

*L. Teaz.* No, no, I have not; a very disagreeable situation it was, or I'm sure I never would have married you.

*Sir Pet.* You forget the humble state I took you from—the daughter of a poor country 'squire. When I came to your father's, I found you sitting at your tambour, in a linen gown, a bunch of keys at your side, and your hair combed smoothly over a roll.

*L. Teaz.* Yes, I remember very well: my daily occupations were, to overlook the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

*Sir Pet.* Oh, I am glad to find you have so good a recollection.

*L. Teaz.* My evening's employments were, to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; play at Pope Joan with the curate; read a sermon to my aunt Deborah; or perhaps be stuck up at an old spinnet, to thrum my father to sleep after a fox-chase

*Sir Pet.* Then you were glad to take a ride out behind the butler, upon the old docked coach-horse.

*L. Teaz.* No, no; I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir Pet.* I say you did. This was your situation. Now, madam, you must have your coach, vis-à-vis, and three powdered footmen to walk before your chair; and in summer two white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens; and, instead of your living in that hole in the country, I have brought you home here, made a woman of fortune of you, a woman of quality—in short, I have made you my wife.

*L. Teaz.* Well, and there is but one thing more you can now add to the obligation, and that is—

*Sir Pet.* To make you my widow, I suppose.

*L. Teaz.* Hem!—

*Sir Pet.* Very well, madam, very well; I am much obliged to you for the hint.

*L. Teaz.* Why, then, will you force me to say shocking things to you? But now we have finished our morning conversation, I presume I may go to my engagements at Lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir Pet.* Lady Sneerwell—a precious acquaintance you