

Side 5 Mrs Sullen

Mrs. Sullen: O sister! if ever you marry, beware of sullen and silent, it's the worst combination. There's more diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing mine rattle a little. Let me tell you all about my deathless romance. The husband came home this morning at his usual hour of four, and woke me by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces. After he rolled about the room like a sick passenger in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath terminal, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap. O, the joys of the marriage bed! He tosses up the blankets with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!