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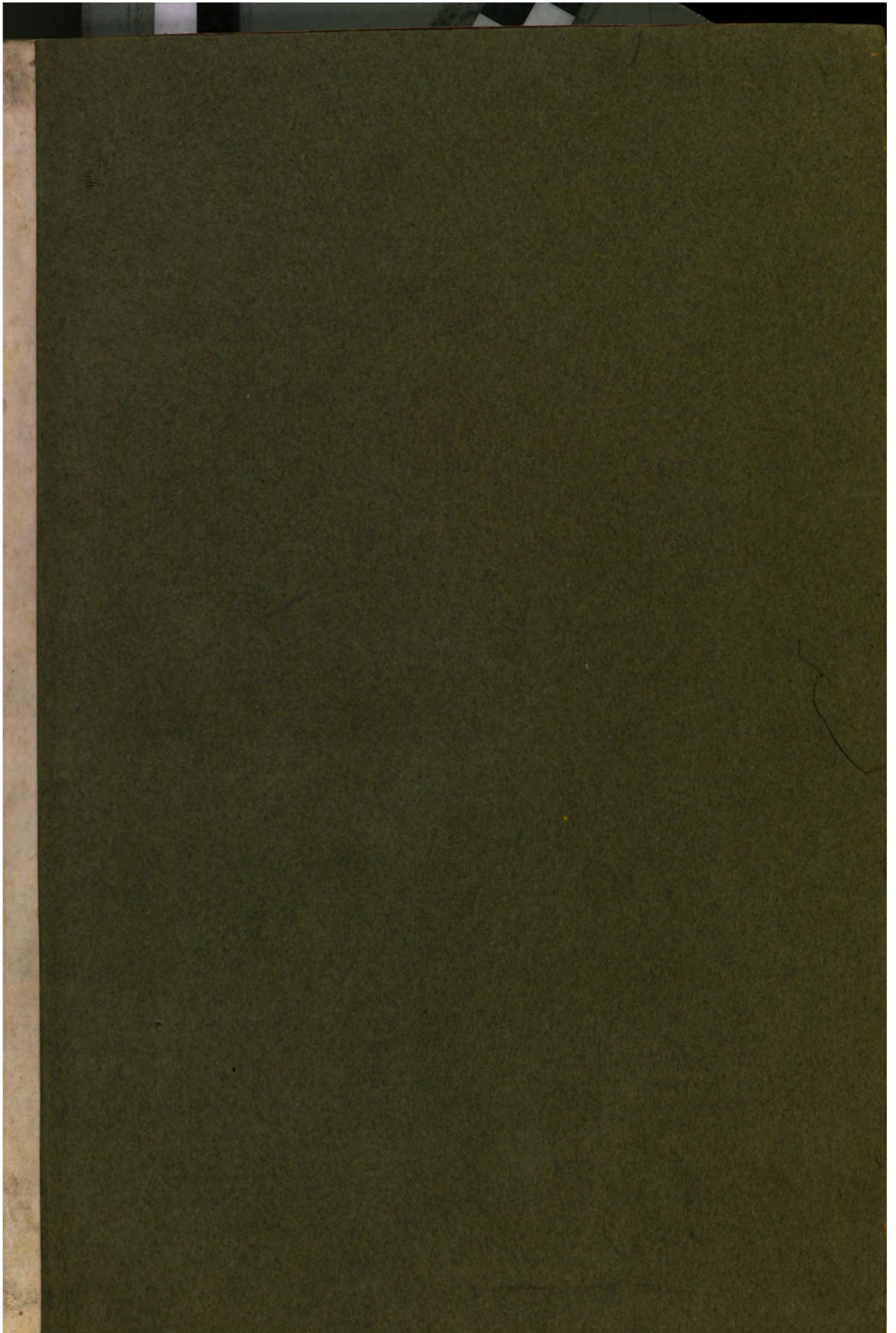
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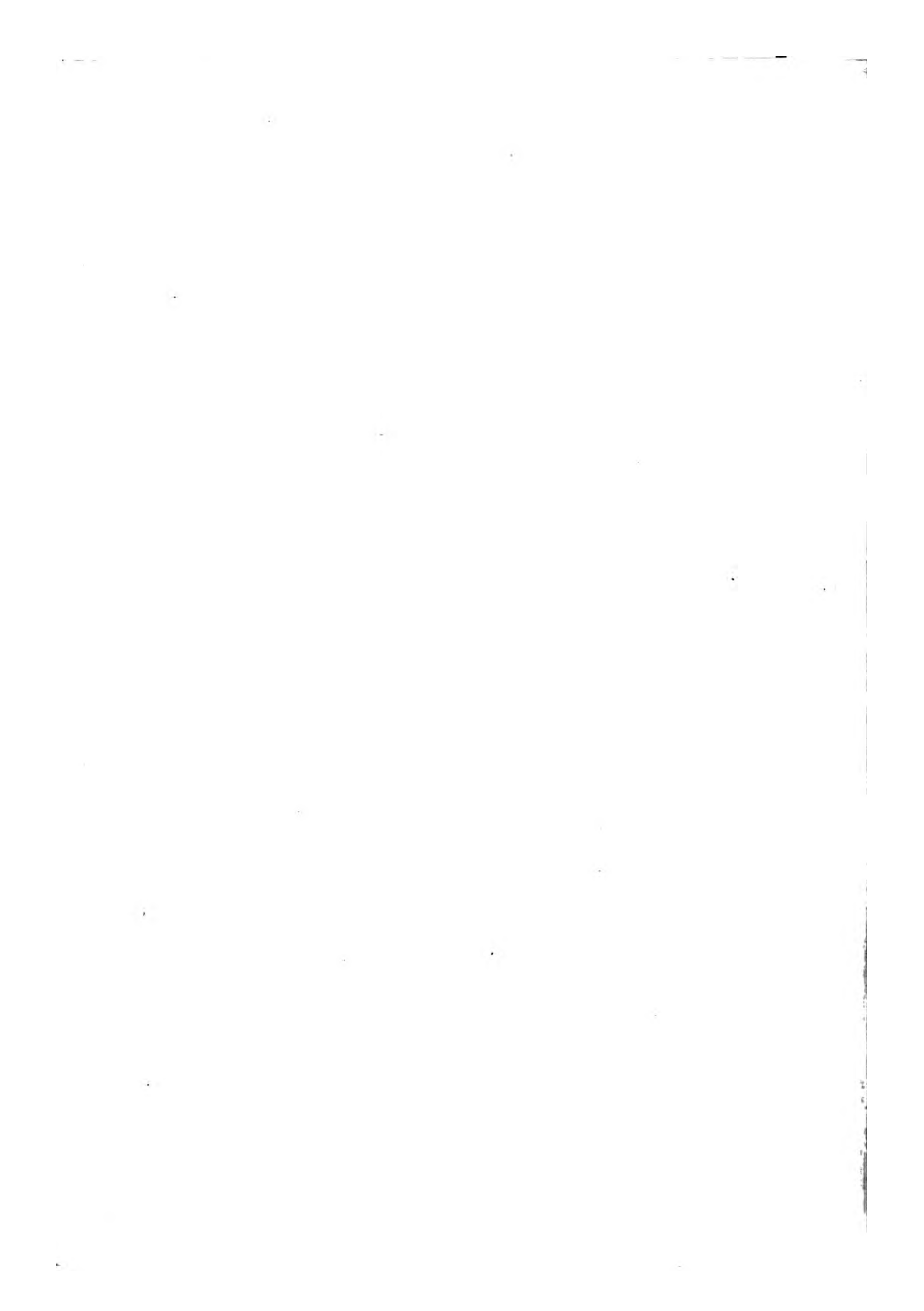


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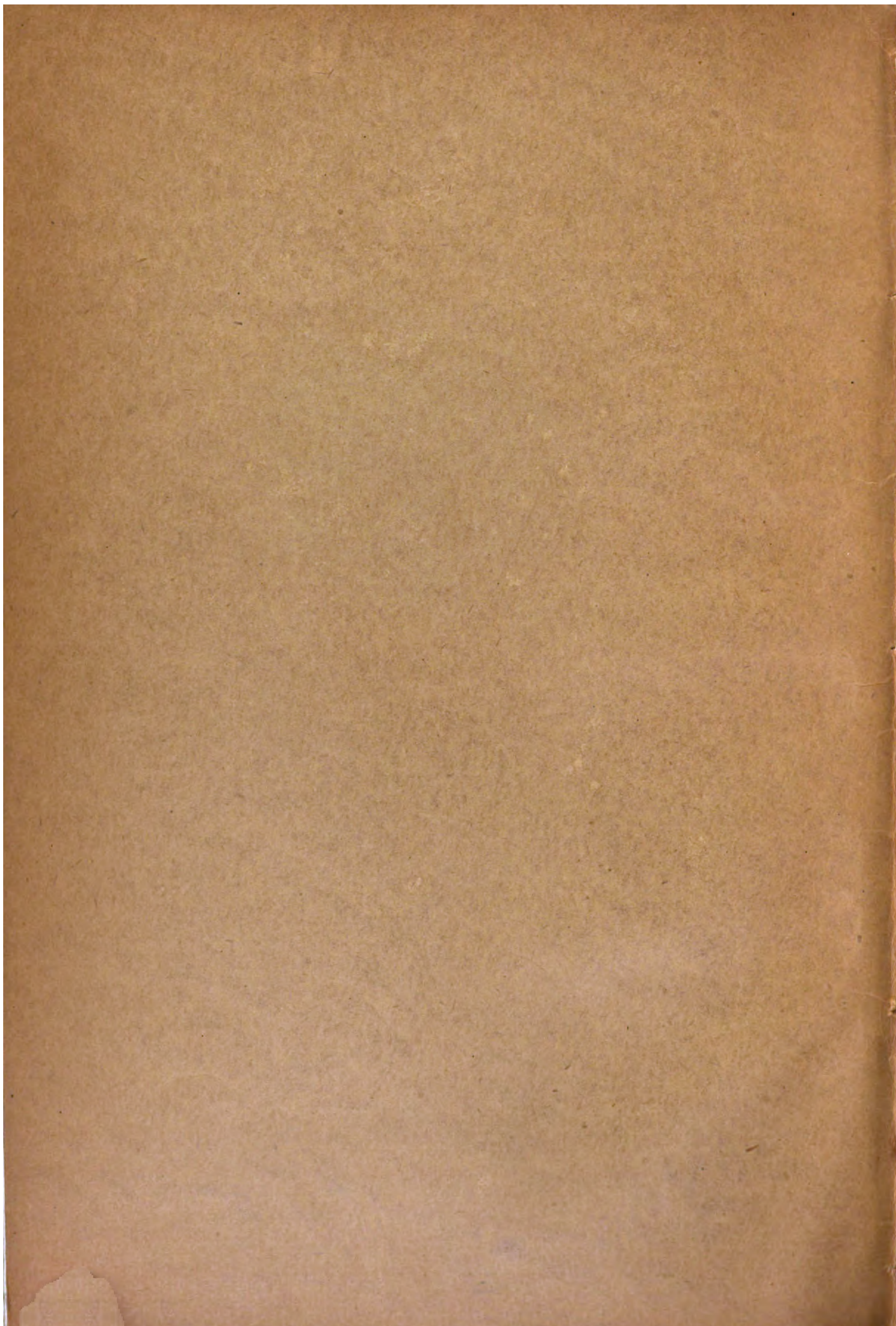


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WALPOLE (H. name)
The Beauties 1746



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

A N
E P I S T L E

T O

Mr. *Eckardt*, the Painter.



L O N D O N:
Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-*
noster Row. 1746.

[Price Six-pence.]

Enter'd in the Hall-Book of the Company of STATIONERS.

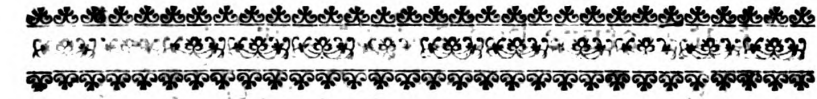
Pr. for Barnes
S H 1

BEAUTIES

EPICUREAN




THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY



T H E

B E A U T I E S, &c.


 Esponding Artift talk no more
 Of Beauty of the Days of yore,
 Of Goddeffes renown'd in *Greece*
 And *Zeuxis'* Composition Piece,
 Where every Nymph that could at most
 Some fingle Grace or Feature boast,
 Contributed her favourite Charm
 To perfect the Ideal Form:
 'Twas *Cynthia's* Brow, 'twas *Lesbia's* Eye,
 'Twas *Cloe's* Cheeks' Vermillion Dye;
Roxana lent the noble Air,
 Dishrevell'd flow'd *Aspasia's* Hair,
 And *Cupid* much too fondly prest
 His mimic Mother *Thais's* Breast.

Antiquity, how poor thy Use!
 A fingle *Venus* to produce?
 Friend *Eckardt*, antient Story quit,
 Nor mind whatever *Pliny* writ;
 Let *Felibien* and *Fresnoy* declaim,
 Who talk of *Raphael's* matchless Fame,
 Of *Titian's* Tints, *Corregio's* Grace,
 And *Carlo's* each *Madonna* Face,

B

As

As if no Beauties now were made,
 But Nature had forgot her Trade.
 'Twas Beauty guided *Raphael's* Line
 From heavenly Women, stiled Divine;
 They warm'd old *Titian's* Fancy too,
 And what he could not taste, he drew.
 Think you Devotion warm'd his Breast
 When *Carlo* with such Looks exprest,
 His Virgins, that her Vot'ries feel
 Emotions — not, I'm sure, of Zeal?

In *Britain's* Isle observe the Fair,
 And curious chuse your Models there;
 Such Patterns as shall raise your Name,
 To rival sweet *Corregio's* Fame:
 Each single Piece shall be a Test,
 And *Zeuxis's* Patchwork be a Jest:
 Who ranack'd *Greece*, and call'd the Age
 To bring one Goddess on the Stage:
 On your each Canvass we'll admire
 The Charms of the whole heav'nly Choir.

Majestic *Juno* shall be seen
 In * *HARVEY's* glorious awful Mein.

Where † *FITZROY* moves, resplendent
 Fair;
 So warm her Bloom, sublime her Air;
 Her Ebon Tresses, form'd to grace,
 And heighten while they shade her Face:

Such

* Miss H-RV-Y, now Mrs. PH-PPS.

† Lady C-R-L-NE F-TZR-Y.

Such Troops of Martial Youth around,
Who court the Hand that gives the Wound.

'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* stands confest,
Tho' * STANHOPE's more than *Paris* blest.
So † CLEVELAND shone in warlike Pride,
By *Lilly's* Pencil deify'd.

So | GRAFTON, matchless Dame, com-
mands

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 restored,
What *William* boasted, *Charles* ador'd.

For *Venus's* the *Trojan* ne'er
Was half so puzzled to declare,
Ten Queens of Beauty sure I see!
Yet sure the true is ** EMELY:
Such Majesty of Youth and Air,
Yet modest as the Village fair;
Whole Swarms of *Cupids* round, yet none,
Alas! the Goddess calls her Son.

In smiling † CAPEL's beauteous Look
Rich *Autumn's* Goddess is mistook,
With Poppies and with spiky Corn,
Eckardt her nut-brown Curls adorn;

And

* Lord P-T-RSH-M. † The D's of CL-V-L-ND like
Pallas among the Beauties at *Windsor*. †† The D's of
GR-FT-N, among the Beauties at *Hampton-Court*. ** Lady
EM-LY L-N-X. †† LADY M-RY C-P-L.

And by her Side, in decent Line,
Place charming * BERKELEY, *Proserpine*.

Mild as a Summer Sea, serene,
In dimpled Beauty next be seen,

† AILESBUURY like hoary *Neptune's* Queen.

With her the Light dispensing Fair,
Whose Beauty gilds the Morning Air,
And bright as her attendant Son,
The new *Aurora*, || LYTTTELTON.

Such †† *Guido's* Pencil Beauty tipt
And in ethereal Colours dipt,
In measur'd Dance to tuneful Song
Drew the sweet Goddess, as along
Heaven's Azure 'neath their light Feet
spread,

The buxom Hours she fairest ed.

The Crescent on her Brow display'd,
In Curls of loveliest Brown inaid,
With every Charm to rule the Night,
Like *Dian*, § STRAFFORD was the Sight;
The easy Shape, the piercing Eye,
The snowy Bosom's Purity,
The unaffected gentle Phise
Of native Wit in all she says.

Eckardt, for these thy Art's too faint;
You may admire, but cannot paint.

How

* Countess of B-RK-L-Y. † Countess of A-L-SB-R-Y.
|| Mrs L-TT-LT-ON. †† *Guido's Aurora* in the *Respigliori*
Palace at *Rome*. § Countess of ST-FF-RD.

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
 Pansies, beneath her sweet Touch blowing;
 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 Autumn Locks with Fruitage crown'd,
 And panting Bosom loosely bound,
 Etherial 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 with the Tribe,
 And

* Miss C-RP-NT-R.
 ††† *F-NNY M-CC-RTN-Y*
 now Mrs. P-TT.

† Miss M-NN-RS. †† Miss ATK-NS,
 § *Pomona*.
 ††† M. CH-DL--GH.

And * JULIANA with the Nine
 Shall aid the melancholy Line,
 To weep her dear † Resemblance gone,
 Where all these Beauties met 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;
 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.

* L. J-L--AN-F-RM-R. † L. S-PH-A F-RM-R, Countess
 of Gr-m-l. § Miss M-ry-Ev-L-N. || Miss Boon.
 †† Miss B-TTY-EV-L-N.

F I N I S.



* Miss C-R-R-R.
 F-xy M-C-R-R-R.
 now Miss P-T-T.

