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# **The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford**

In Five Volumes

**Walpole, Horace**

**London, 1798**

Verses written in April 1750

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## V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1750.

CELIA now had completed some fifty campaigns,  
 And for new generations was hammering chains;  
 When, whetting those terrible weapons her eyes,  
 To Jenny her handmaid in anger she cries,  
 Careless creature, did mortal e'er buy such a glass?  
 To see one in this, who would guess what I was?  
 Lord, madam, says Jane, you're so hard to be pleas'd!  
 Ev'ry glass-man in town I am sure I have teas'd;  
 I've rummag'd each shop from Pall-mall to Cheap-side,  
 Both miss Carpenter's<sup>1</sup> man and miss Banks's<sup>2</sup> I've tried.  
 Don't tell me of those girls—All I know, to my cost,  
 Is, the looking-glass-art must be certainly lost!  
 One us'd to have glasses so smooth and so bright,  
 They did one's eyes justice, they heighten'd one's white,  
 And fresh roses diffus'd o'er one's bloom: but, alas!  
 In the mirrors made now, one scarce knows one's own face;  
 They pucker one's cheeks up, and furrow one's brow,  
 And one's skin looks as yellow as that of miss ——.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards countess of Egremont.<sup>2</sup> Afterwards married to the hon. Henry Grenville, brother to earl Temple.

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