



## A HINT TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES,

Or an entertaining Dialogue between a Man and his Wife in this Neighbourhood,  
concerning House-Keeping, with an entire New Song.

Come you married men and women too, of every degree,  
If you wish to be contented, pray be advised by me,  
Take a pattern by this man and wife, who do in — dwell  
What between them did of late take place, I unto you well  
tell.

So men if you will happy be,  
Don't treat your wives with shame,  
For when a woman does her best,  
She cannot be to blame.

HUSBAND.—Bring me my holiday clothes, and give  
me half-a-crown to put in my pocket, that I may ap-  
pear like another man, for I have got an invitation card  
to spend the evening at a free and easy.

WIFE.—Why Charles, I have but one sixpence in the  
world, and I wonder how you can expect me to have  
more, when you know what I am paying weekly for  
the children's shoes and you know I buy every thing to  
the best advantage.

It happened in this neighbourhood upon the other day,  
A man went home unto his wife and thus to her did say,  
This evening I am going all with a jovial friend,  
Give me my hat that I may dress, and half-a-crown to spend

HUS.—What! only sixpence left and I bring you  
20s. a week, whilst many of your neighbours only  
bring 15s.; besides we have but five children, and the  
two youngest cannot destroy a great quantity.

WIFE.—Well, my dear, I do not wish to contradict  
you as it often brings on strife, but as I know you to  
be a man that will hear reason I will reckon things up  
to you, that you may know what I have to pay.

I have but sixpence in the world, dear husband she did say,  
What! cried he a pound a week you scatter all away,  
Besides we have but children five, they cannot much destroy  
Says the wife, my dear hear reason, I will not you annoy.

HUS.—Well, Sally, it is what I never did do, but as  
it is your proposal, begin your reckoning, and I shall  
convince you that you have about 5s. to spare.

WIFE.—Well, Charles, in the first place there is 8  
quartern loaves, that is 4s. 8d. then there is 9lbs of  
meat which is 4s. 6d. that is only 1lb per day and 3lbs  
for Sunday.

She then began to reckon and her accounts to cast,  
For she was astonished to find his money went so fast,  
The bread and meat and soap and candles and rent was so  
high

He said his wages to an end were drawing very nigh.

HUS.—Well, my dear, that is not half of 20s. yet.

WIFE.—Stop Charles, you have not heard half the  
expenses yet, there is 1s. 6d. a week at least, for pota-  
toes and greens, and 1½d. for pot-herbs, tea 1s., sugar  
1s. 3d., candles 6d., soap, starch and blue, 1s., wood 2d,  
herrings 2d., which you will have on a Sunday morning,  
and your tobacco 9½d., and two half pints of beer,  
which is all I allow myself during the week.

When every thing was reckoned up he did distracted run,  
He found that his week's wages was every farthing gone,  
He cried take back my Sunday clothes, bring me pen and ink,  
Some good advice to married men I now can give I think.

HUS.—Well, Sally, I find that all these articles  
amount to 15s. 6d., it is as I expected that you would  
have 4s. 6d. to spare.

WIFE.—But stop my dear, there's 3s. rent, and fir-  
ing 1s. 6d., which just makes the money. ¶

HUS.—Oh! the rent and firing I had forgot.

WIFE.—Now, Charles let me ask you what is to  
clothe us and buy other little articles I have not men-  
tioned.

HUS.—Say no more, take back my holiday clothes,  
bring me pen, ink, and paper, that I may publish the  
house expenses, as a hint to others, being certain that  
no person knows what money it takes, except those  
who lay it out.

You married men of each degree, take warning in a trice,  
And from these lines that here are penn'd, you may have  
some advice.

Ne'er call your wives to account till you know what you're  
about

For no one knows how the money is sent out.

When women go to the market,  
They find all things very high,  
A little money goes a little way,  
When there's every thing to buy.

