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The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony: Responses from Men

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The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony: Responses from Men

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[Transcriber's Note: The following was proofread from what appear to be scans of photocopies of a reproduction of the original text. On top of the original's battered type-face and archaic spellings, this preparer, and the proofreaders before him, have had to contend with dirty or faded images and missing margins. We have made our best guesses as to the missing letters, but in some cases we were stymied; those few places are marked with [*?]. In addition, the most obvious printer's mistakes (transposed, missing, obviously incorrect, and even upside-down letters) have been corrected.]

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*The
Fifteen Comforts
of
matrimony.*

Or,

Looking glass for all Those who have Enter'd in that Holy and Comfortable State. herein are sum'd up all those Blessings that attend a Married Life.

Dedicated to Batchelors and Widdowers.

London. Printed in the Year, 1706.

The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

The First Comfort of Matrimony.

Happy were Man, when born as free as Air,
Did he that freedom as he ought, prefer;
But the first Thing he sets his Heart upon,
Is to be Married, and to be undone:

On some young *Girl* he casts his wanton Eyes,
 And woos her with fine Complements and Toys.
 But that's not all---he grows in Love at last,
 And is impatient till those Joys he taste:
 Nor do's the wishing Virgin disagree,
 In what she longs to taste as well as he;
 Married they are---no Couple for a while
 Enjoy such Pleasure, Fortune seems to smile:
 But all's a Dream, from which in time they wake,
 And now their Breasts of other Cares partake:
 She grows true Woman, sullen, proud, and high,
 Complains he keeps her not accordingly,
 To what she brought---wants This rich Thing, and That
 Until she runs him o'er Head and Ears in Debt,
 That in a Gaol he's forc'd to end his Life,
 The first great Comfort flowing from a Wife.

The Second Comfort of Matrimony.

Another that has got a Handsome Wife,
 Makes her the only Heaven of his Life;
 Keeps her Extravagantly, Fine and Gay,
 And never thinks she makes too much away;
 The *Treats* and *Balls* she is invited to,
 And he good Man, consents that she shall go:
 Believes her Company is much desired,
 And's proud to think she shou'd be so admired:
 Until at length, by chance he finds the Truth,
 And catches her with some enamour'd Youth:
 Surpriz'd---but dare not make the Matter known,
 Conceals her Shame, that he may hide his own;
 He ever after spends an anxious Life,
 Heavy his Sorrow, and as Light his Wife.

The Third Comfort of Matrimony.

Scarce has another three full Moons beguil'd,
 But that his forward Spouse has prov'd with Child,
 And now begins the drugery of Life,
 Lo! the vast Comforts of a Breeding Wife,
 Now she's grown Squeamish, such ado is kept,
 She e'en as peevish as an *Ape* new whipt,
 She pukes and whines, do's nothing but complain,
 And vows she'll never know the like again;
 But 'tis as Children promise to be good,
 Only remember'd while they feel the Rod.
 And now the look'd for time approaches nigh,
 And you've a thousand several Things to buy,

The Twi-lights, Blankets, and the Lord knows what,
To keep the Child, perhaps he never got,
A noise of Bawdy Gossips in his Ears,
Until his House like *Billings gate* appears,
Thus amply curst, he grows discreetly dull,
And from a Man of Sence, becomes a Fool.

The Fourth Comfort, &c.

One that so fast in *Hymens* Net appears,
He has been struggling in't near twenty Years:
With Care and Toil to propagate his Store,
Able to keep the Wolf just from the Door;
As num'rous Offspring round his Table spread;
Daughters for Marriage fit, and Sons for Trades,
Is Blest with Comforts of the Marriage Bed.
Charges encreasing daily, and the thought
Where to get Money to dispose 'em out?
Or then perhaps he feels the greater Curse,
The Sons turn Sots, or Fools, the Daughters worse;
The Wife still teezing him to do his part,
Until he has enough to break his Heart.

The Fifth Comfort, &c.

But the least pitied is your Aged Ass,
Who tho full Sixty, wou'd for Forty pass:
And that he may be sure a Crop to have,
And carry *Horns* fresh budding to his Grave,
On one of Twenty, blooming as a Rose,
His dry and wither'd Carkass he bestows:
She jilts, intrigues, and plays upon him still,
Keeps her Gallants, and Rambles at her Will;
Do's nothing but her Pride and Pleasure mind,
And throws his Gold like Chaff before the Wind;
Until at length she beggars the old Slave,
And brings his Gray-Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.

The Sixth Comfort, &c.

The next in course is he that weds a Shrew; One that will talk, and wear the Breeches too; Governs,
insults, do's what e'er she thinks fit, And he good Man, must to her Will submit; Mannages all Affairs
at home, abroad, While he a Cypher seems, and stands for naught; When e'er he speaks, she snaps him,
and crys, *Pray hold your Tongue, who was't made you so wife? You will be prating, though you
nothing know:* This he must bear, and be contented too, See his Friends slighted, and must silent be,
Till Death shall from the Torment set him free.

The Seventh Comfort, &c.

Another that has liv'd some Years in Peace,
A wedded Life--do's now in strength decrease,
Nor able is to satisfie that Debt,
Which Marriage claims, and Women still expect,
Wherefore she now withdraws her Love and Care,
Reviles, and twits him of his Sights to her;
Makes it a daily Quarrel, flings and throws,
And Peace is now a Stranger to his House;
Nay, even his Servants, and his Children too,
E'en act the same they see the Mother do,
While he declining, and consumptive sits,
Bears all with patience, and to all submits.

The Eighth Comfort, &c.

Another *Lady*, nicer bred and born,
Makes Huswif'ry, and Providence her Scorn
Her Maid and she must to the *Wells* repair,
She is not well, and goes to take the Air:
The House to Servants she entrusts at home,
And down on *Saturday* her Spouse must come,
And with him something very Costly bring,
Or Treat her there with some nice pretty thing,
She brought a Fortune, and it must be so,
But home to Rack and Ruin all do's go,
He sums his Gains, and finds it will not do;
In that for fifteen hundred pound she brought,
He'd better had a Huswife in her Smock.

The Ninth Comfort, &c.

Another that with Prudence, and with Cares,
Has mannag'd well his Family Affairs,
Govern'd his Wife and Children with that ease,
Which always kept the Family in peace;
His sons and Daughters educated so,
None better bred, none cou'd gentiler go:
The Sons are now set up to drive their Trade,
The daughters married, and their Fortunes paid.
One Son runs out, another takes ill ways,
For which their Father's Pocket always pays;
The Daughter's Husband breaks, and she must come
And live a burthen on him again at home;
Until the daily Cares that they impart,
Break first his Substance, and then break his Heart.

The Tenth Comfort, &c.

One thinking to encrease the Joys of Life,
 Marries a Beautiful young Buxom Wife;
 But soon he finds himself grow cloy'd and weak,
 Nor can he give her half those Joys she'd take,
 He now Consumptive, Pale and Meagre grows,
 While she complaining to her Parents goes;
 Says *she can't Love him, such a one as he.*
 And now desires she may live sep'rately.
 The poor fond Parents to him trudge in haste,
 And reprimand him soundly for what's past.
 He knows no Cause---Nor thinks he is to blame,
 They tell him plainly she shall live with them,
 And he allow her what is fit to have,
 Which he must yield to if he'll quiet have.

The Eleventh Comfort, &c.

Another has begun before her Time,
 Tasted those joys---but still conceal'd her Crime
 And now her Parents thinks her fit to Wed,
 (The Man that has her's finely brought to Bed,)
 Some hopeful Youth of Equal Worth is found,
 And soon his Suit with glad Success is crown'd,
 The Marriage Articles next agreed,
 And the Impostor *Virgin* sooth'd to Bed;
 The Am'rous *Bridegroom* on the Wanton flies,
 Who modestly his first Attempt denys;
 Again he moves her, she denys again,
Crys Lord I never shall endure a Man:
 But warmer grown, he rushes on the Bride,
 And panting now, is but with Sighs deny'd,
 She yields a little to dissemble more,
 Knowing the part she'd acted once before:
 Wwhile he good Man, so pleas'd with what he'as done,
 Proclaims her Chastity to all the Town.

The Twelfth Comfort, &c.

Some are so fond, so blinded in their Choice, That they are ravish'd with their beautiful Prize; In such a case the young unthinking Sot, Boasts what a handsome Genteel Wife he'as got, Doates on her Face, commends her Shape and Air, And thinks her Virtuous beyond compare: When all the time she plays her Pranks unknown, And with her Gallant rambles up and down; [*?]y, brings him home, while the poor Husband's sent On some Fools Errand, she has her content: At length he finds her out, but dare not speak, But bears all calmly for his Honour's sake.

The Thirteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

This Married to some Beauty of Renown, }
 Whose Business often keeps him out of Town; }
 But the good Woman cannot lie alone: }
 While the poor *Lawyer's* stating o'er the Case,
 She finds another to supply his Place;
 And proving pregnant, reckons up the Time,
 Lest the Sot Husband shou'd suspect her Crime.
 She swallows Drugs and Poysons ev'ry day,
 To bring the Child before its time away;
 This she performs so often, and is Sick,
 That he at length begins to smoak the Trick;
 Next time he keeps account, and plains it is,
 He swears point-blank the Child is none of his.

The Fourteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

The next a Widow thinks it best to Wed,
 And takes the knowing Matron to his Bed,
 A while he quenches her insatiate Fire,
 But in a little times begins to tire,
 The *Lady* soon the difference can find,
 And truly very plainly speaks her Mind,
 She twits him of the good departed Man,
 Whose like, she says, *She ne'er shall see again,*
He never left me in a Morning so,
But took a parting Kiss before he'd go;
And get me some Good Thing for Breakfast too:
Well, he a dear kind Husband was to me,
But now my Days are spent in Misery.

The Fifteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

Last, and not least of all these Comforts is,
 The Man that's Wedded unto some Disease,
 A peevish, crazy, and a sickly Wife,
 The Burthen and the Nuisance of his Life;
 Her Bed, the meer resemblance of a Tomb,
 And an *Apothecarys* Shop her Room;
 Coughing and Spitting all the Night she lies,
 A very Antidote to Marriage Joys:
 Yet the poor Man must bear with all these Ills,
 Besides the Excessive Charge of Physick Bills,
 A Nurse, fine Cordials, and a hundred things,
 Until his Substance she to little brings,
 Till may be she at length resigns to Death,
 The only Comfort he cou'd hope on Earth.

FINIS.

* * * * *

Advertisement

The best and most Experienced Remedy for *Sore* or *Weak Eyes*, that ever yet was made known to the World, being of that wonderful Efficacy, that it infallibly dispels any *Humour* or *Salt Rheum* distilling from the Head; and takes away all Soreness, or Redness, or Swelling: It also strengthens *weak Eyes* (Sometimes occasioned by the *Small-Pox*) and will disperse any *Film* or *Cataract* growing over the *Eye*, whereby the Sight oftentimes becomes dim; in a few times using this Excellent Remedy, to those that will be perswaded to use it often, it will preserve the *Sight* to an incredible Age, and read the smallest of Prints. It being a Secret acquired by a Gentleman in his long Study, whereby he has wrought wonderful *Cures* among his Relations and Acquaintance; and now made publick for the Benefit of all People that will make tryal of it.

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THE
Batchelors *and* Maids
ANSWER

TO THE

FIFTEEN COMFORTS
OF
MATRIMONY.

BEING

Real Encouragements for all Single Persons of both Sexes to Marry as soon as ever they can get Wives and Husbands, in order to avoid the danger of leading Apes in Hell; with suitable Directions for that purpose.

Dedicated to Married Men and Women.

Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

LONDON, Printed and Sold by *Henry Hills*,
in *Black-Fryars*, near the Water-side.

*The Batchelors and Maids Answer to the
Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.*

Answer to the First Mock Comfort.

But why shou'd Marriage render Man undone?
When nothing's like it underneath the Sun.
True Pleasures in the Marriage-Bed alone,

Real Joys without it never yet was known.
 The Charming Bliss in Wedlock chiefly lies,
 A Single Life all Honest Men despise,
 What greater Comfort can on Earth be found,
 When two True Hearts are both together Crown'd.
 All other Pleasures are but Pains to this,
 A Married Couple only, finds the Bliss.
 The Frowns of Fate, and other Worldly Cares,
 Are daily lessen'd by divided Shares.
 The mutual Love of Man and Wife dispense,
 With all the Chances of dark Providence;
 Nay, If in Prison he shou'd chance to lie,
 A Loving Wife brings Comforts and Supply.
 She pays him visits with Delight and Care,
 And Loves him ne're the less for being there.

Answer to the Second Mock Comfort.

And why shou'd not a Man adore his Wife,
 Since She's the only Comfort of his Life.
 A Gift presented by the Gods above,
 A lively Emblem of the Charms of Love.
 All o're Divine, a Heaven, here below
 Man's Paradise, where Joys in Plenty flow.
 No Shame, but Honour does bless'd Wedlock Crown,
 And ushers in both Glory and Renown.
 Sweet pretty Babes, the Product of each Charm,
 In Marriage-Bed protects us from all harm,
 Their Innocence like Lambs and Doves appear,
 Which make our Hearts and Minds quite void of Care.
 No Sorrow can lay hold of Man or Wife,
 Where Love and Virtue is the Rule of Life.

Answer to the Third mock Comfort.

Oh! Monstrous Man, nay Beast, (I almost said)
 What cursed Thoughts are got into thy Head?
 To rail at those to whom thy Life is due,
 No Mortal yet durst be so vile as you?
 If whipping *Joan* was here alive and stout,
 You do deserve to be well whip'd about.
 Ten thousand lashes shall adorn thy Bumb,
 If ever such a whipping Lass should come.
 'Tis strange a Woman shou'd be so envy'd,
 Not only mock'd, but shamefully bely'd.
 With bawdy Gossips, and the Lord knows what,
 To Name a Child the Husband never got.
 You call him Fool, and yet that Title claim,

And prove your self the Person you wou'd Name.
You know it is a Woman's due by Birth,
To Scold and Cry, next moment Joy and Mirth.
One minute smile, the very next a Frown,
Perhaps the next she knocks her Husband down.
But what does this to hinder higher Charms?
When Joys are fix'd between the Husband's Arms,
Such transports are out of the reach of thought,
Tis only known where Wedlock Bonds are wrought.

Answer to the Fourth Mock Comfort.

The Marriage-hater here is forc'd to own,
The many Comforts which doth Wedlock Crown.
But strives to mix it with such Cares and Toil,
As if curs'd Malice cou'd such Blessings spoil.
Makes Charges frightful on that very score,
As if Mankind should ne'er encrease no more;
Nay, *Atheist*-like, he makes it ten times worse,
And calls *God's Blessings* nothing but a Curse:
Our Sons are Sots, and all our Daughters Whores,
Because we keep the Woolf just from the Doors:
Was ever Man so void of Sense and Shame,
As thus against all Reason to exclaim?
As if a Wife her Kindness to impart,
Shou'd tease her Husband as to break his Heart:
This is such Stuff as ne'er was heard before,
But hope the like again shall see no more.

Answer to the Fifth Mock Comfort.

I here agree with this, my Rhiming Foe,
And own 'tis Folly when the Case is so;
For whatsoever the cunning Jilt pretend
To her Old Husband, yet she'll have Her Friend;
She'll coax the Dotard when his Bags are full,
Yet even then graft *Horns* upon his Skull,
Makes him a Beggar to enrich her *Cull*:
She seems most fond, till she gets all the *Pence*,
And then with Bag and Baggage marches thence;
She leaves the Fool without one single *Cross*,
To sit, lamenting for his fatal *Loss*.

Answer to the Sixth Mock Comfort.

But here I differ from the *Poet's* Thought,
Who says, A *Scold* as even good for nought;
For, like *Job's* Wife, she will Man's Patience try,

And bring Repentance too, before he die:
Then who'd live single, if a Scolding Wife
Works such great Wonders in a Husband's Life?

Answer to the Seventh Mock Comfort.

No modest Woman will disdain her Spouse,
Because he seldom peeps into her House;
Since Age and Sickness doth the Sport prevent,
She'll exercise her Patience with Content:
For where all's gone, the *Queen* must lose Her *Right*,
So must a Wife the Pleasure of the Night.
A Loving Woman, puts up those Defects,
And gives her Husband Honour and Respect;
Like Pious *Sarah*, serve him like a *Lord*;
Obeys in all things, which do's Peace afford:
Their Children too add Pleasure to their Lives!
Thus Men are Bless'd, who marry Virtuous Wives.

Answer to the Eighth Mock Comfort.

Why should not Females under Wedlock tyes,
Participate with what the Man Enjoys?
Man's Second-self must have her share in Mirth
A Freedom, which is right to her by Birth:
If *Fortune's* Bounty has encreased her Store,
Her *Husband's* Love to her shou'd be the more;
No Cost or Care too much for such a Wife,
Whose Vertuous Charms adds Pleasure to the Life:
Such *Comforts* on a married Life depend,
There's nothing like a Loving Bosom-Friend.
If *Husband's* Stock is wasted by mischance,
A careful Wife will soon the same advance.

Answer to the Ninth Mock Comfort.

The Man more often is the cause of Loss,
By Drinking, Whoring or some Earthly Cross;
Then patient Wife, who yet must bear the Blame,
And hide the cause of his notorious Shame;
And many times the Sons and Daughters too,
Act just the same they see their Father do:
And therefore if they chance to go astray,
The Father pointed out the crooked way;
And yet the Crosses in a married Life
Are all imputed to a Tender Wife:
And notwithstanding all this knavish Art,
It sooner breaks the *Wife's* than *Husband's* Heart.

Answer to the Tenth Mock Comfort.

I wonder where this spiteful Author finds such wanton Women, with such lustful Minds; Unless he speaks by knowledge of his own, Whose Lewdness is the Scandal of the Town; If so, he's not mistaken in his Mark, For Joan's *as good as Lady in the Dark*: But 'tis unjust to tax all Womankind, With Vices proper to one single mind. If some are bad, I only this shall say, I pity those that wed with such as they.

Answer to the Eleventh Mock Comfort.

This by Experience, as I said before,
You speak because you married such a Wh----re;
The words themselves as plain, as plain can be
Describe your self, that you are only He,
The very Actions with your cheating Bride,
In lustful Sport, when you lay by her side;
How by degrees she did the Fool deceive
With fained Blushes make you then believe
Her Virgin Fort well fortify'd within,
Free from Attacks of such a pleasing Sin:
What e'er the Picture wants of being true,
Is, that it looks not so deform'd as you.

Answer to the Twelfth Mock Comfort.

Tho' some are blindly led, and others run,
And make both haste and speed to be undone;
This alters not the Case in any wise,
But that a Man sometimes may get a Prize,
If some be wanton in obscure Nookes,
And *Ape* the *Saint*, by framing modest Looks;
Deceive the Husband, with her cunning Wiles,
And cheat his Senses with her feigned smiles,
These (I confess,) are hardships to be born,
And worse to think the Fore-head tip'd with Horn,
But still good Wives, if any such there be,
Are real Comforts of a high Degree.

Answer to the Thirteenth Mock Comfort.

The Lawyer's Wife is brought in for her share,
To recompence her Loving Husband's care;
As he by Bribes hath Honest Men undone,
She gives to Knaves, what he might call his own.
But Drugs and Poysons to a married Wife,
I cannot understand it for my Life.
For she that has a Husband need not fear,
But all Suspicion soon will disappear.

No matter where or when the Child was got,
It always falls unto the Husband's Lot.

Answer to the Fourteenth Mock Comfort.

'Tis true, a Widow always knows the best,
To judge those Joys, which some do call a Jest.
And if her Second Mate prove weak and dull,
With Sorrow then be sure her Heart is full.
And who can blame her, if she makes Complaint,
For that sweet Comfort to supply her want.
Well may she grieve at such a Cross as this,
For that one Fault makes all things go amiss.
If Husband wants what Widows Nature crave }
He'd better be condemn'd to be a Slave, }
Or make the Raging Sea his Watry Grave. }
But if she finds her Pleasures to encrease,
Oh! then (my Husband) *how we live in Peace.*
She's then all Charms, no Comforts here below,
Are like what she and her dear Spouse do know.

Answer to the Fifteenth Mock Comfort.

A Peevish Husband makes a peevish Wife,
And so brings Scandal on a Married Life.
No wonder then if Sickness and Disease,
Brought on by Crosses, doth the Body seize.
All this is owing to a hair-brain'd Man,
Whose base ill nature all the strife began.
Then why shou'd Women thus be stil'd a Curse?
When Man himself perhaps is ten times worse.
Perhaps you'll say this is proposterous,
In blaming others I my self expose.
I Answer thus, if it was not for shame,
I'd this same Minute quite disown the Name.
For Men like you, their Names do sound no more,
Than if you call'd an Honest Woman Whore.

FINIS.

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At the *Pastry-School*, over against the *Compter* in *Shovel-Ally* in *Wood-street*, near *Cheapside*; is Sold, a never failing Oyntment that Cures the *GOUT*, altho the Party be reduced to his Crutches, and that in two or three Days time; having often been found True by Experience, to the great Ease and Comfort of many: It also Cures *Rheumatick* Pains. Likewise a Cure for the *Tooth-Ach*, which Infallibly Cures without Drawing.

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The Fifteen
COMFORTS
of
Whoring,

OR,

The Pleasures of a Town-Life.

Dedicated to the Youth of the
present Age.

By the Author of the Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

LONDON
Printed in the YEAR, 1706.

The PREFACE.

I am in a little pain lest the Title shou'd give Offence to some, whom I am unwilling to disoblige; yet I hope be more Judicious, when they see the design will allow it both their Pardon and Approbation: for 'tis more than a little odds, had I call'd it the Fifteen Plagues of Whoring, whether the young Gentlemen most concerned in it, would have given themselves the trouble to peruse it. As they are Children in their Actions, they must be dealt with like Children, and have their Horn-books Gi[?]ou the back. This is all the Apology I have to make; which I hope the Moral will explain, and supply all else that might be said upon that Head. Among all other Debaucheries, as the principal, and leading Vice, I shall begin with Whoring.*

The Fifteen Comforts of Whoring

The First Comfort of Whoring.

No sooner Youth throws off his Infant Plays,
The harmless Pastime of his happier Days
But past a Child, is still in Judgement so,
And studies first what he is not to know,
Pleasure and Sence his easie Soul entice,
Spurr'd forward by his Native Love to Vice:
A Mistress now his Fancy entertains,
And Youthful Vigour boils within his Brains.
The poor lost Maid he do's with Oaths intice;
And loads his Soul with twenty Thousand Lyes;
Promises Marriage, Love, a hundred things,
Till both himself and her, he to destruction brings.
At length he finds his falsity repaid,
And draws the Curse of Heaven on his Head.

The Second Comfort of Whoring.

By this some Lewder Harlot is Carrest,
Who plays the Tyrant in his Am'rous Breast;
The Charming Syren touches e'ery String,
To keep his busie Fancy on the Wing;
All by her whiles, she binds her Captive fast,
Sooths him at first, and bubbles him at last.
To feed her Pride, clandestine means he'll take,
Rob Friends, or Master; for the Harlot's sake,
Still to the greatest Ill's he do's descend,
And Ruin only; Ruin Seals his End.

The Third Pleasure of a Town Life.

What Nature has not done, a Harlot will,
(For sure Destruction is her boasted Skill:
One Scarce to the full Bloom of Life attain'd,
Before of Cramps and Aches he complains,
Curses the Jilt---looks pale and wan withal:
Wither'd like Fruit by their untimely fall,
Go's thro' a hated Course of nauseous Pills,
And spends a little thousand Pocky Bills:
Perhaps at length he do's get free from pain,
But the Effects on't all his Life remain.

The Fourth Pleasure of a Town Life.

Another hardly does escape so well,
From Purgatory he drops into Hell;
Where like a branded Sacrifice he comes,
And in the Flame the Harlot lit, consumes:
Of Buboës, Nodes, and Ulcers he complains,
Of Restless Days, and damn'd nocturnal Pains.
Nor less than into six Weeks Flux he goes:
Comes out a Shadow, pale and Meagre shews,
If Heaven spare that Ornament his Nose:
Thus all his Youthful Vigor's thrown away,
And e're his time he dwindles to decay.

The Fifth Comfort of a Town Life.

This married, settled in the Joys of Life,
A handsom Trade, and an endearing Wife;
Does yet a mind incontinent betray,
And for a Night of Pleasure dearly pay:
Having received a Favour from his Miss,
He kindly gives it to a Friend of his:

The Wife, (for that the Marriage Rites say still)
 Must bear a part both of the Good or Ill.
 She finds what pity 'tis she e'er had known,
 Since for no Crime, nor Pleasure of her own,
 Reveals it to him, knowing not at first,
 What might the Cause be---tho' she fear'd the worst.
 He strives to pacifie her twenty ways
 Blushes---or wou'd do if he'd any Grace.
 Tells Her the truth in Penetential strain,
 And vows he'll never do the like again,
 She weeps, forgives him all---but must endure,
 The manner, and the Charges of a Cure;
 Where One in twenty scarce so perfect be,
 But that they leave it to Posterity.

The Sixth Comfort of a Town Life.

Or where they 'scape the plagues of *Pox* and *Pills*,
 The Sin is liable to fifty Ills,
 Of equal Danger, tho' a diff'rent Cure,
 As he that dreading Claps wou'd Sin secure;
 For soon the pliant Wretch he has beguil'd
 Hath to his Charge and wonder prove with Child:
 At which, 't may properly be said a Man,
 Leaps from the Fire to the Frying-pan,
 This for his Reputation sake must be reveal'd
 When Claps are only as a Jest reveal'd
 She's now Remov'd---Deliver'd---and the Nurse;
 Comes thick and threefold to Exhaust his Purse;
 A blessed Life that woful Mortal bears,
 With *Nurse* and *Child*, and *Mother* in his Ears.
 Arm'd with a Thousand things that must be had,
 Till they have drein'd him poor and made him mad:
 What better (had he been convin'd before,)
 He had Transgress'd with some Obedient Whore.

The Seventh Pleasure of a Town Life.

Another that he may his Joys secure,
 Turns *Limbetham* and keep some Gaudy whore,
 Thinks her his own---when Satan knows her his mind,
 Is like her Body not to be confin'd,
 As constant as the Moon, she plays her part,
 And like a Viper preys upon his Heart:
 Draws him so poor, till like her Slaves,
 Which she bestows on some smart Fop she loves,
 For this is with 'em a perpetual Rule,
 They never Love the Person that they fool,

This he perceives not till it is too late,
Till Ruined in his Person and Estate.
And then good Night, when all his money's gone,
Miss leaves him too, to ply about the Town.

The Eighth Pleasure of a Town Life.

But above all--if't be within thy Power,
Oh Fate! to Curse me any mortal more,
Let him be him that does so wretched prove,
To be with some Intriguing Jilt in Love:
Nay, tho' in part to mollifie his pain,
We'll say the Harlot chance to Love again?
I mean such Love as Lewdness can impart,
Bred in the Blood---but never in the Heart.
With softning presents he would Cure her mind,
To him, and only to him, to be Kind.
But were the *Indies* all within his Pow'r
To give, he would but lavish all his Store,
He might confine the Sea, as soon as her.
What then (since Love no Rival will submit)
Must he indure that with this plague do's meet:
When every Thought is Death and Discontent
To know, what he wants power to prevent,
The case can only this conclusion have,
He's twice more wretched than a Galley-slave.

The Ninth Pleasure of a Town Life.

This has some Jilt for a long time sustain'd, Who has Imperious o'er his Pocket reign'd; At length grown weary of so loose a Life, Or for some other Cause, he takes a wife: The Jilt now like a Fury flings and tears, Ten thousand Oaths to be reveng'd she swears: Threatens to come before his very Door, For Whores are plagues that never give you o'er: *There in the open Street to act the Scene, And let the World know what a Spark he's been: This; may be some fair promises prevents, If constantly attended with the pence; For Whores and Fidlers this one Rule advance, Of old; no longer Pipe, no longer Dance. But if the Promis'd Pension he withdraws, The Fury then again Exerts her Claws: Thus he a charge, continual intails, Besides the Curse, the Noise, and all things else;*

The Tenth Pleasure of a Town Life,

Another Harlot works by various means, And acts a Jilt's true part behind the Scenes, [?]nds the kind Bubble of a pliant Size, And Spreads a subtle Net to catch her Prize, With greater ease to drive him in the same, She first obtains his Residence, and Name, Two useful Perquisites for her design; The Shallow Easie Fop to undermine; A Mesiage next she sends to let him know, Convey'd by some such useful Rogue as R----w; That she's with Child---and by the Love she bore, It must be him---for she was never so before. Which he with wonderful Surprize receives, And for the present some few Guineas gives, Thus he's impos'd on by a wretched Cheat, And er'e he finds it out; pays dearly for his Wit.*

The Eleventh Pleasure of a Town Life.

Nor this alone Debauch'ry comprehends, The forward Age to other vice descends, And Youth e're he'as attain'd good Sence to think, Addicts himself with Pride, to swear and drink: [?]'s Rules Immoral from Example take, And e're he's turn'd of fifteen, turns a Rake: [*?]ots in Sin--(nothing that's Lewd shall scape And on his Virgin Health commits a Rape, Forsaking Reason--grows to Vice a Slave, And e'r he's Thirty drops into his Grave.*

The Twelfth Plague of a Town Life,

Another has a better Progress made, And binds himself Apprentice to the Trade; A parboyl'd Sot, without one Spark of Grace, Whose nightly Sins are number'd on his Face: Which with the Rags upon his back make out, The very Arms and Ensigns of a Sot: Who like a Rat into Some Corner goes, And dies Unpittied both by Friends and Foes.

The Thirteenth Pleasure of a Town Life.

What do's that Man deserve? to whom his Fate; Has given an ample Stock or an Estate? (That has, perhaps, besides a tender Wife; Yet into Riot and Excess do's fall, And in debauchery consumes it all? And to his Sure Destruction makes such hast; He do's in Body, with his Substance waste: Lives till he want what he had misemply'd And is like one that God had curs'd, Destroy'd.

The Fourteenth Pleasure of a Town Life.

But say that this a Constitution has, Firm and unshaken as a pile of Brass Yet who'd Endure the Palsies, aching Heads? The pains, the Qualms, that nightly Drinking breeds? Perpetual disorder drags him on, Business Neglected, and himself Undone, A Wretched Life he spends till threescore Years, And then the Fruits of Drunkenness appears.

The Fifteenth Pleasure of a Town Life.

Satyr and couculde---and sum the Evils up,
Shew the great wonder how the Land shou'd 'scape,
From Fires, Famines, Pestilence and Rage,
To crush so vile, so profligate an Age?
For let the Church be Empty as it will,
You'll see the Play-house, and the Taverns fill:
Whole Afternoons, whole Nights they'll Squander there,
Yet can't Spare one poor Minute on't for Pray'r,
This is the Sum of a Licentious Town,
Where Lewdness is into Example grown.

FINIS.

* * * * *

THE
Fifteen Comforts

OF
Cuckoldom.

*Written by a noted Cuckold in the New-Exchange
in the Strand.*

Printed in the Year 1706.

To the Reader.

The Town being diverted of late with a great many Comforts, several of the Gentlemen and others of the cornuted Society belonging to Horn-Fair_ not thinking those Comforts compleat without them of Cuckoldom, they requested me to undertake the Performance thereof, as having had some experience for many Years in Wives cokesing their Husbands in the very Moment they design'd to put a pair of Antlers on their Heads for fear of being gor'd by their Neighbours; whilst other good Wives are as often Picking their Husband's Pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow: I have experienced those kind Wives too who are commonly upon the religious Point of going to Lectures when alas they had no other Business at Church than to meet their Gallants, who presently coaches 'em, because they dearly love Jilting. But for Brevity passing the several Dispositions of Men's Wives, as such as are Melancholly many Times for a Delay or Defeat, whilst others are preparing to make their Markets at the Play-house or Spring-Garden; or else to the Bath, when Bathing is the least part of their Errand, I shall draw to the Comforts which we enjoy by our Wives good Nature to others, which to their Fancies is sweet as Muskadine and Eggs._

The Fifteen Comforts, &c.

The first Comfort of Cuckoldom.

As I last Night in Bed lay Snoring,
I sweetly dreamt of Drinking and of Whoring,
Which waking me from a most pleasant Sleep,
To my dear Wife I very close did creep,
And offering to give her what I shou'd,
Quoth she, you Fumbler you can do no good,
Give me the Man that never claps his Wings,
But always Life and Courage with him brings,
'Tis such an one wou'd please; but as for you
If Night and Morning some small matter do;
You think you've done your due Benevolence,
When I with thrice your Labour can dispence.
This Reprimand my Courage soon did cool,
And fearing Combing with a Three-Legg'd-Stool;
I very fairly went to sleep again,
And left her of my Manhood to complain.

The Second Comfort of Cuckoldom.

No sooner had I chang'd my single Life, And had confin'd my Carcass to a Wife; But she was always
Gadding up and down, To take the various Pleasures of the Town; Howe're I only reckon'd this to be,
The airy Frisks of her Minority, Till shortly finding and old Hag wou'd pay Her Visits oft, and take her

Day by Day [*?]oad, indeed this gave me some Mistrust, That this old weather beaten Devil must Be some Procurer, and resolv'd to watch Their Waters, where shoul'd I the Bitches catch, But in a Bowdy-house in *Milford-lane*? So going in a Passion home again, At twelve at Night my Doxie likewise came, Whom I in mod'rate Terms began to blame; Telling her that old Witch with whom she went, Abroad a Days by Rogues was only sent About to Wheedle young and tender Maids To Ruine, till they turned common Jades. *You Lie*, reply'd my hopeful graceless Dear, *I'll have you know, I'll never sin in fear, Besides for she of whom you think, Amiss, That sweet obliging Gentlewoman is A tender-hearted Bawd that ne'er made Whore, But ever us'd such as were broke before.* Now finding her so bad at Seventeen, Thinks I by that time she has Thirty seen, She'll be a Whore in Grain; but by good hap, She dy'd within a year of Pox and Clap.

The third Comfort of Cuckoldom.

It was my Fortune to be joyn'd to one,
 As pretty as was shined on by the Sun;
 For on my word her Eyes were full and gray,
 With ruddy Lips, round Cheeks, her Forehead lay
 Archt like a snowie Bank, which did uphold
 Her natvie Tresses, that did shine like Gold;
 Her azure Veins, which with a well sharp'd Nose,
 Her whiter Neck, broad Shoulders to compose:
 A slender Waste, a Body strait and Tall,
 With Swan-like Breasts, long Hands, and Fingers small,
 Her Ivory Knees, her Legs were neat and clean,
 A Swelling Calf, with Ancles round and lean,
 Her Insteps thin, short Heels, with even Toes,
 A Sole most strait, proportion'd Feet, she goes
 With modest Grace; but yet her Company,
 Did not a Month enjoy, before that I
 Was Prest for Sea, and being on the Main,
 For thirty Months I then return'd again,
 Where finding in my absence that my Wife
 Three brats had got, a most unchaste Life
 Both Day and Night I led the lech'rous Whore;
 Who seeing how I Curst, and Bann'd, and Swore,
 A Bag or two she shew'd me cramn'd with Gold,
 Which Treasure I no sooner did behold,
 But then I Kist my loving Wife and leapt,
 For very Gladness that my Horns were Tipt.

The fourth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

Above a Year or two I always thought
 My Wife so good that she cou'd not be naught,
 Till one Night coming home I caught a Spark
 Sat in my Parlor by her in the Dark,
 In mighty Pet I call'd for Candles strait,
 Doubting that I poor Fool was come too late:

T'advert the Burthen which is made to grow
On such who enters into Cuckolds Row.
Hower'e as I was thinking of the best,
And as I nothing saw contented rest,
My am'rous Wife's Gallant, before he went,
Did shew enough t'increase my Discontent
For he wou'd slily pull her Petticoat,
Nod, Wink, and put into her Hand a Note,
Whisper her in the Ear, or touch her Foot
With many other private Signs to boot,
All which confirm'd my Jealousie the more,
And made me think 'em to be Rogue and Whore,
But as I knew my Wife a bawling Slut,
My Horns into my Pocket did I put
For Quietness, which yet I seldom had,
So I thro' Cuckoldom run really Mad.

The fifth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

When I poor I unto a Wife was bound,
I wish I had been Bury'd under Ground,
For to my Grief I found her both before
And after Marriage too to be a Whore.
But when I found the Beast of such a Breed,
I soldier turn'd, and with a Baw'd agreed
To let her out at half a Crown a Week
Who undertook she shou'd not be too seek;
For Custom, but said, she must for her pains,
From th' insatiate Whore have double Gains.

The Sixth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

Finding my Wife by Whoring nothing get,
But to maintain her Sparks ran me in Debt;
Her Whoring gratis made me really vext,
So Shop I shut, and fled to *Holland* next.

The Seventh Comfort of Cuckoldom.

While I was but into the Country gone,
To give some Chapmen there the gentle Dun
Mean time a Rubbers she with some had play'd,
And in the Powd'ring Tub was quickly laid,
Unknown to me, and had been secret still,
But that the Surgeon bringing in his Bill
When I came Home, the Murder so came out,
And still my Wife is Whore enough I doubt.

The Eighth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

A sordid Lecher coming very old
To tempt my Spouse with Silver and with Gold,
She told me of't, and said, she cou'd not fawn,
On him, or's Gold, to lay her Soul in pawn.
By this I thought her Honest, till my maid
Inform'd me shortly what Lew'd Tricks she play
I Twitted then my Wife's Hypocrisie,
Who Impudently did Reply to me;
Old Flesh she Loath'd, as having in it left
No Gravy, and of all it's Juice bereft,
But if the Flesh was Young and to her mind,
She'd to one Dish would never be confin'd.

The Ninth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

By my Dear Wife, in turning up her Tail
To bear the Threshing of her Gallant's Frail,
A Groat (which always is a Cuckold's Fee)
Under the Candlestick I've laid for me;
Besides good Peck and Booze, so till she's Dead,
She may and will Whore on to get me Bread.

The Tenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

As Strangers flatter'd with deceitful Snow,
Fall in a Deadly Pit they do not know,
So was I hamper'd in a Marriage Noose,
In Marrying one that did frequent the Stews,
As well as Cuckold me at Home; but she
Transacting Whoredom with great Secresie
Like other Neighbours, to avoid the Name
Of Cuckold, I as private hid her shame.

The Eleventh Comfort of Cuckoldom.

When I found Cuckolds to Encrease apace,
I Marry'd one with such an Ugly Face
That one wou'd thought the Devil wou'd but grotch
So foul a Figure as my Wife to touch;
Yet being at a Friendly Club one Night,
A Raskal came and Cuckol'd me for spight.

The Twelfth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

What signifies a Man to fret and fume,
Till Grief and Sorrow makes his Flesh consume

Because his Wife in Actions may be light
And to his Face will horn him Day and Night;
This Comfort may alleviate his Woe,
That Cuckold's without doubt to Heaven go.

The Thirteenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

If it's my Fate (I oftentimes would cry)
To have a Wife that will play wantonly,
I soon wou'd tame her, or at least I shou'd
Be Hang'd for her but I wou'd make her good.
But faith it is my Luck to light upon
Such Ware, that will a *Caterwoulling* run,
And cannot help it, for to have her full
Of sport, she's run away a Soldiers Trull.

The Fourteenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

When at *Horn-Fair* I see how ev'ry Year
Whole droves of Cuckold's thither do appear
The very sight thereof wou'd make one swear
That none but Cuckolds in the Nation were;
Especially if those who are not known,
For Cuckolds too the Title wou'd but own,
And such as are not summon'd would appear,
In those Accoutrements we ought to wear,
Which are our Horns, a Pick Axe and a Spade,
That Paths may for our Wives be even laid.

The Fifteenth Comfort of Cuckledom.

If that our wives will tick their Souls on Sin,
Tis vain to make about their Ears a din,
For that exasperates their will the more,
And where in private may in publick Whore;
So then the Scandal coming to all Ears,
Each Neighbour will not only fling his Jeers
Upon us, but the Boys will hoot it too,
And point their Fingers at us where we go,
As if we were not come of human Blood,
Because they do perceive we've Horns to bud;
But to avoid so base and curst a Life,
The only way's to Live without a wife.

FINIS.

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THE
Fifteen COMFORTS
OF A
Wanton Wife:

OR,

The FOOL Well Fitted.

Dedicated to the London-Cuckolds.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1707

THE
Fifteen COMFORTS
OF A
Wanton WIFE, _&c._

The First Comfort.

Unhappy Man! yoak'd with a wanton Wife,
The Wedding Day begins thy wretched Life.
Not all the Hurry of a Married State,
Can stint her Humour, make her more Sedate.
She'as all the Tricks the Devil can infuse
Into her Head; her Husband to abuse.
Her first attempt, when once the knot is ty'd.
Is how to Govern what she cannot Guide;
She flatters first, and if that chance to fail,
To gain her Ends a worser Method shall.
Force must (where Words have no effect) ensue,
It is her Humour, and it shall be so.
Thus does the fright the poor mistaken Sot,
To change his Breeches for a Petticoat:
If Kick'd or Buffeted, he dare not move,
But thinks 'tis only tokens of her Love.
What she affirms (tho' diff'rent from the Sight,
It must be so, she's always in the right.

The Second Comfort.

When thus she'as made her silly Husband bend,
She'll never let him have the upper hand.
She manages Affairs, while he (poor Soul)
Consents, because he's fearful to controul;
Not that she will to Diligence adhere,

She'll take the Pleasure, he may take the Care.
Containing an unequal Dividend,
His Business is to get, and hers to spend.
If he's unable to supply her Lust,
She'll take such care of that, another must.
Her Prentice, Bully, Stallion, Foes or Friends,
No matter who, if she but gain her Ends:
While he's the very Subject of her Scorns,
And sounds himself a Cuckold with his Horns:
Yet she's so cunning, that she rails at Evil,
And says, she hates a Harlot as the Devil.
So have I heard a Pulpit Hector rant
At Drunkenness, as zealous as a Saint,
Curse it to Hell, with trembling and with fear,
Tho' 'twas a Vice he seldom cou'd forbear.
So she derides the thing she fancies best,
And Damns the Sin she harbours in her Breast.

The Third Comfort.

Next comes a little Bantling to Town, Which the unthinking Cuckold calls his own. 'Tis like him too, as ever it can stare, The midnight Gossips then do all declare. *His very Picture*; every one do cry, *His Mouth, his Lips, his Chin, his Nose and Eye*. They tell him this, and he believes it too, Tho' it was gotten by the Lord knows who. Yet this Advantage from it he doth draw, He reigns chief Master, while she's in the Straw. But when she rises, all his Power must cease, And with it too, his Comfort and his Peace. Her Tongue's compounded of all sorts of ill, Given to lie, but seldom lying still. *You Rogue* (quoth she) *where has your Rakeship been? These Thirty days your Honest Wife lay in? Here, Rock the Child, while I go take the Air, I won't be stifled up no longer here.*

The Fourth Comfort.

Away she flings, and leaves him with her Brat, And goes from House to House to Drink and Chat, Finds out a Cully to her Lustful Mind, And makes a Bargain with him to be kind. From time to time she has such freaks as these, And turns an errand Strumpet by degrees. Yet blinds her Husband with this wild Excuse, *She goes to see an Aunt behind the Meuse*. And if he blames her, thus for staying late, He is in danger of a broken Pate. So that he's forc'd to stay at home to Rock, While his Leud Wife is wasting of his Stock. This course of Life for many years she leads. And wallows in her lustful wicked deeds Thus are her teeming years in Folly spent, In Clamour, Self-conceit, and Discontent. Impetuous in her ways; abruptly bold, The worst of Whores, yet must not be controul'd.

The Fifth Comfort.

The Husband all this while concludes her Chaste,
And little thinks she spends his Wealth so fast,
'Till Pocky Pains begins to smart below,
Then mildly asks her if she made him so?
At which she swears, and bold'y starts this Whim,
That she had catch'd the Foul Disease of him:

Which strange Retort, makes him suspect the Crime,
She had concealed from him so long a time.

The Sixth Comfort.

He tells her of her Faults, and mildly says, Dear Wife 'tis got by going thus to Plays. To which she answers, like a Cunning Jilt, *It is the very cause of this my Guilt, But take my Word, I ne'er did so before. Nor never while I live, do so no more.* With feigned Tears, and with a Judas Kiss; She said (*My Dear*) *I own I have done amiss. But if you'll Pardon me this very time, I'll for the future loath so vile a Crime.*

The Seventh Comfort.

The Man o're-joy'd to hear such Words as these,
From her, he hardly ever yet could please.
In loving Terms, embrac'd her in his Arms,
And said, his chief delight was in her Charms.
Besides he added, if she would be Chaste,
He'd freely Pardon'd her for what was past.
All seeming Friendship now's afresh renew'd.
On promise she wou'd ne'er again be Leud.
With Tears and Kisses, (Woman like) she Fawns.
And asks his Pardon on her Marrow-bones.

The Eighth Comfort.

The Cunning Jilt, she being thus forgiven,
Next studdies how to make her Ballance even.
That is to please her Husband and her Friend,
And all this while a Vertuous Wife pretend.
At last she makes a League with *John* her Man,
And thus afresh her Wickedness began,
By subtle Arts, more cautious than before,
She pleas'd her Husband, yet was still a Whore.

The Ninth Comfort.

Thus seeming Prudence, when 'tis ill apply'd,
It makes the Breach more dangerous and wide.
For tho' it may at first appear more bright,
And something dazzling to a weaker light.
Yet being view'd with more discerning thought,
What seem'd real good, is found to be stark nought.
For this base Woman grows from bad to worse,
And proves her Husband's Plague, as well as Curse;
Consumes his Stock, on some sad Lustful Knave,
And makes her Spouse a Cuckold and a Slave.

The Tenth Comfort.

The Sport's still carry'd on, but under-hand,
She seems the Chastest Wife in all the Land,
Oh! how she blames her self for former Deeds,
And says her Heart within with Sorrow bleeds.
Which he believes, because she sheds some Tears,
And frees his Mind from Sorrow grief and Cares.
She Apes the Saint, by framing Modest Look,
Tho' perfect Devil in a Private Nook.
Deceives her Husband with her cunning Wiles,
And Cheats his Scenses with her feigned Smiles.

The Eleventh Comfort.

Extreamly fond the Cuckold hugs his Choice,
Well pleas'd to think the Whore has left her Vice,
Gives her fine Cloaths, and Money what she craves,
Which she as freely spends on Rogues and Knaves.
Her private Stallion now will not suffice,
Her Lust encreases as her Favours rise,
New Faces Charm the roving Brimstone Jilt,
And with each Beau she acts new fancy'd Guilt.
When time and place her wickedness denies,
She feeds her thoughts with her lascivious eyes.

The Twelfth Comfort.

Yet all this while the Husband thinks his Wife
Is Penitent, and leads a Virtuous Life.
Because she fawns and flatters Night and Day,
He can't believe she'll ever go astray.
No Cost he spares to satisfie her Pride, }
But makes her equal with the loftiest Bride, }
While Watch of Gold hangs dangling by her side. }
He strains his Pocket to maintain her high,
And freely let's his Gold and Silver fly.
Nay, sells his Lands, her Honour to defend,
And thus is ruin'd by his Bosom Friend.

The Thirteenth Comfort.

She thus goes on and spends his Wealth so fast,
That he begins to think of what is past.
Takes notice of her Visits out of Town,
And wonders where she's Coach'd so up and down,
Enquires of *John* (who now seems Jealous too)
And asks him what he thinks his Wife will do.

The Servant's vext, but dares not yet disclose,
Not half the Truth of what he really knows.
Yet being willing something to impart,
Declares he's very sorry at his Heart.
To think how much she daily spends in Waste,
And adds, he doubts, she is not over Chaste.
But shak'd his Head, as if 'twas spoke in jest.
And left his Master to find out the rest.

The Fourteenth Comfort.

The Matter having wisely took the hint, Begins to fear there may be something in't. But still unwilling, to expose her shame, He is resolved to tell her of the same. Next Night he took occasion thus to say, *My Dear, pray tell me, where you've been to Day.* I hope (says she) you'll not be Jealous now, D'ye think I'll damn my self to break my Vow? I'd have you know I scorn the thing you fear, Of such foul Deeds my Conscience now is clear. But this I tell you for your further ease, Where I have been, I'll go when e'er I please. Do you think I'll be kept in like a Drone, While others reap the Pleasures of the Town. No Faith, I'll never yield to such hard Fate. To be confin'd; is what I always hate. The Honest Husband hearing what she said. He stood amaz'd, but yet no Answer made. He plainly saw his Ruin coming on, His own Disgrace, and all his Money gone. He now believes what he wou'd not before, } His Pious Wife is still a Brimstone Whore, } Who made him Cuckold, and confounded Poor. }

The Fifteenth Comfort.

Thus wanton Wives are Plagues beyond compare,
The Devil's Nets, poor Mankind to ensnare.
His Traps to catch a Heedless Sinner in,
His Instruments to tempt a Saint to Sin.
His curst Decoys to bring Destruction on,
And make a Man despair when all is gone.
His Factors here on Earth, to Trade in Vice,
His Catch-poles to betray us in a trice.
His Vermine to consume our very Food;
His Leeches to suck out our Precious Blood.
His Wolves in Sheeps Apparel to us sent,
To Rob and Spoil us of our true content.
His Toads to Poison Soul and Bodies too.
And send to Hell more than's the Devil's due.

FINIS.