

nauseous shapes and the Sea, should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly ; methinks it should break the hearts of English-men, to see so many goodly English-women imprisoned in French Cages, peering out of their hood holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and no body relieves them.

It is a more common than convenient saying, that nine Taylors make a man : it were well if nineteen could make a Woman to her mind : if Taylors were men indeed, well furnished but with meer Moral Principles, they would disdain to be led about like Apes, by such mynck Marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing, for men that have bones in them, to spend their lives in making fidle-cases for futulous Womens phansies ; which are the very pettitoes of Infirmity, the giblets of perquisquilian toys. I am so charitable to think, that most of that mystery would work the cheerfuller while they live, if they might be well discharged of the tiring slavery of mis-tiring Women : it is no little labour to be continually putting up English-womeu, into Out-landish caskes ; who if they be not shifted a new, once in a few Months, grow too sowre for their Husbands. What this Trade will answer for themselves when God shall take measure of Taylors Consciences is beyond my skill to imagine. There was a time when,

*The joyning of the Red-Rose with the White,  
Did set our State into a Damask plight.*

But now our Roses are turned to *Flore de lices*, our Carnations to Tulips, our Gilliflowers to Dayzes, our City-Dames, to an indenominable Quæmalry of overturcas'd things. He that makes Coates for the Moon, had need take measure every noon : and he that makes for Women, as often, to keep them from Lunacy.

I have often heard divers Ladies vent loud feminine complaints of the wearisome varieties and chargeable changes of fashions : I marvel themselves prefer not a Bill of redress. I would *Essex* \* Ladies would lead the *Chore*, for the honour of their County and Persons ; or rather the thrice honourable Ladies of the Court, whom it best beseems : who may well presume of a *Le Roy le veult* from our sober King, a *Les Seigneurs ont assentus* from our prudent Peers, and the like *Assentus*, from our considerate, I dare not say Wife-worn Commons :

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\* All the Counties and Shires of England have had Wars in them since the Conquest, but Essex, which is only free, and should be thankful.