

The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace London, 1798

The Parish Register of Twickenham

urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887

THE PARISH REGISTER OF TWICKENHAM:

WRITTEN ABOUT 1758.

WHERE filver Thames round Twit'nam meads His winding current fweetly leads; Twit'nam, the Muses' fav'rite seat, Twit'nam, the Graces' lov'd retreat; There polish'd Essex wont to sport, The pride and victim of a court! There Bacon a tun'd the grateful lyre To foothe Eliza's haughty ire; -An! happy had no meaner strain Than friendship's dash'd his mighty vein! Twit'nam, where Hyde 3, majestic fage, Retir'd from folly's frantic stage, While his vast foul was hung on tenters To mend the world, and vex diffenters: Twit'nam, where frolic Wharton * revel'd, Where Montague 5 with locks dishevel'd (Conflict of dirt and warmth divine) Invok'd-and fcandaliz'd the Nine; Where Pope in moral music spoke To th' anguish'd soul of Bolingbroke, And whisper'd, how true genius errs, Preferring joys that pow'r confers; Blifs, never to great minds arifing From ruling worlds, but from despising: Where Fielding 6 met his bunter muse, And, as they quaff'd the fiery juice,

Robert Devereux, earl of Effex.

³ Sir Francis Bacon.

³ Lord Clarendon.

⁴ The duke of Wharton.

⁵ Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

⁶ Henry Fielding, author of Tom Jones, &c.

[&]amp;c. &c.

Droll Nature stamp'd each lucky hit With inimaginable wit: Where Suffolk' fought the peaceful fcene, Refigning Richmond to the queen, And all the glory, all the teafing, Of pleasing one not worth the pleasing: Where Fanny², ever-blooming fair, Ejaculates the graceful pray'r, And, 'fcap'd from fense, with nonsense smit, For Whitfield's cant leaves Stanhope's 3 wit: Amid this choir of founding names Of statesmen, bards, and beauteous dames, Shall the last trifler of the throng Enroll his own fuch names among? -Oh! no-Enough if I confign To lasting types their notes divine: Enough, if Strawberry's humble hill The title-page of fame shall fill.

POSTSCRIPT,

ADDED 1 1784.

HERE Genius in a later hour
Selected its sequester'd bow'r,
And threw around the verdant room
The blushing lilac's chill perfume.
So loose is slung each bold sestoon,
Each bough so breathes the touch of noon;
The happy pencil 4 so deceives,
That Flora, doubly jealous, cries,
"The work's not mine—yet trust these eyes,
"Tis my own Zephyr waves the leaves."

Henrietta Hobart, countefs of Suffolk.

* Lady Fanny Shirley.

3 Philip Stanhope, earl of Chestersield.

4 Of lady Diana Beauclerc.

Countefs