

VARIOUS

THE FIFTEEN
COMFORTS OF
MATRIMONY:
RESPONSES FROM
WOMEN

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of Matrimony:
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The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony: Responses From Women:*

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The Fifteen Comforts
of Matrimony:
Responses From Women**

**THE WHORES AND BAWD'S
ANSWER TO THE FIFTEEN
COMFORTS OF WHORING**

Printed in the Year, 1706

The PREFACE

Indeed we the Ladies of Pleasures, and those that stile themselves Procurers in Love Affairs, highly resent the late Paper put out against our Profession and bespattering of us for using only our own; but since it is the Way of the World for most Men to be inclinable to love Lac'd Mutton, I think it is their Duty to resent the Affront with us so much, as to Satyrize the Author of the Fifteen Comforts of Whoring, who without is some young bashful Effeminate Fool or another, that knows not how to say Boh to a Goose; or some old suffocated old Wretch so far pass'd his Labour, that he scolds for Madness that he cannot give a buxom young Lass her Benevolence; or else he may an hundred to one be one of Captain Risby's Fraternity, and so must needs be a Woman Hater by Course. But let him be what he will, so long as our Impudence is Case-harden'd we value not his Reflections, and therefore will not leave our Vocation tho' Claps and Poxes shou'd be our Portion every Day for according to an eminent Whore now Deceas'd,

Clap, clap ye Whores, Clap as Clap can,
Some Clap to Women, we'll Clap the Men.

THE WHORES AND BAWDS, ANSWER, &C

The first Comfort of Whoring, Answer'd

No sooner does a Maid arrive to Years,
And she the Pleasures of Conjunction hears,
But strait her Maidenhead a Tip-toe runs,
To get her like, in Daughters or in Sons;
Upon some jolly Lad she casts her Eye,
And with some am'rous Gestures by the by;
She gives him great Encouragement to take
His fill of Love, and swears that for his sake
She soon shall Die; which makes the Youth so hot
To get about the Maiden's Honey-pot,
That promising her Marriage and the like,
They both a Bargain very quickly Strike;
[*?] Rubbers often take till she does prove
With Child, then she bids adieu to Love;
And e're she's brought to Bed away does Creep,
For fear he should the Wenche's Urchin keep.

The Second Comfort of Whoring, Answer'd

Now when a Maid has crackt her Maidenhead,
By being once or twice (Sir) brought to Bed,
Her Credit then's so broke that all her Wit,
And Policy cannot a Husband get;
But yet not being out of Heart she Cries,
From Marriage keeping I shall be more wise,
For if he's not a Fool he soon will find,
I had before I'd him to some been kind,
Then how he'd call me arrant Bitch and Whore,
And Swear some Stallion had been there before;
Then leave me, Wherefore I will single Live,
And my Invention to decoying give,
For as I was by fickle Man betray'd,
So Men by me too shall be Bubbles made,
Till the dull Sots clandestine Means do take,
In robbing Masters, for a Strumpets sake,
For which if they shou'd at the Gallows Swing,
Their End I'd in some merry Ditty Sing.

The Third Comfort of whoring answer'd

What tho' of Whoring it is the mishap,

Sometimes for him that Ruts to get a Clap,
Or an Invetrate Pox which may expose
His private Sports by Eating off his Nose;
How many by hard Drinking will Roar out
With Aches, Rheumatism's or the Gout,
When in that gorging, guzling, tipling Sin
There is not half the Pleasure, that there's in,
The soft Embraces of a Woman who
Altho' she is not to one Moral true,
Does strive to please your height of amorous Lust,
With such a ravishing and pleasing Gust,
That wou'd an Eunuch tempt to tast the same,
But that he Tools does want to play the Game.

The fourth Comfort of Whoring answer'd

Tho' Buboës, Nodes and Ulcers are the Marks,
Of many a wanton Beau and am'rous Sparks
And many a lustful Lecher oft complains
Of restless Days and damn'd nocturnal Pains,
Nays go into a Flux o dozen Weeks,
Is't not the Man himself these Sorrow seeks?
Besides, how often see you go astride
A Miss, as if she was with Packthread ty'd;
Who's Poxt and Clapt as much as you can be,
And undergoes a deal of Misery,

To give your wanton Appetites content,
[*?] feeding you with Flesh, altho' in Lent:
Therefore as the old Woman very Tart
Once said, when against Thunder she did Fart,
'Twas only tit for tat, so if the Men
Do clap the Whores, and Whores Claps them agen,
Tis only tit for tat; tis very true,
What's good for Goose is good for Gander too.

The fifth Comfort of Whoring answer'd

What if a Man is in a marry'd State?
Confin'd to one does am'rous Heat abate,
Or shew me him (altho' he were in need.)
That always wou'd upon one Diet feed
When once a Woman's by a Man enjoy'd
For good and all, his Appetite is cloy'd.
Therefore he fixes on some wanton Miss
Whom rather than his Wife behalf he'd Kiss,
For as it's oft reported now a days,
A Thing that's fresh, fresh Courage, too will raise

The Sixth Comfort of Whoring, Answer'd

What Man wou'd shun the Plagues of Pox and Pills,
Or all the ails that are in Doctors Bills,
Rather than not be circled in the Arms
Of one that tempts you with a thousand Charms,
And tho' she long has lost her Maidenhead,
Yet such Dexterity she'll shew in Bed,
That, Sir, your Mouth wou'd water o're and o're,
To feed again upon a skilful Whore.

The seventh Comfort of Whoring Answer'd

'Tis true, the Fop that thinketh to secure'd
To himself, in private Lodgings some fine Whore
He is a Fool, for she'll not be confin'd,
To any Man altho' he's are so kind;
For being then high Pampered and Fed,
In absence of her Cull she takes to Bed
Another, that with Gold allures her too,
That she may not to her Gallant be true;
For thinks she, when her Chap is tir'd quite,
And turns her off in others to delight,
From all she can she'll privately receive,
Which may her great Necessities relieve,
When that she bids adieu her Master's Bed,
To get by publick jilting Tricks her Bread.

The eighth Comfort of Whoring, Answer'd

If any Man's in Love with any Whore,
Why ought he not to lavish all his Store
Upon her? Since, to make the Fop admire,
Those pretty Features which sets him a fire,
She's often at the Charge of Velvit Hoods,
Silk Stockins, Velvit Scarves and other Goods,
Lac'd Shoes, rich Mantoe's, Gloves and Diamond Rings
Fine Linnen, Gowns, and other costly things.

The ninth Comfort of Whoring Answer'd

If any has a Jilt some time sustain'd,
Who has imperious o're his Pocket reign'd,
And he's grown weary of so sweet a Life,
Or else being jealous takes to him a Wife;
The Whore can do no less than fling and tear,
And on th' inconstant Coxcomb Vengeance swaer,
For leaving her in this her state of Sin;
And let the World know what the Spark has been,
Unless a Pension he to her allows,
That she may not his Roguery disclose.

The tenth Comfort of Whoring Answer'd

T'is true we Harlots work by various means,
And act our Parts behind too diff'rent Scenes;
Sometimes we do a Bastard lay to those,
That never did so much as touch our Cloaths;
Perhaps too ne'er were in our Company,
So Guineas get by this same Subtilty;
And many times a Pocket too we pick,
For at no mischief will a Strumpit stick;
For once a Woman's bad, there's no relief
By being only Whore, but also Thief.

The Eleventh Comfort of Whoring, Answer'd

We'll have you know, of Whores are very few,
That will to any Man be ever true;
To us all Men for Money are alike,
With Skips as soon as Beaus we bargains strike;
And gad no sooner is a Cully gone,
But quick another in his Room gets on.

The Twelfth Comfort of Whoring Answer'd

Besides great Charges we are at for Cloaths,
To tempt the Fancies of our cringing Beaus,
We Pimps and Bullies keep to be our Bail,
When Sharping Bailiffs nabb us for a Jayl.

The Thirteenth Comfort of Whoring Answer'd

Again as we to *Bridewel* oft are sent,
To undergo a flaung Punishment,
A bribe to him that Whips us then is gi'n,
To have Compassion to our tender Skin.

The Fourteenth Comfort of Whoring Answer'd

With pretty winning ways we do assure,
Our selves to bring the Woodcocks to our Lure
As ogling wishfully, and having Tongue,
Which tho' 'tis false, yet with good Language hung
And if we have a Voice that's good, we sing

And *Syren* like our Fops to ruin bring;
Then how we Strumpets do rejoyce to see,
The wiser Sex undone by Lechery.

The Fifteenth Comfort of Whoring Answer'd

But now good lack-a-day our Trade's so bad,
That truly Customers can scarce be had,
Through those sly Whore's that do in privat dwell,
So (but a story sad it is to tell)
Our common Whores can scarce their Livings get
By all the means of an intrieging Wit.
For *Drury Lane*, in *Fleetstreet* or the *Strand*,
Hours we walk e're any by the Hand,
Will take us, wherefore as we daggle home,
Some prick-louse *Taylor* strutting up will come,
With whom for want we're forced to comply,
for one poor two pence wet, and two pence dry.

FINIS

THE FIFTEEN PLAGUES OF A MAIDEN-HEAD

Written by Madam B-le

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THE

Fifteen Plagues of a

Maiden-Head, &c

The First Plague

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