

A NEW AND DIVERTING

DIAMOND

Entered according to Order.

A NEW and DIVERTING
DIALOGUE,

Wife. I Wonder where my bungling, cob
skul, sapnodle, rambles at this time of night
among his drunken companions I'll warrant you
Well, I'll stroll the streets about to find him out
some gin-shop or ale house, or other entertain
this animal, whilst I, and his poor children wait
bread.—In short I'll find out, and if I meet
kind spark by the way, I'll kill two birds with one
stone, graft a pair of large horns upon his head
and if he gives me a tester, then I shall have some
thing to drink tea with my gossips and neighbours
[Crispin, by this time, at a noted house for ha
ving of beer, was thumping the pot upon the table
calling for liquor]

Landlord be quicker,
Bring us more liquor,
We shall never be hanged for debt.
[She hears him, and in she goes.]

'Hey-day! Mr Mend-all, Mr Spend-all, Mr Good
for-nothing-at-all, bad in bed and worse up; ra
ving, raving, roaring for more liquor, whilst I, and
your poor children at home, have neither fire
candle, but in a starving condition.

Husband. Good wife be pacified, don't expose
yourself and me before company These are all
customers, I work for them daily, and they help
to business.

W. Out you silly Oaf! they'll speak you fair
your face, while you treat them, and laugh in their
sleeves at your folly when they leave you.

H. Pray wife sit down, we'll have but one pot more. It was Robin, Tom, and Harry brought me ere to spend three fartherings a-piece.

W. Curse on them and you together, these pre-
tences have ruined many families.

Three farthings is the challenge of many a drunken
Till three farthings will scarce pay the shot. (shot,

H. Pray, my dear, be good natured, the land lord
and land-lady are very civil obliging people.

W The de'il give them thanks for their civility,
if they give you good words for your good money
spending; do but ask them to trust you, and see
how they'll change their tone and looks too.

H. My dear, can you blame them for being cour-
teous to their customers? every body should promote
their own trade as well as they can.

W. No, you drunken sot, I don't blame them but
you, and every idle sot that is deluded by their smooth
tongues to beggar and starve their families, and let
the landladies flourish in their gold rings, and gold
chains, while we want bread

H My dear, you rave; should not every body reap
the fruits of their labour?

W. Yes, you dog, but let the land-ladies labour
as I do, spin, wash, scower, and carry heavy burdens,
and not sit on their brawny buttocks, and cry now
and then you are welcome sirs, when he's spent all.

H. Well, I find you are spiteful to the land-la-
dies, moderate your passion. I took no money to
night, but my land-lady will trust me a pot of drink,
to be friends with my wife.

With that the land-lady steps up hastily, and says
no, master, you have had enough now, be ruled by

your wife, and go home along with her, my boy shall light ye.

W. See there Swell-tub, was you at cards, or skittles? or had a whore along with you, you might drink while you had a vessel, but now your money is gone, you can't be trusted a full pot.

H. Pray Landlord, bring a full pot, I shall foal a pair of shoes to-morrow, and then I'll come and pay you.

W. By-Jove if he does, I'll throw it in your face and break all the pots, glasses, and windows in the House—Then work you drunken dog to pay for it.

H. Well I find the devil himself is not able to tame a shrew, here landlord is a shilling that never saw the sun, take your reckoning, I'll go home with this she-devil, but I'll make her rue the time she followed me to the ale-house. (The landlord sneers and bows to him saying sit down while the passion is over, tis for your good, I should be glad to see you reconcil'd before you leave my house.)

W. Was Death and fury you senseless booby, if you had any guts in your brains, with half an eye you might perceive how this whedding dissembling bitch imposes on your ignorance, now he sees more money, you are welcome to stay, but before it was pray master go home with your wife.

H. So I will, for I find I shall have no quietness here, but if once I lay hold of my stirrup I'll liquor your hide, and beat you with elbow grease, till I make you repent hogging me like a serpent wherever I go.

W. Do if you dare, you muttering idle drunken sot, while there's a laddle, pocker, broom, plate or trencher, you shall have them at your loggerhead.

(5)
H. Why you won't resist against your Lord and
Matter?

W. Rather, unnatural Monster, cruel Brute, Ty-
rant, Devil, or any thing worse.

H. But you know the Command, Wives obey your
Husbands, in all things.

W. Well and you know, that Husbands are to
love and cherish their Wives.

H. That I think we do, when we chastise and cor-
rect them for their Sins, 'tis a plain token of our
love and esteem, to reclaim them when they do a-
miss—you know I only beat the other Part of my-
self when I strike you.

W. O Mr Wife-acre, Pray for the future beat the
other Part of yourself and let such like Charity be
dealt at home.

H. But if you were as near to me as my right eye,
or my right hand, I am to pluck you out, cut you off,
and cast you from me, when you become offensive.

W. Out profane wretch! no more chopping of
Divinity and Logic, I know you would fain cut me
off from your glais, and your lais, but I'll have a
Maintenance for me and my children or I'll have
our bones in Goal, you dog! I will so.

H. Ho'd, good wife, be not so hot, I am sure
you and your Children want for nothing.

W. No swell-tub, but that we are sensible we
can't have our due and the landladies too.

H. Why han'd you Tea every morning,
Gossips round you, with full liberty to lie, slander,
and tell lies of your neighbours.

W. You lie sheep's-head, we have only a little harmless chat, and wash away sorrow with a dish of innocent liquor, on a cold morning at the expence of five farthings, while you, sots, fool away a many shillings come home drunk, beat your wife and set your neighbours in an uproar.

H. Nay, good wife, since you talk of an Uproar, pray, who bred the tumult about my ears the other night, when you got drunk in the gin shop, and the porter brought you on his back, and a thousand boys hollowing after you.

W. Base, stinking, degrading rogue, I only took a dram with a friend, and being fasting it made me sick, not drunk, you scoundrel dog! I have been an honest Wife to you, but I'll be even with you for exposing me, yes, you dog! I will so.

H. A woman's revenge is the devil; but, sure wife, I hope that you don't intend to make me a Cuckold.

W. Perhaps that is not to do, firrah; stick a Pin there.

H. Be that as it will, I'm sure there's no Man has been more constant to their marriage bed than I have been.

W. Yes, when you come home drunk to sleep and snore, and lie like hog or a drone; for I know no difference between a male and a female bed-fellow since Wedlock.

H. Sure wife, you won't disgrace me before my neighbours; han't you had a child once a-Year ever since we were married

W. Cry your mercy Gaffer Fumbler, there's many are beholden to their neighbours; there's another bone for you to pick.

H. Pr'thee Joan, dont take so much pains to convince me that you are an arrant whore.

W. You lie sheep's head! I am as honest a woman as any in the Parish, tho' I say it that should not say it, perhaps you think all women like yourself.

H. Why, your fine discourse is enough to make one believe my horns are as long as Stags.

W. Why then stay at home you jealous Booby and mind your own business, and save me the labour of getting one to do your drudgery.

H. Somebody was t'other night—What was Snip the Taylor doing when I peep'd in at the Keyhole!

W. Fool, 'tis many an honest Man's Fate to stand Pimp to his own wife.

H. As fashionable as it is, I'll never bear with it, for if ever I catch this scurvey dog.

I'll lop off his ears -
With his own Shears.

W. No more of that rascal; for as often as you ramble in feather-bed-lane, the Taylor and I will — You may guess what I mean.

H. Good Wife, I hope you are not in earnest, you know I never go to feather-bed-lane, but when business calls me there.

W. But, firrah, I dont like your Business there, I well remember, and a body would think you never wou'd forget, when you heel-piec'd Miss Pru's shoes, and she rewarded you with the Crankcums, when I pawn'd every thread to get you salivated. — The noise of dear Doctor, no more of your blue stone, sounds still in my ears.

H. Ay, but wife, you know 'tis Gentleman like to be touched sometimes.

W. Egad, then by my consent such gentlemen should have horns as high as the Monument.

H. Aye, but wife this would be running to the devil headlong at once.

W. Very true, love, but you know Sauce that is good for a goose, is good for a Gander.

H. My dear, I own it, and therefore Since we have done amiss, Let us amend and seek eternal Bliss.

W. With all my soul, here is both hand & heart, If you'll reform, I will in every part; We'll daily pray for God's assisting Grace, The world we know is no abiding place. Then let us pray for virtue, peace and love, And God will bless us here, likewise above.

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