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THE  
ART *of* DRESS.  
A  
POEM.



[*Price One Shilling.*]



T H E

A R T

O F

D R E S S .

A

P O E M .

---

*Quantò rectius hoc, quàm tristi ledere versu  
Pantolabum scurræ, Nomentanumque nepotem?*  
Hor.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. BURLEIGH, in *Amen-Corner*.

M. DCC. XVII.



THE

ART

OF

DRIVERS

A

POEM

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By  
M. G. L. S. M.  
H.

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LONDON:

Printed by R. D. ... in Great Britain.

M. G. L. S. M.





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B846A9

TO THE

TOASTS

OF

*GREAT-BRITAIN.*

LADIES,



YOU, for whose Perusal the following POEM was chiefly intended, have the justest Claim

4x

## *The* DEDICATION.

Claim to its Patronage; and next to those who have Painted your Natural Beauties, he that treats of your Acquired Charms has doubtless a Right to your Favour; *Female* DRESS, though touch'd upon lightly in Many excellent Pieces, has not, that I know of, ever been wholly the Subject of One; The AUTHOR has hand'led it in a Ludicrous, but uncommon  
Hi-

## The DEDICATION.

Historical Way; tho' it will do him, perhaps, little Service to declare that his Fancy and Matter are New, when such Numbers of Scriblers have the same Plea for Theirs every Day.

Be that as it will, all he Aims at is, bringing you over betimes to his Interest, since the *Cavalier* Criticks will always go in with your Censure,

# The DEDICATION.

sure, or Praise, and those  
who are not so, will nei-  
ther be courted, nor  
fear'd by

*Your constant Admirer,*

*and Servant,*

*J. D. B.*







# DRESS.

A

# POEM.

**I**N Antient Times, before this Isle was known,  
While ROME subdu'd the Continent alone;  
E'er Foreign Lords the *British* KINGS control'd,  
Or the wild Native knew the Use of Gold,

Our simple Mothers (as old Authors write)  
 Guiltless of Pride, in DRESS took no delight.  
*Skins* round their Middles negligently ty'd,  
 Conceal'd what Nature prompted them to Hide:  
 Uncouthly daub'd with Paint, the rest was Bare,  
 And to their Feet reach'd down their length of  
 (Hair:  
 They ask'd no *Pin-Money*, and us'd no Paste,  
 Nor suffer'd Torture for a slender Waste,  
 But learn'd betimes in Forests to pursue  
 The flying Deer, and twang their Bows of Eugh;  
 Intent on Rural Sports, defy'd the Spleen,  
 Made homely Meals, and took no Drams  
 (between.

Such artless Nymphs, (as Chronicles will show)  
 Were here in Vogue Two Thousand Years ago,





And *Druids* bellow'd till their Lungs were fore,  
 Alas! their Audience minded them no more;  
 For Men themselves were Prettier Fellows grown,  
 And Licens'd Female Follies by their own.

Four Ages now, were Fashions at a stand,  
 Till \* HENGIST seiz'd on this unguarded Land;  
 With him † ROWENA (peerless Beauty) came,  
 (To BRUTE's expiring Race a fatal Name!)  
 She from the *German Elbe*, and *Baltic Shore*,  
 Of Charms and Graces brought a deadly Store:  
 On || VORTIGERN's soft Soul the Poyson wrought,  
 And in the *Syren's* Net the King was caught.

---

\* *The first Saxon King of Kent.*

† *His Neice. See, Milton's History of England.*

|| *The King of Britain.*

Hence the great Change ensu'd, ordain'd by Fate,  
 Which turn'd this Empire to an *Heptarch* State ;  
 The Conquer'd *Britons* to their § *Alps* withdrew,  
 And Antient Habits soon gave way to New.

Of all the *Saxon* Courts, which, bore the Bell,  
 For Beauty, Air, and Dress, no Records tell ;  
 For Lies, and Legends, only flourish'd then,  
 (The stupid Labours of the Monkish Pen,)  
 'Till valiant \* *EGBERT* made the Crowns unite,  
 And his Lay-Subjects first began to write.  
 Now follow'd some Luxurious Peaceful Reigns,  
 Till Time and Fate brought in the Cruel *Danes* :  
 In War and Bloodshed Ages pass'd away,  
 Whilst these prevail'd by Turns, and lost the Day ;

---

§ *The Welch Mountains.*

\* *First, sole Monarch of England.*

At last on *England's* long contested Throne  
 † CANUTE the Fierce, fate undisturb'd alone;  
 Him, EMMA charm'd, who Beautiful as Good,  
 Retriev'd the Glories of her *Saxon* Blood;  
 And call'd the Graces back which left the Land,  
 Whilst Fiends and Furies toss'd the flaming Brand.  
 Now Ladies practis'd each *Cosmetic* Lore,  
 As their great Gran-Dames did in Days of Yore;  
 Renew'd their Antient Snares to Ruin Man,  
 Roll'd the bewitching Eye, and play'd the Fan.

So when some Hurricane has ceas'd to Rage,  
 And Seas and Winds no more their Battles wage;

---

† *The first Danish King of England, who married Emma, Widow of King Ethelred.*

Th' endanger'd Bark which floated on the Main  
 With Canvas furl'd, and bore the Shock with Pain,  
 Through gentle Waves now cuts her easy way,  
 Spreads all her Sails, and lets her Streamers play.

Then our first QUIXOTS us'd on Steeds to Prance,  
 Buckled in Mail, and break th' unweildy Lance;  
 For prudent Nymphs (and who can blame the Fair  
 In chusing well, who took such early Care)  
 Would put their Lovers on that bold Essay,  
 To know their Strength before the Wedding Day.

Much still there wanted to compleat our DRESS,  
 And *Beaus* and *Belles* were awkard with Excess,  
 Till WILLIAM brought his *Norman* Models o'er,  
*Trunk-Hose*, and *Fartbingales* unknown before.

The Female *Top-Knot* us'd till then to Rise  
 A *Gothic* Structure, and a mere Disguise;  
 Their Motion was untaught, the work of Chance,  
 And our Court-Minuet, but a *Morrice-Dance*.  
 First in his Days appear'd in all its State  
 The splendid *Toilet* cover'd o'er with Plate;  
 (Those fatal *Boxes*, which more Ills contain'd  
 Than in *PANDORA'S* e'er the Poets feign'd.)  
 The polish'd *Mirroure*, (Emblem of the Fair,  
 Shining, yet Brittle) was erected there;  
*Combs*, *Patches*, *Paint*, had their allotted Place,  
 And ev'ry Toy that gives the Sex a Grace.

Fam'd *ROSAMOND*, as Antient Ballads tell,  
 Was passing Fair, and Dress'd, exceeding well;



Her Skin was Lilly-White, and Black as Jet  
 Her Eye, transfixt the great \* PLANTAGENET :  
 She first us'd *Washes* for the Neck and Face,  
 And binding *Allom* for another Place.  
 Malicious Fame reports her Hair was Red,  
 And that she smooth'd it with a Comb of Lead ;  
 Howe'er it was, the Monarch lik'd her so,  
 He kept her where no Flesh alive could know,  
 Till jealous NELL (Oh Tale as sad as true !)  
 Found out her Lodging by the fatal Clue.  
 Nor should a Thousand more be left unsung,  
 Whom Story boasts as Beautiful and Young ;  
 Who grac'd our EDWARDS, and our HENRYS Days,  
 For want of Bards, depriv'd of half their Praise.

---

\* *King Henry II.*

But Ah! to venture on such lofty Things,  
Beware my Muse, nor trust thy feeble Wings.

O PRIOR, CONGREVE, LANSDOWN, gentle Peer,

And ADDISON so strong, and yet so clear;

Yours be the Task, ye Swans of Silver hue,

Who Soar so wondrous High, and Sing so true.

When, and from whence the *Ruff* at first was  
(brought,

Long, but in vain have puz'ling Criticks fought.

In after Times, some future BENTLEY'S Care,

Shall gravely mark the Climate and the Year;

BENTLEY (great Sage) who ne'er vouchsafesto write,

But such important Matters come to Light.



Queen \* KATE of *Austrian* Blood, Demure and  
(Wife,

Swell'd the *stiff-Circle*, to a larger Size,

And wore it as was then the *Spanish* Mode,

For Female Shoulders thought too great a Load.

Some Winters pass'd, and then ELIZA I way'd,

Sworn Enemy to *Rome*, a wondrous Maid!

She turn'd out *Popish* Modes, but kept in *That*,

And introduc'd, besides, the *Steeple-Hat*;

Fenc'd the huge *Petticoat* with Ribs of Whale,

And arm'd our Mothers in the circ'ling Mail.

Such have I seen in † CECIL's Antient Hall,

His Kindred Beauties rang'd along the Wall;

\* Infanta of Spain, Wife, first to Prince Arthur, and then  
to his Brother, Henry VIII.

† Hatfield.

By some great Pencil to the Life exprefs'd,  
 And in that Ages Form Precisely Dress'd.  
 O! charming SALISBURY, of TUFTON'S Race,  
 Thou Soul Celestial, with an Angel's Face,  
 Could the long Order of the sleeping Fair,  
 Freed from Death's Chain, once more breath Vital  
 (Air,  
 With Envy would they blush, with Rage to See,  
 Their Fashions foils to Thine; themselves to Thee.

Our next unhappy STUARTS pay'd the Way,  
 For *Caledonian* Dames to come in play;  
 Beauties that *shifted* hardly once a Week,  
 For *Cleanliness*, alas! to them was *Greek*!  
 Now follow'd Canting *Puritans* in Shoals,  
 Who spoil'd our Bodies, as they damn'd our Souls;

Of ev'ry Ornament they strip'd the Fair,  
 And hid their Bubbies with Paternal Care;  
 The *Fartingall* and *Ruff* appear'd no more,  
 And *Ribbons* favour'd of the *Scarlet Whore*;  
 With sad Simplicity they fill'd the Land,  
 Brought in the *Forehead-Cloth* and *formal-Band*.  
 In those Fanatic Times (the learned say)  
 Attempts were made to Preach the *Smock* away,  
 For *Smocks*, so near the Flesh, were Carnal, plain,  
 Too like the *Surplice*, and of course Profane;  
 The Zealous *Kirk* the godly Cause to Crown,  
 Clean Linnen, and the *Common Pray'r* put down:

Oh!

Oh! had that Crew for *England's* Bane design'd,  
 Been to its Native *North* alone confin'd!  
 Annals might want, nor we our selves should know  
 One Melancholy Scene of *Royal Woe* ;  
 Wild *Anarchy* had kept beyond the Main,  
 With all her Viper-Brood, and Bestial Train,  
 Nor had our *State* been lost, nor hapless  
 (CHARLES been slain.)

But lo, the Sun breaks thro' the dismal Gloom,  
 The Second CHARLES fills up th' *Usurper's* Room,  
 Unnumber'd Beauties flock from ev'ry Part,  
 And aim their Glances at their Master's Heart.  
 The noisy Hypocrite no more was fear'd,  
 But *Mantuas*, *Pendants*, and *Commodos* appear'd;



In all his wonted Flames the Lover burn'd,  
 And \* *Sylphs* long Banish'd to their Charge return'd.  
 † SACKVILE and WILMOT then sat Censors here,  
 Kind to the Sex, but to its Faults severe;  
 Such *Satire* flow'd from their abounding Store,  
 Tho' *France* did much, their Pens refin'd us more.  
 Fools, and Coquets, the Muse Impartial bit,  
 The false Pretenders both to Airs and Wit;  
 Hence Woman still improv'd, whilst ev'ry Moon  
 With some New Mode produc'd a new Lampoon.  
 Succeeding Beauties made the Former less,  
 Their *Deshabille* excell'd their Mother's Dress.

---

\* Aerial Spirits, composed of the purest Atoms of the Air.  
 See, *The diverting History of the Count De Gabalis.*

† *The Earls of Dorset and Rochester.*

In ANNA'S Days at last the Point was gain'd,  
 To Fashion's highest Pitch our *Belles* attain'd ;  
 From *France* they came, and many a Foreign Shore,  
 To learn Our Arts, who taught us *Theirs* before.

*Love's* Goddess now the *Furbeloe* displays,  
 Invents the *Flounces*, and Reforms the *Stays* ;  
 Her Handmaid Sisters leave their old Abodes,  
 And make this Town *Metropolis* of Modes.  
 By Faction guided, Ladies patch the Face,  
 And to the *Watch* now add the *Tweezer Case*.  
 White Breasts, and Shoulders bare, invade the Eye,  
 And Legs no more conceal'd, our *Jefts* defy,  
 Those pretty Legs so Taper, and so Smart,  
 By which Men guess at ev'ry other *Part*.

The *Petticoat* remain'd a Point in doubt  
 Till WREN was forc'd to help our Beauties out ;  
 A *Roman Cupola* \* he show'd in Print,  
 And thence of *Modern Hoops*, they took the hint ;  
 The vast Circumference gives Air below,  
 At large they tread, and more Majestick show :  
 Thro' Lanes of ravish'd Beaus the Wonders pass,  
 And Names of TOASTS are Cut on conscious Glafs.

To you, fair Virgin Throng, With *Myrtle* crown'd  
 Our Bumpers fill'd with gen'rous Wine go round ;  
 For you, th' *Italian* Worm her Silk prepares,  
 And distant *India* sends her choicest Wares ;  
 Some Toy from ev'ry Part the Sailor brings,  
 The Sempstrefs labours, and the Poet sings.

---

\* *Sir Christopher Wren's Print of St. Paul's Cathedral.*



To your bright Eyes I consecrate my Lays,  
 Inspir'd and warm'd by Their Celestial Rays ;  
 Leave your *Basset*, your *Sermons*, and your *Tea*,  
 And listen to the Rules prescrib'd by Me.

When, undisturb'd with *Spleen*, you then design  
 At Court, the Play, or in the Ring to shine,  
 Betimes, O Nymphs! to your *Toilets* repair ;  
 And first let BETTY *Comb* th' Ambrosial Hair.

Not all your Locks are equal in Renown,  
 Red yields to Fair, and Black excells the Brown ;  
 Some ask a plenteous Store of scented Grains ;  
 Some, none at all ; and please with little Pains :  
 Those, wanting Order, scarce endure the Test,  
 And These, in careless *Favorites* are best.

The brilliant Bodkin often adds a Grace,  
 Or *Jessamine* sets off the blooming Face;  
 But be not Bigots to such Toys as these;  
 Approv'd to Day, to Morrow they displease.

Much Ribbon was in Use in Days of Yore,  
 Of Ells each Topknot had at least a Score,  
 Now Custom has retrench'd that old Excess,  
 And fix'd on Female Brows a frugal Dress;  
 For your New Pinners even sink below  
 The frizzled Foretop of a Modern Beau.

Take, gentle Creatures, take a Friend's Advice,  
 In polishing your Teeth be wond'rous nice;  
 For no Defect in these (should such be known)  
 Ten Thousand other Graces will atone;

Oft let the Brush it's Morning Task repeat;  
 And shun at Boards the too high-season'd Meat;  
*Ragouts*, and luscious Soups, make Teeth decay,  
 And op'ning Lips the tainted Breath betray;  
 But ah! Your Paints are worse; refrain from Those,  
 Nor lose true Pearls to gain a borrow'd Rose.

Jewels, in which You take so great a Pride  
 Are sometimes best (believe me) laid aside;  
 Such Ornaments take up the dazzled Eye,  
 And make us pass your Charms unheeded by;  
 Besides, what Value adds the shining Store,  
 When many a formal Cit perhaps has more?  
 If CHLOE's Features, and beginning Bloom,  
 Surprize the Censors of the Drawing-Room;  
 If just her Shape, her Air be *degagée*,  
 Her plain *French* Necklace is preferr'd by me.

The *Teague-land* Beau, with his *Corinthian* Face,  
 Perfues *Brocade*, and dies for *Flanders* Lace;  
 For this wise Maxim he has learn'd by rote,  
 That richest Outsides, greatest Wealth denote.  
 Less fordid We, but more refin'd of Taste  
 Esteem in *Chints*, or *Crape*, a charming Waste;  
 Thro' Streets full oft, by *Calicoes* are led,  
 And Burn for DASHWOOD in a Muslin Head.

'Tis no small Task the true *Genteel* to hit  
 And shun the Censure of the Park or Pit;  
 Oft have I seen a *Mantua* pinn'd amiss  
 Make People sneer, and almost cause a His:  
 For Knots ill-fancy'd, or a tawdry Gown  
 Ill natur'd Criticks, cry the Woman down;



With *Prudes* and *Slatterns* open War they wage,  
 And Ten to One, if either scapes the Stage.

Four charming Sisters, \* here in Vogue of late,  
 Long rul'd unrival'd the *Cosmetic State* ;  
 They nothing wore, but what was *à propos*,  
 Nor could the World compleater Models show ;  
 But cruel Death (ah, Monster, too unkind !)  
 Has left but half that Conqu'ring Race behind.

Tho' most condemn the *Fair* that's over-nice,  
 Too great Neglect is oft an equal Vice ;  
 Th' establish'd *Belle* some Privilege may take,  
 Affect loose *Airs* ; and counterfeit the *Rake* ;

---

\* *The Duke of Marlborough's Daughters.*

May lay the *Necklace*, and the *Drops* aside,  
 Half comb her Locks, and all her Linnen hide ;  
 But no such License is to Those allow'd,  
 Whose undistinguish'd Forms make up the Crowd.

How plain soe'er you *DRESS*, be thoroughly clean,  
 Nor let the *Smock* be foul, because unseen ;  
 But chiefly You, that are to *Plump* inclin'd,  
 And You, whose Hair is of the *Carrot* Kind.

Be wond'rous tight about the Leg and Foot ;  
 Those Parts neglected, soon betray the *Slut* :  
 In chusing *Stockings*, shun the Vulgar *Blue*,  
 And braid, as well as lace, the *Damask Shoe*.

When you put on, to grace a solemn Day,  
 Your best Attire, and ev'ry Charm display ;

Each due Convenience for your Ease prepare :  
 But most, ye Nymphs, of lacing close, beware ;  
 Left, by a Fit surpriz'd, you, swooning, fall,  
 Disturb the Feast, or interrupt the Ball :  
 Then the Breast heaves, the Blush the Cheek forsakes,  
 Till some kind Hand the *Whalebone* Prison breaks:  
 Mean while, an Am'rous Youth may steal a Kiss ;  
 Or snatch, unfelt, perhaps, a greater Bliss.

I much approve, when Snowy Breasts are seen  
 Of Fragrant Sprigs the Nosegay stuck between :  
 The Scent and Object make us half despair,  
 And ardent Lovers wish their Lips were there.

When for the Morning Air abroad you steal,  
 The Cloak of *Camlet* may your Charms conceal ;



The Cloak, in which a Noble PEER \* of late  
Got off *Incog.* and flily bilk'd the State :

That, with a *Mask*, is such a sure Disguise,  
'Twould cheat an ARGUS, or a *Spaniard's* Eyes,

Thus whilst with Artless Hand I touch the String,  
And trace our *Fashions* to their Ancient Spring ;  
For BERKLEY'S Loss, with Song divert my Care,  
And call the Beauteous Crowd to lend an Ear ;  
Vouchsafe, Auspicious on the Muse to shine,  
Supreme of Nymphs, O Matchless CAROLINE !  
So, may those *Graces* (who, deriv'd from Thee,  
Of Future Bards the Glorious Theme shall be)

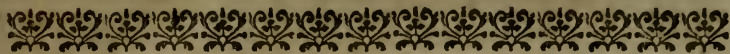
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\* *The Earl of Nithisdale.*

When Time has Ripen'd all Their growing Charms,  
 And Form'd each PRINCESS for a MONARCH'S  
 (Arms ;  
 Their People's Hearts, as *Thou* dost Thine possess,  
 And Learn from *Thee* to GOVERN, and to DRESS.

F I N I S .





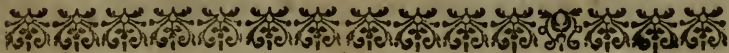
APPLE-PYE.

A

POEM.

By Dr. KING.

*Now first Printed from a Correct Copy.*



APPLE-PYE.

A.

P O E M.

By Dr. KING.

Printed and Sold by J. B. R. King, in the Strand, near the Church of St. Martin's.



# APPLE-PYE.

A

## P O E M.

**O**F all the Delicates which *Britons* try,  
To please the Palate, or delight the Eye;  
Of all the several Kinds of Sumptuous Fare ;  
There's none that can with APPLE-PYE compare,  
For costly Flavour, or substantial Paste,  
For outward Beauty, or for inward Taste.

When



When first this Infant-Dish in Fashion came,  
 Th'Ingredients were but Coarse, and rude the Frame;  
 As yet unpolish'd in the Modern Arts,  
 Our Fathers Eat brown Bread instead of *Tarts* :  
*Pyes* were but indigested Lumps of *Dough*,  
 Till Time and just Expence improv'd 'em so.

King COL (as Ancient *British* Annals \* tell)  
 Renown'd for Fidling, and for Eating well,  
*Pippins* in homely *Cakes* with *Honey* stew'd,  
 Just as he *Bak'd*, (the Proverb says) he *Brew'd*.

---

\* See, *The old Ballad of King COL.*

Their greater Art succeeding Princes show'd,  
 And modell'd *Paste* into a neater Mode ;  
 Invention now grew lively, Palate nice,  
 And *Sugar* pointed out the Way to *Spice*.

But here for Ages unimprov'd we stood,  
 And *Apple-Pye* was still but homely Food ;  
 When God-like EDGAR of the *Saxon* Line,  
 Polite of Taste, and studious to refine,  
 In the Disert perfuming *Quinces* cast,  
 And perfected with *Cream* the rich Repast.  
 Hence we proceed the outward Parts to trim,  
 With Crinkumcranks adorn the polish'd Brim ;  
 And each fresh Pye the pleas'd Spectator greets  
 With Virgin-Fancies, and with new Conceits.

Dear NELLY, learn with Care the Pastry Art,  
 And mind the Easy Precepts I impart :  
 Draw out your *Dough* elaborately thin,  
 And cease not to fatigue your *Rolling-Pin* :  
 Of *Eggs* and *Butter* see you mix enough :  
 For then the *Paste* will swell into a *Puff*,  
 Which will in crumpling Sounds your Praise report,  
 And eat, as Housewives speak, exceeding short.  
 Rang'd in thick Order, let your *Quinces* lie ;  
 They give a charming Relish to the *PYE*.  
 If you are wise, you'll not *Brown Sugar* slight,  
 The Browner (if I form my Judgment right)  
 A deep Vermillion Tincture will dispence,  
 And make your *Pippin* redder than the *Quince*.

When this is done, there will be wanting still,  
 The just Reserve of *Cloves* and *Candy'd Peel*;  
 Nor can I blame you, if a Drop you take  
 Of *Orange-Water*, for *Perfuming*-sake.  
 But here the Nicety of Art is such,  
 There must not be too little, nor too much:  
 If with Discretion you these Costs employ,  
 They quicken Appetite; if not, they cloy.

Next, in your Mind this Maxim firmly root,  
*Never o'ercharge your PYE with Costly Fruit*:  
 Oft let your Bodkin thro' the Lid be sent,  
 To give the kind imprison'd Treasure vent;  
 Lest the fermenting Liquor, closely prest,  
 Insensibly, by constant Fretting, waste,  
 And o'er-inform your Tenement of Paste.



To chuse your *Baker*, think, and think again  
 (You'll scarce One Honest *Baker* find in Ten :)  
 Adult and bruis'd, I've often seen a *Pyre*,  
 In Rich Disguise and Costly Ruin lie,  
 While pensive *Crust* beheld its Form o'erthrown,  
 Exhausted *Apples* griev'd, their Moisture flown,  
 And *Syrup* from the Sides ran trickling down.

O be not, be not tempted, Lovely *NELL*,  
 While the hot-piping Odours strongly smell,  
 While the delicious Fume creates a Gust,  
 To lick th' o'erflowing Juice, or bite the *Crust*.  
 You'll rather stay (if my Advice may Rule)  
 Until the Hot's corrected by the Cool;  
 'Till you've infus'd the luscious Store of *Cream*,  
 And chang'd the Purple, for a Silver Stream;



'Till that smooth Viand its mild Force produce,  
And give a Softness to the tarter Juice.

Then shalt thou, pleas'd, the Noble Fabrick view,  
And have a Slice into the Bargain too ;  
Honour, and Fame alike, we will partake,  
So Well I'll Eat, what you so Richly Make.

*F I N I S.*





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