

labour : I honour the Woman that can honour her self with her attire : a good Text always deserves a fair Margent ; I am not much offended if I see a trimme far trimmer than she that wears it : in a word, whatever Christianity or Civility will allow, I can afford with *London* measure : but when I hear a nugiperous Gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week : what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court ; with egge to be in it in all haste, what ever it be ; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of of Nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd.

To speak moderately, I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive, how those Women should have any true Grace, or valuable vertue, that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gantbar-geese, ill-shapen-shotten shell-fish, Egyptian Hyeroglyphicks, or at the best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English Woman should scorne with her heels : it is no marvel they wear drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part, but a few Squirrils brains to help them frisk from one ill-favour'd fashion to another.

*These whimm' Crown'd shees, these fashion-fansying wits,
Are emty thin brain'd shells, and fiddling Kits.*

The very troublers and impoverishers of mankind, I can hardly forbear to commend to the World a saying of a Lady living sometime with the Queen of *Bohemia*, I know not where she found it, but it is pitty it should be lost.

*The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble,
Women and care, and care and Women, and Women and care
(and trouble.*

The Verses are even enough for such odd pegma's, I can make my self sick at any time, with comparing the dazzling splendor wherewith our Gentlewomen were imbellished in some former habits, with the gut-foundred goosdom, wherewith they are now surcingled and debauched. We have about five or six of them in our Colony : if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my phansie of them for a Month after. I have been a solitary Widdower almost twelve years, purposed lately to make a step over to my Native Country for a yoke-fellow : but when I consider how Women there have tripe-wised themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the Voyage, least their
nauseous