

# VARIOUS

THE FIFTEEN  
COMFORTS OF  
MATRIMONY:  
RESPONSES FROM MEN

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**The Fifteen Comforts of  
Matrimony: Responses from Men**

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# Various The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony: Responses from Men

## 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 teasing 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 Slights 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**

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# **THE BATCHELORS AND MAIDS ANSWER TO THE FIFTEEN COMFORTS OF MATRIMONY**

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**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 sutable 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.

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