



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Miscellaneous Verses.

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

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

THEY are simply called verses, because their author pretends not to be a poet: and though rhymes that do not rise to the merit of poetry want their chief recommendation, and consequently are not worth being preserved; those given here are added only because many of them have appeared in print, and that the author cannot now deny what he has once avowed; but means as much to submit them to censure, as to receive any small degree of approbation to what may appear to deserve it. For any pieces that now appear for the first time, he judges them not himself; but gives them up to be condemned or tolerated as his readers shall think fit.

HOR. WALPOLE.

THEY are faintly called writers, because their authors pretend not to be a poet:
and though they say that do not give to the merit of poetry what their chief re-
commendation, and consequently are not really being poets, yet they give them
one which only because many of them have appeared in print, and that the author
cannot now deny what he has once owned; but seems as much to submit them
to censure, as to receive any small degree of approbation to what may appear to
deserve it. For any piece that now appears for the first time, he judges them
not himself; but gives them up to be censured or rewarded as his readers shall
think fit.

HON. WILLIAMS



THE FUNERAL OF THE LIONESS:

A FABLE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.



HE savage nation plung'd in crimes,
 (As write the doctors of the times,
 Who know exact what passions move
 The breast supreme of angry Jove),
 The Thund'rer dipp'd his lightnings keen
 In vials of small-pox and spleen,

And slew their gracious tawny queen.
 The widow'd monarch much was griev'd,
 Yet compliments in form receiv'd;
 And to acquit at once his duty
 To regal state and his dead beauty,

VOL. IV.

Ccc

A solemn

A solemn pomp of fun'ral rites
 He orders, and his peers invites,
 By found of trump and heralds grave,
 To meet at the cathedral-cave.

So, fond of pageantry and fights,
 As his historic grandson writes,
 Prussia's first monarch vented sorrow
 In fights to-day, in shows to-morrow.

Each shaggy baron with his dame
 From distant wood and highland came;
 And much they gossip of the queen,
 Of tickets, places, bombazeen;
 And much they press and crowd, to show
 At once their dignity and woe.

Well—Of the foresters alone
 The stag was never heard to groan;
 And he had reason, some folks say;
 His wife and son had fall'n a prey
 To her imperial highness' claws.
 His wife and son!—Was that a cause
 To stagger his allegiance? Then
 Were royal appetite in vain;
 And kings and queens of lion-blood
 Might hunger for delicious food,
 While subjects, calling life their own,
 To grass and herbs would flint the throne.

A flatterer (good Delawar,
 Such one has heard in courts there are)
 Dropp'd somewhere near the monarch's ears,
 That few had seen the stag in tears;
 Nay, that a smile, ill-stifled, own'd
 He joy'd for what the public groan'd.

Boh! What, not sorrow for the queen!
 Was ever such a traitor seen?

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES. 379

Call all my guards, my grenadiers,
 Call my own regiment of bears!
 He dies this hour, and, piece-meal torn,
 Shall teach rebellion how to mourn.

The stag, who heard the thunder roll,
 And death pronounc'd by royal growl,
 With artful tale for grace implor'd:
 Great fir, he added, prince ador'd,
 Vain is the mockery of woe,
 Nor what to faints and queens we owe,
 Who, far remov'd from earthly cares,
 Or know not, or deride our tears.
 'Twas thus to my enraptur'd sight,
 Her mane and whiskers streaming light,
 Like fainted Francis, late appear'd
 Your gracious spouse, our queen rever'd:
 Her flapping tail and purr sedate
 Bespoke her soul's Elysian state;
 When thus she said: My friend, beware,
 Left what the king's connubial care
 Of pomp intends, betray thy eye
 To drop the tear, or breast to sigh;
 While my ecstatic soul, refin'd
 From grosser cares of mortal kind,
 Nor meditates the Libyan chace,
 Nor mourns to leave my orphan race;
 But, where Elysian waters glide,
 With Clarke and Newton by my side,
 Purrs o'er the metaphysic page,
 Or ponders the prophetic rage
 Of Merlin, who mysterious sings
 Of men and lions, beasts and kings.

The crowd with shouts the welkin rent;
 The monarch lion growl'd content,
 Stood on four tiptoes, grasp'd his sword,
 Strutted, prepar'd to be ador'd,

Ccc 2

And

And gave the stag to kifs, the paw
He fancied held the world in awe.

The moral of the fable faith,
Flatt'ry will please, where truth is death.



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's¹ man and miss Banks's² 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 ——.

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

THE

THE PARISH REGISTER OF TWICKENHAM:

WRITTEN ABOUT 1758.

WHERE silver Thames round Twit'nam meads
 His winding current sweetly leads;
 Twit'nam, the Muses' fav'rite seat,
 Twit'nam, the Graces' lov'd retreat;
 There polish'd Essex¹ went to sport,
 The pride and victim of a court!
 There Bacon² tun'd the grateful lyre
 To soothe Eliza's haughty ire;
 —Ah! happy had no meaner strain
 Than friendship's dash'd his mighty vein!
 Twit'nam, where Hyde³, majestic sage,
 Retir'd from folly's frantic stage,
 While his vast soul was hung on tenters
 To mend the world, and vex dissenters:
 Twit'nam, where frolic Wharton⁴ revel'd,
 Where Montague⁵ with locks dishevel'd
 (Conflict of dirt and warmth divine)
 Invok'd—and scandaliz'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 arising
 From ruling worlds, but from despising:
 Where Fielding⁶ met his bunter muse,
 And, as they quaff'd the fiery juice,

¹ Robert Devereux, earl of Essex.² Sir Francis Bacon.³ Lord Clarendon.⁴ The duke of Wharton.⁵ Lady Mary Wortley Montague.⁶ Henry Fielding, author of Tom Jones, &c.
&c. &c.

Droll.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES. 383

Droll Nature stamp'd each lucky hit
 With unimaginable wit:
 Where Suffolk¹ fought the peaceful scene,
 Resigning Richmond to the queen,
 And all the glory, all the teasing,
 Of pleasing one not worth the pleasing:
 Where Fanny², ever-blooming fair,
 Ejaculates the graceful pray'r,
 And, 'scap'd from sense, with nonsense smit,
 For Whitfield's cant leaves Stanhope's³ wit:
 Amid this choir of founding names
 Of statesmen, bards, and beauteous dames,
 Shall the last trifler of the throng
 Enroll his own such names among?
 —Oh! no—Enough if I consign
 To lasting types their notes divine:
 Enough, if Strawberry's humble hill
 The title-page of fame shall fill.

POSTSCRIPT.

ADDED I 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 flung each bold festoon,
 Each bough so breathes the touch of noon;
 The happy pencil⁴ so deceives,
 That Flora, doubly jealous, cries,
 "The work's not mine—yet trust these eyes,
 "'Tis my own Zephyr waves the leaves."

¹ Henrietta Hobart, countess of Suffolk.
² Lady Fanny Shirley.

³ Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield.
⁴ Of lady Diana Beauclerc.

Countess.

Countess TEMPLE appointed POET LAUREATE to the KING of
the FAIRIES.

Written at the desire of Lady SUFFOLK, January 3, 1763.

BY these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairy-land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces;
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith;
Declare—and thus your monarch faith:

Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals countess Temple's name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill;

* Anna Chamber, countess Temple, a collection of whose poems were printed at Strawberry-hill.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES. 385

A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brows, and guard her lays;
Of nectar-sack, an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up;
And, as each quarter feast comes round,
A silver-penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu.

Given at our palace of Cowslip-castle, the shortest night
of the year.

OBERON.

PORTRAIT DE MADAME LA MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

1766.

WHERE do Wit and Memory dwell?
Where is Fancy's favourite cell?
Where does Judgment hold her court,
And dictate laws to Mirth and Sport?
Where does Reason—not the dame
Who arrogates the sage's name,
And, proud of self-conferr'd degree,
Esteems herself Philosophy!
But the Reason that I mean,
Slave of Truth, and Passion's queen,
Who doubts, not dictates, seeks the best,
And to Presumption leaves the rest:
With whom resides the winning Fair?
With Rousseau?—No; nor with Voltaire;
Nor where leaf-gold of eloquence,
Adorning less than veiling sense,

VOL. IV.

Ddd

Dazzles

Dazzles the passions it can heat,
 And makes them party to the cheat.
 Where does Patience (tell who know)
 Bear irremediable woe;
 And, though of life's best joy bereft,
 Smile on the little portion left?

Lastly, tell where boundless flows
 The richest stream that Friendship knows?
 That neither laves the shores of Love,
 Nor bathes the feet of Pride above;
 But, rolling 'twixt disparted coasts,
 Impartial glides through rival hofts;
 And, like St. Charity, divides
 To Gaul and Albion equal tides?

Together all these virtues dwell:
 St. Joseph's convent¹ is their cell:
 Their sanctuary, Du Deffand's mind——
 Cenfure, be dumb! she's old² and blind.

¹ The convent at Paris, within whose precincts the marquise du Deffand had apartments.

² In the year 1766 she was 65 years old. She died at the age of 83.

To Lady ———, when about Five Years old, with a Present
of Shells. 1772.

O NYMPH, compar'd with whose young bloom
Hebe's herself an ancient fright;
May these gay shells find grace and room
Both in your baby-house and fight!
Shells! What are shells? you ask, admiring
With stare half pleasure half surprize;
And fly with nature's art, enquiring
In dear mamma's all-speaking eyes.
Shells, fairest Anne, are playthings, made
By a brave god call'd Father Ocean,
Whose frown from pole to pole's obey'd,
Commands the waves, and stills their motion.
From that old fire a daughter came,
As like mamma, as blue to blue;
And, like mamma, the sea-born dame
An urchin bore, not unlike you.
For him fond grand-papa compels
The floods to furnish such a state
Of corals and of cockleshells,
Would turn a little lady's pate.
The chit has tons of bawbles more;
His nurs'ry's stuff'd with doves and sparrows;
And litter'd is its azure floor
With painted quivers, bows, and arrows.
Spread, spread your frock; you must be friends;
His toys shall fill your lap and breast:
To-day the boy this sample sends,
—And some years hence he'll send the rest.

THE THREE VERNONS¹.

HENRIETTA's serious charms
 Awe the breast her beauty warms.
 See, the blushes; Love perfumes—
 See, the frowns; he drops his plumes.
 Dancing, lighter o'er the ocean
 Was not Cytherea's motion:
 Speaking, Art repines to see
 The triumph of Simplicity.

Lips that smile a thousand meanings,
 Humid with Hyblean gleanings;
 Eyes that glitter into wit;
 Wanton mirth with fancy smit;
 Arch naïveté, that wanders
 In each dimpling cheek's meanders,
 Shedding roses, shifting graces
 Through a face that's twenty faces;
 Sweet assemblage! all combine
 In pretty playful Caroline.

Sober as the matron's air,
 Modest as the cloister'd fair;
 Patient till new springs disclose
 The bud of promis'd beauty's rose;
 Waving praise's perfum'd breath
 Ensures it young Elizabeth.

Lovely three! whose future reign
 Shall sing some younger, sweeter swain;

¹ Daughters of Richard Vernon, esq. by lady Evelyn Leveson, widow of John Fitzpatrick first earl of Upper Ossory.

For me suffice, in Amptill's¹ groves,
 Cradle of Graces and of Loves,
 I first announc'd in artless page
 The glories of a rising age,
 And promis'd, where my Anna² shone,
 Three Offorys as bright as one.

E P I T A P H

ON TWO PIPING-BULLFINCHES OF LADY OSSORY'S, BURIED UNDER
 A ROSE-BUSH IN HER GARDEN.

ALL flesh is grass, and so are feathers too:
 Finches must die, as well as I and you.
 Beneath a damask rose, in good old age,
 Here lies the tenant of a noble cage.
 For forty moons he charm'd his lady's ear,
 And pip'd obedient oft as she drew near,
 Though now stretch'd out upon a clay-cold bier. }
 But when the last shrill flageolet shall sound,
 And raise all dickybirds from holy ground,
 His little corpse again its wings shall plume, }
 And sing eternally the self-same tune,
 From everlasting night to everlasting noon.

¹ Amptill-park in Bedfordshire, the seat of (youngest brother of the duke of Bedford),
 the earls of Offory. At this time, besides the each about five years old. H. W.
 Vernons, were there, lady Anne Fitzpatrick, the ² Anne Liddel countess of Offory, wife of
 earl's only child, and lord William Ruffel John the second earl.

ON THE OTHER BULLFINCH, BURIED IN THE SAME PLACE.

BENEATH the same bush rests his brother—
What serves for one will serve for t'other'.

In case this little *jeu d'esprit* should subject the author to misrepresentation, as touching with unbecoming levity upon serious subjects, an extract of a letter from Mr. Walpole to Mr. Mason, who it seems had thus misconceived his meaning, is here subjoined. It not only completely vindicates the innocent playfulness of his muse, but is a serious profession of serious opinions, which, it is presumed, all his readers will see with pleasure. E.

To Mr. MASON.

Nov. 1783.

— You amaze me by even supposing that the epitaph I sent you could allude to the immortality of the soul. Believe me, I think it as serious a subject as you do; nor, I am sure, did you ever hear me drop a hint of doubting it. The three last lines, which reasonably offended you, if you so interpreted them, were intended to laugh at that absurd idea of the beatified sitting on golden thrones, and chanting eternal hallelujahs to golden harps. When men ascribe their own puerile conceptions to the Almighty Author of every thing, what do they,

but prove that their system is of human invention?—What can be more ridiculous, than to suppose that Omnipotent Goodness and Wisdom created and selected the most virtuous of its creatures to sing his praises to all eternity? It is an idea that I should think could never have entered but into the head of a king, who might delight to hear them chant birth-day odes for ever.

Pray be assured that I never trifle on so solemn and dear an interest as the immortality of the soul, though I do not subscribe to every childish or fantastic employment that silly people have chalked out for it. There is no word in any language expressive enough of the adoration and gratitude we owe to the Author of all Good. An eternity of praises and thanks is due to him—but thence are we to infer, that that is the sole tribute in which he will delight, and the sole occupation he destines for beings, on whom he has bestowed thought and reason?

The epitaph did not deserve half a line to be said on it; but your criticism, indeed misconception of it, will excuse my saying so much in my own justification.—

A CARD

A CARD TO LADY BLANDFORD.

WHERE silver Thame from Twitnam's emerald-meads
To Teddington his winding current leads;
Where at an obelisk three highways meet,
There stands an ancient ivy-mantled seat,
Yet still less ancient than its ancient lord
(If Raftor true and Catherine Clive record).
With storied windows is the mansion dight,
That half enrich and half exclude the light:
Shields, fabres, spears of Saxons, Goths and Gauls,
Trophies of better days, adorn the walls;
With many a portrait sav'd from time and flames,
Of sages, warriors, and their beauteous dames;
Fair dames, who govern'd those who govern'd all.
Within this castle's antiquated hall,
On Monday next, when Phœbus sinks beneath
The western boundary of Hounslow-heath,
Will meet five matrons of unspotted fame,
Of gentle blood, and lovers of the game
Of cribbage. First, of hapless Monmouth's race,
Jane, aunt and daughter of Buccleugh his grace;
Next, Margaret, Northampton's high-born daughter:
Three victims then to hymeneal slaughter,
By prose-men widows hight: of these, the first,
In Ireland wedded, though in England nurs'd,
To Strafford's noble blood asserts her claim,
And drew from royal Anne her christian name.
The fourth, twice clad in Hymen's saffron gown,
Whom men once Farmor call'd, and now call Browne.

The

The last, not least, but of the castle niece,
 And pleas'd her uncle and his guests to please,
 Would feel her joys in number six complete,
 If lady Blandford would these ladies meet'.

Strawberry-hill,
 Aug. 15, 1778.

* This was written for the diversion of Maria Catherina de Jonghe, widow of the marquis of Blandford, only son of Henrietta duchess of Marlborough. The marchioness was then 84. The other ladies were, lady Jane Scott, lady Margaret Compton, lady Anne Conolly, eldest daughter of Thomas Wentworth earl of Straford and widow of William Conolly, esq. Hester Edwards, widow of George Cholmondeley viscount Malpas, eldest son of George earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary daughter of sir Robert Walpole; and Frances Sheldon, first married to Mr. Farmor and afterwards to sir George Browne. Mrs. Clive and Mr. Raftor, comedians, lived in a house belonging to Mr. Walpole, near Strawberry-hill, and came thither the year after him, and were witnesses to his buildings in the Gothic style there. H. W.

THE ADVICE:

A SONG.

I.

THE business of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure;
 And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
 Oh! for love we're all ready, you cry—Very true;
 Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
 Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
 And dips in the amorous transport his dart,
 'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate,
 Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
 And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.
 Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
 Such romantic ideas to passion annex,
 That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
 To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder, are hurried.
 In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
 Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

S O N G.

I.

WHAT a rout do you make for a single poor kiss!
 I seiz'd it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it:
 May he ne'er enjoy one, who shall think 'twas amiss!
 But for me, I thank dear Cytherea, who sent it.

Vol. IV.

E e e

II. You

II.

You may pout, and look prettily cross; but I pray,
 What business so near to my lips had your cheek?
 If you will put temptation so pat in one's way,
 Saints, resist if ye can; but for me, I'm too weak.

III.

But come, my sweet Fanny, our quarrel let's end;
 Nor will I by force what you gave not, retain:
 By allowing the kiss, I'm for ever your friend—
 If you say that I stole it, why take it again.

TO LOVE.

The Idea suggested by the second Sonnet of PETRARCH.

I.

OH! 'tis no triumph to subdue
 A heart so apt to yield as mine:
 And mighty conquerors like you
 Should higher feats, O Love! design.

II.

No nymph, if moderately fair,
 But sets my glowing breast on flame:
 An eye can fill me with despair;
 A neck—with what I dare not name.

III.

Then why before my ravish'd sight
 Present Clorinda's angel-form?
 Oh! steel my bosom for the fight,
 Or the cold maid with passion warm.

I

IV. A

IV.

A vanquish'd wretch can fall no lower;
 Defenceless foes no hero braves:
 In arms Clorinda dares your power;
 Subdue her—and make both your slaves.

TO LADY C—. 1778.

WITH eyes black as flocs, and a beautiful nose,
 And with lips that would make folly charming,
 Shall Chloe be taught by the bright god of thought
 To make all those arrows more harming?

Shall the Muses combine to aid her to shine
 Against time half her beauties efface?
 No: we ne'er can be free, slaves for life we shall be
 If the Muses succeed to the Graces.