



W. Kent inv.

R. Fournier scul.

## FABLE XVIII.

*The PAINTER who pleased No body and Every body.*

**L**EST men suspect your tale untrue,  
Keep probability in view.

The trav'ler, leaping o'er those bounds,

The credit of his book confounds;

Who with his tongue hath armies routed

Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.

K

But

But flatt'ry never seems absurd,  
The flatter'd always take your word,  
Impossibilities seem just,  
They take the strongest praise on trust;  
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,  
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,  
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;  
He hit complexion, feature, air,  
So just, the life itself was there.

No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,  
To bloom restor'd the faded maid,  
He gave each muscle all its strength,

The mouth, the chin, the nose's length  
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,  
And mark'd the date of age and youth,

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd,  
Truth should not always be reveal'd,

In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
For no one sent the second pay.

Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,  
A *Venus*' and *Apollo*'s face,  
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,  
Whoever fate, he drew from these;  
From these corrected ev'ry feature,  
And spirited each aukward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,  
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,  
My lord appear'd, and seated right  
In proper attitude and light,  
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,  
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of *Greece*,  
Of *Titian*'s tints, of *Guido*'s air;  
Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there  
Might well a *Raphael*'s hand require,  
To give them all the native fire;  
The features fraught with sense and wit,  
You'll grant are very hard to hit,

K 2

But

But yet with patience you shall view  
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My lord reply'd,  
'Till now I thought my mouth was wide,  
Besides, my nose is somewhat long,  
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young.

Oh, pardon me, the artist cry'd,  
In this we painters must decide.

The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,  
I warrant it extremely like.

My lord examin'd it anew;  
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.  
A lady came, with borrow'd grace  
He from his *Venus* form'd her face,  
Her lover prais'd the painter's art;  
So like the picture in his heart!  
To ev'ry age some charm he lent,  
Ev'n Beautys were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd,  
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.

Had

Had he the real likeness shown,  
Would any man the picture own?  
But when thus happily he wrought,  
Each found the likeness in his thought.

