

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony:
Responses From Women, by Various**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE FIFTEEN COMFORTS OF
MATRIMONY: RESPONSES FROM WOMEN ***

[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.]

**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 Lodgins 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 prety 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.



LONDON:
Printed by *F.P.* near *Fleet-street*, 1707.

THE
Fifteen Plagues of a
Maiden-Head, &c.

The First Plague.

The Woman Marry'd is Divinely Blest,
But I a Virgin cannot take my Rest;
I'm discontented up, as bad a Bed,

Because I'm plagued with my Maiden-head;
A thing that do's my blooming Years no good,
But only serves to freeze my youthful Blood,
Which slowly Circulates, do what I can,
For want of Bleeding by some skilful Man;
Whose tender hand his *Launcet* so will guide,
That I the Name of *Maid* may lay aside.

The Second Plague.

When I've beheld an am'rous Youth make Love,
And swearing Truth by all the Gods above,
How has it strait inflam'd my sprightly Blood
Creating Flames, I scarcely should withstood,
But bid him boldly march, not grant me leisure
Of Parley, for 'tis Speed augments the Pleasure.
Sirrah! tis my Misfortune not to meet
With any Man that would my Passion greet,
If he with balmy Kisses stop'd my Breath,
From which one cannot die a better Death,
Or stroke my Breasts, those Mountains of Delight,
Your very Touch would fire an Anchorite;
Next let your wanton Palm a little stray,
And dip thy Fingers in the milky way:
Then having raiz'd me, let me gently fall,
Love's Trumpets sound, so Mortal have at all.
But why wish I this Bliss? I wish in vain,
And of my plaguy Burthen do complain;
For sooner may I see whole Nations dead,
But I find one to get my Maiden-head.

The Third Plague.

She that her Maiden-head does keep, runs through
More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew;
A teasing Whore, or a more tedious Wife,
Plagues not a Marry'd Man's unhappy Life,
As much as it do's me to be a Maid,
Of which same Name I am so much afraid,
Because I've often heard some People tell,
They that die Maids, must all lead Apes in Hell;
And so 'twere better I had never been,
Than thus to be perplex'd: *God save the Queen.*

The Fourth Plague.

When trembling Pris'ners all stand round the Bar,
A strange suspence about the fatal Verdict,
And when the Jury crys they Guilty are,
How they astonish'd are when they have heard it.
When in mighty Storm a Ship is toss'd,
And all do ask, What do's the Captain say?
How they (poor Souls) bemoan themselves as lost,
When his Advice at last is only, Pray!
So as it was one Day my pleasing Chance,
To meet a handsome young Man in a Grove,
Both time and place conspir'd to advance
The innocent Designs of charming Love.
I thought my Happiness was then compleat,
Because 'twas in his Pow'r to make it so;
I ask'd the Spark if he would do the Feat,
But the unperforming Blockhead answer'd, *No.*
Poor Prisoners may, I see, have Mercy shewn,
And Shipwreck'd Men may sometimes have the Luck,
To see their dismal Tempests overblown,
But I poor Virgin never shall be F----.

The Fifth Plague.

All Day poor I do sit Disconsolate,
Cursing the grievous Rigor of my Fate,
To think how I have seven Years betray'd,
To that dull empty Title of a Maid.
If that I could my self but Woman write,
With what transcendent Pleasure and Delight,
Should I for ever, thrice for ever Bless,
The Man that led me to such Happiness.

The Sixth Plague.

Pox take the thing Folks call a Maiden-head,
For soon as e'er I'm sleeping in my Bed,
I dream I'm mingling with some Man my Thigh,
Till something more than ord'nary does rise;
But when I wake and find my Dream's in vain,
I turn to Sleep only to Dream again,
For Dreams as yet are only kind to me,
And at the present quench my Lechery.

The Seventh Plague.

Of late I wonder what's with me the Matter,
For I look like Death, and am as weak as Water,
For several Days I loath the sight of Meat,
And every Night I chew the upper Sheet;
[*?]e such Obstructions, that I'm almost moap'd,
And breath as if my Vitals all were stop'd.
I told a Friend how strange with me it was,
She, an experienc'd Bawd, soon grop'd the Cause,
Saying, *for this Disease, take what you can,*
You'll ne'er be well, till you have taken Man.
Therefore, before with Maiden-heads I'll be
Thus plagu'd, and live in daily Misery,
Some Spark shall rummage all my Wem about,
To find this wonderful Distemper out.

The Eighth Plague.

Now I am young, blind *Cupid* me bewitches,
I scratch my Belly, for it always itches,
And what it itches for, I've told before,
'Tis either to be Wife, or be a Whore;
Nay any thing indeed, would be poor I,
N'er Maiden-heads upon my Hands should lie,
Which till I lose, I'm sure my watry Eyes
Will pay to Love so great a Sacrifice,
That my Carcass soon will weep out all its Juice,
Till grown so dry, as fit for no Man's use.

The Ninth Plague.

By all the pleasant Postures of Delight,
By all the Twines and Circles of the Night,
By the first Minute of those Nuptial Joys,
When Men put fairly for a Brace of Boys,
Dying a Virgin once I more do dread,
Than ten times losing of a *Maiden head*;
For tho' it can't be seen nor understood,
Yet is it troublesome to Flesh and Blood.

The Tenth Plague.

You heedless Maids, whose young and tender Hearts
Unwounded yet, have scop'd the fatal Darts;

Let the sad Fate of a poor Virgin move,
And learn by me to pay Respect to Love.
If one can find a Man fit for Love's Game,
To lose one's Maiden-head it is no Shame:
'Tis no Offence, if from his tender Lip
I snatch a tonguing Kiss; if my fond Clip
With loose Embraces oft his Neck surround,
For Love in Debts of Nature's ever bound.

The Eleventh Plague.

A *Maiden head!* Pish, in it's no Delight,
Nor have I Ease, but when returning Night,
With Sleep's soft gentle Spell my Senses charms,
Then Fancy some Gallant brings to my Arms:
In them I oft the lov'd Shadow seem
To grasp, and Joys, yet blush I too in Dream.
I wake, and long my Heart in Wonder lies,
To think on my late pleasing Extasies:
But when I'm waking, and don't yet possess,
In Sleep again I wish to enjoy the Bliss:
For Sleep do's no malicious Spies admit,
Yet yields a lively Semblance of Delight.
Gods! what a Scene of Joy was that! how fast
I clasp'd the Vision to my panting Breast?
With what fierce Bounds I sprung to meet the Bliss,
While my wrapt Soul flew out in ev'ry Kiss!
Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away,
I all dissolv'd in reaking Pleasures lay.

The Twelfth Plague.

Happen what will, I'll make some Lovers know
What Pains, what raging Pains I undergo,
Till I am really Heart-sick, almost Dead,
By keeping that damn'd thing a Maiden-head.
Which makes me with Green Sickness almost lost,
So pale, so wan, and looking like a Ghost,
Eating Chalk, Cindars, or Tobacco-Pipes,
Which with a Looseness scowers all my Tripes;
But e'er I'll longer this great Pain endure,
The Stews I'll search, but that I'll find a Cure.

The Thirteenth Plague.

Let doating Age debate of *Law* and *Right*,
And gravely state the Bounds of Just and Fit;
Whose Wisdom's but their Envy, to destroy
And bar those Pleasures which they can't enjoy.
My blooming Years, more sprightly and more gay,
By Nature were design'd for Love and Play:
Youth knows no Check, but leaps weak Virtue's Fence,
And briskly hunts the noble Chace of Sense!
Without dull thinking I'll Enjoyment trace,
And call that lawful whatsoe'er do's please.
Nor will my Crime want Instances alone,
'Tis what the Glorious Gods above have done;
For *Saturn*, and his greater Off-spring *Jove*,
Both stock'd their Heaven with Incestuous Love.

The Fourteenth Plague.

If any Man do's with my Bubbies play,
Squeeze my small Hand, as soft as Wax or Clay,
Or lays his Hands upon my tender Knees,
What strange tumultuous Joys upon me seize!
My Breasts do heave, and languish do my Eyes,
Panting's my Heart, and trembling are my Thighs;

I sigh, I wish, I pray, and seem to die,
In one continu'd Fit of Ecstasy;
Thus by my Looks may Man know what I mean,
And how he easily may get between
Those Quarters, where he may surprize a Fort,
In which an Emperor may find such Sport,
That with a mighty Gust of Love's Alarms,
He'd lie dissolving in my circling Arms;
But 'tis my Fate to have to do with Fools,
Who're very loth and shy to use their Tools,
To ease a poor, and fond distressed Maid,
Of that same Load, of which I'm not afraid
To lose with any Man, tho' I should die,
For any Tooth (good Barber) is my Cry.

The Fifteenth Plague.

Alas! I care not, Sir, what Force you'd use,
So I my Maiden-head could quickly lose:
Oft do I wish one skill'd in *Cupid's* Arts,
Would quickly dive into my secret Parts;
For as I am, at Home all sorts of Weather,
I kit,----as Heaven and Earth would come together,
Twirling a Wheel, I sit at home, hum drum,
And spit away my Nature on my Thumb;
Whilst those that Marry'd are, invited be
To Labours, Christnings, where the Jollitry
Of Women lies in telling, as some say,
When 'twas they did at Hoity-Toity play;
Whose Husband's Yard is longest, whilst another
Can't in the least her great Misfortune smother,
So tells, her Husband's Bauble is so short,
That when he Hunts, he never shews her Sport.
Now I, because I have my Maiden-head,
Mayn't know the Pastimes of the Nuptial Bed;
But mayn't I quickly do as Marry'd People may,
I'll either kill my self, or shortly run away.

FINIS.

The Maids Vindication:
OR, THE
Fifteen Comforts of living a Single Life.
Being an ANSWER to the *Fifteen*
Plagues of a Maiden-head.

Written by a Gentlewoman.



London, Printed for J. Rogers in Fleet-Street, 1707.

The Maids Vindication:

OR,

**The Fifteen Comforts of
being a Maid, &c.**

The First Comfort.

Ye *British* Maids with *British* Beauty blest,
Wife as you're Fair, of ev'ry Grace possest,
Do not the least degenerate from your Worth,
Nor be less Chaste because you're thus set forth;
Have Patience then, and I'll revenge your Cause,
And all the deep Designs of wicked Men expose,
Shew the dear Comforts of a Single Life,
With all the Plagues and Ills of Wh----re or Wife.

The Second Comfort.

Tell me you Grave Disputers of the Schools,
You learned Coxcombs, and you well read Fools;
You that have told us, Man must be our Head,
And made *Dame Nature* Pimp to what you've said,
Tell me where are the Joys of womans Life,
When she consents to be a wedded Wife:
Much less if she too kind and easie proves,
And grants her Heart to one that swears he loves,
I will not call her W----re, because I know
'Twas his false Oaths and Lyes that made her so:
But you that would to your own selves be just,
Nor Friend nor Husband but with caution trust.

The Third Comfort.

And first, the greatest lasting'st Plague of Life,
Husband; the Constant Jaylor of a wife,
A proud insulting dominering thing,
Abroad a subject, but at Home a King,
There he in State does Arbitrary Reign,
And lordlike pow'r do's o'er his wife maintain.
For when she puts the Marriage Garments on, }
The pleasures Ended e'er 'tis well begun: }
But Plagues increase and hardly e're have done, }

The joy he Courted he dispises now,
And do's a perfect Married Nausiance grow,

The Fourth Comfort.

It's Jealousie that maggot of the pate,
Possess the Sot, how violent's his hate,
What curst suspicions haunt his tortur'd Mind,
And make him look for what he would not find,
Nothing but Females must i'th House appear,
And not a Dog or Cat, that's Male be there,
Nay lest the unhappy wife shou'd have her longings,
He cuts out all the Men i'th Tapstry Hangings,
And if a harmless Letter's to her sent,
He'll make it speak worse sense than e'er it meant.

The Fifth Comfort.

In a Curst Chamber, Cloyster'd up for Life,
Loves Female Innocence miscall'd a wife,
Deny'd those Pleasures are to Virtue granted,
Yearly the Devil of a Husband haunted,
for a Release she cannot Hope nor Pray,
Till milder Death takes him, or her away,
If her she's happy, and if him she's bless'd,
Till to her arms she takes a second Guest.

The Sixth Comfort.

If Beauty, Wit, or Com[*?]aisance would do,
There's women that can all these wonders show,
Beauty that might new fire to Hermit lend,
And wit which serves that Beauty to defend,
who courted, cou'd do wonders with those Charms,
Till Parson conjur'd her to Husbands Arms,
And tho' the same perfections still remain
Yet nothing now can the dull Creature gain,
No looks can win him, nor no Smiles invite,
He now does her, and her Endearments slight,
And leaves those Graces which he shou'd adore,
To dote upon some Ugly suburb whore,
whilst poor neglected Spouse remains at home,
with discontent and Sorrow overcome,
No prayers, nor tears, nor all the Virtuous arts.
which women use to tame Rebellous Hearts.
Can the Incurrible H[*?] move,
And make him own his once so promis'd love,

The Seventh Comfort

Oh she a happy, too too happy Bride,
That has a Husband snoring by her side,
Belching out Fumes of undigested wine,
And lies all Night like a good natur'd Swine,
whose Snoring serves as Musick to her Ears,
And keeps true Comfort with her silent Tears,
That can himself no more than *Chaos* move,
And still neglects the great affair of love,
She may indeed assume the name of wife,
But others know she's but a Nurse for life.

The Eighth Comfort.

A drunken Husband tho may have good nature,
But here's a fullen Matrimonial Creature,
will ask, and will not, will ask, and will deny

Is Peevish, Cross, and cannot tell for why,
Not one kind look he will to Spouse afford,
Scarce speake at all, at least not one good word,
All the obliging arts that she can use,
To reconcile this angry pevish Spouse,
Avail no more, than if she took delight,
In washing Bricks, or Swarthy *Negroes* white,
Lyons, and Tyger Men have learnt to tame;
Retaining nothing frightful but the Name,
But Man, unruly man, that Beast of reason,
'Gainst women still continues in his Treason.
No Charms his damn'd ill nature can release,
Satan, must only *Satan* disposes.

The Ninth Comfort.

Nor Marriage is alone the dang'rous shelf,
On which a woman may destroy her self,
Believe no whineing Fool that Swears he loves,
And for your Pity to his Passion moves:
with fair decoying words he glids the Cheat,
Tells her the Sin, nor Danger are so great,
The joy is past the reach of Humane view,
And adds it will for ever bind him to be True:
But oh! if Maids upon this Quicksand run,
They're lost past hope, and are for e'er undone,

The Tenth Comfort.

Another swears he'll keep you all your Life,
Without the ugly Names, *of Man and Wife*.
And to that End what Arts, what Tricks are laid,
T' insnare the Virtuous Young unthinking Maid,
What rev'rend Bawd's made use of to Entice,
The Fair one's liking to that Modish Vice.
How she at last is guided to his Arms,
Where for a while he Doats upon her Charms.
But long she can't the airy Title hold,
Her look'd for Joys are scarce a Twelve Month Old,
Before *Kind Keeper* takes another Miss,
By sad Experience weary grown of this.

The Eleventh Comfort.

Are these the Sov'reigns then that we must own,
Must we before their Golden Calves bow down,
Forgive us Heav'n, if we renounce the Elves,
And make a Common-wealth among our Selves,
Whereby the Laws that we shall there Ordain.
We'll make it Capital to mention Man,
Man! we'll for ever banish from our sight,
Not talk by Day, nor think of them by Night,
We'll shun their Courtship, as we do the Plague,
And loath 'em more than they a Toothless Hagg.

The Twelfth Comfort.

'Tis not their Sighs, Crying, nor Prayers,
Their subtile Whinings, nor Treacherous Tears,
That shall one kind Return for ever gain,
But when t' oblige us they've done all they can,
We'll laugh, deride, and scorn the Foppish Sex,
And wrank Invention for new ways to vex,
Till they to shun us, prompted by Despair,
Or Drown themselves, or hung in cleanly Air.

The Thirteenth Comfort.

But if amongst us there should chance to be,
One silly fond regardless foolish She,
That spight of all our Edicts will maintain
A League with that detested Creature *Man*:
Good Counsels first shall strive to bring her off,
But if the Fool will that good Counsel scoff,
If she the freedom of her Sex will leave,
And love a Wretch she knows that will deceive,
From Pity well exempt the *Female* Sot,
That wretched Thing a *Husband* be her Lot.

The Fourteenth Comfort.

Jealous by Day, and Impotent by Night,
Have neither Shape nor Mein to please the Sight
Diseas'd in Body, and deform'd in Soul,
Conceited, Proud, yet all the while a Fool:
May she with him spin out a tedious Life,
Blest with that much admir'd Title, *Wife*.
And may no Female better Fate partake,
That prophane the wholesome Laws we make.

The Fifteenth Comfort.

And may the silly Maid that is so blind, }
To trust Man's Oaths that are as false as Wind, }
And only to her Ruin are design'd, }
That thinks her Vertue is a Plague of Life,
And will to cure it, yield as Whore or Wife.
Find all the Ills that have before been said,
And lose for endless Plauges her Maiden-head,
Who will not bear what they infer a Pain,
And laugh at all the base Delights of Men.

FINIS.

THE
Fifteen PLEASURES
OF A
VIRGIN.
WRITTEN
By the suppos'd AUTHOR of
THE
Fifteen Plagues
OF A
Maidenhead.

*Virtus, repulsæ nescia fortidæ,
Intimitatis fulget honoribus.* Hor. L. 3. Od. 1.

AN

APOLOGY

FOR

The Fifteen Plagues of a Maidenhead, by the Imputed Author thereof.

Suppose 'twas I, you thought, had drew my Pen
On Virtue, see I fight for her agen;
Wherefore, I hope my Foes will all excuse
Th' Extravagance of a Repenting Muse;
Pardon whate'er she has too boldly said,
She only acted then in Masquerade;
But now the Vizard's off, She's chang'd her Scene,
And turns a Modest, Civil Girl agen;
Let some admire the Fops whose Talent lie
Inventing dull, insipid Blasphemy;
I swear I cannot with those Terms dispence,
Nor won't be Damn'd for the Repute of Sense;
I cou'd be Bawdy much, and nick the Times,
In what they dearly Love; damn'd Placket Rhimes;
But that such Naus'ous Lines can reach no higher
Than what the Cod-Piece or Buffoons inspire.
To noble Satyr, I'll direct my Aim,
And bite Mankind, and Poetry Reclaim;
I'll ever use my Wit another Way,
And next the Ugliness of Vice display.

Yours, &c.

THE

FIFTEEN P-----s

OF A

VIRGIN.

The first P-----.

In these unhappy and more wretched Days,
Eclipsed with Debauchery and Plays!
Virgins can scarce stir out, but some dull Fop,
Impertinently kind, her way will stop,
And almost force Her to some House of Sin,
Her Innocence and Virtue to draw in;
And if he can her Modesty invade,
Glad with her Spoils and Trophies of a Maid,
The Villain is the first that will complain
Her foul Dishonour, and polluted Shame.

The Second P-----.

A Maid dispos'd to take the gentle Air,
And to *Grays-Inn*, or *Temple-Walks* repair;
No sooner enters she the Garden Gate,
Sits down, and thinks of going e're 'tis late,
But some insipid Squire having spy'd her,
Takes Heart of Steel, and boldly squats beside her.
He thus accosts her,—Madam, *Ah! by Gad*

You're wond'rous Fair; but Lady, why so sad?
Her Innocence he thinks will soon submit,
To all the swagg'ring Tyrants of his Wit;
But being strictly taught in Vertue's School,
She does not only slight the prating Fool,
Contemn'd his Actions, and his feigned Tone,
But leaves the Lawyer strait to Curse alone.

The Third P----

The Maid that's Blessed with a beauteous Face,
A gentile Air, and as genteel a Grace;
On her some am'rous Beau soon casts his Eyes,
And to obtain the much admired Prize;
He fashionably dresses, struts, looks big,
Like *John of Gaunt*, and in a pond'rous Wig;
A subtle, sly, and cunning Ambuscade,
For her Virginitie is quickly laid;
Of Love he tells a Thousand Fictitious Tales,
Till over her Discretion Lust prevails,
But modest Maids, whose young and tender Hearts
Unwounded yet, have the scap'd fatal Darts;
Let the sad Fates of wanton Strumpets move,
And learn by them to shun unlawful Love:
Thus Virgins, if you'll Modesty embrace,
By making all Allurements give you place:
Virtue a Sanctuary e'er shall be
Against the Quivers of Iniquity.

The Fourth P----

A Maid of honest, but mean Parents Born,
These Times is only made the rich Man's scorn,
Howe'er her Beauty tempting some young Spark
He takes her to the Playhouse and the Park,
Where he with many Imprecations vows,
His Fortune and his Life to her he owes;
But finding his Temptations are in vain,
Her Company in Wrath he do's refrain;
Which at the first may touch her tender Heart,
And make her feel the force of *Cupid's* Dart;
But Time and Absence Having made a Cure
Of that same Plague she could not first endure.
She says, as now I'm well, recite not then
The Falshood and Deceit of Perjur'd Men,
Virtue retain'd, that Man I'll ever slight,
Whom I cannot by Marriage claim my Right.

The Fifth P----, in a Dialogue betwixt Cloris and Parthenisea.

Clo. Why dost thou all Address deny?
Hard-hearted *Parthenisea*, why?
See how the trembling Lovers come,
That from thy Lips expect their Doom.

Par. *Cloris!* I hate them all, they know,
Nay I have often told them so;
Their silly Politicks abhorr'd:
I scorn to make my Slave my Lord.

Clo. But *Strephon's* Eyes proclaim His Love
Too brave, Tyrannical to prove.

Par. Ah *Cloris!* when we lost our Power?
We must obey the Conqueror.

Clo. Yet when a gentle Prince bears sway,
It is no Bondage to Obey.

Par. But if like *Nero*, for a while,
With Arts of Kindness he beguile,
How shall the Tyrant be withstood,
When he has writ his Laws in Blood?

Clo. Love (*Parthenisea*) all commands,
it fetters Kings in charming Bands;
Mars yields his Arms to *Cupid's* Darts,
And Beauty softens Savage Hearts.

Par. Well may you choose to be a Wife,
I'll still retain a Single Life.

The Sixth P----

Rid of a Coxcomb, next a Siege is laid
Against the weak Repulses of a Maid,
By one that keeps a Coach and Lackies too,
And that he might his wicked Plots pursue,
In gawdy Dress he would her Heart surprize,
with Gold to dazle her too watchful Eyes;
But Vertue cherishing her Virtuous Breast,
With so much Innocence which made her blest,
Her Innocence as hitherto ne'er knew
What Mischief *Venus* or her Son cou'd do,

The Seventh P----

Where blindfold Fortune has been pleas'd to place
A Virgen with a Master void of Grace,
With Foot, with Hand, or Eyes, he'll Tokens speak,
The Signs deny, these Assignations make;
Thinks she shall be as pliant to his Use,
As Strumpets on a *Cornival* let loose;
But if she's Chast, his Miss she will not be,
Unless she is as Fiend, and Base as he.

The Eighth P----

*A Negro Courting onto a maid,
That was most Fair; to him she said,
Thy Ink, my Papper, make me guess,
Our Nuptial Bed will make a Press,
And to our Sports, if any came
They'll read a Wanton Epigram,*

The Ninth P----

*How many Sweethearts do these follow me
Whose fell Design I know's to Ruine me;
but let me banish this forbidden Fire,
Or quench it with my Blood, or with't expire;
Unstain'd in Honour; and unhurt in Fame,
I'll never blast Virginity Shame,*

The Tenth P----

*A Sailor vowing he would all his Life,
Be true to me, he took another Wife;
whose Folshood (not as e're he did Invade
My Honour) made me sick, and, dying, said,
Ah now at my last Hour I gasping lie:
Let only my kind Murtherer be by,
Let him, while I breath out my Soul in Sighs,
Or gaz't away, look on with pitying Eyes;*

*Let him (for sure he can't deny me this)
Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiss.*

The Eleventh P-----.

*To have a Sweetheart once it was my Fate,
Whom much I lov'd, and now as much do hate,
Fo going to be coupled for my Life,
He was took from me by a former Wife;
Henceforwards I shall ever cautious be
Of Marrying one, a Stranger unto me.*

The Twelfth P-----.

*A Sweetheart whom I lov'd, and he lov'd me,
Intoxicated with Cursed Jealousie,
Without a Cause, my Innocence did slight,
Which urged soon my Passion thus to write,
Kind Health, which you, and only you can grant,
Which, if deny'd, I must for ever want;
To you your Lover sends; but blushing Shame,
In silence bids my Paper hide my Name.
Witness what Pains (for you alone can know)
Poor helpless I do bear and undergo;
A thousand Racks and Martyrdoms, and more
Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
You rule alone my Arbitrary Fate,
And Life and on your disposal wait.
How little more remains for me to crave!
How little more for you to give! O save
A wretched Maid undone by Love and you,
Who does in Tears and dying Accents sue;
Who bleeds that Passion she had ne'er reveal'd,
If not by Love, Almighty Love compell'd:
No ever let her mournful Tomb complain,
Here Phillis, kill'd by your cold Disdain;
And to her Honour let it e'er be said,
She dy'd a faithful Lover, yet a Maid.*

The Thirteenth P-----.

*Blessed with Beauty, Money, Youth and Wit,
I'm daily plagu'd with some Penurious Cit,
But e'er I will to such be forc'd to yield,
To a Man of Sense I Will resign the Field,
For Men of Breeding more of Love can show,
Than dull Mechanicks e'er can learn or know.*

The Fourteenth P-----.

*A Maid can scarce into a Service get,
But Prentice Boys (void both of Sense and Wit)
Will lead the Servant such a tedious Life,
To Change the Name of Maid to that of Wife,
That she, to shun their solid Impudence,
Must leave her Service in her own Defence.*

Fifteenth P-----.

*What spiteful Star, when I was Born did Rule,
That I'm thus teased with a whining Fool,
Which is the very worst of Fools; for he,
Got in a Stran of dull Simplicity,
Crys, *Agdes!* See my looks, my wishing Eyes,
My melting Tears and hear my begging Sighs;
About your Neck I could have flung my Arms,
And been all over Love, all over Charms;*

Grasp and hang on your K---, and there have dy'd,
There breath my gasping Soul out tho' deny'd.
My earnest Suits shall never give you rest,
While Life and Love more durable shall last;
Alive I'll Pray, 'till Breath in Pray'rs be lost,
And after come a kind beseeching Ghost.
He thought these soft Expressions soon might move
My Heart, which was bequeath'd before to Love,
No, no, these whiedling Fops I really hate,
And since I am resolv'd to change my State,
A Man of Wit and Sense I do adore,
To him I grant my Favours and my Store,
As certain Wedlock with so good a Choice,
May make my Judgment, whilst I live rejoice.

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE FIFTEEN COMFORTS OF MATRIMONY:
RESPONSES FROM WOMEN ***

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