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PADERBORN

The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Epilogue to Braganza

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887)

And sick at once both of himself and peace,
He died a martyr to unwelcome ease.

Here ends the parallel—My generous friends,
My exit no such tragic fate attends;
I will not die—let no vain panic seize you—
If I repent—I'll come again and please you.

INSCRIPTION under a VASE erected in the Garden of
the Villa of Mrs. CATHERINE CLIVE, near Twickenham.

YE Smiles and Jests, still hover round!
This is Mirth's consecrated ground.
Here liv'd the laughter-loving dame,
A matchless actress, Clive her name.
The Comic Muse with her retir'd,
And shed a tear when she expir'd.

EPILOGUE to BRAGANZA, written in February 1775.

IS it permitted, in this age severe,
For female softness to demand a tear?
Is it allowed, in such censorious days,
For female virtue to solicit praise?
Dares manly sense, beneath a tender form,
Presume to dictate, and aspire to warm?

May

May so unnatural a being venture
 As a true heroine on the stage to enter?
 No, says a wit¹, made up of French grimaces,
 Yet self-ordain'd the high-priest of the Graces:
 Women are playthings for our idle hours,
 Their souls unfinish'd, and confin'd their pow'rs;
 Loquacious, vain, by slight attentions won,
 By flattery gain'd, and by untruths undone.
 Or should some grave great plan engage their minds,
 The first caprice can give it to the winds;
 And the chief stateswoman of all the sex
 Grows nervous, if a fop or pimple vex.

Injurious slanders!—In Louifa's air
 Behold th' exemplar of a perfect fair;
 Just, though aspiring; merciful, though brave;
 Sincere, though politic; though fond, no slave;
 In danger calm, and smiling in success,
 But as securing ampler means to bless.

Nor think, as Zeuxis, for a faultless piece,
 Cull'd various charms from various nymphs of Greece,
 Our bard has centred in one beautiful whole
 The rays that gleam through many a separate soul.
 On Britain's and Ierne's shores he saw
 The models of the fair he dar'd to draw:
 True virtue in these isles has fix'd her throne,
 And many a bright Louifa is our own.

¹ Lord Chesterfield.