

## THE HEN-PECKED MAN

till I see her again ; and when I come home she is in the dumps, because she says she is sure I came so soon only because I think her handsome. I dare not upon this occasion laugh ; but though I am one of the warmest churchmen in the kingdom, I am forced to rail at the times because she is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk politics so long, that she is convinced I kiss her for her wisdom. It is a common practice with me to ask her some question concerning the constitution, which she answers me in general out of Harrington's Oceana. Then I commend her strange memory, and her arm is immediately locked in mine. While I keep her in this temper she plays before me, sometimes dancing in the midst of the room, sometimes striking an air at her spinnet, varying her posture and her charms in such a manner that I am in continual pleasure. She will play the fool if I allow her to be wise ; but if she suspects I like her for her trifling, she immediately grows grave.