see how it is. A cursed Italian Lady—Jea lousy—gave him a drug; and every full of the moon—
Doric.
Moon! Who dares talk of the Moon? The patroness of genius—the rectifier of wits—the—Oh! here she is!—I feel her—she tugs at my brain—she has it—she has it—Oh!
Exit. Flut.
Well! this is dreadful! exceeding dreadful, I protest. Have you had Monro?
Sav.
Not yet. The worthy Miss Hardy—what a misfortune!
Flut.
Aye, very true.—Do they know it?
Sav.
Oh, no; the paroxysm seized him but this morn ing.
Flut.
Adieu! I can't stay.
Going in great haste. Sav.
But you must.
holding him Stay, and assist me: —perhaps he'll return again in a moment; and, when he is in this way, his strength is prodigious. Flut.
Can't indeed—can't upon my soul.
Exit. Sav.

Flutter—Don't make a mistake, now;—remem ber 'tis Doricourt that's mad.
Exit. Flut.
Yes—you mad.
Sav.
No, no; Doricourt.
Flut.
Egad, I'll say you are both mad, and then I can't mistake.
Exeunt severally.