



By Gair that horrid, strange Buffoon
 Cannot keep time to any tune.

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The Waltz.

WHAT is Beauty—what is Grace,
Or in the Form or in the Face,
Many have found it hard to tell
Who reason'd right and argu'd well;
For various knotty points appear,
Which all discuss and few can clear.
HOGARTH has said that none could miss
On reading his Analysis*,
The knowledge of that certain Line,
Which does unerringly define
What Beauty is, and taught to trace
The genuine principles of Grace.
The Form, for Hogarth was no Fool,
He borrow'd from the Grecian School.

* The Analysis of Beauty.

ANTINOUS in mild beauty stands,
The work of some great Sculptor's hands,
Whose skill adorn'd the Fanes of Greece ;
It might be a PRAXITILES.

There Nature unconstrain'd by art,
Displays to view each perfect part :
Each Limb had been unbound and free
E'en from the hours of Infancy ;
No swaddling cloaths the Form oppress'd
While hanging at the Mother's breast ;
And Freedom in the Babe began
To shape with Grace the future man.
Thus in that boasted Age we see,
Athens so proud of Liberty,
Beheld her offspring unconfin'd,
As free in Body as in Mind.

—Thus did she train to ev'ry Grace
Her manly Youth and martial Race ;
While *Phidias*, in his walks might meet
Forms fit for Gods in ev'ry Street ;
And many a *Phœbus* might be seen
Or in the Cirque or on the Green,

While rival *Venuses* display'd
Their Beauties, dancing in the shade.

Our Native Artist whose acclaim
Will last while ART can give a Name,
To strike by contrast, boldly placed
Near the Greek Form, a figure graced
With all the cumbrous folds of Plaster,
In shape of modern Dancing Master ;
Nor could the purest power of Art,
With a more height'ning force impart
The difference 'tween the Grace that's caught,
By fine examples daily taught,
Which ev'ry hour attracts the eye
In Motion and in Symmetry ;
And that which Catgut and the Wire
With *Beau-kit's* Bravos can inspire ;
Those smirking Gestures which appear
To've been transmitted through the Ear,
And when the Fidlers cease to play,
Vanish at once, and pass away.

Thus in the modern School we trace
 To Fashion what is Air and Grace.
 All that the changeful Phantom says,
 Or right or wrong in these fine days,
 Each Sex implicitly obeys:
 Hence 'tis, we see, gay folks appear
 As Fancy changes, through the year.

If some fair Duchess, fat and frowsy,
 Striving to lose the looking blowzy,
 Lessens the Circle of her waist
 By Corsets stiff and tightly lac'd ;
 Does all her flowing ringlets check,
 That threat to amplify her neck ;
 Throws to the air her lofty bonnet,
 And places plumes of Feathers on it ;
 Thus losing, in Dame Nature's spite,
 Her real breadth, by artful height,
 She does no more than is her duty ;
 For 'tis the Policy of Beauty,
 To hide defects, and to hold forth
 The charms which are of native growth.

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—But then come those whose inclination
Is to be ever in the Fashion ;
And though they be but skin and bone,
They must conform to what's the Ton.
Who, tall enough to make folks stare
As Female Giants at a Fair,
Still must compress their thin waists
smaller,
And make their gawky figures taller.
Nature and Reason both oppose it,
But then the great fat Duchess does it.

If Lord or Knight, or dashing 'Squire,
Does with a noble zeal aspire,
Since Chivalry is at a stand,
To take the Lead with Four-in-hand ;
To dress, to swear, to spit, to rail
Like high-bred Drivers of the Mail ;
Your Office Clerk and dashing Cit
Will show their Taste, and prove their wit,
By Banging up and Banging down
In Gigs and Tillb'ries round the Town ;

Rap out an Oath, or stylish word,
Not like a Coachman—but a Lord.

'Tis not alone in dress or driving
That Fashion's cutting or contriving
Manners that form the Grace of Life
Or in the Daughter or the Wife,
From that o'erflowing source receive,
The Charms its fangled notions give.

—Fair CÆLIA had some girlish Faults ;
But then—How Cælia stepp'd a WALTZ !
And in that Season, it is known
Waltzing was everywhere the Ton.
Miss Cælia, though a sickly Maid,
No friendly counsels could persuade
To stay at Home, when Fashion's call
Summon'd the Damsel to a Ball :
From Party, Opera or Play,
She might be coax'd to keep away ;
But she possess'd the high renown,
Of the most pleasing Dancer known ;

Besides she hop'd, her graceful Charms,
 Would Waltz her to a Husband's Arms.
 Nor the grave Doctor's daily threat,
 Nor a fond Mother's keen regret,
 Nor Hectic Cough, that oft oppress'd
 With strong convulse, her heaving breast,
 Could when th' enchanting fiddle mov'd,
 Keep her from that display she lov'd,
 And which each eye that saw approv'd. }
 —One vernal morn, with great delight
 She practis'd for th' approaching night.
 Some new-invented Step she paces,—
 The Teacher play'd off his Grimaces;
 And while he boasted to impart
 Some added Beauties of his Art,
 She sinks, she faints, she pants for breath:
 Alas! it was the WALTZ of DEATH."