

Side 16 Mrs Sullen and Dorinda

Mrs. Sullen: [Smugly] Well, sister!

Dorinda: [Smugly] And well, sister!

Mrs. Sullen: What's become of my lord?

Dorinda: What's become of his servant?

Mrs. Sullen: Servant! he's a prettier fellow, and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees than his master.

Dorinda: Oh, nonsense! His master is the finest of men!

Mrs. Sullen: How a little love and good company improves a woman! Why, you begin to live— you never spoke so before.

Dorinda: Because I was never spoke to.—My lord told me that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. Sullen: You're in the right, Dorinda; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread. But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dorinda: Done! Mine vowed to die for me.

Mrs. Sullen: Mine swore to die with me.

Dorinda: Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sullen: Mine had his moving things too.

Dorinda: Mine offered marriage.

Mrs. Sullen: O Lord! d' ye call that a moving thing?

Dorinda: The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister! Why, if I marry my Lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence, parties, plays, galas, splendour, noise, life!—[Imagines it for a moment] Hey, my Lady Aimwell's servants there!—Lights, lights to the stairs!—My Lady Aimwell's car put forward!—Stand by, make room for her ladyship!—[Notices that Mrs. Sullen looks a little sad at this.] Are not these things exciting?—What! melancholy all of a sudden?

Mrs. Sullen: O, sister! your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine is asleep. Long smiling years of circling joys for you, but not one hour for me!—But, come, you always make me easier.

Dorinda: Then will you promise not to make yourself easy with my lord's...friend?

Mrs. Sullen: I can't swear I could resist the temptation; though I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.