

## Side 8 Dorinda and Mrs Sullen

Dorinda: Good morrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs. Sullen: Anywhere to pray; for Heaven alone can help me. But I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

Dorinda: But there's a form of law in divorce, and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you this continually discontented, I would advise you apply to that: for besides the part that I bear in your broils, as sister to the husband and friend to the wife, your example gives me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to take my person to a long vacation all its life. But supposing, sister, that you brought it to a case of divorce, what can you urge against your husband? My brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. Sullen: He is constantly my husband, I grant you.

Dorinda: He never sleeps apart from you.

Mrs. Sullen: [Ruefully] No, he always sleeps with me.

Dorinda: He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. Sullen: A maintenance! do you take me for a hospital child, that I must bless my

benefactors for meat, drink, and clothes? I brought your brother ten thousand dollars when we married, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called pleasures.

Dorinda: You share in all the pleasures the country affords.

Mrs. Sullen: Country pleasures! racks and torments! Do you imagine that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale and smoking pipes with my husband? or brewing moonshine with my mother-in-law, the local witch doctress?

Dorinda: I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you. But, pray, how came the poets and philosophers, that laboured so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a simple country life?

Mrs. Sullen: Because they had no money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town. You will never see a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand dollars. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures as the poets have painted them; in their landscape, every Phillis has her Corydon, and every flowery mead gives fresh alarms to love. But you'll find that those couples were never married.