

Produced by Colin Bell, Joseph Cooper, Carol Ann Brown,
and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at
<https://www.pgdp.net>

Mundus Foppensis:
OR, THE
Fop Display'd.
BEING
The Ladies VINDICATION,

In Answer to a late Pamphlet, Entitled,
Mundus Muliebris: Or, The Ladies
Dressing-Room Unlocked, _&c._

In Burlesque.

Together with a short SUPPLEMENT
to the _Fop-Dictionary_: Compos'd for the
use of the Town _Beaus_.

_Prisca juvent alios; Ego me nunc denique natum,
Gratulor haec aetas moribus apta meis.
Non quia nunc terra lentum subducitur aurum
Lectaque diverso littore Concha venit.
Sed quia cultus adest, nec nostros mansit in Annos,
Rusticitas Priscis illa superstes avis._

Ovid de Arte Amandi. _Lib. 3._

London, Printed for John Harris at the Harrow
in the _Poultry_, 1691.

ADVERTISEMENT

There is newly published _The Present State of Europe_; or, _The
Historical and Political Mercury_: Giving an Account of all the publick

and private Occurrences that are most considerable in every Court, for the Months of _August_ and _September_, 1690. With curious _Reflections_ upon every State. To be continued Monthly from the Original, published at the _Hague_ by the Authority of the States of _Holland_ and _West-Friesland_. Sold by John Harris at the Harrow in the _Poultrey_.

There is newly published _A plain Relation of the late Action at Sea_, between the _English_ and _Dutch_, and the _French_ Fleets, from _June_ 22th. to _July_ 5th. last: With _Reflections_ thereupon, and upon the Present State of the Nation, _&c._

Written by the Author of the _Reflections_ upon the last Years Occurrences, &c. _London_, Printed for John Harris at the Harrow in the _Poultrey_, Price 1 _s._

THE PREFACE.

Ladies,

_In the Tacker together of Mundus Muliebris, As it was a very great Piece of ill Manners, to unlock your Dressing-Rooms without your Leave,

so was it no less indecent in him to expose your Wardrobes to the World,

especially in such a Rhapsody of Rhime Doggeril as looks much more like

an Inventory than a Poem; however, he has only pilfer'd away the Names of your Varieties without doing ye any other Mischief; for there is nothing to be found in all his Index, nor his Dictionary neither, but what becomes a Person of Quality to give, and a Person of Quality to receive; and indeed, considering how frail the mortal Estates of mortal Gentlemen are, it argues but a common Prudence in Ladies to take

Advantage of the Kindness of their Admirers_; to make Hay while the Sun

shines; _well knowing how often they are inveigl'd out of their Jointures upon all Occasions: Besides, it is a _general Desire in Men, that their Ladies should keep Home, and therefore it is but reasonable they should make their Homes as delightful as it is possible; and therefore this Bubble of an Inventory is not to be thought the Effect of general Repentance, among your Servants and Adorers, but the capricious

Malice of some Person envious of the little Remunerations of your Kindnesses for being disbandd from your Conversation; little indeed, considering the Rewards due to your Merits, otherwise it would be the greatest Injustice upon Earth for the Men to think of reforming the Women before they reform themselves, who are ten times worse in all respects, as you will have sufficient to retort upon them when you come by and by to the Matter._

_But to shew that it is no new thing for Ladies to go gay and gaudy, we find in Ovid, that the Women made use of great Variety of Colours for the Silks of which they made their Garments, of which the chiefest in request among them were Azure, Sea-green, Saffron colour, Violet, Ash colour, Rose colour, Chesnut, Almond Colour, with several others, as their Fancy thought fit to make choice; nor were they deny'd the Purple in Grain, overlaid with Pearl, or embroider'd with Gold: Nor _ _was it a strange thing for the Roman Women to die their Hair Yellow, as an augmentation to their Beauty; nor did the severity of the times at all oppose it, but rather allow'd it. Now, says Ovid, The Manner of dressing is not of one sort, and therefore let every Lady choose what best becomes her; first consulting her Looking-glass. And soon after, he confesses that there were not more Leaves upon a large Oak, not so many

Bees in Hybla, nor so many wild Beasts ranging the Alps as he could number differences of dressing Ladies. He tells ye how Laodamia drest to

set off a long Face. How Diana drest when she went a Hunting: And how

Iole was carelessly drest when she took Alcides Captive in the Dangles of her Tresses: So that it is no such new thing for the Women of this Age to desire rich and splendid Ornaments. And why their Grandmothers, and Great Grandmothers confin'd themselves to their Nuptial Kirtles, their Gowns and Petticoats that lasted so many Anniversaries; their Virginals for Musick, and their Spanish Pavans, and Sellingers Rounds for Recreation, after their long poring upon Tent-stitch, 'tis not a farthing Matter for our Ladies to enquire: 'Twas their Misfortune they knew no better; but because they_ knew no better, 'tis no Argument that our Ladies should be ty'd to their obsolete Examples: For the Alterations of Times and Customs alter the Humors and Fashions of an Age, and change the whole Frame of Conversation. Juno is by the Poets trick'd up in Vestments embroidered with all the Colours of the Peacocks; and no question the Poets spoke with Relation to the Gallantry of the Women of those times. And who so gaudy as Madam Iris in the Skie, and therefore said to be chief Maid of Honour to Jupiter's Wife. I could give ye an Account of the Habits of Venus, and the Graces, which the Poets adapting to the Modes of those Times, plainly demonstrates, that the Ladies were no less curious in those days than now._

So then, Ladies, for your comfort be it spoken, here's only a Great Cry and little Wool; while the Unlocker of your Dressing-Rooms brings us a long Bedroll of hard Names to prove that you make use of a great deal of Variety to set forth and grace your Beauty, and render your Charms more unresistable, and that you love to have your Closets splendidly and richly furnish'd: Heavens be prais'd, he lays nothing Criminal to your Charge; but only puts ye in mind of a Chapter in Isaiah, of which you are not bound to take much notice, in regard his mistaking the 6. for the 3: may secure ye there is little heed to be given to his Divinity._

_But on the other side it makes me mad to hear what the Devil of a Roman Satyr Juvenal speaks of his own Sex; for tho' he makes Women bad

enough,
he makes it an easier thing to meet with Prodigies and Monsters, than
Men of Sense and Vertue._

Should I behold in _Rome_, that Man, _says he_,
That were of spotless Fame, and Life unblam'd;
More than a Wonder it would be to me,
And I that Monster would compare to damn'd:
Two-headed Boy, with double Members born,
Or Fish, by Plow turn'd up, where lately Corn
In fertile Acres grew; or Fole by Mule
Brought forth, as Heaven would Nature over-rule:
No less amaz'd, than if a stoney Showre
Should from the Skie upon the Pavement pour;
Or that some Swarm of Bees, ascending higher
Than usually, should cluster on the Temple Spire;
Or that some rapid and impetuous Stream,
Should roll into the Sea, all Bloud, or Cream.

_Heavens! how many Wonders do's Juvenal make at the sight of an
Honest

Man in his time; and yet when he has spoken as bad as he could of__the
Women, we find no such severe Expressions of his upon the Female
Sex.

Now Ladies if good Men are so scarce, what need you care what Fools
and

bad Men say. 'Tis true it must be acknowledg'd a hard Censure upon
Men;

but it was a Man that said it; and therefore it makes the better for the
Feminine Gender. Well, Ladies, you may be pleas'd to make what use of
it

you think fit, as being that which will certainly defend ye against all
the Picklocks of your Dressing-Rooms for the future; besides the Liberty
which Ovid, an Authentick Author, gives ye, to make use of what
Dresses,

what Ornaments, what Embellishments you please, according to the

Mode

and Practice of those times, under one of the best Rulers of the Roman Empire, and far more antient than when your Grandmothers and Great Grandmothers spun Flax, and bespittl'd their Fingers._

THE

Fop Display'd;

OR,

The Ladies VINDICATION:

In ANSWER to

The Ladies Dressing-Room Unlock'd, _&c._

Fain wou'd I, Ladies, briefly know
How you have injur'd Bully _Beau_;
That he thus falls, with so much noise,
Upon your Trinkets, and your Toys?
Something was in't; for I protest t' ye,
He has most wonderfully drest ye:
Nor has his Wrath spar'd ye an inch,
To set ye out in Pedlars French;
And all his Readers to possess,
That Women conjure when they dress:
Malicious _Beau_-Design, to make
The Ladies Dressing-Room to speak
Hard Words, unknown to all their Gransires;
The Language like of Necromancers.
Heavens! must Men still be at th' Mercies
Of new _Medeas_, and new _Circes_;
Not working by the fatal Powers
Of old enchanting Herbs and Flowers;
But by the Magick of their Garments,
Conspiring to renew our Torments?
I'll not believe the venomous Satyr,

It cannot be in Ladies Nature,
So amiable, sweet, and active,
To Study Magical Attractive;
As if they Wanted Help of _Endor_,
Their Graces more Divine to render.
Rather we think this _Jargonry_
Beyond the Skill of Doctor Dee:
Hell's Preacher, _Phlegyas_, from below,
Call'd up, and hous'd in carnal _Beau_;
With wicked Hells _Enthusiasm_,
Between each Sex to make a _Chasm_;
For _Virgil_, never tax'd of Nonsense;
Nor yet provok'd, to injure Lady
Brings in the same infernal Rabbi,
Among the Damn'd, disturb'd in Conscience;
And stirr'd with like Satyrick Rage,
Against the Females of that Age.
Ingratefull Rhimer! thus to vex
The more refin'd and lovely Sex,
By acting like officious Novice,
Informer in the Devil's _Crown-Office_,
If we mayn't rather take him for
Some busie, bold Apparator,
In Satan's Commons Court of Arches,
By his more Feminine Researches:
Tho' what if many a tainted Whore
Tormented him before his hour,
'Twas mean Revenge, howe'er, to fall
On the whole Sex in general;
'Cause 'twas his ill luck still to light
On Ware unsound, for want of Wit.
What if the Ladies will be brave,
Why may not they a Language have
To wrap their Trinkets up in Mystery?
Since Men are much more blam'd in History,
For tying up their Slipper peaks

With Silver Chains, that reach'd their Necks.
Was't not, d'ye think, a pleasant sight,
To see the smiling Surgeon slit
The swelling Figs, in Bum behind,
Caught by misusing of his Kind?
But Women, only for being quaint,
To signifie the Things they want
By proper Names, must be reproach'd;
For wanton, foolish, and debauch'd;
Yet Learning is no Crime to Ladies,
And Terms of Art are still where Trade is.
Printers speak Gibb'rish at their Cafes;
And Weavers talk in unknown Phrases;
And Blacksmith's 'Prentice takes his Lessons
From Arabick (to us) Expressions:
Why then mayn't Ladies, in their Stations,
Use novel Names for novel Fashions?
And is not _Colbertine_, God save us,
Much nearer far than _Wevus mavus_;
A sort of Cant, with which the young
Corrupted once their Mother Tongue:
Is such a Bumpkin Cant as that
Fit for an Age where only what
Is brisk and airy, new refin'd,
Exalts the Wit, and clears the mind?
No ladies, no; go on your way;
Gay Cloaths require gay Words, we say.
When Art has trimm'd up Head-Attire,
Fit for a Nation to admire;
And Head and Ornament are well met,
Like Amazonian Plume and Helmet;
To call that by a vulgar Name,
Would be too mean, and th' Artist shame;
Call it a _Septizonimum_, or _Tiara_;
Or what you please, that's new and rare-a.
May not the Head, the Seat of Sense,

Name it's own Dress, without Offence?
The Roman Ladies, you are told,
Wore such a Head-Attire of old;
And what if _Juvenal_ were such a Satyr,
The Roman Ladies to bespatter;
Tell _Juvenal_, he was a Fool,
And must not think to _England_ rule:
Why should her Jewels move my Spleen;
Let her out-dazle _Egypt_'s Queen:
It shows that Gold the Pocket lines,
Where such illustrious Glory shines;
And there's a sort of Pride becomes
The Pomp of Dress, as well as Rooms.
I would not for the world be thought
To pick a hole in Ladies Coat;
Because they make it their Delight,
To keep their Bodies trim and tite.
What though the Names be new, and such
As borrow from the French and Dutch?
Or strain'd from the Italian Idiom,
Rather from hence I take the Freedom,
To praise their Care, thus to enrich
And fructifie our barren Speech,
We owe to their Vocabulary,
That makes our Language full and airy,
Enlarging _Meige_'s Dictionary.
Where things want Names, Names must be had:
Shall Lady cry to Chamber-maid,
Bring me my Thing there, for my head;
My Thing there, quilted white and red;
My Thing there for my Wrists and Neck;
'Tis ten to One the Maids mistake;
Then Lady cries, The Devil take
Such cursed Sots; my tother Thing;
Then 'stead of Shoes, the Cuffs they bring.
'Slife--Lady crys, if I rise up,

I'll send thee to the Devil to sup;
And thus, like _Babel_, in conclusion,
The Lady's Closet's all Confusion;
When as if Ladies name the Things,
The Maid, whate'er she bid her, brings;
Neither is Lady chaf'd with Anger,
Nor Bones of Maiden put in danger.
Sure then 'twas some ill-natur'd _Beau_,
To persecute the Ladies so;
For peopling, of their own accords,
Phillip's English World of Words:
A _Beau_ more cruel than the _Goths_,
Thus to deny the Women Cloaths:
As if to theirs the rich Additions
Were Heathen Rites, and Superstitions;
Or else, as if from _Picts_ descended,
He were with Women's Cloaths offended;
And spite of cold, or heat of air,
He lov'd to see Dame Nature bare.
Their Shoes and Stays, he says, are tawdry,
Not fit to wear 'cause of th' Embroidry.
For Petticoats he'd have e'm bare-breech'd,
From _India_ 'cause the Stuffs are far-fetch'd.
Their Points and Lace he damns to Hell;
Corruptions of the Common-Weal.
The vain Exceptions of Wiseacres,
Fit to goe herd among the Quakers;
And talk to _Maudlin_, in close Hood,
Things that themselves ne'er understood.
Now let us then the _Beau_ survey,
Has he no Baubles to display:
There's first the _Dango_, and the _Snake_,
Those _Dildoes_ in the Nape of Neck;
That dangle down behind, to shew
Dimensions of the _Snake_ below:
'Tis thick, and long; but pizzl'd at th' end,

And would be thought the Woman's Friend:
Yet they who many times have try'd,
By _Dango_ swear the _Snake_ bely'd.
Then th' insignificant _Knee-Rowl_,
A mere _Whim-wham_, upon my Soul;
For that 'twas never made, I fear,
To save the Master's Knees at Prayer:
Which being worn o'th' largest size,
That Man _Rolls_ full, the Bully cries.
A Term of Art for Knees Concinnity,
Beyond the Sense of School-Divinity.
What _Beau_ himself would so unman,
To ride in scandalous Sedan?
A Carriage only fit for Midwives,
That of their Burthens go to rid Wives;
Unless to hide, from Revelation,
Th' Adulterer's haste to Assignment.
What Dunces are our Tonsors grown,
Where's their Gold Filings in an Amber Box,
To strew upon their Masters Locks,
And make 'em glitter in the Sun?
Sure English _Beaus_ may out-vie _Venus_,
As well as _Commodus_, or _Gallienus_.
'Twas Goldilocks, my lovely Boy,
Made _Agamemnon_ ruine _Troy_.
I could produce ye Emperours
That sate in Womens Dress whole hours,
Expos'd upon the publick Stage
Their Catamites, Wives by Marr'age.
Your old Trunk-hose are laid aside,
For what-d'-ye-call-em's Tail to hide;
So strait and close upon the Skin,
As onely made for Lady's Eyne;
To see the shape of Thighs and Groin:
Hard case _Priapus_ should be so restrain'd,
That had whole Orchards at command.

Yet these are Toys, in Men, more wise,
To Womens innocent Vanities.
While soft Sir _Courtly Nice_ looks great,
With the unmortgag'd Rents of his Estate:
What is the Learning he adores,
But the Discourse of Pimps and Whores?
She who can tye, with quaintest Art,
The spruce Cravat-string, wins his Heart;
Where that same Toy does not exactly sit,
He's not for common Conversation fit.
How is the Barber held Divine,
That can a Perriwig _Carine_!
Or else _Correct_ it; which you please;
For these are _Terms_ too, now-a-days,
Of modern Gallants to entice
The Barber to advance his Price:
For if a Barber be not dear,
He must not cover Coxcomb's Ear.
Bless us! what's there? 'tis something walks,
A piece of Painting, and yet speaks:
Hard Case to blame the Ladies Washes,
When Men are come to mend their Faces.
Yet some there are such Women grown,
They can't be by their Faces known:
Some wou'd be like the fair _Adonis_;
Some would be _Hyacinthus_ Cronies;
And then they study wanton use
Of Spanish Red, and white Ceruse;
The only Painters to the Life,
That seem with Natures self at strife;
As if she only the dead Colours laid,
But they the Picture perfect made.
What _Zeuxis_ dare provoke these Elves,
That to out-doe him paint themselves?
For tho' the Birds his painted Grapes did crave,
These paint and all Mankind deceive.

This sure must spend a World of Morning,
More than the Ladies quick adorning;
They have found out a shorter way,
Not as before, to wast the day;
They only comb, wash hands and face,
And streightway, with a comely Grace,
On the admired _Helmet_ goes,
As ready rigg'd as their lac'd Shoes.
Far much more time Men trifling wast,
E'er their soft Bodies can be drest;
The Looking-Glass hangs just before,
And each o'th' Legs requires an hour:
Now thereby, Ladies, hangs a Tale,
A Story for your Cakes and Ale.
A certain _Beau_ was lately dressing,
But sure, e'er he had crav'd Heavens Blessing;
When in comes Friend, and finds him laid
In mournfull plight, upon his Bed.
Dear _Tom_, quoth he, such a Mischance
As ne'er befell the Foes of _France_;
Nay, I must tell thee, _Fleury_ Battel
Was ne'er to _Europe_ half so fatal;
For by I know not what ill luck,
My Glass this Morn fell down and broke
Upon my Shin, just in my Rolling;
Now is not this worth thy condoling?
See Stocking cut, and bloody Shin,
Besides the Charge of healing Skin.
'Twas the only Kindness of my Fate,
It mist the solid Piece, my Pate.
Ladies, this was ill luck, but you
Have much the worser of the two;
The World is chang'd I know not how,
For Men kiss Men, not Women now;
And your neglected Lips in vain,
Of smugling _Jack_, and _Tom_ complain:

A most unmanly nasty Trick;
One Man to lick the other's Cheek;
And only what renews the shame
Of _J._ the first, and _Buckingham_:
He, true it is, his Wives Embraces fled
To slabber his lov'd _Ganimede_;
But to employ, those Lips were made
For Women in _Gomorrha_'s Trade;
Bespeaks the Reason ill design'd,
Of railing thus 'gainst Woman-kind:
For who that loves as Nature teaches,
That had not rather kiss the Breeches
Of Twenty Women, than to lick
The Bristles of one Male dear _Dick_?
Now wait on _Beau_ to his _Alsatia_,
A Place that loves no _Dei Gratia_;
Where the Undoers live, and Undone,
In _London_, separate from _London_;
Where go but Three Yards from the street,
And you with a new Language meet:
Prig, _Prigster_, _Bubble_, _Caravan_,
Pure Tackle, _Buttock_, _Purest pure_.
Sealers, _Putts_, _Equipp_, and _Bolter_;
Lug out, _Scamper_, _rub_ and _scowre_.
Ready, _Rhino_, _Coal_, and _Darby_,
Meggs, and _Smelts_, and _Hoggs_, and _Decus_;
Tathers, _Fambles_, _Tatts_ and _Doctors_,
Bowsy, _Smoaky_, _Progg_, and _Cleare_,
Bolter, _Banter_, _Cut a shamm_;
With more a great deal of the same.
Should _Saffold_ make but half this Rattle,
When Maidens visit his O-racle,
They'd take him for some Son of _Cham_,
Calling up Legion by his Name,
Add but to this the Flanty-Tant
Of Fopling Al-a-mode Gallant;

Why should not _Gris_, or _Jardine_,
Be as well allow'd as _Bien gaunte_;
Cloaths is a paltry Word _Ma foy_;
But Grandeur in the French _Arroy_.
Trimming's damn'd English, but _le Grass_
Is that which must for Modish pass.
To call a Shoe a Shoe, is base,
Let the genteel _Picards_ take Place.
Hang _Perriwig_, 'tis only fit
For Barbers Tongues that ne'er spoke Wit;
But if you'd be i'th' Fashion, choose
The far politer Term, _Chedreux_
What Clown is he that proudly moves,
With on his hands what we call Gloves?
No Friend, for more refin'd converse
Will tell ye they are _Orangers_.
So strangely does _Parisian_ Air
Change English Youth, that half a year
Makes 'em forget all Native Custome,
To bring French Modes, and _Gallic_ Lust home;
Nothing will these Apostates please,
But _Gallic_ Health, and French Disease.
In French their Quarrels, and their Fears,
Their Joys they publish, and their Cares;
In French they quarrel, and in French
Mon coeur, they cry, to paltry Wench.
Why then should these Extravagants
Make such Rhime-doggeril Complaints
Against the Ladies Dressing-Rooms,
And closets stor'd with rich Perfumes?
There's nothing there but what becomes
The Plenty of a fair Estate:
Tho' Chimney Furniture of Plate,
Tho' Mortlake Tapestry, Damask-Bed;
Or Velvet all Embroidered;
Tho' they affect a handsome store,

Of part for State, of usefull more;
They're Glories not to be deny'd
To Women, stopping there their Pride;
For such a Pride has nothing ill,
But only makes them more genteel.
Should Nature these fine Toys produce,
And Women be debarr'd the use?
These are no Masculine Delights;
Studies of Books for Men are sights;
A Stable with good Horses stor'd,
And Payment punctual to their Word:
Proportion these things to my Wishes,
Let Women take the Porcelan Dishes;
The Toylet Plates gilt and embost,
With all the rest of little cost;
Such small Diffusion feeds the Poor,
While Misers hoard up all their store.
Our Satyr then was one of those
Who ne'er had Wealth at his dispose;
Or being sped to live in Plenty,
Posted to find his Coffers empty;
Addicted all to sport and Gaming,
And that same Vice not worth the naming;
Till deeply dipp'd in Us'rers Books,
And over-rid by Cheats and Rooks,
The _Mint_ becomes his Sanctuary,
Where not of his past Errors weary,
But aged grown, and impotent,
Alike in Purse and Codpiece spent,
He _Cynic_ turns, in _Kings-Bench_ Tub,
And vents the Froth of Brewers Bub:
Where we will leave him melancholly,
Bewailing Poverty, and Folly.

A Short _Supplement_ to the _Fop-Dictionary_,
so far as concerns the present Matter.

Adieu donc me Cheres.
Farewell my dear Friends.

Arroy.
A Suit of Cloaths.

To adjust a Man's self.
That is, to dress himself.

Beau.
A Masculine French Adjective, signifying fine but now naturaliz'd into _English_ to denote a sparkish dressing Fop.

Beaux Esprits.
A Club of Wits, who call'd themselves so.

Bachique.
A Drinking Song or Catch.

The Brilliant of Language.
Sharpness and wittiness of Expression.

A Brandenburgh.
A Morning Gown.

To Carine a Perriwig.
That is, to order it.

Chedreux.
A Perriwig.

Correct.
The same as Carine.

Deshabille.
Undrest, or rather in a careless Dress.

En Cavalier.

Like a Gentleman.

Esclat.

Of Beauty, or the Lustre of Beauty.

Eveille.

I observ'd her more _Eveille_ than other Women;
that is, more sprightly and airey.

Equipt.

That is, well furnish'd with Money and Cloaths.

Gaunte Bien Gaunte.

Modish in his Gloves.

Grossier.

The World is very _Grossier_; that is, very dull, and
ill bred.

Levee and Couchee.

Is to attend a Gentleman at his rising or going to
Bed.

Le Grass.

The furniture of a Suit.

Orangers.

The Term for Gloves scented with Oranges.

Picards.

Shoes in downright English.

Pulvillio.

Sweet Powder for the Hair.

Rolls.

A sort of Dress for the Knees, invented as some say by the Roman Catholicks, for the conveniency of Kneeling, but others ascribe the lucky Fancy to Coll. S----.

A Revoir.

Till I see you again.

Surtout.

The great Coat which covers all.

For the rest you are referr'd to the Dilucidations
of the _Alsatian_ Squire.

FINIS.

Transcriber's notes:

Other editions of Ovid's 'de Arte Amandi' quoted on the title page use the words 'terrae' for 'terra' and 'litore' for 'littore.' Those words are presented here as printed. Spelling was not changed, except for 'thtng' to 'thing' ... it is no new thing for Ladies ...