

XEROX MICROFORMS SYSTEMS  
 UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS  
 300 North Zeeb Road  
 Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106  
 (313) 761-4700

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## The Vanity of Female Pride :

BEING

A True Relation of a Sow that Pig'd Seven Monstrous Pigs, at *Highworth* in *Wilshire*, on *Tuesday* the Ninth of *June* 1691. all with High Top-Knots, one having the Face of a Woman, Four Ears, Four Tails and Eight Legs; the other Six being shap'd much after the same Monstrous manner.



Notwithstanding the many Signs of God's Displeasure to the People of this Nation, for their continual Provocations, we find the same no way abated, but rather augmented; more especially in the intollerable Pride of the Female Sex, as to their Towers and Top-Knots, and the rest of their Gaudy Attire, which is the Root of all Evil; and 'tis to be fear'd, will draw heavier Judgments upon us than we shall be able to bear. But we hope the same God will open their Eyes, whereby they may behold their Folly, and in time flee from that Wrath which is threaten'd to such obdurate Sinners, who wilfully continue in their Wickedness. Indeed the Strangeness of this Relation may seem somewhat *improbable*, but all must confess there is nothing *impossible* with the Almighty. You shall have it as exactly as we can relate it from Letters sent us from the same place, and likewise from those who were Eye-witnesses to this Prodigy in Nature, and now in *London* ready to testify the same to the Incredible. Which take as follows.

At *Highworth* in *Wilshire*, at the Sign of the *White Hart*, the House of Mr. *John Bailey*, on the Ninth of *June*, there was Pig'd one Sow Seven very Strange and Monstrous Pigs each representing on its Head a Monumental Top-Knot, one of which had a Face like a Woman, and the Topping of three several Colours, as Red, Black, and White, having four Ears, four Tails, and eight Legs; its Tails seem'd to have Root each in a several place, as about the Rump and Sides. Another had a Face like a Bear, dress'd with Top Knots, six Ears, four Tails, and seven Legs, all after the same manner.

The rest having the proper Phionomy of Pigs, but with the like Gallimaufry, or Top-Knots on their Heads. What should be the reason of this Monstrous Conception, we cannot apprehend, unless it might be that our Jolly Dairy-Maid, being deck'd with those Ornaments, expecting the Company of her Dearty Belov'd, and the Sow just then in the Act, her Eyes being fixed upon the Maid, and this

(by some that would have it so) might be the occasion of this Monstrous Production; but I am afraid their Judgment fails 'em, and would advise them better to consider of it.

The Owner was much surpris'd at the sight of this unexpected Litter, but however did presently dispatch them all, and buried them together, which afterwards he repented himself of, when he heard it might have been to his Advantage to have kept them alive.

It seems a Lady not far from whence, hearing of these Monsters, was curious to know the Truth of what we have related above; and employed a Young Lad to procure one of them; which he did, digging it up, and carrying it to, the Lady, who was very well pleas'd in the Truth thereof, and gratified the Boy beyond his Expectation.

As a farther Confirmation, if you please to give your self the trouble to enquire of the Carrier who lies at the *White Horse*, in *Friday street*, he will fully satisfy you to your desire.

And now Females, I hope this is enough to deter you from persisting any longer in a Stubborn Religion; lay aside therefore this natty Pride, which is nothing but Vanity, and bestow your loves with those Beautiful Ornaments, and Graces of the Soul, (proper Dresses for so refined a Sex, before corrupted) such are Humility, Virtue and Modesty, which will make you acceptable in the sight of the Creator, and far more pleasing to the whole World.

'Tis not the High Top Knots, the Powder'd Hair, a Beautiful Face, a Clear Skin, a well-shap'd Body, and those other Charming Linaments and Delusions, has the least Influence on a Ghastrous Friend: And snick you leave off these trifling Shadows, on purpose plac'd to ensnare and decoy the Wanton sort of Men to your Leisure; or to speak more favourably, to Intice and Intrap the more Sobber sort to a Confin'd State (for one of these must needs be the reason) 'tis great pity you should taste the Sweetness of a Marriage-Bed, and to for ever be destitute of a Husband.

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