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The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

The Beauties: an Epistle to Mr. Eckhardt the Painter

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T H E
B E A U T I E S.

A N

EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the PAINTER.

[Written in the Year 1746.]

RESPONDING artist, talk no more
Of beauties in the days of yore,
Of goddesses renown'd in Greece,
And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,
Where every nymph that could at most
Some single grace or feature boast,
Contributed her favourite charm
To perfect the ideal form.
'Twas CYNTHIA'S brow, 'twas LESBIA'S eye,
'Twas CLOE'S check's vermilion dye;
ROXANA lent the noble air,
Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA'S hair,
And CUPID much too fondly prefs'd
His mimic mother THAIS' breast.

Antiquity, how poor thy use!
A single Venus to produce!
Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;

D 2

Felicien

Felibien and Frefnoy difclaim,
 Who talk of Raphael's matchlefs fame,
 Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
 And Carlo's each Madonna face,
 As if no beauties now were made,
 But Nature had forgot her trade.
 'Twas beauty guided Raphael's line,
 From heavenly women styl'd divine.
 They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,
 And what he could not tafte, he drew.
 Think you devotion warm'd his breaft,
 When Carlo with fuch looks exprefs'd
 His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
 Emotions----not, I'm fure, of zeal?

In Britain's ifle obferve the fair,
 And curious choofe your models there;
 Such patterns as fhall raife your name
 To rival fweet Corregio's fame.
 Each fingle piece fhall be a teft,
 And Zeuxis' patchwork but a jeft;
 Who ranfack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
 To bring one goddefs on the ftage.
 On your each canvafs we'll admire
 The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majefitic Juno fhall be feen
 In * HERVEY's glorious awful mien.
 Where † FITZROY moves, refplendent fair;
 So warm her bloom, fublime her air;
 Her ebon trefles, form'd to grace,
 And heighten while they fhade her face;
 Such troops of martial youth around,
 Who court the hand that gives the wound;

* Mifs Lepelle Hervey, now lady Mulgrave,
 eldeft daughter of John lord Hervey.

† Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldeft daughter of
 Charles fecond duke of Grafton.

'Tis

'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confes'd,
 Tho' * STANHOPE's more than Paris blefs'd.
 So † CLEVELAND shone in warlike pride,
 By Lely's pencil deify'd:
 So ‡ GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands;
 The fairest work of Kneller's hands.
 The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
 In veins as rich still loves to sport:
 And George's age beholds restor'd
 What William boasted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuses, the Trojan ne'er
 Was half so puzzled to declare:
 Ten queens of beauty, sure I see!
 Yet sure the true is § EMILY.
 Such majesty of youth and air,
 Yet modest as the village fair:
 Attracting all, indulging none,
 Her beauty, like the glorious sun
 Thron'd eminently bright above,
 Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling || CAPEL's bounteous look
 Rich autumn's goddess is mistook.
 With poppies and with spiky corn,
 Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;
 And by her side, in decent line,
 Place charming ** BERKELEY, Proserpine.
 Mild as a summer sea, serene,
 In dimpled beauty next be seen
 †† AYLESB'RY, like hoary Neptune's queen.

* Lord Peterham, since earl of Harrington.

† The duchess of Cleveland like Pallas among the beauties at Windsor.

‡ The duchess of Grafton among the beauties at Hampton-court.

§ Lady Emily Lenox, now duchess of Leinster.

|| Lady Mary Capel, since married to admiral Forbes.

** Elizabeth Drax countess of Berkeley, since married to Robert Nugent, esq.

†† Caroline Campbell countess of Aylesbury, since married to general Henry Seymour Conway; she was only daughter of John fourth duke of Argyle.

With

With her the light-dispensing fair,
 Whose beauty gilds the morning air,
 And bright as her attendant fun,
 The new Aurora, * LYTTTELTON.
 Such † Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
 And in ethereal colours dip'd,
 In measur'd dance to tuneful song
 Drew the sweet goddess, as along
 Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet spread,
 The buxom hours the fairest led.

The crescent on her brow display'd,
 In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,
 With every charm to rule the night,
 Like Dian, ‡ STRAFFORD woos the fight.
 The graceful shape, the piercing eye,
 The snowy bosom's purity,
 The unaffected gentle phrase
 Of native wit in all she says;
 Eckardt, for these thy art's too faint.
 You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine
 On the young goddess lov'd to shine,
 From § CARPENTER we guess, or see,
 All-beauteous || MANNERS! beam from thee.

How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
 By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide shade,
 With rosy hand coquetly throwing
 Panfies beneath her sweet touch blowing;

* Miss Lucy Fortescue, first wife of George
 now lord Lyttelton.

† Guido's Aurora in the Rospigliosi palace at
 Rome.

‡ Lady Anne Campbell countess of Strafford.

§ Almeria Carpenter, since countess of Egremont.

|| Miss Manners (since married to captain Hall),
 daughter of lord William Manners.

How blithe she look'd, let * FANNY tell;
Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another † goddess of the year,
Fair queen of summer, see appear!
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
Her panting bosom loosely bound,
Ethereal beauty in her face,
Rather the beauties of her race,
Whence ev'ry goddess, envy-smit,
Must own each Stonehouse meets in ‡ PITT.

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,
How many mortals yet remain,
Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,
And in my numbers claim a part?
Our sister muses must describe
§ CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe:
And || JULIANA with the nine
Shall aid the melancholy line,
To weep her dear ** resemblance gone,
Where all these beauties meet in one.
Sad fate of beauty! more I see,
Afflicted, lovely family!
Two beauteous nymphs here, painter, place,
Lamenting o'er their †† sister grace,
‡‡ One, matron-like, with sober grief,
Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;
While §§ t'other lovely maid appears
In all the melting pow'r of tears:

* Miss Fanny Maccartney, married to Mr. Greville.

† Pomona.

‡ Miss Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt. Lady Atkins, her mother, was a Stonehouse.

§ Miss Chudleigh, maid of honour.

|| Lady Juliana Farmor, since married to Mr. Pen.

** Lady Sophia Farmor, countess of Granville.

†† Miss Mary Evelyn.

‡‡ Mrs. Boone.

§§ Miss Elizabeth Evelyn, since married to Peter Bathurst, esq.

The

The softest form, the gentlest grace,
The sweetest harmony of face;
Her snowy limbs and artless move
Contending with the queen of love,
While bashful beauty shuns the prize,
Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

EPILOGUE