

Side 11 Mrs Sullen and Dorinda

Mrs. Sullen: [Dragging Dorinda in enthusiastically, laughing] Ha! ha! ha! my dear sister, let me embrace thee! now we are friends indeed; for now I shall have you conversable on the subject of love.

Dorinda: But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sullen: Psha! now you spoil all; why should not we be as free in our friendships as men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confidant already, has avowed his passion, called you ten thousand angels, has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air, and everything, in a description that warms them all to a second enjoyment.

Dorinda: Oh, sister, I don't feel so good...

Mrs. Sullen: So—out with it—don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now? is he not a demigod, a Narcissus, a star, the man in the moon?

Dorinda: O sister, I'm extremely ill!

Mrs. Sullen: Come, the man is a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church.

Dorinda: I saw him too, sister...and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person...

Mrs. Sullen: Well said, up with it!

Dorinda: No airs to set him off, no studied looks nor artful posture—but Nature did it all—

Mrs. Sullen: Better and better!—more—come on!

Dorinda: But then his looks—did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. Sullen: Yes, yes, I did.—well, what of his eyes?

Dorinda: Sprightly, but not wandering; they never gazed on anything but me.—And then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aimed to tell me that he could with pride die at my feet, though he scorned servitude anywhere else.

Mrs. Sullen: The physic works purely!—How d' ye find yourself now, my dear?

Dorinda: I'm fine! I'm good! I'm great!