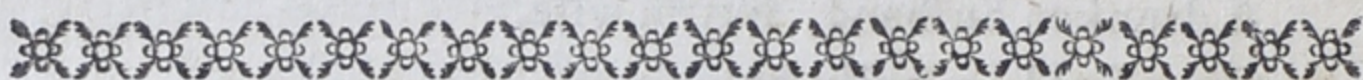


Is there, enrich'd with Virtue's honest store,  
 Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore?  
 Is there, who right maintains and truth pursues,  
 Nor knows a wish that heaven can refuse?  
 Is there, who can on his great self depend?  
 Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.



A very gallant Copy of VERSES, (but somewhat  
 silly) upon the Ladies, and their fine Cloaths  
 at a Ball.

By Mr. W. TAYLOR.

**H**APPY the worms, that spun their lives away,  
 T' enrich the splendour of this glorious day!  
 Well pleas'd these gen'rous foreigners expire,  
 A sacrifice to Beauty's general fire.  
 Oh! had they seen, with what superior grace  
 Beauty here triumphs in each lovely face,  
 Their am'rous flames had their own work betray'd,  
 And burn'd the web their curious art had made!

Another