

FIRST and SECOND PART, of the NEW

# PROVERBS

On the PRIDE of WOMEN:

OR, THE

Vanity of this World Displayed.

To which is added,

An excellent Receipt to all young Men who want a Wife, how to wale her by the Mouth; besides you have an account of the Girls that wear the high Heads and the High-crown'd caps, piled on Heads like a bee-scap, or a Quoil of Hay, tog with all their Rigging and Furniture.



PRINTED IN THE

# New Proverbs on the Pride of Women, &c.

## C H A P. I.

**A** Woman who has haughty looks, is under the infection of the plague, even pride; she is ignorant of herself, and thinks as much as she is her own maker, always despising her fellow creatures, as if she was not of the seed of Adam.

2. Her eyes bent always upwards, towards the skies, and in my opinion, such women come from the world of the moon, because they look backwards towards their native country.

3. And she who is parton full of pride, is empty of sense; but O how wise in her own eyes is she; eloquent in speech, expert in law without experience.

4. He that joins with such a woman, binds himself to be a galley slave all the days of his life; he must row against wind and waves, tow her to the grave's

mouth, and she will sink not; for she cannot be sold.

5. Pity me! for many women are weighted down with sin, lifted up with vanity, deeply wounded with love with themselves, their hearts pinged with hatred and sorrow because their neighbours are exalted above them.

6. This is a sore evil which cleaveth to the daughters of Eve, handed down from mother to daughter from one generation to another.

7. No sooner have they got judgement to discern between the right hand and the left, but they are carried away to be taught by Madam Vanity, the daughter of Lucifer, who brings them into the college of Contradiction, which stands in the town of Contention.

8. Here they are catechised in all the arts of buffings; such as painting of the face, and plaiting of the hair, and wearing these high crowned caps and big head-dresses on their heads like a bee-scap

or a quail of hay, and even kilting their petticoats to the rump.

9. Come all ye dumb brutes, cats, dogs, and other creatures, and behold a foolish people, walking on earth, as if they were not of the earth, decking their bodies with brats, and their bellies with beef, and yet you in rough skins seem as comely in your kinds, and more obedient to your Maker and master than they.

10. Come, come ye lilies of the field, and roses of the garden, and behold how queens, princesses, and countesses, are counterfeited by poor clipfarts of vanity; going to church with the ribs of unrighteousness round their rump; with a displayed banner of painted hypocrisy in their right hand, to guard their faces from the sun. O but the lilies outshine the lasses for beauty; the roses rejoice and affront them, while they like howlets hide their face from the beams of the sun, as if their faces were filth, and their hides hinds tongues; they abhor the bright beams thereof as a cat does mustard.

11. Many of these women are more dangerous than the mouth of devouring cannons; though they appear as angels in the church, they are as serpents in the sheets, and as Beelzebub above the blankets; woe the man that marries such a woman, he had better be wedded to his staff, and go to bed with the beetle in his bosom.

C H A P. II.

**H**E who gets a scolding wife, and a mortifying goodmother, had far better been buried alive, for the one will cry him deaf, and the other will waste his money and his meat, fill his belly with wind, and his heart with sorrow, till with hunger and anger he will die a double death every day.

2. He that marries a gentle wife without a weighty purse of gold, or a good portion, binds himself to be his lady's page, his own servant, captain Clout's coachman, and Mr. Poverty's postilion, all the days of his life.

3. The care of such a wife is to clothe her antiquity, if her husband should go naked, she labour-eth with her tongue, not with her hands, describing the genealogy of her forefathers, the gentleness of her blood, and of her husband's descent, who never came to honour and poverty till he came to her.

4. He that weds for money is a miser, and he for beauty a fool; but he that for virtue and the other two is wiser than the weaver who took a wife and would have nothing, because he had nothing of his own.

5. And the reason was, because his wife might say, I have made thee rich with my tocher, when thou had nought but thy t--l.

6. He that marries a widow for her pelf, had better marry a whore, if she be handsome and wholesome, for the widow will be upbraiding him with the wealth and pleasure she had with her former husband, who was always the best, because he was gone.

7. Whereas the whore will be ashamed to speak of her former pleasures, because they were stolen, ~~and~~ and unlawful; but rather she will rejoice, and esteem thee, when she enjoys the same without fear, scandal, shame, or reproach.

8. He that marries a widow, let it be with one who had a husband, that gave her blows on every side ~~at~~ breakfast, who was hanged for knocking out the brains of his mother, and playing the whore with another woman; that she may have to say she had got the best husband to her last, and if thou be not so, thou art a poor wretch, I'll warrant you.

C • H A P. III.

**I**T is most natural for every sex to have a desire towards its fellows, and without the company of each other they have no mutual happiness.

1. Is it not reasonable for thee, O man! who is resolved to join thyself to a wife, that thou join thy house together, first by a mathematical order; the couples and the cumfoiling thereof, cover it above and plenishe ~~it~~ below.

3. Go to the birds and be not blindfolded, who build their nest, lay their eggs before they hatch their young, be not so foolish, as to have a child before you have a wife, nor a wife before you have a house to hold her in.

4. Staff thy house with all manner of furniture necessary for the family, marry thy wife in the pudding-month, and thou shalt have warmth all the winter.

5. Beware of running too fast, lest you come to fall, for the fair sex have short heels, and often fall backwards when hearing of the voice of wedlock, swooning away, for the joy of a relief long looked for; behold them not when they turn up their ten toes, lest thou fall into the trap from whence there is no returning; without committing great wickedness.

6. But when thou goest to meet a woman, wale her by the mouth, as Mungo did his mare; for by her words you may know whether she be a wife woman or a fool.

7. If she be poor, proud, and pidesul, turn the back of your hand to her, and your face, for she is the worst penny-worth ever came in a poor man's pack-sheet, yea, happy is he that goes home with the toom halter in his hand without her.

8. But if you chance to admire the charms of one who is black and lovely, decent and discreet, honest and virtuous, tho' never so poor; cleave thou unto her by all means, for such a woman will hold you as her head and husband, then thou shalt reign as a king over thine own house, and all thy family shall be subject unto thee.

9. For if you marry one who thinks herself wiser than thee, she will usurp thy authority, countermand thy orders, and hold thee more like her monkey than her man or master.

10. Keep not private company with a woman that is a great singer, nor a girl who is game-like, for the rolling of the eye and the sweetness of the voice encourage men to commit wickedness.

11. Take not a wife that is tear-minded

commonly are tall ready, soon angry, soon pleased, easily persuaded to do any thing; if a temptation assault her, she will be easily overcome, even to hornify your head, for such are live-loose's children.

12. Neither do ye encounter with one who hath a big belly, and a bosom full of paps, for such are seldom wholesome; nor one who is too tall, for such long people when they fall are too heavy to rise, but the best way under the sun is to marry, and so continue, look back to dotty maidens and give them the scornful catalogue as follows:

13. O ye haughty maids, mock my proverbs and I'll mock your pride, sigh for a man when it is too late, and send for him when he will not come, your song in youth is, *I'm o'er young to marry yet*: until the wrinkles rise in your face like the back of a ram-horn, and have but one tooth bound in with a rag, then make a chanter of your thumbs, and dromes of your long fingers, and play,

*ain could I marry a man just now,  
I shoud my time and my lover too.*

And here I shall be silent for a short time, then I shall vex Vanity once more. let one say I am a rattle-skull, another, he is jumbled in his judgement or disturbed in his studies, so I make an end, lest they say, I am become a preacher, and every trade is encroaching upon another; now he that wonders at my folly, I will wonder at his wisdom, then we are even one with another.

P A R T II.

COME, O men and ministers, and behold madmen and foolish women, running into the bonds of wedlock, as the horse deth unto the battle.

2. No, no, no holding back, but John Slothe and Maggi Idle must be married, even because they have no masters but meanness, no teacher but F--ls, no wit but wickethe's; no wealth but wanton folly; and poor their possession, antiquity only excepted,

3. For he is the honourable laird of Sluggard-hen-son, and she is the Daughter of Slipmy-labour.

4. Behold he goeth with his garters unbound, his bosom bare, and both his hands holding up his breeches.

5. Up gets Maggy in the morning against the hour of nine, whether it be day-light or not, but not without the power of a pearser, for she covers herself with her petticoat, and runs to the dung-hill as a soldier to his arms, when alarmed by the drum.

6. This is the character of two, which may be multiplied into millions, two by two, that fall into misery by matrimony, and are deadly wounded by the plague of poverty, for want of a virtuous proceeding in themselves.

7. Their great care is, once to be firmly married, and then all their cares are drowned in the sleep of lust, and when they awake, the flame of carnal-love is quite out; then they look up, when their eyes are opened, and seeing them snocked with worldly cares, almost naked and next to nothing.

8. Now they must work or want, their belly wages war against them, their backs and beds must be cloathed; their children also come upon them, thick, thick, if not threefold.

9. Then says the husband, What have I done? I work hard all the day to myself, and get no wages, my belly is never filled with bread, but, O my heart is almost like to break with sorrow!

10. O had I been still the servant of another man, then had I got my daily bread and yearly wages, but now I have lost good bread and great pleasure, and O but her beef be a weighty burden unto me.

11. Let never a man wale his wife at the link-door, pick up a painted image in the market; as I have done to my deadly danger.

12. Her fine brows are turned into miserable brows instead of paintings on her face, a slough of dung which is a sign of a senseless carcase, occasioned by the scarcity of scones, and a scantiness of pottage.

13. O miserable madness, and wicked alteration

reasoned through fond love, and forward kindness.

14. What can be worse in a house, than a horned good-wife, and a hummil good man, a singed cat, and burnt dog, having nothing else but dispeace and a peot's portion, which is perfect poverty.

15. Here the good-wife's tongue is a law, and the tong the sceptre of her supremacy, the children honour the father, as a cur doth a cow from a kail-yard. The wife with a whispering voice calls him cuckold, and all our children may say amen, our mother's a whore.

16. And this is the sweetest of all music in the ears of Old Nick; when the good wife's passion, like a flame breaks out against her husband, and he with vicious blows and impious rage, gives her a double downcome which is commonly called next to murder, if not so.

17. Now are the flames of fleshly love quenched, and their charity towards each other, become as cold as clay; their former love is smothered to death in the smoke of their hellish wrath, and pride is fallen into the bottomless pit, the place from whence it came.

ADVERTISEMENT, Oyez, Oyez, Oyez.

**B**E it known to all poor, proud, and prideful people, that they may mourn till the sorrow mend them; for deacon Pride, the Devil's dominie, who has fallen from the top of the high tower of Vanity, into the deep ditch of disgrace; his clothing being of foir butter, has licked up all the motes of misery and disdain on the one side, and disgrace on the other; shame and reproach before him, and behind him a troop of boys hid at his buttocks because they were bare.

And it is hoped by me, and many others, that he shall never have confidence to set up his daft-like face among honest well-thinking people any more in this country; for we of the Tinciarian Sect will oppose his doctrine, and send the Dominie to be his Dis-Ser.

F I N I S.