



The B E A U T I E S.

An EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the PAINTER.

DEsponding artist, talk no more
 Of Beauties of the days of yore,
 Of Goddesses renown'd in Greece,
 And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,
 Where every nymph that could at most
 Some single 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' vermilion dye;
 ROXANA lent the noble air,
 Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,
 And CUPID much too fondly press'd
 His mimick mother THAIS' breast.
 Antiquity, how poor thy use!
 A single Venus to produce!
 Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,
 Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;
 Felibien and Fresnoy declaim,
 Who talk of Raphael's matchless fame,

Of

Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
 And Carlo's each Madonna face,
 As if no Beauties now were made,
 But Nature had forgot her trade.

'Twas Beauty guided Raphael's line
 From heavenly Women, styl'd 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 express'd
 His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
 Emotions---not, I'm sure, of zeal?

In Britian'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' patchwork be a jest;
 Who ranfack'd Greece, and cull'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.

Majestick Juno shall be seen
 In ^a HARVEY's glorious awful mien.
 Where ^b FITZROY moves, resplendent Fair;
 So warm her bloom, sublime her air;

^a *Miss Harvey, now Mrs. Phipps.*

^b *Lady Caroline Fitzroy.*

Her ebon tresses, form'd to grace,
 And heighten while they shade her face :
 Such troops of martial youth around,
 Who court the hand that gives the wound ;
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confess'd,
 Tho' ^c STANHOPE's more than Paris blest'd.
 So ^d CLEVELAND shown in warlike pride,
 By Lilly's pencil defy'd :
 So ^e GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands
 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 restor'd,
 What William boasted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuses the Trojan ne'er
 Was half so puzzled to declare :
 Ten Queens of Beauty, sure I see !
 Yet sure the true is ^f EMILY :
 Such majesty of youth and air,
 Yet modest as the village fair :
 Attracting all, indulging none,
 Her beauty like the glorious Sun

^c Lord Peterſham,

^d The Ducheſs of Cleveland like Pallas, among the beauties at Windſor.

^e The Ducheſs of Grafton, among the beauties of Hampton Court.

^f Lady Emily Lenox, now Counteſs of Kildare

Thron'd eminently bright above,
Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling ^s CAPEL's beauteous look
Rich Autumn's Goddess is mistook,
With poppies and with spiky corn,
Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;
And by her side, in decent line,
Place charming ^h BERKLEY, Proserpine.
Mild as a summer sea, serene,
In dimpled beauty next be seen,
ⁱ AYLESBURY like hoary Neptune's Queen.

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With her the light-dispensing Fair,
Whose beauty gilds the morning air,
And bright as her attendant sun,
The new Aurora, ^k LYTTLETON.
Such ^l Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
And in ethereal colours dip'd.
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 led.
The crescent on her brow display'd,
In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,
With every charm to rule the night,
Like Dian, ^m STRAFFORD woos the sight;

^s Lady Mary Capel.

^h Countess of Berkley.

ⁱ Countess of Aylesbury.

^k Mrs Lyttleton.

Guido's Aurora in the Respighi Palace at Rome.

^m Countess of Strafford.

The easy shape, the piercing eye,
 The snowy bosom's purity,
 The unaffected gentle phrase
 Of native wit in all she says;
 Eckardt, for these thy art's too faint:
 You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine
 On the young Goddess lov'd to shine,
 From ^u CARPENTER we guess, or see
 All-beauteous ^o MANNERS beam for 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 ^p FANNY tell;
 Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another ^q Goddess of the year,
 Fair Queen of Summer, see, appear;
 Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
 Her panting bosom loosely bound,
 Ethereal beauty in her face,
 Rather the beauties of her race,
 Whence ev'ry Goddess, envy smit,
 Most own each Stonehouse meets in ^r PITT,

^u *Miss Carpenter.*

^o *Miss Manners.*

^p *Miss Fanny Maccartney.*

^q *Pomona.*

^r *Miss Atkins, now Mrs. 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
^s CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe;
 And ^t JULIANA with the Nine
 Shall aid the melancholy line,
 To weep her dear ^u 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 ^w sister Grace;
^x One, matron-like, with sober grief,
 Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;
 While ^y 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.

^s *M. Chudleigh.*

^t *L. Juliana Farmor.*

^u *L. Sophia Farmor, Countess of Granville.*

^w *Miss Mary Evelyn,*

^x *Mrs. Boone.*

^y *Mrs. Elizabeth Evelyn.*